

DAISY. How handsome you are in your uniform. *(He stares at her, enthralled.)* You never mar —

GATSBY. No.

DAISY. I'm sorry for all the hurt I've caused you when we could have been so happy. I've missed you, Jay. I've missed you so much. I've never missed you so much as I do now. *(Nick enters quietly with a tray of tea.)*

GATSBY. Oh ... hello, old sport.

NICK. It's stopped raining.

GATSBY. Has it? *(Laughing.)* What do you think of that, Daisy?

It's stopped raining.

DAISY. I'm glad, Jay.

GATSBY. *(Jumping up.)* I want you and Daisy to come over to my house. I'd like to show her around.

NICK. You're sure you want me to come?

GATSBY. Absolutely, old sport. *(He takes Daisy to window.)* My house looks well, doesn't it?

DAISY. That huge place there?

GATSBY. See how the whole front of it catches the light?

DAISY. Oh, Jay, it's splendid.

NICK. It is splendid.

GATSBY. It took me three years to earn the money that bought it.

NICK. I thought you inherited your money.

GATSBY. I did, old sport. *(To Daisy.)* Do you like it?

DAISY. I love it, but I don't see how you live there all alone.

GATSBY. I keep it always full of interesting people, night and day. People who do interesting things. Celebrated people. *(Music as Nick's cottage transforms into Gatsby's house.)*

GATSBY. There are music rooms and sunken baths, bedrooms in period styles, marble swimming pools, and jonquils!

DAISY. My favorite!

GATSBY. Hundreds, thousands of jonquils everywhere!

DAISY. Oh, Jay, *(A large rack of shelves appears, full of dozens and dozens of colorful shirts.)*

GATSBY. I've even got a man in England who buys me clothes. He sends over a selection of things at the beginning of each season, spring and fall. *(He pulls shirts off the racks to show her. She takes them and holds them close.)*

DAISY. They're such beautiful shirts. It makes me sad because I've never seen such ... such beautiful shirts before! ... If only it were

possible to reverse time — erase it! — just erase it and begin again — do you think that's possible, Jay? — to just erase time as if it had never happened? — you said you'd come back from no matter where you were and here you are — gleaming like silver! — and I said I'd be waiting — remember? — my hair was damp that night — yes! — and you! — so handsome in your Brooks Brothers uniform — smelling like new goods — the garden smelling of wisteria and pine forests — and you told me you loved me and I thought you the sweetest person in the whole world — and the music — music everywhere! — filling the pine forests fragrant with our future — we were gold and happy — weren't we! — gold and happy — and you trusted me with the dearest heart of all and it's so much more than anybody else in all the world has ever had! *(She throws her arms around him and they kiss, deep and passionately, laughing and crying. Wildly happy, she throws a shirt at him, he throws one back, and now they're pulling shirts off the racks, flinging them at each other, at Nick, pulling him into their game, the three of them hurling shirts at one another ... as more shirts rain down on them from above, turning the stage into a sea of color ... as lights fade to black.)*

End of Act One

JORDAN. Why ... Tom's got some woman ... in New York.

NICK. Got some woman?

JORDAN. She might at least have the decency not to telephone him at home. *(Tom and Daisy reenter.)*

DAISY. *(Tense gaiety.)* It couldn't be helped! I looked outdoors for a minute and it's very romantic outdoors. There's a bird on the lawn that I think must be a nightingale, yes, a nightingale come over on the Cunard or White Star Line. He's singing away. It's romantic, isn't it, Tom?

TOM. Very romantic. *(To Nick.)* Before you leave I want to take you down to the stables. *(Telephone rings again. Everything stops. The telephone keeps ringing.)* Excuse me. *(He exits. Jordan looks at Daisy, then exits after Tom.)*

DAISY. We don't know each other very well, Nick. Even if we are cousins. You didn't come to my wedding.

NICK. I wasn't back from the war.

DAISY. Oh, yes, that's true. I'd forgotten. The war took a lot of young men away. *(She looks off, lost in memory.)* I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything.

NICK. I suppose she talks, and ... eats ... and everything.

DAISY. Who?

NICK. Your daughter.

DAISY. Pammy? Oh, yes. Listen, Nick, let me tell you what I said when she was born. Would you like to hear? It'll show you how I've gotten to feel about ... things. Well, Pammy was less than an hour old and Tom was God knows where. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or a girl. She told me it was a girl, and so I turned my head away and wept. "All right," I said, "I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool — that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little FOOL." You see, I think everything's terrible anyhow. Everybody thinks so — the most advanced people. And I know. I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything. *(Laughs.)* Sophisticated ... God, I am so sophisticated! *(Tom and Jordan reenter.)*

JORDAN. Ten o'clock. Time for this good girl to go to bed.

DAISY. Jordan's going to play in the tournament tomorrow, over at Westchester.

NICK. Oh — you're Jordan Baker, the golfer!

JORDAN. Good night. Wake me at eight, won't you?

DAISY. If you'll get up.

DAISY. You mean like you?

TOM. Look, I don't know what's gotten into you lately, but ... Forget it. Just come back before Pammy goes to bed. (*He waits for a response. There is none. He exits. Daisy looks across at the lights.*)

DAISY. It was so much nicer a long time ago when we had each other and the space about the world was warm. (*She cries ... as lights shift. Sound of a hydroplane. Gatsby and Nick, wearing aviator goggles and caps, enter. [Note: If possible, it would be great to see them "flying."]*)

GATSBY. WHAT A MACHINE!

NICK. FANTASTIC!

GATSBY. THRILLING, OLD SPORT?

NICK. THRILLING!

GATSBY. I THOUGHT WE'D GO INTO NEW YORK LATER AND HAVE LUNCH.

NICK. ANYTHING! I'M ALL YOURS TODAY.

GATSBY. LOOK HERE, OLD SPORT. WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF ME?

NICK. WHAT?!

GATSBY. I SAID, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF ME? (*Sound of the hydroplane fades.*)

NICK. We've only just met.

GATSBY. Be frank, old sport.

NICK. Well ... honestly? ... I've heard all sorts of rumors.

GATSBY. I'm going to tell you something about my life. I don't want you to get a wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear. This is the God's honest truth — I'm the son of some wealthy people in the Middle West — all dead now. I was brought up in America but educated at Oxford because all my ancestors have been educated there for many years. It's a family tradition.

NICK. What part of the Middle West?

GATSBY. San Francisco. (*A manservant appears to help them change clothes.*)

NICK. I see.

GATSBY. My family all died and I came into a good deal of money. After that I lived like a young rajah in all the capitals of Europe — Paris, Venice, Rome — collecting jewels, chiefly rubies, hunting big game, painting a little, things for myself only, and trying to forget something very sad that had happened to me long ago. Then came the war, old sport. It was a great relief and I tried very hard to die but I seemed to bear an enchanted life. I accepted

a commission as first lieutenant when it began. In the Argonne Forest — you were there?

NICK. At St. Mihiel Salient.

GATSBY. This was near Souilly. I took two machine-gun detachments so far forward that there was a half-mile gap on either side of us where the infantry couldn't advance. We stayed there two days and two nights, a hundred and thirty men with sixteen Lewis guns, and when the infantry came up at last they found the insignia of three German divisions among the piles of dead. I was promoted to be a major and every Allied government gave me a decoration — even Montenegro, little Montenegro down on the Adriatic Sea! *(Nick has to stifle a laugh. Gatsby pulls a medal out of his pocket.)*

That's the one from Montenegro. See what it says?

NICK. "Orderi di Danilo. Montenegro. Nicolas Rex."

GATSBY. Turn it over.

NICK. "Major Jay Gatsby. For Valour Extraordinary."

GATSBY. Here's another thing I always carry. A souvenir of Oxford days. It was taken in Trinity Quad. *(He hands Nick a photograph.)* The man on the left is now the Earl of Doncaster.

NICK. *(Surprised.)* Then it's all true?

GATSBY. Of course.

NICK. I didn't mean it like that. It's just that —

GATSBY. It's all right, old sport.

NICK. Why are you telling me all this?

GATSBY. I'm going to make a big request of you today, so I thought you ought to know something about me. I didn't want you to think I was just some ... nobody.

NICK. You planned all this?

GATSBY. I knew I could trust you. You see I usually find myself among strangers because I drift here and there trying to forget the sad thing that happened to me. *(Beat.)* You'll hear about it this afternoon.

NICK. At lunch?

GATSBY. Yes, but not with me. You'll be having lunch with Miss Baker.

NICK. Do you mean you're in love with Miss Baker?

GATSBY. No, old sport, I'm not. But Miss Baker has kindly consented to speak to you about this matter.

NICK. I don't understand. Why don't you just tell me yourself? *(Jazz music. A New York restaurant forms around them.)*

DAISY. But what if —

GATSBY. Nothing's going to happen. I'm going to take care of everything. Now, I want you to go inside. I'll wait out here, just to make sure he doesn't try anything. If he does, I want you to turn the light off and on.

DAISY. He won't hurt me.

GATSBY. I don't trust him. I'm going to wait out here, just in case.

DAISY. How long will you wait?

GATSBY. All night if necessary. My whole life if you want.

DAISY. Do you really love me that much?

GATSBY. Yes.

DAISY. But what do I say? I can't hide things. You know how I am. I'll ruin everything.

GATSBY. He knows you're upset. It's okay to be upset. But don't let him talk you into anything. Don't say ANYTHING! Just give me time to set things up and then we'll go away. Like we planned.

DAISY. Yes. Yes! That's all I want. It's all I've ever wanted.

GATSBY. As soon as I know you're safe here tonight, I'll wait for your call at home. Our love is all that matters. We'll go back to Louisville and get married and start over and have the life we were meant to have. *(She kisses him.)* You asked me if we could erase time. The answer is yes. I'm erasing it. Now. Right here. The past is erased, forever, and now it's only you and me. *(Sound of a car driving up.)*

DAISY. Oh, my god, he's home! *(Panicked.)* Jay?!

GATSBY. I'll be right here. Outside the window. Nothing's going to happen to you. I promise. Nobody's ever going to hurt you again. *(She kisses him quickly and runs off. Calling after her:)* Call me tomorrow. I'll wait for your call. *(He steps into the shadows. Tom, Nick and Jordan enter.)*

TOM. I ought to have dropped you in West Egg, Nick. There's nothing we can do tonight. I'll telephone for a taxi to take you home, and while you're waiting you and Jordan better go in the kitchen and have them get you some supper — if you want any. Come in.

NICK. No thanks. But I'd be glad if you ordered me the taxi. I'll wait outside. *(Daisy appears in a lighted window.)*

TOM. Daisy's home. Goodbye then, Nick. Come by tomorrow. *(Tom exits.)*

MRS. MCKEE. I wouldn't think of changing the light. I think it's —
CHESTER. SHHHHHHH! (*He studies Myrtle from all angles. Everyone watches.*)

TOM. We need more to drink. Stop shaking your ass, Myrtle, and get some more ice and mineral water before everybody goes to sleep.

MYRTLE. I told that boy about the ice. These people! You have to keep after them all the time. (*Myrtle exits.*)

CHESTER. (*To Tom.*) I've done some nice things out on Long Island. Two of them are framed downstairs.

TOM. Two what?

CHESTER. Two studies. One of them I call "Montauk Point — the Gulls," and the other I call "Montauk Point — the Sea."

TOM. Where the hell is she? (*He exits after Myrtle.*)

MRS. MCKEE. (*To Nick.*) Do you live down on Long Island too?

NICK. I live at West Egg.

MRS. MCKEE. Really?

CHESTER. Would we know your place?

NICK. No, no. It's just a small summer rental.

MRS. MCKEE. We were down there at a party about a month ago.

CHESTER. At a man named Gatsby's.

MRS. MCKEE. Do you know him?

NICK. I live next door to him.

MRS. MCKEE. Really?! Well, they say he's a nephew or a cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm's, or is it von Hindenburg? I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me.

CHESTER. Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once.

MRS. MCKEE. I don't think it's so much THAT, it's more that he was a German spy during the war. I heard that from a man at the party. Knew all about him, grew up with him in Germany.

CHESTER. That's not right, because he was in the American army during the war. You look at him sometime when he thinks nobody's looking at him. I'll bet he killed a man.

MRS. MCKEE. They say he doesn't even live in that house, but lives on a boat that floats secretly up and down the Long Island Shore. (*Screaming.*) CHESTER! (*Pointing at Nick.*) I think you could do something with HIM! (*Tom and Myrtle enter with ice.*)

MYRTLE. Tom! Stop it! You'll make me spill everything!

MRS. MCKEE. Neither of them can stand the person they're married to.

JORDAN. You know Daisy and I grew up together?

NICK. She told me.

JORDAN. Daisy Fay ... the most popular girl in Louisville. (*Ragtime jazz. Daisy appears in a 1917 dress, laughing and flirtatious. The following happens simultaneously. It's important the focus be on Daisy.*) We all envied her. She dressed all in white and had a little white roadster and all day long the telephone rang in her house —

DAISY. If you behave yourselves, I'll spare each of you exactly one hour!

JORDAN. And excited young officers from Camp Taylor demanded the privilege of monopolizing her nights. (*Gatsby appears in uniform. Slow blues — haunting and aching — the love theme of Daisy and Gatsby. Gatsby takes Daisy in his arms and they dance, lost in each other.*) Well, one night I'm walking by her house, this was nineteen-seventeen, and she's on the porch dancing with a lieutenant I'd never seen before. They were so engrossed in each other that they didn't see me, and he was looking at her in a way that every young girl wants to be looked at. And because it seemed so romantic to me I have remembered the incident ever since. His name was Jay Gatsby —

NICK. Gatsby?

DAISY. Why Lieutenant Gatsby! (*She laughs as they dance.*)

JORDAN. — And I didn't lay eyes on him again for over four years. Even after I'd met him at one of his parties I didn't realize it was the same man until the other night. Anyway, they became inseparable, promises were made, and then he left for the war. (*Gatsby whispers something to Daisy and exits.*) She changed after that, became distraught, withdrawn. I don't know what happened, something to do with her family, but after the war was over she just up and suddenly married Tom Buchanan of Chicago. (*The love theme becomes a waltz. Tom enters with champagne and pearls and dances with Daisy.*) He arrived with an entourage and more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before. The day before the wedding he gave her a string of pearls valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I was a bridesmaid. (*Tom wraps Daisy in pearls as if he were imprisoning her, and exits. She sinks to the floor drinking from the champagne bottle. Jordan crosses to Daisy.*) Half an hour before the bridal dinner I went into her room and found her lying on her bed as lovely as the June night in her flowered dress.

DAISY. (*Waving a letter.*) 'Gratulate me, Jordan.

JORDAN. And as drunk as a monkey. She had a bottle of cham-

JORDAN. Are you sure you won't come in, Nick?

NICK. No thanks.

JORDAN. It's only half past nine. May as well make the best of it.

NICK. Is it true?

JORDAN. What?

NICK. What Tom said. The scandal about your tournament.

JORDAN. What's that got to do with anything?

NICK. They say you moved your ball from a bad lie. That that's how you won.

JORDAN. People say all sorts of things when you're famous.

NICK. I read about it. The caddy retracted his statement. Did you buy him off?

JORDAN. Nick, you're one of the few honest people I know. That's why I like you. Come on in.

NICK. Goodbye, Jordan.

JORDAN. Goodbye? Like that? You're throwing me over?

NICK. I need to go home.

JORDAN. You're throwing me over for a rumor?!

NICK. I just need some time to think.

JORDAN. Fine. Be a coward. Run away. I don't give a damn about you anyway. But, hey, at least it was a new kind of experience. *(She starts to leave. Stops.)* Do you remember the conversation we had earlier about driving a car?

NICK. What about it?

JORDAN. You said a bad driver was only safe until she met another bad driver. Well, I guess I met another bad driver, didn't I? I mean it was careless of me to make such a wrong guess. I thought you were different, Nick. I thought you were rather an honest, straightforward person. I thought it was your secret pride.

NICK. I'm thirty, Jordan. Thirty. I'm five years too old to lie to myself and call it honor. *(They stare at each other a moment.)*

JORDAN. Goodbye, Nick. *(She exits. Then — Gatsby steps out of the shadows.)*

GATSBY. Hello, Nick.

NICK. Jesus! What are you doing?

GATSBY. Just standing here, old sport. *(Beat.)* Did you see any trouble on the road?

NICK. Yes. *(Beat.)*

GATSBY. Was she killed?

NICK. Yes.

MYRTLE. He's come back. Oh, my God! He's come back for me! Wait! (*She runs toward the headlights, waving her arms.*)

WILSON. Myrtle!

MYRTLE. WAIT! WAIT!

WILSON. MYRTLE!

MYRTLE. I'M HERE! I'M HERE! (*The headlights ignite the stage. Screeching tires! Sound of a car hitting a body! Blackout. Lights up slowly. Myrtle lies dead in a pool of light, twisted and broken. Wilson mutters over and over, "Oh my Ga-od! Oh my Ga-od!" A motorcycle cop stands over Myrtle's body, questioning Mrs. Michaelis.*)

POLICEMAN. M-i-c-a —

MRS. MICHAELIS. No — h. M-i-c-h-a — (*Tom, Nick and Jordan enter.*)

TOM. (*To policeman.*) What's going on?

POLICEMAN. H — a —

MRS. MICHAELIS. E — (*Tom grabs the policeman.*)

TOM. Listen to me!

POLICEMAN. Hey, hey, hey! What you want fella?

TOM. What happened? That's what I want to know!

POLICEMAN. Auto hit her. Ins'antly killed.

NICK. What?

POLICEMAN. She ran out ina road.

TOM. Instantly killed? (*Tom looks down at Myrtle's dead body.*)

POLICEMAN. Son-of-a-bitch didn't even stopus car.

MRS. MICHAELIS. There was two cars. One comin', one goin', see?

TOM. Going where?

NICK. Which direction?

POLICEMAN. Hold on a minute here.

MRS. MICHAELIS. One goin' each way. Well, she — she ran out there, wavin' her arms crazy like, shoutin' at him, (*Indicating Wilson.*) "Beat me. Throw me down and beat me, but I'm goin'," and she ran out there an' the one comin' from N'York knock right into her ... musta been goin' thirty or forty miles an hour.

POLICEMAN. What's your relation to them?

MRS. MICHAELIS. I own the diner up the road. It was a yellow car. Big yellow car. New.

WILSON. (*A wail.*) You don't have to tell me what kind of car it was! I know what kind of car it was! (*Tom grabs Wilson and pulls him to his feet.*)

NICK. *(To audience.)* In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since. "Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had." He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. *(The dancers drift off as "Gatsby's Love Theme" is heard. Nick turns and looks at him.)* Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this story, represented everything for which I had an unaffected scorn. But if personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something ... gorgeous about him ... some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life. He had an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person ... and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. *(Daisy rushes onstage, followed by Jordan. Or perhaps they float in on a divan. Daisy is mercurial, utterly compelling, and always the center of attention. In truth, she is a classic manic-depressive, much like Zelda Fitzgerald. By contrast, Jordan is almost mannish, athletic, emancipated and self-assured. The Buchanan house forms around them ... as Gatsby slowly disappears.)*

DAISY. Nick! Nick, darling, I'm p-paralyzed with happiness! *(She throws herself on him and gives him a huge kiss.)*

NICK. Hello, Daisy.

DAISY. Nick Carraway, Miss Baker. Nick is my cousin —

NICK. Second cousin, once removed.

DAISY. He and Tom graduated Yale together.

JORDAN. Did you play football as well?

NICK. No, Tom was the football hero. I was — *(Tom Buchanan enters. His size and money have made him brutal.)*

TOM. Nick! There you are. *(He wears riding clothes and pushes on a drink cart.)*

NICK. Hello, Tom.

TOM. Care for a drink?

NICK. Uh, not yet. Little early for me. Thanks.

TOM. Who needs a refresher? *(Tom pours a drink. He consumes alcohol the way he used to play football. Daisy flops on a divan, pulling Jordan down with her, cuddling like lovers.)*

DAISY. Nick, I've been telling Jordan all about you.

TOM. You found the place alright?

NICK. Hard to miss.

DAISY. You were always my favorite cousin, Nick. *(She tries to smile, but something has broken in her. She and Tom slowly weave their way through the dead bodies.)*

NICK. *(Exploding.)* YOU'RE CARELESS PEOPLE! YOU SMASH UP THINGS AND CREATURES AND THEN RETREAT BACK INTO YOUR MONEY! OR YOUR VAST CARELESSNESS! OR WHATEVER IT IS THAT KEEPS YOU TOGETHER, AND THEN YOU LET OTHER PEOPLE CLEAN UP THE MESS YOU'VE MADE! *(Tom leads Daisy off-stage as lights snuff out Wilson and Myrtle.)* I couldn't forgive any of them. After Gatsby's death the East became haunted for me, distorted. It was time to go back home, back West where the blue smoke of brittle leaves stirs in the air, and the wind blows the laundry stiff on the line. *(The mist rolls in and the blinking green light appears.)* As I brooded on all this, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn and this huge failure of a house, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter — tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther ... And one fine morning — *(The haunting music of Gatsby and Daisy's love theme. Nick reaches out his arms towards the green light.)* So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. *(Lights on Nick and Gatsby fade. Only the eyes of Dr. Eckleburg glow through the mist of the dreamscape, illuminating a landscape of sea and sky, as lights fade to black.)*

End of the Play

TOM. That's a great expression of yours, isn't it?

GATSBY. What is?

TOM. All this "old sport" business. Where'd you pick that up?

DAISY. Now see here, Tom, if you're going to make personal remarks I won't stay here a minute. Make us some mint juleps.

TOM. By the way, Mr. Gatsby, I understand you're an Oxford man.

GATSBY. Not exactly.

TOM. Oh, yes, I understand you went to Oxford.

GATSBY. Yes — I went there.

TOM. When was this?

GATSBY. I told you I went there.

TOM. And I heard you, but I'd like to know when.

GATSBY. It was in nineteen-nineteen. I only stayed five months.

That's why I can't really call myself an Oxford man.

TOM. Yeah, right.

GATSBY. It was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers after the Armistice. We could go to any of the universities in England or France. I chose Oxford. *(Daisy rises and goes to the cart.)*

DAISY. Open the whiskey, Tom. And I'll make you a mint julep.

Then you won't seem so stupid to yourself ... Oh, look at the mint!

TOM. Wait a minute, I want to ask Mr. Gatsby one more question.

GATSBY. Go on.

TOM. What kind of a row are you trying to cause in my house?

DAISY. He isn't causing a row. You're causing a row. Please have a little self-control.

TOM. Self-control! I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let

Mr. Nobody from nowhere make love to your wife! Well, if that's the

idea you can count me out ... Nowadays people begin by sneering

at family life and family institutions and next they'll throw every-

thing overboard and have intermarriage between blacks and whites.

NICK. Good God, Tom.

JORDAN. We're all white here.

TOM. I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties and

invite every riffraff from Broadway and the picture shows. I sup-

pose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have

any friends.

GATSBY. We can talk about my house later, when there are no

ladies present. What I want to tell you, old sport —

DAISY. Please don't! Please, let's all go home. Why don't we all go

home?

GATSBY. Let's go, Daisy.

TOM. I've made a little investigation into your affairs, Mr. Gatsby.

GATSBY. You can suit yourself about that, old sport.

TOM. I found out what your "drugstores" were.

GATSBY. What about them?

TOM. He and this Wolfsheim bought up a lot of side-street drugstores here and in Chicago and sold grain alcohol over the counter. That's just one of his little stunts. I picked you for a bootlegger the first time I saw you and I wasn't far wrong.

GATSBY. It's Prohibition. Nobody cares. And where do you get your booze from, old sport?

TOM. Stop calling me "OLD SPORT"! *(Tom is on him now, cornering him.)* This drugstore business? It's just small change. *(He shoves Gatsby.)* You've got something on now that everyone's afraid to tell me about. Something to do with Wolfsheim. *(Shoves Gatsby again.)* Something really big. But I'll find out about it. Oh, yeah, I'll find out about it, OLD SPORT, you can bet your ass about that! *(He shoves Gatsby one last time. Gatsby makes a quick, threatening move at Tom. For an instant we see Gatsby for the street tough that he is, dangerous, ready to kill. Tom grabs an ice pick and brandishes it as a weapon.)*

DAISY. Please! Please! I CAN'T STAND THIS ANYMORE! *(Tom has the ice pick at Gatsby's throat. Gatsby holds his ground. Long beat.)*

GATSBY. Are you going to kill me, old sport? *(Daisy screams and runs out. Tom keeps the weapon at Gatsby's throat. Finally, Nick crosses in and bravely holds out his hand. Long standoff. Tom hesitates, then gives Nick the weapon.)* My car keys, please. *(Gatsby and Tom exchange keys.)* If you'll excuse me. *(Gatsby exits after Daisy. Tom grabs the bottle of whiskey.)*

TOM. Want any of this stuff? Jordan? ... Nick? *(No answer.)* Nick?

NICK. What?

TOM. Want any?

NICK. No.

TOM. What the hell's the matter with you? *(Nick looks at the weapon in his hand.)*

NICK. I just realized that today's my birthday ... I'm thirty ... I'm thirty years old. *(Lights shift as Nick becomes isolated in a spot. To audience.)* I was thirty, and before me stretched the menacing road of a new decade. It was seven o'clock when we finally got into the coupe and started to Long Island. Tom talked incessantly, exulting

gray as the ashes surrounding him.) Hello, Wilson. How's business?
WILSON. Can't complain. When you going to sell me that car?
TOM. Next week. I've got my man working on it now.
WILSON. Works pretty slow, don't he?
TOM. No, he doesn't. And if you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all.
WILSON. I don't mean that, Mr. Buchanan. I just meant —
(Myrtle Wilson enters.)
MYRTLE. Get some chairs why don't you, so somebody can sit down.
WILSON. Oh sure. *(He exits.)*
MYRTLE. I try to teach him manners — *(She saunters over to Tom, teasing him with her sexuality.)*
TOM. Myrtle, this is Nick Carraway. We went to Yale together.
MYRTLE. How do you do?
NICK. Hello.
TOM. I want to see you.
MYRTLE. So?
TOM. Get on the next train.
MYRTLE. What if I don't want to?
TOM. You want to.
MYRTLE. What makes you so sure of that? *(He grabs her around the waist.)* Think you can walk in here and order somebody around?
TOM. Just get on the next train.
MYRTLE. Will you get me that dog you promised me?
TOM. I'll get you a whole brood!
MYRTLE. You promise?
TOM. Woof, woof!
MYRTLE. Well, in that case —
TOM. Meet me at the apartment in an hour. *(Wilson enters with two chairs.)*
WILSON. All I meant about the car was —
TOM. We gotta go. Just showin' Nick here the neighborhood.
WILSON. Yes, sir, Mr. Buchanan. I was just thinkin' that —
TOM. I said I'll see about the car.
WILSON. Yes, sir, uh, yes, sir, Mr. Buchanan. *(Nick and Tom exit stage as Wilson's sign disappears.)*
TOM. Terrible place, isn't it.
NICK. Where are we?
TOM. Queens. Hard to imagine people choose to live like this.

and laughing as if he'd won a football match. Human sympathy has its limits. And beside me, her head on my shoulder, Jordan nestled close ... but I didn't know her anymore. Thirty — the promise of a decade of loneliness, a thinning list of single men to know, a thinning briefcase of enthusiasm, thinning hair. So we drove on — toward death — through the cooling twilight. (*Wilson's sign and the Valley of Ashes appear. Wilson enters with a suitcase and Myrtle's clothes. Myrtle runs in after him.*)

WILSON. You can fool me, but you can't fool God!

MYRTLE. What are you doin', George?

WILSON. "His wife's man." That's what they say. Think I don't hear that? "His wife's man." No more, Myrtle, no more.

MYRTLE. George, what are you doin' with my clothes?

WILSON. We're leaving. Day after tomorrow. Soon as I sell that

car.
MYRTLE. You're crazy! (*He pulls a dog leash from his pocket.*)

WILSON. I found this yesterday. Hidden in the bureau.

MYRTLE. You got no right —

WILSON. Think I'm stupid, Myrtle?

MYRTLE. It's for my sister ... for her dog.

WILSON. Think I'm stupid 'cuz all I own is a GARAGE?!

MYRTLE. No, no, George, I —

WILSON. I got things figured out, Myrtle. I ain't stupid.

MYRTLE. I never said —

WILSON. Comin' back with your face all busted up.

MYRTLE. It ain't right what you're doin'.

WILSON. Somethin's not right, that's for sure.

MYRTLE. Give me back my clothes! You got no RIGHT! (*She grabs for the suitcase. They fight over it, scattering clothes all over the stage. She slaps him hard across the face.*) I hate you. I've hated every minute

with you! (*He grabs her.*) WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
BEAT ME? HUH? YOU GOING TO BEAT ME, GEORGE? (*She*

breaks free and starts stuffing her clothes into the suitcase.)

WILSON. I'm sorry, Myrtle, I didn't mean ... It's just that —

MYRTLE. SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP! I CAN'T STAND
YOUR VOICE. IT'S LIKE A SLUG, A SLUG CRAWLING IN

THE DIRT. I SHOULD HAVE LEFT YOU A LONG TIME AGO!

WILSON. Please, Myrtle. Don't leave me! I'm getting the money.
Just like I promised. I'm getting the money! (*Sound of a car*

approaching. Swerving headlights. She sees the car.)

JORDAN. Maybe you're the one meant to help her. (*Wolfsheim appears.*)

WOLFSHEIM. I beg your pardon. Miss Baker?

JORDAN. Yes?

WOLFSHEIM. Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you. Alone.

JORDAN. With me?

WOLFSHEIM. That's what he said. (*She gives Nick a curious look.*)

JORDAN. Think about what I just told you. Please come and see me ... phone book ... under the name of Mrs. Sigourney Howard ... my aunt. (*She exits.*)

WOLFSHEIM. She's a very famous person.

NICK. Yes, I know.

WOLFSHEIM. And Mr. Gatsby. He's a fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at ... and a perfect gentleman.

NICK. Yes.

WOLFSHEIM. He's an Oggsford man.

NICK. So I've heard.

WOLFSHEIM. He went to Oggsford College in England. You know Oggsford College?

NICK. I've heard of it.

WOLFSHEIM. It's one of the most famous colleges in the world.

NICK. Have you known Gatsby for a long time?

WOLFSHEIM. Several years. I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war. I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding after I talked with him an hour. I said to myself, "There's the kind of man you'd like to take home and introduce to your mother and sister." (*Beat.*) I see you're looking at my cuff buttons.

NICK. (*Looks at them.*) They look like ivory.

WOLFSHEIM. Finest specimens of human molars.

NICK. Oh! Well! That's a very interesting idea.

WOLFSHEIM. Yeah. Yeah. (*He just stares at Nick. Gatsby enters.*)

Well, I'm going to run off from you two young men before I out-stay my welcome.

GATSBY. No need to hurry, Meyer.

WOLFSHEIM. You're very polite but I belong to another generation. Enjoy, discuss your sports and your young ladies and your ... As for me, I won't impose myself on you any longer. (*He shakes their hands and exits.*)

NICK. I hope I didn't say anything to offend him. We were talking about his cuff buttons.