

TOUR DE FORCE THEATRE COMPANY

presents:

THE GREAT GATSBY

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD



DIRECTOR: PETER JOUCLA

PRODUCER: GRANTLY MARSHALL

AN AMERICAN DRAMA GROUP EUROPE PRODUCTION

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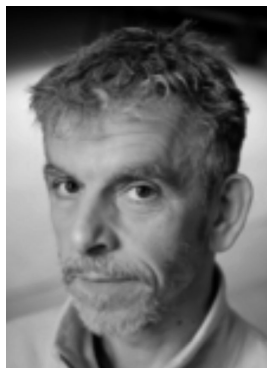
TOUR DE FORCE THEATRE COMPANY PRESENTS:
THE GREAT GATSBY

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

Directed and adapted for a cast of five by Peter Joucla

Nick	Charlie Kerson
Gatsby/ Wilson/Butler	Andrew John Tait
Tom Buchanan/ Woolfsheim	John Berry
Daisy/ Lucille Mckee	Kathryn Duffy
Jordon/Myrtle	Sharlit Deyzac
Direction/ Musical direction	Peter Joucla
Musical arrangements	Roger Moon
Design	Rachel Wood
Costume	Nancy Betton
Choreography	Kathryn Duffy
Set Construction	Neil Roe
Production Assistant	Flora Schlesinger
Administration TDF	Rosa Abidi
Art Promotion	Angelika Martin
Company Manager	Manuel Scheuermann
Assistants to the producer	Hanae Buchmeier & Lilli Fell
Sponsoring	James S. Fineberg
Producer ADGE	Grantly Marshall

PETER JOUCLA studied performing Arts at Middlesex University in London. He founded Tour De Force Theatre in 1996. As Artistic Director of the company, he has directed a wide variety of English and French language productions, including the GHOSTS OF POE, HUIS CLOS, L'ETRANGER, PYGMALION, LACOMBE LUCIEN, 1984, AN INSPECTOR CALLS AND LE PETIT PRINCE. Before setting up Tour De Force, Peter was a teacher and lecturer of music and theatre in colleges in England and Holland. He has also directed a number of productions at the Edinburgh Festival and set up a youth theatre in Hertfordshire. In addition to theatre, Peter is a writer and composer.



Tour De Force Theatre Company

Tour De Force has been touring with exciting, innovative and original stage productions throughout the world for fifteen years. The company has gained a reputation for engaging and enthralling audiences young and old. We are delighted to have the opportunity of presenting this American classic. Full details of our past and current productions can be found on our website.

www.tdftheatre.com

There you will also find a message board, on which you are invited to leave comments about any Tour De Force productions you have seen. We value and take note of criticism and blush when it is positive.



party people

Director's Notes

The Great Gatsby – by F. Scott Fitzgerald, adapted for Tour De Force by Peter Joucla.

The Great Gatsby is a novel by the American author F. Scott Fitzgerald. First published on April 10, 1925, it is set on Long Island's North Shore and in New York City during the summer of 1922.

The novel takes place following the First World War. American society enjoyed prosperity during the "roaring" 1920s as the economy soared. At the same time, Prohibition, the ban on the sale and manufacture of alcohol as mandated by the Eighteenth Amendment made millionaires out of Bootleggers.

Nick Carraway, a young man from Minnesota, moves to New York in the summer of 1922, and gradually becomes friends with a mysterious man named Jay Gatsby, who lives in a gigantic Gothic mansion and throws extravagant parties. Nick is drawn into a world of new money, decadence and deception. He discovers that Gatsby is in love with Daisy Buchanan, a rich cousin who is already married but who, when re-united with Gatsby, decides to leave her husband. Tragedy inevitably follows. A car crashes, a secret lover of Daisy's husband is killed and Gatsby is eventually murdered because he is assumed to have driven the car. Nick observes all the characters as they play out their own tragedy, driven by cynicism and selfishness. Yet he admires Gatsby right to the end, because Gatsby's motives are driven by love and hope, rather than greed.

The novel was published a year before the catastrophic collapse of the American stock markets, Fitzgerald's novel graphically portrays a society being destroyed by money and dishonesty, an American Dream of happiness and individualism degenerating into the mere pursuit of wealth.

The obvious contemporary relevance is made clear in this exciting new stage adaptation by Tour De Force Theatre. Filled with live and evocative jazz music from the twenties, this production recreates the glitz and decadence of the period. The tense and absorbing drama is played out to its dramatic climax by a cast of five talented American actors, in a style which is characteristic of Tour De Force productions: fast-paced, visually evocative and highly theatrical.



F. Scott Fitzgerald
1896-1940

Favourite Fitzgerald Quotes

"In a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day."

"First you take a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes you."

"In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars."

"There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy tumbled short of his dreams -- not through her own fault, but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart."

(The Great Gatsby)

"Why shouldn't he? All life is just a progression toward and then a recession from one phrase-- 'I love you'"

(The Offshore Pirate)

"Sometimes it is harder to deprive oneself of a pain than of a pleasure."

"I hope something happens. I'm restless as the devil and have a horror of getting fat or falling in love and growing domestic."

"Genius is the ability to put into effect what is on your mind."

"Grown up, and that is a terribly hard thing to do. It is much easier to skip it and go from one childhood to another."

"No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart."



Fitzgerald and wife Zelda

The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

adapted for the stage by Peter Joucla.

Actor 1	Nick
Actor 2	Daisy / Neighbour / Maid / Lucille McKee
Actor 3	Jordan / Myrtle
Actor 4	Tom / Wolfsheim / (Wilson)
Actor 5	Gatsby / Wilson / Butler / Policeman

Music 1 : Overture.

Five actors, dressed in smart 20's evening wear and thick black rimmed glasses, sing. Whenever the actors are playing minor roles, they wear the thick black glasses. They are the chorus, the observers, the commentators, the dressers and the judging eyes of T.J.Eckleberg.

Act One: Spring 1922, West Egg, Long Island.

Scene 1: Tom Buchanan's Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay

Tom Buchanan, dressed in riding clothes appears. He's a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner.

TOM: Nick! Welcome. How are you?

Nick appears.

NICK: Tom. Good to see you.

They shake hands.

TOM: It's been, what, how long?

NICK: We graduated in nineteen fifteen, so it must be seven years.

TOM: That's right. You're looking good.

NICK: Thanks and you too...

(looking around) Very impressive....

TOM: - I've got a nice place here. See that over there? That's half an acre of genuine Italian garden. I'll take you down there later and show you the beautiful roses.

NICK: It's exquisite.

TOM : The place belonged to Demaine, the oil man.

NICK: Really?

Tom turns Nick round, politely and abruptly.

Go inside. Daisy has been looking forward to seeing you for days.

As they walk the singing continues. Or maybe it dies out slowly as each of the chorus transforms into the character and joins the scene. Only the butler continues...

Daisy makes an attempt to rise. She leans slightly forward with a conscientious expression, and then she laughs an absurd, charming little laugh.

Nick laughs too and comes forward into the room.

DAISY: I'm paralyzed with happiness!

NICK: Hello Daisy.

Finally she gets up and embraces Nick. Then she turns to Jordan.

This is my friend Jordan Baker.

Jordan nods at Nick almost imperceptibly.

NICK: Hi. Don't worry. You stay there. No need to get up.

DAISY: So Nick, how are you?

Listen, you have to tell me everything that's happened to you.

At once, do you hear? I want to know everything. My, you look great.

You were just a boy all those years ago.

NICK: I'm fine.

DAISY: I have such a wonderful memory of the times we had in Chicago.

You remember?

NICK: Yeah. Well I stopped off there for a few days on my way out here.

Everyone sends you their love.

DAISY: (ecstatic) Do they miss me?

NICK: The whole town is desolate. All the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath, and there's a persistent wail all night along the north shore.

DAISY: How gorgeous! Let's go back, Tom. To-morrow!

Tom gives a snarl.

(to Nick) You ought to see the baby.

NICK: I'd like to.

DAISY: She's asleep. She's three years old. Haven't you ever seen her?

NICK: Never.

DAISY: Well, you ought to see her. She's...

TOM: (interrupting) – So what are you doing with yourself, Nick?

NICK: I'm a bond man.

TOM: Who with?

NICK: Oh, it's a new company, Bloomberg and...

TOM: - Never heard of them.

NICK: (annoyed) You will. You will if you stay in the East.

TOM: Oh, I'll stay in the East, don't you worry.

He glances at Daisy and then back at Nick.

I'd be a God damned fool to live anywhere else.

Jordan sits up.

JORDAN: Absolutely!

She yawns and with a series of rapid, deft movements stands up.

Oh, I'm stiff. I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember.
DAISY: Don't look at me. I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon.

JORDAN: No, thanks.

A butler passes and she grabs two cocktails from his tray.

I'm absolutely in training.
TOM: (looking at her incredulously) You are! How you ever get anything done is beyond me.

Tom downs a glass of whisky.

Nick takes a moment to admire Jordan's beauty.

DAISY: We heard you were engaged to a girl out West.

TOM: That's right. We heard that you were engaged.

NICK: It's libel. I'm too poor.

DAISY: But we heard it.

We heard it from three people, so it must be true.

NICK: (annoyed) No. It's not true at all.

Silence.

DAISY: You've found a place in West Egg.

NICK: Yes. (pointing) Just the other side of the bay. Wait, maybe you can see it from here. You want me to show you?

DAISY: Yes, I insist. Come on, let's go out onto the terrace.

Daisy drags Nick away from Tom and Jordan. They go out onto the terrace. He looks.

NICK: Yes...

See that colossal white mansion right over on the other side of the river?

DAISY: Where?

NICK: You can just make it out...there.

DAISY: I see it.

NICK: It's supposed to be an imitation of some chateau in France. It's got a tower on one side, a marble swimming pool and over forty acres of lawn and garden.

DAISY: My, my, Nick - is that where you live?
NICK: (laughing) No. I'm afraid not. I live in a tiny a weather-beaten cardboard bungalow next door. You can't see it from here.

DAISY: Oh.

NICK: It's an eyesore, but a small and overlooked eyesore. I have a view of the water, and a partial view of my millionaire neighbour's lawn, all for eighty dollars a month.

DAISY: You like it over there?

NICK: It's fine. I was lonely at first but after a week some guy stopped me on the road and said: "How do you get to West Egg village?" I told him. After that I wasn't lonely any more. I was a guide, a pathfinder, an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighborhood.

Tom steps out.

TOM: Come in Nick. I want to show you something.

He pulls Nick away. As they move back through the room Jordan looks up.

JORDAN: So you live in West Egg. I know somebody there.

NICK : I don't know a single...

JORDAN: You must know Gatsby.

DAISY: Gatsby? What Gatsby?

TOM: (pulling Tom away) Come on Nick. I want to show you round before we have dinner.

Tom and Nick move upstage.

DAISY: (looking out) It's so beautiful out there tonight. In two weeks it'll be the longest day in the year. I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it.

JORDAN: You ought to plan something, something nice for your cousin.

DAISY: All right, what'll we plan? What do people plan?

Her eyes fasten with an awed expression on her little finger.

Look! I hurt it.

Tom and Nick come back into the room.

TOM: What's the matter, honey?

They all study Daisy's hand.

DAISY: (assuringly) You did it, Tom. I know you didn't mean to, but you DID do it. That's what I get for marrying a brute of a man, a great, big, hulking physical specimen of a...

TOM: (cross) I hate that word hulking, even in kidding.
DAISY: “Hulking.”

Silence.

JORDAN: Hey, put some music on.

Maybe someone puts on the gramophone.

Music 2:

A voice starts. They all join in. Everyone dances and gets drunk.

TOM: Civilization’s going to pieces!. I’ve gotten to be a terrible pessimist about things. Have you read ‘The Rise of the Colored Empires’ by this man Goddard?

NICK: (surprised and embarrassed) Why, no.

TOM: Well, it’s a fine book, and everybody ought to read it. The idea is if we don’t look out the white race will be — will be utterly submerged. It’s all scientific stuff; it’s been proved.

DAISY: Tom’s getting very profound. He reads deep books with long words in them.

What was that word we....?

TOM: (insisting) Well, these books are all scientific. This fellow has worked out the whole thing. It’s up to us, who are the dominant race, to watch out or these other races will have control of things.

DAISY: We’ve got to beat them down.

JORDAN: You ought to live in California. I was there...

TOM: This idea is that we’re Nordics. I am, and you are, and you are, and...

He includes Daisy with a slight nod. Daisy sees and winks at Nick.

And we’ve produced all the things that go to make civilization — oh, science and art, and all that. Do you see?

The butler enters.

He whispers something in Tom’s ear and he leaves.

DAISY: (pulling Nick towards her.) Listen. I’ll tell you a family secret. It’s about the butler’s nose. Do you want to hear about the butler’s nose?

NICK: That’s why I came over to-night.

DAISY: Well, he wasn’t always a butler; he used to be the silver polisher for some people in New York that had a silver service for two hundred people. He had to polish it from morning till night, until finally it began to affect his nose...

JORDAN: Things went from bad to worse..

DAISY: Yes. Things went from bad to worse, until finally he had to give up his position.

The girls laugh. Nick laughs along politely.
Daisy leans forward again, her voice glowing and singing.

DAISY: I love to see you at my table, Nick. You remind me of a — of a rose,
an absolute rose. Doesn't he?

She turns to Jordan.

An absolute rose?
NICK: Daisy, that's untrue. I am not even faintly like a rose. I'm...

Daisy is immediately distracted by what she hears in the corridor. She gets up, throws her napkin on the table and excuses herself and exits.

NICK: (after a moment to Jordan) Is she...?
JORDAN: Sh!

She listens to what is happening outside the room.

Nick waits.

NICK: This Mr. Gatsby you spoke of is my neighbour. I..
JORDAN: Don't talk. I want to hear what happens.
NICK: Is something happening?
JORDAN: You mean to say you don't know? I thought everybody knew.
NICK: I don't. I mean I only moved here a few months ago.
JORDAN: Why, Tom's got some woman in New York.
NICK: Got some woman?

Jordan nods.

JORDAN: She might have the decency not to telephone him at dinner time.
Don't you think?

She listens for a while longer.

I think they must have gone upstairs. Let's go out on the balcony.

They get up and go out.

JORDAN: So, Nick. Tell me about yourself.
NICK : My family comes from the mid-west. My grandfather started a wholesale hardware business out there and the family keeps it going.
I graduated from New Haven in 1915 and then a while later I joined up.
When I came back I was restless. The mid west seemed like the edge of the universe, so I decided to come East and learn the bond business.
JORDAN: How is it you know Tom and Daisy ?
NICK: Daisy is my second cousin once removed...

JORDAN: - Yeah, that's right. Daisy told me.
NICK: And, well I also knew Tom in college.
I haven't seen them since just after the war. I spent two days with them in Chicago.

JORDAN: So what do you make of them?
NICK: Well. They seem to be doing very well. This place is impressive. Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay.

JORDAN: Tom's family is so enormously wealthy they can do what they like. Ask him to show you the stables. He's got twenty polo horses and they are worth millions.

NICK: Really? That's right. He plays polo now.
JORDAN: Yes but can't ride more than one horse at a time, Nick.
You know I still find it hard to think that someone of our age is wealthy enough to do that.

NICK: At college it was football. They say he was one of the best.
JORDAN: I bet. Come on, Nick. Tell me what you really think of them.

Silence.

NICK: In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

JORDAN: What was that?
NICK: "Whenever you feel like criticizing any one," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had."

JORDAN: Was that it?
NICK: Yeah. But I knew what he meant. As a result I try to reserve all judgements. It means I'm at the mercy of not a few veteran bores. At college they said I'd make a great politician because I was privy to the secrets of wild, unknown men. I promise you I don't go hunting people down for their secrets. Many a time I have to feign sleep, just to avoid other peoples' secrets, or run off the moment I feel that some intimate revelation is quivering on the horizon.

JORDAN: So you're a very tolerant man. I like that.
NICK: Reserving judgements is a matter infinite hope.
JORDAN: I agree.
NICK: I'm always afraid of missing something.

JORDAN: The best thing for Daisy is for her to pick up the child and leave.
NICK: She doesn't seem like she's about to.
JORDAN: Tom's an asshole.
NICK: The fact that he has some woman in New York is less surprising to me than the fact that he's been depressed by a book. Something is making him nibble at the edge of stale ideas. Maybe that sturdy physical ego no longer nourishes him.

JORDAN: You seemed annoyed when they said they heard you were engaged.

NICK: Yes, maybe I was. I knew what they were referring to, but honestly, I wasn't even vaguely engaged. That kind of gossip was one of the reasons I had come East. You can't stop going with an old friend on account of rumours, and on the other hand I had no intention of being rumored into marriage. But their interest in me touches me. It makes them seem less remotely rich..

JORDAN: (turning round and seeing Tom and Daisy back at the table)
Come on. They're back.

They step back into the room.

DAISY: (with tense gaiety) It couldn't be helped!

Daisy sits down.

JORDAN: We just stepped out onto the balcony.

DAISY: Did you see the bird? I looked out earlier and there was this bird.
(to Tom) Tom, there's a bird on the lawn that I think must be a nightingale come over on the Cunard or White Star Line. He's singing away.

(to Nick) Was he singing just then? It's romantic, isn't it, Tom?"
TOM: (miserably) Very romantic.
(to Nick) If it's light enough after dinner, I want to take you down to the stables.

The meal continues...

Everyone talks. Nick watches.

Everyone drinks.

Nick and Daisy go out into the garden.

NICK: So how is your little girl? What is her name, I forget?

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: That's true.

Silence.

Well, I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything.

Silence.

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

DAISY: Oh, yes.
(absently) Listen, Nick; let me tell you what I said when she was born.
Would you like to hear?

NICK: Very much.
DAISY: It'll show you how I've gotten to feel about — things. Well, she 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.

Silence.

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.

Her eyes flash around her in a defiant way, rather like Tom's, and she laughs with thrilling scorn.

Sophisticated — God, I'm sophisticated!

Jordan comes over to them.

JORDAN: Ten o'clock. Time for this good girl to go to bed.
DAISY: Jordan's going to play in the tournament to-morrow, over at Westchester.
NICK: Oh — you're Jordan BAKER. Now I know now why your face was familiar.
JORDAN: Good night. (to Daisy) Wake me at eight, won't you.
DAISY: If you'll get up.
JORDAN: I will. Good night, Mr. Carraway. See you anon.
DAISY: Of course you will. In fact I think I'll arrange a marriage. Come over often, Nick, and I'll sort of — oh — fling you together. You know — lock you up accidentally in linen closets and push you out to sea in a boat, and all that sort of thing...
JORDAN: (leaving) Good night. I haven't heard a word.

Jordan leaves.

Tom walks over. He sees Nick watching her go and smiles.

TOM: Yeah, she's a nice girl, Nick.
They oughtn't to let her run around the country this way.
DAISY: (coldly) Who oughtn't to?
TOM: Her family.
DAISY: Her family is one aunt about a thousand years old. Besides, Nick's going to look after her, aren't you, Nick? She's going to spend lots of weekends out here this summer. I think the home influence will be very good for her.

Daisy and Tom look at each other for a moment in silence.

NICK: Is she from New York?
DAISY: From Louisville. Our white girlhood was passed together there.
Our beautiful white...
TOM: - Did you give Nick a little heart to heart talk on the veranda?
DAISY: (looking at Nick) Did I? I can't seem to remember, but I think we talked
about the Nordic race. Yes, I'm sure we did. It sort of crept up on us and
first thing you know....
TOM: - Don't believe everything you hear, Nick.
NICK: I've heard nothing at all.
Look, I had better be getting back. Thanks for inviting me. It's been
lovely.

Nick turns to leave.

TOM: I'm going to be in New York over the week-end. You want to join me?
There are people I want you to meet.
NICK: Thanks Tom. Sure. I'd like that.

The scene fades.

We follow Nick as he journeys back home.

Music 3: Scene change.

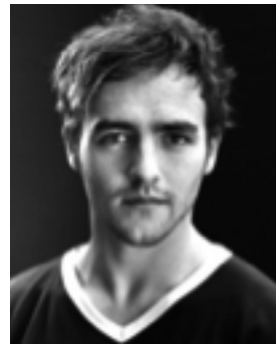
Nick settles in his modest room. After settling he stops. Looks out of his window.
There is Gatsby standing alone at the end of his garden.





KATHRYN DUFFY studied at The Oxford School of Drama and London School of Musical Theatre. Kathryn has performed in numerous theatre productions. Theatre credits include Sue in *TREADING WATER* (Roundhouse, Lost) Emma in *DEED IS WHAT WE ARE* (Bridewell) Hazel in *LEAVES ON THE LINE* (Brockley Jack) *THERE SHOULD BE MORE SEX IN MUSICAL THEATRE* with her cabaret company Decadence (Volupte, Cellar Door, Battersea Barge) Atalanta in *JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS* (Cochrane) Joyce in Joy Orton's *RUFFIAN ON THE STAIR* (Cochrane) and Anna in *IVANOV* (Borough Studios). Other theatre credits include a UK tour of *Seize the Day*, Princess Jasmine in *Aladdin* (Rhodes Theatre) Beth in *Catchy* at the Edinburgh festival (Bedlam) and a UK tour as Child in Kevin Johnston's *The Cord*. Kathryn has also performed for other media such as television, radio and film. Other credits include Jade in the Radio play *Complicated Relations*, TV documentary for channel 5 *Seriously Dirty Dancing*, and short film *The Pianist*. Kathryn is also the playwright and Artistic Director of theatre company *All In* and is the writer for *Holding* and their latest piece, *Seize the Day*.

CHARLIE KERSON trained at Drama Studio London. Theatre credits include *LEAP OF FAITH* (Southwark Playhouse), *MARY ROSE* (Brockley Jack Theatre), *GOGOL'S THE OVERCOAT* (Brockley Jack Theatre). Television includes *MILLIBAND OF BROTHERS* (Channel 4) and *ROWNTREES FRUIT PASTLES* (Commercial). Film credits *THE BRIGHTEST COLOURS MAKE GREY* (No Wave Films), *MILLIONS NOW LIVING* (See Through Films) and *Ellison, IN THE MILE*.



ANDREW JOHN TAIT trained at Dundee College and Langside College in Glasgow, graduating in 1999. Since then he has worked extensively as an Actor throughout the UK. Theatre Credits include:



HARD PRESSED, *THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ACCORDIONIST* (Highland Festival Theatre) *TAM O'SHANTER*, *TO A MOUSE*, *THE WILLIAM WALLACE STORY* (Hopscotch Theatre) *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*, *THE TEMPEST*, *ROMEO AND JULIET* (Arty-Fact Theatre) *OF MICE AND MEN*, *MACBETH* (MOPA) *HENRY V*, *AN IDEAL HUSBAND* (Heartbreak Productions). TV includes: *MURDER ROOMS: THE DARK BEGINNINGS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES* (BBC) *REBUS: BLACK AND BLUE* (Clerkenwell Films) *TAGGART* (Scottish Television) *DEAR GREEN PLACE* (Effingee Films) *BURNISTOUN*, *RAB C. NESBITT* (The Comedy Unit) and *Lip Service* (Kudos Film&TV). Andrew is very excited about his first international *Tour De Force*.

Since **JOHN PATRICK BERRY** graduated from The Birmingham School of Acting John has played a variety of roles. On stage some of his credits include, George Washington Glover in *THE TIMELESS GIFT OF CHRISTMAS* by Sue Pomeroy. Badger Wind in the *WIND IN THE WILLOWS* (Sixth Sense Theatre Company) *MAX IN CURIOUS* (Southwark Playhouse) Gabe in *A MOMENT OF SILENCE* (Miller Theatre Productions) PC Caten *TOO MUCH PUNCH FOR JUDY* (Ape Theatre Company) Jordan in *THE GOLDFISH BOWL* (Salisbury Playhouse), Hal/Jonny/Richie in *LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGER* (Kenton Theatre, Henley), Dan in *FINDING MOMO* (Cheltenham Everyman) Sparky in *ORDINARY LADS* (Back2Back Productions). Film credits include, Mark in *SHEFFIELD STREETS* (Mark Atley Films) and a recent reading for the part Billy in the forth coming feature film *PAYDIRT* starring Tamar Hassan and Tom Burke. John is also a director and credits include George Orwell's 1984, *SERVING IT UP* by David Eldridge, *DEALERS CHOICE* by Patrick Marber, *THE HEIGHTS* by Liza Hughes and *KEEPING TOM NICE* by Lucy Gannon. John has recently returned from producing a piece of his own work entitled, *A ROLE 2 PLAY* in New York. John is thrilled to be working with Tour De Force Theatre.



SHARLIT DEYZAC lived abroad with her French family and been educated in American schools from a young age Sharlit is bilingual and multi-cultural. After obtaining her International Baccalaureat, she attended Guildford School of Acting in England to complete her BA in acting. She signed with a London agent in 2004, and since then Sharlit has had an array of experience in French and English productions. She loved working on *MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY* with living legend Rowan Atkinson. Sharlit thrived on performing with an international cast throughout Europe and the Middle East for the making of *PICNIC IN GAZA*. Sharlit has appeared in various commercials for the BBC and ITV. However, Sharlit's true passion lies with theatre, which she always comes back to. She is excited about working on this wonderful adaptation of a classical piece of 1920s literature having performed in various types of theatre: contemporary, *JUSTICE*, *A BOY'S LIFE* *COSMOPOLITAN*, absurd, *RHINOCEROS* and existentialist *L'ETRANGER*.

JAMES STEVEN FEINBERG was born in Worcester Massachusetts and received a BA in European history from Connecticut College. After a decade in Hong Kong as sole proprietor of an import/export company he returned to New York only to fall in love and move to Europe where he now resides (Germany and Italy) with his two beautiful children. A deep personal, hitherto latent passion for theatre became a reality in late 2009 when he joined ADGE as head of marketing and sponsorship.



TOM: You're crazy! That's a God damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me now.

GATSBY: No.

TOM: She does, though. The trouble is that sometimes she gets foolish ideas in her head and doesn't know what she's doing.
And what's more, I love Daisy too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time.

DAISY: (to Tom) You're revolting.

Daisy turns to Nick.

(with thrilling scorn) Do you know why we left Chicago? I'm surprised that they didn't treat you to the story of that little spree.

Gatsby walks over to Daisy.

GATSBY: - Daisy, that's all over now. It doesn't matter anymore. Just tell him the truth. Tell him that you never loved him, and it's all wiped out forever.

Daisy turns to Tom.

DAISY: I never loved him.

TOM: Not at Kapiolani?

DAISY: No.

TOM: Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry?

Silence.

Daisy?

DAISY: Please don't.

She looks at Gatsby.

There, Jay.

She tries to light a cigarette but her hands are trembling. In the end she flings them away.

Oh, you want too much! I love you now — isn't that enough? I can't help what's past.

She begins to sob.

I did love him once — but I loved you too.

GATSBY: You loved me TOO?

TOM: Even that's a lie. She didn't know you were alive. Why — there're things between Daisy and me that you'll never know, things that neither of us can ever forget.

Silence.

GATSBY: I want to speak to Daisy alone. She's all excited now.

DAISY: Even alone I can't say I never loved Tom. It wouldn't be true.

TOM: Of course it wouldn't.

Daisy turns to Tom.

DAISY: As if it mattered to you.

TOM: Of course it matters. I'm going to take better care of you from now on.

GATSBY: (slightly panicked) You don't understand. You're not going to take care of her any more.

TOM: I'm not? (He laughs) Why's that?

GATSBY: Daisy's leaving you.

TOM: Nonsense.

DAISY: I am, though.

TOM: She's not leaving me! Certainly not for a common swindler who'd have to steal the ring he put on her finger.

DAISY: I won't stand this! Oh, please let's get out.

TOM: Who are you, anyhow? You're one of that bunch that hangs around with Meyer Wolfsheim — that much I happen to know. I've made a little investigation into your affairs — and I'll carry it further to-morrow.

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

TOM: I found out what your 'drug-stores' were.

Tom turns to address the others.

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

GATSBY: What about it? I guess your friend Walter Chase wasn't too proud to come in on it.

TOM: And you left him in the lurch, didn't you? You let him go to jail for a month over in New Jersey. God! You ought to hear Walter on the subject of YOU.

GATSBY: He came to us dead broke. He was very glad to pick up some money, old sport.

TOM: Don't you call me 'old sport'!

Walter could have you up on the betting laws too, but Wolfsheim scared him into shutting his mouth.

Silence.

That drug-store business was just small change, but you've got something on now that Walter's afraid to tell me about.

Daisy turns to Gatsby. Gatsby steps forward in order to explain.

JORDAN: I'm off guys.

NICK: Jordan?

Jordan ignores him and walks out.

GATSBY: Listen. Daisy....

Music 17: Desperate bluesy wail.

Gatsby speaks in silence to Daisy. She stares at him with increasing horror.

She steps back from him slowly.

Finally.

DAISY: PLEASE, Tom! I can't stand this any more.

Silence.

TOM: You two start on home, Daisy. In Mr. Gatsby's car.

Daisy looks at looked at Tom, alarmed.

Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realizes that his presumptuous little flirtation is over.

Daisy walks out. Gatsby follows.

Tom holds out the whisky bottle to Nick.

TOM: Want any of this stuff, Nick?

He looks around.

Where's Jordan?

Silence.

(to Nick) Nick? You want some?

NICK: No.

Music 17: The blues continues, this time with harmony.

The others sing as they change.

Scene 16: Wilson's Garage, later.

We cut to an argument outside the gas station between WILSON and MYRTLE.
It could be just the voice of Wilson, or maybe we see just his face.

MYRTLE: You're dumb, you know that, George?
I won't forget what you just did! Two days you kept me locked up
there! You're crazy and you're pathetic and I curse the day I married
you, do you hear?

WILSON: God knows what you've been doing, everything you've been doing.
You may fool me, but you can't fool God!
God sees everything.

WOMAN: That's an advertisement, George.

She points at the chorus.

See! You just read that off an advertisement.
If you're ashamed of me then beat me! Come out here and beat me!
Throw me down and beat me, you dirty little coward!

Headlights appear. They approach. As the chorus sing they physicalise the crash. Myrtle
(or rather an actor representing her) 'explodes' in slow motion and then falls to the floor.
The chorus continue singing and move slowly away, leaving her crumpled body DSC.
We see Nick and Jordan in separate spotlights, calling each other.

NICK: Jordan?

JORDAN: Is that you Nick?

NICK: I'm sorry I'm calling you so early in the morning. Were you asleep?

JORDAN: Yes but it doesn't matter. Is there anything wrong?

NICK: Has Daisy called you?

JORDAN: Daisy? No. Why? What's happened?

NICK: There was an accident last night.

JORDAN: What do you mean?

We see tableau freeze frames of the events described by Nick.
Music underscores the scene.

NICK: Well after you left it all got a lot worse. Daisy left with Gatsby. He took
her home in his car. Tom and I left the hotel about twenty minutes later.
It was dark by then and as we were driving home we stopped because
there had an accident right by the gas station.
There was a body lying on the road and it turned out to be Myrtle.
Tom got out of the car and went over to take a look.

Tom enters slowly. He moves slowly towards the body.
He sees the holocaust.
A policeman arrives to put a blanket over the body.

POLICE : What you want, fella?
TOM: What happened? That's what I want to know.
POLICE: Auto hit her. Ins'antly killed.
TOM: Oooh.
POLICE: She ran out ina road. Son-of-a-bitch didn't even stopus car.
 Neighbour says there was two cars, one comin', one goin' and
 she ran out there an' the one comin' from N'york knock right into her,
 goin' thirty or forty miles an hour.
TOM: The God damned coward! He didn't even stop his car.
POLICE: Her husband saw it too. Says it was a big yellow car.

Tom pulls away.

He sees Wilson sitting upstage and weeping, comforted by a neighbour.

He steps over. Wilson perhaps gets up as if to attack but is restrained by the neighbour.

TOM: Wilson. Listen to me. You've got to pull yourself together.
 Listen, I just got here a minute ago, from New York.
 I just got here a minute ago, from New York. I was bringing you that
 coupe we've been talking about. That yellow car I was driving this
 afternoon wasn't mine, do you hear? I haven't seen it all afternoon.

The Policeman steps over.

POLICE: What's all that?
TOM: I'm a friend of his. He saw me driving a yellow car but it's not mine.
POLICE: (suspiciously) And what colour's your car?
TOM: It's a blue car, a coupe.
 My friend and I (he points to the car), we've come straight from New
 York.
POLICE: Now, if you'll let me have your name and address. Let's go inside...

The scene fades as we see Jordan and Nick on the phone again.

As they speak lights come up and we see that Nick is in his house.

JORDAN: Oh, Jesus. Are they going to arrest Gatsby?
NICK: He wasn't driving. Daisy was.
JORDAN: Are you sure?
NICK: Yes. Gatsby told me.
 When we got back Daisy was already home. I didn't see her.
 I just needed to check she was all right.
 Tom ordered me a cab and as I was waiting for it at the end of the drive
 Gatsby appeared.

Gatsby appears. He's approaching Nick's house.

JORDAN: What?

NICK: He was just hiding in the bushes. I asked him what the hell he was doing and he told me he was just making sure that Tom wasn't going to hurt her. He was just standing there looking up at their bedroom window, waiting. That's when he told me she was the one who was driving. Apparently she just didn't see the woman running out. There was nothing she could do.

JORDAN: Why didn't she stop?

NICK: He tried to make her but she wouldn't.

JORDAN: Did you tell him you'd stopped and that the girl was dead?

NICK: Yes. He said he was pretty sure she had been.

Listen. I want to see you. What are you doing right now?

Can I come over?

JORDAN: I'm going down to Southampton this afternoon. If you want you can come over now.

NICK: it's ten thirty now. I can be there in an hour.

JORDAN: Sure.

Nick hangs up. He is preparing to leave when Gatsby appears at the door.

NICK: Jay.

GATSBY: Good morning old sport.

NICK: So?

GATSBY: Nothing happened. I waited, and about four o'clock she came to the window and stood there for a minute and then turned out the light.

NICK: You ought to go away. It's pretty certain they'll trace your car.

GATSBY: Go away NOW, old sport?

NICK: Go to Atlantic City for a week, or up to Montreal.

GATSBY: I can't.

NICK: Why not?

GATSBY: I have to know what she's going to do.

Silence.

GATSBY: I don't think she ever loved him.

You must remember, old sport, she was very excited yesterday in the hotel. He told her those things in a way that frightened her - that made it look as if I was some kind of cheap sharper. And the result was she hardly knew what she was saying.

He sits down gloomily.

Of course she might have loved him just for a minute, when they were first married — and loved me more even then, do you see?

In any case, it was just personal.

NICK: I have to go out now.

GATSBY: Sure.

NICK: I'll call round later maybe.

GATSBY: Do, old sport.
NICK: I'll call you about six.
GATSBY: I suppose Daisy'll call too.

Gatsby looks at Nick as if he hopes Nick would corroborate this.

NICK: I suppose so. (After a pause) Are you going to be all right?
GATSBY: Fine. I think I might spend the day by the pool. You know, old sport, I've never used that pool all summer?
Well, good-bye.

Gatsby turns and leaves.

NICK: Gatsby!

Gatsby reappears.

They're a rotten crowd. You're worth the whole damn bunch put together.

Gatsby smiles and then leaves.

Music 18: Sad and slow.

Scene 17: Wilson's Garage.

Wilson is sitting and rocking.

WILSON: Oh, my God...
WOMAN: How long have you been married, George? Come on there, try and sit still a minute and answer my question. How long have you been married?
WILSON: Twelve years.
WOMAN: Ever had any children? Come on, George, sit still — I asked you a question. Did you ever have any children?
WILSON: Oh, my God...
WOMAN: Have you got a church you go to sometimes, George? Maybe even if you haven't been there for a long time? Maybe I could call up the church and get a priest to come over and he could talk to you, see?
WILSON: Don't belong to any.
WOMAN: You ought to have a church, George, for times like this. You must have gone to church once. Didn't you get married in a church? Listen, George, listen to me. Didn't you get married in a church?
WILSON: That was a long time ago.

He holds out a diamond studded dog leash.

Look at this.

WOMAN: What is it, a dog lead?
WILSON: I found it yesterday afternoon. She tried to tell me about it, but I knew it was something funny.
WOMAN: You mean your wife bought it?
WILSON: She had it wrapped in tissue paper on her bureau.
Oh, my God!
He killed her.
WOMAN: Who did?
WILSON: I have a way of finding out.
WOMAN: You're morbid, George. This has been a strain to you and you don't know what you're saying. You'd better try and sit quiet till morning.
WILSON: He murdered her.
WOMAN: It was an accident, George.

Wilson shakes his head.

WILSON: Hm! I know. I'm one of these trusting fellas and I don't think any harm to nobody, but when I get to know a thing I know it. It was the man in that car. She ran out to speak to him and he wouldn't stop.

He starts to weep again.

WOMAN: Maybe you got some friend that I could telephone for, George?
WILSON: I spoke to her. I told her she might fool me but she couldn't fool God. I said 'God knows what you've been doing, everything you've been doing.
You may fool me, but you can't fool God!'
God sees everything.
WOMAN: (getting up) I'm going to look in the directory. Find the number for the local church. You wait there.

The woman leaves.

Wilson reaches into a drawer and fetches out a gun. He gets up and leaves.
Moments later the woman returns, looks for Wilson.

WOMAN: George?

Music 18: Wilson's Walk.
As the music starts, we see Wilson walking.
During breaks in the music he stops to ask directions.

WILSON: Is this the road to East Egg?

WILSON: Can you tell me where Mr Gatsby's house is?

WILSON: Is this where Mr Gatsby lives?

Meanwhile in another part of the stage we see Gatsby appear in his bathing trunks. He walks around the side of the pool and then slowly steps down the ladder into the water.

Finally Wilson arrives at Gatsby's House.

WILSON: Is Mr Gatsby at home?

BUTLER: Wait there. He's by the pool.

Have you come to repair his car?

WILSON: That's right, sir. Come to repair his car.

BUTLER: Mr Gatsby does not wish to be disturbed today, but if you wait there I'll get someone to bring the car round.

One moment please.

The butler goes. Wilson wanders off. Music swells.

Wilson finds the pool. Looks in. Takes out his gun. Fires.

Then he walks away puts the gun into his mouth and fires again.

Silence.

First the butler and then Nick begin to run. Finally they run out to the pool, stand on the edge.

See the body. Nick turns and then sees Wilson's body.

Scene 18: The Funeral.

Nick is packing his things.

Enter Tom.

TOM: Nick. How are you?

Nick looks up but then goes on packing.

I was passing by. Thought I would drop by and see how you are.

Daisy tried calling you but she said you never replied..

Nick is silent.

Tom holds out his hand. Nick refuses to shake.

TOM : What's the matter, Nick? Do you object to shaking hands with me?

NICK: Yes. You know what I think of you.

TOM: You're crazy, Nick, crazy as hell. I don't know what's the matter with you.

Silence.

We just passed the house next door. Looks pretty empty.

Silence.

NICK: Tom, what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?

TOM: I told him the truth. He came to the door while we were getting ready to leave, and when I sent down word that we weren't in he tried to force his way up-stairs. He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn't told him who owned the car. His hand was on a revolver in his pocket every minute he was in the house...

What if I did tell him? That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy's, but he was a tough one. He ran over Myrtle like you'd run over a dog and never even stopped his car.

NICK: That's not true.

TOM: (ignoring it) And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering — look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard, I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful.

Silence.

I hear you went to the funeral. Anyone else go?

I heard that there were only three people not including the priest.

Were you disappointed?

NICK: I half-expected something from Daisy. A note or a flower.

TOM: No-one turned up, Nick. Not even his best friend Wolfsheim. The son-of-a-bitch.

What was it about him that made you like him?

Silence,

NICK: You really want to know? I'll tell you what it was.

There was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away.

He had an extraordinary gift for hope, a kind of romantic readiness I've never come across before in anyone.

TOM: He was just a bootlegger, Nick. That's all he was.

NICK: You know what Tom? You and Daisy, you're just careless people.

You smash up things and creatures and then retreat back into your money or whatever it is that keeps you together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made.

TOM: Where are you going?

NICK: I'm going back west.

TOM: Well. Good luck, Nick.

Tom turns and leaves. Stops. Turns back.

By the way. Jordan's outside. She came along for the ride.

You want to see her?

Nick is shocked.

Tom exits. As he leaves he calls out.

Jordan. I'll wait for you in the car!

He leaves. Nick walks out and over to Jordan who is standing – looking out onto the river.

NICK: Hello Jordan.

JORDAN: Hello. I hope you don't mind me being here.

NICK: Not at all. I was hoping...

JORDAN: - I just came to look at the house.

NICK: The house? Oh, you mean Gatsby's.

JORDAN: Yes. I walked over there just now just to see it. It's all boarded up. Some kids have gone and written stuff on the walls. Have you noticed? Must be strange not having those gleaming, dazzling parties there every Saturday night.

NICK: Yes.

Silence.

JORDAN: It's a lovely evening.

NICK: Yes.

JORDAN: When are you leaving?

NICK: First thing in the morning.

JORDAN: Can't wait to get away.

NICK: You know, this place haunts me now. I see it as a night scene by El Greco: a hundred houses, at once conventional and grotesque, crouching under a sullen, overhanging sky and a lustreless moon. In the foreground four solemn men in dress suits are walking along the sidewalk with a stretcher on which lies a drunken woman in a white evening dress. Her hand, which dangles over the side, sparkles cold with jewels. But no one knows the woman's name, and no one cares.

Silence.

I'm sorry I was not able to see you.

JORDAN: Oh that's all right, Nick. You didn't want to.

NICK: I was busy.

JORDAN: Busy passing judgements on everybody.

Silence.

JORDAN: (looking out) Hey – is that green light the one at the end of Daisy's house?

NICK: (looks) Yes, I guess it is.

JORDAN: My god. Just imagine what Gatsby must have felt, when he stood over there at the edge of his garden and looked out and realised that was where she lived.

He worked so hard. He came such a long way. He must have felt like his dream was so close he couldn't. What he didn't realise was that it was already behind him.

Silence.

JORDAN: Nick. Just so things between us don't become difficult, I think its best I tell you that I just got engaged to a guy in Philadelphia.

NICK: Really?

JORDON: Let's not pretend, Nick. You've thrown me over.

I don't give a damn about you now, but it was a new experience for me, and I felt a little dizzy for a while.

Oh, and do you remember that conversation we had once about driving a car? You said a bad driver was only safe until she met another bad driver? Well, 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 rather an honest, straightforward person. I thought it was your secret pride.

NICK: I'm thirty. I'm five years too old to lie to myself and call it honour.

Tom honks his horn, or maybe she doesn't need a prompt.

JORDAN: Good bye, Nick.

She turns and leaves.

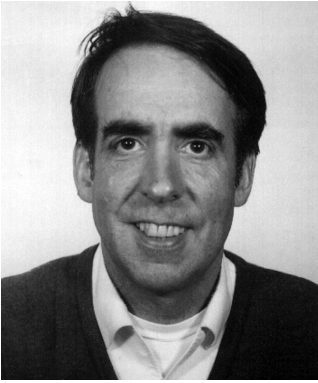
Music 20: Finale.

Nick faces out.

NICK: So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

End.





GRANTLY MARSHALL, actor, producer, founder of THE AMERICAN DRAMA GROUP EUROPE, begins his 35th season. This is his 233rd production.



ANGELIKA MARTIN has been involved in cultural management since the 1980's. After completing assignments with various city governments in Germany, she became free lance and has worked with ADGE for the past 20 seasons.



HANAE BUCHMEIER joined the ADGE-team in August 2009. She is a certified bilingual secretary and translator and speaks, apart from German: Japanese, English, French and Spanish.



LILLI FELL is a certified translator and interpreter for English and studied at Dublin City University, Ireland, where she graduated in 2007 with an MA in translation studies. She joined the ADGE-team in April 2008.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA GROUP EUROPE - HISTORY

THE AMERICAN DRAMA GROUP EUROPE was formed by Ohio native Grantly Marshall in 1978 in the city of Munich. It was linked in the beginning to the University of Munich where the first performances were held. It expanded quickly to other theatres in Munich and also began to give guest performances in other German cities. The expansion was continued to include many countries in Europe and Asia.

The actors come from New York, London, and Paris (in 1985 French theatre performances were added to our repertoire) where the productions are cast and directed. The plays performed include American, British, and French classic and modern dramas such as DEATH OF A SALESMAN, A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, OUR TOWN, WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?, ARSENIC AND OLD LACE, HAROLD AND MAUDE, OF MICE AND MEN, EDUCATING RITA, KING LEAR, THE CANTERVILLE GHOST, AMADEUS, SLEUTH, A CHRISTMAS CAROL, ANIMAL FARM, THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, OLIVER TWIST, THE BEGGAR'S OPERA, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, THE GLASS MENAGERIE, LE PETIT PRINCE, RHINOCEROS, HUIS CLOS, LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME, ANTIGONE, FABLES, EXERCICES DE STYLE, CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF, DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE GREAT GATSBY, MOBY DICK, PYGMALION, THE GRAPES OF WRATH, MAUPASSANT, DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE, MACBETH, THE GHOSTS OF POE, DINNER FOR ONE, CANDIDE.

The goal of THE AMERICAN DRAMA GROUP EUROPE is to perform high quality theatre in as many countries in the world as possible. Our 2010-2011 schedule, May 2010-May 2011, includes the following productions:

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, LE PETIT PRINCE, THE MYSTERY OF EDGAR ALLEN POE, A CHRISTMAS CAROL, ONE LANGUAGE MANY VOICES, OTHELLO, DINNER FOR ONE, MS IBRAHIM ET LES FLEURS DU CORAN, DON QUIXOTE, MACBETH, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, PYGMALION, DEATH OF A SALESMAN, ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST, LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE

In 1994 THE AMERICAN DRAMA GROUP EUROPE began touring European Castles. CASTLE TOUR 2011 MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING - features many illustrious places and surprises. We are hoping to make it a pan-European tour. Wish us luck with the weather. Preview 2012: Castle Tour 2012 MACBETH.

We hope that you will be able to attend and enjoy our performances and wish you all the best for the coming theatre season.



Grantly Marshall Munich, January 2011

Presents
THEATRE SEASON 2011/2012



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TAMING OF THE SHREW - William Shakespeare

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM - William Shakespeare

THE GREAT GATSBY - F. Scott Fitzgerald

LES MISERABLES - Victor Hugo (French Language)

DAVID COPPERFIELD - Charles Dickens

OLIVER TWIST - Charles Dickens

THE CANTERVILLE GHOST - Oscar Wilde

A CHRISTMAS CAROL - Charles Dickens (2 versions)

DINNER FOR ONE - Lauri Wylie

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING - William Shakespeare

ONE LANGUAGE, MANY VOICES

Joseph Conrad, William Somerset Maugham, Salman Rushdie, Chinua Achebe

LA CASA DE BERNARDA ALBA - Federico García Lorca (Spanish Language)

DON QUIXOTE - Miguel de Cervantes (Spanish Language)

CASTLE TOUR 2012

MACBETH - William Shakespeare

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