

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 / Woolfsheim/ (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. Tomorrow! (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.

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 tomorrow, 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 week-ends 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.

Scene 2: On the way to New York.

The singing continues. Tom is driving Nick to New York. Maybe the song ends with just Tom singing it — drunk, as he drives... He stops the car outside a gas station. Tom gets out.

Repairs. GEORGE B. WILSON. Cars bought and sold.

The proprietor himself appears in the door of an office, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He is a blond, spiritless man, anaemic, and faintly handsome. When he sees Tom, a damp gleam of hope springs into his eyes.

TOM: Hello, Wilson, old man. (Tom slaps Wilson jovially on the shoulder.) How's business?

WILSON: (unconvincingly) I can't complain. When are you going to sell me that car?

TOM: Next week; I've got my man working on it now. Fill her up.

WILSON: Works pretty slow, don't he?

TOM: (cold) 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, I just meant..

His voice fades off as Tom glances impatiently around the garage. Wilson leaves to fill the car. Myrtle enters. She's in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carries her surplus flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crepe-de-chine, contains no facet or gleam of beauty, but there is an immediately perceptible vitality about her as if the nerves of her body are continually smouldering. She shakes hands with Tom, looking him flush in the eye. Myrtle moves close to Tom.

TOM: I want to see you. Tell your husband you want to visit your sister and you're getting on the next train to New York.

MYRTLE: All right.

TOM: I'll wait round the corner. (She nods and moves away from him just as George Wilson returns.)

TOM: How much.

WILSON: One dollar twenty. (Tom hands him money.)

TOM: Thanks, old man. (He returns to the car. He waits.)

Music 4: New York, New York.

Moments later Myrtle runs over and embraces Tom. They drive off.

Scene 3: Tom's Apartment in New York.

Nick is in the apartment, sitting bored on the couch. Music is playing. Lucille McKee is drunk but dancing. Finally she collapses. Nick goes over, checks she's ok. Sits back down.

NICK: Excuse me; may I turn the music down? (She is too drunk to reply. He goes over and switches off the music. Silence but for some faint love-making sounds from next door.) Excuse me. Do you think I might use the phone?

(Lucille is too drunk to respond. Nick picks up the phone. Rings. During the telephone conversation, maybe Lucille McKee is begins to dance again.)

NICK: Hello, is that Jordan? Hi. It's Nick.. I'm in New York.. No, no, I met up with Tom and a friend of his.. I was wondering.. What? Oh, her name's Myrtle.. I beg your pardon? I don't know.. Judging from the sounds coming from the other room, yeah I guess she is. He just turned up with her, hanging on his arm. He must bring her here regularly. He says her husband runs a gas station on the road to East Egg. He says the guy thinks she comes to New York to visit her sister. No, I don't know. He said he wanted me to meet her, but now

they're next door and the only other person here is a strange girl called Mrs McKee. She's very drunk. I think they invited her to keep me company..

Tom brought out a bottle of whisky from a locked bureau drawer the moment we stepped into the apartment and so we're all is drunk. If I stay here a moment longer I think... What? Myrtle? Oh, well she's...nice. Well she's a little bit crazy I guess. When we got here she insisted he buy her perfume and cold cream and magazines...and a puppy. A puppy. Yeah. No one is quite sure if it's a male or a female.

She saw some old guy on the street selling puppies and made quite a fuss. So he bought her a little black puppy... I don't know. An Airedale I think, though no one is really sure about that either. Then she bullied some reluctant elevator-boy to go out and get a box full of straw and some milk and a tin of large, hard dog-biscuits.. What? Pretty? Well, as little dogs go I guess it's... What? Oh, you mean Myrtle? Sorry. Well, I would say she was more.. sensual.. (Scream of pleasure from the other room.) So, listen. I'm here, and sort of, not really doing much.. Well you see we arrived and everyone started drinking pretty much straight away and then a while later I went out for some cigarettes and when I came back they had well, gone next door.. That was about an hour ago.. So there's just me and Mrs McKee. She says she paints.. That's kind of why I'm calling. I was wondering – if you were in New York maybe we could... (disappointed) Oh. That's all right. I was just... Well look. Have a great time in Ohio. Are you there to play golf? Right. Well I hope you win... And well, maybe we.. Wait. I better go. I think they're coming back. Bye. (Nick hangs up. Tom enters looking like he's just had sex. Myrtle follows.)

McKee: I like your dress. I think it's adorable.

DAISY: It's just a crazy old thing. I just slip it on sometimes when I don't care what I look like.

McKee: But it looks wonderful on you, if you know what I mean.

TOM: (to Mrs McKee) You should have something to drink. (to Myrtle) Get some more ice and mineral water, Myrtle, before we all go to sleep.

MYRTLE: I told that boy about the ice. (Myrtle raises her eyebrows in despair at the shiftlessness of the lower orders.) These people! You have to keep after them all the time. (Myrtle leaves the room. We hear a dog barking and Myrtle squealing with delight.)

McKee: I've done some nice things out on Long Island. (Tom and Nick look at her blankly.)

TOM: What are you talking about, Lucille?

McKee: Two of them we have framed down-stairs.

TOM: Two what?

McKee: Two studies. One of them I call MONTAUK POINT— THE GULLS, and the other I call MONTAUK POINT— THE SEA. (Tom pours Nick a drink. Then he goes off to find Myrtle.)

TOM: Honey. Where are you? Where is the ice?

McKee: (to Nick) Do you live down on Long Island, too?

NICK: I live at West Egg.

McKee: Really? I was down there at a party about a month ago. At a man named Gatsby's. Do you know him?

NICK: I live next door to him.

McKee: Well, they say he's a nephew or a cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm's. That's where all his money comes from.

NICK: Really? I keep hearing his name but I haven't a clue who...

McKee: I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me. (Tom returns.)

McKee: (to Tom) I'd like to do more painting on Long Island. All I ask is that they should give me a start. You know, like a commission or something.

TOM: (grinning) Ask Myrtle. (Myrtle enters with a tray.) She'll give you a letter of introduction, won't you Myrtle?

MYRTLE: Do what?

TOM: You can introduce Lucille to your husband, so she can paint him. "GEORGE B. WILSON AT THE GASOLINE PUMP" or something like that. (Tom and Myrtle are distracted by themselves for a moment. Mrs McKee leans in close to Nick and whispers in his ear.)

McKee: You know, neither of them can stand the person they're married to.

NICK: Can't they?

McKee: Can't STAND them. (She looks at Myrtle and then at Tom.) What I say is, why go on living with them if they can't stand them? If I was them I'd get a divorce and get married to each other right away. (She takes another drink.) You see, it's really his wife that's keeping them apart. She's a Catholic, and they don't believe in divorce.

NICK: But Daisy isn't Catholic. (Myrtle turns and approaches.)

McKee: (ignoring him) I almost made a mistake, too, you know. I almost married a little kyke who'd been after me for years. I knew he was below me. Everybody kept saying to me: 'Lucille, that man's 'way below you!' But if I hadn't met Chester, he'd of got me sure.

MYRTLE: (after overhearing) Yes, but listen, at least you didn't marry him.

McKee: I know I didn't.

MYRTLE: Well, I married him. And that's the difference between you and me.

McKee: Why did you, Myrtle? Nobody forced you to.

MYRTLE: I married him because I thought he was a gentleman. I thought he knew something about breeding, but he wasn't fit to lick my shoe.

McKee: You were crazy about him for a while.

MYRTLE: Crazy about him! Who said I was crazy about him? I never was any more crazy about him than I was about that man there. (Myrtle points at Nick. He tries to show by his expression that he had played no part in her past.) Listen I was CRAZY for marrying him. I knew right away I made a mistake. He borrowed somebody's best suit to get married in, and never even told me about it, and the man came after it one day when he was out. 'Oh, is that your suit?' I said. 'This is the first I ever heard about it.' But I gave it to him and then I lay down and cried to beat the band all afternoon. (turning) Hey, who turned the music off? (She gets up and leaves again.)

McKee: (quietly to Nick) She really ought to get away from him. They've been living over that garage for eleven years. And tom's the first sweetie she ever had.

TOM: (entering) I have another bottle of whisky here and I've just told the janitor to fetch us some sandwiches.

NICK: Listen, Tom. I really shouldn't stay. I think I'll go take a walk in the park. Its...

TOM: No Nick. We want you to stay. (He pours another drink for Nick.) You haven't finished your drink. (Tom goes upstage.)

NICK: So where is your husband, Mrs McKee?

McKee: I haven't the faintest idea. (Everyone laughs.)

MYRTLE: (to Nick) You want to know how I first met him?

NICK: Who?

MYRTLE: Tom. It was on the two little seats facing each other that are always the last ones left on the train. I was going up to New York to see my sister and spend the night. He had on a dress suit and patent leather shoes, and I couldn't keep my eyes off him, but every time he looked at me I had to pretend to be looking at the advertisement over his head. When we came into the station he was next to me, and his white shirt-front pressed against my arm, and so I told him I'd have to call a policeman, but he knew I lied. I was so excited that when I got into a taxi with him I didn't hardly know I wasn't getting into a subway train. All I kept thinking about, over and over, was 'You can't live forever; you can't live forever.' (Myrtle turns to Lucille and laughs. Everyone laughs.)

MYRTLE: (to Mrs. McKee) My dear, I'm going to give you this dress as soon as I'm through with it. I've got to

get another one to-morrow. I'm going to make a list of all the things I've got to get. A massage and a wave, and a collar for the dog, and one of those cute little ash-trays where you touch a spring, and a wreath with a black silk bow for mother's grave that'll last all summer. I got to write down a list so I won't forget all the things I got to do. (She gets up and goes off to find Tom.) Tom. Tom! You hear me? I need to tell you what I need to buy tomorrow.. (Mrs McKee is left again with Nick. She starts to come on to him but is too drunk to make anything other than an embarrassing impression.)

McKee: So, Rick - Myrtle says you're not married..

NICK: Nick.

McKee: What?

NICK: Nick - It's Nick, not Rick.

McKee: Nick. I'm sorry. You're a beautiful young man. Did anyone tell you that? Do you know how old I am, Rick? Nick? (Meanwhile an argument is starting upstage between Tom and Myrtle.)

MYRTLE: Daisy! Daisy! Daisy! I'll say it whenever I want to! Daisy! Dai... (Suddenly Tom Buchanan punches her and breaks her nose. Pandemonium breaks loose. Myrtle screams. Towels are fetched. Eventually she falls into the arms of Tom. Nick picks up his hat and quietly leaves.)

Music 5: Party music.

Scene 4: Gatsby's First Party.

Nick appears on a balcony. Jordan arrives. Nick sees her and calls over.

NICK: Hello!

JORDAN: I thought you might be here. I remembered you lived next door. (A guest rushes up to Jordan.)

GUEST: Excuse me. You're Jordan Baker. May I have your autograph for my daughter?

JORDAN: Sure. (As she signs a little book.)

GUEST: I'm sorry you didn't win. You know – that tournament about a week ago?

JORDAN: I know. I'm sorry too.

GUEST: I saw you here about a month ago.

JORDAN: Did you? How nice! Do you come to these parties often?

GUEST: Oh yes. I never care what I do, so I always have a good time. (Jordan hands back the pad.) Thank you Miss Baker. Good luck next time! Good bye. (The guest goes.)

JORDAN: Good bye! Good luck to you!

NICK: How are you?

JORDAN: I'm drunk. Well? What do you think?

NICK: It's incredible. Just look at it. There must be five hundred people in here. I knew it was going to be big party. I mean I've been watching the caterers arriving since nine this morning, and then after that the Rolls-Royces, and motor-boats pulling up and guests arriving..

JORDAN: Yes, I was impressed the first time I came.

NICK: Look at those tables of food. It's, well it's incredible. And the orchestra. And you say he had parties like this every Saturday?

JORDAN: Regular as clockwork.

NICK: Who are these people?

JORDAN: Everyone and anyone. Most of them are not invited, you know, they just come here. They get into their automobiles and end up here, at Gatsby's door. Maybe some were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby. Most of them come and go and they never actually meet Gatsby at all.

NICK: Well I was invited. A chauffeur in a uniform of robin's-egg blue crossed my lawn early this morning with a note. It said something like 'the honour would be entirely mine if you would attend my little party tonight. – 'Little?'

JORDAN: Have you been down to the swimming pool?

NICK: You mean the enormous pool over there with everyone dancing in it?

JORDAN: That's not the swimming pool. That's the fountain. The swimming pool is round the back. You should take a look. Have you seen Gatsby?

NICK: No. I don't know what he looks like. I've seen

him a couple of times at night. But just a silhouette of him, standing alone on the edge of his garden, looking out across the bay. Have you met him?

JORDAN: Who, Gatsby?

NICK: Yes.

JORDAN: Once. Briefly. When I was here last I tore my gown on a chair, and he asked me my name and address — inside of a week I got a package from Crozier's with a new evening gown in it. I was going to wear it to-night. It's gas blue with lavender beads. Two hundred and sixty-five dollars.

NICK: Wow.

JORDAN: There's something funny about a fellow that'll do a thing like that. He doesn't want any trouble with ANYbody. Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once.

NICK: Everybody is talking about him. I stood by a crowd at the buffet table and some guy was telling the others he knew for a fact that Gatsby was a German spy during the war.

JORDAN: (grabbing Nick by the arm) Come on. It's time you met the man. Let's go and find him. (They move off.)

Music 7: More singing and dancing.

Jordan and Nick end up apart. Nick wanders through the crowd. Gatsby catches sight of him. Their eyes meet.

GATSBY: Excuse me. Your face is familiar. Weren't you in the Third Division during the war?

NICK: Why, yes. I was in the Ninth Machine-gun Battalion.

GATSBY: I was in the Seventh Infantry until June nineteen-eighteen. I knew I'd seen you somewhere before. (A song and dance drowns out their conversation for a while. Jordan reappears and comes over.)

JORDAN: Nick. There you are. (She looks around at Gatsby then back at Nick.) Having a gay time now? (She carries on walking past and smiling.)

NICK: Wait! (to Gatsby) Sorry. She's a friend. We're supposed to be looking for the host. I live over there, next door (he gestures), and...

GATSBY: (suddenly) I'm Gatsby.

NICK: What? Oh, I beg your pardon.

GATSBY: I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host. Listen old boy. I've just bought a hydroplane, and I was going to try it out in the morning. Want to go with me, old sport? Just near the shore along the Sound.

NICK: What time?

GATSBY: Any time that suits you best.

NICK: Er, well... (A butler approaches.)

BUTLER: Excuse me sir. Chicago is calling you sir, on the wire.

GATSBY: Right you are.. (He excuses himself with a small bow.) (to Nick) If you want anything just ask for it, old sport. Excuse me. I will rejoin you later. (Nick watches Gatsby leave. When Gatsby has gone, Jordan floats back.)

NICK: Who is he?

JORDAN: He's just a man named Gatsby.

NICK: Where is he from, I mean? And what does he do?

JORDAN: No one is quite sure. He told me once he was an Oxford man. However, I don't believe it.

NICK: Why not?

JORDAN: I don't know. I just don't think he went there.

NICK: I don't understand. Why does a young man appear out from nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island Sound?

JORDAN: Anyhow, he gives large parties. And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy.

VOICE: Ladies and gentlemen! (Everyone turns.) At the request of Mr. Gatsby we are going to play for you a song which attracted so much attention at Carnegie Hall last May. If you read the papers, you know there was a big sensation. The piece is known as...

JORDAN: Come on. Dance with me. (They dance a more intimate dance. After a while a butler approaches the couple.)

BUTLER: I beg your pardon. Miss Baker? (Jordan stops and turns.) I beg your pardon, but Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you alone.

JORDAN: With me?

BUTLER: Yes, madame.

Jordan pulls a face at Nick and then follows the butler off. As the music and dancing continue, Nick wanders around, watching the crowd. The music slowly winds down and stops. Guests leave. Nick passes a drunk couple.

Argument between guests at the end of the night..

F.GUEST: Whenever he sees I'm having a good time he wants to go home. Never heard anything so selfish in my life. We're always the first ones to leave.

M.GUEST: Well, we're almost the last to-night. The orchestra left half an hour ago. (They leave. Jordan returns.)

JORDAN: I've just heard the most amazing thing.. (She stops to say goodbye to some guests before returning to Nick.) How long were we in there?

NICK: Why, about an hour.

JORDAN: It was — simply amazing. But I swore I wouldn't tell a soul and here I am tantalizing you. (She yawns.)

JORDAN: Come on. I'll drive you home.

NICK: But I only live next door.

JORDAN: I don't mean yours, you fool. My aunt is way for a few nights. (As they move to the car, Gatsby appears.)

GATSBY: (calling over) Don't forget we're going up in the hydroplane to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock.

NICK: Yes, Mr Gatsby. (The butler approaches Gatsby.)

BUTLER: Philadelphia wants you on the 'phone, sir.

GATSBY: All right, in a minute. Tell them I'll be right there. (smiling, to Nick) Good night old sport.

NICK: Good night. (Nick and Jordan climb into her car. Music reprise as they begin to drive.)

NICK: So? Are you going to tell me what.. (Suddenly Jordan turns and skids sharply.)

NICK: Hey!

JORDAN: Don't panic. I missed him.

NICK: You're a rotten driver. Either you ought to be more careful, or you oughtn't to drive at all.

JORDAN: I am careful.

NICK: No, you're not.

JORDAN: Well, other people are.

NICK: What's that got to do with it?

JORDAN: They'll keep out of my way. It takes two to make an accident.

NICK: Suppose you met somebody just as careless as yourself.

JORDAN: I hope I never will. I hate careless people. That's why I like you. (She leans over to kiss Nick. The car skids again. Fade. Music reprise)

Scene 5: Second trip to New York.

Gatsby pulls up in his car outside Nick's house.

GATSBY: Good morning, old sport.

NICK: Morning.

GATSBY: I called on you the other morning but you were out.

NICK: Yes, I...

GATSBY: Forget it. It's a fine day today. I thought you might like to take a ride in my car. I'll take you out to lunch.

NICK: Fine. (Nick walks over.) My. A Rolls Royce isn't it? It's gorgeous.

GATSBY: It's pretty, isn't it, old sport? Haven't you ever seen it before?

NICK: I've seen it from a distance. (Nick gets in and they begin their journey.)

Music 9: Car travelling.

GATSBY: Look here, old sport... What's your opinion

of me, anyhow?

NICK: (a little overwhelmed) Er, well... I guess you're a very successful, lucky..

GATSBY: - Well, 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. I'll tell you God's truth. I am 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 is a family tradition.

NICK: What part of the Middle West?

GATSBY: San Francisco.

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 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! (Gatsby reaches in his pocket, and hands Nick a piece of metal, slung on a ribbon.) That's the one from Montenegro.

NICK: My. (he reads the inscription) Orderi di Danilo. Montenegro, Nicolas Rex.

GATSBY: Turn it.

NICK: (reading) 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 — the man on my left is now the Earl of Dorchester. (Gatsby fetches out a photo and shows it to Nick.)

NICK: That's you with the cricket bat. (Nick hands back the medal and photo.)

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. You see, I usually find myself among strangers because I drift here and there trying to forget the sad thing that happened to me. You'll hear about it this afternoon.

NICK: At lunch?

GATSBY: No, this afternoon. I happened to find out that you're taking Miss Baker to tea.

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 see.. (They ride on in silence. Music continues. They stop and get out of the car.)

Scene 6: New York Bar.

GATSBY: Before we go and eat, let' go in here a minute. I want you to meet a friend of mine. (They walk into a bar and Nick follows Gatsby to a table, at which Wolfsheim is sitting.)

GATSBY: Mr. Carraway, this is my friend Mr. Wolfsheim. (Wolfsheim gets up and shakes Nick's hand.)

WOLF: sorted it all out for you.

NICK: (confused) Sorry?

WOLF: After I heard what had happened, I took one look at him.. (Nick looks very puzzled, until he realises that Wolfsheim is talking to Gatsby.)

WOLF: and I handed the money to Katspaugh and I said: 'all right, Katspaugh, don't pay him a penny till he shuts his mouth.' He shut it then and there.

GATSBY: Great. (A waiter enters.)

WAITER: Highballs?

GATSBY: Yes, highballs. (Gatsby nods and the waiter leaves.)

WOLF: This is a nice place here. Look at those Presbyterian nymphs on the ceiling. But I like across the street better! It's hot and small — yes, but full of memories.

NICK: What place is that?

GATSBY: The old Metropole. I'm taking you there for lunch.

WOLF: The old Metropole. Filled with faces dead and gone. Filled with friends gone now forever. I can't forget so long as I live the night they shot Rosy Rosenthal there. It was six of us at the table, and Rosy had eat and drunk a lot all evening. When it was almost morning the waiter came up to him with a funny look and says somebody wants to speak to him outside. 'all right,' says Rosy, and begins to get up, and I pulled him down in his chair. 'Let the bastards come in here if they want you, Rosy, but don't you, so help me, move outside this room.' It was four o'clock in the morning then, and if we'd of raised the blinds we'd of seen daylight.

NICK: Did he go?

WOLF: Sure he went. He turned around in the door and says: 'Don't let that waiter take away my coffee!' Then he went out on the sidewalk, and they shot him three times in his full belly and drove away.

NICK: I remember. Four of them were electrocuted..

WOLF: Five, with Becker. I understand you're looking for a business connegtion.

GATSBY: Oh, no, this isn't the man.

WOLF: No?

GATSBY: This is just a friend. I told you we'd talk about that some other time.

WOLF: I beg your pardon. I had the wrong man. (Waiter brings drinks. Wolfsheim sips his drink and then glances at his watch. He turns to Gatsby.)

WOLF: Hey, its ten after one.. (Gatsby looks at his watch, jumps up, and hurries from the room, leaving Nick with Mr Wolfsheim at the table.)

WOLF: He has to telephone. Fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at and a perfect gentleman.

NICK: Yes.

WOLF: He's an Oggsford man.

NICK: Oh!

WOLF: He went to Oggsford College in England. You know Oggsford College?

NICK: I've heard of it.

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

NICK: Have you known Gatsby for a long time?

WOLF: Several years. I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war. But 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.. (he pauses) I see you're looking at my cuff buttons.

NICK: Sorry?

WOLF: My cuff buttons.

NICK: Oh. Mmm, interesting. What exactly are they...?

WOLF: Finest specimens of human molars.

NICK: What do you mean — teeth?

WOLF: Yeah.

NICK: Well - That's a very interesting idea.

WOLF: Yeah. Yeah, Gatsby's very careful about women. He would never so much as look at a friend's wife. (Gatsby returns and sits at the table. He signs or maybe whispers at Wolfsheim. Wolfsheim finishes his drink and stands up.) I'm going to leave you two young men. I have some business of my own to attend to, and you're about to go and eat.

GATSBY: Come and join us, Meyer.

WOLF: You're very polite, but I belong to another generation. You go and discuss your sports and your young ladies and your... As for me, I am fifty years old,

and I won't impose myself on you any longer. (He shakes hands with Nick and leaves.)

GATSBY: He becomes very sentimental sometimes. This is one of his sentimental days. He's quite a character around New York — a denizen of Broadway.

NICK: Who is he, anyhow, an actor?

GATSBY: No.

NICK: A dentist?

GATSBY: Meyer Wolfsheim? No, he's a gambler. (after a pause) He's the man who fixed the World's Series back in 1919.

NICK: (incredulous) Fixed the World's Series? How did he happen to do that?

GATSBY: He just saw the opportunity.

NICK: Why isn't he in jail?

GATSBY: They can't get him, old sport. He's a smart man. (After a pause.) Look here, old sport. I'm afraid I made you a little angry this morning in the car. (He smiles.)

NICK: I don't like mysteries. And I don't understand why you won't come out frankly and tell me what you want. Why has it all got to come through Miss Baker?

GATSBY: Oh, it's nothing underhand. Miss Baker's a great sportswoman, you know, and she'd never do anything that wasn't all right. (Tom appears in another part of the restaurant.)

NICK: Wait. There's someone I know. Come and say hello. (Nick gets up and starts to move over to Tom. Tom sees Nick and steps forward.)

TOM: Where've you been? Daisy's furious because you haven't called up. (Nick turns to introduce Tom to Gatsby.)

NICK: This is Mr. Gatsby, Mr. Buchanan. (Gatsby and Tom briefly shake hands, and a strained, unfamiliar look of embarrassment comes over Gatsby's face.)

TOM: How've you been, anyhow? How'd you happen to be in this part of town?

NICK: I was invited to lunch with Mr. Gatsby. (Nick turns toward Mr. Gatsby, but Gatsby is no longer there.)

TOM: (seeing someone else in the distance) Hold on Nick. I need to get the waiter. (Tom goes off.)

Music 10 : Transition.

Nick is left alone. The restaurant scene dissolves.

Scene 7: The Golf Course.

Jordan enters upstage. She is in her golfing clothes and carries clubs. We are now on a golf course.

JORDAN: He just left you, like that. Without a word.

NICK: Yeah. And Tom went back to his friends at a table on the other side of the restaurant.

JORDAN: Jesus. How rude. So what did you do?

NICK: Well I called your number and spoke to your aunt. She told me you were here practicing for your next tournament so I decided to jump in a cab and come over. I hope you don't mind.

JORDAN: No. Do you play?

NICK: No.

JORDAN: Come over here and I'll show you how it's done. (During the conversation, she shows him how to putt etc...) As a matter of fact I'm pleased you turned up. There are some things I need to tell you about Gatsby.

NICK: Oh no. We're not going to spend the entire afternoon talking about him.

JORDAN: I'm afraid we are. It's important you know these things. I'll start at the beginning. About five years ago, Daisy introduced me to a young lieutenant I had never seen before. They were dating and when I saw them together I remember thinking that there was something incredibly intense and romantic about the way they were together. I have remembered that incident ever since. His name was Jay Gatsby, and I didn't lay eyes on him again for over four years — even after I'd met him on Long Island I didn't realize it was the same man.

Not long after that I began to play in tournaments and that meant I hardly saw Daisy at all. When I saw her three months after she married Tom I thought I'd never

seen a girl so mad about her husband. If he left the room for a minute she'd look around uneasily, and say: "Where's Tom gone?" and wear the most abstracted expression until she saw him coming in the door. It was touching to see them together — it made you laugh in a hushed, fascinated way. That was in August.

A week after I left Santa Barbara Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road one night, and ripped a front wheel off his car. The girl who was with him got into the papers, too, because her arm was broken — she was one of the chambermaids in the Santa Barbara Hotel.

The next April Daisy had her little girl, and they went to France for a year. I saw them one spring in Cannes, and later in Deauville, and then they came back to Chicago to settle down. Daisy was popular in Chicago, as you know. They moved with a fast crowd, all of them young and rich and wild, but she came out with an absolutely perfect reputation. Perhaps because she doesn't drink. It's a great advantage not to drink among hard-drinking people. You can hold your tongue, and, moreover, you can time any little irregularity of your own so that everybody else is so blind that they don't see or care. Perhaps Daisy never went in for amour at all — and yet there's something in that voice of hers.

Well, about six weeks ago, she heard the name Gatsby for the first time in years. It was when I asked you — do you remember? — if you knew Gatsby in West Egg. After you had gone home she came into my room and woke me up, and said: "What Gatsby?" and when I described him — I was half asleep — she said in the strangest voice that it must be the man she used to know. It wasn't until then that I connected this Gatsby with the officer in her white car.

NICK: It was a strange coincidence.

JORDAN: ut it wasn't a coincidence at all.

NICK: Why not?

JORDAN: Gatsby bought that house so that Daisy would be just across the bay.

NICK: Ah, now I'm beginning to understand the kind of man he is.

JORDAN: Now the reason I am telling you all this is that Gatsby wants to know if you'll invite Daisy to your house some afternoon and then let him come over.

NICK: Oh. Did I have to know all this before he could ask such a little thing?

JORDAN: He's afraid, he's waited so long. He thought you might be offended. You see, he's a regular tough underneath it all.

NICK: Wait a minute. Why didn't he ask you to arrange a meeting?

JORDAN: He wants her to see his house. Your house is right next door.

NICK: Oh!

JORDAN: I think he half expected her to wander into one of his parties, some night, but she never did. Then he began asking people casually if they knew her, and I was the first one he found. It was that night he sent for me at his dance, and you should have heard the elaborate way he worked up to it. Of course, I immediately suggested a luncheon in New York — and I thought he'd go mad: 'I don't want to do anything out of the way!' he kept saying. 'I want to see her right next door.' When I said you were a particular friend of Tom's, he started to abandon the whole idea. He doesn't know very much about Tom, though he says he's read a Chicago paper for years just on the chance of catching a glimpse of Daisy's name. (She lays up a ball and strikes.)

JORDAN: You know - Daisy ought to have something in her life..

NICK: Does she want to see Gatsby?

JORDAN: She's not to know about it. Gatsby doesn't want her to know. You're just supposed to invite her to tea. (She strides off after the ball. She stops and turns back to him.) Come on, caddy.

Chapter 5

Music 11: Night time.

Scene 10: Nick's house. Night time

Nick enters. He's tired. He rubs his aching shoulders. He starts to take off his shirt. Knock on the door.

NICK: It's open. (Gatsby enters.)

GATSBY: Nick.

NICK: Hello.

GATSBY: I was in the garden and I saw the cab dropping you home.

NICK: Yeah.

GATSBY: It's a wonderful night isn't it? I thought you might want to take a ride in my car to Coney Island.

NICK: It's too late.

GATSBY: Well, suppose we take a plunge in the swimming-pool? I haven't made use of it all summer.

NICK: I've got to go to bed.

GATSBY: All right, old sport. (Gatsby waits, looking at Nick with suppressed eagerness.)

NICK: (after a moment) I talked with Miss Baker, the other day. I'm going to call up Daisy to-morrow and invite her over here to tea.

GATSBY: Oh, that's all right. I don't want to put you to any trouble.

NICK: What day would suit you?

GATSBY: What day would suit YOU? I don't want to put you to any trouble, you see.

NICK: How about the day after to-morrow? (Gatsby nods.)

GATSBY: I want to get the grass cut.

NICK: Sure. I guess you mean my grass. (Gatsby smiles.)

GATSBY: There's another little thing..

NICK: Would you rather put it off for a few days?

GATSBY: Oh, it isn't about that. At least.. Why, I thought...why, look here, old sport, you don't make much money, do you?

NICK: Not very much.

GATSBY: I thought you didn't, if you'll pardon me — You see, I carry on a little business on the side, a sort of side line, you understand. And I thought that if you don't make very much — You're selling bonds, aren't you, old sport?

NICK: Trying to.

GATSBY: Well, this would interest you. It wouldn't take up much of your time and you might pick up a nice bit of money. It happens to be a rather confidential sort of thing. You see..

NICK: I've got my hands full. I'm much obliged but I couldn't take on any more work.

GATSBY: You wouldn't have to do any business with Wolfsheim.

NICK: No, no. It's not that. (Silence.)

GATSBY: Well, I'll leave you alone.

NICK: Goodnight.

GATSBY: Goodnight old sport. (Gatsby exits)

Music 12: Reprise of 11.

Scene 11: Nick's House - Day.

The chorus fill his house with flowers. Nick is changing. The phone rings.

NICK: Jordan. How are you? Fine. Fine. Did you win? Sorry to hear about that. What? No, it's today. She will be arriving any minute in fact.. That's right. I called Daisy a couple of days ago and she accepted the invitation. I told her to come without Tom. I don't know what she will make of my grubby little home. I've done my best to make it look smart. I've filled the place with flowers and bought new cups and twelve lemon cakes from the deli.. Nick turns and sees Gatsby at the window. Look I have to go now. I'll call you when it's over and tell you how it all went. Yeah, thanks. Goodbye. (He hangs up as Gatsby enters, wearing a white flannel suit, silver shirt, and gold-colored tie.)

GATSBY: Is everything all right?

NICK: The grass looks fine, if that's what you mean. Your man did it first thing this morning.

GATSBY: What grass? Oh, the grass in the yard. (He looks vaguely out the window.) Looks very good. One of the papers said they thought the rain would stop

about four. I think it was the JOURNAL. Have you got everything you need in the shape of tea? (Nick points to the tea prepared.)

NICK: Will they do?

GATSBY: Of course, of course! They're fine, old sport. (Gatsby sits down and waits. He stands up, paces around, sits down. Finally.) What time did she say she would be here?

NICK: Any time after four. (Gatsby looks at his watch. Waits. Silence. Finally, Gatsby gets up.)

GATSBY: Look. Nick. I think I'll go home.

NICK: Why's that?

GATSBY: Nobody's coming to tea. It's too late! (He looks at his watch again.) I can't wait all day.

NICK: Don't be silly; it's just two minutes to four. (Gatsby sits down miserably. A car is heard pulling up. Both jump up and look out. Gatsby looks at Nick. Nick goes out. The following conversation is heard off.)

DAISY: Nick!

NICK: Welcome.

DAISY: Is this absolutely where you live, my dearest one?

NICK: Yeah. What do you think?

DAISY: Are you in love with me?

NICK: What?

DAISY: Why did I have to come alone?

NICK: That's a secret. Tell your chauffeur to go far away and spend an hour.

DAISY: (calling) Come back in an hour, Ferdie. (Daisy enters the house. Nick follows. She doesn't see Gatsby at first. Nick watches from upstage, waiting for her to see him. Finally she turns and clocks him. They freeze.)

GATSBY: Hello Daisy.

DAISY: (stunned) Jay?

GATSBY: What a delightful surprise. (Silence.) I, well I hope you..

DAISY: I certainly am awfully glad to see you again.

GATSBY: Really? (Silence.)

NICK: You guys know each other then.

GATSBY: Yes Nick. We've met before.

DAISY: We haven't met for many years..

GATSBY: Five years next November. (The couple stare at each other in silence. Nick makes a move to exit.)

GATSBY: Where are you going?

NICK: You just stay there. I'll get started on the tea.

GATSBY: (following Nick out) I've got to speak to you about something before you go. (They make their way to the kitchen.)

GATSBY: (whispering) Oh, God!

NICK: What's the matter?

GATSBY: This is a terrible mistake, a terrible, terrible mistake.

NICK: You're just embarrassed, that's all. Daisy's embarrassed too.

GATSBY: She's embarrassed?

NICK: Just as much as you are.

GATSBY: Don't talk so loud.

NICK: You're acting like a little boy. Not only that, but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone. (Gatsby nods and returns to the room. There is a silence. They stare at each other. They are in love.)

GATSBY: You know I loved you.

DAISY: I loved you also.

GATSBY: I begged you to marry me, Daisy.

DAISY: You had no money. It was impossible. You know that. And you went off to fight, remember.

GATSBY: And you met Tom.

DAISY: Yes.

GATSBY: Did you think of me for one moment on the day you married him?

DAISY: You want to know what happened that day? I'll tell you what happened. The day before the wedding Tom gave me a string of pearls valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That was the kind of wedding it was.

Louisville had never seen such pomp and circumstance. The great Tom Buchanan of Chicago had come down with a hundred people in four private cars, and hired a whole floor of the Seelbach Hotel. Jordan was bridesmaid. She came into my room half an hour before the bridal dinner, and found me lying on my bed, as lovely as the June night in my flowered dress — and as drunk as a monkey. I think I had a bottle of Sauterne in one hand and your letter in the other.

GATSBY: My letter?

DAISY: The one you wrote me when you came back from the war. You can't have forgotten that letter. You cannot have forgotten what you wrote.

GATSBY: Of course I remember the letter. I never got an answer. I assumed you never got it.

DAISY: Well I did, Jay. It arrived on my wedding day and I wouldn't let it go, and I was drunk for the first time in my life and I was hysterical. Jordan was scared and kept saying 'What's the matter Daisy?' and all I could do was grope around in a waste-basket and bring out the string of pearls and say 'Take 'em downstairs and give 'em back to whoever they belong to. Tell 'em all Daisy's change' her mine. Say: 'Daisy's change' her mine!' I couldn't stop crying so Jordan fetched a maid and they locked the door and threw me into a cold bath, I kept that letter in my hand and squeezed it up into a wet ball, and then when it was all coming to pieces like snow, I left it in the soap-dish. That was when I stopped myself from thinking about you. That's when I stopped crying. They gave me spirits of ammonia and put ice on my forehead and hooked me back into my dress, and half an hour later, when we walked out of the room, the pearls were around my neck and I went off and married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver. (She cries. He comforts her. They embrace, kiss. Nick joins the chorus and a love song is sung.)

Music 12: Love song.

Gatsby and Daisy talk intimately as the lullaby is sung. The scene is interrupted when Nick gently re-enters the room with a tray of tea cups. Daisy wipes the tears from her face.

GATSBY: Oh, hello, old sport.

NICK: It's stopped raining.

GATSBY: Has it? (to Daisy) What do you think of that? It's stopped raining.

DAISY: I'm glad, Jay.

GATSBY: (getting 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. (Daisy gets up.)

DAISY: May I use your bathroom Nick?

NICK: Sure. It's upstairs. (She exits. Nick follows Gatsby onto the balcony.)

GATSBY: (looking out) My house looks well, doesn't it? See how the whole front of it catches the light.

NICK: Yes. It's a splendid house.

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

NICK: I thought you inherited your money.

GATSBY: I did, old sport.... but I lost most of it in the big panic, the panic of the war. (Silence.)

NICK: I still don't really know what exactly you do..

GATSBY: That's my affair, Nick. (He realizes it isn't the appropriate reply.) Oh, I've been in several things. I was in the drug business and then I was in the oil business. But I'm not in either one now. Do you mean you've been thinking over what I proposed the other night? (Daisy joins them.)

DAISY: (pointing) That huge place THERE?

GATSBY: 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. (They start to walk off. Nick lets them wander ahead. Jordan appears upstage, out of the scene.)

JORDAN: So what did she think of the house?

NICK: She adored it. He showed her all the bedrooms and the bathrooms with sunken baths. He showed her his beautiful silk shirts and linen suits, the hydroplane and swimming pool. She was dazzled by it all. (Gatsby and Daisy reappear downstage, standing on a balcony in Gatsby's house.)

GATSBY: Daisy - look out there. If it wasn't for the mist we could see your home across the bay. You always have a green light that burns all night at the end of your dock. (Daisy looks and then turns to look at Gatsby. Now she understands. She puts her arm through his.)

NICK: (to Jordan) Did you know that he has been collecting newspaper articles about her for years. He showed her a huge file of them. (Meanwhile Gatsby and Daisy are arm in arm, looking out on the bay. A servant appears upstage.)

SERVANT: Mr Gatsby. Telephone. (Gatsby excuses himself for a moment. We hear him speaking on the phone.)

GATSBY: Hello...? Yes..well, I can't talk now...I can't talk now, old sport.. I said a SMALL town... he must know what a small town is... well, he's no use to us if Detroit is his idea of a small town. (He rings off. Daisy looks back and calls him back out.)

DAISY: Jay, come here. (Gatsby reappears on the balcony.)

DAISY: Come here QUICK! (pointing upward) Look at those beautiful clouds. All pink and golden and foamy.

GATSBY: Beautiful. (They embrace.)

DAISY: I'd like to just get one of those pink clouds and put you in it and push you around.

JORDAN: (to Nick) And where were you when all this was going on? (Gatsby and Daisy stare into each other's eyes. Nick feels very excluded.)

NICK: They had forgotten me, so I just walked out and left them there together. (The scene fades.)

JORDAN: I wonder if she lived up to his dreams?

NICK: Nothing could possibly have lived up to his dreams. I think that whatever he has stored up in his heart about her has gone beyond her, beyond everything. (Jordan and Nick walk slowly downstage. We are now in a garden at night.. They walk beside each other for a while in silence.)

NICK: It's so beautiful.

JORDAN: Yeah. But if Tom gets to hear about it, things will get bloody.

NICK: I wasn't talking about them. I was talking about this. It's such a beautiful night.

JORDAN: Yes it is.

NICK: Shall we walk down to the river, maybe get a bite to eat?

JORDAN: I'm cold. I think I'll head back home.

NICK: (disappointed) Sure.

Act 2

Scene 12: Gatsby's Mansion and his second party.

Music 13: Fox-trot.

Daisy and Gatsby dance a graceful, conservative fox-trot. After a while they stop and wander off as other guests move into focus.

JORDAN: Here we are again.

NICK: They look like they are the same people, or at least exactly the same sort of people.

JORDAN: The same profusion of champagne.

NICK: Yes.

JORDAN: What's the matter Nick? You don't seem very excited about it.

NICK: This time it feels different. It feels harsh and unpleasant. Maybe that's because I'm looking at it all through Daisy's eyes.

JORDAN: I know what you mean. But you'll get used to that. Did you see the happy couple earlier?

NICK: Who?

JORDAN: Daisy and Gatsby.

NICK: Were they dancing together?

JORDAN: Yes. In the garden. The question is, did Tom?

NICK: Is Tom here?

JORDAN: Didn't you know? Tom was evidently perturbed at Daisy's running around alone, so he's decided to come with her tonight.

NICK: Oh no.

JORDAN: Look - there's Daisy over there. (calling out) Daisy! (Daisy comes over.)

DAISY: Isn't it wonderful? I'm so excited! I've never met so many celebrities! (turning to Nick) If you want to kiss me any time during the evening, Nick, just let me know and I'll be glad to arrange it for you.

JORDAN: (to Daisy) Look...over there. That couple standing by that enormous pink cake. See them? (Daisy looks.)

DAISY: Oh yes! He's that movie director, what's his name...and she is.. (to Jordan) Have you been coming to these parties all the time and.. (The women wander off chatting. Nick stands alone. Music and dancing continues.)

In another part of the ballroom Gatsby appears with Tom.)

GATSBY: Well I'm delighted to see you. I'm delighted that you dropped in. (Tom ignores him.) Sit right down. Have a cigarette or a cigar. I'll have something to drink for you in just a minute. A lemonade? A little champagne?

TOM: Nothing at all, thanks.

GATSBY: Are you enjoying yourself?

TOM: I'm having a marvellous time.

GATSBY: You must see the faces of many people you've heard about.

TOM: Daisy and I don't go around very much. I don't think I don't know anyone here.

GATSBY: You know I believe we've met somewhere before, Mr. Buchanan.

TOM: (gruff) Oh, yes. I remember very well.

GATSBY: About two weeks ago.

TOM: That's right. You were with Nick.

GATSBY: I know your wife.

TOM: So I've heard. I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but women run around too much these days to suit me. They meet all kinds of crazy fish. (Gatsby clocks Nick.)

GATSBY: Nick!

TOM: (approaching) You live near here, Nick?

NICK: Next door.

TOM: That so? (Gatsby is distracted by someone. He turns to Tom and Nick.)

GATSBY: Excuse me gentlemen. The Police Commissioner and his wife have just arrived. I ought to show my face. I'm sure I will catch up with you later. (Gatsby goes.)

TOM: Who is this Gatsby anyhow? Some big bootlegger?

NICK: Where'd you hear that?

TOM: I didn't hear it. I imagined it. A lot of these newly rich people are just big bootleggers, you know.

NICK: Not Gatsby.

TOM: Well, he certainly must have strained himself to get this menagerie together. I'd like to know who he is and what he does. And I think I'll make a point of finding out. (More dancing and music. It slowly fades, slows down, dissolves. Tom and Daisy pass Nick as they leave.)

DAISY: At least they're more interesting than the people we know.

TOM: You didn't look so interested.

DAISY: Well, I was. (She stops and turns to Nick) Good night, Nick. (She kisses him and then leaves.)

NICK: Goodnight Tom. (Tom ignores him. Nick is alone and sits exhausted. The ballroom is finally empty. Gatsby enters yawning.)

GATSBY: That's it. Everyone's gone home.

NICK: What time is it?

GATSBY: It's about five thirty.

NICK: (looking out) It's going to be another fine day.

GATSBY: (after a pause) She didn't like it.

NICK: Of course she did.

GATSBY: She didn't like it. She didn't have a good time. (Silence.) I feel far away from her. It's hard to make her understand.

NICK: You mean about the dance?

GATSBY: The dance? No, old sport, the dance is unimportant.

NICK: What do you want from her? You want her to go to Tom and say "I never loved you."

GATSBY: Yes. I suppose so.

NICK: And after she has obliterated four years with that sentence, what then?

GATSBY: I'll take her back to Louisville and we'd get married. I wouldn't ask too much of her.

NICK: You can't repeat the past.

GATSBY: Can't repeat the past? Why of course you can! (He stands, restless.) I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before. She'll see. (He goes.)

NICK: (calling off) Goodnight.

Scene 13: Outside Nick's house.

Nick is fetching his newspaper. Gatsby pulls up in his car.

GATSBY: Nick. How are you, old sport?

NICK: I'm fine. I haven't seen you in a while.

GATSBY: I know. I was going to call by later.

NICK: I wasn't sure what was going on.

GATSBY: How do you mean?

NICK: Well to begin with I notice you've stopped the parties.

GATSBY: She doesn't like them.

NICK: And that's it? No more parties?

GATSBY: That's right.

NICK: And I hear you fired all your servants.

GATSBY: I wanted somebody who wouldn't gossip. Daisy comes over quite often - in the afternoons.

NICK: I see. (Silence. We see Nick smiling.)

GATSBY: Daisy wanted me to ask you if you would come to lunch at her house tomorrow. Miss Baker will be there. I'll pick you up at eleven.

NICK: Sure. They say it's going to be a very hot day tomorrow. Did you hear?

GATSBY: I'll see you tomorrow. (He drives off. Nick looks on, knowing something is up.)

Music 15: Hot and saltry.

Scene 14: Trip to New York.

Chairs are placed in a circle in the room as the guests assemble.

VOICE: Oh, my! It's so hot today!

VOICE: Some weather! Hot! Hot! Hot!

VOICE: Is it hot enough for you? Is it hot? Is it?

Jordan and Daisy lie on the couch in their white skirts. Gatsby enters and stands uncomfortably, looking around him. Nick steps into the scene.

DAISY: We can't move.

JORDAN: No. That's right. We can't move.

NICK: And Mr. Thomas Buchanan, the athlete?

JORDAN: Sssshhh! (Tom can be heard shouting in a telephone, offstage.)

JORDAN: The rumor is that that's Tom's girl on the telephone.

TOM: (off) Very well, then, I won't sell you the car at all... I'm under no obligations to you at all.. and as for your bothering me about it at lunch time, I won't stand that at all!

DAISY: Holding down the receiver.

NICK: No, he's not. It's a bona-fide deal. I happen to know about it. (They sit in silence. Tom hangs up. Enters the room. He sees Gatsby, goes over to him and puts out his hand with well-concealed dislike.)

TOM: I'm glad to see you, sir. (He turns to Nick.) Nick.

DAISY: Make us a cold drink. (Tom leaves the room. Daisy gets up and goes over to Gatsby and pulls his face

down, kissing him on the mouth.)
 DAISY: You know I love you.
 JORDAN: You forget there's a lady present.
 DAISY: You kiss Nick too.
 JORDAN: What a low, vulgar girl!
 DAISY: I don't care! (Tom comes back with four gin rickeys that click full of ice. Gatsby takes up his drink.)
 GATSBY: (tense) They certainly look cool. (The drinks are handed round and they drink silently.)
 TOM: I read somewhere that the sun's getting hotter every year. It seems that pretty soon the earth's going to fall into the sun, or wait a minute, it's just the opposite, the sun's getting colder every year. (Silence.)
 DAISY: What'll we do with ourselves this afternoon? And the day after that, and the next thirty years?
 JORDAN: Don't be morbid. Life starts all over again when it gets crisp in the fall.
 DAISY: But it's so hot, and everything's so confused. Let's all go to town! Who wants to go to town? (Gatsby's eyes float toward her.) Ah, you look so cool. (Their eyes meet, and they stare together at each other, alone in space.) You always look so cool. (As they stare, Tom watches. He is astounded. He looks at Gatsby, and then back at Daisy.)
 DAISY: You resemble the advertisement of the man. You know the advertisement of the man...
 TOM: All right! I'm perfectly willing to go to town. Come on - we're all going to town. (No one moves.) (angry) Come on! What's the matter, anyhow? If we're going to town, let's start. (Tom swallows his drink.)
 DAISY: (pulling Jordan up) Come on, Jordan. (Tom leaves and the others follow.)
 JORDAN: We'll be out in a minute. We're just freshening up. (Outside the men wait nervously.)
 TOM: I don't see the idea of going to town. Women get these notions in their heads and then...
 DAISY: (calling from off) Shall we take anything to drink?
 TOM: I'll get some whiskey. (He goes inside. Gatsby turns to Nick.)
 GATSBY: I can't say anything in his house, old sport.
 NICK: She's got an indiscreet voice. It's full of...
 GATSBY: Her voice is full of money.
 NICK: What?
 GATSBY: Her voice. It's full of money.
 NICK: Yes. You're probably right.
 Tom comes out of the house wrapping a quart bottle in a towel, followed by Daisy and Jordan wearing small tight hats of metallic cloth and carrying light capes over their arms.
 GATSBY: Shall we all go in my car?
 TOM: Is it standard shift?
 GATSBY: Yes.
 TOM: Well, you take my coupe and let me drive your car to town.
 GATSBY: Oh. But I don't think there's much gas...
 TOM: If it runs out I can stop at a drug-store. You can buy anything at a drug-store nowadays. (Tom leads Daisy to Gatsby's car.)
 TOM: Come on, Daisy. I'll take you in this circus wagon. (He opens the door, but she moves out from the circle of his arm.)
 DAISY: You take Nick and Jordan. We'll follow you in the coupe. (She separates and walks close to Gatsby, touching his coat with her hand.)
 DAISY: Where are we going?
 JORDAN: How about the movies?
 DAISY: It's so hot.
 TOM: We can decide that later. You follow me to the south side of Central Park, in front of the Plaza. (Jordan, Tom and Nick get into the front seat of Gatsby's car and Tom drives off.)
 TOM: Did you see that?
 NICK: See what? (Tom looks at Nick keenly, realizing that he and Jordan have known all along.)
 TOM: You think I'm pretty dumb, don't you? Perhaps I

am, but I have a, almost a second sight, sometimes, that tells me what to do. Maybe you don't believe that. I've made a small investigation of this fellow. I could have gone deeper if I'd known...
 JORDAN: Do you mean you've been to a medium?
 TOM: What? A medium?
 JORDAN: About Gatsby.
 TOM: About Gatsby! No, I haven't. I said I'd been making a small investigation of his past.
 JORDAN: And you found he was an Oxford man.
 TOM: An Oxford man! Like hell he is! He wears a pink jacket.
 JORDAN: Nevertheless he's an Oxford man.
 TOM: Oxford, New Mexico, or something like that.
 JORDAN: Listen, Tom. If you're such a snob, why did you invite him to lunch?
 TOM: Daisy invited him; she knew him before we were married — God knows where! (Silence as they drive.)
 NICK: How are we for gasoline?
 TOM: We've got enough to get us to town.
 JORDAN: But there's a garage right here. I don't want to get stalled in this baking heat. (Tom brakes sharply and the car stops outside Wilson's Garage. Wilson steps out. He looks ill. He just looks at the car.)
 TOM: (to Wilson) Let's have some gas. What do you think we stopped for to admire the view?
 WILSON: I'm sick. Been sick all day.
 TOM: What's the matter?
 WILSON: I'm all run down.
 TOM: Well, shall I help myself? You sounded well enough on the phone. (Wilson begins to fill the car with gas.)
 WILSON: I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch, but I need money pretty bad, and I was wondering what you were going to do with your old car.
 TOM: How do you like this one? I bought it last week.
 WILSON: It's a nice yellow one.
 TOM: Like to buy it?
 WILSON: Big chance. No, but I could make some money on the other.
 TOM: What do you want money for, all of a sudden?
 WILSON: I've been here too long. I want to get away. My wife and I want to go West.
 TOM: (surprised) Your wife does.
 WILSON: She's been talking about it for ten years. And now she's going whether she wants to or not. I'm going to get her away. (The coupe flashes by with a flurry of dust and the flash of a waving hand.)
 TOM: What do I owe you?
 WILSON: I just got wised up to something funny the last two days. That's why I want to get away. That's why I been bothering you about the car.
 TOM: What do I owe you?
 WILSON: Dollar twenty. (Tom pays. Tom stands away from the car while Wilson goes in to fetch change. Nick leans over to Jordan.)
 NICK: (whispering) You know this is where she lives.
 JORDAN: Who? (Then she understands) What, Tom's...?
 NICK: Shhh. She's upstairs. She's at the window looking at us. (Jordan goes to look.) Don't look.
 JORDAN: He's not gone in there to see her?
 NICK: No. I think she's looking at you. She must think you're his wife.
 JORDAN: Oh Jesus. (Tom reappears. Calls back to Wilson.)
 TOM: I'll let you have that car. I'll send it over tomorrow afternoon. (Tom steps back into the car and they drive off.)
 Music 16: Duo.
 Scene 15: Plaza Hotel.
 They wander in one by one.
 NICK: What's going on? What are we doing here?
 JORDAN: I haven't the faintest idea. We're just following Daisy. She wanted to come here and hire five

bath-rooms and take cold baths, but the hotel clerk wasn't happy so we're just going to stay here.
 NICK: This is a crazy idea.
 JORDAN: What's the matter Nick, don't you like it in here? It's a swell suite. (Daisy enters, followed by Gatsby and Tom.)
 DAISY: Open another window.
 JORDAN: There aren't any more.
 DAISY: Well, we'd better telephone for an axe...
 TOM: The thing to do is to forget about the heat. You make it ten times worse by crabbing about it. (He unrolls the bottle of whiskey from the towel and puts it on the table.)
 GATSBY: Why not let her alone, old sport? You're the one that wanted to come to town. (Silence and tension.)
 TOM: That's a great expression of yours, isn't it?
 GATSBY: What is it?
 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. Call up and order some ice for the mint julep. (Tom picks up a phone and talks upstage. Nick wanders over to a window.)
 NICK: There's some wedding taking place across the street.
 JORDAN: (going over to look) Imagine marrying anybody in this heat!
 DAISY: Still — I was married in the middle of June. Louisville in June! Somebody fainted. Who was it fainted, Tom? (Tom hangs up but ignores Daisy. He turns instead to Gatsby.)
 TOM: 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. (Silence.)
 TOM: 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 glances around to see if the others mirror his unbelief. But the others are looking at 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. (Silence.)
 DAISY: Open the whiskey, Tom, and I'll make you a mint julep. Then you won't seem so stupid to yourself... 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 anyhow? Silence.
 DAISY: He isn't causing a row. You're causing a row. Please have a little self-control.
 TOM: (incredulous) 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 everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white.
 JORDAN: We're all white here.
 TOM: I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties. I suppose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have any friends — in the modern world.
 GATSBY: I've got something to tell YOU, old sport...
 DAISY: Please don't! Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?
 NICK: That's a good idea. Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink.
 TOM: I want to know what Mr. Gatsby has to tell me.
 GATSBY: Your wife doesn't love you. She's never loved you. She loves me.
 TOM: You must be crazy!
 GATSBY: She never loved you, do you hear? She only

married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved anyone except me! (Silence.)

NICK: Jordan – shall we take a stroll?

JORDAN: (getting up) Yes, Nick. I think..

TOM: No. Stay.

GATSBY: Yes, Nick. I'd like you to stay for a while.

TOM: Sit down, Daisy. Now tell me - what's been going on? I want to hear all about it.

GATSBY: I told you what's been going on, Going on for five years — and you didn't know.

TOM: (to Daisy) You've been seeing this fellow for five years?

GATSBY: Not seeing. No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes, to think that you didn't know.

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.

JORDON: 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?

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

NICK: its ten thirty now. I can be there in an hour.

JORDON: 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? 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 upstairs. 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?

JORDAN: 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. (The End.)