

Community Players of Salisbury

Monthly Meeting Agenda

September 3, 2025

Call to Order

Approval of August 6, 2025 Meeting Minutes

Treasurer's Report

President's Report

Committee Reports

- Concessions: Brenda Allen: No Report
- Costumes: Lynne Bratten: Report Submitted
- Facilities Management: Ken Johnson: No Report
- Fundraising: Matt Bogdan: Report Submitted
- Grants: Matt Bogdan: Report Submitted
- Historical: Bonnie Bosies: No Report
- Hospitality: Rusty Mumford: No Report
- House: Betsy Metzger: No Report
- Lifetime Achievement Award: Sharon Benchoff: Report Submitted
- Marketing: Rusty Mumford: No Report
- Membership: Melissa Dasher: Report Submitted
- Nominating: Sharon Benchoff: Nothing to Report
- Patrons: Kel Nagel: No Report
- Performance Space: Kel Nagel: No Report
- Production: Kyle Hayes: No Report
- Program/Program Advertising: Tom Robinson: No Report
- Publicity: Pete Cuesta: Report Submitted
- Scholarship: Lynne Bratten: Nothing New to Report
- Tickets/Season Tickets/Box Office: Rusty Mumford: No Report
- Social Media: Cass Dasher/Mary Cathell: No Report

Old Business

- Production Committee Process-Kyle Hayes
- Salisbury Chamber of Commerce-Darrell Mullins, Lynne Bratten
- Committee Structure Revisions (See President's Report)
- Microsoft Products for Non-Profit Organizations
- Alcohol Policy
- New Website
- Other Old Business

New Business

- "The Welkin" Update-Kim Cuesta
- "The Great Gatsby Production"-Matt Bogdan
- "Annie" Update-Sherri Trader-Hynes
- Other New Business

Adjournment

Community Players of Salisbury

September 3, 2025 Meeting

President's Report

I'd like to begin by giving kudos to Rusty and the Cast/Crew of the Juke Box Revue last month. Bravo!

My thanks to Kyle Hayes for running last month's meeting. I'm told he did a stellar job!

In my August report, I mentioned that we have a number of one-person committees. This not only, in my view, puts stress on individuals but also could become a challenge if the one person would become unavailable or no longer wishes to serve. Part of the solution, I believe, is to recruit more members to serve on committees. I included that in my President's column for the most recent newsletters. The other potential solution is to combine similar committees under a single umbrella. Here are some thoughts I've had:

- The House committee could be an umbrella that includes, Box Office, Season Tickets, Programs/Program Ads, Ushering and Bartending during performances.
- Marketing could be an umbrella for Publicity and Social Media
- Fundraising could be an umbrella that includes Patrons, Grant-Writing and Special Productions
- The general idea is that those who had previously been a one-person committee could get cross-trained on all items under the umbrella. In my view this not only eases the burden of individuals but leads to greater overall efficiency. The suggestions above, for example, take us from 15 committees to 8 (if I did my Math right and don't hold me to that but it should be close)
- Consider also that there may be other, better combinations. This was just my first go at it.

If there are Board members who think this might be worth pursuing, I invite you to make a motion to that effect. As I said last month, no hard feelings if no motions emerge.

The grapevine has told me that nearly 80 people turned out to audition for "Annie." Congrats to Director, Sherri Trader-Hynes for handling such a large crowd. I'm sure this falls into what many would call "a good problem to have." No doubt that an excellent cast will come from it.

Looking forward to another fantastic season and working with all of you.

Committee Reports for September 3, 2025

Concessions - Brenda Allen

No Report

Facilities Management - Ken Johnson

No Report

Costumes – Lynne Bratten

Donation of dance wear that matches some from a previous donation was accepted from Kate Wolfe. Donation of clothing from the 60s era accepted. The Donor wished to stay anonymous. These items are currently housed at my home, pending the clean up and reorganization of the costume areas at Players.

Fundraising - Matt Bogdan

1. The Broadway Jukebox: A Music Revue was held August 15-17 at the Community Players' Theater. Thank you to Rusty Mumford, who coordinated the fundraiser, as well as all who participated. Also thanks to those who helped with the 50/50 raffle at the event.
2. A Fall Craft and Vendor Event will be held at Players on Saturday, October 4. from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. If anyone is interested in having a booth at this event, contact Wendy Stever, coordinator, at 443-365-1225 or wendystever@gmail.com.
3. The Poe show will be held in October. Venues and dates will be determined.
4. The Possum Point Players will be performing a radio show on November 23 at 2 p.m. The theme of the show is Thanksgiving. Players and Possum Point will split the gate. Tickets will be \$10.
5. *A Gift to Remember* will be held at the Community Players Theater December 11-14. Pete Cuesta is the coordinator and director of the show. Auditions will be held soon.
6. Matt Bogdan has written a play adaptation of *The Great Gatsby* and would like to present the special production next year.

Grants - Matt Bogdan

1. We received a grant from the Maryland State Arts Council of \$9,489 for fiscal year 2026.
2. The AED has been delivered by The Beat Goes On, Inc. This was due to a \$1700 grant we received from them. The AED is installed by the front door.

Historical - Bonnie Bosies

No Report

Hospitality - Rusty Mumford

No Report

House - Betsy Metzger

No Report

Lifetime Achievement Awards – Sharon Benchoff

Nominations accepted through 9/30/25. Email Sharon at fresnelop@gmail.com

Marketing - Rusty Mumford

No Report

Membership - Melissa Dasher

The 2025-2026 Membership Drive has begun! Our season begins September 1 which means all current memberships expired on August 31. Applications are available in the newsletter or at the Players building. Once the new website is live, I hope to be able to accept forms and payment digitally.

Nominating - Sharon Benchoff

Nothing to report

Patrons - Kel Nagel

No Report

Performance Space - Kel Nagel

No Report

Production - Darrell Mullins

No Report

Program / Program Advertising - Tom Robinson

No Report

Publicity – Pete Cuesta

All art work for the Mainstage season is complete and we are working on billboards and yard signs for 'Annie'

Scholarship - Lynne Bratten

Nothing new to report

Season Tickets & Box Office - Rusty Mumford

No Report

Social Media – Cass Dasher & Mary Cathell

No Report

The Great Gatsby

Adapted for the Stage by Matt Bogdan

Based on the book by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Characters (6 males, 5 females)

Jay Gatsby

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Zelda Fitzgerald

Nick Carraway

Henry Gatz *

Dan Cody *

Daisy Buchanan

Mr. King *

Jordan Baker

Tom Buchanan

Meyer Wolfsheim*

George Wilson

Myrtle Wilson *

Edouard Joze*

Catherine*

Guest 1/Wife 1*

Guest 2/Wife 2*

Gatsby's butler*

Michaelis (George's friend)*

***Henry Gatz, Dan Cody, Mr. King, Meyer Wolfsheim, Male singer, Edouard Joze, Gatsby's butler, and Michaelis are all played by one male.**

***Myrtle, Guest 1, Wife 1, and singer are all played by one female.**

***Catherine, Guest 2, Wife 2, and singer are all played by one female.**

Act One

Projection: *The Great Gatsby* book cover

(Gatsby, Fitzgerald, and Zelda enter.)

Gatsby: Welcome, everyone. I am Jay Gatsby of *The Great Gatsby*, a novel considered to be a masterpiece of American literature which reflects events in my life, as well as the life of its author, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Projection: *This Side of Paradise* and *The Beautiful and the Damned* book covers

Fitzgerald: Before I was 27, I had written two best-selling novels, *This Side of Paradise* and *The Beautiful and the Damned*, and at age 29 I had high hopes for the success of *The Great Gatsby*. I wanted the book to be an artistic achievement, something beautiful and simple. I told my editor that it was the best American novel ever written, predicting it would be a best seller. Imagine my disappointment when initial sales were underwhelming. My wife Zelda was disappointed as well.

Zelda: The poor sales did not help our financial situation, to say the least. Having things makes a woman happy: the right kind of perfume, a smart pair of shoes. These are great comforts to the feminine soul. Am I not right?

Projection: “Fitzgerald’s Latest A Dud” ---*New York World*

Gatsby: Some critics praised the novel, calling it genuinely brilliant, mystical, a work of art. Others said that it was unimportant, no more than a glorified anecdote, a dud.

Fitzgerald: Ouch.

Zelda: I believe that many reviewers missed the deeper meaning and complexities of the story.

Fitzgerald: Unsold boxes of the book were rotting away in a warehouse, and only seven copies sold in the month preceding my death in 1940. I went to my grave thinking my work was forgotten and irrelevant.

Projection: *The Great Gatsby* book cover with soldiers reading

Gatsby: The tables turned during World War II when the U.S. military selected *The Great Gatsby* as a giveaway for U.S. servicemembers. More than 150,000 copies were sent overseas, creating a new readership overnight.

Zelda: This distribution is credited with significantly increasing the novel's popularity and critical acclaim. Thank goodness.

Fitzgerald: Now *The Great Gatsby* is taught in most high schools, has sold over 30 million copies, and is considered by many to be *the* Great American Novel, just as I predicted.

Projection: Zelda as a Flapper

Gatsby: It is set during the 1920s, the “Roaring” Twenties, the Jazz Age, the age of miracles, excess, rebellion, and liberation.

(Singer enters.)

Zelda: Flappers, like myself, were out in full force, complete with bobbed hair, short skirts and cigarettes dangling from our mouths as we sang and danced to “The Charleston.”

Projection: Dancers doing “The Charleston”

Female Singer(s): “The Charleston”

Charleston! Charleston! Made in Carolina!
Some dance, some prance, I'll say there's nothing finer than the
Charleston, Charleston, gee how you can shuffle;
Every step you do, leads to something new.
Man I'm telling you, it's a lapazoo!
Buck dance, wing dance will be a back number;
But the Charleston, the new Charleston, that dance is surely a comer.
Sometime, you'll dance it one time,
That dance called Charleston,
Made in South Caroline!

(Singer exits.)

Projection: Jazz artists, movie stars, sports heroes, and Al Capone

Fitzgerald: It was the age of great jazz artists, like Duke Ellington, Louise Armstrong, and Josephine Baker.

Gatsby: Fascinating movie stars, like Charlie Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino, and Greta Garbo.

Zelda: Heroic sports stars, like Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, and Jack Dempsey.

Fitzgerald: It was also the age of Al Capone, organized crime, Prohibition, speakeasies, and bathtub gin.

Projection: Young Fitzgerald

Gatsby: And there was a struggle between the classes, between the rich and the poor.

Zelda: My husband was quite aware of this struggle. He was born into a middle-class family in 1896 in Saint Paul, Minnesota.

Fitzgerald: We lived on a street lined with the most opulent homes in town, but we occupied a modest rental at the far end of the row. Though my family had the address, we lacked the wealth and social standing of our neighbors. I grew up painfully aware of this divide. My early life was spent on the outside of high society looking in.

Projection: Princeton

Gatsby: Fitzgerald's father was an unsuccessful salesman, and the family lived on his mother's inheritance.

Zelda: But there was enough money to send Scott to Princeton, where he struggled to fit in alongside his upper-crust classmates.

Fitzgerald: That was always my experience — a poor boy in a rich town; a poor boy in a rich boy's school; a poor boy in a rich man's club at Princeton. I was never able to forgive the rich for being rich, and it colored my entire life and works.

(Nick enters.)

Gatsby: Fitzgerald modeled the narrator of *The Great Gatsby*, Nick Carraway, after himself. Both were from Minnesota and went to Ivy League schools.

Nick: I graduated from Yale; Fitzgerald "attended" Princeton.

Fitzgerald: So I was not a star student at Princeton. I did more socializing than I did studying. My grades were bad, so I decided to drop out during my junior year. You could say that I was vulnerable.

Nick: I begin the novel with these words: (clears throat) 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, just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had.

Fitzgerald: It was the same advice my father gave me.

Nick: In consequence, I was inclined to reserve all judgments, especially with Gatsby.

Projection: Max Gerlach

Fitzgerald: I modeled Gatsby after Max Gerlach, a German immigrant I knew who threw lavish parties.

Zelda: He was our neighbor and would introduce himself as Max *von* Gerlach, as if he were of noble standing. He circulated rumors that he was related to Kaiser Wilhelm II, said he had gone to Oxford University, and called everyone "old sport."

Gatsby: Max Gerlach served as an officer during World War I and became a gentleman bootlegger who operated speakeasies and consorted with criminals. He reinvented himself, as did I.

(Henry Gatz enters.)

Nick: Jay Gatsby was born in North Dakota with the birth name James Gatz. His father, Henry Gatz, called him Jimmy.

Projection: *Hopalong Cassidy* book cover

Henry Gatz: I was a poor farmer who tried my best to make a living, but my son Jimmy apparently had bigger dreams. (He shows audience book.) Here is a copy of *Hopalong Cassidy* that Jimmy had owned as a boy. In the back of the book are notes he made for self-improvement. He followed a strict schedule that involved exercise, studying, working, and playing sports. And he made resolutions. No wasting time. No more smoking or chewing. Take a bath every other day. Be better to parents. It just shows you that Jimmy was always bound to get ahead. He did run away from home as a teenager, but he had a big future before him. He had a lot of brain power. He had resolve.

(Henry Gatz exits.)

Nick: (to Gatsby) You lied to me about your parents.

Gatsby: (to Nick) Yes. I told you that I was the son of some wealthy people in the Midwest, all dead now. Sorry about that, old sport. (to audience) Actually, my parents were alive and very poor. I left the farm at 16, and I left my name there, as well. No longer was I James Gatz. From then on I was Jay Gatsby.

Projection: Lake Superior

Zelda: Jay Gatsby made his way to Lake Superior, holding various jobs such as clam digger and salmon fisherman. When he was 17, he met and worked for Dan Cody, a wealthy owner of a magnificent yacht. He became Gatsby's mentor, teaching him manners and how the rich operate.

Gatsby: Dan Cody was much more suited to *my* vision of what my parents *should be*.

(Dan Cody enters.)

Projection: The Gold Rush

Nick: Cody was a product of the Nevada silver fields, of the Yukon, of every rush for metal since 1875. The transactions in Montana copper made him many times a millionaire.

Cody: Ah, the Gold Rush! There was money to be made, and I made it. Jay was a hard-working, bright fellow. I saw his ambition, his potential, his desire for self-improvement. We sailed

together for five years. He was my professional and personal caretaker. As time went on, I put more and more trust in him. When I drank too much, it was he who made sure I was okay. You see, I was surrounded by people who had ulterior motives, those who wanted to take advantage of me because I had money. Parasites. When I died, I left Jay \$25,000, but my money-hungry second wife took away his inheritance. (exasperated) Women.

(Dan Cody exits.)

(Daisy enters.)

Projection: Young Zelda Sayre

Gatsby: Penniless, I enlisted in the army, became a lieutenant, and was stationed in Camp Taylor in Louisville, Kentucky, where I met Daisy Fay at her grand debut party.

Zelda: (proudly) Daisy was modeled after me.

Daisy: I am Daisy, the golden girl. I was born and raised in Louisville, but I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything. Sophisticated---God, I'm so sophisticated!

Nick: Much of Daisy's power lies in her captivating presence, a combination of physical beauty, social grace, and, most famously, a voice that promises excitement and embodies wealth, enchanting those around her.

Daisy: That's sweet of you to say, Nick. (turns to Fitzgerald) Or should I say Scott?

Projection: Ginevra King

Fitzgerald: My "true" inspiration for Daisy was Ginevra King, a Chicago socialite with whom I had a romance in my youth.

Zelda: (rolls eyes) Whatever.

(Mr. King enters.)

Fitzgerald: Ginevra and I had a strong bond, but marriage to one of wealthiest debutantes in Chicago was out of the question for this middle-class Midwesterner. I can still hear her father's warning:

Mr. King: Poor boys shouldn't think of marrying rich girls.

(Mr. King exits.)

Gatsby: The whole idea of this novel is the unfairness of a poor young man, me, not being able to marry a girl with money, Daisy. Fitzgerald and I both had the same problem: pursuing women that were out of our league.

Fitzgerald: Were you out of my league, Zelda?

Zelda: Way out of your league.

Projection: Fitzgerald in Uniform

Fitzgerald: After dropping out of Princeton, I enlisted in the army but never saw any action. My military career amounted to little more than marking time at various bases, including one in Alabama, where I met and fell in love with Zelda. I was drawn to her beauty and spirit.

Zelda: Of course.

Fitzgerald: She also was from a family where wealth meant a much different world than what I knew.

Projection: Another photo of a young Zelda

Zelda: I was born and raised in Montgomery, and my father was an Alabama Supreme Court Justice. I admit that I enjoyed a privileged upbringing. In my yearbook I wrote: "Why should all life be work, when we all can borrow? Let's think only of today and not worry about tomorrow." (She laughs.) I was the belle of the ball. I smoked; I drank; I flirted. When I met Scott, I was intrigued by his writing talent but hesitant about our relationship. I mean, he had no financial prospects, my family and friends were not in favor of the match, and he was a Yankee! So, I strung him along, entertaining other suitors. Wouldn't you?

Fitzgerald: After being discharged from the army, I moved to New York, writing short stories, with all but one rejected. I returned to my parents' home in Minnesota where I wrote *This Side of Paradise*, a financial success that led to matrimony.

Projection: Scott and Zelda's wedding photo

Zelda: What can I say? His prospects rose, so I agreed to marry him. The wedding, held at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, was an intimate ceremony with only a few friends in attendance.

(Jordan enters.)

Gatsby: Speaking of friends, one of Daisy's friends was Jordan Baker, an excellent golfer who became Nick's love interest.

Nick: I was flattered to go places with Jordan because she was a golf champion and everyone knew her name.

Jordan: I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy.

Projection: Edith Cummings

Fitzgerald: Jordan was inspired by Edith Cummings, a real-life socialite and golfer from Chicago. She was known as the Fairway Flapper, winning the U.S. Women's Amateur title in 1923.

Zelda: She became the first golfer and the first female athlete to appear on the cover of *Time* magazine.

Fitzgerald: And she ran in the same social circles as Ginevra King.

Zelda: (upset) Again with Ginevra?

(Zelda and Fitzgerald exit.)

Jordan: I knew Daisy when she was young. She was, by far, the most popular of all the young girls in Louisville. All day long the telephone rang in Daisy's house, and excited officers demanded the privilege of monopolizing her time. One of those was Jay Gatsby.

Projection: Scott and Zelda in 1919

Gatsby: We fell madly in love. She was the first 'nice' girl I had ever known. I found her excitingly desirable.

Jordan: Gatsby would look at Daisy in a way that every young girl wants to be looked at. But he also lied to her.

Gatsby: I had to lie. I mean, here I was, a poor first lieutenant, and at any moment the invisible cloak of my uniform might slip from my shoulders.

Nick: He had deliberately given Daisy a sense of security; he let her believe that he was a person from much the same class as herself—that he was fully able to take care of her.

Projection: Fitzgerald and Zelda in Car

Gatsby: (to audience) I can't describe to you how surprised I was to find out that I loved her. I even hoped for a while that she'd throw me over, but she didn't, because she was in love with me, too. (to Daisy) Remember our last afternoon together before I went abroad? I promised to return to you.

Daisy: (to Gatsby) And I promised to wait for you.

Projection: Letters (Dear Daisy, Dear Jay)

Gatsby:(to audience) I did extraordinarily well during the war. I was promoted to major, and every Allied government gave me a decoration. After the Armistice I tried frantically to get home, but I wound up spending five months at Oxford in a program for army officers. Daisy and I were writing letters back and forth to each other, but as the months passed, there was a quality of nervous despair in her letters.

Daisy: (writing and reading letter) Dear Jay, why can't you come home? I don't understand. I want to see you and have you beside me, to reassure me that I am doing the right thing after all. (to audience) I kept believing he would come along like a white knight and help me. But he never did.

(Gatsby exits.)

Nick: Daisy began to move again with the season; suddenly she was again keeping half a dozen dates a day with half a dozen men.

Daisy: I was crying for a decision. I wanted my life shaped now, immediately, by some force. And that force was Tom Buchanan.

Projection: Bill Mitchell

(Tom enters.)

Nick: Tom's family was enormously wealthy. He was a sturdy man, and among various physical accomplishments, he had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at Yale--- And there were men at Yale who hated his guts. Tom believed he was superior to everyone else.

Tom: Civilization is going to pieces! Have you read *The Rise of the Colored Empires*? Well, it's a fine book, and everybody ought to read it. The idea is if we don't look out, the white race will be—will be utterly submerged! It's up to us who are the dominant race to watch out or these other races will have control of things!

(Tom exits.)

Nick: (sarcastically) Nice guy. Fitzgerald modeled Tom after Bill Mitchell, a rich Chicago businessman and polo player from old money. Bill and Ginevra married, much to her father's delight.

(Nick exits.)

Projection: String of Pearls

Jordan: Daisy married Tom with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before. I was Daisy's bridesmaid. I came into her room half an hour before the bridal dinner and found her drunk as a monkey. Tom had given Daisy an insanely expensive string of pearls worth \$350,000. They were in the trashcan. Daisy had a bottle of wine in one hand and a letter in the other.

Daisy: (reading letter) Dear Daisy, I read in the papers that you are getting married. I can't believe that you won't wait for me. Darling, I still love you and want you. I beg you to reconsider and wait for me a little longer. You are always in my heart. Jay. (Daisy holds up necklace and yells drunkenly.) Take these pearls downstairs and give 'em back to whoever they belong to! Tell 'em all Daisy's change' her mind. Say Daisy's change' her mind! (sobbing).

Jordan: Daisy cried and cried. I rushed out and found her mother's maid, and we locked the door and got her into a cold bath. She wouldn't let go of the letter. She took it into the tub with her and squeezed it up into a wet ball and only let me leave it in the soap-dish when she saw that it was coming to pieces like snow.

Daisy: I didn't say another word.

Jordan: We gave her spirits of ammonia and put ice on her forehead and hooked her back into her dress, and half an hour later, when we walked out of the room, the pearls were around her neck and the incident was over.

Daisy: The next day at five o'clock I married Tom without so much as a shiver and started off on a three months' trip to the South Seas.

Jordan: I saw them in Santa Barbara when they came back, and I thought I'd never seen a girl so mad about her husband. It was touching to see them together. That was in August. The next April Daisy had her little girl, Pammy.

(Zelda and Fitzgerald enter.)

Projection: Scottie Fitzgerald

Daisy: I was glad she was a girl. And I hoped that she would be a fool. That's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool.

Zelda: Those were my exact words after giving birth to our daughter Scottie.

Daisy: With Pammy in tow, Tom and I went to France for a year and then came back to Chicago.

Jordan: They moved with a fast crowd, all of them young and rich and wild, but Daisy came out with an absolutely perfect reputation. Tom? Not so much.

Daisy: He was cheating on me.

Jordan: Hoping a change of scenery would help their marriage, they moved to New York, where Tom bought a beautiful mansion in East Egg.

(Jordan and Daisy exit.)

Projection: East Egg and West Egg

Fitzgerald: I based East Egg on Sands Point, Long Island's North Shore, which faces West Egg across Manhasset Bay. Inhabitants of East Egg have money that has been passed down from many generations — it is in *their blood*.

(Gatsby enters.)

Zelda: Scott based West Egg on Great Neck, Long Island, where its inhabitants have just recently come into money, perhaps by working on Wall Street or committing crimes. (chuckling) Is there a difference?

Gatsby: The newspaper officially told me of Tom and Daisy's marriage. Devastated, I left Oxford and went straight to Louisville, where I first met Daisy. I stayed there a week, walking the streets that we walked together. It was then I dedicated myself to winning her back. I knew

that in order to do that, I had to become rich. I moved to New York and started working for Meyer Wolfsheim.

(Meyer Wolfsheim enters.)

Projection: Arnold Rothstein

Fitzgerald: My model for Meyer Wolfsheim was Arnold Rothstein. He was nicknamed “The Brain” and “The Fixer.”

Zelda: Rothstein was a New York racketeer, gambler, and mob kingpin who realized that Prohibition was a business opportunity, a means to enormous wealth.

Meyer: I was Gatsby’s boss. I made him. I raised him up out of nothing, right out of the gutter. When I first met him, he was a young major just out of the army and covered over with medals he got in the war. He was so hard up he had to keep on wearing his uniform because he couldn't buy some regular clothes. He came into Winebrenner's poolroom at Forty-third Street and asked for a job. He hadn't eat anything for a couple of days. 'Come on have some lunch with me,' I said. He ate more than four dollars' worth of food in half an hour. When he told me he was an Oggsford man, I knew I could use him good. I saw his potential. We had a gonnection. I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding after I talked with him an hour. I said to myself: “There’s the kind of man you’d like to take home and introduce your mother and sister.” By the way, have you seen my cuff buttons? (shows audience cuff buttons). Finest specimens of human molars.

(Wolfsheim exits.)

(Nick enters.)

Nick: (to Gatsby) Was he a dentist?

Gatsby: (chuckling) A dentist? Meyer Wolfsheim? No, but he was the man who fixed the World’s Series back in 1919.

Nick: Fixed the World’s Series? How did he happen to do that?

Gatsby: He just saw the opportunity.

Nick: Why wasn’t he in jail?

Gatsby: They couldn’t get him, old sport. He was a smart man. Quite a character around New York.

Projection: Black Sox Scandal

Fitzgerald: Rothstein was widely reputed to have paid eight members of the Chicago White Sox to intentionally lose the 1919 World Series. Shoeless Joe Jackson was one of those players.

Zelda: It became known as The Black Sox Scandal. Although the players were not found guilty in the criminal trial, they were banned from baseball for life.

Fitzgerald: Besides fixing the World Series, Rothstein was unafraid to use his “gonnections” with violent New York City street gangs to further his shady business interests. He knew how to make money.

Zelda: (to Fitzgerald) You could have taken some lessons from him.

(Zelda and Fitzgerald exit.)

Projection: Gatsby’s mansion

Gatsby: It took a while, but eventually I made enough money working for Meyer Wolfsheim in, uh, well, various “business ventures”, to buy a mansion in West Egg, directly across the bay from Daisy.

(Gatsby exits.)

Nick: And it was money that motivated me to move to New York and become a bond salesman. I rented a modest house in West Egg. Next to me was a colossal affair by any standard, a factual imitation of some Hôtel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, a marble swimming pool, and more than forty acres of lawn and garden. It was Gatsby's mansion. One summer evening I drove over to East Egg to have dinner with the Daisy and Tom. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I knew Tom at Yale. Their house, overlooking the bay, was even more elaborate than I expected.

Projection: Buchanans’ mansion

Tom: (to Nick) I’ve got a nice place.

Nick: (to Tom) Indeed. (to audience) In the living room were Daisy and Jordan.

Daisy: (laughing) I’m p-paralyzed with happiness to see you, Nick. May I introduce Jordan Baker.

Jordan: Charmed.

Tom: What are you doing, Nick?

Nick: I'm a bond man.

Tom: Who with?

Nick: Fergusons.

Tom: Never heard of them.

Nick: (annoyed) You will. You will if you stay in the East.

Tom: Oh, I'll stay in the East. Don't you worry. I'd be a God damned fool to live anywhere else.

Jordan: (yawns) I'm stiff.

Daisy: Don't look at me. I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon. All right. What'll we plan? What *do* people plan?

Sound effect: Phone ringing

(Tom exits. Daisy follows.)

Nick: (to audience) But no plans were made. Tom left the room to take a phone call, and Daisy quickly followed him. (to Jordan) So...

Jordan: Shhhhhh. Don't talk. I want to hear what happens.

Nick: (innocently) Is something happening?

Jordan: You mean to say that you don't know? I thought everyone knew.

Nick: I don't.

Jordan: Tom's got some woman in New York.

Nick: Got some woman?

Jordan: Yes. She might have the decency not to telephone him at dinnertime. Don't you think?

(Jordan exits.)

(Gatsby enters and stretches out his arm into the darkness.)

Nick: (to audience) Eventually, the party broke up and I went home. I saw a figure had emerged from the shadow of my neighbor's mansion. The man stretched out his arms toward the dark water, toward a single green light, minute and far away, that might have been the end of a dock. The green light: the symbol of Gatsby's hopes and dreams.

(Gatsby and Nick exit.)

Projection: Green light at end of dock

(Singer enters.)

Male Singer: "I'll See You in My Dreams"

Tho' the days are long, twilight sings a song,
Of the happiness that used to be,
Soon my eyes will close, soon I'll find repose,
And in dreams you're always near to me.

I'll see you in my dreams, hold you in my dreams,
Someone took you out of my arms, still I feel the thrill of your charms;
Lips that once were mine, tender eyes that shine,
They will light my way tonight, I'll see you in my dreams.

In the dreary gray; of another day,
You'll be far away and I'll be blue;
Still I hope and pray, thru each weary day,
For it brings the night and dreams of you.

I'll see you in my dreams, hold you in my dreams,
Someone took you out of my arms, still I feel the thrill of your charms;
Lips that once were mine, tender eyes that shine,
They will light my way tonight. I'll see you in my dreams.

(Male singer exits.)

(Fitzgerald, Zelda and Nick enter.)

Fitzgerald: Zelda and I were the American couple living the American dream. My confidence was high. A writer like me must have an utter faith in his star. It's an almost mystical feeling, a feeling of nothing can-happen-to-me, nothing-can-harm-me, nothing-can-touch-me.

Projection: Fitzgeralds' partying

Zelda: Scott and I were overnight celebrities, the darling couple, the daring ones, the rule breakers. We never missed a party, mingling with everyone, drinking champagne, splashing about in pools, riding on top of taxis, taking a plunge in the Plaza fountain, spinning to our hearts' content in hotel doors...and having flings.

Projection: Valley of Ashes

Nick: One Sunday afternoon, I got a close look at Tom's fling. He and I were on a commuter train that ran between West Egg and Manhattan. The train passed through the Valley of Ashes, where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and grotesque gardens. The smokestacks of the nearby factories deposit a layer of soot and ash over everything.

Fitzgerald: There really was a Valley of Ashes in Queens, New York, a gigantic trash burning operation, a desolate, industrial wasteland, a bleak no-man's land piled with ashes from the city's coal-burning furnaces.

Zelda: In the world of haves and have-nots, those who lived in the Valley of Ashes were the have-nots.

(Fitzgerald and Zelda exit.)

(Tom enters.)

Projection: George B. Wilson. Cars Bought and Sold

Nick: Just east of the Valley of Ashes was a decrepit auto garage.

Tom: We're getting off the train. I want you to meet my girl.

(George enters.)

Nick: The train stopped by the ash heaps, and Tom led me to a building with a sign that read *George B. Wilson. Cars Bought and Sold*. George Wilson, a spiritless, anemic man, saw us, and a damp gleam of hope sprang into his eyes.

Tom: Hello, Wilson, old man. How's business?

George: I can't complain. (hopefully) When are you going to sell me that car?

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

George: (irritated) Works pretty slow, don't he?

Tom: (angrily) No, he doesn't, and if you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all.

George: (apologetic) I don't mean that. I just meant—

(Myrtle enters.)

Nick: Then I heard footsteps and there was Myrtle Wilson, George's wife. She smiled slowly, walked through her husband as if he were a ghost, shook hands with Tom, and looked him flush in the eye.

Myrtle: Get some chairs, why don't you, so somebody can sit down.

George: Oh, sure.

(George exits.)

Tom (to Myrtle) I want to see you. Get on the next train.

Myrtle: All right.

Nick: Tom and I left and waited for Myrtle down the road, out of sight.

Tom: Terrible place, isn't it.

Nick: Awful.

Tom: It does her good to get away.

Nick: Doesn't her husband object?

Tom: Wilson? He thinks she goes to see her sister in New York. He's so dumb he doesn't know he's alive.

(George enters with two chairs.)

George: Hey, where's everybody...

Myrtle: (hurriedly, not looking at George) I'm going to see my sister.

(Myrtle crosses to Tom.)

(George, confused, exits.)

Projection: Tom's New York Apartment

Nick: Tom and his girl and I got on the train and went up together to New York. We then took a taxi, stopping briefly so that Tom could buy Myrtle a dog. We made it to the apartment that Tom kept for his affair. In the apartment there was an impromptu party which included Myrtle's sister, Catherine, who cornered me.

Catherine: Do you live down on Long Island, too?

Nick: I live at West Egg.

Catherine: Really? I was down there at a party about a month ago. At a man named Gatsby's. Do 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: Yes. I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me. Let me tell you something. Neither Tom nor Myrtle can stand the person they're married to.

Nick: Can't they?

Catherine: Can't stand them. What I say is, why go on living with them if they can't stand them? If I was them, I'd get a divorce and get married to each other right away. When they do get married, they're going west to live for a while until it blows over. (to Myrtle) Say, Myrtle, why did you marry George?

Myrtle: I married George 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: (incredulous) Crazy about him! Who said I was crazy about him? The only crazy I was was when I married him. I knew right away I made a mistake.

Catherine (to Nick): She really ought to get away from him. They've been living over that garage for eleven years. And Tom's the first sweetie she ever had.

Myrtle: Let me tell you about the time when I first met Tom. It was on the two little seats facing each other that are always the last ones left on the train. I was going up 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. When we came into the station, he was next to me, and he 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 about, over and over, was 'You can't live forever, you can't live forever.'

Nick: have been drunk just twice in my life and the second time was that day. Time sped by. Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. People disappeared, reappeared, made plans to go somewhere and then lost each other, searched for each other, found each other a few feet away. Some time toward midnight Tom and Myrtle stood face to face.

Myrtle: (smugly) Daisy.

Tom: Do not mention her name.

Myrtle: Daisy, Daisy.

Tom: (yelling) You have no right to mention her name!

Myrtle: (yelling) Daisy! Daisy! Daisy! I'll say it whenever I want to! Daisy! Dai—

(Tom smacks Daisy in the nose. Myrtle screams.)

Catherine (moves to Myrtle) Oh, my God! (to Tom) You broke her nose! How could you!

(Tom, Myrtle, and Catherine exit.)

Nick: Needless to say, the broken nose brought the party to an abrupt halt. I left and wound up taking the 4 a.m. train back to Long Island.

(Nick exits.)

Singer/Myrtle: "Mean to Me"

You're mean to me
Why must you be mean to me
Gee, honey, it seems to me
You love to see me cryin'
I don't know why
I stay home each night
When you say you'll phone
You don't and I'm left alone
Singing the blues and sighin'

You treat me coldly
Each day in the year
You always scold me
Whenever somebody is near, dear
It must be great fun to be mean to me

You shouldn't, for can't you see
What you mean to me

Sweetheart, I love you
Think the world of you
But I'm afraid you don't care for me
You never show it
Don't let me know it
Everyone says I'm a fool to be
Pining the whole day through
Why do you act like you do?

Projection: French Riviera and Edouard Jozan

Fitzgerald: Affairs. Messy, aren't they?

Zelda: Indeed.

Fitzgerald: In 1924 Zelda and I moved to the French Riviera in Southern France. It was the ideal setting for me to finish writing *The Great Gatsby*. I established a strict work schedule and forbade interruptions.

(Edouard Jozan enters.)

Zelda: I accommodated him by going to the beach, where I met Edouard Jozan, a French aviator and flight instructor at an airfield near our villa. I liked him and was glad he was willing to pass the hours with me.

Jozan: (to Zelda with French accent) Ah, you were beautiful. I always had an eye for beautiful women, but it was your intelligence, your appetite for life, your tendency to live dangerously that captivated me.

Zelda: (swooning) Mmmmmm.

Jozan: You amused me, you entertained me, you fascinated me. You were magnifique.

Zelda: (swooning) Mmmmmm. (to audience) I always fantasized about meeting someone like Jozan. He was handsome, charismatic and powerful. From the moment he first gazed at me, I did not look away. It was a sexual awakening!

Fitzgerald: I liked Jozan and was glad he was willing to pass the hours with Zelda. It gave me time to write. It never occurred to me that the friendship could turn into an affair.

Zelda: I confessed to Scott that I loved Jozan and wanted a divorce.

Fitzgerald: I was dumbstruck. I knew something had happened that could never be repaired. Another rejection! First, Ginevra, and now Zelda! I demanded Jozan come before me and profess his love.

Jozan: No, no, no. I was not jeopardizing my military career. (to Zelda) Although I cared about you and was sorry to cause you pain, I considered our *liaison* a summer romance without obligations. (to audience) I promptly left.

(Jozan exits.)

Zelda: I never saw him again. Needless to say, it was hard to say goodbye.

(Fitzgerald and Zelda exit.)

(Male singer enters.)

Male singer: "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye"

Toot Toot Tootsie goodbye
Toot Toot Tootsie, don't cry
That little choo-choo train that takes me
Away from you, no words can tell how sad it makes me
Kiss me, Tootsie, and then, do it over again
Watch for the mail, I'll never fail
And if you don't get a letter, then you know I'm in jail
Toot Toot Tootsie, don't cry
Toot Toot Tootsie, goodbye.

(Male singer exits.)

(Gatsby and Nick enter.)

Projection: Party Scene at Gatsby's

Gatsby: I was throwing elaborate parties every weekend at my mansion, all in hopes that Daisy would come to one of them.

Nick: Men and girls came and went to Gatsby's mansion like moths. There were The Beckers, the Leeches, and the Bembergs. There was Owl Eyes, a stout, middle-aged man with enormous owl-eyed spectacles. And there was a man named Klipspringer who was there so often and so long that he became known as "the boarder"—I doubt if he had any other home.

Gatsby: Most of my guests didn't even know me. But there were rumors.

Guest 1: He's a bootlegger.

Guest 2: He killed a man once.

Guest 1: He was a German spy during the war.

Guest 2: A relative of Kaiser Wilhelm.

Guest 1: A nephew to von Hindenburg.

Guest 2: Second cousin to the devil.

Nick: A chauffeur crossed my lawn early one Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer. (reading letter aloud) It would be my honor...

Gatsby: (reading letter aloud) If you would attend my little party tonight. I had seen you several times and had intended to call on you long before this, but a peculiar combination of circumstances had prevented it.

(Jordan enters.)

Nick: Signed, Jay Gatsby. I went over a little after seven that night and made an attempt to find my host, with no success. I saw Jordan Baker come out of the house, standing at the head of the marble steps, looking with contemptuous interest down into the garden. I advanced toward her.

Nick: Hello.

Jordan: I thought you might be here. I remembered you lived next door to him. Come. Let's find our host.

Background Music: "Hollywood Fox Trot"

Nick: There was dancing now on the canvas in the garden, old men pushing young girls backward in eternal graceless circles, superior couples holding each other tortuously, fashionably and keeping in the corners. By midnight the hilarity had increased. People were doing "stunts" all over the garden, while happy vacuous bursts of laughter rose toward the summer sky. A pair of stage "twins" did a baby act in costume and champagne was served in glasses bigger than finger bowls. At a lull in the entertainment a man approached me. He had one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it.

Gatsby: Your face is 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 nineteen-eighteen. I knew I'd seen you somewhere before.

Nick: I live over there, and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur with an invitation. This is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host.

Gatsby: I'm Gatsby.

Nick: What! Oh, I beg your pardon.

(Gatsby's butler enters.)

Gatsby: I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host.

Gatsby's butler: Sir, Chicago is on the wire.

(Gatsby's butler exits.)

Gatsby: Excuse me. I will join you later. If you want anything, just ask for it, old sport.

(Gatsby exits.)

Nick (to Jordan): Who is he? Do you know?

Jordan: He's just a man named Gatsby.

Nick: Where is he from, I mean? And what does he do?

Jordan: Well, he told me once he was an Oxford man. However, I don't believe it.

Nick: Why not?

(Gatsby's butler enters.)

Jordan: I don't know. I just don't think he went there.

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

Jordan: With me?

Gatsby's butler: Yes, madame. Alone.

Jordan: Interesting.

(Gatsby's butler exits, followed by Jordan, who gives look to Nick of "what could this be about?"')

(Background music ends.)

(Female singer enters.)

Nick: I was alone. I wandered into the garden where a young lady was engaged in song.

Female singer: “Everybody Loves My Baby”

Everybody loves my baby,
but my baby don't love nobody but me.
Nobody but me.
Everybody wants my baby,
But my baby don't want nobody but me,
That's plain to see.
I am his sweet patootie and he is my lovin' man,
Knows how to do his duty, Loves me like no other can. That's why:
Everybody loves my baby,
But my baby don't love nobody but me.
Nobody but me!

(Female singer exits.)

Projection: Tea Garden at Plaza Hotel

Nick: I didn't see Jordan the rest of the night. The next day I met her in the tea garden at the Plaza Hotel. She told me all about Gatsby and Daisy: that they met back in Louisville, that he went off to war and she could not wait for him any longer, that she married Tom and had a baby, that Gatsby bought his house so that Daisy would be just across the bay and had parties in hopes she would come to one of them. But Daisy never came, so Gatsby wanted me to arrange a reunion, to invite Daisy to have tea at my house. So I did.

(Gatsby enters.)

Nick: I called Daisy and told her not to bring Tom. I did not tell her that Gatsby would be there. The day agreed upon was pouring rain.

Projection: Nick's House in Pouring Rain

Gatsby: When I arrived at Nick's, I was nervous. I hadn't slept, and I was growing impatient. We were both startled by the sound of a motor turning into the lane.

(Daisy enters.)

Nick: I went out into the yard. Under the dripping bare lilac trees a large open car was coming up the drive. It stopped. Daisy's face looked out at me with a bright ecstatic smile.

Daisy: Is this absolutely where you live, my dearest one? Are you in love with me, or why did I have to come alone?

Nick: Tell your chauffeur to go far away and spend an hour.

Daisy: (over her shoulder) Come back in an hour, Ferdie.

Nick: We went in my house. To my overwhelming surprise the living room was deserted. Then there was a light, dignified knocking at the front door. I went out and opened it. It was Gatsby, pale as death, standing in a puddle of water glaring tragically into my eyes. He stalked by me and disappeared into the living room. Daisy followed him, and I joined them.

Daisy: I certainly am awfully glad to see you again.

Gatsby: We've met before.

Daisy: We haven't met for many years.

Gatsby: Five years next November.

Nick: (starts to exit) I'll be back.

Gatsby: (alarmed) Where are you going?

Nick: I'll be right back.

Gatsby: I've got to speak to you about something before you go.

Nick: He followed me wildly into the kitchen and closed the door.

Gatsby: Oh, God! This is a terrible mistake. A terrible, terrible mistake.

Nick: You're just embarrassed, that's all. Daisy's embarrassed, too.

Gatsby: (incredulous) She's embarrassed?

Nick: Just as much as you are. You're acting like a little boy. Not only that but you're rude. Daisy's in there all alone. (to audience) He cautiously went back into the other room. I walked out the back way and ran for a huge black knotted tree whose massed leaves made a fabric against the rain. After half an hour the sun shone again. I went back in. Daisy's face was smeared with tears, and there was a change in Gatsby that was simply confounding. He literally glowed.

Gatsby: Oh, hello, old sport.

Nick: It's stopped raining.

Gatsby: (to Nick) Has it? (to Daisy) What do you think of that? It's stopped raining.

Daisy: I'm glad, Jay.

Gatsby: I want you and Daisy to come over to my house. I'd like to show her around.

Nick: You're sure you want me to come?

Gatsby: Absolutely, old sport.

Projection: Interior of Gatsby's house

Nick: We went to Gatsby's house, and, once inside, went upstairs to Gatsby's bedroom. He hadn't once ceased looking at Daisy. He opened two cabinets and took out a pile of shirts, throwing them, one by one, before us.

Gatsby: I've got a man in England who buys me clothes. He sends over a selection of things at the beginning of each season, spring and fall.

Daisy: (sobbing) They're such beautiful shirts. It makes me sad because I've never seen such—such beautiful shirts before.

Gatsby: Daisy, look out the window. If it wasn't for the mist, we could see your home across the bay. You always have a green light that burns all night at the end of your dock.

Daisy: Oh, Jay. Look. I'd like to just get one of those pink clouds and put you in it and push you around.

Gatsby: I know what we'll do. We'll have Klipspringer play the piano and sing us a song. Ewing!

Projection: Gatsby's Music Room

(Singers enter.)

Nick: We went downstairs to the music room. I went over to say goodbye, but they had forgotten me. They were possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together. Their affair had begun.

(Nick exits.)

Male and female singers: "Ain't We Got Fun"

Every morning
Every evening
Ain't we got fun
Not much money
Oh but honey
Ain't we got fun
The rent's unpaid dear
We haven't a bus

But smiles were made dear
For people like us

(Gatsby and Daisy exit.)

In the winter in the summer
Don't we have fun
Times are bum and getting bummer
Still we have fun
There's nothing surer
The rich get rich and the poor get children
In the meantime
In the between time
Ain't we got fun

(Singers exit.)

End of Act One

Act Two

Projection: *The Great Gatsby* book cover

(Fitzgerald and Zelda enter.)

Fitzgerald: (reading from *The Great Gatsby*): I went over to say goodbye, but they had forgotten me. They were possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together. Their affair had begun. (puts book down) Zelda and I also were possessed by intense life, an intense life of constant passion and creativity.

Projection: Zelda and Scott pic

Zelda: And of constant fighting and drinking.

Fitzgerald: We spent money faster than I earned it. Money and alcohol were the two great adversaries with which I battled all my life. My drinking problem only grew worse with each passing year.

Zelda: He made a drunken fool out of himself at parties and public venues, spewing insults, throwing punches, hurling ashtrays—behaviors followed by blackouts and memory loss. Despite periods of weeks to months “on the wagon,” the binges never really stopped.

Fitzgerald: Each binge took a greater toll on my battered brain and body. I was actually hospitalized eight times for my alcoholism.

Zelda: As for me, the first American flapper and party queen, I ended up in a psychiatric ward.

Fitzgerald: Over time, Zelda's condition and medical bills ruined me both financially and mentally. She was going crazy and calling it genius; I was going to ruin and calling it anything that came to hand. To say it was unpleasant would be an understatement.

(Fitzgerald and Zelda exit.)

Projection: Another Gatsby party scene

Background Music: "West End Blues" by Louis Armstrong

Nick: There was an unpleasantness in the air, a pervading harshness that hadn't been there before when, a few weeks later, a Saturday, Daisy and Tom came to one of Gatsby's parties. Gatsby and I greeted them, and we strolled out among the sparkling hundreds. There were the same people, or at least the same sort of people, the same profusion of champagne, the same many-colored, many-keyed commotion.

Daisy: These things excite me so.

Gatsby: Look around. You must see the faces of many people you've heard about.

Tom: We don't go around very much. In fact, I was just thinking I don't know a soul here.

Gatsby: Perhaps you know that lady. She's a movie star.

Daisy: She's lovely.

Gatsby: The man bending over her is her director. Could I have this dance?

Daisy: Of course.

(Gatsby and Daisy exit.)

Tom: Who is this Gatsby, anyhow? Some big bootlegger?

Nick: Where'd you hear that?

Tom: I didn't hear it. I imagined it. A lot of these newly rich people are just big bootleggers, you know.

Nick: Not Gatsby.

Tom: Well, he certainly must have strained himself to get this menagerie together. I'd like to know who he is and what he does, and I think I'll make a point of finding out.

(Tom exits.)

(Gatsby enters.)

(Music ends.)

Nick: (to audience) When the dance was over and Daisy and Tom left the party, Gatsby was distraught.

Gatsby: She didn't like it.

Nick: (to Gatsby) Of course she did.

Gatsby: (insisting) She didn't like it. She didn't have a good time. I feel far away from her. It's hard to make her understand. She doesn't understand. She used to be able to understand.

Nick: I wouldn't ask too much of her. You can't repeat the past.

Gatsby: (incredulous) Can't repeat the past? Why, of course you can! I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before. She'll see.

(Gatsby and Nick exit.)

(Fitzgerald enters.)

Projection: Fitzgerald and Ginevra King

Fitzgerald: A bit delusional, don't you think? I, too, was delusional, expecting to rekindle my love affair with Ginevra King, the first girl I ever loved. It was 1938. I was a screenwriter in Hollywood and arranged a luncheon meeting with Ginevra. Her marriage to Bill Mitchell had dissolved. It was not the triumphant reunion that I had imagined it would be. Instead, it was a long and empty hour between a pair of ex-lovers who had nothing to say.

(Female singer enters.)

Fitzgerald: At the end of the lunch, we parted for the last time. My perfect illusion of Ginevra was no more.

(Fitzgerald exits.)

Singer: "Down Hearted Blues"

Gee, but it's hard to love someone
When that someone don't love you
I'm so disgusted, heartbroken too
I've got those downhearted blues
Once I was crazy 'bout a man
He mistreated me all the time
The next man I get has got to promise me
To be mine, all mine
Trouble, trouble
I've had it all my days
Trouble, trouble
I've had it all my days
It seems like trouble
Going to follow me to my grave

(Female singer exits.)

(Nick and Gatsby enter.)

Nick: The lights in Gatsby's house failed to go on one Saturday night. He had dismissed every servant in his house and replaced them with half a dozen others who weren't servants at all. I asked him about it when he called me on the phone.

Nick: Going away?

Gatsby: No, old sport.

Nick: I hear you fired all your servants.

Gatsby: I wanted somebody who wouldn't gossip. Daisy comes over quite often—in the afternoons. They're some people Wolfsheim wanted to do something for.

Nick: I see.

Gatsby: Listen, old sport. Would you come to lunch at her house tomorrow? I've been invited, and Daisy wants you to come. Jordan will be there.

(Daisy, Jordan, and Tom enter.)

Nick: Of course. (to audience) Half an hour later Daisy herself telephoned me and seemed relieved to find that I was coming. Something was up. And yet I couldn't believe that they would choose this occasion for a scene. The next day was the hottest day of the summer. When I arrived at the Buchanans, Gatsby was already there.

Daisy: What'll we do with ourselves this afternoon, and the day after that, and the next thirty years?

Jordan: Don't be morbid.

Daisy: (on the verge of tears) But it's so hot. And everything's so confused. Let's all go to town! Who wants to go to town? (to Gatsby) Ah, you look so cool. You always look so cool.

Tom: (angrily) All right. I'm perfectly willing to go to town. (angrier) Come on—we're all going to town. Come on! What's the matter, anyhow? If we're going to town, let's start.

Gatsby: Shall we all go in my car?

Projection: Gatsby's car and Tom's car

Nick: Gatsby's car was a bright yellow Rolls-Royce with a labyrinth of windshields that mirrored a dozen suns. Tom's car was a blue Pierce-Arrow coupé.

Tom: No, you take my coupé and let me drive your car to town.

Gatsby: I don't think there's much gas.

Tom: Plenty of gas. And if it runs out, I can stop at a drug store. Come on, Daisy. I'll take you in this circus wagon.

Daisy: No. You take Nick and Jordan. We'll follow you in the coupé.

Nick: She walked close to Gatsby, touching his coat with her hand. Jordan, Tom and I got into the front seat of Gatsby's car. Tom pushed the unfamiliar gears tentatively, and we shot off into the oppressive heat, leaving them behind.

Tom: Did you see that?

Nick: See what?

Tom: You think I'm pretty dumb, don't you? Perhaps I am, but I have a—almost a second sight, sometimes, that tells me what to do. I've made a small investigation of this fellow.

Jordan: And you found he was an Oxford man.

Tom: An Oxford man! Like hell he is! Oxford, New Mexico, maybe.

Jordan: Listen, Tom. If you're such a snob, why did you invite him to lunch?

Tom: Daisy invited him; she knew him before we were married—God knows where!

Nick: We drove for a while in silence.

Jordan: I think we should stop for gas.

Tom: We've got enough to get us to town.

Jordan: But there's a garage right here. I don't want to get stalled in this baking heat.

Projection: George Wilson's Garage

Nick: Tom threw on both brakes impatiently and we slid to an abrupt dusty stop under Wilson's sign. After a moment George Wilson emerged from the interior of his establishment.

Tom: Let's have some gas! What do you think we stopped for—to admire the view?

George: I'm sick. I been sick all day.

Tom: What's the matter?"

George: I'm all run down.

Tom: Well, shall I help myself?

Nick: With an effort Wilson left the shade and support of the doorway and, breathing hard, unscrewed the cap of the tank. In the sunlight his face was green.

George: I need money pretty bad. What are you going to do with your old car?

Tom: How do you like this one? I bought it last week.

George: It's a nice yellow one.

Tom: Like to buy it?

George: Big chance. No, but I could make some money on the other.

Tom: What do you want money for, all of a sudden?

George: I've been here too long. I want to get away. My wife and I want to go west.

Tom: (startled) Your wife does?

George: She's been talking about it for ten years. And now she's going whether she wants to or not. I'm going to get her away.

(Sound of car whooshing by.)

Nick: The coupé with Gatsby driving flashed by us with a flurry of dust and the flash of Daisy's waving hand.

Tom: (harshly) What do I owe you?

George: I just got wised up to something funny the last two days. That's why I want to get away. That's why I been bothering you about the car.

Tom: (angrily) What do I owe you?

George: Dollar twenty.

Tom: I'll let you have that car. I'll send it over tomorrow afternoon.

(George exits.)

Projection: Window over the Garage

Nick: In one of the windows over the garage the curtains had been moved aside a little and Myrtle Wilson was peering down at the car. Her eyes, jealous with terror, were fixed not on Tom, but on Jordan Baker, whom she took to be his wife. As we drove away Tom was feeling the hot whips of panic. His wife and his mistress were slipping precipitately from his control.

(Daisy and Gatsby enter.)

Nick: We eventually caught up with Gatsby and Daisy, and when we got to the city, we checked into a room at the Plaza Hotel. Tom got right into it.

Projection: Plaza Hotel

Tom: What kind of a row are you trying to cause in my house anyhow?

Daisy: He isn't causing a row. You're causing a row. Please have a little self-control.

Tom: Self-control? I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife. Well, if that's the idea, you can count me out. Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions and next they'll throw everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white. I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties. I suppose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have any friends—in the modern world.

Gatsby: I've got something to tell you, old sport.

Daisy: (to Gatsby) Please don't! Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?

Nick: That's a good idea.

Jordan: Yes.

Tom: I want to know what Mr. Gatsby has to tell me.

Gatsby: Your wife doesn't love you. She's never loved you. She loves me.

Tom: You must be crazy!

Gatsby: She never loved you, do you hear? She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!

Jordan: Let's go.

Nick: Let's.

Tom: Daisy, what's been going on? I want to hear all about it.

Gatsby: I told you what's been going on. Going on for five years—and you didn't know.

Tom: (to Daisy) You've been seeing this fellow for five years?

Gatsby: Not seeing. No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know.

Tom: You're crazy! I can't speak about what happened five years ago, because I didn't know Daisy then—and I'll be damned if I see how you got within a mile of her unless you brought the groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that's a God Damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me now.

Gatsby: (shakes head) No.

Tom: She does, though. The trouble is that sometimes she gets foolish ideas in her head and doesn't know what she's doing. And what's more, I love Daisy too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time.

Daisy: You're revolting. (to Nick) Do you know why we left Chicago? I'm surprised that they didn't treat you to the story of that little spree.

Gatsby: Daisy, that's all over now. It doesn't matter anymore. Just tell him the truth—that you never loved him—and it's all wiped out forever.

Daisy: Why, how could I love him, possibly?

Gatsby: You never loved him.

Daisy: (hesitantly) I...I... never loved him.

Tom: Not at Kapiolani?

Daisy: No.

Tom: Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry? (tenderly)
Daisy?

Daisy: Please don't. (to Gatsby) There, Jay...Oh, you want too much! I love you now. Isn't that enough? I can't help what's past. I did love him once—but I loved you, too.

Gatsby: You loved me, too?

Tom: (savagely) Even that's a lie. She didn't know you were alive. Why, there're things between Daisy and me that you'll never know, things that neither of us can ever forget.

Gatsby: I want to speak to Daisy alone.

Daisy: Even alone I can't say I never loved Tom. It wouldn't be true.

Tom: Of course it wouldn't.

Daisy: As if it mattered to you.

Tom: Of course it matters. I'm going to take better care of you from now on.

Gatsby: (with a touch of panic) You don't understand. You're not going to take care of her any more.

Tom: I'm not? (laughing) Why's that?

Gatsby: Daisy's leaving you.

Tom: Nonsense.

Daisy: (with a visible effort) I am, though.

Tom: She's not leaving me! Certainly not for a common swindler who'd have to steal the ring he put on her finger.

Daisy: I won't stand this! Oh, please let's get out.

Tom: Who are you, anyhow? You're one of that bunch that hangs around with Meyer Wolfsheim—that much I happen to know. I've made a little investigation into your affairs—and I'll carry it further tomorrow.

Gatsby: You can suit yourself about that, old sport.

Tom: He and this Wolfsheim bought up a lot of side-street drug stores here and in Chicago and sold grain alcohol over the counter. That's one of his little stunts. I picked him for a bootlegger the first time I saw him and I wasn't far wrong.

Gatsby: (politely) What about it? I guess your friend Walter Chase wasn't too proud to come in on it.

Tom: And you left him in the lurch, didn't you? You let him go to jail for a month over in New Jersey. God! You ought to hear Walter on the subject of you.

Gatsby: He came to us dead broke. He was very glad to pick up some money, old sport.

Tom: Don't you call me 'old sport'! Walter could have you up on the betting laws too, but Wolfsheim scared him into shutting his mouth. That drug store business was just small change, but you've got something on now that Walter's afraid to tell me about.

Gatsby: That's not true! Daisy? Daisy, I'm telling you it is not true. Daisy! You must believe me. Daisy! Daisy? Daisy?

Nick: (to audience) But with every word Daisy was drawing further and further into herself, so he gave that up, and only the dead dream fought on as the afternoon slipped away.

Daisy: Please, Tom! I can't stand this any more.

Tom: You two start on home, Daisy. In Mr. Gatsby's car. Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realizes that his presumptuous little flirtation is over.

(Daisy and Gatsby exit.)

(George and Michaelis enter.)

Projection: Body wrapped in blanket

Nick: So, Daisy and Gatsby left, without a word. Not long afterwards, driving back to Long Island, Tom, Jordan, and I discovered a frightening scene on the border of the Valley of Ashes. Myrtle Wilson had been fatally hit by an automobile. Tom pulled over and made his way to the garage, where her body was wrapped in a blanket. George was nearby.

George Wilson: O, my Ga-od! O, my Ga-od! Oh, Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od!

Nick: Michaelis, George's neighbor, was telling a policeman what he had witnessed.

Michaelis: I own the coffee shop next to the garage. George and I have been neighbors for years. Earlier this afternoon I went over to see how he was doin' and I saw that he was really sick, shaking all over. I told him he should go to bed, but he refused. I then heard a racket overhead, upstairs, and George told me that it was his wife. He had her locked up in there and she was

going to stay there till the day after tomorrow and then they were going to move away. I was shocked. I never seen this side of George before. He seemed suspicious of me, so I left. A couple of hours later, a little after seven, I went back to check on him. Mrs. Wilson was downstairs in the garage yelling at George.

Myrtle: Beat me! Throw me down and beat me, you dirty little coward!

Michaelis: Then she took off. She ran out to the road, wavin' her hands and shoutin'.

Myrtle: Stop! Stop! Get me out of here! Stop! Stop! Stop!

(Sound of brakes screeching and a thud.)

Michaelis: There was two cars, one comin' and one goin', one goin' each way. The car comin' from N'York knocked right into her goin' thirty or forty miles an hour. It was a yellow car.

George Wilson: You don't have to tell me what kind of car it was! I know what kind of car it was!

Tom: (to George) Listen. I just got here a minute ago, from New York. I was bringing you that coupé we've been talking about. That yellow car I was driving this afternoon wasn't mine, do you hear? I haven't seen it all afternoon. I'm driving a blue car, a coupé.

(George and Michaelis exit.)

Nick: We left. Tom drove slowly until we were beyond the bend—then his foot came down hard and the coupé raced along through the night.

Tom: The God Damn coward! He didn't even stop his car.

Projection: Buchanans' Porch

Nick: The Buchanans' house floated suddenly toward us through the dark rustling trees. Tom stopped beside the porch and looked up at the second floor where two windows bloomed with light among the vines.

Tom: Daisy's home. I ought to have dropped you in West Egg, Nick. There's nothing we can do tonight. I'll telephone for a taxi to take you home, and while you're waiting, you and Jordan better go in the kitchen and have them get you some supper—if you want any. Come on in.

Nick: No thanks. But I'd be glad if you'd order me the taxi. I'll wait outside.

(Tom exits.)

Jordan: Won't you come in, Nick?

Nick: No thanks.

Jordan: It's only half past nine.

Nick: (to audience) I'd be damned if I'd go in; I'd had enough of all of them for one day and suddenly that included Jordan too. She must have seen something of this in my expression for she turned abruptly away and ran up the porch steps into the house.

(Jordan exits.)

Projection: Buchanan's driveway

Nick: I heard the butler's voice calling a taxi, so I walked slowly down the driveway intending to wait by the gate. I hadn't gone twenty yards when I heard

Gatsby: (loud whisper) Nick.

Nick: What are you doing?

Gatsby: Just standing here, old sport. Did you see any trouble on the road?

Nick: Yes.

Gatsby: Was...she killed?

Nick: Yes.

Gatsby: I thought so; I told Daisy I thought so. It's better that the shock should all come at once. She stood it pretty well. I got to West Egg by a side road and left the car in my garage. I don't think anybody saw us, but of course I can't be sure.

Nick: (to audience) I disliked him so much by this time that I didn't find it necessary to tell him he was wrong.

Gatsby: Who was the woman?

Nick: Her name was Myrtle Wilson. Her husband owns the garage. How the devil did it happen?

Gatsby: Well, I tried to swing the wheel.

Nick: (shocked) Was Daisy driving?

Gatsby: Yes, but of course I'll say I was. You see, when we left New York, she was very nervous, and she thought it would steady her to drive—and this woman rushed out at us just as we were passing a car coming the other way. It all happened in a minute, but it seemed to me that she wanted to speak to us, thought we were somebody she knew. Well, first Daisy turned away

from the woman toward the other car, and then she lost her nerve and turned back. The second my hand reached the wheel I felt the shock—it must have killed her instantly. Daisy stepped on it. I tried to make her stop, but she couldn't, so I pulled on the emergency brake. Then she fell over into my lap and I drove on. She'll be all right tomorrow. I'm just going to wait here and see if he tries to bother her about that unpleasantness this afternoon. She's locked herself into her room and if he tries any brutality, she's going to turn the light out and on again.

Nick: He won't touch her. He's not thinking about her.

Gatsby: I don't trust him, old sport.

Nick: How long are you going to wait?

Gatsby: All night if necessary. Anyhow till they all go to bed.

Nick: You wait here. I'll see if there's any sign of a commotion.

Projection: Buchanan's Porch

(Tom and Daisy enter and sit in chairs opposite each other.)

Nick: (to audience) I walked back to the Buchanan's house and onto their porch. Through the blinds I saw Daisy and Tom sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table with a plate of cold fried chicken between them and two bottles of ale. He was talking intently across the table at her and in his earnestness his hand had fallen upon and covered her own. Once in a while she looked up at him and nodded in agreement. They weren't happy, and neither of them had touched the chicken or the ale—and yet they weren't unhappy either. There was an unmistakable air of natural intimacy about the picture, and anybody would have said that they were conspiring together. As I tiptoed from the porch, I heard my taxi feeling its way along the dark road toward the house. Gatsby was waiting where I had left him in the drive.

Gatsby: Is it all quiet up there?

Nick: Yes, it's all quiet. You'd better come home and get some sleep.

Gatsby: No. I want to wait here till Daisy goes to bed. Good night, old sport.

Nick: He put his hands in his coat pockets and turned back eagerly to his scrutiny of the house, as though my presence marred the sacredness of the vigil. So I walked away and left him standing there in the moonlight—watching over nothing.

(Nick exits. Then Gatsby exits.)

(Male singer enters.)

Male singer: "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight"

If I could be with you one hour tonight

If I was free to do the things I might
I want you to know I wouldn't go
Til I told you honey that I love you so
If I could be with you, I'd love you long
If I could be with you, I'd love you strong
I'm telling you true, I'd be anything but blue
If I could be with you for one hour
If I could be with you
If I could be with you one hour tonight
If I was free to do the things I might
I'm telling you, I wouldn't go
Til I told you baby that I love you so
If I could be with you, I'd love you long
If I could be with you, I'd love you strong
Well, I'm telling you I'd be anything but blue
If I could be with you for one hour
If I could be with you

(Male singer exits.)

Projection: *Save me the Waltz* book cover and picture of Zelda as ballet dancer

(Fitzgerald and Zelda enter.)

Fitzgerald: Gatsby and Tom were assuming the roles of caretakers. As for me, I had only been a mediocre caretaker of most of the things left in my hands, including Zelda.

Zelda: After Scott's publication of *The Great Gatsby*, I pursued various creative endeavors. I wrote the novel *Save Me the Waltz*. I studied ballet. I became a painter. But my mental health deteriorated, and I was in and out of mental health institutions in Europe and the U.S. for the rest of my life. I required constant psychiatric care. I could hardly sleep.

(Fitzgerald and Zelda exit.)

Projection: Gatsby's mansion

(Nick and Gatsby enter.)

Nick: I couldn't sleep all night. Toward dawn I heard a taxi go up Gatsby's drive and immediately I jumped out of bed, dressed, and crossed his lawn. His front door was open and he was leaning against a table in the hall, heavy with dejection or sleep. (to Gatsby) What happened?

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 ought to go away. It's pretty certain they'll trace your car.

Gatsby: Go away now, old sport? No. I'm not leaving until I know what she is going to do.

Nick: (to audience) He was clutching at some last hope, and I couldn't bear to shake him free. It was then he told me about the early days of his relationship with Daisy: how he met her; how he let her believe he was of the same class as her; how he left for the war and she waited for a while and then drifted away from him and into her marriage with Tom.

Gatsby: I don't think she ever loved him. You must remember, old sport, she was very excited this afternoon. He told her those things in a way that frightened her—that made it look as if I was cheap. And the result was she hardly knew what she was saying. Of course she might have loved him, just for a minute, when they were first married—and loved me more even then, do you see?

Nick: (to audience) It was nine o'clock when we finished breakfast and went out on the porch. The night had made a sharp difference in the weather and there was an autumn flavor in the air. The gardener, the last one of Gatsby's former servants, told Gatsby he was going to drain the pool. Gatsby told him not to do it today.

Gatsby: You know, old sport, I've never used that pool all summer. I think I'll take a swim today.

Nick: I have to catch my train. I'll call you about noon.

Gatsby. Please do, old sport. I suppose Daisy will call, too.

Nick: I suppose so.

Gatsby: Well—goodbye.

Nick: They're a rotten crowd. You're worth the whole damn bunch put together.

(Gatsby exits.)

(George and Michaelis enter.)

Nick: (to audience) So what happened at the garage after we left there the night before? Visitors came and went throughout the evening, till the only ones left were Michaelis and George.

Projection: Wilson's Garage

George: (angrily) The yellow car. I can find out who that car belongs to.

Michaelis: You can?

George: And a couple months ago she came back from New York and her nose was broken. Oh my God!

Michaelis: Easy, George. Um, how long have you been married?

George: Twelve years.

Michaelis: Ever had any children? Come on, George. I asked you a question. Did you ever have any children?

George: No.

Michaelis: Have you got a church you go to sometimes, George? Maybe even if you haven't been there for a long time? Maybe I could call up the church and get a priest to come over and he could talk to you, see?

George: Don't belong to any.

Michaelis: You ought to have a church, George, for times like this. You must have gone to church once. Didn't you get married in a church? Listen, George, listen to me. Didn't you get married in a church?

George: That was a long time ago. He killed her.

Michaelis: Who did?

George: I have a way of finding out.

Michaelis: You're morbid, George. This has been a strain to you and you don't know what you're saying.

George: He murdered her.

Michaelis: It was an accident, George.

George: No. 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.

Nick: Michaelis had seen this too, but it hadn't occurred to him that there was any special significance in it. He believed that Mrs. Wilson had been running away from her husband, rather than trying to stop any particular car.

Michaelis: How could she of been like that?

George: She's a deep one. I told her. God knows what you've been doing, everything you've been doing. You may fool me, but you can't fool God! God sees everything.

(Michaelis and George exit.)

Projection: Gatsby's pool

Nick: Michaelis went home to sleep; when he awoke four hours later and hurried back to the garage, George was gone. He was on foot. Someone told him that Gatsby had a yellow car. When he got to Gatsby's house, he found Gatsby lying on an air mattress in the pool. George shot Gatsby, killing him instantly.

Sound effect: Gun shot

Nick: Then George shot himself.

Sound effect: Another gun shot.

Nick: The holocaust was complete.

(Nick exits.)

(Fitzgerald and Zelda enter.)

Projection: *The Last Tycoon* book cover

Fitzgerald: Myrtle...dead; Gatsby...dead; George...dead. I, too, was dead as of December 21, 1940. I was in Hollywood, California, living at Sheila Graham's apartment. Sheila was a gossip columnist and my mistress. I was eating a chocolate bar and reading the Princeton Alumni Weekly magazine. I was resting a bit before going back to writing my novel about Hollywood's Dream Factory, *The Last Tycoon*. At about 2 p.m. I got out of my easy chair, struggled for breath, clutched my pained chest, and fell to the carpet with a thud. I was only 44. Hardly anyone attended my funeral. Zelda lived a life with many labels: beautiful, scandalous, broken, but her death was tragic.

Projection: Highland Hospital Fire

Zelda: On the evening of March 10, 1948, in Asheville, North Carolina, a fire broke out at Highland Hospital where I was staying. I was on the third floor, and there was no way out. Some of the windows were locked; others were barred by heavy chains. Corridor doors were locked. The building didn't have alarms or sprinklers, and the wooden fire escape quickly went up in flames. I, along with eight other women, died in the fire. I was only 47. Hardly anyone attended my funeral.

(Fitzgerald and Zelda exit.)

Nick: Besides myself, the only people attending Gatsby's funeral were a few servants, Owl Eyes, and Gatsby's father. Nobody else came. No Wolfsheim, no Klipspringer, no Jordan, no Daisy, no Tom.

Projection: Fifth Avenue

(Tom enters. He holds out his hand to Nick.)

Nick: One afternoon late in October I saw Tom on Fifth Avenue. He held out his hand, but I refused to shake it.

Tom: What's the matter, Nick?

Nick: (with disdain) You know what I think of you.

Tom: You're crazy, Nick. Crazy as hell. I don't know what's the matter with you.

Nick: What did you say to George Wilson that afternoon when Gatsby was killed?

Tom: I told him the truth. He came to the door while we were getting ready to leave and when I sent down word that we weren't in, he tried to force his way upstairs. He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn't told him who owned the car. His hand was on a revolver in his pocket every minute he was in the house. What if I did tell him? Gatsby had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy's. He ran over Myrtle like you'd run over a dog and never even stopped his car.

Nick: That wasn't true.

Tom: And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering—look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard, I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful—

(Tom exits.)

Projection: Green light at end of dock

Nick: (to audience) I couldn't forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness or whatever it was that kept them together and let other people clean up the mess they had made. After Gatsby's death the East was haunted for me, so I decided to move back to Minnesota. On my last night in West Egg, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He believed in that green light, an exciting, orgastic future with Daisy. We all desire to move forward into a future in which our dreams are realized, and, although we are driven back, we do not stop, believing in a tomorrow in which we will run

faster and stretch our arms out further. So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past. (He exits.)

Projection: The End and *The Great Gatsby* book cover