

The Great Gatsby

Screenplay by

Baz Luhrmann & Craig Pearce

Based on

The Great Gatsby

By

F. Scott Fitzgerald

A BLACK SCREEN.

The blackness is pierced by a single, pulsing green light...
We drift, as if by boat, across a dark bay toward the light.
Then, we hear a troubled voice.

NICK (V.O.)
In my younger and more vulnerable
years my father gave me some
advice: "always try to see the best
in people," he would say...

A gentle snow begins to fall, obscuring the light...

NICK (V.O.)
As a consequence, I'm inclined to
reserve all judgements.

The snow grows heavier.

NICK (V.O.)
But even I... have a limit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SANITARIUM - WINTER - DAY

Continue drifting, through the snow, across an icy lake...

NICK (V.O.)
Back then all of us drank too much.

DISCOVER: A stately Victorian building...

NICK (V.O.)
The more in tune with the times we
were, the more we drank.

CLOSE ON: The sign, "The Perkins Sanitarium."

NICK (V.O.)
And none of us contributed anything
new.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WINTER - DAY

DISCOVER: A man shrouded in darkness. He leans against an old
fireplace, hand covering his face.

NICK
When I came back from New York I
was disgusted.

REVEAL: NICK CARRAWAY (37), unshaven, morbidly alcoholic.

NICK (CONT'D)
Disgusted... with everyone, and
everything... Only one man was
exempt from my disgust.

REVEAL: A kind, elderly DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
One man...? Mr. Carraway?

NICK
(whispers)
Gatsby...

DOCTOR
Was he a friend of yours?

NICK
He was... the single most hopeful
person I have ever met... And am
ever likely to meet again. There
was something about him...

Nick wanders slowly towards the window, remembering.

NICK (CONT'D)
A sensitivity. He was like one of
those machines that register
earthquakes ten thousand miles
away...

DOCTOR
Where did you meet him?

Nick stops and stares out the window, haunted.

NICK
At a party. In New York.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

THROUGH THE CLOUDS: New skyscrapers pierce a clear blue sky.

NICK (V.O.)
In the summer of 1922, the tempo of
the city approached hysteria...

ON WALL STREET: A fever pitch of buying and selling...

NICK (V.O.)
Stocks hit record peaks. And Wall
Street boomed, in a steady golden
roar...

IMAGES OF DECADENT NEW YORK FADE IN, ILLUSTRATING NICK'S V.O.
Dancing girls, speakeasies, bootleg kings, fat cats counting
fresh fortunes, and the stock market climbing up, up, up...!

NICK (V.O.)
The parties were bigger; the shows
were broader; the buildings were
higher; the morals were looser; and
the ban on alcohol had backfired...
making the liquor cheaper.

FADE IN: A sea of boater hats crowds a Manhattan street.

NICK (V.O.)
Wall Street was luring the young
and ambitious.

PUSH TOWARD: One of the hats. Its wearer stops, and gazes up.

NICK (V.O.)
And I was one of them.

REVEAL: A clear-eyed, hopeful, 29 year old Nick Carraway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND - WEST EGG - DAY

AERIAL: The city is still visible in the distance...

NICK (V.O.)
I rented a house twenty miles from
the city, on Long Island.

DISCOVER: A unkempt bungalow, hemmed in by enormous mansions.

NICK (V.O.)
I lived at West Egg...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Nick is moving in...

NICK (V.O.)
 ...in a forgotten grounds-keeper's
 cottage squeezed among the mansions
 of the newly rich.

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Nick is unpacking...

NICK (V.O.)
 To get started, I bought a dozen
 volumes on credit, banking and
 investments--

CLOSE ON: A row of heavy red and gold-bound bonds books. Nick plucks one up.

NICK (V.O.)
 All new to me...

And turns on the radio.

RADIO VOICE
*The stock market hit another record
 high today!*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROBITY TRUST BUILDING - NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Countless identical grey-suited CLERKS, yell into telephones!

CLERK 1 (INTO PHONE)
*It's like pickin' up money in the
 street!*

CLERK 2 (INTO PHONE)
*I got a dandy tip on Burlington;
 who's comin with me?!*

DISCOVER: Nick, speaking much more moderately.

NICK (INTO PHONE)
*Yes sir, of course nothing is one
 hundred percent. Well, I wouldn't
 go investing every penny. But...*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Nick, still unpacking, eyes a mountain of unpacked books...

NICK (V.O.)
At Yale, I'd dreamed of being a
writer.

He resists the temptation to swap bonds books for literature.

NICK (V.O.)
But I gave all that up.

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - PORCH - DAY

Nick emerges onto the porch, greeted by dazzling sunshine.

NICK (V.O.)
With the sun shining and the great
bursts of leaves on the trees, I
planned to spend the summer
studying.

Nick sits and places his bonds book in front of him...

NICK (V.O.)
And I probably would have--

When woman's shriek startles him...

NICK'S POV: On the neighboring beach a group of revellers are frolicking. A scantily girl clad waves and then disappears into the trees, drawing Nick's eye to his neighbor's house...

NICK (V.O.)
Were it not for the riotous
amusements that beckoned from
beyond the walls of that colossal
castle...

Through dense foliage Nick spies the mysterious spires and towers of the neighboring Gothic folly.

NICK (V.O.)
Owned by a gentleman I had not yet
met, named...

In a high tower window, a curtain flutters ominously...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WINTER - DAY

CLOSE ON: Nick, still staring out the window.

NICK

Gatsby.

The Doctor concludes:

DOCTOR

So... He was your neighbor?

NICK

My neighbor? No, Gatsby was-- Well--
If I think about it... The history
of the summer really began the
night I drove over to my cousin
Daisy's for dinner...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - LATE AFTERNOON

HIGH AND WIDE: Nick's old Dodge disappears down the drive...

NICK (V.O.)

She lived across the bay...

SWOOP ACROSS THE BAY TOWARDS...

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON

An impressive Georgian mansion overlooks a quarter mile of lawn that cascades down to a private polo field.

NICK (V.O.)

In old money East Egg.

BRINNNGGG! BRINNNGGG! We hear a phone ringing off-screen.

FOLLOW: A polo player (TOM), as he gallops toward the house.

NICK (V.O.)

Her husband was heir to one of
America's wealthiest families.

BRINNNGGG! BRINNNGGG!

Tom whacks the polo ball...

NICK (V.O.)

His name was Tom Buchanan.

The ball nearly hits one of Tom's gardeners...

NICK (V.O.)
When we were at Yale together he'd
been a sporting star.

BRINNNGGG! BRINNNGGG!

Tom dismounts and bounds up the stairs to the porch...

NICK (V.O.)
But now his glory days were behind
him and he contented himself
with... *other affairs.*

Tom aggressively grabs the telephone from HENRI, the butler,
and turns; revealing an imposing, hard-mouthed man of thirty.

TOM (INTO PHONE)
*I thought I told you not to call me
here...!*

PULL FOCUS: Tom sees a servant escort Nick along the balcony.

Clunking down the receiver, Tom strides toward Nick and
grasps his hand with overbearing strength.

TOM (CONT'D)
Shakespeare! How's the great
American novel coming...?

NICK
Oh, I'm selling bonds now Tom...
with Walter Chase's outfit--

TOM
Never heard of em.

Tom slaps Nick with irritating heartiness!

TOM (CONT'D)
Hey! What say after dinner we go
into town?

NICK
Can't--

TOM
Catch up with the old wolf pack?

NICK
Big day on the new job tomorrow--

TOM
Nonsense! We're going.

INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - HALL OF CHAMPIONS - LATE AFTERNOON

Tom leads Nick down a grand hall lined with the trophies that chronicle Tom's infinite sporting achievements.

TOM
First team, all-American!

Tom admires his own achievements.

TOM (CONT'D)
You see? Made me who I am today.

Tom pulls his favorite trophy from the cabinet--

TOM (CONT'D)
Here-- Forest Hills... I played the Prince of Wales. What a sissy!

Tom exchanges the trophy for a football.

TOM (CONT'D)
Life's something you dominate Nick.

He pelts Nick with the ball--

TOM (CONT'D)
If you're any good.

Nick fumbles as Tom charges him--

TOM (CONT'D)
Ha-ha-ha!

Tom tackles Nick, knocking him back, through a pair of vaulting doors, and into...

INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - SALON - LATE AFTERNOON

A shimmering, sun-dazzled room in which enormous white curtains whip and snap in the breeze...

CLOSE ON: Nick, frozen, awestruck.

We hear the giggle of naughty children...

BOOM!!! As the French doors shut, and the curtains fall, a beautiful white hand rises from behind the couch, and with it, a low, thrilling voice...

DAISY (O.S.)
Oh Nicky... Is that you my lovely?

Suddenly, 23 year old DAISY BUCHANAN, appears from over the back of the couch. Her bright eyes and passionate mouth are framed by a strawberry-blond bob.

CLOSE ON: Daisy, captivating...

NICK (V.O.)
Daisy Buchanan. The golden girl. A breathless warmth flowed from her. A promise that there was no one else in the world she so wanted to see...

She whispers dramatically...

DAISY
Do they miss me in Chicago?

NICK
Oh, yes. About a dozen people send their love.

DAISY
(unimpressed)
How gorgeous.

NICK
They're absolutely in mourning...
They're crying...

DAISY
No--

NICK
They're wailing...

DAISY
No--

NICK
They're screaming, they're shouting...

DAISY
No--

NICK
"Daisy Buchanan, we can't live without you!"

DAISY

I'm p-paralyzed with happiness...!

Daisy takes Nick's hand and squeals with childish glee as she drags him over the sofa and onto his back on the floor.

He stares up... And, a mysterious, athletic girl glares back. This is 22 year old, JORDAN BAKER.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Jordan Baker; a very famous golfer.

CLOSE ON: Nick, the blood drains from his face...

NICK (V.O.)

She was the most frightening person
I'd ever seen--

Nick rights himself and extends his hand.

NICK

I've seen your face on the cover of
"Sporting Life". Nick Carraway...

But Jordan merely yawns and stands (we get a good look).

NICK (V.O.)

But I enjoyed looking at her.

JORDAN

I've been lying on that sofa for as
long as I can remember...

Daisy turns to Nick with scandalous delight.

DAISY

I know! This summer I'll sort of,
fling you and Jordan together...

As Tom prepares drinks at the bar, he glances skittishly at a white telephone set ostentatiously upon a marble pedestal.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I'll push you into linen closets,
and out to sea in boats...

JORDAN

I'm not listening to a word!

Irritated, Tom turns to Nick.

TOM

Nick, Daisy tells me you're over at
West Egg;

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
 throwing your lot in with those
 social-climbing, primitive New
 Money types...?

NICK
 Well, my little shack is cardboard
 box at eighty a month.

DAISY
 Your life is adorable.

Jordan toys with a golf club, and speaks with bored contempt.

JORDAN
 I know somebody in West Egg.

NICK
 I don't know a single--

Jordan turns dramatically.

JORDAN
 Oh, you *must* know Gatsby.

Daisy, a sharp intake of breath.

DAISY
 Gatsby?

CLOSE ON: Daisy, as she struggles to control rising emotion.

DAISY (CONT'D)
 What Gatsby...?

Before anyone can reply, Henri announces--

HENRI
Madame, le diner est servi!

As Jordan WHACKS a golf ball into a makeshift cup - a trophy
 on the floor - waiters sweep open the doors and the curtains
 flutter up again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - TERRACE - NIGHT

Daisy, Nick, Jordan and Tom sit at a long, sumptuously laid
 table. Food, wine, laughter, smoking...

DISSOLVING ABSTRACTLY: Through fragments of conversation...

DAISY

Would you like to hear a family secret? Its about the butler's nose...

JORDAN

Things went from bad to worse...

DAISY

Nicky... I heard a rumor, that you were getting married to a girl out west...

NICK

Its a libel, I'm too poor.

JORDAN

They have to be old so they die quickly...

NICK

Can't we talk about something else? Anything? Crops? You're making me feel uncivilized Daisy--

This draws a strangely violent interjection from Tom.

TOM

Civilization's going to pieces! Have you read 'The Rise of the Colored Empires' by this fellow Goddard?

NICK

Why no...

Tom stands and begins to pace--

TOM

Everyone ought to read it. The idea is that its up to us, the dominant race, to watch out, or these other races...

Tom straightens the bow-tie on his black servant--

TOM (CONT'D)

Will have control of things.

DAISY

(wickedly)

Tom's been very profound lately. He reads deep books with long words in them

TOM
It's been proved. Its scientific.

DAISY
(subtly mocking Tom)
We've got to beat them down.

SUDDENLY, BRINNNGGG! The telephone. All freeze. Another ring.
BRINNNGGG!

TOM
Excuse me... I'll be right back.

He goes inside.

An embarrassed moment; suddenly Daisy throws her napkin down.

DAISY
I'm sorry...

She follows Tom into the house.

Nick, at a loss, turns to Jordan.

NICK
Well, this Mr. Gatsby you spoke of
is my neighbor...

JORDAN
Shhhh... Don't talk. I want to hear
what happens.

A subdued, impassioned murmur is audible in the room beyond.

NICK
Is something happening?

JORDAN
I thought everybody knew.

NICK
I don't.

JORDAN
Tom's got some woman in New York.

NICK
Got some woman?

JORDAN
She might have the decency not to
telephone at dinner-time... Don't
you think?

Almost before Nick has grasped her meaning, the doors bang open and Tom and Daisy return to the table.

DAISY

(a tense gayety)

I just love seeing you at my table Nicky. You remind me of a rose, an absolute rose... Doesn't he?

NICK

I'm not even faintly like a rose--

TOM

So... After dinner Nick wanted to go into town. Right Nick? To the Yale club.

DAISY

Nicky, stay--

NICK

I have to work early.

TOM

Nonsense. Its only for a drink or two.

Daisy and Tom stare at Nick - both demanding his allegiance.

SUDDENLY! The telephone rings again: BRINNNGGG! Again, all freeze. BRINNNGGG!

PUSH IN: On Daisy as the telephone continues to shriek.

NICK (V.O.)

None of us could ignore that fifth guest's shrill metallic urgency...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - BALUSTRADE - LATER

Servants clear. Jordan and Tom retire to the salon, as Nick and Daisy stroll down toward the water, and Daisy confides:

DAISY

Oh Nicky...

NICK

What?

DAISY

Its just, well, you see, I think everything's terrible anyhow. You know I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything, and I've had very bad time Nicky... I'm pretty cynycal about everything.

Daisy gazes melancholic across the bay; an awkward silence.

Nick tries to change the subject--

NICK

Your daughter; I suppose she talks, and... eats, and everything?

DAISY

Pammy? Oh yes...

Daisy leans on a stone balustrade and gazes down toward the dock, where a green light glows in the velvet dusk.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Listen Nick, when she was born, Tom was God knows where - with God knows *whom* - and I asked the nurse if it was a boy or a girl. She told me it was a girl, and I wept. 'All right,' I said, 'I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool - that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool.'

She breaks off, and looks at Nick with that smile of hers...

DAISY (CONT'D)

All the bright precious things fade so fast...

And as a sad, sweet underscore plays, WE PUSH out over the water, and across the bay toward Gatsby's castle...

DAISY (CONT'D)

And they don't come back.

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - DOCK - NIGHT

WE DISCOVER: At the end of Gatsby's dock, A MAN - his dark silhouette is cut against the paler black of the night sky.

In the distance behind him we see headlights. It is Nick, pulling up at his bungalow.

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Nick gets out of his car. He stops. Through the trees, he can see The Man gazing intently across the bay.

NICK (V.O.)
When I arrived home I noticed that
a figure had emerged on my
neighbor's dock.

Nick goes closer, and watches The Man...

NICK (V.O.)
And something told me it was... Mr.
Gatsby.

The Man reaches out--

NICK (V.O.)
He seemed to be... *reaching* toward
something out there in the dark.

A green light on dock pulses in the distant darkness...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WINTER - NIGHT

Nick, troubled...

NICK
The green light.

DOCTOR
Green light?

Nick struggles with a painful memory...

NICK
I don't want to talk about this
Doctor.

Nick breaks off; and after a VERY LONG SILENCE, he admits:

NICK (CONT'D)
I can't talk about THIS.

DOCTOR
(delicately)
Then write about it.

NICK
(skeptical)
Write?

DOCTOR
Yes. Write.

NICK
Why would I do that?

DOCTOR
After all, you said that writing
brought you solace, once upon a
time.

NICK
Yeah, well. It didn't bring anyone
else much solace... I wasn't any
good.

The Doctor offers Nick a pen; but Nick does not accept.

DOCTOR
No one need ever read it. You can
always burn it.

NICK
What would I write about?

DOCTOR
Anything. Whatever you can't quite
talk about; a memory; a thought; a
place... Write it down.

CLOSE ON: Nick considering the challenge...

NICK
(to himself)
A place...

Slowly he takes the pen.

We hear the clatter of metal wheels on train tracks; AS THE
SCREEN FILLS WITH WORDS, we hear them as voice-over.

NICK (V.O.)
The Valley of Ashes was a grotesque
place...

EXT. THE VALLEY OF ASHES - DAY

HIGH AND WIDE: A vast dumping ground comprised of massive mounds of smoldering ash; train tracks cut through its heart and the gleaming towers of the city shimmer in the distance.

NICK (V.O.)
New York's dumping ground, half way
between West Egg and the city...

IMAGES illustrate the poverty and hopelessness of life here.

NICK (V.O.)
...Where the burnt out coal that
powered the booming, golden city
was discarded by men who moved
dimly and already crumbling through
the powdery air.

A train waits at a drawbridge spanning a small, foul creek.

DISCOVER: Nick, aboard the train, looking out at the awful wasteland...

NICK (V.O.)
...This fantastic farm was ever-
watched by Dr. T. J. Eckleberg...

NICK'S POV: A gigantic paint peeling billboard reads: "Dr. T.J. Eckleberg."

NICK (V.O.)
...A forgotten oculist whose eyes
brooded over it all like the eyes
of God.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Tom, flushed with booze and heat, glances covertly around the halted carriage. Nick sits opposite.

NICK (V.O.)
Tom had invited me to town, on the
pretense of a lunch at the Yale
Club....

As the carriage moves, Tom suddenly pulls Nick to his feet.

NICK (V.O.)
But the day took an unexpected
turn...

Tom drags Nick from the moving train.

TOM
Come on--!

EXT. THE VALLEY OF ASHES - DAY

As the train pulls off, Nick, exasperates, chases Tom.

NICK (O.S.)
What are we doing?

TOM
Trust me!

NICK
Wait a second would you!?

TOM
(calls back)
Dominate Nick! Dominate!

PAN DOWN TO DISCOVER: Tom and Nick outside a small garage.

A sign reads: "GEORGE B. WILSON. Cars Bought and Sold."

INT. WILSON'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

As Tom and Nick enter the dim garage, WILSON, a nervous, spiritless man, appears from the back office.

TOM
Hello Wilson! How's business?

WILSON
(unconvincing)
I can't complain. When are you going to sell me that car?

TOM
I've got my man working on it.

WILSON
Works pretty slow, don't he?

TOM
(coldly)
Maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else?

WILSON
I don't mean that, I just...

Wilson's grovelling is terminated by the sound of chunky red heels corkscrewing down stairs from above. All turn to see: MYRTLE WILSON. Buxom. Smoldering. Elementally sensual.

MYRTLE

If its business you're talking, you should be talking to me...

(to her husband)

Get some chairs why don't you; so somebody can sit down...

Myrtle smiles slowly and, walking through her husband as if he were a ghost, shakes hands with Tom.

MYRTLE (CONT'D)

(without turning)

Hurry up!

WILSON

Oh, sure... Sure...

Wilson hurries out back.

TOM

Mrs. Wilson... Nick Carraway.

MYRTLE

A *pleasure*...

TOM

Nick's a writer...

Myrtle is completely uninterested.

NICK

(feeble)

I'm in bonds, actually...

TOM

(intently to Myrtle)

Get on the next train.

MYRTLE

(playing hard to get)

Now...? Are we gettin' that dog?

TOM

Whatever you want. And you can call up your sister...

(glancing to Nick)

She'll like him...

NICK

Oh no, that's alright, I'm busy...

MYRTLE

Catherine's said to be *very good* looking, by people who *oughta* know.

NICK

Really I can't...

TOM

(whispers to Nick)

Do you want to embarrass Myrtle...?
That's rude.

CUT TO:

INT. MYRTLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The muffled sounds of sex...

CLOSE ON: A puppy mouthing a soggy dog biscuit that dissolves into a saucer of milk.

Nick, horrified, perches on a couch in a small room stuffed with tacky, pretentious objects; obviously bought by Tom.

Nick springs to his feet and yanks open the front door, only to be startled by a slender, louche girl in her twenties, with a sticky bob of red hair. This is CATHERINE.

She sweeps into the room, pivots, and extends her hand.

CATHERINE

I'm Catherine; ain't we havin' a party?

NICK

Oh, I'm... I'm not sure now's a good time-- I was just going--

But Nick's exit is blocked.

MRS. MCKEE

Hello...!

MRS. MCKEE, a shrill woman in her 30s, enters with MR. MCKEE - a feminine man with a bit of shaving cream on his cheek.

MR. MCKEE

(extending his hand)

Chester McKee, pleasure to meet you.

NICK

Nick Carraway.

MRS. MCKEE
Where're the kids?

Nick is still trying to leave, but Catherine corners him...

CATHERINE
What's the matter? Don't ya like me?

SUDDENLY! The bedroom door *whooshes* open and Myrtle appears wearing an astounding, red jersey sheath dress.

MRS. MCKEE
Myrtle Turtle...! Oh, that dress is adorable!

MYRTLE
(with impressive hauteur)
It's just a crazy old thing. I slip it on when I don't care what I look like!

Tom appears behind Myrtle, arrogantly buttoning his shirt.

TOM
Get some ice Myrtle, before everyone goes to sleep.

Myrtle sweeps into the kitchen; Tom opens the liquor cabinet.

NICK
(making for the door)
Tom, I really should be going...

TOM
(grabbing Nick's arm)
Nonsense...

NICK
Tom; I don't think-- Daisy's my--

Tom pulls Nick back toward the party.

TOM
Listen Nick, you like to watch; I remember that from college. And that's OK, I make no judgment; but we've got a whole summer - do you want to sit on the sideline and watch, or do you want to play ball?

CATHERINE
Yeah. Ain't we good enough for ya?

Catherine winks, pushes Nick into his chair, and fearlessly lands herself in his lap.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Take off yer hat and stay awhile...

TOM

Hey Nick! McKee's in the artistic game.

MCKEE

Photography.

TOM

Nick's artistic.

NICK

No...

MCKEE

Really?

NICK

Ah, no, well, I write a little...

Tom clunks the gramophone needle onto a record and Catherine raises her voice above the music.

CATHERINE

Do you live on Long Island, too?

NICK

I live at West Egg.

CATHERINE

Really? I was there at a party about a month ago. At a man named *Gatsby's*. Do you know him?

NICK

I live right next door to him...

CATHERINE

He's a cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm's. You know, the evil German king...

CUT TO: Tom raising Myrtle's skirt suggestively.

TOM

Hey McKee, take a picture of that!

MYRTLE

(girlish glee)

Oh, don't!

(MORE)

MYRTLE (CONT'D)

I'm not one of *those* models...! But you can if you want...

Catherine leans close and whispers in Nick's ear.

CATHERINE

Neither of them can stand who they're married to.

NICK

Doesn't she like Wilson either?

MYRTLE

(overhears)

...He's a greasy little scumbag!

Tom grins arrogantly and offers a drink to Catherine.

CATHERINE

No thanks; I feel just as good on nothing at all...

With a suggestive glimpse of tongue, Catherine pops a pill...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Nerve pills, I get them from a doctor in Queens. You want one?

NICK

My nerves are fine thanks...

Catherine smiles mischievously, puts a pill on her tongue and suddenly kisses Nick... He splutters, but Catherine tips the scotch to his mouth, washing the pill down.

NICK (V.O.)

I had been drunk just twice in my life and the second time was that afternoon...

DISSOLVE TO: Blurry freakish images of time passing... The whiskey is in demand by all; Catherine dances a solo. The music is sexy, dirty, deafening. The images become wilder, nauseatingly violent...

As Catherine undresses Nick...

NICK (V.O.)

That night, in the hidden flat that Tom kept for Myrtle, we were buoyed by a sort of chemical madness, a willingness of the heart that burst thunderously upon us all... And suddenly, I began to like New York.

As the puppy sits on the table groaning faintly through the smoke, Myrtle suddenly springs to her feet!

MYRTLE

...I've got to get a massage, and a wave, and a collar for the dog, and one of those cute little ash-trays where you touch a spring, and a wreath with a black silk bow for mother's grave!

Pivoting through the smoky air, Myrtle begins to strip...

MYRTLE (CONT'D)

My dear I'm giving you this dress!

Myrtle strips as Mrs. McKee greedily lunges for the dress.

MRS. MCKEE

Adorable! Adorable!

SUDDEN CUT: Nick, very drunk, finds himself at the bathroom window, observing the infinite life of the city...

NICK (V.O.)

High over the city our yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrets to the casual watcher in the street...

INT. SANITARIUM - NICK'S ROOM - WINTER - NIGHT

Nick, now alone, pen in hand, writes furiously.

NICK (V.O.)

...and I was him too, looking up and wondering...

EXT. THE STREET BELOW MYRTLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nick, simultaneously in the street below, can see himself upstairs looking out from Myrtle's window.

NICK (V.O.)

I was within and without; enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life...

POETIC VISUAL: The Manhattan skyline - millions of lighted windows frame silhouettes of this inexhaustible humanity...

INT. MYRTLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUDDENLY WE HEAR Tom violently yelling!

TOM

You've got no right to speak her
name!

Tom and Myrtle emerge from the bedroom half-dressed...

MYRTLE

Daisy! Daisy! Daisy! I'll speak it
whenever I want! Daisy! Dai--

SUDDENLY! A short, sharp movement, Tom breaks Myrtle's nose!

CLOSE ON: Nick. AS MYRTLE SCREAMS, BLOOD FLIES ACROSS THE
ROOM IN ABSTRACT SLOW MOTION!

PULL OUT: Through the window; this drama becomes merely one
more of the countless many that play out in this vast city...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WINTER - DAY

Nick's been reading to the Doctor. He sits on the couch, many
hand-written pages on his lap. He admits...

NICK

I have no clue how I got home.

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - PORCH - MORNING

Nick is still asleep. Harsh morning light.

CLOSE ON: His eyelids slowly flutter awake.

He realizes he's been sleeping on the porch in his underwear.

NICK (V.O.)

But I do know that I awoke with a
distinctly uneasy feeling...

His pants lie next to him, his shirt is on the railing, his
jacket is in a tree, and his car is parked in the bushes...

A sudden feeling of disquiet makes Nick look up...

NICK (V.O.)

....that Gatsby was watching me.

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WINTER - DAY

The Doctor leans forward.

DOCTOR
(slightly incredulous)
Watching you...?

NICK
Yes. He was watching me. In fact, I
know now that Gatsby was always
watching me...

DOCTOR
And how do you know that?

NICK
Because I got an invitation... I
was the only one.

FADE IN IMAGE: An immaculate CHAUFFEUR, in uniform of robin's egg blue, stands on Nick's doorstep, holding a silver tray on which rests an invitation...

NICK (CONT'D)
No one, except me, every received
an actual invitation to Gatsby's...

The words written on the invitation PUSH FORWARD: "Dear Mr. Carraway, the honor would be entirely mine, if you would attend my little party..."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - TWILIGHT

A line of limousines stretches from the lights of Manhattan towards Gatsby's gates.

NICK (V.O.)
You see, the rest of New York
simply came, uninvited...

As an open-topped Rolls Royce motors through Gatsby's gates, a roadster packed with rowdy revellers, swerves onto the verge and roars cheekily by...

NICK (V.O.)
The whole city packed into
automobiles and all weekend, every
weekend, ended up at Gatsby's...

CRANE HIGH AND WIDE: Gatsby's magnificent castle. Illuminated fountains line a driveway packed with limousines; crowds of glamorous people stream up the broad marble stairs.

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - PORTICO - TWILIGHT

Dressed in white flannels, Nick offers his invitation to a doorman who shrugs.

NICK (V.O.)

And I mean everyone: from every walk of life, from every corner of New York City, this kaleidoscopic carnival spilled through Gatsby's door...

A gaggle of gorgeous, but obviously low-class girls, carelessly sweep Nick through the portico and into...

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - HALL OF MASTERS - CONTINUOUS

A bizarre mix of characters surge toward light at the end of this dark, vaulting, vomitorium-like passageway. BANG! Doors burst open; the dazzling spectacle of the Grand Ballroom...!

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - TWILIGHT

Champagne fountains vault to the ceiling. At the base of the fountains waiters scoop finger-bowl sized glasses onto trays.

Nick, almost unable to believe his eyes, takes in the impossible variety of guests at Gatsby's...

NICK (V.O.)

A caravansary of...

IMAGES OF THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS illustrate his voice-over...

NICK (V.O.)

Billionaire play-boy publishers, and their blond nurses... Heiresses comparing inheritances on Gatsby's beach... My boss, Walter Chase, losing money at the roulette tables... Gossip columnists... Alongside gangsters and governors exchanging telephone numbers... Silent film stars... Broadway directors... Morality protectors... Casino collectors...

(MORE)

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Underage hecklers... And Ewing
 Klipspringer, dubious descendent of
 Beethoven!

Overwhelmed, and out-of-place, Nick approaches the bar...

NICK
 (to the bartender)
 Do you know where I might find the
 host, Mr. Gatsby?

He brandishes his invitation.

NICK (CONT'D)
 I live just next door...

BARTENDER
 Mr. Gatsby? I've never seen him
 sir. Why, no one has...

The bartender automatically hands Nick a martini.

NICK (V.O.)
 Alone, and a little embarrassed, I
 decided to get... roaring drunk.

He downs the martini in one gulp, steps over an even drunker
 guest, who collapses at his feet, and makes his way out to:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - TERRACE - TWILIGHT

Nick gazes out over the impossibly decadent party...

NICK
 Wow.

As, unbeknownst to him, a mysterious, masked guest stalks
 toward him from behind...

VOICE
 I thought I might see you here...

Startled, Nick turns to find... Jordan Baker.

NICK
 Hello.

JORDAN
 I remembered you lived next door...

NICK
 Its like... an amusement park.

JORDAN

Shall we?

Jordan seductively leads Nick down the terrace steps...

NICK

Did you get an invitation?

JORDAN

People aren't invited to Gatsby's.

NICK

Well I was... I seem to be the only one. Who is this Gatsby?

A haughty East Egger, TEDDY, interjects...

TEDDY

He was a German spy during the war.

JORDAN

Teddy Barton. Nick Carraway.

NICK

(to Teddy)

A German spy...?

Teddy's annoying East Egger friend, NELSON, chimes in...

NELSON

No, no, no, no. He's the Kaiser's assassin.

And the third of the East Egger trio, LANGUID GIRL, adds...

LANGUID GIRL

I heard he killed a man once.

NELSON

Its true!

LANUID GIRL

You look at him sometimes when he thinks no one's watching... I'll bet he killed a man.

TEDDY

Kills for fun! Free of charge.

NELSON

Well he's *already* richer than God.

Nick turns to Jordan; an alarmed whisper.

NICK
 You don't believe he killed a man
 do you...?

JORDAN
 (wickedly)
 Let's go find him, and you can ask
 him yourself...

As the dance-floor erupts, and world-famous dancer Gilda Grey is announced, Jordan leads Nick off...

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - EVENING

MUSIC FEVERISHLY BUILDS! As Nick and Jordan bound up a winding staircase, Jordan teases seductively...

JORDAN
 Oh, Mr. Gatsby...!
 (to Nick)
 Shall I lead you into his clutches?

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - LIBRARY - EVENING

BANG! Nick and Jordan explode into a dark room. A stout, middle-aged man wheels to them with unsettling intensity.

OWL EYES
 You won't find him...!

He plucks two finger-bowl sized cocktails from a row lined up on the table and hands them to Nick and Jordan.

OWL EYES (CONT'D)
 This house and everything in it,
 are all part of an elaborate
 disguise. But Mr. Gatsby doesn't
 exist.

JORDAN
 Phooey; I've met him!

OWL EYES
 Which one; the Prince, the Spy, the
 Murderer? I've been wandering his
 halls drunk for about a week now -
 but no matter where I look, I can't
 find *anyone* who knows *anything real*
 about *Mr. Gatsby*.

JORDAN

(blithely dismissive)

Well I don't care; he gives large parties - and I like large parties, they're so intimate; at small parties there isn't any privacy.

NICK

(slowly to Owl Eyes)

But if that's true; what's all this for...?

OWL EYES

That, my dear fellow, is the question...

Owl Eyes looks to the window; and Nick and Jordan follow his gaze to... Gatsby's garden, where, as the band hits fever pitch, and twilight becomes night... THE PARTY HAS BEGUN!!!!

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - POOL - NIGHT

As the music nears its final crescendo, the evening's many fantastical characters dance uproariously around the pool!!!

On an elaborate flotilla in the center of it all Jordan and Nick are kicking a wild Charleston. The number finally peaks!

NICK

I didn't expect all this...

JORDAN

(coy)

What did you expect?

NICK

I don't know...

JORDAN

Disappointed?

NICK

Not in the slightest...

Jordan and Nick look as if they might just kiss...

TEDDY

(to Nick)

Penny-less pantywaist!

Teddy leers between them and pulls Jordan away...

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I'm stealing her away Carraway!

Over wild applause, the ORCHESTRA LEADER announces...

ORCHESTRA LEADER
Ladies and gentlemen, please make
your way to the grand terrazzo; for
the premiere of Mr. Vladimir
Tostoff's "A Jazz History of the
World", and accompanying fireworks!

Nick follow Jordan, but Teddy cuts him off--

TEDDY
Look around you! Rich girls don't
marry poor boys--

On cue, a drinks tray floats into frame. There is a flurry of
movement... Teddy rudely snatches a couple of martinis...

Nick, disoriented and empty-handed, begins up the stairs, and
as he does so, hears the voice of the man holding the tray...

MAN
Your face is familiar. Weren't you
in the Third Division during the
war?

NICK
Yes; The Ninth Battalion.

CUT TO: THE MAN. He is tanned and handsome; just past thirty.

MAN
I was in the Seventh. I knew I'd
seen you somewhere before... Having
a good time, old sport?

NICK
(very tipsy)
The whole thing's incredible - I
live next door...
(brandishing his now
crumpled invitation)
He even sent me an invitation, but
I still haven't met Mr. Gatsby, no
one's met him; they say he's third
cousin to the Kaiser and second
cousin to the devil!

At the landing, half way up the steps, the man takes a drink
from a waiter's tray and hands it to Nick...

MAN

I'm afraid I'm not a very good host, old sport... I'm Gatsby.

CLOSE ON: Nick - his face drops.

NICK

(muttering apologies)

Oh.. I'm very sorry-- I... I've had so much to drink...

The delirious opening chords of Tostoff's "History" coincide with a gorgeous explosion of fireworks in the night sky!

GATSBY

(apologetically)

I thought you knew, old sport.

Gatsby smiles a dazzling smile; sound fades to a serene hum.

NICK (V.O.)

His smile was one of those rare smiles that you may come across four or five times in life. It seemed to understand you *and* believe in you just as you would like to be understood and believed in.

All at once the bubble bursts, a silver-haired, fifty-ish man in an immaculate tail-suit, (HERZOG) leans into Gatsby.

HERZOG

Excuse me sir; Chicago on the wire.

Gatsby nods, but before he departs he smiles at Nick.

GATSBY

I'm trying out my new hydroplane in the morning. Want to go with me, old sport?

Nick shakes himself from his reverie.

NICK

What time?

GATSBY

Any time that suits you.

Gatsby turns, and catches for the first time, Jordan.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

Lovely to see you Miss Baker.

He kisses her lightly on the hand.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

(to Nick)

If you need anything, just ask for it, old sport. I will rejoin you later... Excuse me.

As Nick watches Gatsby walk away, he whispers with amazement.

NICK

I expected him to be...

JORDAN

Old and fat?

NICK

Well, yes; young men don't just drift coolly out of nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island.

JORDAN

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

NICK

Why not?

JORDAN

I don't know... I just don't believe he went there...

Jordan is interrupted by a voice.

HERZOG

I beg your pardon...

She and Nick jump to find Herzog suddenly beside them.

HERZOG (CONT'D)

Miss Baker; Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you... Alone.

JORDAN

(surprised)

Me?

HERZOG

Yes, madame.

As Vladimir Tostoff's erotic, ominous chords build, Jordan crosses the now empty dance floor toward the silhouette of Gatsby in the library window...

Nick, unsettled, watches her go...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - MAPROOM - LATER

Alarmingly drunk girls sprawl at the feet of the grand piano. Klipspringer plays, a weeping woman attempts to slur along, and as a dejected Nick passes them toward the front stairs, the library door opens, and Jordan emerges alone...

Seeing Nick, she rushes to him...

JORDAN

Nick! Nick! I've just heard the most shocking thing; it all makes sense...

Teddy and the other East Eggers accost Jordan.

TEDDY

Where have you been!? The car's waiting!

Jordan is dragged out the door... Nick, on tenterhooks follows, as Jordan calls back...

JORDAN

Simply amazing! It all makes sense. It all makes sense...

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - NIGHT

The night has devolved into drunken mayhem as cars jam the driveway and intoxicated guests search for their vehicles.

Nick chases Jordan down the marble stairs.

NICK

What makes sense...?

JORDAN

Everything... But here I am *tantalizing* you...

The East Eggers and Jordan pile into their limousine. Jordan, a mysterious smile as she leans out the window.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And I *swore* I wouldn't tell.

NICK

But...

JORDAN

Nick. I'm sorry, I swore I wouldn't tell.

The car takes off and Nick is left staring; mystified...

A voice startles him.

GATSBY

Sorry to keep her from you, old sport. Don't forget; we're going up in the hydroplane tomorrow morning.

Herzog appears behind Gatsby.

HERZOG

Philadelphia on the phone, sir.

Gatsby nods, then smiles that intoxicating smile.

GATSBY

Good night, old sport...

NICK

Good night. Thank you.

Gatsby nods warmly, and turns inside.

As Nick walks away he is confronted by a bizarre scene: a big crowd gathers around a COUPÉ, resting on its side in a ditch.

SUDDENLY! Owl Eyes pops from the wreck. He leers drunkenly...

OWL EYES

Whazza matter!? We run outta gas!?

The beep of a horn catches Nick's attention. Jordan, leaning out of the window of her car as it sweeps away, calls to him.

JORDAN

Come and see me... We'll have tea!
I'm in the phone-book!

Nick waves, smiles, and cuts across the lawn.

CLOSE ON: Nick. As he reaches the stone-pass separating his yard from Gatsby's, he stops; a familiar feeling...

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - TOWER - CONTINUOUS

High up in the window, the shadowy figure of Gatsby stands, phone pressed to his ear, watching Nick. After a moment, he raises his hand in formal farewell.

NICK (V.O)

We rode in the hydroplane... And I attended two more of his parties, even made use of his beach. But I soon realized that I knew absolutely nothing about Gatsby at all, until...

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

Nick is eating breakfast, studying bonds, when his glass of orange juice begins to rattle and shake.

Puzzled, Nick hurries to the window...

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Gatsby's yellow Duesenberg hurtles up Nick's drive and skids to a stop.

Nick emerges to his porch.

Gatsby leaps out!

GATSBY

Its pretty isn't it, old sport...? Haven't you seen it before? Its all a custom job. Supercharged engine. Get dressed... We're having lunch!

SLAM CUT TO:

I/E. GATSBY'S CAR - LONG ISLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The Duesenberg whips and winds along a tree-lined road... Gatsby, beyond nervous, drives with reckless intensity.

GATSBY

Ah... well... Ah... Look here, old sport... What's your opinion of me, anyhow?

NICK

My... *opinion?*

GATSBY

Yes, yes, your opinion!

Gatsby yanks the wheel; Nick hangs on for dear life!

GATSBY (CONT'D)

I don't want you to get the wrong impression from all those bizarre accusations you must be hearing. A pack of lies I assure you. You've heard the stories...?

NICK

Well--

GATSBY

I'll tell you God's truth. God's truth about myself!

(raises right hand)

I am the son of some very wealthy people from the Middle-West; sadly, all dead now... I was brought up in America, but educated at Oxford; because all my ancestors have been educated there for many years. You see, it's a... a family tradition.

As Gatsby's speech continues at breakneck speed... Nick's V.O. fades up.

NICK (V.O.)

The way he spoke... No wonder people thought he was lying...

GATSBY

After that I lived like a young Prince in all the capitals of Europe!

NICK

Europe?

Barrelling around a blind turn, Gatsby wrenches at the wheel and maniacally overtakes a truck laden with farmhands...

GATSBY

Yes, Europe! Paris; Venice; Rome; Vienna, Zurich, Helsinki... Collecting jewels, chiefly rubies, hunting big game, painting, a little, things for myself mostly, and trying to forget something very sad that happened to me long ago...

PAN UP: The Duesenberg rockets forth; in the far distance the lush green countryside cedes to the lifeless Valley of Ashes.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. GATSBY'S CAR/THE VALLEY OF ASHES - DAY

Gatsby hasn't stopped for breath...

GATSBY

Then came the war, old sport...

NICK (V.O.)

Just when I thought it couldn't be any more fantastical...

GATSBY

It was a great relief and I tried very hard to die, but I seemed to bear an enchanted life...

NICK (V.O.)

He became a war hero, single-handedly defeating the German army!

CLOSE ON: Gatsby. He speaks with sudden, subdued emotion.

GATSBY

In the Argonne Forest I took my machine gun detachment so far forward... We were outnumbered five to one. There was a half mile gap on either side of us where the infantry couldn't advance. We stayed there two days and two nights, 130 men with only 16 Lewis guns...

Something catches Nick's eye...

NICK'S POV: Myrtle Wilson pumps gas outside Wilson's Garage.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

...When the infantry came up at last they found the insignia of 3 German divisions among the piles of the dead.

SCREEECHHH!!! Gatsby slams to halt at the train crossing!

GATSBY (CONT'D)

I was promoted to Major and every Allied government gave me a decoration; even Montenegro! Little Montenegro down on the Adriatic Sea.

SLAM! A medal is suddenly in Nick's lap.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

Here! That's the one from Montenegro.

It looks authentic.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

Turn it.

NICK

(reads)

Major Jay Gatsby. For Valor Extraordinary.

GATSBY

That's right.

SLAP! A photograph joins the medal.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

Here's another thing that I always carry. A souvenir of my Oxford days; the man on my left is now the Earl of Doncaster.

CLOSE ON: The photograph. Young men in blazers loaf in front of Oxford College. Gatsby stands with a cricket bat in hand.

NICK (V.O.)

What could I say...? The photograph was undoubtedly authentic. Could it all be true?

DING! The gate lifts. And as Gatsby peels out, towards New York, he continues...

GATSBY (O.S.)

But don't take my word for it. At lunch, I'm going to introduce you to one of New York's most distinguished businessmen; my friend, Mr. Meyer Wolfsheim, who will confirm all I've told you, and vouch for my good character...

I/E. GATSBY'S CAR - ASTORIA - DAY

Gatsby weaves between the pylons of the elevated highway.

NICK

I'm sure that's not necessary...

Gatsby wheels to Nick, smiling with charming intensity.

GATSBY

Oh but it is though...! You see, I thought you ought to know something about my life. I... I don't want you to think I'm just some... some nobody. You see, old sport, I'm going to make a very big request of you today.

NICK

A big request?

GATSBY

Yes. Yes... Miss Baker will explain everything when you take her to tea this afternoon.

NICK

(caught off guard)

Jordan...? What's she got to do with it?

GATSBY

Oh, I assure you it's nothing underhand. Miss Baker's an honest sportswoman; she'd never do anything that wasn't alright...

RRRIIRRRRAA! A shrieking police siren! Before Gatsby can continue, a MOTORCYCLE COP pulls alongside.

COP

Pull over!!! Pull over to the curb!

GATSBY

(calmly)

All right, old sport! Alright.

Without slowing, Gatsby takes a card from his pocket...

COP

(embarrassed)

Right you are... Know you next time, Mr. Gatsby. Excuse me!

The cop peels off; and the Duesenberg, carrying an absolutely mystified Nick, rockets towards the Queensboro Bridge!

NICK

One of your old Oxford pals?

GATSBY

Well... actually, I was able to do the Commissioner a favor once; he sends a Christmas card every year.

(adds proudly)

I imagine he'll be at lunch too...

NICK

By the time we reached the bridge I was impossibly confused...

Nick turns to see: A Rolls Royce in which two stylish AFRICAN AMERICAN MEN and a WOMAN haughtily quaff champagne. They are driven by a WHITE CHAUFFEUR.

An orchestral melody surges...

NICK (V.O.)

I didn't know what to think... But the city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world. Anything can happen now that we've slid over this bridge, I thought; anything at all...

As the orchestra builds, Gatsby's car shoots into Manhattan, through Times Square and beneath the famous advertisement of the man in the Arrow shirt. We follow, sweeping high over skyscrapers. The Duesenberg pulls up on the street below...

SUDDENLY THE CAMERA PLUMMETS with startling velocity...

NICK (V.O.)

Even Gatsby could happen...

BAAAAM! A fat beat kicks as we explode through a grate, into:

INT. THE ANGRY DIAMOND SPEAKEASY - DAY

The sweaty grind of music shakes the air. On stage a pianist, THE PROFESSOR, bangs out a sizzling tune!

PULL THROUGH A DOUBLE-GLASS MIRROR INTO:

INT. DICK DIVER'S CUTS BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

DISCOVER: Nick and Gatsby entering the cramped shop...

In the center of the room a tall, distinguished, grey-bearded man in an exquisitely cut suit, and with gold rings on every finger, is having a beard trim. This, is MEYER WOLFSHEIM.

WOLFSHEIM

Ah my boy...!

They embrace.

GATSBY

Meyer, Meyer...

WOLFSHEIM

You smell so good.

GATSBY

Mr. Carraway; my friend, Mr. Wolfsheim.

Gatsby guides Nick and Wolfsheim toward the back of the shop.

WOLFSHEIM

A wonderful pleasure, Mr. Carraway.
I know all about you.

NICK

Really?

WOLD

Of course! Mr. Gatsby is always
talking about you.

Gatsby raps a coded knock on a hidden door at the back of the shop. The door slides open, the rumble of music pours out...

WOLFSHEIM

(sinister)

Come, join us for a little lunch...

INT. THE ANGRY DIAMOND SPEAKEASY - CONTINUOUS

Gatsby ushers Wolfsheim and Nick down narrow creaking stairs, through the crowd and into the smoke-filled speakeasy...

ECU: Nick, taking in his NEW, SEEDY surroundings.

WOLFSHEIM
 (whispers to Gatsby)
 Tell Walter Chase; "he shuts his
 mouth or he doesn't get a penny..."

GATSBY
We'll talk about that later...

The HEAD WAITER appears.

HEAD WAITER
 Highballs, Mr. Gatsby?

GATSBY
 Yes, highballs it is.
 (points to Nick)
 You take good care of my friend
 here!

A portly man of obvious stature, surrounded by scantily clad
 flappers, yells from a corner booth.

COMMISSIONER
 Hey Jay...! You're under arrest!!!

Gatsby smiles and tips his hat.

GATSBY
 You be careful now. You're turning
 into a real Jazz-Hound
 Commissioner.
 (to Nick)
 See, that's the Commissioner back
 there.

Gatsby, the king here, greets patrons high and low...

He sees SENATOR GULICK at the craps table.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
 You be careful at those tables now
 Senator!

SENATOR GULICK
 Of course! I'll put a bet on for
 you Jay!

Waiters clear a front row table - best seat in the house -
 Gatsby helps Wolfsheim to his. Wolfsheim eyes the girls on
 the stage.

Gatsby flashes Nick a charming smile.

GATSBY

Shall we order?

(to the waiter)

Lobster tails all round.

(to Nick)

They decorate it with truffle slices and fine herbs. Very artistic.

Wolfsheim glances to Gatsby, and then turns again to Nick...

WOLFSHEIM

So... How *is* the bond business Mr. Carraway?

NICK

It's fine, thank you.

WOLFSHEIM

I understand you're looking for a business connection--

GATSBY

No, no. This isn't the man. This is the *friend* I told you about.

WOLFSHEIM

Oh! Beg your pardon, I had a wrong man.

Wolfsheim pats Nick on the back, unsettling him further...

Gatsby, a quick glance to his watch and Wolfsheim, jumps up.

GATSBY

Now, if you'll excuse me. I have to make THAT call.

(gesturing to Nick)

Meyer, do you mind?

Gatsby leaving Nick and Wolfsheim alone.

WOLFSHEIM

Gatsby! What a gentleman! From one of the finest families in the Midwest... Sadly all dead now. Let me tell you, when I made the pleasure of Mr. Gatsby's acquaintance just after the war, I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding. A war hero! Such... medals. And, an Oggsford man. Oggsford College in England. You know Oggsford?

NICK
I've heard of it...

WOLFSHEIM
Then you would know that a man like that can be trusted. With a friend, with someone like you, he would never so much as look at your wife...

NICK
I'm not... married.

WOLFSHEIM
But you work on Wall Street, right?

NICK
(totally confused)
Yes...

Nick studies Wolfsheim, noticing an oddity about his outfit.

WOLFSHEIM
Looking at my tiepin?

CLOSE ON: The pin.

WOLFSHEIM (CONT'D)
Finest specimen of human molars...

Before Nick can recover, Gatsby suddenly returns.

GATSBY
Gentlemen. Everything alright...?

NICK
Oh, yes... We were just talking about other people's wives...

GATSBY
(taking his seat)
Other people's wives? Ah... I see.

Gatsby looks to Wolfsheim.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
Other people's wives... Meyer?

Wolfsheim nods, smiles, and checks out the dancing girls...

WOLFSHEIM
Well, my work here is done. I'll leave you gentlemen to talk about your sports and your women...

Wolfsheim follows his favorite dancer off...

GATSBY

You'll have to excuse him... In his old age, he's prone to "digress..." He's a regular around here; a real denizen of Broadway...

NICK

Who is he anyhow?

GATSBY

Meyer? He's a gambler.

Over Nick and Gatsby's shoulders is Wolfsheim, mingling with the ladies; but occasionally glancing in their direction...

NICK

An actor?

GATSBY

Meyer? No. He's the man who fixed the 1919 World Series.

NICK

Fixed it?

GATSBY

Fixed it.

NICK

How did he manage that?

GATSBY

He just... saw the opportunity, I suppose. He's a very smart man.
(tries to change subject)
Now, old sport, about Miss Baker, and that request we spoke of...

Before Gatsby can go on, Tom Buchanan looms over the table.

TOM

Hey Nick! Nick! Where've you been!? Daisy's furious you haven't called up.

Nick and Gatsby stand.

NICK

This is Mr. Gatsby, Mr. Buchanan.

CLOSE ON: Gatsby. With strange intensity he offers his hand.

GATSBY

I'm so very, very... *delighted* to
make your acquaintance.

Tom turns back to Nick.

TOM

I wouldn't have expected to find
you in this *temple of virtue*.

NICK

I'm having lunch with Mr. Gats--

Nick turns, but inexplicably, Gatsby is gone.

PUSH TOWARD: Nick, surprise rising into anger...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOTEL SAYRE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - DUSK

Jordan is perched at an elegant table, overlooking Times
Square and the advertisement of the man in the beautiful
Arrow shirts.

DISCOVER: Nick, frustrated, dodging the fashionable and
famous...

NICK

I'm looking for Ms. Baker. Yes. The
famous sporting star. The golfer...
There... I've spotted her.

Nick comes to an abrupt halt in front of Jordan.

NICK (CONT'D)

What game are you and Gatsby
playing at!?

An immaculate MAITRE'D offers Nick a chair.

MAITRE'D

Will the gentleman be joining?

NICK

(frustrated)
One moment please--

JORDAN

Please, Nick, sit down. This is a
polite restaurant.

As Nick's frustration and Jordan's embarrassment grow--

NICK

It's all very strange. He picks me up in his fancy yellow car... And he's going on and on and on about his life and the war and rubies and Oxford and... What is--

JORDAN

If you'll just have a seat--

NICK

What is this big request!?

JORDAN

Nick--! *He just wants you to invite Daisy to tea.*

NICK

Tea?

(not what Nick expected)

Daisy...? And Gatsby...?

Nick sits...

NICK (CONT'D)

Why?

JORDAN

Well... I don't know quite where to start. You see... I met Gatsby, five years ago, in Louisville...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - LOUISVILLE - DAY

TIGHT ON: Golf shoes biting into soft, green grass.

JORDAN (O.S.)

It was the day I got my new English golf shoes.

WIDE: A row of fancy Louisville homes - red, white and blue bunting "tut, tutting" in the breeze - are set along a beautiful, green stretch of park.

JORDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Daisy was by far the most popular girl with the Officers from Camp Taylor...

Across the road, 18 YEAR OLD DAISY is perched in the front seat of her flashy white roadster, beaming, happy...

JORDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 One of them was in the car with
 her.

Beside Daisy REVEAL: A handsome lieutenant: YOUNG JAY GATSBY.

JORDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 It was Gatsby. And the way he
 looked at her...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE HOTEL SAYRE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - DUSK

The silhouettes of Jordan and Nick, leaned close, are lit
 magnificently against the beaded lights of the city...

JORDAN (O.S.)
 Is the way all girls want to be
 looked at.

Their eyes meet; a conspiring flicker.

NICK
 (blown away)
 So what happened?

JORDAN
 Well, I don't know...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRENCH BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Gatsby leads his men on a heroic charge out of the trenches--

JORDAN (O.S.)
 Gatsby was sent off to war...

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rocks the battlefield!

JORDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 But when the war ended... For some
 unknown reason, Gatsby couldn't
 return...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE.

A NEWSPAPER FILLS THE SCREEN:

"AMERICA'S WEALTHIEST BACHELOR TO WED: TOM BUCHANAN LURES LOUISVILLE'S SWEETHEART."

JORDAN (O.S.)

A year later, Tom Buchanan of Chicago swept in and stole her away...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEELBACH HOTEL - DAISY'S GRAND SUITE - NIGHT

An exquisite string of pearls coils around Daisy's neck.

JORDAN (O.S.)

He gave her a string of pearls worth \$350,000.

REVEAL: Tom, tightening the clasp.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEELBACH HOTEL. DAISY'S GRAND SUITE - MORNING

JORDAN (O.S.)

But, the morning of the wedding, Daisy received a letter...

On the bed, Daisy, hysterical, clutches a bottle in one hand and a letter in the other.

DAISY

(screams)

Tell them Daisy's changed her mind!

JORDAN

Daisy! Please, everyone's waiting!

Daisy reaches for the pearls around her neck...

YOUNG DAISY

Give them back!!

Suddenly! Daisy tears the pearls and hurls them; they explode into a hundred shimmering pieces against the hard wood floor!

CUT TO: A set of stern, white heels clicking down the hall...

REVEAL: Daisy's hard-mouthed MOTHER.

DAISY'S MOTHER

What on earth is going on in here!?

her mother's eyes land on the bottle, and then the letter...

PUSH IN: The last line of the letter reads: *Love, Jay.*

DAISY
Leave me alone!

DAISY'S MOTHER
Jordan, run the bath! Now!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEELBACH HOTEL - BATHROOM - MORNING

In the bath, Daisy's grips the letter in her trembling hands.

NICK (O.S.)
What was in the letter?

A deep breath, a last look, and then, Daisy opens her hand...

The letter comes to pieces like snow.

JORDAN (O.S.)
I don't know. She wouldn't tell me.

But before the letter disappears completely we read one more line: "*The truth is...*"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISVILLE CHURCH - FRONT STEPS - LATE AFTERNOON

Daisy and Tom, newly married, pose for photos.

JORDAN (O.S.)
Anyways, that day, at five o'clock,
Daisy Faye married Tom Buchanan
with more pomp and circumstance
than Louisville had ever seen...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Jordan and Nick stroll beneath the soaring electric signs.

JORDAN
After the honeymoon, I saw them in
Santa Barbara. It was touching,
actually...

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'd never seen a girl so in love
with her husband.

(muses cynically)

A week later, Tom crashed his car.
The girl with him was a *chambermaid*
at the Santa Barbara Hotel. It got
into all the papers...

As Jordan and Nick approach the curb, waiting for a cab, Nick
turns to Jordan; he's struck by a... sudden, puzzled thought.

NICK

It's a strange coincidence, isn't
it? Gatsby's house being just
across the bay...

Jordan whirls round--

JORDAN

It's no *coincidence*. He bought that
house to be near her, he threw all
those parties hoping she'd wander
in one night. He constantly asked
about Daisy... I was the first one
who knew her.

Nick takes this in; as if seeing Gatsby for the first time.

NICK

All *that* for a girl he hasn't seen
in five years...? And now he just
wants me to have her for tea...?

(to himself)

The modesty of it.

JORDAN

Kind of takes your breath away,
doesn't it?

A cab pulls up, and Nick opens the door...

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Jordan slides in...

TAXI DRIVER

Evening sweethearts! Where to?

JORDAN

Long Island, please.

NICK

And you think I should? I mean,
does Daisy want to see Gatsby?

JORDAN

(a stern whisper)

She's *absolutely* not to know. You
are just supposed to invite her
over so he can "happen to drop by."

CLOSE ON: Nick, unsure...

NICK (V.O.)

I remember feeling torn. Was it
right to bring my cousin Daisy, a
married woman, together with a man
I hardly knew?

As Nick wonders, the taxi floats across Times Square, under
the cool eyes of the man in the Arrow shirt...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DIRT TRACK TO NICK'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Nick's taxi pulls past Gatsby's mansion, ablaze with light.

NICK (V.O.)

When I returned home, Gatsby's was
lit, from tower to cellar, as if
for another wild party. But...
There wasn't a sound.

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

As Nick's taxi groans away, Gatsby appears striding through
the illuminated trees toward Nick.

NICK

Your place looks like the World's
Fair... or Coney Island!

GATSBY

(terribly anxious)

Ah, does it? I've... I've just been
glancing into some rooms... Let's
go to Coney Island, old sport, we
can take my car--

NICK

It's too late tonight.

GATSBY

Or we can take a plunge in the swimming pool? I haven't made use of it all summer...

NICK

I must go to bed...

Gatsby looks crestfallen. Nick puts him out of his misery.

NICK (CONT'D)

Happy to do it. Jay-- I'm going to call Daisy and invite her to tea.

GATSBY

Oh, that's alright. I don't want to put you to any trouble...

NICK

What day would suit you?

GATSBY

What day would suit you...? I don't want to put you to any trouble...

NICK

Day after tomorrow alright?

GATSBY

Day after tomorrow? Well, I'd... I'd want to get the grass cut.

They both look at the grass - there is a sharp line where Nick's ragged lawn ends and Gatsby's manicured one begins.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

There's another little thing... I thought-- Look here, old sport-- You don't make much money, do you?

NICK

Not really.

GATSBY

If you'll pardon my... You see, I carry on a little business on the side - a sort of sideline - you understand what I'm saying right? You're selling bonds, aren't you, old sport?

NICK

Trying to.

GATSBY

Well, this might interest you... It happens to be a rather confidential sort of thing... But you might pick up a nice bit of money.

NICK

I've got my hands full.

Gatsby's face falls.

GATSBY

You wouldn't have to do any business with Wolfsheim. I assure you.

NICK

No, no, no... Its a favor Jay. Just a favor.

Nick's sincerity disarms Gatsby; a tiny, embarrassed nod.

NICK (CONT'D)

Happy to do it.

GATSBY

A favor?

NICK

Yes.

As if no one has ever done him a favor before in his life...

GATSBY

Ah, right, right... Goodnight.

NICK

Goodnight.

With this, Gatsby turns and strolls back toward his blazing castle. Nick's gaze falls upon the unkempt lawn. He smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - FRONT LAWN - DAY

TOP SHOT: An enormous mower clatters through frame, carving Nick's unkempt lawn into a fresh, broad, band of green.

REVEAL: An army of gardnders giving Nick's lawn and garden a make-over, fresh paint, new flowers, trimmed hedges...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - FRONT LAWN - THE FOLLOWING DAY

Heavy rain now falls.

Gatsby, dressed in white flannel suit, silver shirt, and gold tie, leads a dozen umbrella-holding servants across the lawn. Herzog holds an umbrella over Gatsby; the other servants shelter extravagant floral arrangements in crystal vases...

Nick watches the parade through his window, opening his door just as Gatsby arrives; the servants continue inside.

On the porch, Gatsby looks around distractedly.

GATSBY

One of the papers said they thought
the rain would stop about four. I
think it was the Journal...

An awkward beat.

NICK

The grass looks fine.

GATSBY

Grass?

Gatsby looks at Nick without really comprehending, or seeing.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

What Grass?

SUDDEN CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON: A mantelpiece clock, ticking in the tense silence.

WIDER: The room is crowded with absurdly extravagant floral arrangements. Nick sits watching as Gatsby intently paces. The silence stretches, and stretches... Finally...

GATSBY

Have you got everything you need?

NICK

Perhaps more flowers?

GATSBY

I think they did a fine job, don't
you?

NICK
Beautiful.

GATSBY
You think it's too much?

NICK
I think it's what you want.

GATSBY
I think so too... She'll be
impressed, won't she old sport?

NICK
I am.

With this, Gatsby straightens his suit, sits, and hurriedly checks his watch. Another long silence...

PUSH IN ON: Gatsby... SUDDENLY! He leaps to his feet!

GATSBY
I can't wait all day. I'm leaving!

NICK
Don't be silly. It's just two
minutes to four...

But Gatsby heads for the door...

GATSBY
Nobody's coming to tea. It's too
late!

BEEEEEP! Gatsby glimpses Daisy's Rolls Royce arriving out front, and turns to Nick, flushed with fresh panic.

NICK
It's her.

PUSH IN ON GATSBY: Mind racing...

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Daisy's chauffeur-driven Rolls pulls up in the muddy drive.

As Nick assists Daisy from the car...

DAISY
Is this absolutely where you live,
my dearest one?

She looks at him with a mysterious smile.

DAISY (CONT'D)
 Why did I have to come alone? Are
 you in love with me?

NICK
 That's the secret of Carraway
 Castle.
 (playing along)
 Tell your chauffeur to go far away.

DAISY
 Come back in an hour, Ferdie!
 (grave murmur)
 His name is Ferdie.

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - HALL - DAY

Daisy continues ahead into the living room.

Nick hangs back and listens hopefully to Daisy's reaction at
 discovering Gatsby. He smiles as he hears a delighted...

DAISY (O.S.)
 Oh--! Oh, my goodness. I... I can't
 believe it. You-- Did you ransack a
 greenhouse?

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAISY
 (to herself)
He is in love with me...

Nick enters, but is shocked to discover that Gatsby is not
 there. Daisy's merely been admiring the flower display...

NICK
 That's funny.

DAISY
 What's funny?

KNOCK. KNOCK. Someone is at the door.

NICK
 One moment...

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Nick opens the door.

Gatsby, pale as death and soaked, glares miserably at Nick.

NICK
What are you doing?

Without a word, Gatsby stalks past him, into...

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daisy, her back to the door, is still marvelling at the flowers. Then she turns. Sees Gatsby. A sharp intake of breath...

The reunited lovers stand, staring at each other for a long, surreal, moment of disbelief. Gatsby, eyes locked to Daisy's, is drowning in emotion. Daisy finally manages an artificial, choking murmur.

DAISY
I'm certainly glad to see you
again.

Gatsby's face is flushed; the veins stand out on his neck as his lips spasm in a hopeless attempt to speak.

Finally, he finds words...

GATSBY
I'm... certainly glad to see you as
well.

Their hearts pound - the tension excruciating.

EEEEKKK! The scream of a boiling kettle OFF SCREEN breaks the tension--

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gatsby reclines uncomfortably against the mantelpiece. His elbow rests near the mantelpiece CLOCK. Daisy sits opposite; frozen on the edge of a chair.

The rattle of the tea tray as Nick enters only contributes to the already unbearable tension. Gatsby manages to murmur.

GATSBY
We've met before...

SUDDENLY the CLOCK tilts at the pressure of Gatsby's elbow...

And falls! And breaks!

GATSBY (CONT'D)
Ah... sorry...

He clumsily tries to repair the clock; but drops it again!

NICK
(idiotically)
It's an old... clock.

DAISY
(desperate for small talk)
Lovely though. A lovely... clock.

Gatsby finally manages to set the clock back on the mantle.

Gatsby takes a seat.

A long silent beat.

DAISY (CONT'D)
We haven't met for many years.

GATSBY
(an automatic reflex)
Five years next November.

The precision of Gatsby's answer is acutely embarrassing.

NICK
(abruptly)
Tea?

GATSBY
(dying)
Thank you old sport.

DAISY
(also mortified)
Darling *thank you*.

Nick pours; and they all sit stiffly, sipping their tea.

A long, terrible silence...

Suddenly Nick stands.

NICK
I just need to... pop into town.

GATSBY
(horrified)
Town...?

NICK
The village; I'll be right back.

As Nick leaves, Gatsby follows.

GATSBY
I've got to speak to you...!

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wildly following Nick, Gatsby whispers miserably:

GATSBY
Oh, God! This is a mistake, a
terrible, terrible mistake...

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

GATSBY
She's embarrassed?

NICK
Just as much as you are.

GATSBY
Don't talk so loud!

NICK
You're acting like a little boy!
You're rude. Daisy's in there all
alone and...

Gatsby raises his hand, looks at Nick reproachfully, and
heads back into the living room.

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Nick runs for a TREE whose leaves shield against the rain.

NICK (V.O.)
Looking over my story so far, I'm
reminded that for the second time
that summer...

WIDE: Nick beneath the tree looks tiny, and very alone.

NICK (V.O.)
I was guarding other people's
secrets.

INT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LATER. Nick re-enters, bedraggled, rain-soaked.

NICK (V.O.)
Once again I was within...

He tries to get Gatsby and Daisy's attention, to no avail...
The lovers are completely and totally absorbed in each other.

NICK (V.O.)
And without...

Nick bangs pots in the sink - still nothing.

He clears his throat:

NICK
Its... stopped raining.

Daisy turns; a radiant smile. Every vestige of embarrassment
between Daisy and Gatsby is gone. Gatsby literally glows.

GATSBY
Yes, it has...
(to Daisy)
Hasn't it?

He stands, walks to the window and looks out across the bay.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
What do you think of that, Daisy?
Come look.

Daisy joins Gatsby and they step out onto the porch together.

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

DAISY
Look. Its my house. Just there
across the bay...

Gatsby and Daisy's eyes meet.

GATSBY
I know. I have the same view from
my place.

DAISY
Where's your place?

Gatsby turns back to Nick.

GATSBY

Nick, I want you and Daisy both to see my house. I'd like to show her around.

NICK

Are you sure you want me to come?

GATSBY

Absolutely, old sport. Absolutely.

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - FRONT GATES - DAY

Servants swing open ivy-covered gates...

GATSBY

(proudly)

I had the gates brought in from a castle in Normandy.

REVEAL: Gatsby's castle glistening in the sunlight.

CLOSE ON: Daisy. A delighted cry.

DAISY

Oh, Jay...!? Its so grand!

GATSBY

Do you like it?

DAISY

I love it...! But how do you live here all alone?

GATSBY

I don't. I keep it always full of interesting, celebrated people...

As Daisy runs ahead, Gatsby murmurs to Nick.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

My house looks well doesn't it? See how the whole front catches the light like that?

Daisy yells back...

DAUSY

Come on you two! I want the royal tour!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GARDENS - DAY

Gatsby has transformed into a good-natured show-off, hurrying Nick and Daisy through a maze of fantastical gardens, past magnificent fountains and into his castle...

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - KITCHEN - DAY

Gatsby shows off his brand new orange-juicer.

GATSBY

You must understand, I like all things that are modern.

Daisy readies a cocktail shaker beneath the spout of the giant silver orange juice machine.

GATSBY

If you press this button here, the oranges shoot through here, are crushed there... The juice of 200 oranges extracted in one hour...!

Gatsby presses, the machine groans and juice splashes out!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S BEACH - DIVING PONTOON - LATE AFTERNOON

Daisy, Nick and Gatsby drunkenly drive golf balls out toward the bay. Nick films on the world's first home-camcorder...

GATSBY

Its a remarkable little camera-- latest design.

While, nearby, a butler in a boat stands watch over a spinning gramophone and bottles of champagne...

DAISY

You do know, I'm a champion golfer, don't you? Here, I'll show you how its done.

CRACK! Daisy cuts a marvelous swing, snapping a club in two!

She falls into Gatsby arms...

Nick films...

GATSBY

She looks like she could be on the
cover of Vogue, don't you think...?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - EARLY EVENING

Gatsby and Nick trail behind Daisy, crossing the ballroom.

Daisy, champagne in hand, spots the soaring ballroom organ.

DAISY

Oh...! Its beautiful.

GATSBY

Its a custom Wurlitzer.

DAISY

Can anyone play it?

GATSBY

Klipspringer can.
(to his footmen)
Someone wake Ewing!

Daisy twirls round, overjoyed...

DAISY

Music! And we can dance all night!

GATSBY

Ewing's a symphonic genius, he can
play anything...!

Daisy runs up the stairs and calls down...

DAISY

Then I demand a Charleston!

Gatsby gazes up after Daisy, and confides in Nick...

GATSBY

(as if in a dream)
She makes it look so splendid,
don't you think old sport?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE. GATSBY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Nick and Daisy follow Gatsby into the bedroom...

Gatsby bounds ahead, starting up a spiral stair... He throws open a massive cabinet, revealing a prism of suits, dressing-gowns, watches and ties.

GATSBY

I've got a man in England who buys me clothes...!

He playfully tosses Daisy a boater-hat...

GATSBY (CONT'D)

Something for the lady...

Then he begins yanking down shirts and tossing them over the rail to Daisy...

DAISY

I've never seen anything like it!

GATSBY

He sends over a selection at the beginning of each season...

DAISY

Jay!

With ever-increasing enthusiasm!

GATSBY

These are silk! Linen! Indian flannel! Egyptian cotton!

Daisy, intoxicated, leaps on the bed, arms outstretched...

DAISY

No, Jay... you'll ruin them!
(to Nick)
Nicky! He's a madman!

More and more and more shirts float down...

The rumble of distant thunder.

CLOSE ON: Daisy. TIME SLOWS AS shirts flutter, like giant snowflakes, down toward her. Slowly, quietly, her mirth transforms to sobs... She hides her face in shirts...

Gatsby eases down the stairs and nestles beside Daisy, taking her tear-streaked face in his hands...

GATSBY

What is it?

DAISY

It's just... It makes me sad,
because...

Daisy glances in Nick's direction...

GATSBY

Why?

DAISY

...because...

A suspended moment; Daisy is incapable of speaking her heart.

NICK (V.O.)

Five lost years struggled on
Daisy's lips. But all she could
manage was...

DAISY

It's just... Because I've never
seen such beautiful shirts before.

GATSBY

If it wasn't for the mist we could
see the green light...

DAISY

What green light?

GATSBY

The one that burns all night at the
end of your dock.

As Gatsby and Daisy stare out across the bay...

NICK (V.O.)

Possibly, it had occurred to Gatsby
that the colossal significance of
that light had vanished forever.
Now, it was once again just a green
light on a dock. His count of
enchanted objects had diminished by
one.

Nick, impelled to remind Daisy and Gatsby of his presence,
emerges from the shadows and descends the spiral staircase.

He holds a photo of an elderly man in yachting costume...

NICK

Who's this? Your father?

GATSBY

No, no.. That's Mr. Dan Cody, old sport... He's dead now. He used to be my best friend years ago.

Daisy joins Nick at the bottom of the steps. In the photo with Cody, also in yachting costume, is a young Gatsby...

DAISY

(teases)

You never told me you had a pompadour... or a yacht.

Gatsby hastily plucks a scrapbook from a row on his desk...

GATSBY

I want to show you something... Look, here's a lot of clippings, about you.

They admire a scrapbook together.

DAISY

(touched)

You saved my letters...

GATSBY

This was my first photo of you.

As Daisy flips through and pulls out an old letter of hers, we hear her reading the letter in abstract VOICEOVER:

DAISY (V.O.)

We cant lose each other and let all this glorious love end in nothing. Come home, I'll be here waiting and hoping, for every long dream of you to come true... Come home Jay...

BBRRRRNNNGGG! The phone shrills.

GATSBY

Excuse me.

Gatsby crosses the room, snatches up the receiver, and turns away... He lowers his voice.

GATSBY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Well I can't talk now old sport...

As the timbre of Gatsby's voice darkens we PUSH CLOSER.

GATSBY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

I said a *small* town.

ECU: Gatsby's eyes narrow.

GATSBY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
He must know what a *small* town is.

BOOOOMMM! A storming wind bangs open the French windows!

As Nick moves to shut them, he glimpses Gatsby...

GATSBY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
(frightening)
Well, he's no use to us if *Detroit*
is his idea of a small town...

Gatsby rings off abruptly, and catches Nick's eye - a tense moment - which Gatsby banishes with that electrifying smile.

We hear the distant, jaunty sounds of a pipe organ...

GATSBY (CONT'D)
Ah, Klipspringer! He must be awake!
Shall we?

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - DUSK BECOMING NIGHT

Daisy, wearing a flowing robe and heels, dances a Charleston with Nick.

An elaborate picnic, complete with candelabras and a mountain of cushions, is laid out on the floor. There, Gatsby sits, looking on, flush with joy.

Slowly though, Gatsby's expression turns introspective. As he watches Daisy dance, memories flood back to him...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK.

AN ARRAY OF MEMORIES AND IMAGES DISSOLVE ONE INTO THE OTHER:
Gatsby and Daisy, five years ago, about to kiss; a hand-written letter; a gathering storm; the green light...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Hundreds of candles flicker in patterns. As a slow, melancholic waltz plays, Gatsby and Daisy dance, enraptured...

DAISY
(whispers)
I wish I had done everything on
earth with you. All my life.

Gatsby holds her closer.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I wish that it could always be like
this...

GATSBY
It will be...

Across the room, Nick, exhausted and drunk and unnoticed,
stands to leave. At the ballroom doors he turns back and
glimpses Gatsby and Daisy, in a universe all their own...

NICK (V.O.)
If only it had been enough for
Gatsby, just to hold Daisy...

The towering doors close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gatsby stands at his window, staring into the night.

NICK (V.O.)
But he had a grand vision for his
life, and Daisy's part in it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - NICK'S ROOM - END OF WINTER - DUSK

Nick is writing at his desk...

NICK (V.O.)
It wasn't until the end of that
summer, on the last night I saw
Gatsby, that he told me of the life
he had dreamt for himself since he
was a boy...

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - END OF WINTER - DUSK

Nick stops his reading, and, very slowly, admits...

NICK
You see doctor... Gatsby's real
name was... James Gatz.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. NORTH DAKOTA FARM HUT - DAY

PUSH TOWARD: A dilapidated hut, shrouded in a storm of dust.

NICK (V.O.)
His parents were dirt-poor farmers
from North Dakota...

DISCOVER: YOUNG GATZ, barefoot, at a dusty desk, surrounded
by tattered books, strange charts, and lists. He is
practicing his signature...

NICK (V.O.)
But he never accepted them as his
parents at all.

Young Gatz turns from his writing, and looks through a hole
in the roof towards the infinite heavens...

NICK (V.O.)
In his own imagination, he was... a
Son of God...

CLOSE ON: The little boy looks up at CAMERA.

NICK (V.O.)
Destined for future glory...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTH DAKOTA - PRAIRIE - NIGHT

The silhouette of TEENAGE GATZ, now 16 years old, disappears
into the hills...

NICK (V.O.)
Chasing this destiny, a sixteen
year old Gatz ran far, far away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE SUPERIOR - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: A handsome 17 year old YOUNG GATSBY, in a torn jersey and dirty canvas pants, rowing with all his might.

NICK (V.O.)
 One afternoon, off the coast of
 Lake Superior, he spotted a yacht
 in peril...

Young Gatsby lets the row boat drift close to a magnificent yacht. Wind is whipping whitecaps on the bay.

NICK
 He rowed out and rescued the
 vessel, and its captain, alcoholic
 millionaire Dan Cody...

The bleary face of DAN CODY appears at the yacht's railing.

CODY
 Whadзамatta...?

Cody is very drunk. Young Gatsby calls urgently.

YOUNG GATSBY
 Sir! The shoal here's real bad,
 this wind could drag you onto it...

Cody waves a dismissive arm...

CODY
 Whaderathinkyerdoin..., *old sport?*

He collapses, dead drunk.

PUSH IN: On Young Gatsby; a plan forming...

NICK (V.O.)
 This was his opportunity, and he
 seized it.

Springing into action, he clambers onto the yacht.

GATSBY (VOICE)
 I decided right then and there to
 call myself: Jay Gatsby.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CODY'S YACHT - LATE AFTERNOON

Young Gatsby hoists the sail as the storm rages around him.

NICK (V.O.)
He sailed the yacht out of danger -
and into his future...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CODY'S YACHT - DAY

A perfect sunny day. Young Gatsby and Cody are sailing.

NICK (V.O.)
Gatsby showed skill and ambition,
and for five years they sailed the
world...

GATSBY (VOICE)
He was alright, old Dan, he taught
me everything...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Young Gatsby, now transformed, models a suit in the mirror.

NICK (V.O.)
How to dress, act, and speak like a
gentleman...

He looks squarely at himself, and repeats a mantra.

YOUNG GATSBY
Gatsby. Jay Gatsby. A pleasure to
meet you, sir. Gatsby. Jay Gatsby.
Gatsby. Jay Gatsby.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CODY'S YACHT - DAY

Young Gatsby stands at the bow, as the yacht cut across the
clear blue ocean... He turns to Cody and calls...

YOUNG GATSBY
She looks well, doesn't she...!?
Old sport.

HIGH AND WIDE: The yacht sails toward the golden sun...

NICK (V.O.)
 Gatsby hoped to inherit Cody's
 fortune... But when Cody died,
 Gatsby was cheated out of his
 inheritance by Cody's family...
 He'd been left with an ability to
 play the gentleman, but he was once
 again dirt poor.

SLAM CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER MONTAGE.

Piles and piles of New York City newspapers swirl rapidly
 TOWARD CAMERA, and we read their headlines:

"GATBSY'S STAGGERING WEALTH - MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!"

NICK (V.O.)
 By midsummer Gatsby was front page
 news...

"GATSBY BUYING OUR CITY? INVESTMENT MONOPOLY FUELS CONCERNS"

"JAY CASHES IN! GATSBY STRIKES WALL STREET GOLD!"

"GATSBY INVESTS IN SKYSCRAPERS!"

"JAY PAYS FOR EVERYTHING: PARTIES, GALAS, PARKS, SCHOOLS!"

"WALL STREETS KING? MEET JAY GATSBY!"

A final newspaper COVERS FRAME:

"WHERE'S THE MONEY FROM!? MYSTERY MILLIONS SPARK WILD RUMORS"

We PUSH TOWARD the paper and DISSOLVE TOWARD:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - NIGHT

Another glittering party.

NICK (V.O.)
 Where did the money comes from?

FADE IN: Decadent, grotesque images of drunken revellers...

NICK (V.O.)
 That's what all of New York wanted
 to know. And it was the same
 question on Tom's mind when he
 accompanied Daisy to one of
 Gatsby's glittering parties...

DISCOVER: Gatsby leading Tom, Daisy and Nick to the top of the terrace stairs.

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - TERRACE/DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

GATSBY

We've got a great band here. Have a look around... Excuse me...

He turns briefly to talk to Senator Gulick...

TOM

(mutters to Daisy)
A lot of these newly rich people are just filthy bootleggers.

DAISY

Not Gatsby. He's a businessman.

TOM

(snorts)
Hah! A businessman...

DAISY

He owned a lot of drug stores.

Gatsby gracefully introduces Senator Gulick to the group...

GATSBY

May I introduce Senator Gulick?
This is Mr. Carraway and Mrs. Buchanan...

DAISY

Delighted...

GATSBY

And Mr. Buchanan...
(a moment's hesitation)
The polo player.

TOM

(objecting quickly)
Oh no. Not me.

SENATOR GULICK

(shaking hands, nods)
Always a pleasure to meet a Buchanan.

Gatsby bids the Senator farewell, while Tom glowers to Daisy:

TOM
I'd rather not be the polo player.

DAISY
Oh Tom... You should be proud of
your achievements.

Gatsby interjects--

GATSBY
(to the group)
May I show you around?

He guides them down the stairs...

GATSBY (CONT'D)
You must see the faces of a lot of
people you've heard of.

DAISY
Absolutely!

TOM
(scoffs)
We don't go around very much. I
don't think I recognize a single
person...

GATSBY
Perhaps you know that lady there?

Gatsby indicates a lovely, orchid of a woman: MARLENE MOON,
the silent film star.

DAISY
(taking Gatsby's arm)
Its Marlene Moon... I adore her
pictures...

As Gatsby leads Daisy, we catch Tom repeating to Nick...

TOM
I'd really rather not be the polo
player...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GARDEN TABLE - NIGHT

Tom, Daisy, Nick and Gatsby sit an elaborately conceived
dinner table, watching the band...

DAISY
 (to Nick)
 These things excite me so...

Gatsby turns to Tom...

GATSBY
 I believe we've met somewhere
 before, Mr. Buchanan. About a month
 ago.

TOM
 That's right... And you were with
 Nick here. At the barbershop...

GATSBY
 That's right. See... I know your
 wife.

TOM
 Is that so?

GATSBY
 Yes.

As the number subsides, and the crowd applauds, Herzog
 appears and addresses Gatsby with whispered intensity.

HERZOG
 Mr. Gatsby sir. Mr. *Slagle* is
 here...

Herzog indicates SLAGLE, a dark-suited man who stands on the
 distant terrace with three sinister-looking 'associates'.

Gatsby, so besotted with Daisy that he cannot take his eyes
 off her, whispers fiercely...

GATSBY
 Not now.

Herzog silently recedes...

A romantic foxtrot strikes up - Trimalchio introduces...

TRIMALCHIO
 And now...! Dice, Brass Knuckles
 and Guitars, with: The Foxtrot!

Gatsby turns to Tom, and gestures to Daisy...

GATSBY
 Mr. Buchanan, would you mind,
terribly?

Tom does indeed look like he minds, but a group of scantily clad girls who cavort gracelessly on the other side of the garden momentarily catch his eye.

TOM

Of course not; I think I can keep myself amused.

As Daisy takes Gatsby's arm, she tucks a slim gold pencil into Tom's breast pocket and murmurs...

DAISY

In case you need to take down any addresses...

As Tom fumes, Gatsby leads Daisy out onto the dance floor.

PUSH CLOSE ON: Tom, growing increasingly suspicious...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

As Daisy and Gatsby dance, Daisy murmurs thrillingly.

DAISY

Is *all* this made entirely from your own imagination?

GATSBY

No... You see you were there all along, in every idea, in every decision... Of course, if anything is not to your liking, we can change it...

DAISY

It's perfect. From your perfect, *irresistible* imagination...

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - TERRACE - NIGHT

Tom and Nick watch Gatsby and Daisy dance. Tom looks around, perplexed by a distant thought.

TOM

I wonder where the devil he met Daisy...?

He notices Marlene Moon seductively, secretly watching him...

TOM (CONT'D)
(to Nick)
I'll find you...

He leaves Nick alone. And Nick watches as Gatsby simultaneously leads Daisy from the dance floor...

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - MAGIC TREE - NIGHT

Daisy runs ahead, playfully hurrying past the low-hanging branches of the massive tree. She disappears inside...

Gatsby follows, but upon entering the secluded, starlit world sees no sign of Daisy.

Then, from out of the shadows, the sparkle of jewels...

Gatsby turns, and Daisy's lips suddenly find his.

A long, still kiss...

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - BAR - NIGHT

Nick is keeping watch, gazing down to his yard and the tree.

When Tom suddenly appears...

TOM
Have you seen my wife...?

Startled, Nick turns...

NICK
(lies)
Ah... no... Not for awhile.

TOM
That's funny. The Senator said he saw her down here.

Tom follows Nick's gaze down toward the tree...

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - MAGIC TREE - NIGHT

Gatsby and Daisy continue their passionate kissing...

After a moment, Daisy whispers.

DAISY
I... I wish we could just run away.

Gatsby is startled.

GATSBY
Run away? Darling, no. Daisy,
that... that wouldn't be...
respectable.

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - BAR - NIGHT

Tom is still looking to the tree.

TOM
(quizzically)
You live near here Nick...?

Nick, an overwhelming sense of guilt, indicates vaguely in the direction of the tree.

NICK
Just next door.

TOM
That so...?

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - MAGIC TREE - NIGHT

Gatsby continues...

GATSBY
We're going to live here, in this
house, together. You and me...
Daisy... It's time for you to tell
Tom.

EXT. GATSBY CASTLE - BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Nick, a moment of extreme tension as he fears Tom will investigate further.

SUDDENLY! Their attention is drawn to a commotion on the terrace. Glasses smash, a woman screams, and through the crowd, we see Slagle and associates causing a disturbance.

TOM
(pure disdain)
What a circus... Well, if you see
her, I'll be looking for her. You
tell her.

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - MAGIC TREE - NIGHT

The hidden lovers speak in intense, hushed tones.

DAISY

Remember how much fun we used to
have? Why can't we just have fun
like that again?

Gatsby, frustrated, is about to speak...

But Nick suddenly appears out of the shadows...

Gatsby and Daisy break off, startled...

DAISY (CONT'D)

Oh hello Nicky; we're having a row.

NICK

What about?

Daisy glides toward him...

DAISY

About things... About the future...
(trying to be funny)
The future of the Colored Empires.

NICK

Well, its Tom. He's wandering
around the party looking for you.

Daisy flashes Gatsby an over-the-shoulder glance; when,
suddenly, Herzog appears and murmurs...

HERZOG

Sir; it's Mr. Slagle; he's quite...
emotional.

A tiny, ruffled, moment; then Gatsby elegantly guides Daisy
toward Nick.

GATSBY

Excuse me. Nick, would you mind?

As Gatsby follows Herzog back toward the castle....

CLOSE ON: DAISY.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Nick and Daisy return to a party that has become grotesque; drunken girls haphazardly bang drums...

NICK (V.O.)
Gatsby disappeared to deal with a
dispute of some sort. Daisy
waited...

CLOSE ON: Daisy, dejected...

NICK
But Gatsby was unable to return.

As Daisy and Nick cross the tattered, streamer-littered dance-
floor CRANE HIGH AND FADE INTO: the library window...

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Gatsby sits, solemn in an armchair; with quiet unease written
in shadows across his face.

REVEAL: The ominous silhouette of Wolfsheim, pacing between
Gatsby and the window; Herzog standing watch...

We catch only a fragment of the conversation.

WOLFSHEIM
When these hot headed types appear,
I rely on you... But you were not
available.. A scene was made...
What's going on with you Jay?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

HIGH SHOT: A sleek black limo winds quietly towards the gate.

CRANE DOWN TO DISCOVER: Daisy's face through the limo window;
her forlorn eyes search for Gatsby behind castle walls...

TOM
Where were you?

DAISY
With Nicky. Mr. Gatsby was showing
us the grounds.

TOM

Well, he certainly must have strained himself to get that menagerie together...

DAISY'S POV: Ignoring Tom, she looks back to the dark castle.

TOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I'd like to know who he is and what he does. And I think I'll make a point of finding out.

As the limo passes through the gates and disappears, Slagle and associates are violently ejected by Gatsby's "guards."

CLOSE ON: Atop Gatsby's gate, GATSBY'S COAT OF ARMS READS: "Ad Finem Fidelis" ("Faithful to the End").

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - POOL - NIGHT

It is late. Agitated and intense, Gatsby paces by the pool, staring out to the green light pulsing across the bay...

Nick descends the stairs, drunk.

NICK

Well there you are...! Daisy just left... But she asked me to tell you. She had a wonderful time...

Gatsby is not amused.

GATSBY

She didn't like it.

NICK

Of course she did.

GATSBY

No, she didn't like it. She did not have a good time. I feel so far away from her now. It's hard to make her understand.

NICK

You mean about the party?

GATSBY

The party!? I couldn't care less about the parties! You see...
(shocking intensity)

(MORE)

GATSBY (CONT'D)

She has to tell Tom that she never loved him.

NICK

What...?

GATSBY

Yes. Then we can go back to Louisville, to her parents' house - *her parents are lovely people old sport* - we'll be married there... You see, Daisy and I are going to and start over, just as if it were five years ago.

NICK

I wouldn't ask too much of her...

GATSBY

Ask too much?

NICK

No.

Gatsby grows suddenly, strangely emotional. He turns his back to Nick to compose himself.

GATSBY

I beg your pardon old sport. Its just.. Its so sad because its so hard to make her understand, and--

NICK

Jay... You can't repeat the past.

Gatsby wheels around...

GATSBY

Can't repeat the past?

NICK

No.

GATSBY

Why of course you can. Of course you can. You'll see. I am going to fix things just the way there were before. Everything's been so... so confused since then...

Gatsby looks out to the green light.

NICK (V.O.)

He talked a lot about the past...
As if he wanted to recover
something...

GATSBY

If I could just get back to the
start... If I could just get back
to the start I could find it again.

NICK (V.O.)

Some vision of himself that he had
put into loving Daisy...

IN THE CLOUDS, AMONG THE STARS, THE IMAGE OF DAISY'S HOUSE IN
LOUISVILLE APPEARS, as if frozen in time...

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. DAISY'S HOUSE - LOUISVILLE - NIGHT

PUSH TOWARD: A wide veranda, strung with banners in support
of the American war effort, and beyond into a parlour; pretty
Southern girls and fresh-faced soldiers, dancing, clapping...

NICK (V.O.)

Five years ago Gatsby found himself
at Daisy's house by colossal
accident.

Amidst the many revellers, DISCOVER: Daisy, hurrying through
the crowd.

GATSBY (BY THE POOL)

I went to her house first with some
of the other officers from Camp
Taylor... I'd never been in such a
beautiful house before...

Daisy rushes up the steps, and looks back...

At the bottom of the steps, smiling up, is: THE OBJECT OF HER
AFFECTION, Young Gatsby in officer's uniform.

NICK (V.O.)

But his uniform his the truth. That
he was a penniless young man with
only that grand vision of himself.

Daisy's Mother stops her on the steps.

DAISY MOM

Daisy, don't scamper.

(whispers)

There's so many dashing young
officers here, and from such
illustrious family's...

CLOSE ON: Gatsby, watching Daisy...

GATSBY (BY THE POOL)

I always knew that I could climb...
But I could only climb if I climbed
alone.

Against his better judgement he follows Daisy up...

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - CONSERVATORY/TRIUM - NIGHT

Checking to make sure no one has seen, Daisy slips quietly
through a set of doors, into the conservatory... Gatsby is
not far behind... A secret rendezvous.

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - POOL - NIGHT

GATSBY

I knew that, that when I kissed
this girl, I would... be forever
wed to her...

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - CONSERVATORY/TRIUM - NIGHT

Daisy throws herself in to Gatsby's arms...

About to kiss, Gatsby is struck by a sudden instinctive
thought...

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - POOL - NIGHT

Gatsby remembers...

GATSBY

So I stopped. And I waited... I
waited...

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - CONSERVATORY/TRIUM - NIGHT

Gatsby's eyes drift up...

GATSBY (BY THE POOL)
I waited for a moment longer.

He looks out the dark, crystal windows, beyond the trees...
to a staircase of moonlight, climbing up, up, up...

NICK (V.O.)
He knew that if he kissed this girl
his mind would never again be free
to romp like... the mind of God...
That falling in love would change
his destiny... forever.

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - POOL - NIGHT

GATSBY
And then I just let myself go.

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - CONSERVATORY/ATRIUM - NIGHT

With sudden resolve Gatsby kisses Daisy...

In ravenous embrace, they fall onto the long sofa lounge.

NICK (V.O.)
She blossomed for him like a
flower...

ECU: Daisy, her lips tremble, eyes wide, breath quickening..

NICK (V.O.)
And the incarnation was complete.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - POOL - NIGHT

The other layers of IMAGERY IN THE CLOUDS MELT AWAY, leaving
Nick and Gatsby standing by the pool.

GATSBY
I knew it was a great mistake for a
man like me to fall in love. A
great mistake. I'm only 32... I
might still be a great man if I
could only forget that I once lost
Daisy. But my life, old sport, my
life has got to be like this...

He draws a slanting line from the lawn to the stars.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
It's got to keep going up.

Gatsby looks to the green light.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
*She has to go to Tom and tell him
she never loved him...* I need to
give her more time. I just need to
give her more time...

He turns to Nick, reassuring both of them.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
Don't worry old sport, don't worry.
I can protect her here. Good night
old sport...

Gatsby heads for his castle, and turns and calls...

GATSBY (CONT'D)
You're wrong about the past, old
sport...!

Gatsby's POV: The green light across the bay.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
You're wrong.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EARLY SPRING - MORNING

The first day of spring; out the window, birds chirp.

Nick is writing and reading aloud...

NICK (READS)
There had been music from my
neighbor's all summer. In his blue
gardens, men and girls came and
went like moths among the
whisperings and the laughter and
the stars...

He struggles for a more poetic phrasing...

NICK (CONT'D)
Laughter... No... No... Among the
whisperings and the champagne and
the stars...

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
 (that's the one)
 But after Tom and Daisy visit...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - FRONT GATES - LATE AFTERNOON

Gatsby's castle cuts a grave silhouette against a stormy sky.

NICK (V.O.)
 There were no more parties...

His lights flicker and go out.

NICK (V.O.)
 Gatsby's lights went out one by
 one.

At the gates flashbulbs flash! Hordes of press have gathered.

NICK (V.O.)
 Daisy visited discreetly. But...

As the gates creak open, Daisy's limo slides up the drive...

FADE IN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: "PARTY PALACE GOES DARK!"

NICK (V.O.)
 The very same fame that had once
 been a source of satisfaction to
 Jay Gatsby, became... a threat.

As the reporters crowd the limo, shouting questions...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - BEFROOM - NIGHT

Locked away deep in the castle, Gatsby and Daisy make love.

FADE IN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: "WHO IS THE MYSTERY WOMAN?"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - WHARF - DUSK

At the end of the wharf, Gatsby and Daisy look out across the bay, watching as the sun slides into the horizon, and the green light pulses...

CLOSE ON: Daisy. She leans to Gatsby and whispers...

DAISY
I don't want to go home.

Gatsby hold her tighter.

GATSBY
Then don't.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - BALLROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Long shafts of light cut through the high, empty windows...

WIDE SHOT: An OLD EUROPEAN WOMAN crosses the ballroom, tea tray in hand. The room is lined with thuggish, dark-suited men.

We hear a phone conversation between Nick and Gatsby...

GATSBY (O.S.)
*I've been meaning to call you up.
I'm sorry, I've been... so busy.*

NICK (O.S.)
Is everything alright?

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - MAPROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

An unshaven Gatsby in trousers and a black silk robe sits in a large arm-chair, under a vast wall of magnificent paintings. He hunches over the phone...

GATSBY
*Yes... Daisy and I are very much in
love.*

NICK (O.S.)
I hear you fired all your servants?

GATSBY
*Daisy comes over sometimes in the
afternoons and I wanted some people
who wouldn't gossip... until we
decided what we're going to do...
You see these two towns are pretty
close together. And it gets in the
papers... You understand?
(clarifies)
They're some people Wolfsheim
wanted to do something for.*

Herzog stands in the shadows; and the old European woman pours coffee and then recedes...

GATSBY (CONT'D)
*What's the difference as long as
 they can cook and make beds...?*

INT. PROBITY TRUST - NICK'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Nick holds the phone close to his ear, trying to hear Gatsby above the din around him; his work is piled high...

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - MAPROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Gatsby whispers into the phone...

GATSBY
 (excited)
*Nick... Daisy's ready. Shes ready.
 But there's just one thing. She's
 requested that you and Miss Baker
 be there, at lunch tomorrow, at her
 house... Will you come, old sport?
 (an admission)
 Daisy needs you. I... We need you.
 Will you come old sport?*

INT. PROBITY TRUST - NICK'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

PUSH IN ON: Nick. A decision looms...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - DAY

WIDE SHOT: The imposing Buchanan mansion bakes in the sun...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: Tom lighting a fat Cuban from a chrome lighter.

TOM
*You know, I read somewhere that the
 sun's getting hotter every year...*

Blue cigar smoke wafts over the clearing of plates...

TOM (CONT'D)
Or wait a minute; it's the
opposite...

Tom stands and strolls to the open French window...

TOM (CONT'D)
The sun is getting colder every
year...

Daisy grips a wine glass in her trembling hand; her eyes are terrified, perspiration forms on her upper lip. She glances to Gatsby, who stares resolutely from across the table.

CLOSE ON: A perspiring Nick. He glances from Daisy to Gatsby.

The tension is excruciating.

Out the window Tom catches sight of a sailboat across the bay.

TOM (CONT'D)
How I'd like to be out on that bay
today.

CLOSE ON: Gatsby. He looks up. Beyond the sailboat, he can see the outline of his castle.

GATSBY
I'm right across from you.
(points)
Right there.

TOM
(unimpressed)
So you are.

Gatsby slowly stands and walks behind Daisy.

GATSBY
Every night I can see that light at
the end of your dock, blinking.

TOM
What light?

Gatsby gently moves his hand over Daisy's...

GATSBY
You see, Mr. Buchanan, I wanted to
be close-- Daisy and I--

With sudden intensity Daisy stands!

DAISY
 (on the verge of tears)
 It's so hot...

Agitated, she sweeps toward the sideboard.

DAISY (CONT'D)
 Everything's so confused.

She plucks a cigarette from a carved box, and fumbles with the paperweight-sized lighter.

DAISY (CONT'D)
 What'll we do with ourselves this
 afternoon...? And the day after
 that...
 (she snaps it again)
 ...and for the next thirty years?
 (turns suddenly)
 Let's all go to town! Who wants to
 go to town?

Her nervous hands drop the lighter, which crashes to the mahogany floor. All but Tom recoil in shock.

TOM
 Town!? Women... They get these
 notions...

Gatsby walks to Daisy... As Tom puffs, Gatsby retrieves the lighter in one hand, and with his other gently guides Daisy's trembling hand... In that moment, their eyes tenderly meet...

GATSBY
 (whispers)
 Daisy...

DAISY
 (as if they are alone)
 You look so cool. You always look
 so cool, like the advertisement of
 the man... in Times Square...

CLOSE ON: Tom, his jaw tightening.

DAISY (CONT'D)
 The man in the cool, beautiful,
 shirts.

CAMERA FLOATS TOWARD TOM... He violently snuffs his cigar.

NICK (V.O.)
 She had told Gatsby that she loved
 him - and Tom had seen...

SUDDENLY Tom explodes!

TOM

Let's go to town! I'm perfectly willing...! That's a marvelous idea! Henri! Have the car brought around immediately!

DAISY

Just like that? Can't anyone at least have a cigarette?

TOM

We've smoked all through lunch.

DAISY

Oh, let's have fun. It's too hot to fuss.

TOM

It was your great idea Daisy. Why don't we!? We'll all go to town!

Daisy doesn't budge.

DAISY

I've changed my mind...
(teases)
You brute.

TOM

(a dangerous intensity)
You've got me all excited, and now you don't want to go? We'll get a great big room at the Plaza, a cold bucket of ice, and some whiskey...
It will be fun.

DAISY

Fine. Have it your own way, Tom...
Come on, Jordan.

As she and Jordan rush past Tom, down the hall, Tom turns calmly to Gatsby.

TOM

Will you join us, Mr. Gatsby?

Then turns and calls to Henri...

TOM (CONT'D)
Henri! Get some whiskey! Two
bottles, wrapped in a towel.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - DAY

CLOSE ON: Shoes shifting on gravel. Gatsby and Nick stand uncomfortably on the drive, waiting for Tom and the women.

BANG! Tom storms out wrapping a quart bottle in a towel.

Daisy and Jordan follow.

TOM
Mr. Gatsby! Would you be good
enough to take my coupé? And I'll
drive everyone else in your circus
wagon.

GATSBY
I don't think there's much gas, old
sport.

Gatsby looks to Daisy, a burning stare.

TOM
(looks at the gauge)
Plenty of gas. And if we run out,
then we'll stop at a drug store.
I hear you can buy anything at a
drug store nowadays...
(savagely eyes Gatsby)
Isn't that right, Mr. Gatsby?

A moment of sharp tension; Daisy wrenches from Tom's arm.

DAISY
You take Nick and Jordan, Tom!

She slips quickly into the coupé...

DAISY (CONT'D)
We'll meet you at the Plaza! I'll
be the man on the corner smoking
two cigarettes...

Gatsby's and Tom's eyes flash; a harsh, competitive glance.

Tom lunges into the Duesenberg, slams the gears and lurches away, leaving Gatsby, Daisy, and the coupé in the dust.

I/E. GATSBY'S CAR - LONG ISLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Tom throttles forward, watching Jordan and Nick...

TOM

You think I'm pretty dumb, don't you? But I have a-- an almost second sight, sometimes, that tells me what to do. And I've made a small investigation of this fellow.

JORDAN

(condescending)

And you found he was an Oxford man?

TOM

Oxford, New Mexico! He wears a pink suit for Christ's sake!

With that, Tom shifts gears and the Duesenberg rockets on!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE VALLEY OF ASHES - DAY

HIGH AND WIDE: The Duesenberg tears into the Valley...

JORDAN (O.C.)

(mocking)

We're almost out of gas Tom...

EXT. THE VALLEY OF ASHES - WILSON'S GARAGE - DAY

SCREEECH! Tom slams the breaks and the Duesenberg slides to a stop at Wilson's...

Wilson doesn't budge. He's staring with sickly eyes at the giant billboard of Dr. T. J. Eckleberg.

TOM

Wilson! Wilson! What are you waiting for!? Let's have some gas...

(gets out)

Do I have to do it myself?

WILSON

I'm sick. I'm all run down. I need money bad... My wife and I want to go West.

TOM
Your wife does...?

Tom glances up to the window above the garage. Myrtle's face, badly bruised, stares back. Tom clocks this, and hesitates...

NICK (V.O.)
Tom was feeling the hot whips of panic. His mistress and wife, an hour ago so secure, were both slipping from his control...

WILSON
I just got wised-up to something funny the last two days. She's goin' whether she wants to or not.

Tom isn't listening... He sees the coupe approaching at high-speed, threatening to leave him in the dust!

TOM
What do I owe you!?

WILSON
Dollar twenty.

The blue coupé flashes by. Tom glances back to Myrtle... And then jumps into the Duesenberg.

TOM
You can have the car! I'll send it around tomorrow!

He throws coins into the dirt for Wilson to collect. Then he floors the gas and peels out after the coupé!

I/E. GATSBY'S CAR/TOM'S COUPÉ - DAY

VRRROOMM! The cars roar neck-and-neck, veering, swerving and skidding PERILOUSLY close.

As Tom and Gatsby shoot dangerous glances at one another, Daisy waves carefree back to Tom....

PAN UP: The cars tear over the Queensboro Bridge, toward the glimmering, golden city...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. PLAZA HOTEL. SUITE - DAY

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Shards of ice spilt off from a hunk as a bell-boy makes ice-cubes...

TOM
That's enough...

The room is large and stifling hot, it has been filled with huge ice buckets in an attempt to cool it. Gatsby, Tom, Nick, Daisy and Jordan are bathed in a thin sheen of perspiration.

DAISY
Open another window.

NICK
There aren't any more.

DAISY
Then telephone for an axe...

TOM
Forget about the heat. You make it worse by crabbing about it.

GATSBY
Why not let her alone, old sport?

TOM
That's a great expression of yours, isn't it?

GATSBY
What is?

Tom turns to Gatsby...

TOM
'Old sport'. Where'd you pick it up?

DAISY
Now see here, Tom; if you're going to make personal remarks I won't stay here one minute.

Gatsby's foot beats a restless tattoo; Tom eyes him suddenly.

TOM
Mr. Gatsby, I understand you're an Oxford man.

GATSBY
No, not exactly.

TOM

Oh yes, I understand you went to Oxford.

GATSBY

Yes - I went there.

Tom's laugh is incredulous and insulting.

TOM

Sure; the man in the pink suit went to Oxford!

DAISY

Tom...!

Gatsby stands.

GATSBY

(slow, intense)

I told you I went there.

TOM

I heard you, but I'd like to know when.

GATSBY

You'd like to know when....? It was in nineteen-nineteen, I only stayed five months. That's why I can't exactly call myself an Oxford man.

Tom glances around to see if the others mirror his disbelief. But they are all looking at Gatsby.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

You see, it was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers who actually *fought* in the war.

Nick can't help but smile.

NICK (V.O.)

I wanted to get up and slap Gatsby on the back.

DAISY

I'll make you a drink Tom, then you won't seem so stupid to yourself...

But Tom's not done yet.

TOM

Wait a minute, I want to ask Mr. Gatsby one more question.

GATSBY

Go on. Please Mr. Buchanan, go on.

TOM

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

They are out in the open at last and Gatsby is content.

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... See, nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions and next you know they'll throw everything overboard and we'll have intermarriage between black and white!

JORDAN

We're all white here, Tom.

GATSBY

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

TOM

You must be crazy.

GATSBY

No, old sport. See, she never loved you... She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting. It was a terrible, terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved anyone but me!

JORDAN

We should go...

GATSBY

Daisy and I have nothing to hide...

DAISY
Jay let's go, please...!

TOM
Sit down Daisy!

GATSBY
(reassuring)
Yes, Daisy, please sit down.

Tom's voice gropes unsuccessfully for the paternal note.

TOM
What's been going on? I want to hear all about it.

GATSBY
I just told you what's been going on; its been going on for five years...!

Tom turns to Daisy sharply.

TOM
You've been seeing him for five years?

GATSBY
Not seeing. No, we couldn't; but both of us loved each other all that time, *old sport*, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes, to think that you didn't know...

TOM
Oh - that's all; you're crazy! I can't speak about what happened five years ago, because I didn't know Daisy then - but 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.

Tom starts to make himself a drink...

GATSBY
No...

TOM

She does, though... And what's more, I love Daisy too. Once in a while I go off on a spree, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time...

DAISY

You're *revolting*...

Daisy's voice drops an octave lower, filling the room with thrilling scorn...

DAISY (CONT'D)

Do you know why we left Chicago...? I'm surprised they didn't treat you to the story of that little spree.

Gatsby walks over and stands beside Daisy.

GATSBY

That's all over now. Just tell him the truth, that you never loved him; and all this... all this pain will be wiped out forever.

Daisy looks at Gatsby blindly.

DAISY

Why, how could I love him, possibly?

GATSBY

You never loved him.

Daisy hesitates; too late, she realizes what she is doing.

DAISY

I never loved him.

GATSBY

That's right...

TOM

Not at Kapiolani?

DAISY

No.

TOM

(a husky tenderness)
Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry...? Daisy? Never?

DAISY
Please don't.

TOM
Daisy...

Her voice is cold, but the anger is gone.

DAISY
There, Jay.

She trembles as she looks to Gatsby...

DAISY (CONT'D)
You want too much! I love you now;
isn't that enough? I can't help
what's past.
(begins to sob)
I did love him once; but I loved
you too.

GATSBY
(shocked, uncomprehending)
You loved me too?

TOM
(savage)
Even that's a lie. She didn't know
you were alive. There are things
between Daisy and me that you'll
never know, things that neither of
us can ever forget.

The words seem to bite physically into Gatsby.

GATSBY
I want to speak to Daisy alone.
She's all excited now...

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

TOM
Of course it wouldn't.

Daisy turns to her husband.

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

You're not taking care of her any more! Daisy's leaving you.

TOM

Nonsense.

DAISY

(with visible effort)
I am, though.

TOM

She's not leaving me; and certainly not for a common swindler!

Tom's words suddenly lean down over Gatsby.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mr. Gatsby, who exactly are you anyhow? You see, I have made a small investigation into your affairs... You're one of Meyer Wolfsheim's bunch.

Tom turns to the others and speaks rapidly.

TOM (CONT'D)

See, he and this Wolfsheim bought up a lot of 'drug stores' and sold bootlegged alcohol over the counter!

GATSBY

What about it, old sport?

TOM

Don't call me 'old sport!' This drug store business is just small change compared to the bonds stunt you and Wolfsheim have got going on now.

GATSBY

Well your friend Walter Chase isn't too proud to come in on it.

TOM

I've been giving that some thought. How does a reputable banker like Walter Chase find himself up to his eyeballs in debt to a little kike like Wolfsheim?

GATSBY

It's called 'greed,' old sport.

TOM

That's right; you've got half of Wall Street out there swilling your free booze at that fun park every weekend...

(to Nick)

I'm surprised he hasn't tried to drag you in...

Nick looks away sharply. Tom registers this.

TOM (CONT'D)

My God, he has...

GATSBY

He's got nothing to do with--

TOM

With your little racket...

(to Daisy)

Daisy... Can't you see who this guy is? With his house and his parties and his fancy clothes; he's just a front for Wolfsheim, a gangster, to get his claws into respectable folk like Walter...!

GATSBY

(a vicious sneer)

The only respectable thing about you, old sport, is your *money*, *that's it*, and now I've just as much as you; so that means we're equal!!

Tom smiles with smug, condescending scorn.

TOM

Oh no, no, we're *different*; I am,
(gesturing at Nick and
Jordan)

They are...

(now at Daisy)

She is;

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
 we're all different from you - we
 were *born different*, it's in our
blood, and nothing you do, or say,
 or steal or *dream up*, can ever
 change that... And a girl like
 Daisy will never...!

Gatsby explodes with terrifying rage.

GATSBY
 SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUTTT UP!!!!

Shock jolts the room. We float toward Gatsby. His rage-filled eyes stare into the void, as, with all his willpower, he restrains himself from ripping Tom apart...

NICK (V.O)
 Gatsby looked, in that moment... as
 if he had "killed a man."

Tom snorts a dismissive laugh.

TOM
 That's right Mr. Gatsby, show us
 those fine Oxford manners...

Gatsby recovers and turns to Daisy, who is trembling in the corner, on the verge of tears.

DAISY
 My sincerest apologies. I... I seem
 to have lost my temper.

Struggling for self control, Gatsby turns toward her as if Tom suddenly no longer exists.

GATSBY
 Daisy darling... None of this has
 any consequence. Don't listen to
 him Daisy.

Daisy blanches; Gatsby, now desperate, babbles incoherently.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
 We're going back to Louisville to
 be married. Then we're going to
 live together in *our* house; it's--

There is a feeling of excruciating unease in the room.

CLOSE ON: Nick.

NICK (V.O.)

He began talking excitedly, denying everything... But with every word Daisy was drawing further and further into herself, until only the dead dream fought on...

DAISY

Please Tom; I can't stand this anymore!

Daisy is staring, terrified, courage gone; she looks to Tom.

TOM

You two start on home...
(to Gatsby)
In Mr. Gatsby's car.

Daisy is alarmed now.

TOM (CONT'D)

Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realizes that his little flirtation... is over.

Daisy, hysterical, runs from the room; Gatsby pursues her.

GATSBY

Daisy...!

Daisy and Gatsby are gone. A terrible silence fills the room. Tom begins wrapping the unopened whiskey bottle in the towel.

TOM

Want any of this? Jordan? Nick?
Nick?

NICK

What?

TOM

Want any?

NICK

No... I just remembered - today's my birthday. I'm thirty.

Tom mutters as he pours himself a drink...

TOM

Happy birthday...

Nick is staring out the window, lost in thought...

NICK (V.O.)
Thirty - the promise of a decade of
loneliness...

NICK'S POV: To the setting sun and the Queensboro Bridge...

NICK (V.O.)
The formidable stroke of thirty
died away, as Gatsby and Daisy
drove on through the cooling
twilight, towards death...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILSON'S BEDROOM - TWILIGHT

MYRTLE FLIES PAST CAMERA as Wilson drags her across the room!

WILSON
God knows everything you've been
doing!

Grabbing his wife's hair he presses her face to the window.

WILSON (CONT'D)
You might fool me but you can't
fool God!

OVER WILSON'S SHOULDER, we see with shock, that he is looking
at the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleberg.

WILSON (CONT'D)
God sees everything!

Below the Eckleberg sign a train thunders through the level
crossing.

The final carriage clears to reveal Gatsby's yellow car
waiting on the other side of the crossing.

CLOSE ON: Myrtle seeing the yellow car; a desperate whisper.

MYRTLE
(thinking its Tom)
He's here...

WHACK! Myrtle gives a sudden backhand to Wilson's face as she
twists from his grasp!

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSON'S GARAGE - TWILIGHT

Standing outside his restaurant, the owner, MICHAELIS sees Myrtle rush out of the garage shouting hysterically.

MYRTLE
Stop, Tom, please, stop!

I/E. GATSBY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

SUDDENLY! Myrtle appears in the headlights of Gatsby's car...

ECU: The sleeve of the pink suit and the 'Daisy' signet ring, as Gatsby's hand on the wheel tries to veer away...!

GATSBY
No...!

BUT the car STRIKES Myrtle!

SLOW MOTION, TERRIBLE, NIGHTMARISH, EXPRESSIONISTIC IMAGES: Glass shattering, blood splattering, Daisy screaming, Myrtle's body flying through the air, her pearls showering the night like a thousand new stars...

THUMP. Her torn open body hits the ground.

CLOSE ON: The giant billboard, the towering eyes of Dr. T.J. Eckleberg, watching everything...

DISSOLVE THROUGH THE WHITES OF THE EYES TO:

INT. TOM'S COUPÉ - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The coupe's blinding headlights.

As the coupé nears, Nick, Tom and Jordan see the commotion.

TOM
Wreck...! Good. Wilson will have a little business at last... Let's take a look..

JORDAN
Must we?

TOM
Just a look.

INT. WILSON'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The dim garage is lit only by a swinging yellow globe.

Wilson stands on the raised threshold of his office, swaying and wailing a high, horrible call.

WILSON

O, my Ga-od! O, my Ga-od!

A crush of gawking spectators speak in hushed tones.

CUT TO: Tom pushing through the crowd.

CLOSE ON: He stops, and makes a harsh sound...

MYRTLE'S BODY, wrapped in a blanket, lies on a work table.

Tom bends over it, shocked, motionless.

CUT TO: Nick, watching Tom's reaction.

A POLICEMAN stands next to Tom taking down names.

POLICEMAN

(to Tom)

Sir. Sir, I'm gonna have to ask you to step away--

TOM

Get off me...!

(regains his composure)

I'm fine. I'm fine.

POLICEMAN

You knew her?

TOM

(a long pause)

No... Not really...

POLICEMAN

Well then I have to ask you to step back.

TOM

What happened...?

POLICEMAN

She ran out 'inna road. Son-of-a-bitch didn't even stopus car.

A well-dressed African American man steps near.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

I saw it! It was a yellow car; big yellow car.

CUT TO: Tom; a slow realization.

PUSH IN: On Nick; a disbelieving horror.

The Greek restaurant owner MICHAELIS pipes up.

MICHAELIS

Yeah, a big yellow *duezy*; custom job.

Some of this conversation has reached Wilson; suddenly sighting Tom, he moves toward him with a cry...

WILSON

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

Tom, realizing the danger, moves quickly and seizes Wilson.

TOM

(a soothing gruffness)
Pull yourself together...

Wilson, distraught, almost collapses, but Tom holds him upright and pushes him into:

INT. WILSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tom sets Wilson down and whispers intensely.

TOM

Listen, I just got here from New York. I was bringing you the coupé. That yellow car wasn't mine, do you hear? I haven't seen it all afternoon.

The policeman follows and turns suspiciously to Tom.

POLICEMAN

What color's your car?

TOM

Blue, a coupé; we've come straight from New York.

MICHAELIS

Yeah, they just stopped...

The policeman accepts, suspicious still...

POLICEMAN
 Alright... Blue.

In the relative calm of the office, Wilson's clouded, desperate eyes look up at Tom.

WILSON
 Who owns the yella' car...?

TOM
 (a tiny pause)
 Fella named *Gatsby*; he's a crook, George. Gives those parties the papers are always talking about...

WILSON
 Maybe he was the one foolin' with Myrtle; maybe that's why he killed her...?

TOM
 Yeah. Maybe. Guy like that, who knows...

Wilson starts sobbing again.

WILSON
 Oh, Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od!

He rests his head on Tom's shoulder...

Tom consoles Wilson and then whispers...

TOM
 Gatsby. Something outta be done about a fella like that. He'll pay... Oh, he'll pay...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOM'S COUPÉ - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Tom driving. He sobs...

TOM
 The goddamn coward didn't even stop his car...

Jordan and Nick sit silently beside Tom; he turns to them, triumphantly accusing...

TOM (CONT'D)
You gonna defend him now, huh?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - NIGHT

The coupe drifts slowly up the drive.

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - NIGHT

As they walk up the stone staircase, Tom disposes of the situation in a few brisk phrases.

TOM
I'll telephone for a taxi, Nick.
Come in and have some supper while
you wait...

Tom opens the door.

NICK
No thanks. I'll wait outside.

Tom stares at Nick, absorbing his disdain.

TOM
What is the matter with you?

Tom snorts and goes in; Jordan puts her hand on Nick's arm.

JORDAN
Won't you come in, Nick?

NICK
No... thanks.

JORDAN
It's only half past nine...

NICK
No. I think I've had enough... Of
everyone.

CLOSE ON: Jordan; she gives Nick a long, hurt look...

But Nick stares decisively back; after a moment he turns sharply and walks off. Dejected, Jordan sweeps inside...

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - NIGHT

As Nick's feet crunch upon the white gravel of the drive, he is startled by a voice from the shadows...

GATSBY
Hello old sport...

Cautiously, Nick approaches the hedge. The closer he gets the more certain he becomes: Gatsby is hiding, just below Daisy's window. His pace quickens.

NICK
What are you doing!?

GATSBY
Just sitting here...

NICK
Yes, I can see that.

GATSBY
Did you see any trouble out on the road?

NICK
Trouble!? That woman you ran down is dead Jay!

GATSBY
I thought so... I told Daisy I thoughts so--

NICK
Daisy? Do you hear yourself--

GATSBY
Its better that the shock should come all at once--

NICK
What's wrong with you!? How could you!?

GATSBY
Please... Keep your voice down, old sport.

NICK
Tom was right! You're nothing but a goddamn coward!

GATSBY
 (threatening)
 Keep your voice down... There. Was.
 No. Point. In. Stopping.

NICK
 NO POINT!?

GATSBY
 It, it killed her instantly. I--

NICK
 Yes, I was there. I saw! It ripped
 her open!

Panicked, Gatsby grabs Nick, trying to explain...

GATSBY
 I understand-- It was... my fault.
 This woman just rushed out, as if
 she wanted to speak to us... It all
 happened so quickly. She-- I...
 tried-- to turn the wheel.

NICK
 She?

SUDDENLY! The CREAK of a door opening. A shaft of light...
 Henri emerges.

AN INTERMINABLE moment. Gatsby and Nick hold their breaths.
 Finally, Henri goes back in.

CLOSE ON: Nick, a realization.

NICK (CONT'D)
 It was Daisy?

Finally, and very slowly, Gatsby admits.

GATSBY
 You see, after we left New York,
 she was very nervous. She thought
 driving would steady her. But this
 woman, she just rushed out at us.

CUT TO: We replay the violent accident, this time fully
 REVEALING that it was Daisy behind the wheel...

GATSBY (CONT'D)
 It all happened so quickly. It
 wasn't her fault...
 (MORE)

GATSBY (CONT'D)

It was my fault. I should have taken the wheel...

(intense)

No one must know. Promise me. No one. Promise me.

NICK

Jay-- You shouldn't be here. You should get out of here.

Gatsby gazes back to the house...

GATSBY

No. No. No. I'm going to wait. I'll wait all night if necessary. You see, Daisy's locked herself in her room, and she's going to turn her light off and on again if he tries to bother her about that unpleasantness this afternoon. If he tries ANY brutality whatsoever--

NICK

Tom won't touch her. He's not even thinking about her...

GATSBY

Oh, I don't trust him, old sport. I don't trust him.

Nick considers the light at the end of the terrace.

NICK

Alright. Alright... You wait here. I'll see if there's any commotion.

GATSBY

Would you do that for me? Thank you. Thank you, old sport.

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - TERRACE - NIGHT

Nick skirts the terrace...

Rounding the corner, Nick, unseen in the shadows, can see Tom and Daisy sitting at one end of the vast dining table, a plate of cold chicken and two bottles of ale between them.

As Tom speaks intently and earnestly at Daisy, his hand falls gently upon hers and she nods tiredly in agreement...

TOM

Its going to be all right...

Then, very slowly, Daisy lays her head on Tom's shoulder.

CLOSE ON: Nick, shocked... angry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NICK'S BUNGALOW - PORCH - NIGHT

DISCOVER: Nick sitting, drinking from a bottle of whiskey...

The sound of a car coming up Gatsby's drive...

INT. GATSBY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Gatsby cleaning blood from the Duesenberg's fender.

Nick appears, coming across the yard.

NICK

Jay? Everything alright...?

Exhausted, Gatsby turns...

GATSBY

Oh, hello, old sport. Yes, yes, everything's just fine... About four o'clock she came to the window; she stood there... Then, well, she turned out the light... So...

(beckons to the car)

Give me a hand will you old sport?

CLOSE ON: Nick.

NICK (V.O.)

I should have told him what I had just seen. But all I could manage was...

NICK

Jay... You oughtta go away.

He helps Gatsby cover the car.

NICK (CONT'D)

Tonight. They'll trace your car.

GATSBY

(as if Nick is crazy)

Go away? I can't leave now. Not tonight.

NICK

Do you understand that a woman has
been killed--?

Nick follows him from the garage toward the house.

GATSBY

Daisy's going to call in the
morning. Then we'll make plans, to
go away together.

NICK

But Jay she--

Sensing Nick's tone, Gatsby cuts him off and banishes all
doubt with intense certainty.

GATSBY

She just needs time to think...
(he continues, calm)
She'll call. In the morning. She
just needs time to think.

NICK

Jay--

GATSBY

She just needs to think. She's
going to call in the morning.

Gatsby smiles that smile of endless possibility...

He turns to go in but stops.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

Wait up with me? The suns almost
up...

NICK (V.O.)

That was the night he finally told
me the truth. All of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - MAPROOM - NIGHT

Gatsby's voice echoes through the empty halls of his vast,
lonely mansion as he confesses...

GATSBY

You know, I thought for awhile I
had a lot of things... But the
truth is... I'm empty.

(MORE)

GATSBY (CONT'D)

I suppose that's why I make things up about myself... But I've wanted to tell you the whole story for a long time... You see. I grew up, terribly, terribly poor, old sport. My folks were, well--

As Gatsby continues, Nick's V.O. FADES UP:

NICK (V.O.)

He revealed his humble beginnings, his transformative voyage with Dan Cody, the war, Oxford, and how he'd joined Wolfsheim in *the business*...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - WHARF - PRE-DAWN

In the silvery pre-dawn, Nick and Gatsby trail slowly toward the end of the dock.

NICK (V.O.)

It was also that night that I became aware of Gatsby's... extraordinary gift for *hope*.

GATSBY

...I can't describe to you how surprised I was to find out that I loved her, old sport. And that she loved me too.

NICK (V.O.)

A gift that I have never found in any other person...

GATSBY

I never realized just how extraordinary a *nice girl* could be.

NICK (V.O.)

And which it is not likely I shall ever find again.

GATSBY

I thought out my life with Daisy in it, trying to figure out how we could marry and struggle along on so many dollars a month...

Finally, Nick is able to ask:

NICK

What was in the letter?

Gatsby reaches the end of the wharf and looks to the green light across the bay...

GATSBY

The truth, the reason why after the war, I hadn't been able to return--

In the clouds overhead, the IMAGE OF DAISY, in the bathtub with the DISSOLVING LETTER... And now, we can see what Gatsby wrote in that fateful, last letter: "*Daisy, the truth is... I'm penniless.*"

GATSBY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I asked her to wait until I'd made something of myself. But-- She was young, there was so much pressure.

The IMAGE of Daisy fades...

GATSBY (CONT'D)

You see, I felt married to her... That was all.

NICK (V.O.)

It had all been for her. The house the parties, everything.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON'S GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A hand takes a revolver from a desk drawer...

It is Wilson.

FLOAT: Toward the window behind him...

WE SEE the staring eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleberg.

WILSON

God sees everything.

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - TERRACE - MORNING

Nick and Gatsby are finishing breakfast.

HERZOG

Mr. Gatsby sir, excuse me, Chicago calling sir.

GATSBY
Now now. Keep it open. For a
personal call...

HERZOG
A personal call? Of course.

The GARDENER comes to the foot of the steps.

GARDENER
I'm going to drain the pool today,
Mr. Gatsby.

GATSBY
Not today. It's so beautiful.
(to Nick)
You know, old sport, I've never
used that pool all summer?

Gatsby enthusiastically heads down the stairs...

GATSBY (CONT'D)
Let's go for a swim. I'll have the
phone transferred to the pool...

As Gatsby heads toward the pool, Nick checks his watch...

NICK
Jay, I've got to go. I have to
work.

GATSBY
I understand... Well, I'll walk you
out.

Gatsby leads Nick toward the side gate. At the gate...

NICK
I'll call you up.

GATSBY
Do, old sport, please do.
(a thought)
I suppose Daisy'll call too.

NICK
I suppose so... Well... Goodbye.

Nick lingers... Then they shake hands and he starts away.
Just before he reaches the hedge he turns back and calls:

NICK (CONT'D)
They're a rotten crowd! You're
worth the whole damn bunch put
together!

First Gatsby nods politely, and then his face breaks into
that radiant and understanding smile.

NICK (V.O.)
I was always glad I said that... It
was the only compliment I ever paid
him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROBITY TRUST BUILDING - NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: Nick, tired, sick-looking.

NICK (V.O.)
That morning, Wall Street boomed,
its usual golden roar... But I
wasn't worth a decent stroke of
work. I waited for Gatsby to call
with news...

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - POOL - DAY

Gatsby heads for the pool, ready to swim...

NICK (V.O.)
While he waited for Daisy...

SPLASH! Gatsby dives gracefully into the pool.

We see Gatsby from below, body gliding through clear water.

INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - DAISY'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A white telephone on a ivory plinth.

REVEAL: Daisy, considering the phone...

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GROUNDS - DAY

A gun dangles from a hand.

Wilson's scarecrow shadow ripples across the lawn.

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Gatsby's head breaks the smooth, green surface of the water.

SUDDENLY! BRRRING!!! The phone rings...

Gatsby smiles and gazes across toward the green light, toward Daisy.

PULL FOCUS: Atop the monumental stairs, Wilson, raises a gun.

THE CRACK OF A GUNSHOT!

CLOSE ON: Gatsby - a moment of strangled, startled, wonder... His lips form a final, breathless...

GATSBY

Daisy...

Then his face hardens as he slowly falls backwards... SPLASH!

Placing his gun in his mouth Wilson pulls the trigger.

BANNNGG!

INT. PROBITY TRUST BUILDING - NICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A SILENT IMAGE of Nick screaming into the phone.

INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - DAISY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daisy's hand rests on the phone... She never called.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - POOL - DAY

Gatsby's body descends through a cloud of blood...

NICK (V.O.)

After all these years, I remember
the rest of that day, and that
night and the next day as an
endless drill...

Looking up from the bottom of the pool we see a crowd of
staring faces and the pop of flashbulbs through water...

NICK (V.O.)

...of police and photographers and
tabloid reporters.

(MORE)

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The headlines were a nightmare...
 They pinned everything on Gatsby.

THROUGH THE WATER HEADLINES FADE IN:

"BOOTLEGGER KILLS MISTRESS!"

NICK (V.O.)
 The affair with Myrtle...

"HIT AND RUN"

NICK (V.O.)
 The hit and run...

"GATSBY GUILTY OF MURDER!"

NICK (V.O.)
 Everything.

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

ECU: Gatsby's ghostly face...

NICK (V.O.)
 And there was nothing I could say
 except the one unutterable fact
 that none of it was true...

PULL TO REVEAL: Gatsby, immaculately attired, is laid out in a silver coffin and crowded by a crush of policemen, photographers and reporters...

INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - PORTICO - DAY

TOP SHOT: Servants carry endless luggage through the hall, down the stairs, and out the front door...

BRRIIING!!! A phone rings OFF-SCREEN.

At the bottom of the stairs, DISCOVER: Daisy and Pammy.

DAISY
 (explains to Pammy)
 Daddy's taking care of his two
 favorite girls...

BRRIIING!!!

PAMMY
 But where are we going?

DAISY
Just for a little trip. Just you,
me, and daddy...

BRRRIING!!!

Tom appears beside Daisy.

TOM
(tenderly)
We should go.

BRRRIING!!! Finally, at the top of the stairs, Henri answers.

HENRI
Buchanan residence.

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

DISCOVER: Nick sits atop the deco stairs, telephone in hand.

Gatsby coffin is directly below...

NICK
*May I speak to Mrs. Buchanan? It's
Mr. Carraway, her cousin...*

HENRI (O.S.)
Madame is not available.

NICK
*Well, when you see her, will you
tell her, the funeral's tomorrow?*

INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - PORTICO - CONTINUOUS

Henri looks down to Tom, who shoots a "we're not here" look.

HENRI
*I'm sorry, but... They have gone
away.*

NICK (O.S.)
*Gone away...? Do you know when
they'll be back.*

HENRI
No.

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

NICK

Please, I know she would want to be there. If you could just get a message to her--

HENRI (O.S.)

I have no further information monsieur. Au revoir.

INT. BUCHANAN MANSION - PORTICO - CONTINUOUS

CLICK. Henri abruptly hangs up.

NICK (O.S.)

Hello...? Hello!?

The Buchanan family exits...

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Nick slowly, bitterly hangs up the telephone...

NICK (V.O.)

They were careless people, Tom and Daisy. They smashed up things and people and then retreated back into their money and their vast carelessness...

He looks to the throng of press swarming like vultures around Gatsby's casket. Seized by fury, he snaps and screams as he advances down the stairs!

NICK

GET OUT! ALL OF YOU OUT! GET OUT...!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Time has passed. Nick sits on the steps slouched against the rail. He looks down to Gatsby's still face, sad, alone...

NICK (V.O.)

I rang, I wrote, I implored...

THE CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY DOWN TOWARD GATSBY:

NICK (V.O.)
But not a single one of the
sparkling hundreds who had enjoyed
his hospitality all summer,
attended the funeral...

ECU: Gatsby.

NICK (V.O.)
And from Daisy, not even a flower.

Distraught and exhausted, Nick's eyes slowly close...

NICK (V.O.)
I was all he had; the only one who
cared...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SUMMER - MORNING

Nick is sound asleep on the couch, his typewriter and dozens
of type-filled pages in front of him. Clearly, he has been
writing all night...

The Doctor enters. He looks tenderly to Nick, and picks up a
loose page from the floor...

DISSOLVE THROUGH THE PAGE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Its winter now.

The city is blanketed by an unforgiving, cold grey sky...

NICK (V.O.)
After Gatsby's death, New York was
haunted for me...

DISCOVER: Nick, a tumult of anger, grief and despair,
wandering unshaven through a Fifth Avenue crowd...

NICK (V.O.)
That city... My once golden...
shimmering mirage, now made me
sick.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - FRONT GATES - EVENING

DRIFT TOWARD: Gatsby's castle, ghostly in the moonlight.

NICK (V.O.)

On my last night in New York... I returned to that huge, incoherent house once more.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - NIGHT

Very drunk, Nick trails over broken relics of lost grandeur, through rooms that have been stripped...

NICK (V.O.)

Wolfsheim's 'associates' had cleaned the place out...

ALL AROUND NICK: Ghostly images from Nick's memory - from all those glittering parties, haunting snatches of music, laughter and conversation, imagery - mixing and FADING IN AND OUT...

JORDAN

He threw all those parties hoping she would wander in one night...

NICK

Its like an amusement park...

DAISY

But how do you live her all alone?

GATSBY

She makes it look so splendid, don't you think, old sport?

DAISY

Music! And then we can dance all night...

GATSBY

Will you come old sport? We... need you.

DAISY

I wish it could always be like this...

GATSBY
It will be...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - TERRACE - NIGHT

Nick wanders out as a light rain begins to fall.

NICK (V.O.)
I remembered how we had all come to
Gatsby's, and guessed at his
corruption... While he had stood
before us concealing an
incorruptible dream...

A FINAL MEMORY: Gatsby and Daisy together on the dance-
floor... Daisy leans in and whispers happily to Gatsby...

DAISY
*Its perfect... From your perfect,
irresistible imagination.*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATSBY'S CASTLE - WHARF - NIGHT

Nick stumbles along the dock; the rain falling steadily now.

NICK (V.O.)
The moon rose higher... And as I
stood there, brooding on the old,
unknown world, I thought of
Gatsby's wonder when he first
picked out the green light at the
end of Daisy's dock.

Nick looks to the end of the dock, where he first saw Gatsby
that warm summer night...

NICK (V.O.)
He had come such a long way...

And suddenly, shimmering ghostly through the rain, Gatsby's
silhouette can be seen once more, gazing out across the bay.

NICK (V.O.)
And his dream must have seemed so
close that he could hardly fail to
grasp it.

Gatsby turns back towards Nick, and smiles...

NICK (V.O.)
He did not know that it was already
behind him...

Nick smiles back.

NICK (V.O.)
Gatsby believed in the green light,
the orgastic future that year by
year, recedes before us...

PUSH PAST GATSBY: Out over the water, toward the green light
eternally pulsing at the end of Daisy's dock...

NICK (V.O.)
It eluded us then, but that's no
matter - tomorrow we will run
faster...

Gatsby reaches out--

NICK (V.O.)
Stretch out our arms farther... And
one fine morning...

As we PUSH PAST Gatsby's outstretched hand, THE OPENING IMAGE
RETURNS: The green light pulsing in the abstract dark...

Nick's final words appear as TYPE ON THE SCREEN.

NICK (V.O.)
So we beat on, boats against the
current, borne back ceaselessly,
into the past.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANTITARIUM - NICK'S ROOM - SUMMER - DAY

Nick pulls a final page from his typewriter, sets the page on
top of his completed manuscript and we clearly see the title:

"GATSBY."

Nick considers this and then handwrites:

"THE GREAT..."

DISSOLVE THROUGH THE FINAL TITLE - "THE GREAT GATSBY" - TO:
The green light. It pulses one last time... Then, fades to
BLACK.

THE END.