

start

MRS. MICHAELIS. You should drink a cup of coffee, George. Come on, it'd do you good.

WILSON. I have a way of finding out about that car. The yellow one. Who it belongs to. *(Suddenly blurting out.)* Couple of months ago she came back from the city, her face bruised, her nose swollen. Oh, my Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od. He killed her.

MRS. MICHAELIS. Who did?

WILSON. I have a way of finding out.

MRS. MICHAELIS. This has been a strain to you and you don't know what you're saying.

WILSON. He murdered her.

MRS. MICHAELIS. It was an accident, George.

WILSON. I'm one of these trusting fellas and I don't think any harm to nobody, but when I get to know a thing I know it. It was the man in that car. She ran out to speak to him and he wouldn't stop.

MRS. MICHAELIS. How could she of been like that?

WILSON. She's a deep one. Ah-h-h. *(Rocks back and forth.)*

MRS. MICHAELIS. Maybe you got some friend that I could telephone —

WILSON. I spoke to her. I told her she might fool me but she couldn't fool God. I took her to the window and I said, "God knows what you've been doing, everything you've been doing. You may fool me but you can't fool God!" *(The eyes of Dr. Eckleburg glow brighter.)* God sees everything. *(Wilson stares up at the glowing eyes, cradling Myrtle in his arms as ... Warm lights reveal Nick pacing next to Gatsby's pool. Gatsby enters dressed in a robe and swimsuit.)*

end

GATSBY. Nothing happened. I waited, and about four o'clock she came to the window and stood there for a minute and then turned out the light.

NICK. You've got to go away. Atlantic City for a week, or up to Montreal.

GATSBY. Can't do that. I couldn't possibly leave Daisy.

NICK. Why won't you listen to me?!

GATSBY. I owe you an apology, Nick.

NICK. I don't care about that!

GATSBY. I owe you an apology for some of the lies. *(Gatsby drops the slight affectation and reveals his true self to Nick.)* James Gatz — that's really, or at least legally, my name. We're cousins, Nick. You and me. Two boys out of the Midwest who've come East to make their fortunes. My parents were farm people up in North Dakota.