



WELCOME TO THE BELFRY THEATRE AUDITION/CONTACT FORM



Please fill out as much of the requested information
as possible, or circle the appropriate choice where applicable.
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Full Name: _____
Home City: _____
Phone: _____
Email: _____

Are you on Social Media? Facebook: Y / N Instagram: Y / N

Birthdate: (MM/DD) _____
Height: _____ Dress Size: _____ Shirt Size: _____ Pants Size: _____ Shoe Size: _____

Theatre Experience: (continue on back, or attach resume)

Show	Role	Theater	Year

Preferred role(s): _____
If not cast, would you consider another role: Y / N

Please review the rehearsal and production schedule. List any known conflicts below.

If interested in production crew, what crew activities could you help with (please circle)?

Set Construction Stage Crew Set Decoration Costuming Props Publicity Tech Crew

How did you hear about auditions? _____

Additional information you would like to share: _____

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
29 6:30pm - Auditions	30 6:30pm - Auditions	31	1	2 Table Read/Meet n Greet	3	4
5	6 7pm - Rehearsal	7 7pm - Rehearsal	8 7pm - Rehearsal	9 7pm - Rehearsal	10	11
12	13 7pm - Rehearsal	14 7pm - Rehearsal	15 7pm - Rehearsal	16 7pm - Rehearsal	17	18
19	20 7pm - Rehearsal	21 7pm - Rehearsal	22 7pm - Rehearsal	23 7pm - Rehearsal	24	25
26	27 7pm - Rehearsal	28 7pm - Rehearsal	1 7pm - Rehearsal	2 7pm - Rehearsal	3	4

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
26	27	28	1	2	3	4
	7pm - Rehearsal	7pm - Rehearsal	7pm - Rehearsal	7pm - Rehearsal		
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	7pm - Rehearsal	7pm - Rehearsal	7pm - Rehearsal	7pm - Rehearsal		TECH DAY
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	TECH WEEK	TECH WEEK	TECH WEEK	FINAL DRESS	SHOW	SHOW
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
SHOW					SHOW	SHOW
26	27	28	29	30	31	1
SHOW						

Characters- All listed ages are stage age. If ages are not specified, they are open to all ages!

Nick Carraway- (30) midwestern, with a kind face and gentle manner.

Jay Gatsby- (30) a romantic idealist, with a disarming smile.

Daisy Buchanan- (30) southern, with a voice that sounds like money.

Tom Buchanan- (30) physically and mentally hard. Family money.
Arrogant bully.

Jordan Baker- (30) Daisy's friend, with an athletic, almost masculine body.

Myrtle Wilson- (30-40) Tom's girlfriend, New York, fleshy and sensual.

George Wilson- (30-40) Myrtle's husband, New York, spiritless.

Meyer Wolfsheim

Policeman

Dancer 1 & 2

Mr. Chester McKee

Mrs. McKee

Mrs. Michaelis

Doubling may occur

Meyer Wolfsheim/Chester/Policeman/Dancer

Mrs. McKee/Mrs. Michaelis/Dancer

Audition Sides

Characters	Script Pages	Description
Nick	10	Opening Monologue
Nick, Daisy, Jordan, Tom	10-12	Tom and Daisy's house. Introducing the four.
Tom, Wilson, Myrtle	15-16	Wilson's garage. Tom and Myrtle get flirty.
Nick, Jordan	21-22	Describing Gatsby from Jordan's POV.
Wolfsheim, Nick, Gatsby	23-24	Describing Gatsby from Wolfsheim's POV.
Gatsby, Daisy, Nick	30-32	The tea party scene.
Wilson, Myrtle, Police, Mrs. M, Nick, Tom	45-46	The car accident aftermath
Gatsby, Daisy	47-48	Arriving at Daisy's place after the car accident.

Alternate **Nick reading- ending monologue***

NICK. *(To audience.)* In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since. "Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had." He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. *(The dancers drift off as "Gatsby's Love Theme" is heard. Nick turns and looks at him.)* Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this story, represented everything for which I had an unaffected scorn. But if personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something ... gorgeous about him ... some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life. He had an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person ... and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. *(Daisy rushes onstage, followed by Jordan. Or perhaps they float in on a divan. Daisy is mercurial, utterly compelling, and always the center of attention. In truth, she is a classic manic/depressive, much like Zelda Fitzgerald. By contrast, Jordan is almost mannish, athletic, emancipated, and self-assured. The Buchanan house forms around them ... as Gatsby slowly disappears.)*
DAISY. Nick! Nick, darling, I'm p-paralyzed with happiness! *(She throws herself on him and gives him a huge kiss.)*
NICK. Hello, Daisy.
DAISY. Nick Carraway, Miss Baker. Nick is my cousin —
NICK. Second cousin, once removed.
DAISY. He and Tom graduated Yale together.
JORDAN. Did you play football as well?
NICK. No, Tom was the football hero. I was — *(Tom Buchanan enters. His size and money have made him brutal.)*
TOM. Nick! There you are. *(He wears riding clothes and pushes on a drink cart.)*
NICK. Hello, Tom.
TOM. Care for a drink?
NICK. Uh, not yet. Little early for me. Thanks.
TOM. Who needs a refresher? *(Tom pours a drink. He consumes alcohol the way he used to play football. Daisy flops on a divan, pulling Jordan down with her, cuddling like lovers.)*
DAISY. Nick, I've been telling Jordan all about you.
TOM. You found the place alright?
NICK. Hard to miss.
TOM. Where you staying?

NICK. Across the Sound.
JORDAN. West Egg?
NICK. A little cottage I found.
JORDAN. Really?
NICK. What a strange community! On either side of me are these huge estates that must go for twelve, fifteen thousand for the summer.
TOM. What are you paying?
NICK. Eighty a month.
TOM. Huh. Well, welcome to *East Egg*.
DAISY. How long you staying?
NICK. Until I make my fortune.
DAISY. Tom will help you, won't you, darling?
NICK. I stopped off in Chicago on the way out and at least half a dozen people send their love.
DAISY. Do they miss me?
NICK. The whole town's desolate. All the cars have their left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath and there's a persistent wail all night along the North Shore.
DAISY. How gorgeous! *(She jumps up.)* Let's go back, Tom. Tomorrow! *(To Nick.)* You ought to see the baby.
NICK. I'd like to.
DAISY. She's asleep. She's two years old. Haven't you ever seen her?
NICK. Never.
DAISY. Well, you ought to. She's —
TOM. What you doing these days, Nick?
NICK. Learning to be a bond man.
TOM. Who with?
NICK. Probity Trust.
TOM. Never heard of them.
NICK. Oh. Well, you will.
TOM. Any money in bonds?
NICK. Everyone I know is doing it. Making lots of money. After being in the war, well, the Midwest feels kind of dull to me. That's why I've come east. Father's financed me for a year.
JORDAN. Where you from?
NICK. St. Paul. *(She looks at him blankly.)* Minnesota?
JORDAN. *(No clue.)* A-ha.
DAISY. You'll be rich as Midas one day.
NICK. I've bought about a dozen books on banking and credit and investment securities, studying all the time and —

DAISY. You'll help him, won't you, Tom?
JORDAN. (*Yawning and standing.*) I'm stiff. I feel like I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember.
DAISY. Well, don't look at me. I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon.
TOM. This'll help. (*Tom offers Jordan a drink.*)
JORDAN. It is Prohibition.
TOM. So what!
JORDAN. Besides, I'm absolutely in training. (*She grabs the drink and downs it in one gulp.*)
TOM. How you ever get anything done is beyond me.
NICK. I recognize you from somewhere.
JORDAN. You said you live across the Sound in West Egg. I know somebody there.
NICK. I don't know a single —
JORDAN. You must know Gatsby.
DAISY. (*Demanding.*) Gatsby? What Gatsby?
JORDAN. He's got that huge mansion that looks like an imitation of a French hotel.
NICK. The one with the tower?
JORDAN. Throws huge parties.
NICK. I live right next door. Our lawns practically —
DAISY. (*Suddenly rushes downstage, looking off.*) In two weeks it'll be the longest day in the year. Do you always watch for the longest day of the year and then miss it? I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it.
JORDAN. We ought to plan something.
DAISY. (*Excited, manic.*) All right. What'll we plan? What do people plan? (*Looks at her hand.*) Look! (*Holds out finger.*) I hurt it. (*Pouting.*) 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. I hate that word, "hulking," even in kidding.
DAISY. Hulking. Hulking, hulking, HULKING! (*A beat.*)
TOM. Have a drink, Nick.
NICK. Alright.
TOM. (*Pouring drinks.*) I've got a nice place here.
NICK. Enormous. The sunken gardens —
TOM. It belonged to Demaine, the oil man. I'll show you around. (*He starts to take Nick off.*)

DAISY. Don't take him away yet.
TOM. Come on, I'll show you the ponies.
DAISY. Please, Tom.
NICK. You planning to stay in the East?
TOM. I'd be a goddamn fool to go anywhere else.
DAISY. This is a permanent move.
JORDAN. They hated France.
NICK. How long were you there?
TOM. About a year, then we followed the polo circuit.
DAISY. Drifting, drifting endlessly. Parties and yachts and HULKING men hitting wooden balls with mallets.
NICK. (*Laughing it off.*) You make me feel uncivilized.
TOM. (*Violently.*) Civilization's going to pieces! I've gotten to be a terrible pessimist about things, Nick. Have you read *The Rise of the Coloured Empires* by this man Goddard?
NICK. 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 —
TOM. It's up to us who are the dominant race to watch out or these other races will have control of things.
DAISY. (*Winking at Nick.*) We've got to beat them down.
TOM. The idea is that we're Nordics. I am and you are and you are and — (*He hesitates at Daisy.*) and we've produced all the things that go to make civilization — oh, science and art and all that. Do you see? (*A telephone rings off. Everything stops. The telephone rings again.*) Excuse me. (*He exits.*)
DAISY. (*Trying to be cheerful.*) I love to see you in my house, Nick. You remind me of a — of a rose, an absolute rose. Doesn't he, Jordan? An absolute rose. (*She rises.*) Excuse me. (*She runs off after Tom.*)
NICK. What is it you're in training —
JORDAN. Shhhhhhhhh! (*Murmur of angry voices offstage.*)
NICK. This Mr. Gatsby you spoke of —
JORDAN. Quiet. I want to hear what happens.
NICK. Is something happening?
JORDAN. You mean you don't know? I thought everybody knew.
NICK. I don't.
JORDAN. Why ... Tom's got some woman ... in New York.

NICK. Got some woman?

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

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

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

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

NICK. I wasn't back from the war.

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

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

DAISY. Who?

NICK. Your daughter.

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

Sophisticated ... God, I am so sophisticated! *(Tom and Jordan reenter.)*

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

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

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

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

DAISY. If you'll get up.

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. Good night. I haven't heard a word. *(She exits.)*

NICK. I knew I'd seen her somewhere before. I see pictures of her in the paper all the time, golf championships at Palm Beach, Asheville. Wasn't there a story about her —

TOM. She's a nice girl. They oughtn't to let her run around the country this way.

DAISY. 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?

NICK. Rich girls don't marry poor boys.

DAISY. Nonsense! She's going to spend lots of weekends out here this summer. I think the home influence will be very good for her.

NICK. Is she from New York?

DAISY. From Louisville. Our white girlhood was passed together there. *(At Tom.)* Our beautiful white —

TOM. Did you give Nick a little heart-to-heart talk while I was on the phone?

DAISY. Did I? I can't seem to remember, but I think we talked about the Nordic race. Yes, I'm sure we did. Didn't we, Nick? It sort of crept up on us and first thing you know —

TOM. Don't believe everything you hear, Nick.

NICK. I haven't heard a word. Well, good night, Tom. Daisy.

DAISY. Good night, my sweet one. My dear sweet Nicky. Good night. Good night. *(Daisy blows him kisses as Tom takes her offstage. "Gatsby's Love Theme" drifts in and he appears out of the mist. He's still not completely visible, more shadow than substance, staring out at the blinking green light. Nick turns and looks at him.)*

NICK. *(To audience.)* Yes — Gatsby turned out all right at the end. But it's what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that's been haunting me ... and haunts me still. *(The eyes of Dr. Eckleburg glow ominously in a valley of ashes. Gatsby disappears. Tom enters and takes Nick's arm.)*

TOM. Come on, I want you to meet my girl. *(A yellowish sign appears: "Wilson's Garage. Repairs. Cars bought and sold." George Wilson enters, gray as the ashes surrounding him.)* Hello, Wilson. How's business?

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

TOM. It does her good to get away.
NICK. Doesn't her husband object?
TOM. Wilson? He's so dumb he doesn't know he's alive. He thinks she goes into New York to see her sister! *(Uptown jazz — lively and drunk — the valley of ashes disappears as Tom and Myrtle's gaudy New York apartment forms around Nick and Tom. Myrtle, with Mr. and Mrs. McKee, joins the party. He's snobby and effeminate; she's silly and vapid. Everyone's tanked.)*
MYRTLE. *(Laughing violently.)* Most of these fellas will cheat you every time. All they think about is money. I had a woman up here last week to look at my feet and when she gave me the bill you'd of thought she had my appendicitus out. *(She grabs Tom and dances sexually with him.)*
MRS. MCKEE. I like your dress. I think it's adorable.
MYRTLE. This? Oh, it's just a crazy old thing. I slip it on sometimes when I don't care what I look like.
MRS. MCKEE. But it looks wonderful on you. *(To Nick.)* Doesn't she look wonderful in that dress?
NICK. Wonderful.
MYRTLE. Do you like the apartment, Mr. Carraway?
NICK. *(Lying.)* Nice.
MYRTLE. Tom bought it for me, didn't you, Tom?
TOM. I'm tired of dancing. *(He pours himself a drink. Myrtle dances alone.)* Drink with me, Nick.
NICK. *(Already drunk.)* I really should get home and study.
TOM. There's plenty of time to make money. Come on. Here. Drink up. *(He pulls Nick down and hands him another drink.)*
MRS. MCKEE. If Chester could only get you in that pose, Myrtle, I think he could make something of it. Couldn't you, Chester?
CHESTER. *(To Nick.)* I'm in the "artistic game."
NICK. Really?
MRS. MCKEE. You should see his work! Chester has photographed me a hundred and twenty-seven times, haven't you, Chester?
CHESTER. A hundred and twenty-nine.
MYRTLE. Come on, dance with me, Mr. Carraway. *(Chester circles Myrtle as she dances.)*
CHESTER. I would love to change the light. I'd like to bring out the modelling of your features. That profile! And I'd try to get hold of all the back hair.
MRS. MCKEE. I wouldn't think of changing the light. I think it's —

mother's grave that'll last all summer and the little dog Tom promised me I got to write down a list so I won't forget all the things I got —
NICK. (*Getting up.*) I really should get going.

MYRTLE. No, no, stay.

MRS. MCKEE. Yes, stay.

CHESTER. We live right downstairs. I could show you my portfolio.

NICK. I've been drunk just twice in my life and the second time is this afternoon. (*He starts to go.*) I don't think Daisy would find it admirable.

MYRTLE. Daisy! (*Suddenly exploding.*) DAISY! DAISY! DAISY!
Everybody talks about her like she's a goddamn SAINT!

TOM. Shut up, Myrtle.

MYRTLE. Don't tell me to SHUT UP. I'll say anything I like!

TOM. I told you about using her name.

MYRTLE. (*In his face.*) DAISY! DAISY! DAISY!

TOM. I mean it, Myrtle.

CHESTER. Come on, everyone —

MRS. MCKEE. Myrtle, let it go —

MYRTLE. I'll say it whenever I want to! DAISY! DAISY! DAI —
(*Tom punches her in the face, breaking her nose. Myrtle collapses, wailing in great pain.*) YOU BASTARD! YOU SONOFABITCH BASTARD!
(*Myrtle continues wailing as the others help her offstage, leaving Nick in a spot.*)

NICK. (*To audience.*) Oddly, I began to like New York. (*Joyous dance music. Party lights fill the stage, twinkling mysteriously through a mist and a sky full of stars.*) And all the while there was music from my neighbor's house. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. And then early one Saturday morning a chauffeur crossed my lawn and gave me a surprisingly formal note — the honor would be Gatsby's, it said, if I would attend his little party that night. (*Out of the mist, Gatsby and his garden appear. He looks around at his world, charming and dangerously sexy. He approaches Nick and speaks in a slightly affected manner, picking his words carefully.*)

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

NICK. Why, yes. How did you...? I was in the Ninth Machine-Gun Battalion.

GATSBY. I thought so. I was in the Seventh Infantry until June nineteen-eighteen. Miss it?

NICK. The war? Yes. I think I enjoyed it so much I came back restless. Made going home pretty dull.

GATSBY. I know what you mean. I doubt most of the people here have any idea what it's like being in the trenches.

NICK. It's not something you forget.

GATSBY. No, it's not. Where you from?

NICK. Saint ... Minneapolis.

GATSBY. I know them well. Listen, I just bought one of those new hydroplanes and thought I'd 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. Yes. YES! I'd like that very much. By the way, I'm Nick, Nick — (*Jordan appears, dressed like a flapper, drink in hand.*)

JORDAN. Mr. Carraway!

NICK. Miss Baker. Hello!

JORDAN. I thought you might be here. I remembered you lived next door. Having fun?

NICK. Well, it's an unusual party for me. I've been here for hours and haven't even seen the host. I live over there — and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur this morning with an invitation. (*Gatsby and Jordan look at him.*)

GATSBY. I'm Gatsby.

NICK. What?! Oh, I beg your pardon. (*Gatsby smiles, a rare and radiant smile that brightens the world.*)

GATSBY. I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host. (*Meyer Wolfsheim, an elderly Broadway character, appears and crosses to Gatsby.*)

WOLFSHEIM. Sorry to interrupt, but there's a call from Detroit.

GATSBY. Tell him I'll call later.

WOLFSHEIM. That may not be such a good idea.

GATSBY. (*To Nick.*) If you want anything just ask for it, old sport. Excuse me. I'll rejoin both of you later. (*He bows and exits with Wolfsheim. Sotto voce as he exits.*) I said a small town, Meyer! He's no use to us if Detroit is his idea of a small town.

NICK. I feel like an idiot! I kept imagining Gatsby as extravagant and fat, middle-aged. (*She laughs.*) Who is he? Do you know?

JORDAN. He's just a man named Gatsby.

NICK. Where's he from, I mean? And what does he do?

JORDAN. I haven't the faintest idea.

NICK. But people don't just come out of nowhere and suddenly buy a palace on Long Island.
JORDAN. Well, Gatsby did.
NICK. But he must have some sort of a past.
JORDAN. Now you're started on the subject.
NICK. It's just that everyone keeps talking about him.
JORDAN. Well — 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've heard the wildest rumors about him.
JORDAN. That he killed someone?
NICK. Yes!
JORDAN. That he was a German spy?
NICK. Yes!
JORDAN. That he runs an underground pipeline from Canada?
NICK. He does?!
JORDAN. (*Laughs.*) Anyhow, he gives large parties. And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy. You having a good time?
NICK. I'm having a good time with you. (*Music.*)
JORDAN. Dance with me.
NICK. Alright. (*They dance.*)
JORDAN. You know, Daisy's very taken with you. She hasn't stopped talking about "flinging" us together.
NICK. Then she'd be happy about tonight.
JORDAN. Are you in love with her?
NICK. Isn't everyone?
JORDAN. Yes. If I tell you a secret, do you promise to do something about it?
NICK. What do you mean?
JORDAN. Tom's woman in New York? She isn't the first. One night in Santa Barbara, California, right after he and Daisy got married, Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road 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.
NICK. Why does Daisy put up with it? Why doesn't she just leave him?
JORDAN. Maybe you're the one meant to help her. (*Wolfsheim appears.*)

WOLFSHEIM. I beg your pardon. Miss Baker?
JORDAN. Yes?
WOLFSHEIM. Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you. Alone.
JORDAN. With me?
WOLFSHEIM. That's what he said. (*She gives Nick a curious look.*)
JORDAN. Think about what I just told you. Please come and see me ... phone book ... under the name of Mrs. Sigourney Howard ... my aunt. (*She exits.*)
WOLFSHEIM. She's a very famous person.
NICK. Yes, I know.
WOLFSHEIM. And Mr. Gatsby. He's a fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at ... and a perfect gentleman.
NICK. Yes.
WOLFSHEIM. He's an Oggsford man.
NICK. So I've heard.
WOLFSHEIM. He went to Oggsford College in England. You know Oggsford College?
NICK. I've heard of it.
WOLFSHEIM. It's one of the most famous colleges in the world.
NICK. Have you known Gatsby for a long time?
WOLFSHEIM. Several years. I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war. I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding after I talked with him an hour. I said to myself, "There's the kind of man you'd like to take home and introduce to your mother and sister." (*Beat.*) I see you're looking at my cuff buttons.
NICK. (*Looks at them.*) They look like ivory.
WOLFSHEIM. Finest specimens of human molars.
NICK. Oh! Well! That's a very interesting idea.
WOLFSHEIM. Yeah. Yeah. (*He just stares at Nick. Gatsby enters.*) Well, I'm going to run off from you two young men before I outstay my welcome.
GATSBY. No need to hurry, Meyer.
WOLFSHEIM. You're very polite but I belong to another generation. Enjoy, discuss your sports and your young ladies and your ... As for me, I won't impose myself on you any longer. (*He shakes their hands and exits.*)
NICK. I hope I didn't say anything to offend him. We were talking about his cuff buttons.
GATSBY. He's quite a character around New York — a denizen of Broadway.

NICK. But people don't just come out of nowhere and suddenly buy a palace on Long Island.
JORDAN. Well, Gatsby did.
NICK. But he must have some sort of a past.
JORDAN. Now you're started on the subject.
NICK. It's just that everyone keeps talking about him.
JORDAN. Well — 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've heard the wildest rumors about him.
JORDAN. That he killed someone?
NICK. Yes!
JORDAN. That he was a German spy?
NICK. Yes!
JORDAN. That he runs an underground pipeline from Canada?
NICK. He does?!
JORDAN. (*Laughs.*) Anyhow, he gives large parties. And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy. You having a good time?
NICK. I'm having a good time with you. (*Music.*)
JORDAN. Dance with me.
NICK. Alright. (*They dance.*)
JORDAN. You know, Daisy's very taken with you. She hasn't stopped talking about "flinging" us together.
NICK. Then she'd be happy about tonight.
JORDAN. Are you in love with her?
NICK. Isn't everyone?
JORDAN. Yes. If I tell you a secret, do you promise to do something about it?
NICK. What do you mean?
JORDAN. Tom's woman in New York? She isn't the first. One night in Santa Barbara, California, right after he and Daisy got married, Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road 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.
NICK. Why does Daisy put up with it? Why doesn't she just leave him?
JORDAN. Maybe you're the one meant to help her. (*Wolfsheim appears.*)

WOLFSHEIM. I beg your pardon. Miss Baker?
JORDAN. Yes?
WOLFSHEIM. Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you. Alone.
JORDAN. With me?
WOLFSHEIM. That's what he said. (*She gives Nick a curious look.*)
JORDAN. Think about what I just told you. Please come and see me ... phone book ... under the name of Mrs. Sigourney Howard ... my aunt. (*She exits.*)
WOLFSHEIM. She's a very famous person.
NICK. Yes, I know.
WOLFSHEIM. And Mr. Gatsby. He's a fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at ... and a perfect gentleman.
NICK. Yes.
WOLFSHEIM. He's an Oggsford man.
NICK. So I've heard.
WOLFSHEIM. He went to Oggsford College in England. You know Oggsford College?
NICK. I've heard of it.
WOLFSHEIM. It's one of the most famous colleges in the world.
NICK. Have you known Gatsby for a long time?
WOLFSHEIM. Several years. I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war. I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding after I talked with him an hour. I said to myself, "There's the kind of man you'd like to take home and introduce to your mother and sister." (*Beat.*) I see you're looking at my cuff buttons.
NICK. (*Looks at them.*) They look like ivory.
WOLFSHEIM. Finest specimens of human molars.
NICK. Oh! Well! That's a very interesting idea.
WOLFSHEIM. Yeah. Yeah. (*He just stares at Nick. Gatsby enters.*) Well, I'm going to run off from you two young men before I outstay my welcome.
GATSBY. No need to hurry, Meyer.
WOLFSHEIM. You're very polite but I belong to another generation. Enjoy, discuss your sports and your young ladies and your ... As for me, I won't impose myself on you any longer. (*He shakes their hands and exits.*)
NICK. I hope I didn't say anything to offend him. We were talking about his cuff buttons.
GATSBY. 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. *(Laughs.)* Meyer Wolfsheim? No, he's a gambler. He's the man who fixed the World Series back in nineteen-nineteen.
NICK. Fixed the World Series? How did he do that?
GATSBY. He saw the opportunity.
NICK. Why isn't he in jail?
GATSBY. They can't get him, old sport. He's a smart man. Smart men are hard to get. Remember, we're going up in the hydroplane tomorrow. Nine o'clock.
NICK. I'm so sorry I didn't recognize you earlier.
GATSBY. Don't mention it. Don't give it another thought, old sport. Nine o'clock.
NICK. I'll be there.
GATSBY. Good night.
NICK. Good night.
GATSBY. Good night, old sport. *(Nick leaves Gatsby standing alone in the mist and twinkling lights. Daisy appears on the other side of the stage, standing in the glow of the green light. She sways as if dancing to the faint music.)*
TOM. *(Offstage.)* Daisy ... DAISY ... DAISY, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?! *(He enters ... as Gatsby disappears.)* What are you doing down here?
DAISY. Looking at the party lights.
TOM. You know how worried I get when you disappear like that.
DAISY. Do you?
TOM. Of course I do. You know I do.
DAISY. We ought to go sometime ... dance again.
TOM. You don't want to associate with those people. Come on. Let's get inside.
DAISY. I miss the parties.
TOM. I know you do. And we'll go again. I promise. But right now Pammy needs you. Come on.
DAISY. I'll be up in a minute.
TOM. I said, Pammy needs you.
DAISY. *(Deadly.)* And I said, in a minute.
TOM. Fine ... Fine! Do as you like.
DAISY. You mean like you?
TOM. Look, I don't know what's gotten into you lately, but ...

Forget it. Just come back before Pammy goes to bed. *(He waits for a response. There is none. He exits. Daisy looks across at the lights.)*
DAISY. It was so much nicer a long time ago when we had each other and the space about the world was warm. *(She cries ... as lights shift. Sound of a hydroplane. Gatsby and Nick, wearing aviator goggles and caps, enter. [Note: If possible, it would be great to see them "flying."])*
GATSBY. WHAT A MACHINE!
NICK. FANTASTIC!
GATSBY. THRILLING, OLD SPORT?
NICK. THRILLING!
GATSBY. I THOUGHT WE'D GO INTO NEW YORK LATER AND HAVE LUNCH.
NICK. ANYTHING! I'M ALL YOURS TODAY.
GATSBY. LOOK HERE, OLD SPORT. WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF ME?
NICK. WHAT?!
GATSBY. I SAID, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF ME? *(Sound of the hydroplane fades.)*
NICK. We've only just met.
GATSBY. Be frank, old sport.
NICK. Well ... honestly? ... I've heard all sorts of rumors.
GATSBY. I'm going to tell you something about my life. I don't want you to get a wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear. This is the God's honest truth — I'm the son of some wealthy people in the Middle West — all dead now. I was brought up in America but educated at Oxford because all my ancestors have been educated there for many years. It's a family tradition.
NICK. What part of the Middle West?
GATSBY. San Francisco. *(A manservant appears to help them change clothes.)*
NICK. I see.
GATSBY. My family all died and I came into a good deal of money. After that I lived like a young rajah in all the capitals of Europe — Paris, Venice, Rome — collecting jewels, chiefly rubies, hunting big game, painting a little, things for myself only, and trying to forget something very sad that had happened to me long ago. Then came the war, old sport. It was a great relief and I tried very hard to die but I seemed to bear an enchanted life. I accepted a commission as first lieutenant when it began. In the Argonne Forest — you were there?

NICK. Does she want to see him?
JORDAN. She's not to know about it. Gatsby doesn't want her to know. You're just supposed to invite her to tea. Alone, of course.
NICK. I'm not sure I'm comfortable —
JORDAN. Daisy ought to have something in her life. Don't you think?
NICK. And what about you? What if I invited you to tea? Would you come?
JORDAN. Ask me. *(Nick draws her close and they kiss as Nick's cottage forms around them: a small couch and too many flowers. Jordan exits. Gatsby enters and paces, looking extremely nervous. He wears a white flannel suit, silver shirt and gold tie, and is carrying a leatherbound album.)*
GATSBY. Have you got everything you need in the shape of ... of tea?
NICK. All set.
GATSBY. Are you sure you're all right with this? I wouldn't want to do anything out of the way.
NICK. It's fine. Fine. Would you like something while you wait?
GATSBY. No, no. *(Sound of rain. Looking out, horrified.)* It's raining.
NICK. I noticed. *(Gatsby sits, leafs through the album, anxious. He suddenly slams the album shut and jumps up.)*
GATSBY. I'm going home.
NICK. What?!
GATSBY. Nobody's coming to tea. It's too late! I can't wait all day. *(He starts to leave.)*
NICK. Don't be silly. It's just two minutes to four.
GATSBY. You don't understand, old sport, I — *(Sound of a car driving up and a horn.)*
NICK. See? *(Nick exits. Gatsby fidgets, panicking, then runs off in the other direction. Nick reenters with Daisy, both under an umbrella.)*
DAISY. Is this absolutely where you live, my dearest one? It's adorable! Absolutely adorable! *(Nick looks for Gatsby.)* Are you in love with me? Is that why I had to come alone? *(There's a knock at the front door. Gatsby enters, dripping wet. Awkward beat.)* Jay.
GATSBY. Hello, Daisy. *(Beat.)*
DAISY. I'm glad to see you again. *(Beat.)*
GATSBY. *(To Nick.)* We've met before. *(Nick nods, enchanted by the awkwardness between them.)*
DAISY. We haven't met for many years.
GATSBY. Five years, next November. *(Beat.)*

DAISY. *(Turning to Nick.)* Jordan says you've been naughty with her.
NICK. Have I?
DAISY. See? I'm the perfect matchmaker! Though I'm very angry with her. She left my car out in the rain with the top down and it's ruined, absolutely ruined! At first she lied about it. So you be careful with her, Nick. She's incurably dishonest. *(Beat.)*
NICK. Well, if you'll both excuse me.
GATSBY. Where you going?
NICK. I thought I'd get some tea and cake.
GATSBY. I'll help you. *(Gatsby chases after Nick.)* Oh, God!
NICK. What's the matter?
GATSBY. This is a mistake ... a terrible, terrible mistake.
NICK. You're just embarrassed, that's all. Daisy's embarrassed too.
GATSBY. She is?
NICK. Just as much as you are.
GATSBY. Does the suit look alright?
NICK. It's very nice.
GATSBY. What'll I do? What'll I say?
NICK. You're acting like a little boy. Not only that but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone. Go on. *(Nick exits. Gatsby crosses back to Daisy.)*
DAISY. I thought if we ever met again it'd be when we were old — and decrepit. *(Gatsby stares at her as if she were a dream. And now we hear their love theme.)* You're as handsome as ever, Lieutenant Gatsby.
GATSBY. Would you like to sit?
DAISY. Yes. *(They sit on the couch like teenagers on a first date.)* Did you know I'd be here?
GATSBY. I arranged it. *(He hands her the photo album.)* Here. *(She opens it, then quickly flips through the pages.)*
DAISY. Are these all ME?!
GATSBY. They're newspaper clippings from the last five years.
DAISY. My debut! ... Chicago! ... Oh, look at that silly hat ... Even Europe. *(She stops at a photo of Tom.)*
GATSBY. He's a good polo player.
DAISY. Yes, Tom has a knack for winning. *(Turning to him.)* Jay, I tried to wait, really I did, but —
GATSBY. Look at this. *(He turns to the last page. She looks at it and begins to cry.)*
DAISY. How handsome you are in your uniform. *(He stares at her, enthralled.)* You never marr —

GATSBY. No.

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

GATSBY. Oh ... hello, old sport.

NICK. It's stopped raining.

GATSBY. Has it? *(Laughing.)* What do you think of that, Daisy? It's stopped raining.

DAISY. I'm glad, Jay.

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

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

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

DAISY. That huge place there?

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

DAISY. Oh, Jay, it's splendid.

NICK. It is splendid.

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

NICK. I thought you inherited your money.

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

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

GATSBY. I keep it always full of interesting people, night and day. People who do interesting things. Celebrated people. *(Music as Nick's cottage transforms into Gatsby's house.)* There are music rooms and sunken baths, bedrooms in period styles, marble swimming pools, and jonquils!

DAISY. My favorite!

GATSBY. Hundreds, thousands of jonquils everywhere!

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

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

DAISY. They're such beautiful shirts. It makes me sad because I've never seen such ... such beautiful shirts before! ... If only it were possible to reverse time — erase it! — just erase it and begin again — do you think that's possible, Jay? — to just erase time as

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

End of Act One

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

GATSBY. What about them?

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

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

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

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

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

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

NICK. What?

TOM. Want any?

NICK. No.

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

NICK. I just realized that today's my birthday ... I'm thirty ... I'm thirty years old. *(Lights shift as Nick becomes isolated in a spot. To audience.)* I was thirty, and before me stretched the menacing road of a new decade. It was seven o'clock when we finally got into the coupe and started to Long Island. Tom talked incessantly, exulting and laughing as if he'd won a football match. Human sympathy has its limits. And beside me, her head on my shoulder, Jordan nestled close ... but I didn't know her anymore. Thirty — the promise of

a decade of loneliness, a thinning list of single men to know, a thinning briefcase of enthusiasm, thinning hair. So we drove on — toward death — through the cooling twilight. *(Wilson's sign and the Valley of Ashes appear. Wilson enters with a suitcase and Myrtle's clothes. Myrtle runs in after him.)*

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

MYRTLE. What are you doin', George?

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

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

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

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

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

MYRTLE. You got no right —

WILSON. Think I'm stupid, Myrtle?

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

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

MYRTLE. No, no, George, I —

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

MYRTLE. I never said —

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

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

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

MYRTLE. Give me back my clothes! You got no RIGHT! *(She grabs for the suitcase. They fight over it, scattering clothes all over the stage. She slaps him hard across the face.)* I hate you. I've hated every minute with you! *(He grabs her.)* WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? BEAT ME? HUH? YOU GOING TO BEAT ME, GEORGE? *(She breaks free and starts stuffing her clothes into the suitcase.)*

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

MYRTLE. SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP! I CAN'T STAND YOUR VOICE. IT'S LIKE A SLUG, A SLUG CRAWLING IN THE DIRT. I SHOULD HAVE LEFT YOU A LONG TIME AGO!

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

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

WILSON. Myrtle!

MYRTLE. WAIT! WAIT!
WILSON. MYRTLE!
MYRTLE. I'M HERE! I'M HERE! *(The headlights ignite the stage. Screeching tires! Sound of a car hitting a body! Blackout. Lights up slowly. Myrtle lies dead in a pool of light, twisted and broken. Wilson mutters over and over, "Oh my Ga-od! Oh my Ga-od!" A motorcycle cop stands over Myrtle's body, questioning Mrs. Michaelis.)*
POLICEMAN. M-i-c-a —
MRS. MICHAELIS. No — h. M-i-c-h-a — *(Tom, Nick, and Jordan enter.)*
TOM. *(To policeman.)* What's going on?
POLICEMAN. H — a —
MRS. MICHAELIS. E — *(Tom grabs the policeman.)*
TOM. Listen to me!
POLICEMAN. Hey, hey, hey! What you want fella?
TOM. What happened? That's what I want to know!
POLICEMAN. Auto hit her. Ins'antly killed.
NICK. What?
POLICEMAN. She ran out ina road.
TOM. Instantly killed? *(Tom looks down at Myrtle's dead body.)*
POLICEMAN. Sonofabitch didn't even stopus car.
MRS. MICHAELIS. There was two cars. One comin', one goin', see?
TOM. Going where?
NICK. Which direction?
POLICEMAN. Hold on a minute here.
MRS. MICHAELIS. One goin' each way. Well, she — she ran out there, wavin' her arms crazy like, shoutin' at him, *(Indicating Wilson.)* "Beat me. Throw me down and beat me, but I'm goin'," and she ran out there an' the one comin' from N'York knock right into her ... musta been goin' thirty or forty miles an hour.
POLICEMAN. What's your relation to them?
MRS. MICHAELIS. I own the diner up the road. It was a yellow car. Big yellow car. New.
WILSON. *(A wail.)* You don't have to tell me what kind of car it was! I know what kind of car it was! *(Tom grabs Wilson and pulls him to his feet.)*
TOM. You've got to pull yourself together. Listen, I just got here a minute ago, from New York. Are you listening to me? Wilson! Listen! I was bringing you that coupe we've been talking about. Remember? That yellow car I was driving this afternoon wasn't

mine, do you hear? It wasn't mine. I haven't seen it all afternoon. It belongs to someone else. I borrowed it.
POLICEMAN. What's going on over there?
TOM. I'm a friend of his. He says he knows the car that did it. It was a yellow car.
POLICEMAN. And what color's your car?
TOM. It's a blue car, a coupe.
NICK. He's telling the truth. We've just come from New York. *(Policeman looks suspiciously at Nick.)* We were on our way to West Egg when we saw something'd happened, so we stopped.
POLICEMAN. Alright, alright. Let's clear this area. *(To Mrs. Michaelis.)* Now, if you'll let me have that name again, correctly this time. *(He and Mrs. Michaelis move off.)*
TOM. *(To Nick.)* The goddamned coward. Didn't even stop his car. *(They exit. Wilson crosses to Myrtle and cradles her dead body. They remain isolated in a spot during the following. Daisy runs on, crying, hysterical. Gatsby chases after her as the outside of the Buchanan house forms around them.)*
GATSBY. Daisy! Daisy! Wait! *(He catches her.)*
DAISY. Let me go! Please! I need to get inside!
GATSBY. It's alright. Everything's going to be alright.
DAISY. Ruined! It's ruined. Don't you see?!
GATSBY. It's going to be fine. I promise you.
DAISY. Everything's so confused.
GATSBY. It's all my fault. Look at me! None of this would have happened if I'd handled things right the first time. But now I'm taking care of it.
DAISY. I just wanted it to be beautiful.
GATSBY. Do you believe that I love you? Daisy? Look at me. Do you believe that I love you?
DAISY. Yes.
GATSBY. What was said at the hotel doesn't mean anything. Tom was pressuring you, making you say things you didn't mean, upsetting you.
DAISY. I'm no good for you.
GATSBY. You are the finest, loveliest, tenderest, most beautiful person I have ever known.
DAISY. But what if —
GATSBY. Nothing's going to happen. I'm going to take care of everything. Now, I want you to go inside. I'll wait out here, just to

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GATSBY. Do you believe that I love you? Daisy? Look at me. Do you believe that I love you?
DAISY. Yes.
GATSBY. What was said at the hotel doesn't mean anything. Tom was pressuring you, making you say things you didn't mean, upsetting you.
DAISY. I'm no good for you.
GATSBY. You are the finest, loveliest, tenderest, most beautiful person I have ever known.
DAISY. But what if —
GATSBY. Nothing's going to happen. I'm going to take care of everything. Now, I want you to go inside. I'll wait out here, just to

make sure he doesn't try anything. If he does, I want you to turn the light off and on.

DAISY. He won't hurt me.

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

DAISY. How long will you wait?

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

DAISY. Do you really love me that much?

GATSBY. Yes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NICK. No thanks.

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

NICK. Is it true?

JORDAN. What?

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

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

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

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

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

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

NICK. Goodbye, Jordan.

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

NICK. I need to go home.

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

NICK. I just need some time to think.

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

NICK. What about it?

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

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

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

GATSBY. Hello, Nick.

NICK. Jesus! What are you doing?

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

NICK. Yes. *(Beat.)*

GATSBY. Was she killed?

NICK. Yes.

GATSBY. I thought so. I told Daisy I thought so. It's better that the shock should come all at once. She stood it pretty well. I got to West Egg by a side road and left the car in my garage. I don't think anybody saw us but of course I can't be sure. *(Nick is silent.)* Who was the woman?