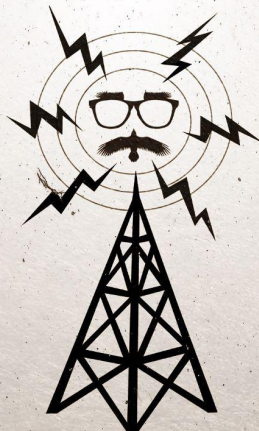


— THE CASE OF —
THE GREATER GATSBY
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THE CASE OF THE GREATER GATSBY
EPISODE 10 - CELEBRITY SKIN
TRANSCRIPT

[The Case of the Greater Gatsby opening credits music plays]

Announcer: Now presenting Fig and Ford in The Case of the Greater Gatsby. Episode 10: Celebrity Skin. Written and created by Sean Persaud and Sinéad Persaud. This episode is brought to you by Hunt A Killer.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): The next day at Bixby's Lounge, I took a look around and wondered how I'd gotten here. Bixby had agreed to let us use the place for our plan before he opened, and it was strange being here in the daylight hours. Of course, I didn't let that get in the way of my usual Bixby related activity - as I polished off my second double scotch of the morning, I watched Fig try to corral Willy, Leery O'Shaughnessy, and Rex Punchwhistle. How did I keep finding myself surrounded by actors? I think it was Mark Twain who once wrote "Wilted and faded somewhere in Hollywood, I'm glad I came here with your pound of flesh. No second billing 'cause you're a star now." Well I was happy to fade into the background and take 20th billing on this cockamamie plan, which is far too complicated to explain here without it feeling like an info dump. Actually, maybe you should listen to Fig explain it to the others, that will seem a little less expository and a little more organic.

Fig Wineshine: Circle up! We gotta go over this plan in a less expository and more organic way.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: Hold on, hun, Rex and I are really perfecting this song.

Rex Punchwhistle: (singing) All the world's a stage and I'm still waiting for my entrance!

Leery O'Shaughnessy: That's good, but make it sadder!

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: I thought it was great! And when you think about it, all the world IS a stage! That's very clever.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: If only Lex was here, would be a really great duet.

Rex Punchwhistle: Well, she's out following a lead on our missing brother, Eugene.

Fig Wineshine: We're really still trying to add that to the list of plot threads, huh?

[SFX: DOOR OPENS.]

Cliff Calloway: Ahoy, me maties! Haha, oh, I picked up a little sailor speak from my jaunt to Spain. The seamen are just everywhere there, it was so fun!

Rex Punchwhistle: Now that's MY kinda wordplay.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: Cliff!? You aren't due back from your trip for another week!

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Oh! Or are you another Cliff? Like from a different universe?

Cliff Calloway: Science fiction magazines aren't good for you Willy. And multiversal storytelling has no stakes! But alas, yes, I have made a retour anticipé. My contractor and I gave it a good go, but ultimately we're too different. He's a night owl, I'm a morning dove. He's a leftie, I'm a righty. He's wanted for grand larceny in Monaco, I'm a righty.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: Well, glad to have you back, Cliff! Your body double didn't have your swaggering gait and was also a foot taller than you.

Fig Wineshine: Ran into Cliff at my favorite bakery this morning and invited him to play a part in our charade.

Cliff Calloway: She saw right through my Boris Karloff disguise. It's my go to. No one ever approaches Boris in public, they're all too intimidated! You're some gumshoe, Figgy, doll!

Fig Wineshine: That's why they pay me the big bucks. And by they, I mean Ford, and by big bucks, I mean a paltry check that usually bounces.

Ford Phillips: Money is the basis of human evil.

Fig Wineshine: Save your proselytizing for the pub. Ears up, team, Zelda Fitzgerald is coming here thinking that she's attending a reading of her play *Scandalabra*. Due to some expert sleuthing by my partner yesterday, we were able to interlope on the whole shebang. I called her up pretending to be an assistant and told her to be at this address at 12 noon.

Ford Phillips: The play is being put up by producer Bosch Groban, whom she's never met in real life. This is the most important part. Today, he'll be played by Rex Punchwhistle.

Rex Punchwhistle: Bosch. I'm Bosch. Bosch. I'm Bosch Groban. Yeah! I'm Bosch Grooooooban! Sorry, just finding his voice.

Fig Winewhine: Rex, you're running point on this. When she gets here, you need to try and get some info out of her. Namely, where was she on December 20th, the night F. Scott Fitzgerald was murdered. Was she back east? Was she in LA? Who did she see? Et cetera.

Cliff Calloway: I'm no Private Dick, which is another reason why my relationships never last... but if she's coming here to see a play reading, won't she be expecting, well... a play reading?

Fig Wineshine: That's where you, Willy, and Leery come in! You're here to be the actors in the play reading. Here are some scripts, just in case.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: I love playing myself! It's such a challenge!

Ford Phillips: Get familiar with the roles if you want, but we'll be able to get what we need from her before anyone has to do a scene. You all just hang out behind those music stands and look pretty so Zelda comes in and makes herself comfortable.

Cliff Calloway: No problem there!

Fig Wineshine: She's already heard Ford's voice on the phone so he'll be a silent grip, fiddling with the lights. I'll be the Director's Gal Friday AKA assistant AKA second in command AKA subaltern, if you're an anglophile. I'll try to stall until Rex can ask her our questions. You actors up there won't even have to pretend to act!

Ford Phillips: It's airtight. Absolutely nothing can derail this plan.

[The door CREAKS OPEN.]

Dash Gunfire: Well, well, well.

Ford Phillips: Dash?!?

Dash Gunfire: Are you all doing hijinks without me again? I gotta say that burns my butt. Moreso than the lit cigarette I accidentally put in my back pocket for safekeeping last week.

Rex Punchwhistle: Hey! I saw you loitering outside here when I arrived.

Dash Gunfire: You couldn't have seen me! I was disguised as a tree!

Rex Punchwhistle: No, no, that's exactly why Leery and I took note of you.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: We said to each other, what's that fellow doing by the dumpsters dressed like a tree? Is it performance art?

Dash Gunfire: It's not performance art! It's an expensive disguise I made out of paper mache and real leaves! Mixed media!

Ford Phillips: Dash, get out before I call Claudette to arrest you for trespassing.

Dash Gunfire: No no no! Just let me help! I'll do so good, I promise! It looks like y'all are putting together a rag tag team for a good old fashioned information heist and Dash's skills play right into this scenario.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): We better just let him in on the plan before he goes and runs his mouth.

Ford (Voice Over): Keep your friends close and your Dashes begrudgingly closer. But used sporadically so as not to upset the flow of your prose.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): And at some point, we gotta figure out why Dash keeps mysteriously popping up around us.

Ford Phillips: OK Dash, you're in.

Dash Gunfire: Great! I'll do anything!

Ford Phillips: You'll be the sound recorder.

Dash Gunfire: Nah, that's not gonna work for me. I don't know how to record sound.

Ford Phillips: You'll be faking it. Like you fake everything.

Dash Gunfire: Hey! There are a few things I don't fake. Like my fear of garden gnomes. That's a very, very real one, thank you.

Fig Wineshine: Alright, wrap it up! Zelda will be here in T-minus five. Everyone into position. Operation "No Cop No Cop" is a-go.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): My stomach was in knots as we waited for Zelda to arrive. My role was that of "grip" or stage hand. I'd be a silent observer since she'd already heard my voice on the phone yesterday and her reaction was... unkind. If she clocked me in the room, the whole thing would go sideways. Willy, Leery, and Cliff chattered believably onstage while Fig trailed Rex around as he adjusted chairs and commented on the poor lighting. Dash... well. Dash was there.

[SFX: Equipment CRASHES to the ground.]

Dash Gunfire: Oh shoot. Oh shoot. That looked expensive.

[The door OPENS. ZELDA FITZGERALD enters. She's tiny with an air of radiance and chaotic confidence. COLE PORTER walks alongside her, every step light and airy.]

Zelda Fitzgerald: I'm here and I'm ready for some thee-atrah!

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Zelda Fitzgerald waltzed through the double doors in a mink coat that seemed to swallow her whole. And she wasn't alone. A short man with a vaguely recognizable face strode alongside her, arm in arm.

Zelda Fitzgerald: And I've brought along living legend, Cole Porter, to help us turn this stage play into a lavish goldmine for the ears. Someone make sure Cole has a cushion for the piano bench, alright? And can we bring these lights up a bit? It's a Fantasy Farce, not a funeral, Jesus Christ.

[DASH runs in with a pillow for the piano stool.]

Dash Gunfire: Here's your pillow, Mr. Porter. I'm the sound recorder but I'm also handling pillows. And if you'd like a hat, I have those too. A whole bag outside in my car. They're from Mr. Connor's Hat Haven - *the* place to buy fedoras and other headgear in fun colors and patterns.

Cole Porter: If you don't have a discount code, then that will be all, thank you!

Zelda Fitzgerald: Hmm...this place is small. Which could be sublime and intimate or it could be devastating and claustrophobic. I haven't decided yet. Leaning toward the latter... Yes. I'm sensing devastation in here.

[An uncomfortable beat.]

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): No one else made a move to speak to her. I was afraid we'd all froze and the jig would be up before we'd even gotten in our first two-step. But then... Leery stepped down from the stage and saved the day.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: Ma'am? Name's Leery O'Shaughnessy, country singer and movie star. I tell you that just to let you know who I am and what I'm about, since I don't much appreciate a braggart.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Pleased to meet you Leery. I loved your film *Dusty Leatherboots and the Flying Fringe of Phoenix*.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: Why thank you ma'am. I just wanted to say that while I am sorry for your loss -

Zelda Fitzgerald: Oh thank you, you could probably just stop there -

Leery O'Shaughnessy: - I think it's just abysmal the way that man treated you, and all in front of everyone and just out in the open before the eyes of God and every newspaper reporter, all the gossip queen bees just buzzing around, buzz buzz buzz -

Zelda Fitzgerald: Yes, well, thank you -

Leery O'Shaughnessy: - Just the way he used you emotionally and societally and literally for his books and whatnot and -

Zelda Fitzgerald:- Ok -

Leery O'Shaughnessy: - the womanizing and the cheating and the philandering and the philanthroping -

Zelda Fitzgerald: - Yes, yeah, that's great, thank you -

Leery O'Shaughnessy: - and just the cheating with other women, the wandering eye towards other ladies and the wayward pants and boozing and the - all the other women et cetera, it was all just awful to see, like an awful train wreck, just horrible -

Zelda Fitzgerald: - yep -

Leery O'Shaughnessy: - and that's no way to treat a lady and I sure am sorry you had to deal with all that, may he rest in peace.

Zelda Fitzgerald: ...ok. Well, thank you.

[Fig rushes over to save Zelda from Leery.]

Fig Wineshine: Zelda, welcome! I'm Fern Wineshmutz, assistant to the director and you probably know these two sparkling diamonds, Wilhelmina Vanderjetski and Cliff Calloway.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski/Cliff Calloway: Charmed./Sparkle!

Zelda Fitzgerald: I must say, I thought *Sufferin' Safari* was overlong. Now I'd really like to start the reading.

Fig Wineshine: Of course, we'll get to that, but first, you know this chap! The man, the myth the legend: Mr. Bosch Groban!

Rex Punchwhistle: I'm Bosch GROOOOOBANNNN.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Bosch Groban? Why, you don't look at all like your picture.

Rex Punchwhistle: Ah yes, well. I've gained... or lost? Weight?

Zelda Fitzgerald: You also said you couldn't grow a mustache.

Rex Punchwhistle: I did? I said that specific thing to you?

Zelda Fitzgerald: Indeed. You said 'my upper lip is as bare as a nectarine on a nude beach.'

Rex Punchwhistle: (sotto) Strange... strange man. (to Zelda) Well, not to fear. This lip toupee is just that - a fakery! Tada!

[He RIPS off the mustache. The sound is UPSETTING.]

Rex Punchwhistle: (in pain) I was just trying out a new look! Does anyone have a bandaid?!

Zelda Fitzgerald: Well that makes much more sense. Now I really just want to dive right in-

Cole Porter: Wait. Who's that fellow in the hat who hasn't said anything?

Fig Wineshine: Ah, Mr. Porter, yes, that is our grip. His name is... Grip... Holdstuff. So there you have it, with a name like that, he had to grow up and become a grip.

Cole Porter: Sorry, why do we need a grip at a reading?

Rex Punchwhistle: I like to always be prepared. I'm Bosch Groban and I might be bleeding profusely, but I don't mess around. Can't have anything falling on our actors or Zelda.

Dash Gunfire: Or Dash!

Rex Punchwhistle: Agree to disagree. As soon as I regain feeling in my upper lip, we can start. I'll read the stage directions. But first, my darling Zelda, what on earth were you up to the night of December 20th-

Zelda Fitzgerald: Actually, I'd prefer it if Grip Holdstuff could read the stage directions. I love involving the crew and getting to know them. Ha! That's a lie, I just enjoy making people feel uncomfortable.

Fig Wineshine: Uh, Grip actually has a nasty sore throat, can't talk. Can only hold. Stuff.

Zelda Fitzgerald: I insist! I simply won't have it any other way.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Everyone's eyes darted furtively around, no one sure of how to proceed. Zelda couldn't hear my voice, which meant...

Ford Phillips: (in an accent) Ah, yes, ze stage directions, but of course. Leave it to moi, Grip...

Fig Wineshine: Holdstuff.

Ford Phillips: Holdstuff.

Rex Punchwhistle: Grip Holdstuff, my favorite grip, he's gonna do a bangup job milady, but first, why don't we catch up a bit?

Zelda Fitzgerald: Ugh, let's get to the damn thing already. I can't focus on anything else.

Rex Punchwhistle: I've found, in my many years of being a successful producer, it's helpful if the players all get to know each other.

Dash Gunfire: Like a little family. Where everyone is Dash's dad.

Rex Punchwhistle: That's right, son. So Zelda, what was your Christmas like? Or a little before Christmas? Still shopping? Ha! I know I was. What was on the ol' calenderino on December 20th? Were you perchance in LA? See anyone? December 20th, I'm talking about December 20th.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Bosch? I won't hear a word until after the reading. If we don't start reading this play right now, I will set fire to every person in this room and drink champagne on the ashes. Understood? THE PLAY.

[An uncomfortable beat.]

Rex Punchwhistle: Ah yes, the play! Why. The play's the thing! Take it away For... Grip... Handstuff.

Fig Wineshine: Handstuff.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski/Cliff Calloway: HOLDSTUFF!!

Dash Gunfire: WHAT STUFF?

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): I grabbed a copy of the play and started rifling through it, when suddenly-

Zelda Fitzgerald: Why are you reading that?

Rex Punchwhistle: It's... the play. *Scandalabra?*

Zelda Fitzgerald: Boschykins, you told me you did a complete page 1 rewrite of the play. Changed all the character names, the plot, everything. You said I'd still get credit for writing it, but everything needed to go if it was to be a success. Why would you read the original play?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Rex looked at me and I could tell the poor guy wanted to cry. This was a stressful situation, and his upper lip hadn't stopped bleeding. I cleared my throat and stepped up.

Fig Wineshine: Of course, Mrs. Fitzgerald. You don't have to explain that to us, we've been hard at work on this completely new play that we've written for you. We just printed it out and bound it bearing your old title. As a nod to you. But no, fear not, this play is completely new, and all of our actors definitely have that new script. Grip? Take it away.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): I stared daggers at Fig, who was sweating so hard it looked like someone had run a hose into her hat. I rummaged through the useless pages of this book, trying to look like I was finding my place in a script that didn't exist. Eventually, I'd have to say something.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): (clearing throat) Curtains up on a... sitting room.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Sorry dear, if I wasn't clear before, I always like if the stage directions are sung. Loosens everyone up.

Ford Phillips: Sing? Ze... stage directions?

Zelda Fitzgerald: Yes I think that would be just delightful. Don't you, Cole?

Cole Porter: I love singing. Can't get enough of it. Whoa nelly, that's a good lyric, lemme write that down.

Zelda Fitzgerald: True genius at work. Back at it, Grip, let's make art!

Ford Phillips: (singing) Curtains up, on a sitting rooom.

Cole Porter: Pitchy.

Zelda Fitzgerald: You're a little pitchy, hun.

Rex Punchwhistle: That's the point, Zelda!

Zelda Fitzgerald: Ooooooh. Interesting.

Cole Porter: Love it. Just gave me an idea for a song!

[Cole starts to play.]

Rex Punchwhistle: No no, later please. Continue, Grip.

Ford Phillips: A... lady enters ze roooooom. Zis is... ze female lead of ze play.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: (acting) ...Oh, yes, that's me. Um, what a... lovely sitting room. Oh look, it's my favorite couch. I suppose I'll have to sit on it.

Cliff Calloway: (acting) OUCH!

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: *gasp* What's that?

Ford Phillips: Uhh... she sits down on ze couch.

Zelda Fitzgerald: SINGING!

Ford Phillips: (singing) She sits down on zeee couchhh, but it turns out ze couch is a man, who is called, ze male leaaaadddd.

Cliff Calloway: (acting) You've sat on me, you magnificent oaf! Alas, my outfit looks like a chaise lounge. How silly of me. I have been hoisted by my own petard!

Leery O'Shaughnessy: (acting) Did someone say Petard? Because that's my name and now I... I am in the room also.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: (acting) Petard! My fiance! You have caught me sitting on another man, but don't worry! I merely thought he was a couch!

Zelda Fitzgerald: Wow, this is wonderful, a true comedy of errors.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: Alright, now Cole hit me with a somber E minor. I've got something great for this part.

[As Cole NOODLES in E minor...]

Fig Wineshine: (sotto) Oh boy, Rex, this is going off the rails, we gotta reel it in. We're getting nowhere.

Rex Punchwhistle: That's lunch! Union lunch break everyone. Sandwiches out back.

Ford Phillips: Oh thank god.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Excuse me?

Ford Phillips: I mean... zank the gods! Of... Norway or... Germany. With a little Russian. Yes.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Everyone slipped out back as Rex and I gathered around Zelda and Cole.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Hmm. I'm not wild about this Boschy, I'd prefer to keep going. But I'll skip out on the sandos and feast upon my usual collation of olives and cigarettes. I simply can't socialize with the actors until I've heard the whole thing through!

Rex Punchwhistle: I was actually hoping you'd say that so we could rendezvous. How are you feeling about all of this? Surely between your husband's death and the pressure of this reading, you must be a mess!

Zelda Fitzgerald: Oh, I was born a mess, Boschy old sport! A beautiful kaleidoscope smashed into a thousand pieces that never again came together quite right. A starlight escapade into infinity with a -

[DASH RUNS in.]

Dash Gunfire: The sandwiches have been stolen!

Cole Porter: What's that?

Dash Gunfire: Not a sandwich in sight. Condiments? More like GONEdiments. They even took the table too. It's like there were never any sandwiches at all!

Fig Wineshine: Dash, be quiet and get back to work doing... whatever it is you're supposed to be doing.

Dash Gunfire: I'm costume department now. Sound wasn't working out for me.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Wonderful, let's jump back in. I won't tell the union if you don't, Bosch-kosh B'gosh.

Rex Punchwhistle: Uh... ok. Everybody back up on stage. I suppose we'll get back to it and hope the union isn't looking over our shoulder.

[The actors GET BACK ON STAGE.]

Rex Punchwhistle: (sotto) Fig, I don't know what else to do!

Fig Wineshine: (sotto) You're doing great, Rex. Just remember: December 20th.

Rex Punchwhistle: ACTORS!! Please skip ahead in your scripts to the part where it's December 20th.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Oh, is that when this takes place? A Christmas play!

Cole Porter: Really opens up a lot for me. Gotta break out my sleigh bells.

Rex Punchwhistle: All right, now to ease us into the scene, let's do an acting exercise.

Cliff Calloway: Would you like me to put on a Santa costume?

Rex Punchwhistle: Now that I'd like to see, but not right now, as I'm certain it will awaken something in me. Let's go around and say what we did this past December 20th.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: Ah, I see! To get into character.

Rex Punchwhistle: Exactly.

Cole Porter: A sterling idea, chap! I think another songbird of a melody just flitted into my head. December 20th! A piano forte!

Rex Punchwhistle: Willy, you go first.

Wilhelmina Vanderjestki: Hm! December 20th. Oh! I remember. I was at a party at Mel Hammermeister's mansion. I wore a brand new Elsa Schiaparelli dress that Roger had designed for me from prison! It was a wonderful night full of friends and yuletide magic!

Cliff Calloway: Come to think of it, that's where I was too! I gave you a ride there, Willy!

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Oh of course! And you and Leery sang Winter Wonderland and everyone was just dazzled!

Fig Wineshine: Wow. Seems like everyone was at this big party Darby mentioned that somehow we knew nothing about!

Rex Punchwhistle: Well, for a bit of variety, I was performing with my sister Lex...Groban...at the Hudson. After the curtain fell we drank ourselves into a stupor remembering how our brother loved to make gingerbread houses around the holidays and how we could never again inhale the sweet spice of gingerbread without bitter melancholy seeping into our consciousness. How about you Zelda?

Zelda Fitzgerald: December 20th? Well...I think I was actually-

Cole Porter: Sorry! Sorry, simply have to get this nugget of a tune out of my head. I think this is the perfect place for a song in the play anyhow!

Fig Wineshine/Ford Phillips: Gah!/Damn!

Cole Porter: OK, let's tickle these ivories and see what comes loose.

Zelda Fitzgerald: (clapping) Why, you all are in for a treat! Cole Porter singing before your eyes!

Cole Porter: (singing) *I'm in love again and the spring is comin'/I'm in love again/hear my heart strings strummin'/I'm in love again and the hymn I'm hummin' is the huddle of cuddle-up blues/I'm in love again and I can't rise above it/I'm in love again and I love love love it/I'm in love again and I'm darn glad of it - good news!*

[Cole PLAYS his song. Everyone APPLAUDS. Fig and Ford CLAP SLOWLY. Annoyed.]

Fig Wineshine: Sorry, before the song. Zelda, you were about to say something? About where you were?

Zelda Fitzgerald: Was I? I don't recall.

[Fig sighs.]

Zelda Fitzgerald: Well, don't muck about! Back to it, actors!

Rex Punchwhistle: Grip, lay those directions de stage upon us. And don't forget to hit the high notes.

Ford Phillips: (singing) Curtains up. Petard enters.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: (back to acting) What a frosty and tempestuous December it's been! The wind could tear the panes straight off the window. Like you've torn my heart from my chest... Temperance.

Dash Gunfire: Wind? Dash has just the thing!!

[Dash RUNS into the back and we hear a LONG crash. Things falling over for way too long.]

Wilhelmina Vanderjestki: (acting) Oh Petard! The wind howls and screeches, just like my brain when I think about the letter you wrote to me. "Dearest Penelope, I am -"

Leery O'Shaughnessy: (acting) But you aren't Penelope, you are named Temperance, as I have just said.

Wilhelmina Vanderjestki: Oh. Temperance is a name?

Zelda Fitzgerald: What's going on here? Are they acting confused or really confused?

Rex Punchwhistle: Exactly!

Leery O'Shaughnessy: (acting) Yes, Temperance is a name. THE name. Of my beloved. For it is the name... of you.

Wilhelmina Vanderjestki: (acting) I see. Names are such funny things. Any old word can be a name. Sofa. Hambone. Carton. Welding Mask. France. Sky cloud. Trellis. The Number Seven.

[Dash RETURNS, OUT OF BREATH.]

Dash Gunfire: It's a motorized fan!

[He turns it on. We hear the WHIR of the fan.]

Dash Gunfire: To simulate the temperestuous winds!

Rex Punchwhistle: Very good, very good. What's your job again?

Dash Gunfire: Costumes!

Zelda Fitzgerald: Ugh, now it's too cold. Flag? Will you fetch my fur coat?

Fig Wineshine: On it Mrs. Fitz.

Cole Porter: Isn't that Grip's job?

Rex Punchwhistle: Grip is reading stage directions.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: I'm gonna be honest, I've never really known what a grip does.

Dash Gunfire: Me neither. But I got this fan at Mr. Connor's Hat Haven. Buy ten hats, get a free fan!

Cole Porter: Now that's the kind of deal I can get behind. Maybe I'll write them a new jingle.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Can we get back to the play before I EXPLODE????

Rex Punchwhistle: Continue!!

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: (back to acting) I sure hope the power doesn't go out and leave us all in the dark!

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): While Willy, Cliff, and Leery did their darndest to make the play seem believable, I slunk back to the coat rack to fetch Zelda's fur. I slipped a wayward hand into each pocket and found a small mirror, matchbox, lipstick, and...

[Little music STING.]

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): A thin paper bracelet fell from a pocket and landed at my feet. I picked it up and quickly recognized it as a hospital tag. Fitzgerald comma Z. Highland Hospital, Asheville North Carolina. December 9th- December 22nd.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Hey! What's going on over there?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Wow! Usually we can only hear our voice overs when we're right next to each other. Looks like Zelda was under lock and key in North Carolina during Fitzgerald's murder.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): So you're telling me we can stop this charade?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Please. Your accent is terrible and so is this fake play.

[The fan catches on fire with a WHOOSH.]

Cliff Calloway (acting): Temperance, did you leave the dog out in the cold agaiinnAHHHH! The fan is on fire! The fan caught on fire!

Dash Gunfire: No! Don't be mad at me!

[He tries to BLOW IT OUT.]

Leery O'Shaughnessy: Don't blow on it, you doofus!

Dash Gunfire: (crying) I just wanted to be helpful!

Cole Porter: Well, I will NOT be going to that hat store if this is how their free fans work.

Zelda Fitzgerald: This is pandemonium!

[SPLASH! Cliff pours water on the fire.]

Cliff Calloway: Willy! Make yourself useful and grab the soda gun from the bar!

Wilhelmina Vanderjestki: Aye aye, Cliff!

[The CLATTER of Willy's kitten heels.]

Zelda Fitzgerald: This is just like the Ambassador Hotel!!! It's hellfire eternal and I LOVE ITTTT!!!!

[Willy SPRAYS the fire with the hose. The fire FIZZLES and goes out.]

Rex Punchwhistle: I think that's curtains for today, don't you? Apologies, sweet Zelda. We'll have to regroup at an entirely different location tomorrow possibly with new actors and I might look very different too.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Oh, it's quite all right, Boschykins. This is just what I needed.

Fig Wineshine/Ford Phillips/Rex Punchwhistle: It was?

Zelda Fitzgerald: Since my husband died, I've been in a catatonic state. I loved him, you know? He saved me. And I hoped that one day I'd save him too. But it's too late. Anyhow, work is the only thing left to revive me. And this trip was just the ticket.

Fig Wineshine: I'm sorry for your loss, Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Zelda Fitzgerald: We were peas in a wretched pod, him and I. Weren't we, Cole?

Cole Porter: Prettiest peas I'd ever peeped.

Zelda Fitzgerald: Oh, I'll miss being his confidant. His ear. Even through all the affairs and lies... he was never truly dishonest with me. I know that I was the one he'd whisper his innermost thoughts to. It was me he trusted most with his secrets.

[She SIGHS. Melancholy.]

Zelda Fitzgerald: Cole, take me dancing, won't you?

Cole Porter: Until dawn, darling.

[Zelda laughs. They get up to leave.]

Zelda: You're too much, I love you.

Fig Wineshine: Your coat?

Zelda Fitzgerald: Oh, thank you. Thank you. It's been a pleasure. And Grip?

Ford Phillips: Yezz?

Zelda Fitzgerald: Stick to gripping. You're terrible at stage directions.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Ford gave Zelda a curt nod and the rest of our motley crew waved goodbye as Dash desperately tried to clean up his mess. Once the door swung closed behind her, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: Oooo-weeee, that was mighty exciting!

Wilhelmina Vanderjestki: Thrilling!

Cliff Calloway: I hope Bixby has good insurance.

Rex Punchwhistle: Can't believe I ripped off my mustache for that.

Fig Wineshine: What's going on with you, Ford? Mad that you're bad at accents?

Ford Phillips: No. Well, kind of. But also, you remember what I said about my conversation with Sheila Graham? What she told me about F. Scott Fitzgerald's tapes? Well, I think I know where they are.

[The Case of the Greater Gatsby closing theme plays]

Sean Persaud: Shipwrecked Comedy presents The Case of the Greater Gatsby

Written and created by Sean Persaud and Sinead Persaud

Directed by William Joseph Stribling

Featuring:

Sean Persaud as Ford Phillips

Sinead Persaud as Fig Wineshine

Carlos Alazraqui as Leery O'Shaughnessy

Brian Rosenthal as Rex Punchwhistle

Sarah Grace Hart as Wilhelmina Vanderjetski

Tom DeTrinis as Cliff Calloway

Joey Richter as Dash Gunfire

Tessa Netting as Zelda Fitzgerald

And Clark Baxtresser as Cole Porter

Original music by Dylan Glatthorn

"I'm in Love Again" written by Cole Porter and performed by Clark Baxtresser

Audio recording by Noah Hunt Audio

Mixing and Sound Design by Lizzie Goldsmith

Executive Producers Paul Komoroski & Michael Walsh

Produced by Sean Persaud, Sinead Persaud, and Mary Kate Wiles

Special thanks to Kickstarter backers Katie Adamczyk, Ally Bertz Brown, Zainab Khan, Shao Chih Kuo, Jane Leach, Avalee Long, Lisel Perrine, Halsea Root, The Rude Mechanicals, Heather Tennant, and Justin Waterman.

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