

MYRTLE. WAIT! WAIT!

WILSON. MYRTLE!

MYRTLE. I'M HERE! I'M HERE! *(The headlights ignite the stage. Screeching tires! Sound of a car hitting a body! Blackout. Lights up slowly. Myrtle lies dead in a pool of light, twisted and broken. Wilson mutters over and over, "Oh my Ga-od! Oh my Ga-od!" A motorcycle cop stands over Myrtle's body, questioning Mrs. Michaelis.)*

POLICEMAN. M-i-c-a —

MRS. MICHAELIS. No — h. M-i-c-h-a — *(Tom, Nick, and Jordan enter.)*

TOM. *(To policeman.)* What's going on?

POLICEMAN. H — a —

MRS. MICHAELIS. E — *(Tom grabs the policeman.)*

TOM. Listen to me!

POLICEMAN. Hey, hey, hey! What you want fella?

TOM. What happened? That's what I want to know!

POLICEMAN. Auto hit her. Ins'antly killed.

NICK. What?

POLICEMAN. She ran out ina road.

TOM. Instantly killed? *(Tom looks down at Myrtle's dead body.)*

POLICEMAN. Sonofabitch didn't even stopus car.

MRS. MICHAELIS. There was two cars. One comin', one goin', see?

TOM. Going where?

NICK. Which direction?

POLICEMAN. Hold on a minute here.

MRS. MICHAELIS. One goin' each way. Well, she — she ran out there, wavin' her arms crazy like, shoutin' at him, *(Indicating Wilson.)* "Beat me. Throw me down and beat me, but I'm goin'," and she ran out there an' the one comin' from N'York knock right into her ... musta been goin' thirty or forty miles an hour.

POLICEMAN. What's your relation to them?

MRS. MICHAELIS. I own the diner up the road. It was a yellow car. Big yellow car. New.

WILSON. *(A wail.)* You don't have to tell me what kind of car it was! I know what kind of car it was! *(Tom grabs Wilson and pulls him to his feet.)*

TOM. You've got to pull yourself together. Listen, I just got here a minute ago, from New York. Are you listening to me? Wilson! Listen! I was bringing you that coupe we've been talking about. Remember? That yellow car I was driving this afternoon wasn't

mine, do you hear? It wasn't mine. I haven't seen it all afternoon. It belongs to someone else. I borrowed it.

POLICEMAN. What's going on over there?

TOM. I'm a friend of his. He says he knows the car that did it. It was a yellow car.

POLICEMAN. And what color's your car?

TOM. It's a blue car, a coupe.

NICK. He's telling the truth. We've just come from New York. *(Policeman looks suspiciously at Nick.)* We were on our way to West Egg when we saw something'd happened, so we stopped.

POLICEMAN. Alright, alright. Let's clear this area. *(To Mrs. Michaelis.)* Now, if you'll let me have that name again, correctly this time. *(He and Mrs. Michaelis move off.)*

TOM. *(To Nick.)* The goddamned coward. Didn't even stop his car. *(They exit. Wilson crosses to Myrtle and cradles her dead body. They remain isolated in a spot during the following. Daisy runs on, crying, hysterical. Gatsby chases after her as the outside of the Buchanan house forms around them.)*

GATSBY. Daisy! Daisy! Wait! *(He catches her.)*

DAISY. Let me go! Please! I need to get inside!

GATSBY. It's alright. Everything's going to be alright.

DAISY. Ruined! It's ruined. Don't you see?!

GATSBY. It's going to be fine. I promise you.

DAISY. Everything's so confused.

GATSBY. It's all my fault. Look at me! None of this would have happened if I'd handled things right the first time. But now I'm taking care of it.

DAISY. I just wanted it to be beautiful.

GATSBY. Do you believe that I love you? Daisy? Look at me. Do you believe that I love you?

DAISY. Yes.

GATSBY. What was said at the hotel doesn't mean anything. Tom was pressuring you, making you say things you didn't mean, upsetting you.

DAISY. I'm no good for you.

GATSBY. You are the finest, loveliest, tenderest, most beautiful person I have ever known.

DAISY. But what if —

GATSBY. Nothing's going to happen. I'm going to take care of everything. Now, I want you to go inside. I'll wait out here, just to