

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.)*

Start

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.

End