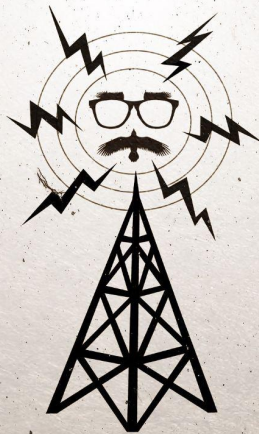


— THE CASE OF —  
THE GREATER GATSBY  
— (T) —



THE CASE OF THE GREATER GATSBY  
EPISODE 2 - WONDERWALL  
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 2: Wonderwall. Written and created by Sean Persaud and Sinéad Persaud.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): It was while walking through the confusing back lot at Hammermeister Studios with my pal, starlet Wilhelmina Vanderjetski, that I remembered that old wives' saying: "All the roads we have to walk are winding and all the lights that lead us there are blinding." Those old wives were really onto something, and not just contraceptive sponges - these studio maps are hard to read. And the lights? Very bright and all over the place.

*[Fig and Willy enter the studio. It's chaos. The sounds of people RUNNING AROUND. A choreographer, PENNY NICKLEPENNY directs dancers in a step-ball-change. A DIRECTOR, WHITLEY TRUFFLEHAUS (40s) gives directions.]*

Whitley Trufflehaus: I WANT the boom in the shot. I talked about this with you. It's my vision.

Penny Nickelpenny: 2-3-4 and 5-3-4 and 6-3-4 and 10, AGAIN!

Whitley Trufflehaus: No no no! I want the telephoto lens for the dance number in the desert! It's got to be uncomfortable! Ugh-ha!! I just know Frank Capra doesn't have to deal with this sort of *amateurism!*

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: That's Whitley Trufflehaus, the director. He's a genius. Oh, sorry, I mean "Tortured Genius," that's the phrase he likes us to use. I think I'd be happier if I was a genius.

Grip: Comin' through! Sticks! I got sticks at 11 o'clock!

Whitley Trufflehaus: Cinnamon or pretzel?

Penny Nickelpenny: One two, step, one two step... that's a STEP, Mildred, not a lumbering drag! How much does that foot weigh? You fill it with lead or something? This isn't an adaptation of Frankenstein, ok? It's the *Grapes of Goddamn Wrath!*

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: And that's Penny Nicklepenny. She's the choreographer and I think she does some other stuff. I've never seen her without a cigarette. She's the coolest.

Earl: Mornin' Miss Vanderjetski!

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Morning Earl! Be careful with that ladder! I heard that if you walk underneath one, you'll have seven years of sad ducks.

Fig Wineshine: Pretty sure it's *bad luck*, Willy. Wow, this place sure is all hustle and bustle. Reminds me of my newspaper days. Whoa! Is that-

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Mhmm! Leery O'Shaughnessy! Isn't he a dream?

*[LEERY O'Shaughnessy STRUMS a banjo as he meanders around the set. He tries to WRITE A SONG as he WALKS BY.]*

Leery O'Shaughnessy, singing: Sometimes being an actor is tough. Learning lines and all that other hard stuff... no, no, that's not great. Huh, here we go: Sometiimes, bein' an actor is mighty hard...

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: He's trying to leave behind his image of 'rough-and-tumble cowboy' movie star and transition into the world of country music!

Fig Wineshine: Well, I'll watch anything that cool cat does. Probably won't listen, though.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Hey, thanks again for being my bodyguard. I know it's not as fun as going to the morgue. Oh look! It's my pal Judy Garland. I'm going to run and say hello. You know she had three films come out last year? She must have such a great life with no problems at all! Judy, wait up!

*[WILLY runs off.]*

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I'd accompanied Willy to the Hammermeister Studio to try and keep an eye on her and get to the bottom of this alarming note. Ford was right. The place gave off an aura of treachery and desperation. Everyone wanting to show off but for whose benefit? How many skeletons were buried inside these fake closets held together with styrofoam, asbestos, and a prayer? And... had anyone here actually read *The Grapes of Wrath*?

Penny Nickelpenny: Hey!

Fig Wineshine: Are you shrieking at me?

Penny Nickelpenny: Nah, I'm shrieking at the *other* dame in a felt hat with a far off look in her eye eating a cookie for breakfast.

Fig Wineshine: Oh! Well good, in that case-

Penny Nickelpenny: Of course I'm yelling at you! Take the coat off and get into position!

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I looked around only to realize that I was standing in a line of dancers all stretching and wearing nautical uniforms. Penny Nicklepenny had me all wrong.

Fig Wineshine: Oh, I don't dance. Not since 1937. Lost my ability to jitterbug after Amelia Earhardt went missing. I mean, what's the point anymore?

Penny Nickelpenny: Yeah yeah, and I don't stir a tablespoon of tequila into all of my beverages, get moving.

*[The MUSIC starts. An upbeat Western-ized version of the closing theme.]*

Fig Wineshine: Seriously, I-

Penny Nickelpenny: You're off the lot if you don't start a-tapping!

Fig Wineshine: Yeesh, all right. Don't get those knickers anymore twisted. Alright, this one's for my best friend Wilhelmina.

*[A TAP number ensues. We hear the sounds of tap shoes in sync with one another. The music swells.]*

Penny Nickelpenny: This is good. Ok, Good. Impressive. Can't believe what I'm seeing here. Wow, what a number I've put together! Dancer number three! You look constipated! Eat more fiber!

Dancer Three: Yes ma'am!

Penny Nickelpenny: Dancer nine, this isn't a funeral. Or at least it isn't yet. Might mess around and murder the caterer today if she forgets my Waldorf salad again. Smile!! Dancer twelve, we aren't on Broadway, keep it small. New girl-

Fig Wineshine: (out of breath) Yeah?

Penny Nickelpenny: ...Good job.

Fig Wineshine: Hey, thanks!

*[A door SLAMS. An ALARM BELL SOUNDS.]*

Penny Nickelpenny: Oh, holy jello pudding and pie. Mel's coming.

Fig Wineshine: *The* Mel Hammermeister?

Penny Nickelpenny: What in the name of candy appled deviled eggs is she doing coming down here so early? She's usually nursing a hangover in her corner office at this time of day.

Fig Wineshine: I dunno, but I like the way you incorporate food into all your sentences. You clearly went to the Fig Wineshine school of speaking.

Penny Nickelpenny: SSSHHH!!!

*[A pair of clackety high heels sound upon the floor.]*

Mel Hammermeister: I love the smell of cigars and hairspray in the morning. The scent of a successful studio lot.

Whitley Trufflehaus: Mel!! So good to see you. You're looking lovely this morning. Skin luminous as the-

Mel Hammermeister: No need to suck up, Whitley, your contract isn't up until 1985. Don't know how you managed to negotiate that beast of a deal.

Whitley Trufflehaus: We were all very drunk on Lionel Barrymore's moonshine.

Mel Hammermeister: I respect the hustle. What have you got for me today?

Whitley Trufflehaus: These are the dancers we've hired. An array of beauties with talent beyond measure. Faces that would stop a sidecar full of strongmen. Brains that... um. Faces that would stop a sidecar full of strongmen!

Mel Hammermeister: You, number three. I don't like your knees. You're fired.

*[SFX: SOBBING.]*

Mel Hammermeister: Number seven? How many teeth you got?

Dancer Seven: The uh, normal amount?

Mel Hammermeister: Too many. You're out.

*[SFX: MORE SOBBING.]*

Mel Hammermeister: You. Dancer fifteen. Ain't I seen you around here before?

Dancer Fifteen: No ma'am! I'm just hot off the expressway from Des Moines, Iowa. Nothing in my purse but a potato and a dream!

Mel Hammermeister: Just like the inside of your head. Potatoes are from Idaho! Iowa is corn! Get out of here, Dash Gunfire! I knew it was you!

Dash Gunfire: Dashed again Dash! Your chiseled cheekbones gave you away.

Fig Wineshine: Dash?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Dash Gunfire. Ford's rival in the business of private detective services. He's about as sharp as a cotton ball but not nearly as useful. Not sure what he's doing here, though.

Dash Gunfire: Oh hey, Fig! Fancy seeing you here. We should really go grab a coffee sometime and catch up.

Fig Wineshine: Oh sure, I'll let you know when I'm free.

Dash Gunfire: You don't want to make a plan now?

Fig Wineshine: ...I left my calendar at the office.

Dash Gunfire: Let's go get it!

Fig Wineshine: I've got... a doctor's appointment.

Dash Gunfire: Oh but you just said you didn't have your calendar, so how'd you remember that?

Fig Wineshine: Uh...

Whitley Trufflehaus: I'm so sorry Mel, this is the fourth time he's snuck into a casting call. It won't happen again. His disguises are very good.

Dash Gunfire: Ya hear that? Dash Gunfire, very good. I'm gonna put that on my business cards. By the way, everyone take a punch card. If I solve nine cases for you, you get a free frozen yogurt. Here ya go.

Mel Hammermeister: If you don't get your good-for-nothing midwestern smarm off my lot in the next five seconds, I will send your picture to every mobster I know. And I know many! My sister dated Lucky Luciano in high school. And he still has a thing for her.

Fig Wineshine: Hey! I've been at this studio for thirty minutes and I'm already losing my cool. And I've been told I'm as cool as a spring evening in the bay area. The way you treat your employees isn't right. These folks came to Hollywood and lay their hopes and talents at your feet and how do you repay them? With scorn?! With knee-shaming? With lovelorn mobster threats?

Dash Gunfire: Thank you.

Fig Wineshine: I'd say you should be ashamed, but looking at that pencil skirt from at least two seasons ago, I'd say you've never known shame in your life. Howsabout you lay off? Everyone here is clearly trying their best. Except for your stylist.

*[SILENCE. A lone, soft cough in the background.]*

Whitley Trufflehaus: I fear I may perish.

Penny Nickelpenny: Lord have mercy on our tender souls.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I don't know what came over me in that moment, but it was clear Mel Hammermeister wasn't used to being called out like this. I braced myself for a forced exit and swore to make it up to Willy later.

Mel Hammermeister: What's your name, kid?

Fig Wineshine: Wineshine, Fig Wineshine. Formerly of the Tinseltown Times. Currently, freelance private eye operating out of 257 Vermont on the corner of Franklin opposite that big bean store, you know the one. Great deal on navys this week.

Mel Hammermeister: I like you. You've got gumption. You're a star. Whitley? Fire Joan Crawford, she was getting too old anyways. Fig Wineshine will star alongside Wilhelmina Vanderjetski instead. I'll be in my office if anyone needs anything, which I assure you, YOU WON'T.

*[Mel strides away, taking her clacking heels with her.]*

Whitley Trufflehaus: I don't remember you reading for me, but if Mel says you're the new co-star, then you're the new co-star. Ma Joad it is. Earl will show you to your trailer.

Announcer: And now, a word from our sponsors.

*[Jazzy music plays]*

Hunt A Killer Announcer: Sam Spade! Sherlock Holmes! Hercule Poirot! These aren't just names! They're detectives. Detectives who solve crimes. And what's more delicious than a man in a hat solving crimes? YOU at HOME solving crimes! Hat is optional! And that's where Hunt-A-Killer comes in! Tired of sitting in your parlor with your spouse and kids staring at the radio, hoping that aliens will invade so that life becomes a little more interesting? Then listen up, friend, because your time has come! Well... not the aliens part.

*[SFX: THEREMIN/ALIEN MUSIC PLAYS BUT SPUTTERS OUT.]*

Announcer: Hunt A Killer is a challenging immersive murder mystery experience that you can enjoy in your own home! If you often feel that your sleuthing skills are wasted on trying to figure out who put the empty carton of milk back in the ice box, this game is for you! Collect a copy from any of your local retailers, put out a plate of twinkies, gather up the whole family, and let the fun begin! Uncle Bobby can carefully analyze the evidence while your sister Susanne, visiting home from college, who has an alarming interest in true crime despite studying to be a kindergarten teacher, identifies which suspects had means, motive, and opportunity!

*[SUSANNE (early 20s) is deadpan.]*

Susanne: It was dark! No one would have seen her stab him with the quill!

Announcer: With Hunt a Killer's dedication to high-quality evidence that accurately emulates a real crime scene, you'll wonder if you've wandered into a real mystery! You may even start talking like a gumshoe yourself!

Susanne: My mind rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse cryptogram or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere.

Announcer: Ha, ok Susanne, go off. One of the best parts of Hunt A Killer is that there's a gameplay for everyone's tastes! Looking for a fresh and fun date night with the apple of your eye? There's a single box case for you! Want to spend all night on a twisty murder? There's a multi-part box set that I think you'd love. Or how about a monthly get together with the guys you eat lunch with on that construction beam? Our 6-12 month subscriptions would be just the ticket. Are you ready to Hunt A Killer? Check out the link in this episode's description for details on where to buy your first adventure! Cool hat not included.

Susanne: That's fine! I got plenty of hats! Definitely not from stealing them from the school lost and found.

Announcer: I think Susanne stole those hats! I don't condone that, but I do condone picking up a Hunt A Killer mystery box today!

*[Jazzy music ends]*

*[Ford enters the LA CITY morgue.]*

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): The Los Angeles City Morgue. Haven't had too many reasons to visit this place, but it's actually quite peaceful. What I wouldn't give for a nice nap in a cool ice box. Oh boy, maybe I should talk to a therapist.

*[The footsteps of the MORGUE DIRECTOR, HIPPATIA HUXLEY (40) come closer.]*

Hippatia Huxley: Ford Phillips? Haven't seen you here in a while!

Ford Phillips: Not since the marionette murder case in '37.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Hippatia Huxley, LA County Coroner. Hanging around a bunch of dead bodies has a way of numbing you to the horrors of life. So we have that in common.

Hippatia Huxley: Now I forget, did he use the marionettes to do the murder or did he just dress up like one?

Ford Phillips: The latter, and he did it in a marionette theater.



Hippatia Huxley: Oh, right. Those poor kids thought it was a prop in the show.

Ford Phillips: Still haunts my nightmares. Haven't been able to enjoy a puppet show ever since. And I'm invited to a lot.

Hippatia Huxley: What can I help you with? Looking for a John or Jane Doe? Got a few in today. I've ranked them by attractiveness. We've got a solid California 7 all the way down to a Florida 3.

Ford Phillips: Actually here for information about F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Hippatia Huxley: Oh.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Her body stiffened like one of her pet corpses in rigor mortis. I know you can't see it, so I'm describing it in case the tone of her voice didn't convey that.

Hippatia Huxley: I'm afraid I can't help you.

Ford Phillips: Interesting. Wanna give me a reason why?

Hippatia Huxley: There's no funeral yet. He's not even scheduled for a viewing for friends and family, so you can come back later and he'll be here.

Ford Phillips: But I'm here now. And I'd like to see him.

Hippatia Huxley: I actually don't even know who you're talking about. Doesn't ring a bell. Sorry, Ford.

Ford Phillips: He's a writer. Gatsby the Great, or something.

Hippatia Huxley: Hm. Never heard of it. I have to get back to work. So if there's nothing else-

Ford Phillips: May I at least use your phone before I go?

Hippatia Huxley: It's at the reception desk. See yourself out after.

*[She leaves. Ford walks over to the rotary phone and, as we HEAR HIM DIAL...*

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Clearly, Hippatia wasn't eager to help me. So I put in a call to a friend from The War.

*[The phone RINGS. Intercut with: CLAUDETTE KNICKERBOCKER picks up on the other end.]*

Claudette Kickerbocker: Go for Knickerbocker.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Claudette Knickerbocker, LAPD. As honorable as Mo Beats is corrupt. She started as a dispatcher at the downtown precinct and quickly climbed the ranks to Detective, charming all the right people in all the right places. I'm hoping she can help me out.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Ford? You sound like you're surrounded by death. I mean more so than usual. Are you-

Ford Phillips: Yep, County morgue.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Ay yi yi.

Ford Phillips: Trying to get a read on an F. Scott Fitzgerald. Got a potential client who thinks he was murdered. And your girl Hippatia is giving me a hard time.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Not for long she isn't.

Ford Phillips: I was hoping you'd say that.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Be there in ten. She keeps the scotch in the second drawer of the reception desk.

Ford Phillips: I was also hoping you'd say *that*.

*[CLICK. The phone hangs up. Ford rifles around in a drawer and pours himself a glass of scotch.]*

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Claudette said ten minutes, but I knew that meant 30 minutes minimum in LA. I had plenty of time to get re-acquainted with my good pal, General Two Fingers Macallan. Wonder how Fig is fairing at the studio lot.

*[SFX: TICKING CLOCK]*

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): It wasn't even lunch yet, and I'd already chewed out a movie mogul, been hired to co-star in a film with Willy, and now here I was, waiting to be fitted for a costume. I was no closer to finding out who was sent Willie a threatening note, but this new gig would certainly allow me greater access as I stealthily navigated the seedy underbelly of -

Penny Nickelpenny: HEY!

Fig Wineshine: Jesus!! Penny? Aren't you the choreographer? What are you doing in wardrobe?

Penny Nickelpenny: I also head up the wardrobe department. Keeps overhead low to have one gal do all the jobs. Now arms up, I need your measurements.

Fig Wineshine: Well at least you're making those ducats.

Penny Nickelpenny: HA! Haha. Ha. Heh. Funny Wineshop.

Fig Wineshine: Wineshine.

*[As Penny takes measurements...]*

Penny Nickelpenny: Whatever, Winebags. I'd prefer to get paid NOTHING than have some bozo doing everything wrong and havin' me fix it. The younger generations, they don't know what hard work is. They waltz in here with their paddle balls and lapel flair and think they're God's gift!

Fig Wineshine: Ow, you're pricking me with that thing!

Penny Nickelpenny: I'm 85% percent caffeine. Get used to it!

*[A door OPENS. In stomps Wilhelmina.]*

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: FIG! I just heard that you've been cast in a lead role in MY movie.

Fig Wineshine: Somehow... that is what happened.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: This is impossible. Do you know how hard it was for me to get my start in Hollywood? The doors I had to break down? Literally, my first audition was for a radio commercial for In-N-Out, the famous door company! Do you remember how draining my cigarette girl job was? If I hadn't met Roger and if he hadn't cast me in all his studio's films I NEVER would have made it! And here you are just walking into the place with no acting experience and you're handed a role?!

Fig Wineshine: Willy, you sound angry. Let me explain.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: There's nothing to explain Fig! I'm thrilled!

Penny Nickelpenny/Fig Wineshine: What?

Fig Wineshine: She sound thrilled to you?

Penny Nickelpenny: Thrilled is not the word I would use.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: I'm only upset that I had to hear about it from Earl the grip and not my very best friend in the whole wide world. Now we're coworkers! This is all that and a bag of beans. I'm gonna go get us matching 'coworkers' bracelets from the studio gift shop.

Fig Wineshine: They have those?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Of course! How else are people to remember that they're coworkers, silly?

*[Willy leaves.]*

Penny Nickelpenny: Was she...

Fig Wineshine: Smoking a peacock feather? Yes. Yes, she was.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): There I was at the morgue, 30 minutes later. I'm telling you that because this is audio and you can't see the chyron that says "30 minutes later."

Hippatia Huxley: Ford! What are you still doing here 30 minutes later? Whoa, nice chyron!

Ford Phillips: Thanks. I'm not sure why we spent all this money on chyrons when people can't even see them, but -

*[The DOOR OPENS and CLAUDETTE enters.]*

Claudette Knickerbocker: Afternoon, Ford Phillips, good to see you. Hippatia, you're looking splendid today.

Hippatia Huxley: Oh my goodness, Claudette, no. YOU look splendid. And also...amazing. And glowing. And...and stuff.

*[An awkward beat.]*

Claudette Knickerbocker: Right. Great. Well, I've been sent to do a once-over on a murder vic. Fitzgerald is the name.

Hippatia Huxley: Oh, but... Mo Beats was here last night and filled everything out. Took my statement and closed the case.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Well, the Captain wanted a second check-in due to the high-profile status of the deceased. It's proving to be quite the story and we want all our facts straight before we go to the press with the official statement.

Hippatia Huxley: It was a heart attack. Not much to see there! But there's plenty to see. For you. To see if you wanted to see... my office or something. We could have some tea or crackers.

Claudette Knickerbocker: I already had my tea and crackers, but let's get a good look at that body and maybe I'll find myself in the mood for a second round of rooibus.

Hippatia Huxley: Of course. This way.

Ford Phillips (sotto voce to Claudette): The hold you have over the coroner's office employees is truly astounding.

Claudette Knickerbocker: I have a way with people who spend their days with dead folks, what can I say?

*[Hippatia turns to Ford.]*

Hippatia Huxley: Ford, you stay out here. You're not authorized to come in.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Excuse me! Ford Phillips is a stand-up gent and a killer PI. The only reason someone wouldn't want him around is if they've got something shady going on. I can't imagine someone as principled as you would have anything to hide?

Hippatia Huxley: Uhh, no. I'm not hiding anything. Come on in!

*[The group walks into the...locker room at the morgue. Hippatia OPENS A LOCKER and PULLS OUT the corpse of F. Scott Fitzgerald, covered in a cloth shroud. She THROWS BACK the sheet with a flourish.]*

Hippatia Huxley: There you have it. Just a man who drank too much and his ticker gave out a tick-tock too soon.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Hmm. Pull the cloth down a little?

*[She does.]*

Ford Phillips: No incisions. Did you perform an autopsy?

Hippatia Huxley: No need. Blood tests and skin pallor were consistent with that of a heart attack.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Even though this is a celebrated author and screenwriter? Surely he'd require a closer look.

Hippatia Huxley: I mean, not with the white blood cell mastication and the phenopalatine Ganglioneuralgia.

Ford Phillips: That last thing means brain freeze. You're just spouting a bunch of doctor jargon to try and get us out of here.

Hippatia Huxley: What? No! Claudette, I would NEVER try and get you out of here.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Let go of me. Hey, what's this?

*[Claudette touches F. Scott's neck.]*

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): I knew something looked funny about the man's skin but I couldn't put my finger on it. But Claudette could. She reached out and dabbed her finger against the chalky white skin of the poor bastard's neck. It came away with a beige residue. She brought it to her nose and then shoved it into mine. A wave of memories flooded through me.

Claudette Knickerbocker: They say that scent is the strongest tie to memory.

Ford Phillips: Oh, I remember that smell. Cadavré. Makeup for the dead.

Hippatia Huxley: How do you know that?!

*[Over melodramatic "The War" music...]*

Ford Phillips: The War...

Hippatia Huxley: You were in the war? 20 years ago? What were you, 10?

Ford Phillips: I was... 11.

Hippatia Huxley: What?

Claudette Knickerbocker: Ford and I have known each other since we were 11 years old. We were child actors. The Tiny Terrors. Maybe you heard of us? *The War* was a movie we made together in 1923, for a then up and coming producer: Mel Hammermeister.

Ford Phillips: Back in the day, they used this makeup on us. Studio heads said it looked better than regular makeup on account of it having extra lead.

Claudette Knickerbocker: My face peeled off three separate times.

Ford Phillips: The odor of lead and formaldehyde was my nightly lullaby. Tell me, Hippatia. Why would you be using the most powerful makeup known to man on Fitzgerald if he died of a heart attack? Especially if he isn't even scheduled for a viewing?

Claudette Knickerbocker: I don't count liars among my friends. And I definitely don't grab casual Friday drinks with them either.

Hippatia Huxley: OK! I'm sorry! Mo Beats came here last night and threatened me. Told me I HAD to say he died of a heart attack or else he'd have me fired. This makeup is covering a strangulation wound.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Damn Mo Beats. I knew he had a hand in this. He was acting mighty smug this morning around the coffee machine.

Ford Phillips: So Vivian was right. F. Scott Fitzgerald was murdered.

Claudette Knickerbocker: And someone with a great deal of clout is trying to cover it up.

Ford Phillips: Someone with the power to hide a murder and a strong motive? Barnaby Nightingale, things aren't looking good for you.

*[The Case of the Greater Gatsby closing theme begins]*

Sinead 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:

Sinead Persaud as Fig Wineshine

Parvesh Cheena as Whitley Trufflehaus

Lauren Lopez as Penny Nickelpenny

Sarah Grace Hart as Wilhelmina Vanderjetski

Tim de la Motte as Earl

Carlos Alazraqui as Leery O'Shaunghnessy

Anne Spilman as Dancer Three

Lesli Margherita as Mel Hammermeister

Joey Richter as Dash Gunfire and Grip

Sean Persaud as Ford Phillips

Alex Jennings as Hippatia Huxley and Dancer Seven

And Joanna Sotomura as Claudette Knickerbocker

With Curt Mega as the Hunt A Killer Announcer

And Mary Kate Wiles as Susie

Original music by Dylan Glatthorn

Audio recording by Ears Up Studio and 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 Brown, Zainab Khan, Shao Chih Kuo, Jane Leach, Avalee Long, Lisel Perrine, Halsea Root, The Rude Mechanicals, Heather Tennant, and Justin Waterman.

Please rate and review the show wherever you listen.

Visit Shipwrecked Comedy on YouTube to view the prequel film for this series, *The Case of the Gilded Lily*, or many of our other projects, like *Edgar Allan Poe's Murder Mystery Dinner Party*, our ten part series that imagines a bunch of famous figures from literature into one dinner party that goes terribly wrong. Join Shipwrecked Comedy on Patreon to get early access to *Greater Gatsby* episodes and exclusive behind the scenes content.

*[END OF EPISODE]*