

~~the first romantic she ever had~~ (Myrtle, very drunk, sits on Nick's lap, making him extremely nervous.)

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

TOM. What the hell are you doing?

MYRTLE. What?

TOM. Get over here.

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

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

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

TOM. That's enough booze for one afternoon.

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

mother's grave that'll last all summer and the little dog Tom promised me I got to write down a list so I won't forget all the things I got —  
NICK. (Getting up.) I really should get going.