[redacted] *She and Tom slowly weave their way through the dead bodies.)*

NICK. *(Exploding.)* YOU'RE CARELESS PEOPLE! YOU SMASH UP THINGS AND CREATURES AND THEN RETREAT BACK INTO YOUR MONEY! OR YOUR VAST CARELESSNESS! OR WHATEVER IT IS THAT KEEPS YOU TOGETHER, AND THEN YOU LET OTHER PEOPLE CLEAN UP THE MESS YOU'VE MADE! *(Tom leads Daisy offstage as lights snuff out Wilson and Myrtle.)* I couldn't forgive any of them. After Gatsby's death the East became haunted for me, distorted. It was time to go back home, back West where the blue smoke of brittle leaves stirs in the air, and the wind blows the laundry stiff on the line. *(The mist rolls in and the blinking green light appears.)* As I brooded on all this, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn and this huge failure of a house, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter — tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther … And one fine morning — *(The haunting music of Gatsby and Daisy's love theme. Nick reaches out his arms towards the green light.)* So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.