



Doug Goheen

Adapted from the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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The Great Gatsby

CLASSIC. Adapted from the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Nick Carraway, a young man from Minnesota, moves to Long Island where he rents a bungalow next door to the mysterious Jay Gatsby, a wealthy businessman with a reputation for hosting lavish parties at his mansion. Nick soon finds himself enmeshed in Gatsby's dream of rekindling his past romance with socialite Daisy Buchanan, even though Daisy is now married to Tom Buchanan. Growing increasingly suspicious of Daisy's relationship with Gatsby, Tom confronts Gatsby at the Plaza Hotel, where sordid truths are unveiled and a series of tragic events ensues. The Jazz Age comes to life in this stunning adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's masterpiece.

Performance Time: Approximately 100-120 minutes.



F. Scott Fitzgerald, 1917. Fitzgerald and Zelda Sayre's grave at St. Mary's Cemetery, Rockville, Maryland, inscribed with the final sentence of *The Great Gatsby*.

About the Story

Born in Saint Paul, Minnesota, Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald (1896-1940) was named after his distant cousin, Francis Scott Key, who wrote the lyrics for "The Star-Spangled Banner." Fitzgerald's third novel, *The Great Gatsby* (1925), is considered his magnum opus. It depicts the decadence of the Jazz Age, the hollow elitism of the upper classes, entrenched class disparities, and the illusory nature of the American Dream. The character of Daisy was inspired by Fitzgerald's romance with Chicago socialite Ginevra King. King's family discouraged the courtship and her father told Fitzgerald, "Poor boys shouldn't think of marrying rich girls." After returning home from WWI, Fitzgerald married Zelda Sayre, a southern debutante. In 1921, Zelda gave birth to Frances Scott "Scottie" Fitzgerald. As Zelda came out of anesthesia after giving birth she remarked, "I hope it's beautiful and a fool—a beautiful little fool." The character of Jay Gatsby is thought to be inspired by Fitzgerald's wealthy bootlegging neighbor, Max Gerlach, who threw extravagant parties and used the expression, "old sport." Fitzgerald died at 44 of a heart attack. He and Zelda Sayre are buried at St. Mary's Cemetery in Rockville, Maryland. The headstone is inscribed with the final sentence of *The Great Gatsby*, "So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." Fitzgerald wrote six novels, a play, and 164 short stories.

Characters

(6 M, 7 F, 12 flexible, extras)

(Doubling: 5 M, 5 F, 6 flexible, extras)

NICK CARRAWAY: 29, the play's narrator, a Yale graduate who has returned from WWI and works as a bond salesman; Daisy Buchanan's cousin from Minnesota who moves to a suburb of Long Island, West Egg, where he befriends his wealthy neighbor, Jay Gatsby; male.

JAY GATSBY (James Gatz): 30, a nouveau riche businessman with a mysterious background whose fortune is rumored to have come from illegal business dealings; obsessed with winning back the love of Daisy Buchanan; born James "Jimmy" Gatz and grew up poor on a farm in North Dakota; male.

DAISY BUCHANAN: A shallow, materialistic socialite who lives in the suburb of Long Island, East Egg, with her wealthy husband Tom Buchanan; as a girl in Louisville, she fell in love with Gatsby and promised to wait for him but married Tom instead; female.

TOM BUCHANAN: Daisy's wealthy husband, who is having an affair with Myrtle Wilson; he is from an old-money family, played football at Yale, and is a polo player; has a muscular build and a gruff voice; male.

JORDAN BAKER: Daisy's childhood friend from Louisville, a professional golfer who is rumored to have cheated in a golf tournament; female.

GEORGE B. WILSON: Owns a rundown gas station/garage in the Valley of the Ashes; idolizes his wife, Myrtle; male.

MYRTLE WILSON: Unhappily married to George; becomes Tom's mistress in an attempt to escape her miserable life; female.

CATHERINE: Myrtle's sister; female.

LUCILLE: A fun-loving flapper who frequents Gatsby's lavish parties; wears clothing identical to her friend Kate; female.

KATE: A fun-loving flapper who frequents Gatsby's lavish parties; wears clothing identical to her friend Lucille; female.

MEYER WOLFSHEIM: A prominent figure in organized crime and Gatsby's business partner; helped Gatsby earn his fortune bootlegging illegal liquor; a gambler who is rumored to have fixed the 1919 World Series; male.

MRS. GATZ: Gatsby's mother, a solemn woman from North Dakota who has traveled to Long Island to attend Gatsby's funeral; wears a cheap overcoat and carries a worn purse; female.

BUTLER: Gatsby's butler; male.

CHAUFFEUR: Gatsby's chauffeur; flexible.

PARTY GUESTS 1-6: Guests at Gatsby's parties; flexible.

MANAGER: Manager at Delmonico's Restaurant; flexible.

WAITER: Waiter at Delmonico's Restaurant; flexible.

POLICE OFFICER: Officer called to a hit-and-run accident; flexible.

WITNESS 1, 2: Bystanders who witnessed the accident; flexible.

EXTRAS (non-speaking): As Gatsby's Servants, Party Guests, Young Woman, Older Gentleman, Daisy's Maid, Gatsby's Waiter.

Options for Doubling

KATE/MRS. GATZ (female)

LUCILLE/CATHERINE (female)

MEYER WOLFSHEIM/BUTLER (male)

PARTY GUEST 1/WITNESS 1 (flexible)

PARTY GUEST 2/WITNESS 2 (flexible)

PARTY GUEST 3/POLICE OFFICER (flexible)

PARTY GUEST 4/CHAUFFEUR (flexible)

PARTY GUEST 5/MANAGER (flexible)

PARTY GUEST 6/WAITER (flexible)

Production Notes

The play is a memory play, recounted through Nick's storytelling. His monologues accomplish a couple of things. First, they serve as transitions between scenes, providing necessary exposition and narration. Secondly, they provide time during which the scene's furnishings are set.

The fluidity of the play is important. Set pieces are used to suggest each scene. They should be simple and easily set and struck. Some set pieces may be positioned on wagons mounted on casters. The movement of set pieces should be carried out by costumed members of the ensemble.

The entire play may be staged in front of a neutral curtain or scrim. Should a director choose to incorporate projections and have access to appropriate equipment, a separate list of possible images is provided. Whether or not these images are used, it is imperative to have the green light at the end of Daisy's dock be created through the use of a light instrument.

The music suggested for the play is listed, but may be changed, if desired.

Setting

The Long Island suburbs of East Egg and West Egg and New York City, summer of 1922.

Sets

The fluidity of the play is important. The set pieces are used to suggest each scene. They should be simple and easily set and struck. Some set pieces may be positioned on wagons mounted on casters. The movement of set pieces should be carried out by costumed members of the ensemble.

Exterior of Tom and Daisy's home. Wagon platform that can be easily moved on and off. On it is a bar cart, white wicker chairs, and a white wicker loveseat.

George Wilson's garage/gas station. There is a vintage gas pump and a sign that reads, "Wilson's Garage, Cars Bought and Sold, Repairs, Gas." A billboard advertisement (may be projected) for Dr. T.J. Eckleburg, oculist, which depicts a large pair of yellow-rimmed spectacles that frame piercing blue eyes. There are two folding chairs that can be carried on and off.

Exterior of Gatsby's mansion/grounds depicting a lavish party. Items for Gatsby's party include small tables and chairs scattered along the perimeter, strung lights, a bar, fountain, etc. Prop pieces need to be quickly brought on and off.

Delmonico's Restaurant. There are a few small tables with chairs.

Louisville 1917 flashback. There is a small porch swing or bench that can slide on.

Nick's cottage/bungalow. There is a richly upholstered divan, a coffee table with a silver tea service on it, and an

assortment of plants and flowers on multiple pedestals and stands. The flowers should be primarily white roses.

Gatsby's pastel yellow "car." May be represented with just a front grill and two headlights or a couple of small benches or chairs.

Plaza Hotel suite. The suite should exude old-money wealth. There are a couple of easy chairs, a divan, a bar cart, a desk chair, a desk with a phone on it, a wall mirror, two end tables, and some flowers in a vase.

Gatsby's "pool." Suggested with a blue light, augmented, if possible, with a motion gobo to suggest ripples. There is a small table at the edge of the "pool."

Projections

The entire play may be staged in front of a neutral curtain or scrim. Should a director choose to incorporate projections and have access to appropriate equipment, a list of images is provided below. Whether or not these images are used, it is imperative to have the green light at the end of Daisy's dock be created through the use of a light instrument.

Exterior of the Buchanan mansion

Exterior of a period gas station/garage

Valley of Ashes, a vast gray dumping ground of industrial waste

Billboard for Dr. T.J. Eckleburg (may be a suspended 3-D structure or a projection)

Exterior of Gatsby's Gothic mansion

Plaza Hotel suite

Swimming pool water

Props/Costumes

Polo riding clothes, for Tom	White linen suit, for Gatsby
Wine, martini, and cocktail glasses	Scrapbook
Formal invitation to Gatsby's party	Watch, for Gatsby
Formal attire, for Party Guests	Tray of miniature lemon cakes
2 Sets of identical flapper dresses, for Lucille and Kate	Watch, for Nick
Formal attire, for Nick	Serving tray with filled champagne glasses
Change of clothes (less formal for restaurant scene) for Nick	Bottle of whiskey wrapped in a towel
Chardonnay wine bottle	Silver ice bucket
Medal of valor on a ribbon	Coarse blanket to put on Myrtle's corpse
WWI uniform for Gatsby	Period swimsuit, for Gatsby
String of pearls	Inflatable pool float
Bottle of Sauternes	Tray of drinks
Crumpled letter	Revolver
	Photo of Gatsby in uniform
	Worn purse, for Mrs. Gatz

Special Effects

Sound of waves lapping against the shore

Dim green pin spot

Phone ringing offstage

Billboard for Dr. T.J. Eckleburg (may be a suspended 3-D structure or a projection)

Sound of a motorcar approaching and stopping

Sound of a motorcar approaching

Motorcar starting up and departing

Three-note car horn for Gatsby's car

Knock at the door

Faint sound of a car shifting gears.

Sound of a car approaching that grows louder and louder and reaches a crescendo.

Glowing eyes of Dr. T.J. Eckleburg

Blinding light

Sickening "thud" when Myrtle is hit by Gatsby's car

Myrtle's twisted, grotesque corpse (opt.)

Gatsby's "pool" (A blue light, augmented, if possible, with a motion gobo to suggest ripples)

Gentle sound of water stirring

Sound of someone approaching surreptitiously

Gunshot

Siren

Music

The music suggested for the play is listed but may be changed, if desired.

"Stardust" by Glenn Miller

"Someday Sweetheart" by Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang

"I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate" by Memphis Five

"The Charleston" by Green Hill

"What'll I Do?" (piano-only version) by Marina 3M

"What'll I Do?" (full orchestral version) by Mantovani

"Tin Roof Blues" by Memphis Five

"I'll Be Seeing You" (full orchestral version) by Easy Listening Music

"I'll Be Seeing You" (piano-only version) by Calikokat Piano

"Three O'Clock in the Morning" by Paul Whiteman

**“A new world,
material without being real,
where poor ghosts,
breathing dreams like air,
drifted fortuitously about..”**

—from The Great Gatsby

ACT I

(AT RISE: The sound of waves lapping against the shore. A dim green pin spot is projected against the back curtain or scrim, blinking on and off slowly. A faint pool of light picks up Jay Gatsby standing CS, his back to the audience, staring at the green light. Pause. A spotlight on Nick Carraway, who is standing in front of the proscenium DSL.)

NICK: *(To audience.)* The green light at the end of Daisy's dock would forever be embedded in my memory. What it came to represent those two years ago would frequently shift, as fickle as the current lapping onto the breast of the nearby shore. 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 you've had." In consequence, I'm inclined to reserve hasty judgments, which I came to realize during that summer of '22, is a matter of infinite hope. I've met only one person who possessed this extraordinary gift for hope, this romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person, and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. Jay Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this story, represented everything for which I had an unaffected scorn. But he turned out all right at the end. It was only what preyed on him, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams. *(Gatsby turns front and faces Nick, a sad smile on his face. Nick returns the look. Gatsby nods slightly. As Gatsby exits, his light fades.)* After graduating from New Haven in '15, I participated, like thousands of other boys, in the Great War. But when I returned home to the Middle West, it now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe. So I decided to go East and learn the bond business. A young man at the office found me a weather-beaten, cardboard bungalow in a commuting town at \$80 a

month. It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender, riotous island—which extends itself due east of New York, jutting out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western hemisphere—the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound. I lived in an area referred to as West Egg, only 50 yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. The one on my right, a colossal affair by any standard, belonged to Gatsby. Across the bay, another white palace glittered along the water. My story really begins there, on the evening I drove over to have dinner with Tom Buchanan. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd known Tom at Yale. And just after the war, I spent two days with them in Chicago.

(The green light fades. Stage lights come up full. Tom Buchanan, dressed in polo riding clothes, enters and approaches Nick.)

TOM: *(Calls.)* Nick! Nick Carraway! My fellow Bulldog! *(A quick little cheer.)* How wonderful to see you.

(Tom and Nick shake hands.)

NICK: Hello, Tom.

TOM: Pardon my appearance. Just returned from a polo match.

NICK: Polo.

TOM: I'll take you down to the stables later.

NICK: That'd be fine.

TOM: So what brings you to New York?

NICK: Work. I'm a bond man now.

TOM: Really? Who with?

NICK: Probity Trust.

TOM: Never heard of them.

NICK: You will, if you stay in the East.

TOM: Oh, I'll stay in the East, don't you worry. I'd be a fool to live anywhere else.

NICK: Oh.

TOM: I've got a nice place here.

NICK: Yes.

TOM: Belonged to Demaine, the oil man.

NICK: Never heard of him.

TOM: Come on, let's go up to the veranda.

(Exterior of Tom and Daisy's mansion. A wagon platform that can be easily moved on and off is slid on. On it is a bar cart, white wicker chairs and a loveseat. Daisy Buchanan, Tom's wife, and Jordan Baker, Daisy's friend and a professional golfer, are reclining on a loveseat, sipping wine. A bar cart is nearby.)

TOM: Daisy, look who I found.

(Daisy rises and approaches Nick.)

DAISY: *(Embracing Nick.)* Nick! My darling Nick.

(Tom approaches the bar cart and mixes drinks for himself and Nick.)

NICK: Hello, Daisy.

DAISY: Oh, my wonderful cousin! I'm paralyzed with happiness!

NICK: I'm happy to see you again as well.

DAISY: We mustn't let so much time pass ever again before laying eyes on one another. We are blood relatives, after all.

NICK: Yes, second cousins, once removed.

DAISY: Why, there's no one in the world I so much want to see. Where are you staying?

NICK: Over in West Egg. A little bungalow a fellow worker found for me.

DAISY: How charming! Absolutely charming! Right across the bay.

NICK: I stopped off in Chicago for a day before coming East. Dozens of people send their love.

DAISY: Dozens! You hear, Tom? *(To Nick.)* 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! 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.

(Tom hands Nick a drink.)

TOM: She's asleep.

DAISY: *(To Nick.)* Well, you must see her.

JORDAN: *(To Nick.)* Absolutely.

DAISY: Oh! How silly of me! *(Introducing.)* Nick, my friend Jordan.

NICK: *(To Jordan.)* Hello.

(Jordan rises.)

JORDAN: I'm stiff. I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember.

DAISY: I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon.

(Tom has taken Jordan's glass and heads back to the bar cart, as if to replenish it.)

JORDAN: Nothing else for me, Tom. I'm absolutely in training.

DAISY: *(To Nick.)* Jordan's a professional golfer.

JORDAN: *(To Nick.)* 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: Never you mind.

JORDAN: Well, we ought to plan something, anyway.

DAISY: Plan something? What do you mean? What do people plan?

TOM: They *don't* plan. That's the problem with people today.

DAISY: Tom.

TOM: What with all the immigrants coming here after the war...the country's going to pieces.

DAISY: We've got to beat them down.

JORDAN: You ought to live in California...

(Offstage, phone rings. A Butler enters and whispers something in Tom's ear. Tom exits.)

DAISY: I love seeing you, Nick. You remind me of...of a rose, an absolute rose. Jordan, doesn't Nick remind you of a rose?

NICK: *(Embarrassed.)* I don't feel faintly like a rose. Perhaps...perhaps a carnation.

(Jordan chuckles.)

DAISY: *(With slight irritation.)* No, Nick...a rose.

(Awkward pause. Daisy abruptly rises and exits in the same direction as Tom. Nick is perplexed by Daisy's abrupt departure.)

NICK: *(To Jordan.)* I *could* be a rose. *(Jordan smiles.)* So, this Mr. Gatsby you spoke of is my neighbor. He lives in a similar mansion as this, except—

JORDAN: Shhhh. 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.

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

NICK: Got some woman?

JORDAN: She might have the decency not to telephone him at home, don't you think?

(Daisy enters.)

DAISY: *(With forced gaiety.)* It couldn't be helped! *(Sits in her former spot.)* So tell me, Nick—we don't know each other very well, even if we are cousins—you didn't come to my wedding.

NICK: I wasn't back from the war.

DAISY: Oh. Well, I've had a very bad time of it.

NICK: Oh, I'm sorry to hear.

DAISY: Well, it's true. You do believe me, don't you?

NICK: Of course.

DAISY: I knew you would.

NICK: Tell me about your daughter. I suppose she talks, and eats, and everything.

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

NICK: Very much.

DAISY: It will show you how I've gotten to feel about...things. Well, she was less than an hour old and Tom was who 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 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." *(Pause. Nick and Jordan exchange a look.)* I think everything's terrible anyhow.

Everybody thinks so...the most advanced people. And I know. I've been everywhere and done everything. Sophisticated! God, I'm so sophisticated.
(Pause. Silence. Tom enters and notices the quiet.)

TOM: Have we run out of conversation?

JORDAN: Among other things.

TOM: Another drink, Nick? Jordan?

JORDAN: No. Time for this good girl to go to bed.

DAISY: (To Nick.) Jordan's going to play in the tournament tomorrow, over at Westchester.

NICK: (Realizes.) Oh! You're Jordan Baker.

JORDAN: Last I checked. Goodnight, all. Daisy, wake me at eight, won't you?

DAISY: If you'll get up.

JORDAN: I will. Goodnight, Mr. Carraway. See you anon.
(Starts to exit.)

DAISY: Of course, you will. In fact, I think I'll arrange a marriage. Come over more often, Nick, and I'll sort of—oh, I don't know—fling you together. Lock you up in linen closets and push you out to sea in a boat, and all that sort of thing.

JORDAN: Goodnight, all. I haven't heard a word. (Exits.)

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

DAISY: (Irritated.) Who oughtn't?

TOM: Her family.

DAISY: Her family is one aunt, a thousand years old. Besides, Nick's going to look after her, aren't you, Nick? She's going to spend lots of weekends out here this summer. I think the home influence will be very good for her.

NICK: Is she from New York?

DAISY: From Louisville. Our girlhood was passed together there.

NICK: Oh. (Rises.) Well, it's getting a bit late for me as well. I best be going, too.

TOM: Come on, Nick. I'll walk you out. And we're going to take a look at the stables before you go.

NICK: Oh, yes. Goodbye, Daisy. Thank you.

DAISY: A rose...

(Tom and Nick go downstage. Daisy watches them, goes to the bar cart, refills her glass, and takes a drink. Lights dim as the wagon slides off. Daisy exits.)

TOM: I'm going to pick you up tomorrow for lunch, Nick. We'll go into the city. I want you to meet my girl.

NICK: Oh. All right.

(Tom and Nick start to exit. As Tom exits, Nick breaks away to his light special. Sound of a motorcar. Note: During Nick's monologue, a suggestion of George Wilson's garage/gas station appears. There is a vintage gas pump and a sign that reads, "Wilson's Garage, Cars Bought and Sold, Repairs, Gas." A billboard advertisement may be projected for T.J. Eckleburg, oculist, which depicts a large pair of yellow-rimmed spectacles that frame piercing blue eyes.)

NICK: *(To audience.)* And so Tom and I set out the next morning for the city. On the way, we passed through the Valley of Ashes—a vast, grey wasteland sprung up from endless industrial dumping. You travel through it, and at the very edge, you encounter the vigilant eyes of Doctor T.J. Eckleburg, oculist, keeping watch over the grotesque gardens below. At the edge of this quagmire stands a dilapidated yellow brick building that contains both the workplace and the living quarters of George and Myrtle Wilson.

(Stage lights up full. Nick and Tom enter.)

NICK: *(To Tom.)* And her husband doesn't object?

TOM: Wilson? He's so dumb, he doesn't know he's alive.
(*George Wilson enters opposite.*) Hello, Wilson, old man.
How's business?

GEORGE: Can't complain. When you gonna sell me that car?

TOM: Next week. I've got my man working on it now.

GEORGE: Works pretty slow, don't he?

TOM: No, George, he doesn't. And if you feel that way about
it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else, after all.

GEORGE: I don't mean that. I just wondered —

(*Myrtle Wilson enters, followed by Catherine, her sister.*)

MYRTLE: Oh, company! Why didn't you tell me, George?
(*Myrtle crosses in front of George and goes directly to Tom.
Catherine hangs back.*) Hello, Mr. Buchanan. Nice to see you.

(*Tom and Myrtle shake hands.*)

TOM: Myrtle, nice to see you as well. This is my friend, Nick
Carraway.

MYRTLE: (*To George.*) Get some chairs, why don't you, so
somebody can sit down?

GEORGE: Sure thing, Myrtle.

(*As George exits, Myrtle pulls Tom into a romantic embrace and
they kiss, opt.*)

TOM: (*To Myrtle.*) I want to see you. Get on the next train.

MYRTLE: All right.

TOM: I'll meet you by the newsstand on the lower level.

MYRTLE: (*Indicating Nick.*) What about him?

TOM: He'll come, too.

NICK: Hold on. I'll have to leave once we get into the city.

TOM: No, you don't. Myrtle'll be hurt if you don't come up
to the apartment. Won't you, Myrtle?

NICK: What apartment?

CATHERINE: (*Indicating Nick, smirks.*) Where'd ya get this one?

MYRTLE: (*To Nick.*) Just a little place in the Heights Tom keeps for me.

NICK: Oh.

MYRTLE: Well, all right. You can come. (*To Tom.*) But Catherine's coming, too.

CATHERINE: Sure, I'll come. I love a good party. (*To Nick.*) Besides, you're kinda cute.

MYRTLE: (*To Tom.*) I'm gonna have the McKees come up, too.

TOM: That photographer from the flat below?

MYRTLE: Shut up now. He's gonna take my picture, he said.

CATHERINE: And mine. You promised.

MYRTLE: Maybe. After mine.

(*Tom starts to exit to find George.*)

TOM: (*Indicating George.*) Where is that dummy? (*Exits.*)

MYRTLE: (*Calls.*) Hey, don't leave me here alone. (*Exits after Tom.*)

CATHERINE: (*To Nick.*) So, you live on Long Island, too?

NICK: I live at West Egg.

CATHERINE: Really? I was down there at a party about a month ago...given by a man named Gatsby. You know him?

NICK: I live next door to him.

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

NICK: Really?

CATHERINE: I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me. How 'bout you? You hitched?

NICK: Me? No. I had a girl once back home, but it didn't work out.

CATHERINE: Back home?

NICK: Minnesota.

CATHERINE: Minnesota! You're a long way from home, boy.

NICK: Indeed.

CATHERINE: "Indeed." (*Laughs.*) You're cute. Well, my sister and Tom...neither one of 'em can stand the one they're married to.

NICK: They can't?

CATHERINE: Can't *stand* 'em. What I say is, why go on livin' with 'em if they can't stand 'em? (*Myrtle enters, carrying two chairs.*) If I was them, I'd get a divorce and get married to each other right away.

NICK: Tom doesn't love Daisy, either?

MYRTLE: No, he doesn't. It's his wife who's the problem. See, she's a Catholic, and they don't believe in divorce. But Tom don't care. Me and him are gonna get married and move out West to live for a while until things blow over.

NICK: Oh, I don't think Daisy's a—

CATHERINE: (*To Myrtle.*) Well, I still don't understand why you married George in the first place.

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.

CATHERINE: You were crazy about him for a while.

MYRTLE: Crazy about him? Who said I was crazy about him? I was never any more crazy about him than I was about that man there. (*Points at Nick.*) The only crazy I was was when I married 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 George 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.

CATHERINE: (*To Nick.*) See? She really ought to get away from him. They've been living over that garage for 11 years now. And Tom's the first real sweetie she's ever had. (*To Myrtle.*) Isn't that right, honey?

(Tom enters, followed by George.)

GEORGE: *(To Tom.)* I don't mean nothin'. It ain't that at all. It's just that I've gotta fella up in the Bronx keeps askin' me about it.

TOM: Well, maybe you shouldn't have told him about it at all, George...not until it was ready.

GEORGE: Well, I was jus' —

TOM: *(To Nick.)* We gotta get goin'.

NICK: Fine.

TOM: *(Looking at Myrtle.)* Daisy'll be expecting us soon.

(Unnoticed by George, Myrtle winks at Tom as he exits. Nick goes downstage to his spot.)

GEORGE: *(To Myrtle.)* I guess I'll move these chairs back in.

(Myrtle starts to exit with Catherine.)

MYRTLE: *(Calls.)* That's a swell idea, George. You do that.

(Myrtle and Catherine exit. Lights fade on stage. Nick's spot comes up. During the following, Gatsby's Servants enter and set up for the party at Gatsby's mansion. Exterior of Gatsby's mansion/grounds depicting a lavish party. Items for Gatsby's party include small tables and chairs scattered along the perimeter, strung lights, a bar, fountain, etc.)

NICK: *(To audience.)* I was not disappointed to leave Wilson's garage. During those long summer nights, there was music every weekend drifting over 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. I believe that on that first night, I went to Gatsby's house. I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. A

uniformed chauffeur had crossed my lawn early one Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer.

(Gatsby's Chauffeur approaches to deliver a formal invitation. Nick opens the invitation. Gatsby's voice is heard as a voiceover.)

GATSBY: *(Voiceover.)* "Mr. Carraway, I have spotted you several times across the way and intended to call upon you long before today. However, a peculiar and unfortunate combination of circumstances has prevented our meeting thus far. It would be my great honor if you could attend my gathering this evening, at which time we could finally meet and get to know one another. Yours, Jay Gatsby."

NICK: *(To Chauffeur.)* Please tell Mr. Gatsby I shall be there this evening.

CHAUFFEUR: Very good, sir. *(Exits.)*

NICK: *(To audience.)* As I later found out, the majority of the people attending had not been invited at all. They simply went. *(Party Guests begin to arrive. Music is heard.)* They got into automobiles, which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission. Thus, it was that at a little after seven, I made my way across the lawn rather ill at ease to encounter swirls and eddies of people I didn't know.

(As Nick makes his way into the party, strains of "Stardust" are heard from the band offstage. Festivities are in full swing. Most couples are dancing. Some are sitting at small tables scattered along the perimeter. Guests are formally dressed, though several are outrageously outfitted, including a pair of young women, Lucille and Kate, who are identically dressed and dancing together. As Nick strolls about, he overhears bits of dialogue about his host, Jay Gatsby.)

GUEST 1: *(To Guest 2.)* And I heard he killed a man once.

GUEST 2: Oh, I don't think it's so much that. It's more that he was a German spy during the war.

(Guest 1, 2 continue conversing. Nick moves about the party looking uncomfortable.)

GUEST 3: *(To Guest 4.)* Just look at him sometime when he thinks no one is looking.

GUEST 4: Oh, I do, honey, believe me.

GUEST 5: *(To Guest 6.)* Alcohol! That's where.

GUEST 6: What do you mean?

GUEST 5: Bootlegging!

GUEST 6: Isn't that illegal?

GUEST 5: Of course, it's illegal!

GUEST 6: *(Staring at her glass.)* But then...how...oh, who cares?

(Guest 6 laughs and takes a drink. As Nick circulates, he grows increasingly anxious. Jordan Baker appears, having just replenished her drink. Seeing a familiar face, Nick shouts Jordan's name just as the music stops.)

NICK: *(Shouts.)* Jordan!

(Nick's cry fills the sudden void. A number of Guests turn and stare at him. Jordan chuckles and approaches Nick.)

JORDAN: Did I overhear my name being called?

NICK: *(Embarrassed.)* Sorry.

JORDAN: Don't worry. I'm used to it. I thought you might be here.

NICK: Yes...I was invited.

JORDAN: You live next door to him, as I recall.

NICK: Right over there... *(Points off.)* ...in that somewhat less auspicious cottage. *(Pause. Music starts up again, "Someday Sweetheart.")* Do you want to dance?

JORDAN: No.

(Jordan sits at an empty table, vacated by a couple who have gotten up to dance. Pause. Uncertain, Nick tentatively sits with Jordan.)

NICK: Quite the gathering.

JORDAN: Yes. Every Saturday night during the summer months.

NICK: Really?

JORDAN: Do you think I would lie to you?

NICK: No. No, of course not.

JORDAN: They start setting up on Friday...lights, food, flowers, and, of course, alcohol. The musicians arrive in the morning the day of the party. They're very good.

NICK: Yes. Yes, quite.

(Lucille and Kate approach Nick and Jordan's table.)

LUCILLE: *(To Jordan.)* Hello!

KATE: *(To Jordan.)* Sorry you didn't win.

LUCILLE: *(To Jordan.)* You don't know who we are...

KATE: *(To Jordan.)* But we met you here about a month ago.

JORDAN: *(Recognizes them.)* You've both dyed your hair since then.

LUCILLE: *(Giggling.)* We dyed it just for tonight, didn't we, Kate?

KATE: *(To Jordan.)* Tonight only.

JORDAN: Do you come to these parties often?

KATE: Every one we can!

LUCILLE: *(To Jordan.)* The last one was the one when we first met you. Wasn't it, Kate?

KATE: Yes. *(To Jordan.)* We like to come. We never care what we do, so we always have a good time.

LUCILLE: *(To Jordan.)* Last time here, I tore my gown on a chair.

KATE: *(To Jordan.)* He asked our name and address.

LUCILLE: *(To Jordan.)* And inside of a week, I got a package...

KATE: *(To Jordan.)* From Bonwit Teller...

LUCILLE: *(To Jordan.)* With a new gown in it!

JORDAN: Did you keep it?

LUCILLE: Sure, I did.

KATE: *(To Jordan.)* She was going to wear it tonight, but it was too big in the bust and had to be altered.

LUCILLE: *(To Jordan.)* Jet blue with lavender beads.

KATE: *(To Jordan.)* Two-hundred and sixty-five dollars. The tag was still on.

LUCILLE: *(To Jordan.)* There's something funny about a fellow who'll do a thing like that, don't you think?

KATE: *(To Jordan.)* He doesn't want any trouble with *anybody*.

NICK: Who does?

(Kate and Lucille give Nick an odd look. Suddenly, "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate" starts up. Kate and Lucille squeal with delight and hurry out to the dance floor.)

NICK: *(To Jordan.)* Something I said?

JORDAN: My outfit, perhaps?

NICK: I wish I could shimmy... *(Jordan chuckles.)* ...but I hate to be careless.

JORDAN: You're not. I hate careless people. That's why I like you.

NICK: "Sorry you didn't win"?

JORDAN: A golf tournament. Bogeyed the last two holes.

NICK: Quite the celebrity.

JORDAN: One can always count on a multitude of different types at these affairs. *(Indicating a Young Woman and an Older Gentleman opposite.)* That little tart over there...one of those Hollywood starlets trying to whirl her way into the old guy's good graces.

NICK: Or something.

JORDAN: Or something.

NICK: Does everyone come, then?

JORDAN: Everyone who knows about them. He gives large parties, and I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties, there isn't any privacy.

(Unnoticed, Jay Gatsby approaches their table. Nick doesn't know that it is Gatsby.)

GATSBY: *(To Nick.)* Excuse the interruption, but your face looks 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 1918. I knew I'd seen you somewhere before. What's your name?

NICK: Nick. Nick Carraway.

GATSBY: I remember now. You were near Louvemet, were you not?

NICK: Why, yes.

GATSBY: Imagine seeing you here now. And you're in the little cottage across the way?

NICK: Yes.

GATSBY: Having a good time?

NICK: Yes, though this is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host. I live over there, and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur with an invitation. *(Reaches inside his coat.)* I have it right here, if you'd like to see it.

GATSBY: No need for that. I wrote it.

NICK: What?

GATSBY: I'm Jay Gatsby.

NICK: Oh, I beg your pardon.

GATSBY: I thought you knew, old sport. Being with Miss Baker, here.

JORDAN: Hello, Gatsby.

GATSBY: Well, anyway, I'm afraid I'm not a very good host.

NICK: On the contrary, I'm terribly sorry. I appreciated the invitation.

(Butler approaches and whispers something in Gatsby's ear.)

GATSBY: *(To Butler.)* Tell him I'll be there momentarily.
(Butler exits. To Nick.) Listen, I've just purchased a hydroplane and was going to try it out in the morning. Want to go with me, old sport?

NICK: What time?

GATSBY: Any time that suits you best.

NICK: How about ten o'clock?

GATSBY: Perfect. I'll look for you then. We'll drive to the strip together.

NICK: I'll look forward to it. And, again, sorry for not recognizing.

GATSBY: Don't give it another thought. *(Nods goodbye.)* Miss Baker. *(Starts to exit.)* See you tomorrow, Nick! *(Exits.)*

JORDAN: *(To Nick.)* Quite the golden boy, huh?

NICK: Truth be told, I still don't recognize him.

JORDAN: It's not important. The great majority of the people here have no clue.

NICK: But why, then, does he even have these parties? Why go to all the trouble?

JORDAN: Because he can. Besides, it's absolutely no trouble to him. All he does is give the orders.

NICK: Something to be said for great wealth.

JORDAN: Even though he's nouveau riche.

NICK: What?

JORDAN: All the old money is across the bay in East Egg. The Buchanans—

NICK: How did he get his money?

JORDAN: Oh, my boy—

(Butler approaches.)

BUTLER: Miss Baker? I beg your pardon, but Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you alone.

JORDAN: With me?

BUTLER: Yes, Mademoiselle. In the vestibule.

(Surprised, Jordan rises and exits with the Butler. Music changes to "The Charleston." Lucille and Kate enthusiastically pull Nick out onto the dance floor, giggling and drinking as they dance with and around him. The song plays out fully. Halfway through, Nick finds an opportunity to escape and exits. Toward the end of the song, the Guests begin striking the remnants of the party and set up for the scene at Delmonico's Restaurant. There are a few small tables with chairs. With a change of clothes, Nick enters in his accustomed spot.)

NICK: *(To audience.)* I was both relieved and reticent to depart that evening. There was a certain appeal in the lights, the orchestra, the dozens of revelers, most of whom were lost in a numbing microcosm far removed from the rest of the country, and most particularly from my Midwestern home, both geographically and culturally. I had gotten to know the enigmatic Jordan Baker a bit more and was not all that surprised when Lucille and Kate shared with me the rumor that she was, in fact, notorious for discreetly changing her lie in her golf matches. It didn't really make any difference to me, though. Dishonesty in a woman is a thing you never blame deeply. Everyone suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues, and this is mine: I am one of the few honest people that I have ever known. *(Slight pause.)* The next morning, as promised, Gatsby pulled up to my place in his gorgeous, pale yellow roadster, announcing his arrival with a melody from its three-noted horn. The hydroplane ride turned out to be both exhilarating and terrifying. Gatsby, of course, was unfazed; in fact, he seemed at times downright reckless. I couldn't help recalling Jordan's comment the night before about careless people. Afterward, Gatsby suggested—or rather told me outright—that we were going to lunch. He'd already made reservations at

Delmonico's. I usually took dinner at the Yale Club, a nice enough place but nothing compared to the establishment in which I then found myself. *(The Restaurant Manager escorts Gatsby and Nick to their table.)* The manager, well-aware of his frequent customer, seated us immediately while a waiter stood at attention ready with the wine.

MANAGER: *(To Gatsby.)* A chardonnay, '08, from Sonoma?

GATSBY: Fine. *(Waiter pours two glasses of wine. To Nick.)*

Many of the French vineyards were damaged in the war.

MANAGER: Enjoy your meal, gentlemen.

(Manager and Waiter exit.)

GATSBY: *(Toasting.)* To friendship.

NICK: *(Toasting.)* Friendship.

(Nick and Gatsby take a drink.)

GATSBY: Now, look here, old sport. What's your opinion of me anyhow?

NICK: *(Caught off-guard.)* Well, I haven't a great deal to go on, you understand. The party last night, of course—

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.

NICK: No.

GATSBY: I'll tell you God's truth. I am the son of some wealthy people in the Middle West, all dead now, except for my mother. I was brought up in America but educated at Oxford. All of my ancestors have been educated there for many years. It's a family tradition.

NICK: What part of the Middle West?

GATSBY: San Francisco.

NICK: I see.

GATSBY: Most of my family died, and I came into a good deal of money. 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, all the while trying to forget something very sad that had happened to me long ago.

NICK: I'm sorry.

GATSBY: 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 and was eventually promoted to be a major. Every Allied government gave me a decoration, even little Montenegro down on the Adriatic.

(Gatsby reaches into his pocket and pulls out a medal on a ribbon. Gatsby hands it to Nick, who looks at it and then flips it over.)

NICK: *(Reads inscription.)* "Major Jay Gatsby. For Valor Extraordinary."

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. *(Slight pause.)* You'll hear about it this afternoon.

NICK: This afternoon? Where?

GATSBY: Here. I've arranged for Miss Baker to meet you here.

NICK: Here? Why?

GATSBY: Because, old sport, she has consented to speak to you about this matter.

NICK: "This matter"?

(Meyer Wolfsheim approaches Gatsby's table.)

WOLFSHEIM: Hey, hey, Jay Jay, my friend.

GATSBY: Wolfsheim! What are you doing here?

WOLFSHEIM: *(To Nick.)* "What am I doin' here?" he says.
(To Gatsby.) Same as you. Just finished lunch.

GATSBY: But I thought—

WOLFSHEIM: Yeah, I know. I like across the street better.
But too small and too hot today. This is a nice restaurant
here, anyway.

GATSBY: *(Introducing.)* Mr. Carraway, this is my friend and
business associate, Mr. Wolfsheim.

NICK: *(To Wolfsheim.)* How do you do, sir?

WOLFSHEIM: *(To Gatsby.)* "Sir." Finally, some respect. *(To
Nick.)* So I understand you're lookin' for a business
connection. That right?

GATSBY: No, Meyer. This isn't the man.

WOLFSHEIM: No?

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

WOLFSHEIM: *(To Nick.)* I beg your pardon. I had the wrong
man. *(To Gatsby.)* This here's the kind o'fella you'd wanna
take home and introduce to your mother and sister, am I
right? *(To Nick.)* I see you're admiring my cuff buttons.

NICK: Well...

WOLFSHEIM: Finest specimens of human molars.

NICK: Well, that's a very interesting idea.

WOLFSHEIM: Yeah. Well, I'd stay and join ya, but I've
already eaten. I enjoyed my lunch, and I'm gonna run off
from you two young men before I outstay my welcome.

GATSBY: You needn't hurry, Meyer.

WOLFSHEIM: You're always so polite, Jay Jay. I've always
appreciated that, even in our little dealings. But I belong to
another generation. You just sit here and discuss your
sports and your young ladies. As for me, I'm over the hill. I
know it, and I won't impose myself on you any longer. Nice
meetin' ya, Mr. Carraway.

NICK: Likewise.

WOLFSHEIM: Remember, polite. *(Exits.)*

GATSBY: *(To Nick.)* He becomes very sentimental sometimes.
But he's quite a character around New York.

NICK: What is he...an actor?

GATSBY: Wolfsheim? No. He's a gambler. He's the man
who fixed the World Series back in '19.

NICK: Fixed? How did he do that?

GATSBY: He saw the opportunity and he took it.

NICK: Why isn't he in jail?

GATSBY: They can't get him, old sport. He's a smart man.

NICK: *(Sees Tom Buchanan offstage.)* Hey! Hey, there's Tom
Buchanan. You mind if I—?

GATSBY: Not at all. Go ahead.

NICK: You know Tom? I could introduce you.

GATSBY: Some other time. I'll just sit here and finish my
wine. But you go ahead.

NICK: Be right back! *(Starts to exit, calls.)* Tom! Hey, Tom!

(Nick exits. Jordan enters opposite, looking around.)

GATSBY: *(Calls.)* Jordan!

(Jordan approaches Gatsby's table.)

JORDAN: Where is he?

GATSBY: He's here. Just went to greet someone. *(Pulls out his
chair for her.)* Here. Sit down. *(Sits in Nick's chair.)* Wine?

JORDAN: Yes. Thank you.

GATSBY: *(Pouring her wine.)* Listen, Jordan, I have to run, but
I want to thank you for doing this.

JORDAN: Of course. I like him. And you. But I'm not sure
what'll come of it.

GATSBY: Neither am I. But I've got to try.

JORDAN: I understand. Go on, Jay. I'll do my best.

*(Gatsby pats Jordan on the hand and exits. Jordan takes a drink of
her wine. Pause. Nick enters, followed by Tom.)*

NICK: Jordan!

JORDAN: Hello, Nick.

NICK: Where's Gatsby?

JORDAN: He had to run. Hello, Tom.

TOM: Jordan.

NICK: Sorry, Tom. I'll have to introduce you another time.

TOM: It's all right. I have to go myself. Got a polo match this afternoon. *(To Jordan.)* See you again. *(Acknowledging Nick.)* Nick.

(Tom exits. Nick sits.)

NICK: *(To Jordan.)* Did he say where he was going?

JORDAN: Gatsby? No. You seem anxious.

NICK: It's just that I wanted Mr. Buchanan to meet him.

JORDAN: I imagine he knows who he is. *(Pause.)* Nick, I have something to ask you.

NICK: Gatsby told me.

JORDAN: He wants to know if you'll invite Daisy to your house some afternoon and then let him come over.

NICK: Daisy? Tom's wife?

JORDAN: Yes.

NICK: What for?

(Pause.)

JORDAN: I need to tell you something first...some history of Daisy Buchanan, and of Jay Gatsby.

NICK: All right.

JORDAN: Louisville 1917. Daisy Fay, two years older than me, would sit on her expansive front porch, all dressed in white and by far the most popular young girl in the entire town. A constant stream of excited young officers from Camp Taylor would vie for her attention day after day. *(Louisville 1917 flashback scene. From the opposite side of the*

stage, a small porch swing or bench slides on. Daisy is seated. Gatsby, in uniform, is by her side. They are talking in pantomime.) But on this particular morning, I happened to be walking down the street and saw Daisy sitting in her customary place, a lieutenant by her side whom I had never seen before. They were so engrossed in each other that she didn't see me until I was five feet away.

(Jordan enters the flashback scene with Daisy.)

DAISY: Hello, Jordan. Please come here. *(Jordan approaches.)*

Are you going to the Red Cross today to make bandages?

JORDAN: Yes.

DAISY: Would you please tell them that I cannot come today?

JORDAN: Certainly.

DAISY: Oh, by the way. I'd like you to meet—

JORDAN/DAISY: Jay Gatsby.

(Music in low for "What'll I Do?" piano only. Daisy continues talking in pantomime, while Jordan, though still facing Gatsby, talks to Nick. Entranced, Jordan watches them for a few moments.)

JORDAN: *(To Nick.)* He was the most striking man I had ever met. He looked at Daisy while she was speaking, in a way that every young girl wants to be looked at sometime. Because it seemed romantic to me, I've remembered the incident ever since. He frequented Daisy's place until he went off to France to fight in the war. 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. *(Gatsby exits. Jordan crosses back into the restaurant and directly addresses Nick. Daisy has risen from the bench/swing and looks off to where Gatsby has exited. Music fades.)* Daisy was broken-hearted. Rumors were circulating about how her mother had found her one winter night packing her bag to go to New York and say goodbye to some soldier who was going

overseas. She was prevented from going, and she wasn't on speaking terms with her family for several weeks. I began playing in tournaments by that time and didn't see her much until the next autumn. Daisy was in high spirits again. She had a debut after the Armistice, and in February had become engaged, and by June she was married to a Tom Buchanan of Chicago, with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville had ever seen.

(During the following, Tom enters with a string of pearls, which he tenderly places around Daisy's neck. Daisy embraces Tom.)

JORDAN: *(To Nick.)* On the night before the wedding, Tom gave her a string of pearls valued at \$350,000 dollars. Daisy seemed very happy. *(Tom exits. Jordan enters the flashback.)* I was to be a bridesmaid, and that night, half an hour before the bridal dinner, I went to check on her and found her nearly passed out, a bottle of Sauternes in one hand and a crumpled letter in the other.

DAISY: Congratulate me. Never had a drink before, but, oh, how I do enjoy it.

JORDAN: Daisy, what's the matter?

DAISY: *(Taking off the pearls.)* Here, dearie. Take 'em and give 'em back to whoever they belong to. Tell 'em all Daisy's changed her mind. *(Throws the pearl necklace on the ground. Some pearls come loose, opt.)*

JORDAN: *(To Nick.)* She made no sense. Just cried and cried. I finally calmed her down enough to get one of the maids to help me get her into a cold bath. *(A Maid enters and helps Daisy. The Maid tries to take the bottle and the letter. Daisy allows the Maid to take the bottle, but she clings to the letter and screams at the Maid when she attempts to take it. Jordan gestures to the Maid to let Daisy keep the letter. The Maid struggles to help Daisy off.)* But she wouldn't let go of the letter. *(Returns to the restaurant with Nick.)* The next day, at five o'clock, she

married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver and started off on a three month's trip to the South Seas.

NICK: Oh, my.

JORDAN: The following April, Daisy had her little girl, and they went to France for a year. Then they came back to Chicago, where Daisy was very popular, to settle down. But then they moved here because of Tom's work. 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?" 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 on her front porch.

NICK: So, after all the traveling by Tom and Daisy, and after Gatsby's war experience abroad, they wind up living across the harbor from each other?

JORDAN: Yes.

NICK: What a strange coincidence.

JORDAN: Oh, Nick.

(Waiter approaches.)

WAITER: Another bottle?

JORDAN: No.

NICK: *(To Waiter.)* Not for me. Thank you.

WAITER: Very good. *(Exits.)*

JORDAN: Nick, don't you see? It wasn't a coincidence at all. Gatsby bought that house so Daisy would be just across the bay.

NICK: Yes, I see that now. Did I have to know all of this before he could ask such a little thing?

JORDAN: He's afraid he's waited too long. It's been five years. He thought you might be offended.

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

JORDAN: He wants her to see his house. Yours 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 party. When I told him 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 said he's read a Chicago newspaper for years in hopes of catching a glimpse of Daisy's name.

NICK: Oh my goodness. I had no idea.

JORDAN: And Daisy ought to have something in her life, don't you think?

NICK: Does she want to see Gatsby?

JORDAN: She's not to know about it. He doesn't want her to know. You're just supposed to invite her to tea. *(Pause.)* Will you do it?

NICK: Yes.

JORDAN: *(Patting his hand.)* See? I knew you weren't useless.

(Jordan downs her wine in one gulp and exits. Nick rises, leaving the restaurant, and goes to his spot DSL.)

NICK: *(To audience.)* There are only the pursued, the pursuer, the busy, and the timid. I consented to Jordan and Gatsby's request, though in doing so, I developed a feeling of unease in the pit of my stomach. Nevertheless, Gatsby and I agreed to invite Daisy to my place for tea two days hence. When I called her up later that day, I advised her not to bring Tom. "Tom," she said. "Who's Tom?"

(During the following, the restaurant is cleared and Nick's cottage/bungalow is set up by several of Gatsby's Servants. Servants bring on a richly upholstered settee, a coffee table on which is placed

a silver tea service, and various plants and flowers – mostly white roses – on multiple pedestals and stands, etc.)

NICK: *(To audience.)* It soon became apparent why Gatsby had requested two days before the meeting was to occur. The lawn, what there was of it, had been impeccably manicured. A silver tea service was brought over. Hundreds of flowers, particularly white roses, had been delivered. There was even a new couch on which I was too intimidated to sit.

(Dressed in a white linen suit, Gatsby, carrying a scrapbook, enters and nervously approaches Nick.)

GATSBY: Is everything all right?

NICK: The grass looks fine, if that's what you mean.

GATSBY: What grass? Oh! The grass in the yard. Yes, looks very good. I hope you don't mind, old sport.

NICK: Not at all. Best it's ever looked.

GATSBY: You've got everything you need in the way of...of tea and things?

NICK: Yes. Your staff has been most thorough. Though 12 lemon cakes may a bit much. Come inside.

(Gatsby and Nick enter Nick's cottage/bungalow, which by this time has been transformed.)

GATSBY: Yes, very good, very nice. *(Sits on the couch and places the scrapbook on the lower level of the coffee table or on the floor just beneath the table.)* When is she to arrive?

NICK: Four o'clock.

GATSBY: *(Glancing at his watch.)* Listen, old sport, I want to thank you for arranging this.

NICK: Of course.

GATSBY: See here, you don't make much money, do you?

NICK: No. Not very much.

GATSBY: I thought you didn't. I carry on a little business on the side, a sort of sideline, if you understand. And I thought that if you don't make very much— *(Slight pause.)* You're selling bonds, aren't you?

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 confidential sort of thing.

NICK: There's really no need to pay me back for the arrangement, Jay.

GATSBY: No, it's not that.

NICK: Well, I'm much obliged, but I'm afraid I've got my hands full.

GATSBY: Is it Wolfsheim? You wouldn't have to do any business with him, you know.

NICK: No, no. It's just that I can't take on any more work right now.

GATSBY: Well, that's fine. You let me know if you change your mind. *(Stands.)* Well, I'll be going now.

NICK: What? Why's that?

GATSBY: Nobody's coming to tea. It's too late.

NICK: Don't be silly. It's just two minutes to four.

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

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

GATSBY: No. It's too late, Nick. Don't you see?

(The sound of a car approaching is heard.)

NICK: There she is now. *(Rises.)* You see? Sit back down. Relax, Jay. I'll show her in.

(Nick exits. Gatsby looks after him and then slowly exits opposite. Pause. Daisy enters, followed by Nick, who is surprised at Gatsby's absence.)

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

NICK: Absolutely.

DAISY: Are you in love with me? Why did I have to come alone?

NICK: That's the secret of "Castle Rackrent."

DAISY: *(Noticing the flowers.)* Oh, look! Roses! White roses! You do love me, don't you, Nick? And you *are* a rose, you see!

NICK: How foolish I was ever to have doubted you.

DAISY: Well, I hope you've learned your lesson.

NICK: Please, sit. Make yourself some tea. I'll be back momentarily.

(Nick exits in the same direction from which he and Daisy entered. Daisy watches as Nick exits. She sits quietly for a moment and then begins to pour herself some tea. Music in softly for "What'll I Do?" (full orchestral version.) Gatsby slowly enters. He stands upstage of Daisy, looking at her. Sensing something, Daisy halts her tea preparations and stares off. Pause. Daisy turns and looks at Gatsby. Once the violins come in with the melody, Gatsby walks slowly toward her. When he reaches her and stops, she rises. She stares at him, he at her. After a while, she raises her arm to place her hand on his cheek. Lights fade to black. Curtain. Intermission.)

[END OF FREEVIEW]