

ACT TWO

Gatsby's party lights fill the stage, the cast dancing to the sound of a full orchestra.

This is the Charleston! This is the Jazz Age!

At the center of it all are Gatsby and Daisy — crazy, uninhibited and joyous!

Even Myrtle's there dancing with Tom.

Everyone picks up the shirts, dancing with them, filling the stage with swirling color — the frenzy mounting, the dancing faster and faster, out of control, until they all collapse in exhaustion and laughter at the end of the dance.

Start

DAISY. These things excite me so! They excite me so! I've never met so many celebrities! If you want to kiss me anytime during the evening, Nick, just let me know and I'll be glad to arrange it for you. Just mention my name. Or present a green card. I'm giving out green tonight.

GATSBY. Are you having a good time?

DAISY. We're together here in your garden, Jay — your beautiful garden. It doesn't seem possible, does it? I can't believe it's possible. Will you have somebody look it up in the encyclopedia and see if it's really true. Look it up under G. G for Gatsby! *(Slow music. Daisy and Gatsby dance. So do the others. And then the world drops away, and we hear their love theme, and only Gatsby and Daisy are dancing now, slow and sensuous. The others have frozen in tableau. It's as if Gatsby and Daisy are back in 1917, together again and in love, their dance saying it all as they blend together, exquisitely beautiful and sensual. Then Tom breaks away from Myrtle and cuts in on Gatsby, shattering the illusion. Lights change and the party comes back to life.)* Where've you been?

TOM. Talking with those people over there. *(Gatsby isn't sure what to do, so he retreats.)*

DAISY. She's common, but if you want to take down any more addresses here's my little gold pencil.

TOM. Who is this Gatsby anyhow?

DAISY. They say he owned some drugstores, a lot of drugstores.

TOM. Yeah, right.

DAISY. He built them up himself.

TOM. Probably some big bootlegger.

DAISY. Be quiet! You've no reason for talking like that.

TOM. Well, he certainly must have strained himself to get this menagerie together.

DAISY. At least they accomplish things. They're more interesting than — than the people we see.

TOM. What's come over you? They're vulgar. Broadway riffraff. I don't know why I let you talk me into this. Come on, let's get out of here. *(A popular song. Daisy begins to sing with the music in a husky, rhythmic whisper, bringing out meaning in the song like it's never had before ... Chicago South Side and forbidden nights. The others gather round. Daisy transforms, something darker, sexual, more substantial as she goes deep into the song. Tom grabs her.)* You're embarrassing us.

DAISY. Let go of me!

GATSBY. *(Stepping in.)* I say, old sport.

TOM. Look, I don't know WHO the HELL you are, or what's going on, but I'm sure as hell going to FIND OUT! *(To Daisy.)* I'm getting the car. *(He exits.)*

DAISY. Jay, I —

GATSBY. If it wasn't for the mist we could see your house across the bay. You always have a green light that burns all night at the end of your dock.

DAISY. It burns for you, Jay. It's always burned for you. *(Wolfsheim enters.)*

~~WOLFSHEIM. Jay ...~~

~~GATSBY. Just a minute, Meyer. *(Takes Daisy downstage.)* Do you mean it? Do you really love me?~~

~~DAISY. Yes.~~

~~GATSBY. Then that's all that matters! I'll take care of everything. Wait here. I'll be right back. *(He crosses to Wolfsheim. Daisy rushes over to Nick and Jordan.)*~~

~~DAISY. I'm going to leave Tom.~~

~~JORDAN. About time.~~

~~NICK. When?~~