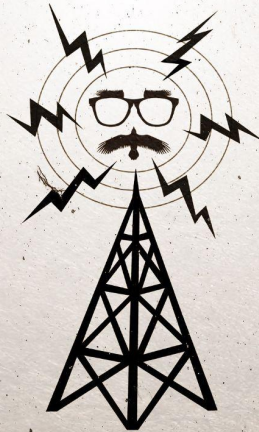


— THE CASE OF —
THE GREATER GATSBY
— (T) —



THE CASE OF THE GREATER GATSBY
HOLIDAY SPECIAL - DASHING THROUGH THE SNOW
TRANSCRIPT

[The Case of the Greater Gatsby opening credits music plays...but it's a little more Christmassy.]

Announcer: Now presenting Dash Gunfire in Dashing Through the Snow: A Fig & Ford holiday special. Written and created by Sean Persaud and Sinéad Persaud. This episode is brought to you by Hunt a Killer.

[SFX: TRAIN WHISTLE and the sound of a train moving quickly over tracks.]

DASH GUNFIRE SINGS to the tune of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer".

Dash Gunfire (singing): *But do you recall the most famous detective of all? Dash is the best detective. He is way better than Ford. And if you ever hire him, you'll get exactly what you paid for. All of the other PIs used to laugh and call him names. They never let poor Dashy join in their clue solving games. Then one foggy Christmas eve, Dash went home to stay. All of his LA friends didn't even realize he'd gone away.*

Train Conductor: Next stop! Christmas Falls, North Dakota. Population 970! And excuse me sir, can you please stop singing? We've been getting complaints since Bismarck.

Dash Gunfire: It's always bittersweet going home for the holidays. I used to think I was a big fish in a small pond back home, but now I'm feeling more like a guppy in one of those plastic bags you win by throwing a ring on a clown's nose at a carnival and then you take it home but it dies on the way back in the car because you accidentally put it down on the car's faulty cigarette lighter and electrocuted it. That is to say, I'm thinking about packing it in. My whole life in LA isn't turning out the way I thought it would. Might be time to quit and get a real job. Like working at the carnival manning the booth where you throw a ring on a clown's nose.

Train Conductor: Excuse me, sir... do you mean to be saying all of this out loud or... ?

Dash Gunfire: Ah geez. No. It was supposed to be an internal monologue. My friend back in LA does it really well and I just- never mind. You wouldn't understand.

[SFX: Train whistles.]

Train Conductor: Now arriving at Christmas Falls! Happy holidays everyone.

Dash Gunfire: *(his approximation of moody)* Happy holidays? Maybe for you. But not for this little sad sack of muffin bottoms. I was just-

Train Conductor: Look, it's just a thing I have to say-

Dash Gunfire: I know! I JUST told you I was trying to do an internal monologue. You weren't supposed to hear that! UGH!

[Dash walks out into the bustling parking lot.]

Dash Gunfire: A few minutes later, I was on dry land. Christmas Falls, my hometown. Sure, it was quaint and picturesque, and you could get a lot for your dollar here, and the average life expectancy was much higher than anywhere else in the country, but did it have the sheer number of costume shops as Los Angeles? No. It only had 6.

[A car HONKS in the distance.]

Dash's Dad: Heya Dash! Over here, bud!!

Dash Gunfire: (interrupting) I squinted across the parking lot and saw my dad waving next to his prized Cadillac. Wow! I might have turned into the prototypical Angeleno - movie star good looks and a devil may care sense of cool - but it didn't matter right now. I sure did miss Christmas at the Gunfires!

[A car door CLOSSES. A beat.]

Dash Gunfire: After stowing my luggage in the trunk, I climbed into the back of Daddy's Caddy. My pops drove while my mom did some knitting in the front seat. Next to me with her arms crossed like a little grumpy gus, was my twin sister, Dashley.

Dash's Mom: Honey, are you going to be narrating everything out loud this week?

Dash's Dad: Now, sweetheart, let the boy narrate! My god, we got enough problems going on in the world, just let him process the plot of his own life in his own way.

Dashley: It's just embarrassing you haven't even learned how to do voice over narration in your head, Dash. I learned when I was 7.

[A beat.]

Dash Gunfire: Hey waitaminute. Are you doing it right now? What are you saying about me? Stop it! Mom, dad, make Dashley stop talking about me in her head!

Dash's Mom: Now Dashley, you know you're not allowed to talk about your brother in your head.

Dashley: I wasn't! I was thinking about Canadian bacon! What makes it Canadian, huh? Is it just the location of the pigs? Anyways, stop taking his side all the time! Just because he got away from this weird little town that celebrates Christmas all year doesn't mean that he's better than me. I'm the actual sheriff!

Dash Gunfire: That's right. My twin sister, Dashley Gunfire, had turned our childhood obsession with solving mysteries into a bona fide job helping people. How could I ever live up to that?

Dash's Mom: Aw, honey bunch!

Dash Gunfire: MOOOOM! Stop LISTENING!

Dash's Mom: OK, love bug.

Dash's Dad: Now, Canadian bacon is firmer, less salty, comes from the back of the pig—

Dashley: Dad, no one cares!

Dash's Dad: Yeah, I know.

[A Walkie-Talkie CHIRPS to life with someone talking unintelligibly.]

Dash Gunfire: Whoa! A two way radio!

Dashley: Yup. Got them a month ago. They're pretty large but very useful. I'm on call all night. First line of defense in Christmas Falls.

Dash Gunfire: You're so lucky.

Dashley: I'm not lucky. I'm just good.

Dash's Dad: And we're just so proud of you, Dashley!

Dash's Mom: Our little Dashley.

Dash Gunfire: We finally rolled into the driveway and my dad helped me with my suitcases. I clocked the life sized wooden recreation of the family out in the yard. My mom had it made years ago before I moved out to LA. There we are, the four of us, arms around each other, smiling wide. My mom placed Santa hats on each of our heads every Christmas.

Dash's Mom: Still looks great doesn't it?

Dash Gunfire: Sure does, ma. And Dad, loving the lights!

Dash's Dad: Well, a man's self-worth does come from his Christmas decorations! Now come on inside! We'll get the party started!

[SFX: CHRISTMAS MUSIC plays from the phonograph as the group engages in merriment. Dash's immediate family along with DOG GUNFIRE, the family dog, Gammy Gunfire, Cousin Crash.]

Dash's Dad: Anyone for one of my world famous hot cocoas?

Dash Gunfire: MEMEMEMEMEME! Get outta the way, Cousin Crash. It's MY house.

Cousin Crash: Like I even WANT this provincial midwestern hot cocoa. Since I inherited my great grandmother-on-my-mother's-side-not-the-Gunfire-side's-estate... I've been drinking the finest hot cocoa from places like Ecuador, Peru, Switzerland. When you become rich, everything that isn't expensive becomes rather pitiable.

Dash's Dad: I'm mighty happy for you Cousin Crash, but boy oh boy do I just love the taste of my homemade cocoa!

Gammy Gunfire: Dash? Is that my little Dash? Why've you moved so far away from your old Gammy? I don't have many years left now...

Dash Gunfire: Grandma! How many times do I have to tell you to stop saying that? I'm not gonna call you Gammy. That's not a real word.

Dashley: Oh, you're too good for your own grandmother now that you live in the Big Apple?

Dash Gunfire: LA is not the Big Apple. Everyone knows the Big Apple is Virginia. Because that's where George Washington cut down the Apple Pie Tree.

Dash's Mom: So close, honey bee!

Dash Gunfire: Los Angeles is the city of dreams. And angels. And maybe leprechauns? Me and my best friend Ford Philips and I spend a lot of time hanging out and discussing that sort of thing.

Dashley: Ford Philips? The guy who solved that famous blackmailing crime with those movie stars a year back?

Dash Gunfire: I was there and I helped!

Dash's Dad: That's the spirit, son!

Dash's Mom: Alright everyone! It's time to put the star atop the tree!

Gammy Gunfire: Oh goody! Could be the last time I ever get to see the star go up. Before I go down. Six feet under.

Dash's Mom: Now everyone knows that each of the points on the star represents a member of the immediate family. A point for Papa Gunfire, for me, Dashley, Dash, and the top point of course is for our sweet little mutt, Dog Gunfire!

[SFX: DOG GUNFIRE BARKS in agreement.]

Dash's Mom: It's also the family's most prized possession. Made of real crystal from the great crystal explosion of Christmas Falls in 1919!

Cousin Crash: Looks cheap to me.

Dash's Dad: Careful climbing up that ladder, darling!

[SFX - LADDER CREAKS]

Dash's Mom: Now I know you're just checking out my bottom in my fancy new denim lady trousers!

Dash's Dad: Guilty as charged!

Dash Gunfire/Dashley: UGH! SO GROSS!!/SHUT THE FLIPPIN HECK UP!

Dash's Mom: There! Looks beautiful!

[SFX: DASHLEY'S RADIO SOUNDS OFF]

Radio: We've got a situation over at the ravine. Looks like a guy in a Santa suit has fallen in and got stuck. We need all hands. Sheriff, do you copy?

Dashely: I copy. Looks like duty calls.

Dash Gunfire: *(chuckling)* Duty.

Dashley: Hopefully I'll be back before the annual recitation of the plot of the Nutcracker.

Dash's Dad: Goodness I hope so. We need time for everyone to do a full recitation. Otherwise we might not be visited by the giant Christmas rat!

Gammy Gunfire: That would be tragic. Especially as this might be the last time I ever get to witness the giant Christmas rat.

[Footsteps and a door opening and shutting as Dashley leaves.]

Dash Gunfire: I watched Dashley go with a mixture of resentment and despair. Part of me wished I had something important to do on Christmas Eve.

Dash's Mom: Dashypoo, you ARE doing something important. You're spending time with the family, dontcha know!

Dash Gunfire: Mom, that was an internal monologue!

Dash's Mom: Oop! Sorry, I'll try to be better about deciphering when that is happening. Hey where'd your cousin Crash run off to?

Dash Gunfire: Probably off to count his money.

[Just then - huge blast of light emanates from outside the window. SFX: Whatever the sound of that would be.]

Dash's Dad: Whoa! What's that?

Dash Gunfire: A blast of light surged through our living room window and everyone raced to see what was going on. Even grandma trotted over to peer out the glass. Across the street, our neighbor's garish light up Santa Claus looked like it was filled with the fire of the sun itself, its blinding glow making my eyes water.

Dash's Dad: Good description, son. And gosh darn that Bob Christ! He may have the last name of the Lord, but he's the worst neighbor in the world! He swore to me he wouldn't put up that psychedelic Santa again this year! It's too bright and it cut off the entire block's power last year!

[SFX: THE LIGHTBULBS FRITZ AND GO OUT.]

Dash's Dad: And there it is! Another goshdarn power outage!

Gammy Gunfire: Holy Hannah, death has finally come to take me. I'm goin' up north fer good this time.

[SFX: Lights come back on.]

Dash's Mom: Oh well that wasn't too bad! The lights are back on already!

[Crash RUNS back in.]

Cousin Crash: I was in the other room! What happened?

Dash Gunfire: Dad's rival Bob Christ turned on a tacky Christmas decoration and the power went off for a moment. But nothing else bad happened.

[Dash's mom SCREAMS.]

Dash's Mom: The star! It's gone!

Dash Gunfire: Sure enough we all turned to see that the star atop the tree was no longer atop the tree. Instead there was an empty spot atop the tree where the star was just moments ago.

Cousin Crash: I feel like you could have said that more concisely.

Dash Gunfire: Shut up Crash.

Dash's Dad: Well who would go and do a thing like stealin' a star from a Christmas tree?

Dash Gunfire: I dunno, but I'm gonna get to the bottom of this or else Christmas is ruined!

Dash's Mom: Well, "ruined" is a strong word. It is a slight annoyance, especially considering how valuable it is. But no bother really.

Dash's Dad: (*conspiratorally*) Ahem, don't you mean a HUGE bother dear? Wouldn't you just love it if someone found the star and saved Christmas?

Dash's Mom: (*in on the bit now*) Oh! Oh yes, I was just trying to stay positive, since Christmas is really about family, but I am quite heartbroken.

Dash Gunfire: Don't worry Ma, Dash Gunfire is on the case.

[SFX: MUSIC STING]

Dash Gunfire: After questioning all my suspects as to their whereabouts during what I was now calling the (*clears throat*) "Great Star Theft" - yeah, that's good - I decided to do some groundwork. The only people not in the living room at the time of the theft were Dashley and Cousin Crash. Grandma is too old and frail to have reached the top of the tree and Mom and Dad seemed real beat up about the whole ordeal. What would Ford do? Ford would take to the streets. And the streets here meant the ground floor of the casa de Gunfire.

[SFX: A squeak on the floor as Dash slips on water.]

Dash Gunfire: Whoaooaaaa!!!

[SFX: Dash falls.]

Dash Gunfire: As it turned out, I'd fallen into my first clue. A trail of wet boot prints led all the way to the kitchen door that led right into our backyard. I opened the door to continue my investigation.

[Door OPENS.]

Dash's Mom: Baby bear, if you're goin' out be sure and put on a coat. It's colder than a black footed ferret's fanny out there.

Dash Gunfire: Yeah ok—was I saying all of that out loud?

Dash's Mom: Oh Dashdash, I know you're trying hard!

Dash Gunfire: Ugghhhhhhhh.

[The door closes. Dash steps outside, crunching around in the snow, doncha know.]

Dash Gunfire: Anyways. I followed the footprints outside where they were nearly dusted over with fresh snow. I walked along the trail which led me right to the slanted cellar doors of our house. I hadn't been down there in years... I heaved open the doors and peered into the dark abyss.

[SFX: A Cellar door being heaved open. Stairs SQUEAK as Dash descends.]

Dash Gunfire: The last time I was down here, it was because Dashley told me Mount Rushmore was in the cellar, and when I came downstairs to look, she locked me in! And Mount Rushmore didn't even exist back then, so that was a real egg on my face.

[A rat SKITTERS by.]

Dash Gunfire: AH! A RAT!!

[A cat MEOWS.]

Dash Gunfire: AH! A CAT!!

Mysterious Voice: Helloooo Dash....

Dash Gunfire: AH! A GRAMPA!

[GRAMPA COUGHS and his mysterious voice transitions to his normal voice.]

Grampa Gunfire: Ah, that's better. Dash, my boy, it's so good to see you!

Dash Gunfire: But Grampa, you died 2 years ago! I was a pallbearer!

Grampa Gunfire: I never died! I've just been stuck down here! I heard the funeral through the ceiling though, it was lovely.

Dash Gunfire: What have you done for food?

Grampa Gunfire: There was a stockpile of canned beans from the Great War. I barely made a dent!

Dash Gunfire: Well that's lucky. Oh, by the way, did you see anyone come down here in the last hour or so?

Grampa Gunfire: No, but I sleep about 20 hours a day, so who knows. Say, what's it like up there? Do we have robot cars yet? Do people still wear clothes? Did your Gammy ever re-marry?

Dash Gunfire: What? No! Gross!

Grampa Gunfire: Ha! I've been doing 5 pushups a day, wait til she gets a load of this!

[Dash STUBS his toe on a wooden box.]

Dash Gunfire: Ouch!! Hey, what's this?

[Dash MOVES THE BOX.]

Dash Gunfire: Oh wow. It's my old detective kit! I got this for Christmas when I was a little kid.

[He OPENS the box.]

Dash Gunfire: All my stuff is still here. A magnifying glass. Flashlight. Evidence log. Oooh, a cipher decoder ring. And what's this?

[He opens a letter.]

Dash Gunfire: It's my letter to Santa! "Dear Santa. Red is my favorite color." Aw, Dash. "Anyways, I don't want to bother you, but I just wanted to ask for a Tiny Terrors Kid Detective Super-Kit. All I ever want to do in my life is solve mysteries and bring the bad guys to justice. Please please help me so I can make my parents proud. Love Dash. PS. You can get my sister one too if you want."

[Dash SIGHS.]

Dash Gunfire: Dagnabbit Dash, you naive little cutie-pie. Alright. Time to solve one last mystery.

[Hunt-A-Killer Ad music begins to play]

Hunt A Killer Announcer: Have you ever wished there was an exciting way to spend your monthly date night that didn't involve spending money on overpriced chicken a la king? Helllllooooo Hunt-A-Killer! The immersive murder mystery game! Perfect for stormy romantic evenings!

[SFX: THUNDER CLAP / ROMANTIC SAX MUSIC]

Hunt A Killer Announcer: Have you ever propelled yourself into the future with the pomposity of a New World explorer, hoping to find solace in a beautiful tomorrow but only finding despondent melancholy?

[SFX: The music becomes Christopher Nolan-y]

Hunt A Killer Announcer: I know too much. Raging tides rise higher. The earth's crust heats like a radiator in a New York City apartment during February. Politicians fall victim to the same corrupt ideals that have plagued society since the dawn of time. No one is coming to save us!

[SFX: Music goes back to peppy.]

Hunt A Killer Announcer: But I also know that no amount of existential nihilism can stop me from playing Hunt-a-Killer! In fact, it's an escape from the real world nightmare! These games are ideal for those who enjoy true crime stories, seek challenges, love problem-solving, and are board game enthusiasts looking for a new experience. Does that sound like you? Pick up a box or six today! There are so many different games and scenarios that surely a few will strike your fancy. From Dive Bars to Vineyards, there are murders happening all over the place! And you're just the gumshoe for the job! Boxes are even labeled with their difficulty level. Playing with the family? Take on an easier challenge. Playing with your coworker AI who's constantly trolling reddit threads about true crime cases? Choose a harder one! What's Reddit you ask? Oh you don't wanna know! Don't go into the future! That way lies madness!

[Announcer devolves into hysterical laughter.]

Hunt A Killer Announcer: I'll never be the same!

[Hunt A Killer ad music ends. Dash SLAMS the doors shut and LOCKS them.]

Dash Gunfire: When I emerged from the cold basement, Dashley was waiting for me at the top of the stairs.

Dashley: What were you doing down there?

Dash Gunfire: Just solving a crime. Also found Grandpa. Ah shoot, I locked him in there again. I'll remember to get him later.

Dashley: Found your old detective kit I see?

Dash Gunfire: I did. And I've been reinvigorated with a sense of porpoise.

Dashley: Well this I gotta see.

Dash Gunfire: I'm off to interrogate Bob across the street. You're welcome to come watch a master at work.

[SFX: Crunching through the snow.]

Dash Gunfire: Our neighbor Bob Christ was a lumberjack with a nice wife and a kid who was a doctor in Pierre. I didn't know what his motive might be for stealing the star, but it couldn't be a coincidence that his Santa lit up the exact moment the star on our tree went missing. Something was afoot. And it was far more sinister than my chronic bunions.

Dashley: Haha! Bunion Face!!

Dash Gunfire: Shut up, Dashley!

[Dash and Dashley walk up to Bob's house and Dash knocks.]

Dash Gunfire: Hey, did you get that Santa outta the ravine?

Dashely: Yeah, no big deal. Just fashioned a pulley out of a firetruck's hose and ho-ho-hoisted him out. Christmas miracle. Even had time to ask him for one of those new fangled Magic 8 Balls in my stocking.

Dash Gunfire: You know he's likely not the real Santa, right?

Dashley: Hmm.. Ask again later.

[SFX: The door opens.]

Bob Christ: Why hello! Didn't think I'd find the Gunfire twins on my doorstep on Christmas Eve! Sheriff, how are you this fine evening?

Dashley: Doin' well Bob. How's the wife?

Bob Christ: Um, bad. Still dead. You found her body, remember? You came to tell me not to worry because you'd find her killer. That was last week.

Dashely: Oh. Right.

Bob Christ: What can I do for you all?

Dash Gunfire: Wondering about a strange incident with your Santa decoration tonight. My dad tells me you both came to an agreement last year that you wouldn't be using that particular luminous Yuletide ornamentation as it has a tendency to cause power outages?

Bob Christ: Indeed we did! And I stuck to that. I'm not sure what happened, but I had nothing to do with it. Say, what are you doing with that magnifying glass?

Dash Gunfire: Holding it up to your face to see if you're lying. That's what magnifying glasses are for. You can see if someone's eye is twitching when they tell you something. That indicates a lie. And you sir, are not lying.

Bob Christ: I am not.

Dash Gunfire: Mind if we take a look inside your shed? Something of value has gone missing in the Gunfire household and we think your Santa debacle might have something to do with it.

Bob Christ: Not at all! I hope you get to the bottom of all this!

[Dash and Dashley crunch through the snow to the shed.]

Dash Gunfire: As Dashley and I made our way to the shed, I clocked her footprints in the powdery snow. Hmmm.

Dashley: Why are you looking at MY footprints?

Dash Gunfire: To see if they match the thief's prints. They don't. Those footprints had horizontal ridges. Yours are flat.

Dashley: Smart. I'm impressed.

[They stop walking. Dash GASPS!]

Dash Gunfire: There we were, in front of Bob Christ's shed. Indeed, the lock had been smashed off with a crowbar. Someone had broken into the shed and taken the Santa decoration out.

Dashley: Can I just ask, WHO are you narrating for? Like who is the audience for this Dash Gunfire show you've clearly got going on in your dusty old head?

Dash Gunfire: I'd say probably women aged 13-40 who grew up reading cozy detective fiction and other literature and want to engage with stories about strong friendships that also have a tone of whimsy and slight absurdism?

Dashely: Ok. Fair.

Dash Gunfire: Alright, I'm going into the shed. I hope I don't find another grandparent in there.

[The door CREAKS open.]

Dash Gunfire: I tiptoed into the shed and clicked on the flashlight from my detective kit. (*SFX FLASHLIGHT CLICK*) To my surprise, it still worked! I searched and searched until I came across a big circle with dust surrounding it. This had to be where the Santa was stolen from. In the center of the circle sat a folded piece of paper. I opened it but couldn't make out what it said. A jumble of letters and numbers. Hmm... this looked like another job for my mystery kit. I took out my cipher decoder ring and went to work...

[A musical transition. SFX. Crunching through the snow.]

Dashley: Well Bob Christ was a dead-end.

Dash Gunfire: How can you say that? We got so much information. For one, you didn't do it, your boots don't match the footprints. Secondly, someone broke into Bob's shed and hooked up his giant Sun Santa. And they knew I'd figure it out, naturally, so they left me a clue. Which I totally deciphered in like two minutes!

Dashley: Yeah, but you still don't know what it means. Anyways I just wanted to say the sentence "Bob Christ was a dead-end," because I'm pretty sure that's the first time anyone's ever said that out loud.

Dash Gunfire: Oh also you gotta solve his wife's murder.

Dashley: Oh crap, yeah, I gotta write that down.

Dash Gunfire: "Bob Christ," you don't really see many people with that last name anymore.

Dashley: Well there was his wife but...

Dash Gunfire: Yeah, that's a shame.

[They stop walking.]

Dash Gunfire: Ok, read me the deciphered riddle again.

[Dashley unfolds the note.]

Dashley: "To the family of four, sitting near the front door, you'll find the star atop the one that went far."

Dash Gunfire: We're a family of four.

Dashley: Pssh, not since you left us.

Dash Gunfire: I didn't leave you, it's just-

Dashley: You literally left us. You live 1600 miles away now.

Dash Gunfire: Wow, you counted the miles?

Dashley: No. I mean, it was just a guess.

Dash Gunfire: I'm sorry I left. I just wanted to make you guys proud. And I couldn't do that here.

Dashley: Why not?

Dash Gunfire: Because I mean look at you! You're the SHERIFF of Christmas Falls! I couldn't live up to you. And Ma's got her knitting she's so good at. Gammy is so good at being about to die, what's cooler than that? And Dad is so good at looking out the window and commenting on people's parking jobs and if they're looking older or if they need to lose weight.

[The radio SQUAWKS to life.]

Radio: Sheriff Gunfire, we got reports of a downed Santa fallen through the ice at Redd's Pond.

Dashely: Stupid Santas. I'll be back.

[She crunches off.]

Dash Gunfire: With Dashley gone, I was left alone with the only clue I had. The note. *The one who went far. The family of four...* the pieces clicked together in my head like a puzzle made of gears. I looked up. Four pairs of eyeballs etched into wood stared back at me. The wood cutouts of my family in our Santa hats! And one hat in particular looked pretty pointy. I raced across the front yard and yanked the hat off my wood noggin. (SFX: *RUNNING IN SNOW*) There it was in all its glittery glory. The Christmas Star!

[Christmas music. The door BURSTS OPEN and Dash rushes in.]

Dash Gunfire: Inside the living room, everyone was sitting around being jolly. Ma! Dad! I did it! I found the star!

Dash's Mom: Oh honey bunches of oats, what a Christmas miracle!

Dash Gunfire: Also I found Grampa in the cellar!

Gammy Gunfire: That old fool?

Dash's Dad: That's great, son. Where'd you find it?

Dash Gunfire: The star? It was under my Santa hat outside!

Dash's Mom: Well I never. How on earth did you figure out where it was?

Dash's Dad: Yeah, tell us, son. We're just so impressed with that noggin' of yours.

Dash Gunfire: Well, Bob Christ's Santa was stolen from his shed and I found a note I had to decode and there was a moment where I thought Cousin Crash did it because of a hunch I had that he's not actually rich and wanted to sell the star on the black market for drug money, but that whole plotline didn't go anywhere, then I realized that... hey. Wait a minute. I just told you I found Grampa in the cellar and all you care about is that I found the star? Ah criminy jickets, you got hoodwinked again, Dash, you loveable idiot! YOU guys did this! You stole the star and set this all up so I'd regain my confidence as a private eye and feel alive again!

Dash's Dad: No way little slugger, we'd never do that!

Dash's Mom: Yeah pumpkin butt, we love when you feel confident and alive but we didn't-

Dash Gunfire: Shhh. It's ok, Ma. Thank you. It was a great Christmas gift. But I'm still moving home. So if you could clear the Easter decorations out of my room by next week... that would be great.

[Music ends. Dash LAYS ON HIS BED.]

Dash Gunfire: I went upstairs to my childhood room and laid on my bed. I wondered how Fig and Ford would react when they found out I was never coming back to LA. Our little tete-a-tetes were at an end. He'd be losing the Moriarty to his Sherlock. Ah, who am I kidding? They wouldn't even notice.

[A CRASH from outside.]

Bob Christ: (*outside*) Doggone it!

[Dash GETS UP.]

Dash Gunfire: I heard a noise from outside and peered out my bedroom window. Bob Christ was desperately trying to heave the Sun Santa back into the shed. Poor guy. He really had a lot on his plate. My eyes drifted back to our driveway where I noticed that there were two cars...

[A musical transition. Dash crunches through the snow towards the driveway.]

Dash Gunfire: Dashley was supposed to be saving a waterlogged Santa from drowning. But her squad car was still parked at the end of the driveway. And it was covered in snow.

[Dash OPENS a car door.]

Dash Gunfire: And look, in the passenger seat, a pair of boots. I took out my magnifying glass, and even though this isn't what you're supposed to use it for, I examined the bottoms closely. Horizontal ridges. Dashley Gunfire, sworn to uphold the law, had spent Christmas Eve engaging in lies, deceit, and thievery.

[CLAPPING.]

Dash Gunfire: I turned to see who was clapping and there she stood, sinister and -

Dashley: Alright Dash, we get it. It's just me.

Dash Gunfire: You stole the star from the Christmas tree?

Dashley: I sure did! First, I stole the Santa from the shed and plugged it in. I knew I had about two minutes from the time I turned it on to the time the power went out to run back home, steal the star and race back to unplug the thing. Then I laid the path of clues for you to find it again.

Dash Gunfire: But WHY?!

Dashley Gunfire: Dash. You're my big brother. I mean, by 30 seconds, but still. I've always looked up to you. I became Sheriff because I wanted to be like you. Seeing you doubt yourself the past year has broken my heart. I wanted to set up a mystery for you to solve in order to reignite that fire in you. I hope you realize how great you are. You're Dash freakin' Gunfire. Don'tcha forget that, ok?

Dash Gunfire: Wow, and you did all that while saving multiple Santas from death around the city?

Dashley: Oh gosh. No, I was lying before. I completely forgot about those guys. Geez, hope they're ok.

[The radio SQUAWKS to life.]

Radio: Sheriff Gunfire, multiple Santas dead all over town. Where are you, repeat WHERE ARE YOU!! OVER!

Dashley: Welp, I should probably go. I'll be back before the last Nutcracker recitation.

Dash Gunfire: You better be, little sis. I gotta get in some quality time with you before I head back to LA.

Dashley: Sounds like a plan.

[She gets in the car, CLOSES the door. the Engine STARTS and she DRIVES off. Background fades as our VO MUSIC finally rolls in.]

Dash Gunfire (Voice Over): As I watched my sister drive off, I did some good old fashioned thinking. About family, about togetherness, about pride, about - oh shoot, about Grampa being in the basement. I really gotta - wait. What's that music? Holy three fingered mittens, am I doing it? I'M DOING IT. I'M DOING AN INTERNAL MONOLOGUE!!! MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ME!

[The Case of the Greater Gatsby ending theme music - but a little more Christmassy - plays.]

Mary Kate Wiles: Shipwrecked Comedy presents Dashing Through the Snow, A Fig & Ford holiday special

Written and created by Sean Persaud and Sinead Persaud

Directed by William Joseph Stribling

Featuring:

Joey Richter as Dash Gunfire

Joe Stribling as Train Conductor

Ryan W. Garcia as Dash's Dad and Cousin Crash

Lauren Lopez as Dash's Mom and Gammy Gunfire

Tara Perry as Dashley

Mary Kate Wiles as Radio Voice

And Tim de la Motte as Grampa Gunfire and Bob Christ

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, Sinéad 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. Join us on Patreon at patreon.com/shipwreckedcomedy to receive early access to new episodes and other bonus content, and to support us making this show.

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 How to be a Ghost, a holiday song featuring Jacob Marley and the Christmas ghosts from Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol.

The Case of the Greater Gatsby will return in 2024 after a brief hiatus. Be sure to follow us on Instagram at [instagram.com/shipwreckedcomedy](https://www.instagram.com/shipwreckedcomedy) to get updates on all things Shipwrecked Comedy and Fig and Ford.