

Start

CHESTER. SHHHHHHH! (*He studies Myrtle from all angles. Everyone watches.*)

TOM. We need more to drink. Stop shaking your ass, Myrtle, and get some more ice and mineral water before everybody goes to sleep.

MYRTLE. I told that boy about the ice. These people! You have to keep after them all the time. (*Myrtle exits.*)

CHESTER. (*To Tom.*) I've done some nice things out on Long Island. Two of them are framed downstairs.

TOM. Two what?

CHESTER. Two studies. One of them I call "Montauk Point — the Gulls," and the other I call "Montauk Point — the Sea."

TOM. Where the hell is she? (*He exits after Myrtle.*)

MRS. MCKEE. (*To Nick.*) Do you live down on Long Island too?

NICK. I live at West Egg.

MRS. MCKEE. Really?

CHESTER. Would we know your place?

NICK. No, no. It's just a small summer rental.

MRS. MCKEE. We were down there at a party about a month ago.

CHESTER. At a man named Gatsby's.

MRS. MCKEE. Do you know him?

NICK. I live next door to him.

MRS. MCKEE. Really?! Well, they say he's a nephew or a cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm's, or is it von Hindenburg? I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me.

CHESTER. Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once.

MRS. MCKEE. I don't think it's so much THAT, it's more that he was a German spy during the war. I heard that from a man at the party. Knew all about him, grew up with him in Germany.

CHESTER. That's not right, because he was in the American army during the war. You look at him sometime when he thinks nobody's looking at him. I'll bet he killed a man.

MRS. MCKEE. They say he doesn't even live in that house, but lives on a boat that floats secretly up and down the Long Island Shore. (*Screaming.*) CHESTER! (*Pointing at Nick.*) I think you could do something with HIM! (*Tom and Myrtle enter with ice.*)

MYRTLE. Tom! Stop it! You'll make me spill everything!

MRS. MCKEE. Neither of them can *stand* the person they're married to.

NICK. Can't they?

MRS. MCKEE. Can't stand them. What I say is, why go on living with them if they can't stand them? (*Gatsby disappears.*)

CHESTER. If I was them I'd get a divorce and get married to each other right away.

NICK. Doesn't she like Wilson either?

MYRTLE. You try being married to a stupid ambition-less bastard who smells like grease!

MRS. MCKEE. You see?!

CHESTER. As soon as they can, they're going out West.

MRS. MCKEE. It's really his wife that's keeping them apart. She's a Catholic and they don't believe in divorce.

TOM. Leave Daisy out of this.

NICK. Daisy's not Catholic.

MRS. MCKEE. She really ought to get away from her husband. They've been living over that garage for eleven years. And Tom's the first sweetie she ever had. (*Myrtle, very drunk, sits on Nick's lap, making him extremely nervous.*)

MYRTLE. It was on the two little seats facing each other that are always the ones left on the train. I was going to New York to see my sister and spend the night. He had on a dress suit and patent leather shoes and I couldn't keep my eyes off him but every time he looked at me I had to pretend to be looking at the advertisement over his head.

TOM. What the hell are you doing?

MYRTLE. What?

TOM. Get over here.

MYRTLE. Shut up, I'm telling a story. (*To Nick.*) When we came into the station he was next to me and his white shirt front pressed against my arm — and so I told him I'd have to call a policeman but he knew I lied. I was so excited that when I got into a taxi with him I didn't hardly know I wasn't getting into a subway train. All I kept thinking over and over was, "You can't live forever, you can't live forever."

TOM. That's enough, Myrtle. (*He pulls her off Nick's lap.*)

MYRTLE. Oh, the great man speaks. (*She pours herself another drink.*)

TOM. That's enough booze for one afternoon.

End
~~MYRTLE. Get your hands off me! And where's that dog you promised me?! (*Very drunk, stream of consciousness.*) Mrs. McKee I'm going to give you this dress as soon as I'm through with it I've got to get another one tomorrow I'm going to make a list of all the things I've got to get a massage and a wave and one of those cute little ash-trays where you touch a spring and a wreath with a black silk bow for~~