

**SIDE THREE** — DAISY, TOM, GATSBY

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

TOM. Of course it wouldn't.

DAISY. As if it mattered to you.

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

GATSBY. You don't understand. You're not going to take care of her ever again.

TOM. I'm not? Why's that?

GATSBY. Daisy's leaving you.

TOM. Nonsense!

DAISY. I am though.

TOM. SHE'S NOT LEAVING ME! Certainly not for a common swindler who'd have to steal the ring he put on her finger.

DAISY. I won't stand this! Please let's get out of here. It's so hot! So hot!

GATSBY. I'll take care of you.

TOM. Who are you anyhow? You're one of that bunch that hangs around with Meyer Wolfsheim — that much I happen to know.

GATSBY. Let's go, Daisy.

TOM. I've made a little investigation into your affairs, Mr. Gatsby.

GATSBY. You can suit yourself about that, old sport.

TOM. I found out what your "drugstores" were.

GATSBY. What about them?

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

GATSBY. It's Prohibition. Nobody cares. And where do you get your booze from, old sport?

TOM. Stop calling me "OLD SPORT"! (*Tom is on him now, cornering him.*) This drugstore business? It's just small change. (*He shoves Gatsby.*) You've got something on now that everyone's afraid to tell me about. Something to do with Wolfsheim. (*Shoves Gatsby again.*) Something really big. But I'll find out about it. Oh, yeah, I'll find out about it, OLD SPORT, you can bet your ass about that!