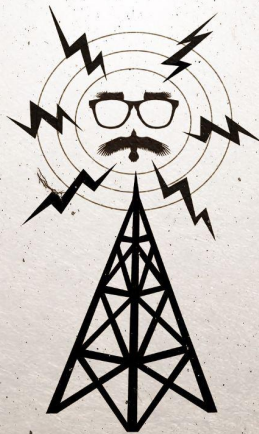


— THE CASE OF —
THE GREATER GATSBY
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THE CASE OF THE GREATER GATSBY
EPISODE 9 - ENTER SANDMAN
TRANSCRIPT

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

Announcer: Now presenting Fig and Ford in The Case of the Greater Gatsby. Episode 9: Enter Sandman. Written by Sean Persaud and Sinéad Persaud. This episode is brought to you by Hunt A Killer.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Since signing on as co-lead in Whitley Trufflehaus's audacious and by no means accurate adaptation of *The Grapes of Wrath*, I'd yet to encounter a peaceful moment on the lot. That is, until I arrived on set that morning before the roosters had even finished dreaming. The place was dark and eerie - hollow two-dimensional sets looming like uncanny paintings. I felt I'd stepped into a twilight zone and was reminded of that ancient lullabye; 'Exit light. Enter night. Take my hand. We're off to never-never land.'" Only instead of following a pubescent boy in a leotard, I was following a teenaged girl in suspenders. After a few signs pointing to screenwriting prodigy Darby Farnsworth as a possible leading suspect in the murder of F. Scott Fitzgerald and the sender of threatening letters to members of the Hollywood community, I figured I'd devote this morning to tailing her around the set. I'd asked Penny to give me a rough timetable of when she'd seen Darby absconding to her secret 'meetings,' and since my call time wasn't until 4pm - and would likely get pushed due to the production's ineptitude - I figured I'd get here early and see what this little pigtailed prose propeller could be up to.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Fig? Is that you?

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Willy came out of nowhere, bathrobe on and hair in curlers.

Fig Wineshine: What in heaven's baked potato are you doing here this early, Willy?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Oh! My call time yesterday kept getting pushed and pushed until it was moved up to this morning! But no one ever told me to go home! So I just stayed in my dressing room.

Fig Wineshine: You were here alone all night?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: I know what you're thinking, but I barricaded my door with my makeup table! I was totally safe!

Fig Wineshine: But Willy, your door opens outwards.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Oh don't worry! The Hinge Highwaymen of Highland Park struck while I was getting my beauty sleep. When I woke up, the door was gone!

[Fig sighs]

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): As I pondered my friend's alarming lack of street smarts - and the migration patterns of the Hinge Highwaymen - I saw a small shadowy figure zip through the maze of Salinas Valley house sets. Those unmistakable pigtails caught my eye. I crept after her. Willy followed.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Oh! I wanted to ask you! I've been really hankering to start a book club and The Punchwhistles already agreed to join. I thought we could read one of Fitzgerald's works for the first meeting. A sort of tribute!

Fig Wineshine: You know I love to curl up with a good piece of fiction written by a man and rip apart his inane depictions of women as much as the next gal in shoulder pads, but between all these cases and you practically offering yourself up on a platter to this note nuisance, I'll have to save my ravings for next time. Now, come along, she went this way.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Who?!

Fig Wineshine: Hmm, she ducked into the hair and makeup room. Stay behind me.

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): We passed Willy's doorless dressing room and the empty rooms of Leery and Cliff before rounding on the door to hair and makeup. The figure sat on a chair in the dark, brushing their long hair and humming a high pitched tune.

[The figure HUMS.]

Fig Wineshine: Hmm, wonder if Darby is after the spotlight, not the writing gig after all.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: I doubt it, she never wears lipstick!

Fig Wineshine: Waitaminute, this isn't Darby. That hand wound looks very familiar. Hey!

[The figure WHIRLS AROUND in the chair with a SHRIEK.]

Fig Wineshine: TD Hammermeister?

TD Hammermeister: It's not what you think!

Fig Wineshine: Really? It's not you brushing out your wife's various wigs for the day, using your own head as a dummy because it's easier that way?

TD Hammermeister: Wow. I guess it's exactly what you think. I was worried you might assume that I really loved my mom and was gonna buy a motel and then -

Fig Wineshine: Nope, no, that's not—Nope. What's happening here is as weird as I can do at this hour of the morning.

TD Hammermeister: My beloved Melvyra likes her hair to match her anger levels. This is much more feasible with wigs.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Her 'not disappointed, just mad' level hair has always been my favorite.

TD Hammermeister: Milkmaid braids. While stunning, they do require a daily deep condition to temper frizz.

Fig Wineshine: Seen anything outta sorts here this morning? Or sorts I oughta kick the beans outta for pilfering doors?

TD Hammermeister: No one! Just myself, Willy, and that poor Benji who sleeps with his eyes open. His wife kicked him out and so he usually holes up in one of the set bedrooms.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Are you interested in joining a bookclub, Mr. Hammermeister? We're reading Fitzgerald's *The Beautiful and the Damned* for our first pick!

TD Hammermeister: Afraid I've got some other club memberships pending at the moment, but do keep me in mind if you ever read any Georgette Heyer!

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): And with that, TD popped out of his chair and skipped into the darkened hallway.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): While Fig was in studio purgatory, I figured I'd call upon Claudette to help me track down the ephemeral Zelda Fitzgerald before she left town. According to Barnaby's rag, F. Scott's funeral was to be a private affair in Maryland, so we had no idea why she was even in town. My head was splitting due to my lack of sleep. I'd holed up in my office last night reading Fitzgerald's old work. I had to admit – there was some good stuff there.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Ford! Glad I caught ya, let's duck into the conference room. And if you see Mo Beats, don't accept a cookie from him. Pretty sure he put laxatives in them as a fun prank.

Ford Phillips: I wouldn't eat anything he gave me if it were dunked in Cole's au jus and fried by Musso or Frank themself.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Nice specific LA restaurant references.

Ford Phillips: Thanks.

[Claudette closes the door. The sounds of the bullpen are MUFFLED.]

Claudette Knickerbocker: So you said on the phone you need help tracking down Zelda Fitzgerald?

Ford Phillips: Fig's at the studio today and I figured a strange man beating down her door while she's at her most fragile wouldn't go over well.

Claudette Knickerbocker: So you're using me for my calm feminine demeanor and non-threatening yet authoritative voice?

Ford Phillips: Bingo. But first, we gotta find her. We met Dorothy Parker at Bixby's last night. She mentioned that the Fitzgeralds moved here for a couple months back in 1927. You think you could dig up anything on where they might have been living -

Claudette Knickerbocker: The Ambassador Hotel on Wilshire.

Ford Phillips: Wow, you work fast.

Claudette Knickerbocker: It's big in LAPD lore. They stayed there for 2 months and absolutely trashed the place. Zelda set fire to their bungalow after finding out he was cheating on her. God... She's a legend.

Ford Phillips: The Ambassador, huh? Swanky. Makes sense, though. From what I've heard, she wouldn't stay in less than a five star hotel even if her bank account were emptier than the audience at a Goose Ventriloquist's early Monday show at the Formosa Cafe.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Ooh, more references! Wait, Goose Ventriloquist?

Ford Phillips: It's a long story. Can I borrow the phone?

Claudette Knickerbocker: Knock yourself out.

[Ford DIALS the operator - one single drag of the 0 on the rotary phone.]

Ford Phillips: Ambassador hotel please. I'll wait.

[PHONE WAITING MUSIC PLAYS, muffled.]

Ford Phillips: It's this guy at Bixby's, has a goose puppet, makes a lot of goose jokes. Weird stuff.

Claudette Knickerbocker: They'll just let anyone on stage these days, huh?

Ford Phillips: Tell me about it. I'd never - oh, hello? Hi yes, my name is Ford Phillips, I'm wondering if you have a Zelda Fitzgerald staying there? I see. Well, thank you very much.

[He HANGS UP.]

Ford Phillips: No luck. Back to square one.

[Jazzy music transition]

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Darby strolled into the studio with her croissant and hot cocoa at 9am with the rest of the above-the-liners. By 10am, Willy was safe on set doing a scene with Leery, a rooster, and... Cliff's stunt double?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: How was I in that take? Feels like I could maybe do one where I don't blink at all.

Fig Wineshine: That would be terrifying. Say, where's Cliff? The double looks nothing like him.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Oh! He was so inspired-slash-petrified by his brush with mortality upon receiving that threatening note that he confessed his love to his contractor and they've gone away on a secret trip to Ibiza! Mel promised to cover up the whole thing in exchange for his word to never work with Louis B Mayer.

Fig Wineshine: Huh.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: So I guess all this note stuff hasn't been all bad?

Fig Wineshine: Hold that thought, Willy.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: You can't hold a thought, silly! They're made of air!

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): The clock struck 10:25, and sure enough, Darby got up from her seat next to Whitley and slunk out off set. I was on her tail faster than a fast thing does a thing fast. Look, we're only on episode 9 and I gotta pace myself with these metaphors.

[SFX: Footsteps as Fig trails Darby. They leave set. The studio sounds FADE.]

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): She hurried along down the winding corridors. We passed the commissary, the makeup rooms, and I even got a sneak peek at the sets for that exciting new Hunt-a-Killer movie shooting in the neighboring studio.

Hunt-An-Actor: The evidence is piling up! I've never enjoyed solving a mystery so much!

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Finally, she slunk behind a door casting a furtive glance behind her. I ducked behind a rogue costume rack so she wouldn't spot me. Then, when she'd closed the door, I snuck up to listen.

[SFX: DOOR CLOSES. Muffled talking.]

Mr. Broderick: You're late again!

Darby Farnsworth: Sorry! I did what you told me to do though, I wrote all the notes!

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): At this stunning admission of guilt, I burst into the room to find Darby seated at a desk, with an older gent hovering above her holding a book. He had a stern look on his pinched face.

Fig Wineshine: Wrote all the notes, huh? Well Darby, looks like I've found the asp of adaptations and she was right under my nose the whole time.

Darby Farnsworth: What?!

Fig Wineshine: This must be the evil mastermind behind it all? Who are you, evil mastermind? How long have you been pulling the strings? And why are you getting a kid to do your dirty work?

Mr. Broderick: I will not be spoken to this way!

Darby Farnsworth: Hey. Hat. Calm down. I don't know what you're talking about.

Fig Wineshine: Wait - what's happening here? Did you or did you not write the threatening notes all these actors are getting?

Darby Farnsworth: No! Holy bucket of tootsie rolls. This is my onset tutor, Mr. Broderick. I took lots of NOTES on my assigned reading. Look, please don't tell anyone but... I lied about finishing my high school courses so I could work on this film. I've actually got three more classes before I can graduate. But if anyone finds out, my reputation as a gifted child will be tarnished. Do you know how hard it is to come back from that?

Fig Wineshine: As a former gifted kid, yes I can relate. I'm, I'm sorry about all this. Mr. Broderick?

Mr. Broderick: Yes?

Fig Wineshine: I like your cardigan.

Mr. Broderick: No hats in the classroom.

Fig Wineshine: I take my compliment back. Before I leave you two to learning about square root theory you'll never use in real life... where were you the night of December 20th, Darby?

Darby Farnsworth: Why that was the night of Mel's big holiday bash. I was allowed to stay until midnight and then my dad picked me up.

Fig Wineshine: Dad will vouch for you?

Darby Farnsworth: You'll never get him to talk. My dad was a famous silent film star and he's never been able to shake it. (sighing) He got too deep in his roles.

Fig Wineshine: Well well well. How convenient.

Darby Farnsworth: But he could vouch for me on paper. Like just write it down.

Fig Wineshine: Oh sure. Yeah, that works.

Mr. Broderick: Please leave. I get a measly 15 minute increments with her every three hours. We have so much to get through.

Fig Wineshine: I was never here, Teach. Stay in school, Fig Wineshine out!

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): That afternoon, I visited the one person I thought might have some more insight into the inner workings of Zelda Fitzgerald's mind. And while I sat in Sheilah Graham's living room with a cup of chamomile tea, I'm not ashamed to admit that I hoped a clue would simply appear on the wall in front of me. It did not.

Sheilah Graham: Hope you don't mind if I continue tidying while you're here.

Ford Phillips: Expecting company?

Sheilah Graham: I'm more dreading the possibility of it.

Ford Phillips: Zelda?

Sheilah Graham: I'm terrified she'll show up here causing a scene. And Fitz's daughter Scottie told me it wouldn't be a good idea to attend the funeral in Bethesda next week. I have to agree. Catholic families and mistresses don't mix.

Ford Phillips: Henry the 8th would sympathize.

Sheilah Graham: I've honestly no idea why Zelda is even out here. Especially in her fragile state. Maybe she just wants her things back. There are simply too many of her watercolors hanging around here.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Indeed, the living room walls were practically obscured with artwork - something I hadn't noticed before, and neither had you, because this is an audio narrative. Whimsical scenes of city scapes and parks were rendered in swirls of pastel watercolors. In one above the couch, a jester posed on the shore of a lake. In the one framed above the hearth slightly askew, a man and woman lounged on the grass. He seemed to whisper something surreptitiously in her ear.

Ford Phillips: Funny, you having Zelda's paintings up.

Sheilah Graham: It might shock you, but I quite admire her, in a way. She wanted something. Anything. Everything, perhaps. She threw herself into every endeavor with such intensity, be it writing, ballet, art. The same craven desire for purpose that is praised in men got her ridiculed. I find myself lost in these paintings. Her gallery showings were panned by critics in the past but I think it's just misogynist bull. Look at how well she captures ennui and longing! Plus, Fitz felt so guilty about her situation. He blamed himself for many of her troubles. It ate away at him. He said having her paintings up helped keep her in his heart. But I think it was his way of acknowledging that he would never be able to escape what he'd done to her.

Ford Phillips: What did he do to her? Aside from... you? And Vivian.

Sheilah Graham: Oh if you think the cheating began with me and that harlot, you've got another thing coming to you. And there was the plagiarism. There were rumors that he shouted at her, didn't take her problems seriously, didn't take her work seriously. And then of course he moved here. Leaving her alone in various mental institutions with her demons.

Ford Phillips: You have any idea where I might be able to find her now that she's in town? If she made it out here now, she could have been here on the 20th.

Sheilah Graham: She's a suspect? I suppose she certainly had motive. Love makes people do crazy things. Well, I haven't the faintest, she could be at the poshest suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel or playing darts at a dive bar on Franklin. You never know with her. Don't get me wrong, Phillips, I feel for the woman, I do. The struggles she's endured are absolutely fiendish. I've no ill will towards her, I'd just prefer not to see her.

Ford Phillips: As someone who prefers not to see anyone, I understand. Anything in particular you think Zelda would be looking for here? That Greater Gatsby script perhaps?

Sheilah Graham: (chuckling) I doubt it. Zelda had nothing to hide. Say what you want about her, but she wore her heart and her secrets right on her sequined sleeve. Though it's possible she may want the tapes.

Ford Phillips: What tapes?

Sheilah Graham: Oh, it's nothing. Fitzzy liked to record himself while writing. Talking out loud, working through dialogue, having a record of ideas and inspiration so he could revisit them with a fresh outlook later. A lot of inscrutable and supercilious nonsense, truly. I moved the tape machine into the back room after he died. I've no idea where the tapes are though, and I don't need to listen the ramblings of a ghost lost up his own derriere. They're probably in storage at the studio.

Ford Phillips: Seems reasonable Zelda might want those tapes for posterity. Or there's always the old standby.

Sheilah Graham: Oh please, if it's money she wants, she'll have it. Fitz left me with the rights to his last novel, *The Love of the Last Tycoon*. But I'm not going to tell anyone that. I'll have it published and Zelda and Scottie will get the money. It's only right.

Ford Phillips: Mighty kind of you. I'll leave you to your dusting. Don't go far.

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): I left the cooling cup of tea on the coffee table and wondered about Sheilah's charitable deed. Was it a final act of compassion and atonement, or a desperate gimmick from a guilty conscience? Either way, one thing was for certain: I'd have to track down Zelda some other way.

[A moody music transition plays]

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): After I'd discovered Darby's secret, the rest of the day at the studio was unremarkable. A bit... too unremarkable. As Penny dusted my face with a beige powder that smelled like the underside of a boot in order to get me ready for my first on camera shot of the day, a scream rang out through the lot.

[SFX: Leery SHRIEKS!]

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Leery O'Shaughnessy came careening into the middle of the set holding up a piece of paper. I recognized those cut out letters instantly.

Leery O'Shaughnessy: They got me! They finally got me!

Penny Nickelpenny: Save the dramatics for the scene, Big Country!

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Oh! Leery! You got one too? That's great!

Leery O'Shaughnessey: Great? How'dya reckon that, little Miss Jet Ski?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Well, I thought you might have been feeling left out, what with everyone getting one but you. Sort of like being the only one without roses on Valentine's Day. Except instead of a beautiful flower, it's a threat to murder you.

Leery O'Shaughnessey: Oh lordy, would someone call the goshdarn po-lice already?

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): I returned to the office after my meeting with Sheilah Graham no closer to tracking down Zelda Fitzgerald, or figuring out why she was here. It was times like these - and most other times - that I liked to pour a finger or 3 of the good stuff and regroup.

[A POUR of whiskey. The phone RINGS. Ford PICKS IT UP.]

Ford Phillips: Fig and Ford, Detectives to the Stars - NO! Wait. Forget I said that.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Ford, it's Knickerbocker.

Ford Phillips: Please don't tell Fig I said "Detectives to the Stars."

Claudette Knickerbocker: I wouldn't dream of it. Catchy though. Listen, I just got a call about a disturbance at Hammermeister studios. Figured you might wanna head over with me.

Ford Phillips: Would never turn down the opportunity to ride in a cruiser during rush hour.

Claudette Knickerbocker: See you in five.

[Leery WAILS as TD comforts him.]

TD Hammermeister: Don't worry, Leery! You can always hit your assailant with your banjo!

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): Being back on the lot made the hairs on the back of my neck dance the jitterbug. Nevertheless, I had to see what this new development was about.

Fig Wineshine: Didn't expect to see you here, partner. Hi Claudette.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Nice makeup. Still smell like the underside of a damp boot?

Fig Wineshine: I'm getting used to it!

Ford Phillips: What's all this about another actor getting a note?

Fig Wineshine: Leery O'Shaughnessy. Tacked to his door in the middle of the day. This note-master is getting bold.

Ford Phillips: And no one saw a thing?

Fig Wineshine: Nah. Come, let me introduce you. Leery, this is Ford Phillips, PI, and Claudette Knickerbocker from the LAPD. She's one of the good ones.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Leery, if you'll come with me? I'd like to get your statement. And sir, who are you?

TD Hammermeister: Theodore Dorcas Hammermeister, purveyor of love and assistance to Mel Hammermeister.

Claudette Knickerbocker: I'd appreciate if you'd disperse the crowd.

TD Hammermeister: On it! I love a task set for me by a tall striking woman! Back off everyone! Important police work's happening!

Leery O'Shaughnessy: A statement? In my condition? Hey, can I do it through song?

Claudette Knickerbocker: I'd prefer not...

[They walk away.]

Fig Wineshine: Everyone's real riled up now. Just shut down production for the day as my shot was up. Feels personal.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Ford! Are you visiting Fig on set? How nice!

Fig Wineshine: Well, Willy's not real riled up. But then again, are you ever?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Only when I'm reading a good book. Ford! You should join my book club! This month we're reading *The Beautiful and the Damned* in honor of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Ford Phillips: Say, you remember when Vivian told us F. Scott plagiarized from Zelda? That's the book he did it with. Read up on him last night.

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Oh! One of the characters is based on Zelda! Gloria Gilbert, the beautiful flapper. It really is such a fun love story.

Fig Wineshine: Willy... I don't think that's what he was going for-

Ford Phillips: Waitaminute. Gloria Gilbert, you say?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: That's right! Fig isn't wrong, alliteration really is fun.

Ford Phillips: Where can I find a phone?

Wilhelmina Vanderjetski: Why, my dressing room has one!

Fig Wineshine (Voice Over): Willy led us to her now doorless dressing room. Ford did not let us in on whatever it was he was thinking, probably for dramatic effect...

Ford Phillips (Voice Over): What? I'm just very focused, could you cut me some slack?

[Ford DIALS the operator.]

Ford Phillips: Yeah hi, Ambassador Hotel please?

[PHONE WAITING MUSIC PLAYS, muffled.]

Ford Phillips: Look, just because I was a child actor doesn't mean I'm always trying to be dramatic, ok? So why don't you take your big hat off your stupid head and stuff it up your - Hi, sorry... no! No, I was not talking to you ma'am. I'm sure your hat is lovely, ma'am... Yes, it sounds like it really pulls your outfit together... Bias cut, you say? Fantastic, listen I'm looking for a Gloria Gilbert? Oh? You'll connect me? Thank you!

Fig Wineshine: You found Zelda!?

Ford Phillips: Seems so...

[A CLICK as the call goes through.]

Zelda Fitzgerald: Hulloo!!! Talk to me, Bosch. What time tomorrow? Where am I telling the driver to take me? And can you tell him? My mouth is dry, I'm simply parched.

Ford Phillips: Um, I'm sorry, is this Zelda Fitzgerald?

Zelda Fitzgerald: Come now, Boschy, even though you have yet to meet me in person, you know me quite well, infamy will do that to you: I'm Zelda all day and most of the night. Look, I haven't much time before dindin, I'm positively rupturing with excitement about the reading tomorrow. I know it's been months but honestly, I still can't believe a producer as renowned as Bosch Groban has agreed to stage my play, *Scandalabra*, right here in LA. Not since its 1933 production in Baltimore -

Ford Phillips: Miss Fitzgerald, I need to cut you off there -

Zelda Fitzgerald: Of course dear, I know what you're going to say, "Zelda, don't focus on the negative reviews, the changes I made are going to work." Lord knows I hope you're right. I've just lost Scott and I need this one to stick.

[A beat. That was a whirlwind.]

Ford Phillips: Uh, Mrs. Fitzgerald, I'm Ford Phillips, Private Investigator. I'm sorry for your loss. And that I'm not Bosch Groban. My partner and I would like to ask you a few questions while you're in town. Can we come by the hotel? We've got some loose ends to tie up on a case we're working involving your late husband.

Zelda Fitzgerald: You know, it's the loose ends with which men hang themselves.

Ford Phillips: Right. Yeah. Sure. So... is that a yes?

Zelda Fitzgerald: Listen, Mr. Ford Phillips! I know what you're up to. I won't be speaking to any representative of law and or order. I won't have you rooting around my brain to exploit my family's tragedy. Alright? You're a vulture! You're all vultures. Have you no shame, Ford Phillips? If you try to contact me again, I will have you devastatingly mocked in an editorial of my choosing. You hear me? Good night!

[CLICK. She hangs up.]

Fig Wineshine: Well? I can hear your voice over but I can't hear you hearing someone on the phone. I'm not that powerful.

Ford Phillips: I don't think Zelda wants to talk to us.

Fig Wineshine: We have to find a way!

[KNOCKS on the door frame.]

Claudette Knickerbocker: Door theft too? This place needs better security!

Ford Phillips: How's Leery?

Claudette Knickerbocker: A basket case, but we've bagged the note for evidence if you wanna take a look. Gonna take a look around his dressing room now. Say... Cliff Calloway isn't shooting today, is he?

Wilhelmina Vanderjsetski: Oh, he's on an amorous vacation at the moment.

Claudette Knickerbocker: Darn! Well. Um. *giggle* I better check out his dressing room, too. Just in case. Maybe collect some evidence. Don't follow me.

[She exits.]

Fig Wineshine: Alright, we need to figure out a way to talk to Zelda. I'm gonna suggest a little operation I like to call "No Cop, No Cop," which is.... hmm. You haven't interrupted me yet.

Ford Phillips: No I haven't. "No Cop, No Cop": Let's hear it.

Fig Wineshine: Oh, you're gonna love it.

[The Case of the Greater Gatsby closing theme music begins.]

Mary Kate Wiles: 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
Sarah Grace Hart as Wilhelmina Vanderjetski
Blake Silver as TD Hammermeister
Sean Persaud as Ford Phillips
Joanna Sotomura as Claudette Knickerbocker
Curt Mega as Hunt-An-Actor
Ginny Di as Darby Farnsworth
Michael Walsh as Mr. Broderick
Julia Cho as Sheilah Graham
Carlos Alazraqui as Leery O'Shaughnessey
Lauren Lopez as Penny Nickelpenny
And Tessa Netting as Zelda Fitzgerald

Original music by Dylan Glatthorn

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

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