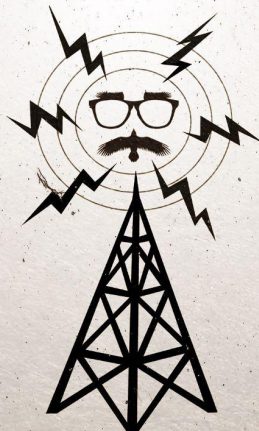


— THE CASE OF —
THE GREATER GATSBY
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THE CASE OF THE GREATER GATSBY
EPISODE 7 - EVERYTHING YOU WANT
TRANSCRIPT

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

Announcer: Now presenting Fig and Ford in The Case of the Greater Gatsby. Episode 7: Everything You Want. Written and created by Sean Persaud and Sinéad Persaud.

[A news jingle]

Radio Announcer: A sweeping scandal surges through SoCal! Murder! Mayhem! Other words that make for catchy headlines! Just today the Nightingale Gazette published a distressing cover story about a series of threatening notes being sent to some of Hollywood's biggest stars! No one knows who's behind these dastardly letters or why anyone would have it out for them. Stay tuned as this story develops!

[The news jingle concludes]

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): The last few days had been hectic, to say the least. Murder, blackmail, burglary. But you know the old saying: There's always another wound to discover. The secret was out about the threats and panic had set in. Fig and I tried to regroup at the office.

Fig Wineshine: You think this is what they want?

Ford Phillips: Maybe. Maybe that's why they made a big deal about Barnaby not saying anything.

Fig Wineshine: They knew it's exactly what he'd do.

Ford Phillips: It is what he's good at.

[A KNOCK at the door.]

Barnaby Nightingale: Good morning, you ol' Chimothy Knuckleguns, you.

Ford Phillips: Barnaby. You're in an awfully good mood for someone who just torpedoed the investigation into the life threatening letter he just got.

Barnaby Nightingale: Well, even the rockiest road evens out a little by morning. Plus, our sales are through the roof!

Fig Wineshine: There it is. In the battle of man and businessman, I guess we know who won out.

Ford Phillips: Did you come here to gloat? Because this stunt of yours is going to make it much harder for the cops to help.

Barnaby Nightingale: Well, that's just it. I came here this morning because I can't trust the cops. They've replaced the lifeblood of every precinct with pure, unfiltered liquid corruption. No no. Ford Phillips, Fig Wineshine - I want you to find out who's sending these letters.

Fig Wineshine: I think we need to break out the murder board just to keep track of our cases.

Barnaby Nightingale: Haha! That's terrific. I know you have a lot on your plate! Maybe I could go to some other PI. Dash Gunfire keeps buying ads in the paper. But you're already enmeshed in this whole story, and I like that. Look, I'm not perfect, I know I may have inadvertently caused some complications, but I also know you can handle them. I'm here to make amends. My life is on the line, I want the people helping me to be invested and capable.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Even after blowing a hole through his own case, Barnaby was personable and charming. He says all the right things at exactly the right time. I looked at Fig and gave her a nod.

Fig Wineshine: You got yourself a deal, Nightingale. 25 an hour plus expenses.

Barnaby Nightingale: Fantastic. As a peace offering, here's a list of all the people my reporters found who have received letters. Thought it might be helpful.

[He TOSSES SOME PAPERS ON THE DESK.]

Fig Wineshine: Mighty fine of you, Paperman.

Ford Phillips: Say Barnaby, before you go, one more thing.

Barnaby Nightingale: I've got time for two!

Ford Phillips: Where were you the night of December 20th?

Barnaby Nightingale: December 20th, let's see.... Ah, yes! I was at Bixby's Lounge.

Fig Wineshine: Vivian seems to pack in the crowds.

Barnaby Nightingale: She sure does. Anything else?

Ford Phillips: That's it for now.

Barnaby Nightingale: Then tallyho, you Sweet Beans!

[FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CLOSE.]

Fig Wineshine: How does he have so much energy this early in the morning?

Ford Phillips: A steady diet of withholding the truth. Vivian wasn't performing on December 20th. I know. I checked Bixby's logs.

Fig Wineshine: Imagine that. A pillar of the news community lying to our faces. Alright, lay this out for me before I get a splitting headache...

Ford Phillips: We need to find out who murdered F. Scott Fitzgerald and stole his manuscript for Vivian and Mel, and who's sending threatening letters to members of the Hollywood community, for Willy and Barnaby.

Fig Wineshine: Seems like we're double dipping on the client fees. That legal?

Ford Phillips: Don't care.

Fig Wineshine: Great. I've got an off day today, whaddaya say we start on this list?

Ford Phillips: Let's go.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Our first stop was the Hollywood Hills home of Mister Peter Lorre, a Hungarian immigrant most well known for the role of Japanese detective Mr. Moto in a series of eight films. I'm sure that will age well. He was a shorter fellow with a very distinctive sleepy eyed look. I figured we'd approach this interview with something I like to call "One Cop Who Has a Pleasant Nature, and Another, Separate Cop, Who is Standoffish and Perhaps Aggressive." Maybe there's a better name for it.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): I got a great name for it. "Something We're Not Doing, Just Act Normal." How's that?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I hate it.

Peter Lorre: Ah, hello. My manservant Jeef just informed me of your arrival. I have brought the letter in question. It is quite macabre. Here.

[He HANDS THE LETTER to Ford.]

Ford Phillips: "If you do not pull the plug on your abhorrent career, your face will need that mask. We've got our eyes on you."

Peter Lorre: Isn't that lovely? They've got their eyes on me? Like they are watching my films?

Fig Wineshine: No! What?

Peter Lorre: What does abhorrent mean? I assume "wonderful."

Ford Phillips: You don't get many threats, do you?

Fig Wineshine: So Pistol Pete, got any enemies? I mean, besides every Japanese person offended by your portrayal of Mr. Moto?

Peter Lorre: Only fate itself. I did eight of those horrid movies and was unable to perform roles that my heart actually desired. Igor in *Frankenstein*. *Quasimodo* in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Life mocks me! If only I'd seen the intruder!

Fig Wineshine: Then what?

Peter Lorre: Then I could have asked him what "abhorrent" means.

Ford Phillips: (sighing) Let's go.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Our second stop was at Katharine Hepburn's chalet. I'd seen her in a few things on the big screen, but it wasn't until I got her and Fig in a room together that I noticed... the resemblance.

[The DOOR OPENS revealing KATHERINE HEPBURN smoking a cigarette.]

Katherine Hepburn: Didn't you get the memo, curly sue? There's only room for one woman in wide-legged trousers in this town. If we walk side-by-side down the street together people might think we're gunning for more rights.

Fig Wineshine: Can't have that. I'll change into my hoop skirt stat.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Katherine led us into her Hollywood Hills mansion. A child of wealth, it didn't surprise me that less than ten years into her career she could afford a house this size. Once settled in the tastefully decorated living room, Katherine poured us each some sherry and then plopped down on the couch, hugging one knee into her chest in the sort of casual way most women wouldn't dream of doing in the company of others. I gotta say, it was refreshing.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I do that all the time! Why is only neat when the movie star does it?

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Shoot.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): You forgot I was here didn't you?

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): I did.

Katherine Hepburn: If we could hurry this along, I have a very busy afternoon of going on a brisk walk and then doing exactly whatever it is I please. Fresh air, it'll do you some good. You look like you could use some Vitamin D. Vitamin E. All the vitamins, really. What exactly are you doing here?

Ford Phillips: We're here to see the threatening letter you received a few days ago.

Katherine Hepburn: Right, right, so your assistant said on the phone.

Ford Phillips: Assistant?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I'd pretended to be our assistant on the phone earlier when making all these appointments. People are much more likely to take you seriously when you have an assistant.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Nice work.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I'll be cool about this now, but later we're celebrating you giving me a compliment.

Katherine Hepburn: The note is right there on the counter. Can't stop looking at it. It really is a work of art.

Ford Phillips: "Make sure the *Philadelphia Story* stays a limited release or else your story will be limited... also. You get the point right? We're threatening you."

Katherine Hepburn: *laughs* Not exactly Shakespeare. But hey, at least it means they've probably seen the film. And that's the important part.

Fig Wineshine: *The Philadelphia Story*? What is it? And can you keep it from wide release?

Katherine Hepburn: It's my magnum opus, darlings! A play I was in that is soon to be one of the biggest films ever released. I just know it. Two years ago they were calling me box office poison and now that I have a hit on my hands, someone's mad. Probably Ginger Rogers. I spill water on her mink coat ONE time and now it's death threats. Goodness. Can't a gal have a bit of a laugh anymore?

Ford Phillips: You often antagonize your fellow actors?

Katherine Hepburn: What can I say? If you obey all the rules you miss all the fun.

Ford Phillips: Thank you for your time, Miss Hepburn.

Fig Wineshine: I'll see you at the meetings.

Ford Phillips: What meetings?

Katherine Hepburn: Why, the ones where we ladies with frizzy hair and a way with words sit around and talk about how we're gonna take over the world.

[A jazzy music cue]

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Next up on our list was an up and coming actor named Vincent Price. A tall gangly fellow with angular cheekbones and a smile that suggested some impertinence going on upstairs.

Ford Phillips: Vincent, good of you to meet with us.

Vincent Price: Come, sit, sit. I always make it a habit to meet with those in the business of saving my life. Oh do join me for a glass of something bubbly.

Fig Wineshine: You seem pretty calm for a guy who's been sent a note saying: (clears throat) "If you don't choose your next picture wisely, the only Price anyone will be talking about next week will be the price they're willing to pay for your headstone." That's uh, sinister stuff, Vin.

Vincent Price: (chuckling) Yes, sinister indeed. I must say I find the whole thing rather amusing. Here we are, a bunch of starry-eyed cinema lovers who've made Hollywood our Mecca. And then, in an instant, our life becomes the art! When I received this ill-omened letter in my mail slot two days ago, my first instinct was to look around for cameras! Perhaps, I thought, I was filming a scene and had simply forgotten!

Ford Phillips: So you're not worried about the threats?

Vincent Price: What has worry ever done for anyone? As the great Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley said: "Beware; For I am fearless, and therefore powerful." We must embrace that sensational feeling of adrenaline in our gut. USE it to power your inner vampire. Suck dry the inspiration of the event and let it nourish you. Then one day you can become the iconic king of horror that you've always dreamed of since you first read *Melmoth the Wanderer* at age five.

Fig Wineshine: I lost you, buddy.

Ford Phillips: Yeah, you veered off and some of those things don't really connect.

Vincent Price: Won't you dicks stay for dinner? I'm making a blood orange roasted duck with sunchoke soup.

Fig Wineshine: Wow. Can I get that in a doggy bag to go?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Our next visit was one Ford was not looking forward to.

Ford Phillips: You can handle this. I'll wait in the car.

Fig Wineshine: We don't have a car, we took public transportation.

Ford Phillips: I'll find a car and wait in it.

[A DOOR OPENS.]

Jimmy Stewart: Oh, criminy! If it isn't uh, my old roommate, Ford uh, uh Ford Phillips!

Ford Phillips: (sighs) Hello Jim.

Fig Wineshine: Mr. Stewart, Fig Wineshine. Big fan of your movies and even bigger fan of whatever you did to this guy when you lived together.

Jimmy Stewart: Yeah uh, well, you know, it's like I uh, I always, uh, you know, uh, uh, it's uh, you know, yeah!

Fig Wineshine: ...what's that now?

Ford Phillips: It's come to our attention that you received a threatening note, written with cut out letters from magazines and newspapers.

Jimmy Stewart: Uh, uh, yeah, why I sure did, told old uh, old Barnaby Nightingale about that yesterday, I reckon uh, the whole country is uh, aware of all the happenings and uh, goings- on with the uh, the business and such, as it were.

Fig Wineshine: Can we take a look at the letter?

Jimmy Stewart: You know uh, I think that, I think that would be just uh, just hunky- dory. Just fine, yeah. Hold on, let me go get it.

[He PUTTERS AWAY.]

Fig Wineshine: He's got a real roundabout way of talking.

Ford Phillips: A simple yes would have been fine.

[Jimmy PUTTERS BACK and HANDS OVER A LETTER.]

Jimmy Stewart: Well now, uh, here, here's that letter you were uh, uh asking for earlier.

Fig Wineshine: Yes, it just happened. Mere seconds ago.

Jimmy Stewart: So uh Ford, you here to uh, you here to save my life?

Ford Phillips: Unfortunately, that is the most likely outcome.

Jimmy Stewart: See? I uh, knew you couldn't stay uh, stay–stay mad at ol' Jimmy.

Fig Wineshine: What did you do to him?

Jimmy Stewart: Well, let's see, the year was 1935, and I had uh, let's see, I was - uhhhh....no no, the year was 1934, or uh... was it 1936? Let's see, I had just flown out from New York, and uh, well, that's uh, I think it was 1935 -

Fig Wineshine: You know what? I'm good, I don't need to know. So about this letter.

Jimmy Stewart: Yeah, uh, found it uh, right, right here at uh, right here at the uh the front door three days ago.

Ford Phillips: "There will be Death Around the Corner if your next movie isn't your last. We are watching."

Jimmy Stewart: Isn't that nice? Like they're watching my movies?

Fig Wineshine: No. Why are you people so stupid?

[A jingle!]

Hunt-A-Killer Announcer: Greetings audio drama listeners! It's me, your friendly neighborhood announcer! I'm back because I've been offered a once in a lifetime experience. A trip... into the future! That's right. The Hunt-A-Killer offices are sending me years into the future to see just how amazing this game will get! But before they launch me into the next millennium, let me tell you about a good time in the here and now!

[SFX: Horror movie music sting]

Hunt-A-Killer Announcer: Step into the world of Hunt A Killer! With our murder mystery games you'll unravel an intricate web of deceit that will shake you to your core! The objective is this: Examine the evidence. Eliminate suspects. Catch. The. Killer. These activities are ideal for those of you with an eye for detail and a penchant for problem solving! If you've ever fancied yourself a detective, this is the game for you!

Flight Attendant: Now boarding, Time Machine Flight 666 to 2023.

Hunt a Killer Announcer: That's my ride! I gotta head out but don't forget to head to your local retailer and pick up a Hunt-A-Killer box or twelve for your friend Steven who's hard to shop for but has an eye for catching whomever left the toothpaste cap off.

Flight Attendant: Last call for flight 666 into the future.

Hunt a Killer Announcer: Wow, really short boarding process. Boy, I can't wait. Perhaps I'll meet my great grandkids and we'll all gather around and play Hunt-A-Killer together before we jet pack off for a weekend on the moon.

Flight Attendant: Do you have what it takes to Hunt-A-Killer?

Hunt-A-Killer Announcer: Hey, that's my line!

[Commercial jingle music ends]

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): I headed back to the office to collect our other notes, while Fig took the day's interviews and letters straight to Bixby's. We were hoping a brainstorming session outside of our usual four walls and brand new door would help inspire us. I was on my way out to join her when the phone rang.

[The PHONE RINGS. Ford PICKS UP.]

Ford Phillips: Phillips and Wineshine.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Ford! Glad I caught you.

Ford Phillips: Claudette, how are the boys in blue taking this Barnaby story?

Claudette Knickerbocker: Most of them are happy. They think someone else will do their job for them. I don't think they understand how much harder it will be - we've already received a bunch of bogus tips.

Ford Phillips: Wonderful. But I'm guessing you didn't call to tell me that.

Claudette Knickerbocker: No. I wanted to give you a heads up. I caught a gander of a file on Mo's desk. I think it's the big case he's working on.

Ford Phillips: Uh huh?

Claudette Knickerbocker: You're not headed to Bixby's tonight, are you?

[Bixby's Lounge music cue plays]

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I sidled up to the bar at Bixby's with a banker's box full of documents. The place hadn't picked up yet, which was fine for me. More cookies for me.

Bixby Crane: If it isn't my favorite person named after a fruit.

Fig Wineshine: Wow, I've edged out Rhubarb Johnson?

Bixby Crane: Well no. But rhubarbs are technically vegetables.

Fig Wineshine: I like coming here because I learn new things. Also the cookies.

Bixby Crane: What can I do for you tonight?

Fig Wineshine: Ford is about to join me. We were hoping to use the back room as a temporary office.

Bixby Crane: Oh uh... it's...

Fig Wineshine: Assuming of course that it is available.

Bixby Crane: Well, it's just...

Fig Wineshine: You got another private eye duo already using it?

Bixby Crane: Haha, that's great Fig. Very funny. I'll fix you a Wineshine Special, on the house.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Bixby walked down to make the drink at the other end of the bar. I didn't have much time to ponder his curious behavior before my partner showed up with another box full of evidence.

Ford Phillips: We heading to the back room?

Fig Wineshine: No, Bixby said it's...well, actually, he didn't say anything.

Ford Phillips: Hey, isn't that one of your new friends?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I looked over towards the back room and, sure enough, there was Darby Farnsworth, slyly sneaking past a curtain. What is going on here?

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): I'm not sure, but it seems like Mo Beats might know. According to Claudette, he's onto something and it involves Bixby.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): I hope it ends in the arrest of Rhubarb Johnson.

[Bixby SETS DOWN TWO GLASSES.]

Bixby Crane: One Wineshine Special and two fingers of Macallan for the gentlemen.

Ford Phillips: Bixby, we'd love to be able to use the back room for some work.

Bixby Crane: I would love that too. But no can do tonight. On account of... spiders. Too many spiders in there.

Fig Wineshine: I like spiders.

Bixby Crane: Oh look! A spot on the glass over there needs a good wipe down. That's a task that could last a whole thirty minutes!

Ford Phillips: Hm. We'll figure him out one of these days.

Fig Wineshine: Penny did say that Darby'd been sneaking off to meetings. Maybe it's some sort of babysitting club?

Ford Phillips: Why would babysitters need a club?

Fig Wineshine: I dunno, but it sounds like the premise to a fun book series.

[Ford LAYS OUT THE LETTERS on the bar.]

Ford Phillips: All right, let's examine these notes side by side. The letters are all cut out so no handwriting sample.

Fig Wineshine: The paper is marketplace stock, not newsprint. And whomever is gluing the letters on appears to be wearing gloves since there are no fingerprint indents on the dried glue.

Ford Phillips: Lorre, Hepburn, Stewart, Price, Vanderjetski, Calloway, and Nightingale. Could all their names be an anagram for something?

[Rex and Lex Punchwhistle sidle up to the bar.]

Rex Punchwhistle: Let him stay, pops! Victor couldn't neigh!

Ford Phillips: Excuse me?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): The Punchwhistle Twins appeared out of nowhere, drinks in hand and ready to party.

Rex Punchwhistle: That's a mnemonic device to help you remember what you just said. Lorre, Hepburn, Stewart, Price, Vanderjetski, Calloway, and Nightingale! Is that helpful?

Ford Phillips: No. But it's weird that you came up with that so fast.

Rex Punchwhistle: Eugene always said I had a lot of skills and none of them useful!

Lex Punchwhistle: Ugh. Eugene would know what to do.

Rex Punchwhistle: Eugene ALWAYS knew what to do. Miss that fella a lot on nights like these.

Fig Wineshine: Nights like what?

Lex Punchwhistle: Nights where I'm not drunk yet! Bixby! Next round's on me!

Bixby Crane: I'd prefer it be on the table, Miss!

Ford Phillips: Rex is onto something though, these actors - and Barnaby - all must have something in common. Hey Bixby, you got a copy of today's paper?

Bixby Crane: Sure. But just a heads up, I think there's something funny with the crossword. The theme today seems to be "How Could You Do This To Me, Ethel?"

[He HANDS OVER A NEWSPAPER.]

Fig Wineshine: Poor George. He's really going through it.

[Ford FLIPS THROUGH THE PAGES to Section 4.]

Ford Phillips: Check this out. Section 4 leads with -

Fig Wineshine: - movie reviews. And number one on the list is *The Philadelphia Story*, starring Katherine Hepburn and Jimmy Stewart.

Ford Phillips: Someone has it out for the movies these folks are starring in.

Fig Wineshine: Willy and Cliff are in *The Grapes of Wrath*.

Ford Phillips: What are the others in most recently?

Rex Punchwhistle: Oh, oh! Jimmy Stewart's next movie is called *Brotherly Love*! He was also in *Shop Around the Corner*! Vincent Price was just in *Invisible Man Returns* AND *The House of the Seven Gables*. Banner year for both! As for Peter Lorre, he has an upcoming film called *The Face Behind the Mask*. I'm buzzed up to see it!

Fig Wineshine: ...How in the world do you know all that?

Lex Punchwhistle: He has IMDB.

Rex Punchwhistle: Internal Movie Dream Brain!

Lex Punchwhistle: Remy has what they call a photographic memory. Means he can remember lots of stuff, like movies, down to the exact detail.

Rex Punchwhistle: Yeah. Including really bad stuff. Like our parents divorce.

Lex Punchwhistle: Yeah.

[An awkward beat. A SNIFFLE.]

Fig Wineshine: Anyways, I don't really understand what those movies have to do with the threats.

[Fig's musing is interrupted by a SLUMPING and LOUD SNORING. The Punchwhistle Twins have fallen asleep at the bar.]

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): And just like that, the Punchwhistles were asleep at the bar.

Bixby Crane: Poor things. Must not have adapted to the time zone yet.

Ford Phillips: Wait. What was that again?

Bixby Crane: Well, you see, during the first world war, in order to save on fuel costs, the US government shifted clocks by an hour to add -

Fig Wineshine: No, that's Daylight Saving Time. Ford is asking about time zones.

Bixby Crane: Oh yes, you're right. Well as train travel became more common, we needed to regulate time by setting clocks to the local movement of the sun. In 1883-

Ford Phillips: No! The other thing. Nevermind, I didn't actually need you to repeat it, I was just saying it for dramatic effect. You said "Adapted." Adaptations!

Fig Wineshine: Ohhhh. These actors are all currently in, or just were in, film adaptations of something. Plays and books.

Ford Phillips: Who would want to put an end to Hollywood adaptations?

Fig Wineshine: I think I know a pigtail sporting, overall wearing spitfire of a youngin' who just might have that particular axe to grind.

[MORE SNORING.]

Bixby Crane: Now that I'm thinking about it, it's only 7 pm in New York. They might just have a problem.

[The Case of the Greater Gatsby closing theme music 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:

William Joseph Stribling as Radio Announcer

Sean Persaud as Ford Phillips, Jimmy Stewart, & Vincent Price

Sinead Persaud as Fig Wineshine and Katherine Hepburn

Tommy Hobson as Barnaby Nightingale

Ryan W. Garcia as Peter Lorre

Joanna Sotomura as Claudette Knickerbocker

Dante Swain as Bixby Crane

Brian Rosenthal as Rex Punchwhistle

And Esther Fallick as Lex Punchwhistle

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 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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