

The Untitled Jon Chu/Great Gatsby Project

by

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Inspired by the book

"The Great Gatsby"

By

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Chu Pictures
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EXT. EAST COAST - DAY

Flowing sea grass becomes yards of abandoned train tracks. An AMTRAK approaches the unmistakable skyline of New York City.

NICK (V.O.)

In my younger and more vulnerable years, my father gave me some advice that I have been turning over in my head ever since.

INT. AMTRAK - DAY

NICK CARRAWAY (18) is attractive in an average, unremarkable, jeans and faded t-shirt kind of way. As the train chugs along, Arcade Fire's *Neighborhood #1 (Tunnels)* [1] becomes increasingly audible through the roar of the engines.

Nick types on his LAPTOP.

NICK (V.O.)

"Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone," he told me, "just remember that not everyone has had the same advantages you've had."

Nick looks up from his laptop, struck by the sight of the infamous skyline. The train slows then screeches to a halt.

Passengers collect their belongings. Nick, who has yet to blink, gets up. Before reaching for his BACKPACK in the overhead compartment, he assists an OLDER LADY.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

Nick weaves through the sea of COMMUTERS in the underbelly of the station.

NICK (V.O.)

I listened to my father's advice, and in consequence, when I set out on my own for the first time that Summer of 2007, I was inclined to reserve all judgments -

He emerges into GRAND CENTRAL's shimmering MAIN TERMINAL.

Nick approaches the ESCALATOR that leads to the street above. It's broken. He looks at the giant STAIRCASE, then to his THREE BAGS. He heads up the stairs.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To throw open the gates of my precious suburban upbringing and fling myself freely into the City and all that it had to offer.

EXT. EAST 42ND STREET - DAY

Manhattan is ablaze from the summer heat. Nick's eyes dart around. He stretches his neck up to the TOWERING BUILDINGS - the surest hallmark of a non-native.

INT. CAB - DAY

Still wearing his backpack, Nick sits sideways, as if he might leap out any moment. Face glued to the window, he reads the mythic street signs whizzing by. MADISON AVE., PARK AVE.

NICK (V.O.)

I had played it safe my whole life, and it was time to take a leap. I told myself that this was the point at which the grand narrative of my life would begin. When I would finally start to become the person I was going to be. And *that* was a great journalist.

EXT. EAST 77TH STREET - DAY

Nick looks up at his new home - a quintessential pre-war walk-up in depressing state of disrepair.

NICK (V.O.)

Before starting Yale in the fall I secured a summer internship at Reality Weekly - a digest for reality TV. It was the bottom of the pop-culture barrel, but we all have to start somewhere. I convinced my parents to let me use graduation money and years of hoarded allowance to sublet a small studio apartment on the Upper East Side.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

No elevator and of course his unit is on the sixth floor of the six story walk-up. He drags his bags up more stairs.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nick cautiously enters. The small place is furnished with only the bare bones. He drops his bags and FALLS BACK onto a grimy mattress.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Nick buttons a dress shirt before the mirror. He fumbles with a tie, before taking it off all together. He rushes around the apartment and grabs his iPod. Just as he's about to leave the apartment, he dashes back for the tie.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Nick proudly marches with the mass of commuters. That is, until he has to make a decision: *UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN EXPRESS, LEXINGTON AVE EXPRESS?*

He whirls around to the subway map mounted on the wall, trying to make sense of the mess of colored lines.

EXT. MIDTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Nick walks into an imposingly large Midtown skyscraper.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY OFFICE ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

Nick, wearing the crooked tie, walks into the disorganized newsroom. Posters of god-awful reality shows line the walls. No one notices his entrance, and no one is wearing a tie.

Nick makes eye contact with JOHN ANDERSON (28), an Assistant Editor, who also carries the illustrious responsibility of intern coordinator.

JOHN ANDERSON

What can I do you for?

NICK

Hello, I'm Nick Carraway. Your summer intern.

JOHN ANDERSON

Yea, apparently you and every kid from every small town school paper in the country. Grab a seat. Haley will get you up to speed on how I like my coffee. Nice tie.

Nick looks over and sees HALEY (18) fastidiously filing away. She's definitely dorky, but makes an unfashionable attempt at professional-chic. He looks around and then surreptitiously takes off his tie and shoves it into his pocket.

HALEY

Don't worry. No one saw. I'm Haley, by the way. I'm new here too. I'm from Chicago, starting Northwestern in the Fall. My sister lives here, so I came for the summer. You?

NICK

Just from Upstate. Nothing special -

HALEY

You have to be special to be here.

Haley hands Nick half of her stack of papers to file. Nick rolls up his sleeves and digs diligently into the stack.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Nick bursts through the door hauling an enormous second hand air-conditioning unit.

Sweaty, he drops the unit, goes to the fridge, and sticks his whole head in the freezer.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Nick's starting to make the place his own with a few framed photos, the token laundry pile, and an over-sized map of Manhattan tacked to the wall alongside a Yale pennant.

Nick sits on the floor surrounded by wires and cables, fully engrossed in setting up his internet. Thinking he has it, he looks up to his laptop, but the screen reads: CONNECTION FAILED. He fiddles then finally: CONNECTED.

He checks his email. His cell phone rings. CALLER ID: HOME.

NICK

Hi Mom. Oh, Dad's there too. Hi Dad. Yeah, things are going well.

NICK'S MOM (O.C.)

You're not too overwhelmed? Last time I was in Manhattan everything was just so -

NICK

Why do you have to assume I'm overwhelmed? I'm fine.

NICK'S MOM (O.C.)

You've just never been one to go out on your own like this - remember when we had to pick you up from sleep-overs -

NICK

Mom. I was five.

NICK'S DAD (O.C.)

He's doing just fine.

NICK'S MOM (O.C.)

I worry. I'm your mother - it's allowed. I just don't understand why you have to work in New York - for free no less. All your friends have jobs here.

NICK

At Dairy Queen. Mom, this really is an amazing opportunity. I've explained it to you like a thousand times. These internships are the only way to get jobs after college.

NICK'S DAD (O.C.)

So kiddo, what else you got for us?

NICK

Actually I just got an email from the Yale Daily News.

(reading off the computer screen)
If I want to be on staff, I should write an article. If they like it, it'll run in the first issue.

NICK'S DAD (O.C.)

You'll knock 'em dead.

Nick looks at a FAMILY PHOTO from his high school graduation.

NICK'S MOM (O.C.)
Well it's competitive so you'll
just have to see.

NICK'S DAD (O.C.)
Maureen, give the kid a break.

NICK'S MOM (O.C.)
All I'm saying is that Yale is the -

Nick rolls his eyes.

NICK
Anyway...

NICK'S DAD (O.C.)
So it's Friday night. Big plans?

NICK
No plans. I mean, I'm just getting
settled. And one of the editors
gave me an assignment for Monday.

Nick looks at another FRAMED PICTURE - a candid shot of Nick
goofing around with his friends.

NICK'S DAD (O.C.)
Sounds great. What's the story?

NICK
It's like a top ten list. You know,
like top ten cool places to check
out in New York this month. I guess
they're trying new things.

NICK'S DAD (O.C.)
Why don't you call your cousin
Daisy? She might have some ideas.

NICK'S MOM (O.C.)
Steven, we haven't seen them since
before grandma died. Besides, I
heard she drinks and -

NICK
I'll figure it out.

The message: CONNECTION LOST pops up on the computer screen.

NICK (CONT'D)
Listen guys, I gotta go.

NICK'S MOM (O.C.)
Nicky, we love you.

Nick hangs up the phone without responding. He shuts his laptop, grabs his keys, and leaves the apartment.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS, 5TH AVE AND 60TH STREET - NIGHT

Nick strolls along 5TH AVENUE. The department stores are elegant and enormous. Young couples head out for romantic dinners. Street performers garner small crowds of tourists.

His CELL PHONE RINGS.

NICK
Jason! What's going on?

JASON (O.C.)
Nick Carraway! Check it. My brother's back from State and being the stand-up guy he is, bought us a keg, so get your ass over here.

NICK
Ah man! That's awesome, but -

JASON (O.C.)
No buts, I already called Becky and all those girls.

NICK
Yea man. Thing is I'm in NYC - remember? For the summer?

JASON (O.C.)
That's right. New York Fucking City. Our baby's all grown up. Well you're missing out. Live it up out there - don't dork yourself out.

NICK
I'll do my best. Later.

Nick hangs up.

He buys a HOT PRETZEL from a STREET VENDOR. Dinner.

He sits on a bench and scrolls through the names in his phone. He pauses when he gets to DAISY, inhales, and dials.

DAISY (O.C.)
(accusatory yet inviting)
Hello?

The terrifyingly sexy voice couldn't possibly belong to a 17 year old. He must've dialed the wrong number.

NICK
Uh, is Daisy there?

DAISY (O.C.)
Speaking.

NICK
Uh, hey, Daisy, this is Nick.
Nick Carraway. Your, um, cousin.

DAISY (O.C.)
Well, hello, Nick Carraway, my
cousin. How the hell are you?
Where are you?

NICK
Well, actually, that's why I'm
calling. See, I'm in the City. For
the summer. And thought I'd call to
say, hello.

DAISY (O.C.)
Hello.

NICK
And maybe see if you wanted to see
each other sometime?

DAISY (O.C.)
Well, of course I'd love to see
you, Nick. But I'm in the Hamptons
for the summer at my boyfriend's.

NICK
Oh.

DAISY
But, if you're out here you should
definitely come by.

NICK
The thing is I have to write this
article on cool things in New York -

DAISY

The *only* cool thing to do in
Manhattan on a summer weekend is
leave. AND if you come out we can
help you write your thingy.

Nick hears GIRLS GIGGLING in the background.

NICK

That's nice of you, but I should
really stay here and get this done.

DAISY

Well, you know where to find me.

NICK

Cool. So, I'll call you sometime?

DAISY

Yeah, call me.

NICK

Ok...well, goodbye.

DAISY

No, Nick. Not goodbye. Farewell.

Daisy hangs up. He tries to digest the awkward call.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - NIGHT

As Nick strolls along CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, he sees people
loading weekend bags into station wagons, mini vans,
convertibles and cabs.

NICK (V.O.)

As I was moving into the City,
everyone else was leaving - off to
their condos on the shore, cabins
in the country, and especially to
their glittering homes in the
Hamptons.

Nick sits in the plaza in front of the neon glowing cube of
the APPLE STORE. He takes out his REPORTER'S PAD and PEN. In
big letters he writes "Top Ten. # 1" and scans the area. He's
got nothing. Looks back to his pad. Takes out his phone.
Looks to the pad. Then, fuck it, he decides to text DAISY.

TEXT MESSAGE TO DAISY

Hows 2morrow?

A beat later, she responds.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM DAISY
Take Jitney to E. Hampt. Text when
ur here ;)

Nick sighs.

EXT. JITNEY BUS STOP (42ND BETWEEN 3RD AND LEX) - DAY

Throngs of people wait on the sidewalk for the JITNEY, a luxury bus whose sole purpose is to transport Manhattanites to and from the Hamptons.

NICK waits, sporting a backpack and a Yale baseball cap.

TWO JAPPY GIRLS (16) wait in front of him in matching JUICY SWEATSUITS. Their hair is chemically straightened, and nothing about them seems real - not even their noses.

They hover over a digital camera.

JAPPY GIRL 1
Oh my god, that crowd at Marquee?
Insane. And you my dear were
REEDICULOUS last night.

JAPPY GIRL 2
Absurd. Lemme see. You have no
idea. Actually, I have no idea.

The JITNEY pulls up.

INT. JITNEY - DAY

Nick slides into an empty seat in the row behind the Jappy Girls. They give Nick a glance-over - they're not impressed.

The girls do not stop talking. Nick plays The Roots' *The Seed* (2.0) [2] on his iPod. He pulls out the *LET'S GO NEW YORK* guide book.

Soon the city dissolves into an open highway.

Through the crack between the seats, Nick watches the Jappy Girls tear through HAMPTONS MAGAZINE.

JAPPY GIRL 1
I brought reading material.
Hamptons Blackbook - the who's who
for summer 2007.

Nick perks up. He leans in as the girls read aloud.

JAPPY GIRL 2

Let's see here, Philip Siegal.
Thirty-two, Goldman-Sachs, loaded.

JAPPY GIRL 1

McOld.

JAPPY GIRL 2

Ben Baxter. Twenty-four, film
student, toxic bachelor.

JAPPY GIRL 1

McEewwww. Narsty.

JAPPY GIRL 2

Jay Gatsby. Eighteen, boy wonder.

JAPPY GIRL 1

McPerfect!

JAPPY GIRL 1 (CONT'D)

(grabs the magazine back)

Graduated with honors from
Exeter...excelled in basically
everything...class prez... la
lala...moves on the football field
landed him a starting spot at Yale.

Nick peers between the seats, desperate to catch a glimpse,
but the other girl snatches the magazine out of his sight.

JAPPY GIRL 2

We have a feeling we'll be seeing a
lot of Jay Gatsby in the future.

(closes the magazine)

Uh, yea we will.

JAPPY GIRL 1

No. I KNOW. And his Hamptons
parties are REEDICULOUS. My
sister's ex-boyfriend's roommate at
Princeton plays football with the
guy who lived next door to him at
Exeter. They were like friends.

JAPPY GIRL 1 (CONT'D)

Shut up.

The JITNEY comes to a stop.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)
East Hampton!

The girls scamper off, taking the MAGAZINE with them.

NICK (V.O.)
To me places like the Hamptons and
Yale had always seemed like world's
so different from my own. Places
full of people like Jay Gatsby. And
yet, somehow I was on my way there?

Nick puts his iPod in his bag, and makes his way off the bus.

EXT. EAST HAMPTON BUS STOP - DAY

The place is perfectly picturesque - everything is white,
accented with deep blues. It looks pretend - beautiful
children run freely, shiny cars, and quaint storefronts.

Nick pulls out his cell.

TEXT MESSAGE TO DAISY
Where 2?

EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE - DAY

Nick stands in front of a contemporary, glittering white
palace. He takes a deep breath and approaches the mansion.

He rings the doorbell. No answer. Knocks. No answer.

NICK
Hello? Daisy?

Nick listens closely, hearing faint music and voices from the
backyard. He walks timidly along the side of the house.
Creedence Clearwater Revival's *I Put a Spell on You* [3]
becomes more audible.

Nick cautiously pushes through a large gate and suddenly
everything is brilliant, bright white.

EXT. BUCHANAN BACKYARD - DAY

Lounge chairs flank a beautiful, square shaped pool. TOM
BUCHANAN (18) is perched, throne like, in a round inner-tube
in the center of the swimming pool.

Beyond Tom, lies the reflection of a body, so little and lithe the bones seem to sway with the gentle breeze. A piece of white gauze is partially submerged in the pool. Nick follows the train of fabric to the top of the diving board. It belongs to a wonderful white dress worn by an otherworldly creature. This is DAISY FAYE (17).

Daisy rests on her stomach on the diving board, propping her head up with one hand, teasing the top of the water with the other. From across the pool, Nick spots his own awkward reflection in her retro aviator sunglasses.

NICK (V.O.)

Daisy was the kind of girl that came with her own spotlight. From one moment to the next she was an ethereal angel and then a Park Avenue Princess.

DAISY

Nick! Oh Nick!

Daisy lifts herself from the DIVING BOARD, pirouetting around the pool towards Nick. Daisy doesn't walk - she floats, as though she were gliding through the water. Even when she moves fast it looks like slow motion.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Nicky - I don't even recognize you anymore.

She doubles kisses him. He tries to keep up.

She raises her sunglasses, revealing exceptional GREEN EYES.

DAISY (CONT'D)

It's crazy. How we're all grown up. Don't you think?

She stands, letting Nick examine her, the house, everything.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Everyone! This is Nick. We're gonna help him with his homework. We're related. How are we related again?

NICK

(all nerves)

We're second cousins once removed.

DAISY

Well, whatever. We're family.

NICK

See, it's on your mom's side.

GIRL (O.S.)

Daisy, you have a Mom?!

Daisy chucks A GRAPE from the table at the GIRL in the shade.

DAISY

That smart ass cowering in the corner is my BFF Baker.

(to Baker)

Hey, shady lady, come out here and meet my cousin Nick. I promise you won't melt.

Daisy turns to Nick, as if she is telling him a secret, but speaks loudly enough for everyone to hear.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Baker's a misanthrope. Her parents are movie stars in California. She has a psychotic aversion to sun.

BAKER

Hey, I'm just sayin'...love the skin you're in!

BAKER (18) emerges from the shade's darkness wearing a caftan, having marvelously fashioned a pool towel in the style of a 1920's headdress. She wears huge plastic Jackie O.cum Nicole Richie sunglasses.

As Baker approaches her prey, she assertively offers her hand - demanding Nick's in return.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Hello Daisy's cousin Nick. I'm Jordan Baker.

NICK

Oh! Your dad is -

Baker releases Nick's hand, letting her own fall to the pack of CIGARETTES on the SIDE TABLE. Daisy snatches the cigarette from Baker's mouth and tosses it into the pristine pool.

DAISY

So what? Skin cancer's a problem, but you're a-okay with losing a lung?

BAKER
Sure...sign me up.

Daisy looks upset. Baker looks to Nick and lights another.

BAKER (CONT'D)
I'm a paradox. You love me.

DAISY
I do. So don't die and leave me all alone.

BAKER
But if I died now, wouldn't you love me forever?

Daisy snatches the second cigarette out of Baker's mouth, and again, chucks it into the pool.

TOM
(re: the cigarettes)
Daisy what the fuck are you doing?

DAISY
How rude of me. Nick, this is Tom - you know Tom. Tom - you and Nicky - does anyone still call you Nicky?

NICK
Well not -

DAISY
You boys will both be at Yale this Fall. That's just -- bananas!

TOM
Well, shit! No kidding. Good to meet you, man.

Tom doesn't get out of the water to shake Nick's hand.

NICK
Yeah, same here. You have a really nice house. Place is huge.

TOM
It ain't bad. But hey, mi casa es su casa. Any friend of Daisy's, if you know what I mean.

DAISY
Cousin.

TOM

I mean, Baker came out from LA for a weekend and decided to stay for the summer. But it's all good. My parents are in Europe 'til Labor Day. Plus, I got Daisy here, taking good care of me.

Nick notices a UNIFORMED HOUSEKEEPER bringing out a heaping pile of fresh white towels, and a GARDENER watering the sprawling grounds.

Daisy cuddles up to Baker, now draped across a lounge chair.

DAISY

Baker's my glamorous friend.

Baker strokes Daisy's hair. Nick watches awkwardly.

BAKER

Ah oui. Je suis trop chic, mais tu l'es aussi ma chérie.

DAISY

Oh Baker! We should so go to Paris.

BAKER

How about October? For Fall Fashion Week. Epic.

DAISY

Promise?

(to Nick)

Now Nick, would you rather stand here all afternoon, OR go get changed and actually have some fun?

INT. BUCHANAN ESTATE - DAY

Nick timidly wanders through the mansion. He stops in front of a ginormous ROTHKO.

NICK (V.O.)

To say that I was in over my head would have been an understatement. How was I even related to someone like Daisy? She and her friends were like their own brand of cool.

Nick jumps when he feels a tap on his shoulder. A UNIFORMED HOUSEKEEPER gestures for him to follow her. She ushers him down a hallway that must be a mile long to a GUEST ROOM.

INT. BUCHANAN GUEST ROOM - DAY

Nick puts his backpack on the bed. The room looks like it belongs in a hotel. His CELL PHONE RINGS.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM DAISY
While we still have our youth!

EXT. BUCHANAN BACKYARD - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE

Tom, Daisy, Baker and Nick hang out, swim, throw each other in the pool, frolic, and fuck around to the tune of Youth Group's cover of *Forever Young* [4]. It's incredible.

Tom and Daisy are affectionate with each other.

Baker leaps off the diving board, splashing Nick.

Uniformed housekeepers routinely pick up wet towels, replacing them with fresh ones.

NICK (V.O.)
The Hamptons were magical. Time seemed to stop and prioritize the young and the wealthy. I watched it happen, and I felt special just to be there.

Tom pretends to read the Wall Street Journal, Baker plays the guitar, Daisy dances. Nick, embarrassingly pale in comparison to his new friends, applies sunscreen.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BUCHANAN BACKYARD - EVENING

Daisy and Baker set the table - arranging candles and flowers with casual finesse. Tom sits while the girls flit about.

Nick emerges freshly showered and changed.

NICK
So what's for dinner?

TOM
Good question.

Tom looks to Daisy who dances Saturday Night Fever-style with a CANDLESTICK.

TOM (CONT'D)

Disco Daisy - what's for dinner?

DAISY

You boys are useless! Honestly.
What would you do without Baker and
me taking such good care of you?

BAKER

Honestly.

Daisy and Baker carry PLATES of beautifully prepared food.

DAISY

So we have tuna tartare, and the
lobster tacos - and yes, Baker, I
made sure there's NO cilantro. And
here we have the shrimp ceviche
which is just divine, and chicken
quesadillas just cuz.

TOM

Far cry from Applebee's, hey Nick?

Nick blushes.

Everyone sits. Nick eagerly pulls out his PAD and PEN.

DAISY

So, it's a top ten list, right?

NICK

Yeah - like top ten cool things in
New York this month.

BAKER

Well you're with three of them now.

Baker pours four glasses of rose wine. She raises her glass.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Ole. Let's eat.

DAISY

This is all so lovely, isn't it?

NICK

It's great, Daisy. Did you make it?

Tom bursts out laughing.

TOM

Ha! The only thing Daisy made is a phone call.

BAKER

Hey now!

TOM

Oh, toughen up, buttercup.

DAISY

It's okay. Everyone knows it's which phone calls you make that matter.

(turns to Nick)

And you can quote me on that.

TOM

(he winks)

That's right, my baby's got all the right numbers.

BAKER

Della Famina. Does a body good.

NICK

So, is that like a cool restaurant?

They all snicker.

BAKER

Relax, Nicholas. Turn off the tape recorder. You'll get your story.

DAISY

So, what's going on in the world? Tell me something I need to know.

TOM

Since you ask, civilization's going to pieces. It's all these Arab fundamentalists. Shit's getting apocalyptic, don't you think Nick?

BAKER

Jesus. Where do you come from?

TOM

What?

BAKER

Just, stop, alright. You're going to scare Daisy.

(MORE)

BAKER (CONT'D)
 (to Nick)
 Tom's our resident Republican.
 It's terrible. He's...savage.

Nick's CELL PHONE rings loudly. The girls giggle.

DAISY
 Well pick it up, silly.

NICK
 Nah, it's okay.

BAKER
 Oh come on, Nicholas. You gotta girlfriend or something? That's nothin' to be bashful 'bout!

Baker reaches over and grabs the phone.

BAKER (CONT'D)
 And it's...Daisy, drum roll please.

Daisy taps rhythmically on the table with her chopsticks.
 Baker looks at the display of Nick's phone, CALLER ID: MOM.

BAKER (CONT'D)
 Mommy.

DAISY & BAKER
 Aaaaahhhh.

DAISY
 Honestly. Are you real? It's too cute. Now pick it up.

Nick obeys.

NICK
 Hi Mom...Yea, I'm here...with Daisy...I'll tell her you say hello...I'll call you tomorrow.
 (pause)
 Love you too.

Daisy and Baker look at Nick as if he is a newborn.

DAISY
 I love seeing Nick here with us - you look so fresh. Baker, don't you think Nick looks fresh?

BAKER
 Like a chicken. Let's dress him up. Can we, Nicholas? It'll be festive.

TOM
(mocking)
Scandalous. You girls and your
projects.

Daisy stands behind Tom and wraps her arms around him.

DAISY
Tom, why do you always have to be
so grim! How did you ever get a
girl like me to fall for you?

Daisy gasps when she hears Billie Holiday's *Dream A Little
Dream Of Me* [5].

DAISY (CONT'D)
Now would you rather...dance with
me...OR...dance with me?

In one elegant sweep, Tom gets up and envelops Daisy.

TOM
Option C: Dance with you.

Tom and Daisy dance. Not at all self-conscious, they possess
grace and elegance that's not typically found in kids their
age. Daisy quietly sings along.

Still seated, Baker lights up a cigarette, smiles at Nick,
and looks directly into his eyes.

BAKER
Hello Nicholas.

NICK
You know, my real name isn't
Nicholas. It's just Nick.

BAKER
Just Nick, huh? Well, Nicholas will
be your *nickname*. Get it?

They watch the young couple illuminated by the pool light.

NICK
Wow, look at them! I wouldn't have
guessed Tom would be so -

BAKER
Light on his feet?

NICK
Uh, yeah...where'd they learn -

BAKER

Out here they teach you to foxtrot at five. It's like a prerequisite for kindergarten...followed by years of Cotillion.

NICK

You didn't go?

BAKER

Are you kidding? We don't curtsy in California.

She takes a drag of her cigarette, knowing Nick is watching.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Sigh. We're gonna blink and it'll be September. You know that, right?

NICK

Yea. I guess you're right.

BAKER

Better make it count.

NICK (V.O.)

On some level I knew that it was all pretend, but I wanted to pretend that it was real.

INT. BUCHANAN GUEST ROOM - MORNING

FLASH. We hear the distinct sound of a POLAROID CAMERA.

Nick wakes up to Daisy and Baker smiling at him. Daisy fans the picture waiting for it to develop.

BAKER

Here. Now one of us.

The girls snuggle into bed, sandwiching Nick.

NICK

Uh, okay.

Baker reaches her arm out and takes the picture. FLASH.

DAISY

Time to dress you up.

Nick protests as the girls drag him out of bed and into the closet.

Nick submits as they make him over in perfect Hamptons attire - a pastel Lacoste polo (collar popped), John Varvatos skinny legged khakis, and Tod's loafers.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Oh, Nick, you look positively perfect. Bake, isn't Nick the picture of perfection?

BAKER

(ruffling his hair)
You clean up well, kid.

Nick stands a bit taller as he admires himself in the mirror.

EXT. BUCHANAN BACKYARD - DAY

Daisy flits over to an iPod, connected to a well camouflaged speakers. She puts on Beck's *Jack-A*s* [6]. She and Baker sway in rhythm with the song.

Baker sits on the smooth cement surrounded by a stack of BOOKS. She dons a purple 1960's bikini and cowboy boots.

Daisy, crouched beside her, plays with a LADY BUG...letting it run between her fingers.

DAISY

Baker, what are you doing?

BAKER

Reading.

DAISY

All those books?!

BAKER

No, Lazy Daisy. Just the last chapters. I'm *streamlining*.

DAISY

You're insane. Hey, Bake, Nick's a writer, 'member?

NICK

Well, actually, I'm a journalist.
Or, I mean, I want to be.

BAKER

So Mr. Journalist, how's that article comin' along?

NICK

Shit! I should get my notes so -

SPLAT!!! Tom squashes Daisy's lady bug with a kick board.

DAISY

Tom...How could you?!

He lets out a self-satisfied chuckle. Baker leans to Nick.

BAKER

What did I tell you. Savage.

EXT. BUCHANAN POOL - LATER THAT DAY

Tom, Daisy, and Baker are all in the pool. Nick walks outside, wearing his BACKPACK.

NICK

I - uh - hate to break up the party, but I should be getting back to the City.

BAKER

Why, 1992 recalled its backpack?

DAISY

Nick, that's tragic. Can't you stay another night?

NICK

Can't. You know how it is...Mommy misses me.

Everyone, including Nick, laughs.

TOM

Touche, Carraway. Touche.

NICK

No, it's just I've got work tomorrow. And I haven't even touched that assignment so -

DAISY

But tomorrow's Sunday. Isn't it?

TOM

Fuck if I know.

BAKER

Come on Daisy - we wouldn't want
Cinderella here to miss his bus.

The girls hop out of the pool. BAKER puts on a cowboy hat,
and jingles the car keys.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Giddy up.

DAISY

Yeah, before he turns into a
pumpkin. Tom, we're taking the car.

TOM

Like that?

DAISY

Well of course not!

She slips into a pair of flat gold sandals.

TOM

(annoyed)

I'll drive.

Tom hoists himself out of the pool.

INT. TOM'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Tom drives a BLACK RANGE ROVER along a beach highway. Daisy
and Baker belt along to Simon & Garfunkel's *Cecilia* [7].
Daisy tickles Tom, trying to get a rise out of him.

DAISY

Come on Tom. Loosen up. Would you
rather listen to this on repeat for
the rest of your life OR -

TOM

(barks)

Daisy, honestly, enough with the
fucking game. It's annoying
already.

Nick and Baker watch from the backseat.

EXT. MAIN STREET, EAST HAMPTON - AFTERNOON

Nick lifts his bag out of the car.

NICK

Thanks for driving me, Miss Daisy.

DAISY

Anytime coz. And by anytime, I mean...see you next weekend!

TOM

Alright let's jet. Good to meet you, Nick.

DAISY & BAKER

Bye Nick! We love you Nick!

EXT. THE PALM - MAIN STREET, EAST HAMPTON - AFTERNOON

Unbeknownst to our group, across the street from where Nick was dropped off, a tall, handsome GUY (18) emerges from the fashionable lunch spot. He wears a gingham suit so well, he could single-handedly bring them back into style.

He is paralyzed watching DAISY, sparkling like spun gold in the afternoon light. From his perspective, we watch the group say their goodbyes. Then he turns his attention to Nick.

Nick checks the time on the JITNEY SCHEDULE against the time on his cell phone. He has about 30 minutes. His phone BUZZES.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM BAKER

C U soon Saint Nicholas. Check ur back pocket ;)

Nick reaches into his pocket and pulls out the POLAROID he took with Daisy and Baker. There's a POST-IT stuck to the back. Baker's completed the Top 10 list of cool places.

Nick beams. He looks down the main road. He spots a BOOKSTORE, and wanders in.

The GUY FOLLOWS.

INT. BOOKSTORE, EAST HAMPTON - AFTERNOON

Nick reads the back of *SEIZE THE DAY*.

GUY (O.S.)

Good one...I just finished it.

Nick looks up to see the GUY that we recognize from the street. He's striking - broad yet graceful, with piercingly engaging eyes. He radiates confidence.

NICK
Oh, uh, really? It's on my required
summer reading list.

GUY
Yale?

NICK
(surprised)
Yeah.

GATSBY
(sticking out his hand)
What are the chances. Well hey, I'm
Jay Gatsby.

NICK
Nick Carraway.
(it clicks)
Wait, you're Jay Gatsby, from that
article?

GATSBY
Embarrassing isn't it?

NICK
I dunno - seems like a good way to
make new friends. I'll only know
one - now two - people at Yale.

GATSBY
Then we should hang out sometime.
I'm heading back to the city, but -

NICK
Me too! I'm catching the Jitney.

GATSBY
Well, I'm sure I'll see you around,
Nick Carraway.

NICK
Yeah, you too.

Jay Gatsby walks away. Nick goes back to his book, a little
star struck. Not ten feet away, Gatsby turns around.

GATSBY
Hey Nick.

Nick looks up again from the book.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

My car's out front. Roll with me.

NICK

Are you sure? I mean -

GATSBY

For a Yalie? You're coming with me.

Nick smiles and Gatsby leads the way out.

NICK (V.O.)

He had one of those rare smiles
with a quality of eternal
reassurance. Like he saw you
exactly how you wanted to be seen.

EXT. MAIN STREET, EAST HAMPTON - AFTERNOON

Gatsby approaches a beautiful vintage MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE.

GATSBY

This is me.

NICK

Sweet car.

GATSBY

Thanks.

Gatsby turns the radio on and the two drive off. Death Cab
for Cutie's *Marching Bands of Manhattan* [8] plays.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

So Nick, what's your story?

NICK

Um, from Upstate, I guess not too
much to tell really. Looking
forward to Yale. I guess, my story
is just beginning, really.

GATSBY

I like your thinking. I'm from
Montana, but been East for a few
years now. There's something to be
said about making our way to
Manhattan, don't you think?

NICK

Definitely. So, what are you doing
here this summer?

GATSBY

Making a few extra bucks house
sitting for my uncle until training
starts in August. What about you?

NICK

I'm working at Reality -
(rethinks)
I'm a writer.

GATSBY

No kidding! You going to write for
the school paper?

NICK

Trying to. I'm working on my
application piece actually. It's
competitive so -

GATSBY

Well listen, one of the editors saw
that thing in Hamptons Magazine and
now thinks I'm newsworthy. How
'bout you write the profile? That
way we can get to know each other.

Nick looks like he's won the lottery.

NICK

Really? That's awesome. I mean,
really I would be -
(regains his cool)
But - uh - for all I know,
there'll be a new hot story this
summer and your fifteen minutes'll
be up. Maybe I should do some
research first.

Nick winks, but Gatsby looks unamused. Then -

GATSBY

(flashing a smile)
A journalist with a sense of humor!
I'm in trouble now...

Gatsby chuckles, and Nick breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

They head into the city with the music blasting. The sun
slowly turns a rusty orange as they cross the bridge.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

GATSBY
This is you?

NICK
(self-conscious)
Yeah, penthouse. Not really.
Well, thanks for the ride.

GATSBY
Anytime. Nice to have met you, Nick Carraway. Hey listen, I'm having a party at my house in the Hamptons next weekend. You should definitely stop by. And bring your friends.

Nick beams.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
Until next time, Old Sport.

Gatsby's already halfway down the block.

NICK
(shouts after him)
Yea, I'll be there. Bye!

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nick proudly reads over a COMPLETED TYPED PAPER titled, "Top 10 Ways to Stay Cool in NYC this June."

He tapes the POLAROID to his wall. Then on his LAPTOP, he saves a BLANK WORD DOCUMENT as YALE DAILY NEWS SUBMISSION. **He types, "THE GREAT GATSBY: A PROFILE BY NICK CARRAWAY."**

Nick leans back in his chair and smiles.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOF - NIGHT

Nick walks the roof looking out on the EAST RIVER and the then South to the SKYSCRAPERS of Midtown. He's got a bottle of Jack Daniels in his hand (probably the first time he's ever drank alone). A reprise of the song that played in Gatsby's car, blares.

NICK (V.O.)

It's only 145 miles from Albany to New York City, but I felt like I'd come so far, and the city already looked different from when I'd first arrived just a week before. Who were these people? Were they adults or kids or both? All I knew was that I wanted to be near them. Their world. What it was, I wasn't exactly sure. But I suddenly felt alive. And I liked it.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY MAGAZINE - DAY

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and this time Nick is not nearly as lost. He wears his exhaustion well - like he's earned it. Everyone else in the office looks Monday morning miserable as they unhappily go about their business.

Nick, however, struts to his desk, unloads his backpack, and pulls out a stack of PAPERS.

Haley peeps her head over the cubicle divider.

HALEY

How was your weekend?

NICK

(smiles to himself)

Epic...

HALEY

Oh. I saw a movie alone...twice.

NICK

Ouch.

HALEY

So how'd your big article go?

NICK

We'll see...I just finished like an hour ago.

HALEY

I wouldn't have pinned you for such a procrastinator.

John Anderson walks over and grabs the article from Nick.

JOHN ANDERSON

Okay. Okay. Stop flirting. Start working. What have we got here...

(reads over article)

Dude this is a hand-job of an article. But thanks for the recommendations. Girlfriend's in town and I got no time to plan.

Haley laughs. Nick looks defeated.

JOHN ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Next up for my tiresome twosome, we've got the Survivor Reunion issue coming up. Call everyone on this list and schedule interviews.

Nick odiously looks at the cast and crew lists.

NICK

(turns to Haley)

I'll take the first half.

He sits at his desk and dials the first number.

NICK (CONT'D)

Hi, this is Nick Carraway. I'm calling from Reality Weekly...

EXT. MADISON AVE - EVENING

It's still light out when Nick leaves work, and with the fresh air comes renewed energy. Nick breathes it in.

Badly Drawn Boy's *Four Leaf Clover* [9] plays as Nick comes into his own in the city.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND - EVENING

Nick exits the vintage store carrying SHOPPING BAGS.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - DAY

Nick carries five coffees. A FED-EX GUY bumps into him. The coffees spill all over Nick's white shirt.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Nick's shirt is intentionally un-tucked and his hair messy-chic. He runs down the steps as the subway magically pulls up. His timing is all right.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - DAY

Nick is on the floor trying to yank a piece of PAPER out of the JAMMED XEROX MACHINE.

INT. PINK PONY RESTAURANT - EVENING

Nick, in his new vintage duds, eats dinner at an East Village cafe. There are BOOKS (the same as Baker's), his JOURNAL and a copy of the HAMPTONS MAGAZINE open to the Gatsby article.

END MONTAGE

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - EVENING

Nick, at the XEROX MACHINE, keeps looking at the time on his CELL PHONE. He jumps when Haley taps him on the shoulder.

HALEY

So, I heard people say that they're going to Happy Hour at McFadden's. You wanna go?

NICK

I guess. Yea, sounds good.

They walk back over to their cubicles.

At his desk, Nick sorts through papers. His phone rings.

NICK (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. BUCHANAN DEN - EVENING

Baker's knitting with the phone propped between her ear and shoulder. Daisy and Tom are laughing in an adjoining room.

BAKER

Nicholas Carraway. where the fuck are you.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - EVENING

NICK

Oh, hey there. I'm - uh - just finishing up at work.

BAKER (O.C.)

Well you better be hauling ass Hamptons style.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - EVENING

NICK

Ha. Okay, I'll be there soon.

BAKER (O.C.)

The soonest.

He hangs up and walks over to Haley's cubicle. She looks up.

HALEY

You're not coming?

NICK

Thing is - I totally forgot I had these plans to go out to the Hamptons. My cousin lives out there. So, yea....

HALEY

Swanky.

Nick gathers his up backup. He barely hears Haley.

NICK

Listen, it's like almost six and I still need to go home and pack. Cover for me with Anderson, ok? I'm gonna contract cancer if I make one more copy anyway.

HALEY

(crestfallen)

Yea, ok.

Nick darts out.

INT. BUCHANAN DEN - EVENING

Daisy hops onto the couch, unfolds Baker's legs, and grabs her ankle. She starts drawing with a SHARPIE.

DAISY
Who was that?

BAKER
Your cousin. He's on his way.

DAISY
Oh. Riiight.

They giggle. Daisy continues to doodle on Baker's leg.

BAKER
Yo, Yankee Doodle Daisy, knock it off.

DAISY
Baker, if we're gonna get tattoos when I finally turn 18, we gotta start making decisions.

BAKER
Ok. My turn.

Baker reaches for the Sharpie.

DAISY
Oh! I know. I've got it.

Daisy draws a heart with Nick's name on Baker's forearm.

BAKER
You little hussy!

They fight for the sharpie.

DAISY
Please! You are so seducing my cousin. And, when you marry Nick, we'll be like, related.

Baker surrenders - and smiles.

EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE - NIGHT

Nick walks up to the front door, reaches for the DOORBELL, but then re-considers, and heads to the side door.

EXT. BUCHANAN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Tom, Daisy and Baker are huddled up in hooded sweatshirts on lounge chairs. Baker sees Nick.

BAKER
Nicholas! Welcome home!

INT. BUCHANAN DEN - LATER THE NEXT DAY

In the kitchen, Daisy flutters around making dinner, getting percussive with the pots and pans. Baker, on a bar stool, checks MYSPACE on her MACBOOK.

BAKER
OMG, Daisy, you're like 8lbs 3oz in your new pics...in a good way.

Daisy throws a dish towel at Baker.

BAKER (CONT'D)
Honestly, your profile's hot, like, I wanna be you. Hey Nicholas, I see I've made it to your Top 8.

NICK (O.S.)
Don't let it go to your head.

Tom watches FOX NEWS on the plasma TV in the den that openly extends from the kitchen. Nick reads *Seize The Day*.

NICK (CONT'D)
So, have you read this yet? You know, the required reading?

TOM
Oh fuck. Lemme see that.

Tom grabs the book from Nick's hands.

TOM (CONT'D)
Seize The Day... yea, haven't gotten around to that. Summer reading's bullshit. They never really talk about it anyway.

Daisy walks over to Tom holding a wooden spoon. Just then, **Tom's cell beeps, alerting him of a new text message.**

DAISY

Nick, you should know that Tom
doesn't believe in reading.

She puts the spoon to Tom's mouth.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Taste! My maiden voyage. Does it
need more salt? I think it needs
more salt. Tom?

But Tom's too busy texting to acknowledge her. In a pay-
attention-to-me ploy, she waves the spoon in his face.

TOM

Daisy. Seriously.

In a shaky move, the sauce ends up all over Tom's polo shirt.

TOM (CONT'D)

What the fuck did I say? Do you
ever listen? Christ, Daisy.

Tom goes to clean off. As he gets up, he brushes by Daisy,
and she takes a step back.

Baker puts her arms around Daisy. Nick looks uneasy.

BAKER

I added more salt.
(she winks at Nick)
So team...what's the game plan for
the evening? I wanna dance.

Baker tries to get Daisy to shimmy, but Daisy is distant. She
walks to the huge window and gazes out.

Nick's cell rings CALLER ID: HOME. He forwards to voicemail.

NICK

Well this guy I know, Jay Gatsby,
is having a party tonight.

Daisy looks like she's seen a ghost.

DAISY

Jay who?

NICK

Gatsby.

BAKER

Nick, how do you know Jay Gatsby?

Everyone turns to Nick, he basks in the attention.

Tom walks back in, buttoning a clean shirt.

TOM
Who the fuck's Gatsby?

BAKER
I just read this whole thing on him
in Hamptons Magazine.

TOM
Baker, why do you read that shit.
It's for tourists.

BAKER
Well, if you ever left this house
you'd know that his parties are
talk o' the town.

TOM
Never heard of him.

NICK
He's really cool, and he'll be at
Yale with me - and Tom.

TOM
Who isn't going to Yale. They
admitted half of the fucking free
world.

BAKER
So, Gatsby's it is. Daisy, you in?

But Daisy's thoughts are elsewhere.

BAKER (CONT'D)
Daisy?!

TOM
What's wrong Daise?

BAKER
(in a British accent)
Just a little Malaise?

Tom walks over to Daisy. Nick and Baker exchange glances.

DAISY
You know how I get these migraines.

Tom places his hand on the right side of Daisy's face. And by her shift in energy it's as if she has forgiven him.

TOM

I don't need to go out tonight.
I'll stay here with you.

In a bizarre moment of total tenderness Tom and Daisy walk out - oblivious to Nick and Baker. Baker leans over the couch and whispers into Nick's ear.

BAKER

Well Nicholas, put your party
clothes on. It's all rock and roll.

EXT. GATSBY'S PARTY - NIGHT

Gatsby's beach house is populated with the most beautiful young people in the world - anorexic heiresses, the entirety of Vogue's brass, the SNL rookies, and the ubiquitous rich LA doofuses - all posing on white couches and Philippe Starck furniture scattered on the lawn that empties onto the beach. Tiki torches pave the way down to the sand, where people bake in the light of bonfires.

The MISSHAPES spin your dream soundtrack (80's pop meets too cool for school), and everyone's in the mood to move.

NICK (V.O.)

Gatsby's parties were pure
craziness. Everyone seemed to know
everyone else - from preschool,
high school, or the pages of the
magazines. I knew no one.

NICK (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding!
Who are these people?

BAKER

Everyone you never knew you always
wanted to be your best friend
forever.

NICK

I should find Gatsby. I want to
thank him and see if I can corner
him for a sec for my -

Nick is interrupted by a GORGEOUS WAITER (20s) carrying a tray of stemless martini glasses filled with a pink potion.

WAITER
Yo, try a Bling-Bling?

NICK
A what?

Baker takes two glasses from the tray, offering one to Nick.

BAKER
Ching ching.

NICK
Uuugh...I..dunno.

BAKER
What? Cause it doesn't smell like
piss and come in a red plastic cup
you can't identify it as alcohol?

NICK
You got me all figured out.

BAKER
C'mon! It's party juice - and you
certainly look like you could
loosen your load.

Nick relents, chugging the drink.

BAKER (CONT'D)
Down the hatch!

Nick winces.

BAKER (CONT'D)
Now that's what I'm talkin' bout.
My bon vivant.

Baker links her arm with Nick's, but her hand slides down and
grabs his. They lap around the party.

NICK (V.O.)
The air was alive with chatter and
laughter, casual introductions
forgotten on the spot, enthusiastic
meetings between girls who never
knew each other's names.

As we pan the party scene, we see the perfect convergence of
fresh energy and apathetic youth.

NICK (CONT'D)
No, really. Who are these people?

Nick gestures to a GIRL (19) talking to a GUY (20).

BAKER

Well, the girl in the pink? Her father runs Hollywood. I should say hi, but I won't. She's talking to the son of our future president.

NICK

No way.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Baker became my translator, my pocket encyclopedia.

Baker points to a GIRL (16) surrounded by clones.

BAKER

This is fun. Okay, so Camille started her own clothing line last year...she's 16. Her boyfriend's in that band, The Know. Oh, and the girl they're all talking shit about...

Her voice becomes inaudible below Nick's V.O.

NICK (V.O.)

She explained to me that people were never really invited, they simply showed up in the Hamptons and beckoning at Gatsby's gate. Still, they often came and went without ever having met their mysterious host.

Baker and Nick make their way to a couch in the corner.

An eclectic group of TWO ROCKER-LOOKING GUYS (18) and an ASIAN RAPPER (17) walks by.

ROCKER-LOOKING GUY 1

Dude, I told you. The kid who lives here is -

Nick and Baker turn their heads to hear the punch-line, but the guys get drowned out by the MUSIC.

They continue their promenade through the party, and overhear TWO DEBUTANTE GIRLS whispering to each other.

DEB 1

...And adopted by Dan Cody.

DEB 2

No no no, it's drug money.
Definitely.

Nick's eyes BULGE.

Another PARTYGOER spins his own story.

PARTYGOER

Nah dawg, he's just the promoter.

NICK (V.O.)

If you asked ten people about Jay
Gatsby, you'd hear twelve different
stories. I wanted the real one.

Nick looks to the DANCE FLOOR.

EXT. GATSBY'S PARTY, DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Everyone dances. It's not choreographed, but it's sexy - with
a set of moves all its own (think a fantastically cool
Gap/Old Navy commercial or Uma & Travolta in Pulp Fiction).

NICK (V.O.)

Everyone came to the party with a
simplicity of heart that was its
own ticket of admission.

Nick reclines on the sofa while Baker sits cross-legged.

Across the party, Gatsby notes Nick and Baker together.

BAKER

I love big parties, don't you?
They're so intimate. There's no
privacy at small parties. Have you
ever noticed that?

Nick looks at Baker with stars in his eyes.

NICK

You're -

BAKER

I know.

Baker leans in and kisses Nick in a way he's never been
kissed before. But...she pulls away.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Wait.

NICK

For what?

BAKER

Me. I wanna call Daisy and make
sure she's okay. Don't disappear.

NICK

(entirely under her spell)
I won't.

Nick sits for a moment, but decides to follow Baker. He's all
smiles, a lil' tipsy with love and too many Bling-Blings.
Still, when a passing waiter offers another, he takes it.

**Through the sliding glass doors of the study, we see Baker
engrossed in an intense conversation with Gatsby.** Nick
doesn't see this. He's too busy walking in circles.

EXT. GATSBY'S PARTY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nick sits with MELLIE (23), a blonde with well bred WASP
written all over her.

NICK

...anyway, the *only* cool thing to
do in Manhattan on a summer weekend
is leave.

MELLIE

Yeah, I remember my summer between
high school and college. I'd always
had this dream of being the first
woman to ride across Mongolia.

Nick is now fully drunk, trying to follow the conversation.

NICK

Ride...a bike?

MELLIE

A horse.

NICK

Oh. So, did you make it?

MELLIE

Well, no.

NICK

Oh.

(hiccups)

Have you seen Baker?

MELLIE

Who?

Mellie walks away, flipping her blonde hair. Nick stumbles, but steadies himself on a table.

Across the party, Nick spots Gatsby greeting his guests.

NICK

Jay!

Gatsby gestures "cheers." Nick raises his glass and moves in Gatsby's direction. But a moment later, Gatsby is gone.

The party starts to spin, until one sight becomes clear: Baker's leaning against a SPEAKER making out with the DJ.

Nick freezes. Suddenly, he leans over and yaks on the grass - just barely missing a GROUP OF GIRLS.

GIRLS

Ugh...god...gross...vile.

EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE, VERANDA - DAY

Nick staggers outside, squinting at the sun. Daisy and Tom pick at a plate of muffins and sip french-pressed coffee.

DAISY

Good afternoon sleepyhead.

Nick musters all he can mutter, which is a meager grunt.

TOM

(text-messaging)

What's the matter Nick? You got that not so fresh feeling?

NICK

I have to get back.

TOM

(looks up)

To a time when you weren't so Hurt?

NICK

To the city.

Baker emerges wearing boy-shorts, a big t-shirt, and last night's eye makeup. She kisses Nick on the top of his head. A car screeches out of the front gate.

BAKER

Nicholas, you disappeared on me.

She sits, puts her feet on the table right in front of Nick.

NICK

I have to get back to the city.

BAKER

Daisy, darling, how are you feeling this morning?

DAISY

Afternoon. I'm all better, thank you. Tom nursed me back to health.

Tom rolls his eyes. Nick gets up.

BAKER

(almost accusatory)
Where're you going?

NICK

I have to get back to the city.

Tom gets up too.

TOM

I'll drive our boy back to the city. I'm losing my edge with all this peaceful bullshit.

INT. TOM'S CAR - EARLY AFTERNOON

Tom and Nick drive with a faint view of Manhattan ahead.

TOM

Ahh, civilization.

Nick looks over to Tom.

NICK (V.O.)

Tom Buchanan was larger than life. He was the city. If New York had royalty, he would be prince.

TOM

It's like fuck man, it just gets so cramped out there, you know.

NICK

Uh, yea, I bet.

Awkward pause.

NICK (CONT'D)

So, are you excited for Yale? It must be weird that you and Daisy won't be at school together?

TOM

Are you kidding me? Yale's gonna be out of hand. No more of this I'm-a-good-girl bullshit, if you know what I mean.

(pause)

Daisy's a good girl, I'll marry her one day, but a man's got needs.

(slaps the steering wheel)

It's fucking gorgeous out! Whadya say we go have some real fun?!

NICK

Oh dude - I don't think so. I'm wrecked and I've got work -

TOM

Bitch, that was a rhetorical question. You'll like these kids - their parents are big-time writers. Bomb hook-up.

Nick's interest is piqued.

Tom turns up the radio. With the symbols of Guillemots' *Trains to Brazil* [10] Nick exhales, sticks his hand out the window and feels the summer breeze.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK GATE, BROOKLYN - DUSK

Tom and Nick wait outside the gates of Prospect Park. If the Hamptons was Ralph Lauren Resort, Prospect Park is VH1'ers in Urban Outfitters.

Suddenly, a GUY and a GIRL (both 17) skip up to them. They're striking, with dark skin and deep eyes.

MATTHEW

Booya! Mia just scored us some spots on the list for the Rooftop Record Release party next weekend.

TOM

Like I need to be on a list.

MIA

Well look at that...Big Bad Tom Buchanan brought a little buddy? Who's your friend, Tom?

NICK

Hi, I'm Daisy's cou -

TOM

Nick Carraway. Meet Mia and Matthew Mancini-Stein.

NICK

Wow - that's a mouthful.

MIA

We try.

NICK

So are you, like, related?

MATTHEW

Twins.

NICK

Who's older?

MATTHEW

Yo Mia! Homeboy asked who's older.

MIA

We came into this world at exactly the same instant, and that is how we will one day leave it. We're Siamese twins. Naturally, it was a cesarian.

Tom throws his arm around Mia and kisses her forehead.

TOM

Mia you're gorgeous - and full of shit.

Nick notes the familiarity of the gesture.

Broken Social Scene takes the stage and kicks off the concert with *7/4 Shoreline* [11].

MIA
They're starting!!!

With that, Mia reaches her long arms out and grabs Tom and Matthew's hands in each of hers. Matthew reaches for Nick's. The foursome storms through the gate as the crowd roars.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

They weave through hordes of people. Nick lags a bit behind.

MIA
Come on, Carraway!

They push their way to the front of the crowd. The band owns the stage with their cool looks and their cool sounds. They're playing trumpets and tambourines and everyone dances.

Mia pulls a BROWN PAPER BAG out of her purse, takes a swig and passes it around.

NICK (V.O.)
Matthew and Mia were different than the Hamptons crowd - their kind of cool came with no name. It was strange to see Tom in this setting.

Nick takes a huge gulp.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What is it about summer nights and live music that can make anyone feel so young and alive?

INT. MIA AND MATTHEW'S BROWNSTONE, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The crew bursts into the dark apartment.

Mia lights a large candle in a glass globe on the floor, switches on an old LP player, and with a buzz and a crack Lou Reed's *Walk on the Wild Side* [12] comes on.

There are instruments lying around, books piled everywhere, and posters of art from German museums.

MATTHEW (O.S.)
Mia! Mom will kill you if you scratch that album.

Tom comes out from the kitchen toting a BOTTLE OF WINE followed by Matthew with a BAGGIE OF WEED.

Mia takes the baggie from Matthew and rolls a joint with expert dexterity, as she sings along to the music.

MIA AND MATTHEW
"And the colored girls go"

MIA
"Doo do doo do doo do do doo"

MATTHEW
"Doo do doo do doo do do doo"

MIA
Oooo, I love me some Lou Reed.

Mia admires her handy work and takes a hit.

NICK
Who's Lou Reed?

MIA
(coughs)
Who is Lou Reed? This isn't Jeopardy, Carraway. God, where do you come from? I can't. Matthew, educate the boy, please.

Mia takes another hit, turns to Tom, leans in and exhales in his mouth. She hands him the joint.

MATTHEW
Mia, I think he's beyond help. You're going to have to let this one go.

MIA
Lou Reed is only one of the most important American singer-songwriters of all time. He's basically responsible for intellectualizing rock n' roll. And since you're starved for fun facts, he lived at the Chelsea Hotel with our mother circa 1975.

MATTHEW
Not with our mother. At the same time - like, coincidentally. Mia's convinced that he fathered our phantom step-brother.

MIA

I just think that we need to take
all evidence into account.

NICK

So this is your parent's place?

MIA

Indeed. They're in Fire Island for
the summer. Writing a book about
the cultural implications of non-
practicing Jews.

MATTHEW

(exhaling smoke)

They basically just want to write
about themselves.

Matthew hands the joint to Nick.

NICK

No thanks man.

MIA

C'mon Nick...Take a walk on the
wild side...

Nick takes a hit that's far too big, but then like a big
sigh, the whole room softens.

DISSOLVE

INT. MIA AND MATTHEW'S BROWNSTONE, BROOKLYN - LATER

A record spins in place making inaudible murmurs. Tom and
Matthew are no longer in the room. Mia switches to an iPod.
Nirvana's cover of *The Man Who Sold The World* [13] comes on.

She dances over to Nick, taking the joint that's nearly
cashed from her lips and puts it in Nick's mouth. He shakes
his head. She tries to kiss his neck.

MIA

*We passed upon the stair, we
spoke of was and when -*

NICK

Where're Matthew and Tom?

Mia comes on strong.

NICK

So are you and Tom...?

MIA

Which came as some surprise I *
spoke into his eyes I thought
you died alone -

MIA

Relax. Tom has a lot of toys. He won't mind sharing. Besides, Matthew's taking good care of him. *You're face to face with The Man Who Sold The World.*

Nick backs away.

NICK

I need. Where's. Tom. Or the bathroom. Where's the bathroom?

MIA

Go through my room. It's the first door on the right, and then the bathroom's straight ahead.

INT. MIA AND MATTHEW'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The green tiled floor is dizzying. Nick splashes cold water on his face, and looks at his bloodshot eyes in the mirror.

NICK

Gather yourself!

Nick turns to leave. The bathroom connects the twins' bedrooms. He opens the door and hears moaning. **It's Tom and Matthew.** Nick quickly shuts the door. Wrong side.

INT. MIA AND MATTHEW'S BROWNSTONE - LATER

Nick's returns to the living room.

NICK

I've gotta go. I feel really -

Mia ruffles Nick's hair.

MIA

Don't worry. I'll tell Tom you scored.

EXT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Strobe lights flash as people party poolside. THREE GIRLS jump into the water fully-clothed, and everyone's attention turns - except Gatsby.

He's lost in thought - entranced by the flickering GREEN LIGHTS of the strobe.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - DAY

The lunchtime exodus has left Nick and Haley alone in the office. Nick heats a CUP O' NOODLES while Haley pulls a SACK LUNCH from her desk drawer. They silently surf the web and stare at their sad lunches. Nick's cell vibrates.

NICK

Hello?

DAISY (O.C.)

I'm ravenous. Let me take you to lunch.

NICK

Daisy, I'm at work.

DAISY (O.C.)

I know that, silly. But you have to eat. They do let you eat?

Nick looks to the computer screen and then to his NOODLES.

NICK

Yea, but we've got this meeting soon. I'm sorry...I can't today.

DAISY (O.C.)

I'm out front. I really need to talk to you, Nick. It's important.

NICK

(genuinely worried)
Are you alright?

DAISY (O.C.)

I dunno...I just need to see you.

NICK

Okay. I'll be right down.

Haley, not looking up from her sandwich, reminds Nick.

HALEY

Fall preview meeting's at One.

But Nick's already in the elevator.

EXT. 54TH AND MADISON - DAY

Nick races through the revolving door. Daisy is double parked in front of the building. He rushes to her car window.

NICK

Daisy, what's wrong? Are you okay?

DAISY

It's just not fair that Tom got to spend all that time alone with you.

NICK

That's it? I was worried that -

Motorists HONK at Daisy's car that's blocking traffic.

DAISY

Hop in, handsome. Feel like I haven't seen you in ages.

Nick obliges. He gets into Daisy's Prius, and this time he has the double kiss down. Daisy's impressed.

Suddenly they're weaving in and out of Midtown traffic.

Daisy is mad behind the wheel.

NICK

Jesus. You're a *horrible* driver!

DAISY

Oh, pish posh.

Daisy runs a red light.

NICK

No, seriously. You're like terrifying. You should really be more careful.

DAISY

I am careful.

NICK

No, you're not!

DAISY

Well, other people are. They'll stay out of my way. I mean, it takes two to make an accident.

INT. PASTIS - DAY

Daisy and Nick wait to be seated in the French bistro that's swarming with models and fashionable Manhattanites.

It looks like it might rain, so Daisy's in a white summer dress with black rubber rain boots.

NICK

Nice boots.

DAISY

Now, if only the sky would commit to a satisfying storm!

PAUL, the maitre de, returns and leads them to a corner table by the window.

PAUL

The Sancerre Ms. Monroe?

DAISY

Delicious, merci Monsieur Paul.

PAUL

And for the gentleman?

NICK

Uh, just some ice water please.

DAISY

Oh, Nick, don't be such a baby. I can't drink alone. He'll have a glass as well.

Paul chuckles and walks away.

NICK

Daisy, you know I have to go back to work.

DAISY

Oh, Nick. It's one glass. We'll be quick. You're always rushing off somewhere. And now that you're off making all these new friends...

NICK

New friends?

DAISY

(fishing)

Well, you know, that Gatz guy?

NICK

Gatsby?

DAISY

Where'd you say he was from again?

NICK

Montana. Seems like a cool guy.

She waits for Nick to elaborate, but he doesn't.

DAISY

So, how well do you know him?

NICK

I'm profiling him for my application piece for the Yale paper. It's a kinda big deal because everyone's chasing him so it could put me in a great position to secure a spot on the paper. Do you know him?

DAISY

The name sounds familiar, like someone I used to know, but...

(long exhale)

Sometimes it seems like all the new people we meet are really just the same people we've always known. They always say New York's such a big city. But I mean, there are what - four buildings?

NICK

Uh, yea? I guess so.

Daisy, facing the entrance, suddenly becomes distracted.

DAISY

I think Legs over there is an F.O.T.

NICK

A fot?

DAISY

Friend. Of. Tom's.

Nick turns and sees MIA, wearing skinny jeans and oodles of gold jewelry. She struts across the restaurant looking right past them.

Nick downs his wine, and it's instantly refilled.

INT. PASTIS - LATER

Nick, with a clean plate and empty glass, looks at his watch.

DAISY
We'll get the check. Don't worry.

NICK
K, I'm gonna run to the restroom.

Nick makes his way across the restaurant. From the other side, Mia also gets up and moves towards him. Nick flashes a safe half smile, but she looks through him. They arrive at the single bathroom at the same time.

NICK (CONT'D)
You go first.

INT. PASTIS - MOMENTS LATER

Mia emerges from the restroom, and brushes past Nick out onto Little West 12th St.

INT. PASTIS BATHROOM - DAY

Nick enters the bathroom. There's a message in pink lipstick on the mirror, "See ya around. XO, Mia." Nick smiles.

INT. PASTIS - DAY

Nick exits the bathroom. Daisy waits by the front door.

DAISY
We're set.

NICK
What about the check?

DAISY
Buchanan house charge! You're my guest and were kind enough to let me corrupt you.

She hooks her arm through his and they walk out together.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Oh and PS, Baker basically wants to
marry you.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - LATER

Nick attempts to sneak his way into the Fall Preview Meeting,
and takes the only empty seat - in the back next to Haley.

NICK
(drunkenly whispers)
What'd I miss?

She hands him a piece of GUM.

HALEY
Think you might need this.

Nick pops the gum in his mouth. As the meeting drones on, he
smiles to himself.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nick works at his computer - the screen is the ever familiar
GOOGLE HOMEPAGE. He enters "Jay Gatsby" in the search field.

Links to articles from the sports columns of school papers
appear. Nick clicks on the Exeter Alum Page and sees a
picture of Jay in uniform. The caption reads "Star Senior Jay
Gatsby with Oil Tycoon Dan Cody, Exeter, '75."

Nick googles "Dan Cody."

All of the sudden, Nick's downstairs BUZZER starts to ring
rhythmically. He gets up and goes to the intercom box.

NICK
Hello?

BAKER (O.S.)
Name that tune!

NICK (V.O.)
Everything was unexpected and
exhilarating and amazing.

EXT. EAST 77TH STREET - NIGHT

Baker stands in the street, holding a PUPPY in one hand and an ICE CREAM CONE with the other.

NICK

Baker.

BAKER

(re: the puppy)

Jesse James, meet Nicholas, my summer crush.

NICK

Oh, so, now I'm your summer crush?

Baker kisses Nick. He responds tentatively.

NICK (CONT'D)

What are you doing in the city? I tried calling you a couple times, but your mailbox was full.

BAKER

I'm a popular lady. Or at least I like to appear so. But more importantly... big news.

NICK

Oh yea?

BAKER

Yea. I got a place in the West Village. It was just too much out there with - well, you know...

They sit on Nick's stoop and share the ice cream.

BAKER (CONT'D)

So, let's do dinner. Tuesday.

NICK

Like a date?

BAKER

Like Bond Street.

Ice cream drips down his hand. Baker wipes it off.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Gotta look out for each other.

INT. ABC CARPET AND HOME - DAY

Baker and Daisy meander through the maze of furniture, antiques, draperies and delicacies.

DAISY
So...did you do it with my cousin?

BAKER
Daisy?! Honestly. I told you. I'm re-virginizing.

DAISY
I thought you were streamlining?

BAKER
Multi-tasking.

Baker holds up a JAPANESE PAPER LAMP.

DAISY
Bummer. I've been browsing verawang.com all day.

BAKER
Daisy, life isn't always a fairy-tale. I like Nick - he's a good audience. But I've got all those brooding boys waiting for me at Brown. It'd just take a lot for me to get locked into a long distance sitch.

Daisy looks crushed. She wanders over to another display table and fidgets with the flatware. Baker follows.

BAKER (CONT'D)
Daisy I didn't mean it like that.
(forcing her to focus)
You and Tom are different. You know that. Everyone knows that.

DAISY
But are we? I feel like I don't know anymore.
(whispers)
I mean, we've still never had sex.

BAKER
Like never ever?

Daisy shakes her head. She holds up a Moroccan mask, looking into its empty eyes.

DAISY

Like, we're Tom and Daisy. Daisy and Tom. I don't even know where I'd be without him...I haven't even seen my parents since graduation.
(straight to Baker)
Isn't that fucked up?

BAKER

Let's not compare war wounds.

DAISY

I dunno - Tom is my life. And it's a good life. You know? I see it all. But then...I see it all. Maybe there's something else?

BAKER

What kind of else?

DAISY

Just. I don't know. Something different. I'm spiraling. Tell me to stop spiraling.

BAKER

Stop spiraling. We've got college ahead. That'll be different.

DAISY

I guess it's just that. I feel like everyone's looking forward and for some reason I keep looking back.

BAKER

But back at what?

Daisy spots a stack of BEADED PLACEMATS.

DAISY

Oh Bake! These are perfect!

EXT. BOND STREET - NIGHT

Nick climbs the steps up to the restaurant. He messes with his hair one last time, and opens the door.

INT. BOND STREET - NIGHT

Nick weaves through the restaurant searching for Baker. He dodges waiters as he makes his way to the back of the restaurant. Finally he spots her at a corner table.

But Baker is not alone. She is with none other than Jay Gatsby. A million questions pop into Nick's mind.

BAKER

Nick, welcome to our lil' pow-wow.

NICK

Pow wow?

BAKER

(her hand over her mouth)

Pow wow.

NICK

Umm...ok?

BAKER

Nothin' to be scared of Nicholas.
We haven't brought you here to kill
you, or anything.

NICK

You haven't?

BAKER

Sit down.

He obeys.

GATSBY

Hey, sport.

NICK

I didn't know you knew each other?
But, um, I guess this is cool. We
can...get started on the interview.

BAKER

I had the pleasure of making the
acquaintance of our Mr. Gatsby at
his petit fete the other night. It
seems we have a mutual friend.

NICK

We do?

BAKER
We do. Daisy.

NICK
(to Gatsby)
You know Daisy?

BAKER
Gatsby and Daisy were childhood
sweethearts.

GATSBY
You might say that Daisy was...this
is off the record, okay sport?
Between friends.

Nick beams.

NICK
Of course. Between friends.

GATSBY
Well, she was...my first love.

As he speaks, Gatsby's eyes light up.

FLASH

EXT. MONTANA, A QUIET ROAD - DAY

A younger JAY GATSBY (14) attempts to herd a STRAY CALF that
has roamed to the periphery fence of a Cattle ranch.

A younger DAISY (14) comes barrelling along a dirt road on
her bicycle. A GREEN RIBBON tied to the handle bar rides with
the wind.

GATSBY (V.O.)
Four years ago Daisy's parents were
escaping some city scandal, so they
rented a house for the summer to
"dry out," she'd say.

Daisy slows down as she cycles by Gatsby. They lock eyes. As
she passes him, the calf bolts. Jay turns to see that the
calf has escaped. Daisy giggles. It's intoxicating.

GATSBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
From that moment on we were
inseparable.

INT. MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

Daisy sits on Gatsby's lap, entranced in a horror movie. She picks through a box of SOUR PATCH KIDS, reaching behind her to hand him the red ones and eating the green ones herself.

GATSBY (V.O.)

So while her parents were
preoccupied with their own
withdrawals, Daisy and I were left
to roam free.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Daisy and Jay stroll along a lonely Main drag.

She stops in front of a LAUNDROMAT.

DAISY

Mmmm...smells like...New York.

GATSBY

At Launder-Land?

DAISY

Summer in the city smells like
clean laundry. Well...in the
mornings at least.

They continue down the block.

GATSBY

Tell me more.

DAISY

Well, the sidewalk sparkles and
everything shines in the sun.

GATSBY

But the sun's shining here...

She dramatically twirls with her hands in the air.

DAISY

I want shine like the top of the
Chrysler Building!

Gatsby misses the reference.

She grabs his hand, he scurries along.

INT. 5 & DIME STORE - DAY

Daisy tries on BLACK PLASTIC FRAMED READING GLASSES while Gatsby purchases licorice and soda. She poses in the mirror. Gatsby looks at her adoringly.

DAISY
Here, you try!

Daisy hands Gatsby a pair of glasses.

DAISY (CONT'D)
So Woody!

She grabs a BOWLER HAT off a shelf.

DAISY (CONT'D)
And now I'm Annie...
(in her best Annie Hall)
La dee dah...La dee dah.

GATSBY (V.O.)
She would speak in quotations,
telling me stories about New York
and all the places she'd been. I
held on to every word.

EXT. MONTANA RANCH - NIGHT

The night is still. But as we push in on the Faye's rented ranch house, we hear the sounds of TWO ADULTS ARGUING.

Suddenly, a bright GREEN LIGHT from a second story window penetrates the midnight blue sky. It's Daisy, shining a FLASHLIGHT into the darkness.

GATSBY (V.O.)
At night, if her parents emerged in
a fit of sobriety, or if she was
scared by the silence, or if she
just felt lonely, Daisy would shine
a green flashlight from her window.

Gatsby materializes from under the cover of a tree carrying a LADDER which he props against the side of the house.

Daisy, wearing a white nightdress and a hooded sweatshirt climbs out the open window. Gatsby spots her down.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

GATSBY (V.O.)
Those nights were my favorite.

Gatsby and Daisy huddle together in a blanket on the haystacks playing cards.

DAISY
Go Fish!

GATSBY
Don't go back to New York.

DAISY
Are you crazy? My life is in New York. My school, my everything.

GATSBY
Then I'll go to New York.

DAISY
You'd be swallowed alive. Besides, I want to think of you among the mountains.

She crawls into his lap. A single tear rolls down his cheek, and she sweetly kisses it away.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Salty.

END FLASHBACKS

INT. BOND STREET - NIGHT

BAKER
Epic.

GATSBY
And then when I met Baker, and we realized the connection -

BAKER
We thought it'd be just wild to organize a little reunion.

NICK
Reunion?

BAKER

Yes! And that's where you come in.
We want you to arrange for Daisy to
meet you at your apartment. But
she'll really be meeting Jay!

NICK

Wait a sec. She doesn't know you're
here? You didn't keep in touch?

GATSBY

Well, we did - at first.

INT. LIBRARY, FOUR YEARS EARLIER - DAY

Jay Gatsby (14) sits at a COMPUTER. He is on Instant
Messenger. He types to DAISYNYC.

GATSBY (V.O.)

Emails and phone calls. But you
know how Daisy gets, so consumed
with wherever she is and -

IM FROM JG14

Did u get my emails?

There's no response. He waits.

IM FROM JG14 (CONT'D)

?

IM FROM DAISYNYC

(automated response)

DAISYNYC is no longer online.

Gatsby leans into the computer screen. His eyes glaze over
and we dissolve into them.

INT. BOND STREET - NIGHT

Back at the restaurant, we're on the same pair of vacant, far
away eyes. Nick and Baker wait for Gatsby to say something.

GATSBY

(long pause)

Well, Baker, it looks like you've
got this under control. I'll leave
you two love birds alone.

Gatsby gets up.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

Enjoy your dinner - and Baker, get this boy a spicy spider roll.

He pats Nick on the shoulder, and walks out.

NICK

I don't really know if I feel comfortable lying to Daisy.

BAKER

Nick, misplacing the truth doesn't count as lying.

NICK

I dunno - I don't get it. Why wouldn't he just let her know that he's in New York?

BAKER

So many questions...I dunno? Maybe cause she's always with Tom.

Baker scoots her chair closer to Nick's.

NICK

And, how do you know him again?

BAKER

You're adorable when you're jealous.

(pause)

Now, no more Daisy drama. It's summer and there's a whole city out there. So Nicholas, are you down, OR are you down?

Nick smiles, and tries to flag down a WAITER.

NICK

Um, excuse me.

The waiter passes him by. Another waiter sees the attempt.

WAITER

Yes sir?

NICK

Hi, can we get the check please?

WAITER

Mr. Gatsby took care of the bill.

EXT. EAST 77TH ST. - EVENING

Nick turns the corner onto E. 77th St. finds Gatsby nervously pacing. He rushes over to Nick.

GATSBY

Thank god. You're here.

NICK

We said between 6:30 and 7:00, right? But I'm glad you're early. I was hoping to ask you some questions for the profile.

Gatsby ignores Nick. He rushes to his convertible, reaches in and produces a PINK PASTRY BOX and a BOUQUET of DAISIES.

GATSBY

Gerber Daisies. What do you think, too much? I don't know. Maybe I should've picked up some -

NICK

You're fine. I mean, they're fine. Just relax alright. Let's go up.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Gatsby pushes past Nick to inspect the apartment.

GATSBY

I guess this will work. So she'll walk in here. Where should I be? Over there? Oh, I almost forgot. This is for you.

Gatsby hands Nick an ENVELOPE.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

I'm missing something. Napkins!

Gatsby storms into the kitchen nook. Nick opens the envelope. There are three crisp hundred dollar bills. Nick is shocked.

NICK

What's this?

Gatsby calls back from the kitchen.

GATSBY (O.S.)
It's for you. For -

NICK
You don't need to do this. I
mean, we're friends so -

Just then DAISY enters through the open door.

Gatsby emerges and freezes at the sight of Daisy.

Nick stands idly watching them stare at each other for what
feels like forever.

DAISY
So...It's really you.

Gatsby is consumed with wonder at her presence.

NICK
So, um, I'm gonna...We'll just get
to the article later ...okay...bye.

Nick leaves.

Gatsby and Daisy have yet to blink.

EXT. EAST 77TH ST. STARBUCKS - EVENING

Nick takes a seat at a table outside. From across the street,
he enjoys an unobstructed vista of his apartment window.

It starts to lightly rain.

There's a roll of thunder, and Jay goes to close the open
window. From above, he smiles gratefully down at Nick.

NICK (V.O.)
If personality is the unbroken
series of successful gestures, then
there was something so cool about
him. Some heightened sensitivity to
the promises of life.

Nick looks away. He pulls out his phone.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
An extraordinary gift of hope, a
romantic readiness that I'd never
seen before.

TEXT MESSAGE TO BAKER
What R U up 2?

It buzzes back.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM BAKER
At my new apt. COME.

Nick gets up, pulls up the hood of his sweatshirt, and walks into the darkening night.

We pan back up into the apartment.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Gatsby sits awkwardly on the window sill, staring at Daisy across the room.

DAISY
Say something.

GATSBY
It's...seeing you again...it's...

DAISY
It has been a while.

GATSBY
Four years this August.

DAISY
How are you *here*?

GATSBY
I've missed you.

DAISY
I'd heard things, and wondered...
I've missed you too.

There's a pregnant pause.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Say something!

GATSBY
There's so much to say.

DAISY
Then c'mon.

She takes a seat at the table.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Let's talk.

INT. BAKER'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING

Baker's door is propped open. Nick knocks and walks in.

NICK

Bake?

The apartment is cluttered with framed art, piles of designer clothing, and tons of boxes. Baker teeters on the window sill, trying to hang up yellow theatrical silk curtains.

NICK (CONT'D)

Baker! Be careful!

BAKER

I'm craving golden light.

NICK

Your place is amazing.

BAKER

It's almost liveable. Apparently it can take up to eight weeks to deliver a sofa. Can you imagine!

She hammers a nail so half the curtain hangs, and hops down.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Soooo...

NICK

So??

BAKER

What's the dealio, yo? The love-connection?!

NICK

Well, let's just say Jay already texted to see if I could crash here for the night. If that's alright.

BAKER

I dunno...Can you handle it?

She grabs a hammer and hands it to him.

NICK

What? Being a refugee at your apartment. Oh, I can handle it.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - WHO CAN EVEN TELL

Leona Naess' *Ballerina* [14] plays as Gatsby and Daisy touch hands for the first time in four years. It's sexy and sweet. Daisy is consumed in the moment, swept up into Gatsby's passion.

NICK (V.O.)

It rained a beautifully satisfying summer storm in the city for the next three days and Gatsby and Daisy did not emerge from my apartment.

They undress each other. It is cut together with ECUs of Daisy and Gatsby from another time - memories and fantasies fuse with the reality, becoming indistinguishable.

(Example: It's night in Montana and Daisy reached up to catch a firefly in a mason jar exposing her hip bone and stomach).

Back to present, they're making love and he kisses that spot.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - MORNING

The rain has let up. Baker and Nick sit on the steps drinking iced coffee. She lights a cigarette.

Nick takes it from her mouth. He's about to snap it in half, but reconsiders, and takes a drag. He beams.

NICK (V.O.)

I was beginning to feel like my feet were on the ground, making progress from my own initiative. It was like I could see everything happening.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK RAMBLES - LATER

Nick, Baker, and the puppy play in the park.

It starts to rain again. They huddle under his sweatshirt.

NICK (V.O.)

Happening in the sense that I had been researching risk my whole life and now I was finally living it.

BAKER
Jesse James is hungry. Brunch?

NICK
What time is it?

Nick takes out his CELL PHONE. It's 11:00. He dials work.

NICK (CONT'D)
Haley? Hey.
(fake coughs)
I don't think I'm going to make it
in today.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - DAY

HALEY
Nick, where are you?

Haley looks over her shoulder, and sees John Anderson walking towards her. She hunches over into the phone.

HALEY (CONT'D)
JA is freaking out. We have like
five million hours of footage to go
through.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK RAMBLES - DAY

Nick feigns an overly distressed look to entertain Baker.

NICK
The thing is, I'm so sick. Like
can't get out of bed.

HALEY (O.S.)
But it sounds like you're outside.

NICK
Yea, I'm uh - just at Duane Reade
picking up my antibiotics.

HALEY
Nick, you're putting me in an
awkward position. I don't want to -

Baker holds JESSE JAMES up to the phone. Nick shushes Baker.

NICK
Well, hopefully I'll see you
tomorrow.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - DAY

JOHN ANDERSON

Too bad your partner's a'missing.

He puts a huge stack BETA TAPES on Haley's desk.

JOHN ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Nothin' gets the blood rushing like
a little schadenfreude in the a.m.

EXT. MARITIME HOTEL - EVENING

Nick and Baker share Margherita pizza and beer on the patio.

BAKER

So you gonna get the boot for
bailing on your job?

NICK

It's an internship. And it blows.
Besides, I should really be
focusing on my Gatsby article.

BAKER

Oh, excuse me!

NICK

Nah, its just that at this point,
I'm a little more concerned with
the Yale Daily News than the
"Biggest Loser: Weigh In, Special."

BAKER

Fair enough. So, dish the dirt.
What's Gatsby telling you about my
Little Love?

NICK

You think I've heard from him?

BAKER

Ok, then make something up.

NICK

Why do I have to sing for my
supper?

BAKER

Because that's the name of my game.

Baker's CELL PHONE RINGS. She answers.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Epic. Daise, your ears must've been burning...Miss you too. I've got you covered. No worries...Love you.

Baker hangs up.

BAKER (CONT'D)

Daisy and I have been painting my apartment all week.

(winks)

Allegedly. Read: If and when Tom calls me in for questioning.

NICK

I don't get it. Why lie? Why not just break up?

BAKER

The thing with Daisy is she can't risk being alone. She just needs to feel safe.

NICK

Safe like?

BAKER

Like she chose NYU cause it's only an hour away from where Tom'll be.

NICK

Yeah - and Gatsby.

Baker shoots him a look.

A WAITER brings the BILL.

NICK (CONT'D)

Fifty bones for a pizza and beer?!

Nick takes some CASH out of the ENVELOPE from Gatsby.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The sun sets on the East River. Daisy and Gatsby are tangled up on the couch.

DAISY

Have you ever loved anyone else?

He shakes his head.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I do love the way you love me. I
could hide out here forever.

GATSBY
Easy enough. Don't leave.

DAISY
But all my stuff's *there*. I don't
even have my phone charger.

She spots her CARTIER PASHA WATCH on the side table.

DAISY (CONT'D)
How 'bout I leave my watch?
Collateral.

Daisy kisses the face of the watch and hands it to Gatsby. He
puts it in his pocket.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I'll be back.

EXT. RECORD RELEASE ROOFTOP PARTY - LATE NIGHT

The scene is oh-so-New York cool. Antonioni's *Blow Up* is
projected on the side of a neighboring building. There are
white twinkle lights and buckets of designer beer.

Nick and Baker lean against a ledge. Simultaneously, **they
spot a very drunk Tom and Matthew goofing around** on the
opposite side of the roof.

NICK
Isn't that?

BAKER
The three stooges. I see those
twins everywhere.

Mia, carrying three bottles, sees Nick.

MIA
Carraway!

Baker and Nick walk over.

NICK
Hey there.

MIA

Hey hey.
(calling back)
Matty!

MATTHEW

Whatty?

MIA

Looky who I found.

Tom and Matthew join the rest of the group.

TOM

Baker, you just can't get enough,
can you?

(pause)

Hey, I thought you and Daisy were
painting your apartment purple or
some shit like that?

BAKER

(not missing a beat)

Change o' plans. She, ah, had to
fill in for her mom at MoMA's Party
in the Garden.

Baker squeezes Nick's hand.

NICK

Yea. Party in the Garden.

TOM

Lame.

Mia looks Baker up and down.

MIA

I like your style. I'm Mia.

BAKER

I know. Baker. And, muchas gracias.

The girls analyze each other's outfits. Tom turns to Nick.

TOM

(whispers powerfully)

I don't know what you think you saw
the other night, but you didn't.

Nick seems to shrink under the authority of Tom's threat.

BAKER

So Tommy boy, what the hell brought you to a place like this?

MIA

Tom's a trooper. Fancy Pants tried to take us to one of those Jay Gatsby parties a la Hamptons, but no dice. Lights out and locked tighter than Miss Daisy's legs.

Everyone's mouth drops.

NICK

Gatsby's actually -

BAKER

He's a friend of ours.

MIA

Carraway, befriending the wheelers and dealers? Impressivo. I'm a fan.

MATTHEW

Word. I'd buy your t-shirt.

NICK

Wheelers and dealers?

TOM

Yeah, I've heard some shady shit about that dude. And what? He just shows up one summer, living in that house, throwing those parties.

MIA

Well, you saw that Wall Street Journal article?

MATTHEW

The Search for Captain Cody. That guy made a butt load of money in bonds or something, but fled the country on his yacht after allegations of tax evasion.

MIA

Never to be heard from again.

MATTHEW

People say Gatsby's his nephew.

TOM
I don't buy it.

MIA
So, he's living in a fugitive's
house? Sounds no bueno to me.

Nick mentally records everything.

TOM
Jay Gatsby's a fucking fag.

BAKER
(sighs)
Well, Nicholas. Whadya say we make
our curtain call.

NICK
Yeah, I actually have to meet my -
uh boss - first thing in the
morning. For this like -

MIA
Don't worry, Carraway. You're
dismissed.

INT. BAKER'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nick and Baker stumble into the apartment sloppily making
out. It's heating up. Nick starts to unbutton Baker's jeans.

BAKER
Dammnit.

NICK
What?

BAKER
I'm supposed to be re-virginizing.

NICK
Well, what about an exception to
the rule?

BAKER
Fuck it. I'm over it.

She pulls her t-shirt over her head.

INT. BED BATH AND BEYOND - THE NEXT MORNING

Nick and his Mom go down the aisles. Nick looks exhausted - his hair's in his face and his clothes are rumpled. His mom holds up green and blue bath towels.

NICK'S MOM

Which one? We can wait if you're not ready to decide.

NICK

Yea, I'm gonna need to really think this one through. I don't leave for school until August. Why are we doing this now?

NICK'S MOM

Well your father had extra help in the store today, Katie's at a friend's, and how often am I in the city with the station wagon?

NICK

Any other reasons?

NICK'S MOM

Well you're so busy with that job.

NICK

Internship.

Nick's Mom stops to contemplate a SHOWER CADDY.

NICK'S MOM

I've been meaning to ask you, how's the article coming along for the Yale Daily News? What'd you decide to write about?

NICK

It's a profile piece. One of the incoming freshmen is this big-shot football player.

NICK'S MOM

Oh, so you interviewed him?

NICK

Well it's a process. I'm doing research. I like, know him, so it's not a big deal.

NICK'S MOM

You haven't done the interview?
Isn't it due soon? And what do you
mean, it's not a big deal?

NICK

I meant like - getting the
interview with him. Because I -
This is my future. I have it under
control. Nevermind - You *clearly*
don't understand.

NICK'S MOM

Nicky! You don't speak to me like
that. Are you feeling okay?

NICK

I'm fine.
(re-thinks)
Actually, I've kinda got this
migraine. I just need sleep.

NICK'S MOM

A migraine? You've never had
migraines before.
(examines his face)
Go rest. I can finish up here.
We'll see you at home next Sunday
for Katie's birthday.

She continues buying twin extra-long sheets and Yaffa blocks.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

As Nick enters the apartment, Gatsby and Daisy are leaving.

NICK

Oh, my B, I thought you guys left.
I was just gonna take a nap.

GATSBY

Well, we're going to grab a bite.

DAISY

I'm so hungry I could eat my shoe.

GATSBY

Hey Sport, why don't you join us?
On the record. I can address some
of those brilliant questions you've
been biting at the bit about.

EXT. YORK AVENUE - SAME

Gatsby walks proudly down the street with Daisy on his arm. Nick is two steps behind, watching them.

GATSBY
So what'll it be? You can have anything you want.

DAISY
I want a hamburger.

GATSBY
You've got all of New York's finest dining at your fingertips, and you want a hamburger?

DAISY
And fries.

GATSBY
Well then it'll have to be the 21 Club. Their Kobe burgers are the best in the city.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE - SAME

Tom, Mia and Matthew walk down the street.

TOM
I'm telling you, it'll be faster if I drive. I can get downtown in four minutes flat.

MATTHEW
But if we drive, we'll have to park. And if we're gonna miss the previews, we shouldn't even bother.

MIA
Matty, he's Tom Buchanan. He doesn't take the subway and he doesn't stress about parking.

TOM
That's what sidewalks are for.

Tom and Mia high-five.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE AND 52ND STREET - SAME

On the walk to the 21 Club, Daisy snatches Nick's TAPE RECORDER out of his hands and starts to play with it.

DAISY
Nick, you're so profesh.
(she tests it)
Hellooo. Halla -

NICK (V.O.)
I've always had this tendency to overcomplicate things. But maybe it was simpler than I had thought. Maybe it was all working out.

Nick, Daisy and Gatsby turn the corner and run smack into Tom, Matthew and Mia.

DAISY
Oh my god. Tom.

TOM
Daisy? What are you doing here?

MIA
Carraway, twice in one week. Hot.

Daisy looks to Nick, shocked, disappointed even.

DAISY
Who are your friends, Tom?

Tom puts his hand on Daisy's waist - a gesture that renders Gatsby and Matthew physically disturbed.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I don't think we've met. I'm Daisy.

MIA
Hi Daisy.

Mia revels in the awkwardness. Nick notices Gatsby's still staring at Tom's hand gripping Daisy's waist.

NICK
And, uh, this is Jay.

Tom takes his hand off Daisy's waist, extending it to Gatsby.

TOM
What's up, man.

Gatsby stares him straight in the eye as they shake.

TOM (CONT'D)
(seeing his watch)
Shit. I wanna beat traffic or the
drive's gonna be a bitch. Daise,
come back with me. You don't need
anything in the city, do you?

Everyone looks at Daisy.

GATSBY
Wait!
(recomposes)
I'm having a 4th of July party next
weekend. You should all come out.

TOM
Thanks dude, but we've got our own
celebration. It's Daisy's birthday.

Tom puts his arms around her.

GATSBY
All the more reason to celebrate.

Matthew plays with Mia's hair, a definite escape signal.

MIA
Mardi Gras! Matty and I gotta motor
to make a 4pm at the Angelika.

Mia flashes a peace sign and they scamper off.

GATSBY
So, how bout it?

DAISY
Well, I've never been one to turn
down a party, but then you must
join us for dinner.

Daisy untangles from Tom and kisses only Nick on the cheek.

DAISY (CONT'D)
We'll see you at my party!

Nick watches Gatsby shrink as Daisy leaves with Tom.

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME DAY

Daisy channel surfs the radio. But, Tom turns the music off from the control panel on the steering wheel.

TOM
No more music.

DAISY
Tom, why do you insist on
suffocating my soul.

Daisy rolls down her window. She sticks her hand out, and takes a CAMERA PHONE PIC of herself. Tom doesn't notice.

INT. 21 CLUB - SAME DAY

At a table for two, Nick takes out his TAPE RECORDER. Gatsby is distant and unfocused. He fidgets with his place setting.

NICK
Let's get started. You've had a
successful high school career and
you'll be starting at Yale, what's
going through your head?

Gatsby's PHONE BUZZES. It's a PICTURE MESSAGE from Daisy - the photo she took in Tom's car - the wind blowing her hair.

Gatsby's instantly reinvigorated. He proudly shows Nick.

GATSBY
Look at my girl!

Nick forces a smile, and tries to get back to business.

NICK
So...when does training start?

GATSBY
You knew it didn't matter when she
left with Tom, right Nick?

Nick looks frustrated.

NICK
Let's just keep this about you.

GATSBY
But it all started with her. You
wanted to hear a story, right?

NICK

I want to hear *your* story.

GATSBY

Well, it's about hard work and perseverance. It's about choices - the paths we choose that define who we are. I'm telling you, Nick, there's no destiny but the one we create for ourselves.

NICK

Okay. Well then let's start at the beginning of your destiny - or whatever. So, you're from Montana. How'd you get from there - to here?

GATSBY

After that first summer with Daisy everything changed, like my life began when I met her. She told me about her life in New York and I knew I was meant to be a part of it. I had to be a part of her world. I applied to Exeter the day she left. And I left Montana the day I was accepted.

NICK

What about your family?

GATSBY

My parents passed so I didn't have much to come home to.

NICK

I'm sorry...I didn't know.

*
*
*

GATSBY

Anyway between spring training and internships, there just wasn't any time to go back.

NICK

What about summers? Where'd you -

GATSBY

There was an Exeter Alum. He was into football, never had kids of his own, so he took me under his wing. He'd hook me up with internships, a place to stay -

NICK

Dan Cody?

GATSBY

Read what you will, but Dan Cody's
been great to me. And letting me
stay at his place -

NICK

I thought you were house-sitting
for your uncle?

GATSBY

Look, what I'm saying is that I was
determined to make it happen. You
understand me, right Nick? I mean,
you and I, we're so alike.

NICK

(looks up)
You and - me?

GATSBY

We find the light, and follow it.
And that's the hunger.

A WAITER arrives with their burgers.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

And speaking of hunger.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - DAY

Nick drags himself off the elevator and into the bullpen.

JOHN ANDERSON

Well well, look who decided to show
up for work today.

NICK

Yeah, Haley told you I was sick,
right?

(looks around)
Where is she?

JOHN ANDERSON

Out getting you chicken soup.

(pause)
We reward good work. Haley's with
our team covering the unveiling of
the new NBC studios.

Nick sighs. It's as if he's been socked in the stomach.

JOHN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
You're a smart kid, Nick. But
you've gotten way behind around
here. So either take the holiday
weekend to catch up, or don't
bother coming back on Monday.

He turns to his desk and the towering pile of BETA TAPES.

INT. REALITY WEEKLY - LATER THAT DAY

The office is empty, and it's just Nick logging away. He
looks at his watch. It's 6:50 p.m. He then looks to the pile
of tapes that have barely been dented.

NICK
Fuck this.

He gets up, takes a look around, and storms out.

EXT. HAMPTONS RESTAURANT - EVENING

Daisy, Tom, Baker, Nick and Gatsby are awkwardly assembled in
a private nook at a fancy restaurant. The table is too large
for the size of the party, dwarfing the diners - making them
look like kids playing dress up at a tea party.

Conversation doesn't come easily, everyone picks at the food.

BAKER
I'd like to make a toast.

DAISY
Awww Bake!

BAKER
Let's see here...

TOM
Baker. Can we do this?

BAKER
Can you not?

TOM
HappyBirthdayDaisy.com. How's that?

BAKER
(to Tom)
You don't get it, do you?
(MORE)

BAKER (CONT'D)
 (to Daisy)
 Darling, Happy 18!

GATSBY
 To Daisy.

They raise their glasses. Tom's CELL PHONE RINGS, he leaves to take the call. Everyone rolls their eyes.

Nick takes a bite of his salad.

BAKER
 Wrong fork, Nicholas.

Daisy gets up, sits on Gatsby's lap, and kisses him.

BAKER (CONT'D)
 Daisy, there's a lady present.

DAISY
 You kiss Nick too. It'll be fun.

BAKER
 But I don't want to kiss Nick.

DAISY
 Ugh!

BAKER
 Slut.

DAISY
 Whore.

BAKER
 Slore.

Daisy gets up and goes back to her chair. Tom returns, and everyone sits as if nothing has happened.

BAKER (CONT'D)
 Anyways...so my dad just had dinner with Clooney. Do you know how many people are dying in Darfur while we're having dinner? If we weren't wasting our resources in this god-forsaken war we might be able to -

TOM
 Baker don't get me started.

NICK
 Well, actually a buddy of mine just got back and said -

BAKER

Wait from the war? Your friend was
in Iraq? Like fighting?

Daisy taps the side of her champagne glass with her knife.

DAISY

Can you stop? It's my birthday. Do
we have to talk about war?

GATSBY

We don't. As a matter of fact, we
should probably get going.

EXT. GATSBY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Fireworks go off and champagne bottles pop. Gatsby has transformed his house into a fantasy world of Daisy's favorite things. It's Wonderland and Oz and every place you've ever dreamed of.

There is a face painter and people dressed in costumes. Cotton candy and a trampoline. Everything is over the top, yet simultaneously classy and cool.

NICK (V.O.)

He did it all for her. And he
wanted everyone to know.

Nick turns to Baker.

NICK (CONT'D)

So it's go big or go home, huh?

BAKER

Swimfan doesn't fuck around.

EXT. GATSBY'S BACKYARD, DANCE FLOOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Daisy is giddy, bouncing everywhere.

Runaround Sue [15] plays while Baker and Daisy sing-a-long and swing. Gatsby and Nick stand to the side, watching.

GATSBY

Look at our girls, Nick. It's all
happening!

NICK

I guess it really is.

Meanwhile, Tom wanders around - shown up and dispensable.

EXT. GATSBY'S BACKYARD, KARAOKE STAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

There's a stage set up for karaoke and the crowd is riled up.

DAISY

Oh Jay! You even got me a stage!

GATSBY

Anything for you.

DAISY

Well get on up there!

BAKER

Nick too!

The boys are pushed onto the stage. Gatsby whispers something to the DJ. Counting Crow's *Mr. Jones* [16] comes on, and they start singing along - shy at first - but soon enough they're wannabe rock stars.

Gatsby sings directly to Daisy.

GATSBY AND NICK

*Mr. Jones and me tell each other
fairy tales...Stare at the
beautiful women...Smiling in the
bright lights ...When everybody
loves me, I'm going to be just
about as happy as can be. Mr. Jones
and me, we're gonna be big stars...*

The song ends. Exhilarated, Nick comes off the stage, searching through the crowd for Baker.

BAKER

Nicholas that was -

NICK

I love you, Baker.

BAKER

You're cute.

INT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tom snoops around. He sees various crowds of sketchy looking people coming in and out of a back room. He barges in.

INT. ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mia and Matthew sit on a couch in a room peppered with the suburban pot-heads and city coke addicts.

TOM

You're here? Of course you're here.

MIA

Just enjoying the festivities.
After all, it's Daisy's and our
nation's birthday.

TOM

So I'm told.

MATTHEW

And we do like to celebrate.

From outside, Tom hears the unmistakable sound of Daisy's voice and it carries him out the French doors in a trance.

EXT. GATSBY'S BACKYARD - KARAOKE STAGE

Baker and Daisy karaoke to Nancy Sinatra's *It Ain't Me, Babe* [17]. They dance. They're watched. They drink it up.

Daisy's so sexy, and she's looking right at Gatsby. Tom watches them watch each other. He's seething.

Mia and Matthew approach Tom from behind.

MIA

We all live in a yellow submarine.

Mia presents a PILL resting in her palm. But, Tom's only focused on Daisy.

MIA (CONT'D)

(re: Daisy)

Why you put up with that shit is
beyond me.

Matthew watches over Mia's shoulder.

MIA (CONT'D)

You know what I think? I think it's
time for you and Matthew to finally
just be together.

Tom whips around.

TOM

Mia, what the fuck are you talking about. You're a perverted slut, you know that?!

MATTHEW

(touching Tom's shoulder)

Listen -

Tom throws Matthew's hand off him.

TOM

Get your hands off me, fucking fag!

MATTHEW

Just relax, alright!

Tom pushes Matthew against the wall. They stare each other down. Tom's ready to blow. Matthew is on the verge of tears.

Finally, Tom releases his grip and storms off. Mia turns and sees Matthew, humiliated.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Mia, you're cruel.

Matthew walks away.

MIA

Matthew, don't walk away from me!

MATTHEW

Mia, goddamnit! Find your own ride home.

The song ends and the crowd goes wild.

Tom walks towards Daisy, but she's already in Gatsby's arms.

Fireworks go off. Everyone looks up, making it hard for Tom to get to her.

DAISY

Fireworks!

GATSBY

For you. It's always been for you.

TOM

Don't mean to break up the party, but does someone want to tell me what the fuck is going on here?

Daisy's eyes fall to the ground.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do I look stupid? Everyone's talking about it. Don't be a fool, Daisy. I can't have you going around acting like this.

Gatsby puts his arm around Daisy.

TOM (CONT'D)

What, you think he actually loves you? You think anyone besides me could ever love you? You're a phony. But then again, so is he. You're perfect for each other.

GATSBY

Look. This is my house, and I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

TOM

Your house? Is it really? And who the fuck are you? Does anyone here actually know who this guy is?

By this point everyone is watching, including Baker and Nick.

TOM (CONT'D)

Daisy, we don't need this. We're leaving!

GATSBY

Don't tell her what to do, sport.

The altercation escalates. Tom takes a drunken swing at Gatsby. Gatsby skillfully ducks, but Tom's uncontrolled fist nips Daisy's shoulder. Tom loses his footing. He stumbles, catching himself on an unsuspecting guest.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

Daisy!

Gatsby's angry now, and poised to defend Daisy. Tom and Gatsby square off, fists raised ready fight, when Nick and a few partygoers hold them both back.

Gatsby, ever the showman, turns to the crowd of onlookers.

GATSBY (CONT'D)

Would someone mind escorting our friend here home?

Tom gets up, shaking off his handlers, and storms off.

From a corner, Matthew watches him leave.

TOM

You're done. Both of you.

Daisy looks around and sees that everyone is watching her.

DAISY

Everyone's looking at me, Jay.

GATSBY

Let's get you out of here.

EXT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gatsby's Mercedes speeds away. From opposite sides of the driveway, Tom and Nick look to each other. Nick averts his eyes and returns inside.

INT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

A phone RINGS on a black screen.

Nick struggles to open his eyes. He's hung-over and passed out on Gatsby's couch. His phone rings. He sits up and tries to orient himself. His phone rings. He's wearing his clothes from the night before. His phone rings. CALLER ID: GATSBY.

GATSBY (O.C.)

Nick, Jesus where have you been?

NICK

What time is it?

He looks at his watch upside down. It's 4:45 am.

GATSBY (O.C.)

It doesn't matter. Just meet me at outside of Tom's.

NICK

I don't have a -

GATSBY (O.C.)

Take a car from the garage. Hurry!

Nick stumbles up.

INT. GATSBY'S GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

A fleet of luxury cars are lined up inside a pristine garage.
He gets into a 7 Series BMW and finds the keys in the visor.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAYBREAK

Nick groggily drives down the road. Up ahead he sees a pack of COP CARS, POLICE BARRICADES, and FLARES.

Nick cups his hand over his mouth for a breath check.

He slows down. A COP approaches and signals for Nick to stop.

COP
Streets closed, son.

NICK
I'm just - I'm on my way home.
What happened?

COP
Hit 'n Run. Bastards.
(long pause)
Let 'em through.

The other cops move the barricade.

Nick, sobering up fast, cautiously drives through the barricade. His eyes focus in on the CHALK OUTLINE in the rearview mirror.

His phone rings AGAIN.

NICK
Hello?

GATSBY
Where are you?!?

NICK
I'm - I'll be there in two seconds.

Gatsby's already hung up.

EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE - DAYBREAK

Nick looks around but Gatsby is nowhere in sight.

GATSBY
Pss..psss...Nick!

Gatsby emerges from the shrubbery lining the fence of the house across the street.

NICK
Gatsby! What the fuck?

There's a crazed fear in Gatsby's eyes.

GATSBY
What took you so long? I've been calling you all night!

NICK
Just calm down. There's been some kind of accident down the road - I'm not sure.

GATSBY
Of course there was an accident. Mia's dead, but I can't find Daisy.

NICK
M-Mia's dead?

GATSBY
I can't believe this happened!

Nick looks at Gatsby, his eyes filled with tears.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
I mean you saw how we were last night - it was me and Daisy - the way it's supposed to be. And Tom was so maddening - made her so mad.

We now FLASHBACK to events from the previous night:

EXT. GATSBY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Daisy and Gatsby are holding hands and running like bandits.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Gatsby's Mercedes is moving fast. The headlights are blindingly bright, the night is deep and dark.

GATSBY (V.O.)

And from nowhere - I mean - it was like that girl emerged from the darkness or something.

Mia, in silhouette, saunters down the dark highway, her heels in her hand.

EXT. GATSBY'S CAR - NIGHT

We push in on Gatsby's car as it speeds along the dark highway. From outside, we hear Gatsby and Daisy arguing.

And we hear a CRASH and CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE - EARLY MORNING

GATSBY

Daisy was so shaken up. I took her home and put her to bed. I laid down next to her. You know how she doesn't like to be alone. But when I woke up - she was gone.

The color drains from Nick's face.

NICK

Mia is dead? I'm gonna puke.

GATSBY

Nick! I need you to go and see if Daisy's at Tom's. Can you do that for me? Nick?

NICK

I'm not going in there. The police - you told the police? I mean, you guys stopped, right??

GATSBY

Nick, calm down, I thought we were friends. I'm worried about Daisy.

NICK

Daisy? Daisy?! What the f -

Nick's phone rings. CALLER ID: HOME.

NICK (CONT'D)

Shit!

GATSBY
What? Is it her?

NICK
No. It's my mom. I was supposed to take the train home last night. We're having this...but -

GATSBY
No, you should go. Take my car - it'll be faster. I'll talk to the police. I'm just going wait here for another minute or two.

Nick tries to gather himself.

NICK
It was an accident. It'll be fine. Daisy's fine, she'll be - fine. I'll be back. Just go home and call the police.

GATSBY
I will. I just - I'm just gonna wait around here for a -

Gatsby's eyes are fixed on the windows of the Buchanan Estate, desperate for any sign of Daisy.

EXT. CARRAWAY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

We cut from one young man on the outside looking in, to another. Nick, outside his childhood home, looks through the front window to everyone inside - clean, warm and happy.

INT. CARRAWAY KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The modest mid-century home has been decorated with streamers, party hats and homemade birthday cake. The previous night's champagne and caviar replaced with cut up carrots and celery.

A magic marker banner reads "Happy 13th Birthday Katie!"

Nick's mother peers out the window.

NICK'S MOM
Nicky, whose car is that?

NICK
A friend's - I borrowed it.

NICK'S MOM

That looks like a really fancy car,
Nick. What's going on?

NICK

Mom. It's a friend's. I told you.
I'm - really tired. I think I just
need to go rest. Is that okay?

NICK'S MOM

Of course. Of course. Go rest.

INT. CARRAWAY HOUSE, NICK'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Nick enters the time-warp that is his childhood bedroom.
Dated wallpaper, the standard trophies, his desk still has
his high school spiral notebooks scattered about.

NICK (V.O.)

It's strange how home can suddenly
not feel like home anymore.

Nick lies down on his twin-size bed. He tries to sleep, but
every time he BLINKS images FLASH before him.

QUICK MONTAGE: DAISY singing. TOM and MATTHEW at the rooftop
party. GATSBY in the bookstore. BAKER on her windowsill
holding the yellow curtain. MIA at the concert.

Nick breaks in a cold sweat. He jumps out of bed.

INT. BUCHANAN DEN - NIGHT

Daisy is curled up on the couch, pulling at her hair and
biting her cuticles.

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

Daisy jumps. She looks to Tom across the room.

TOM

Go upstairs. I'll get it.

EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE - NIGHT

Tom opens the door to Matthew standing there, shaking, with a
gun by his side.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Nick speeds along the Expressway. He keeps calling Baker, Daisy and Gatsby, but no one answers. Finally Baker picks up.

NICK

Thank god, there you are!

BAKER

So you heard what happened?

NICK

Yeah. I'm on my way back to the Hamptons now. Do you want me to pick you up?

BAKER

For what, Nick? I'm not getting involved in this and if you were smart, you wouldn't either.

NICK

But we are involved. All of us. We were all there last night.

BAKER

Look, Nicholas, I really can't talk right now. Don't be stupid, ok?

Baker hangs up. Nick turns on the radio.

NEWS REPORT

Breaking news. We have just received a report from the Suffolk County police that two bodies were found dead at an East Hampton home. Due to the fact that the victims were both minors, their identities have not been released. We will be back with more of this developing story after the break.

Nick flips the station, desperate for more information.

He whizzes by the New York skyline, that used to hold so much awe, without so much as a second glance.

EXT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick pulls up and finds paramedics and police everywhere. TWO COVERED STRETCHERS are rolled out.

At last, Nick's cell phone rings. CALLER ID: DAISY.

NICK
Daisy! Thank god.

DAISY (O.C.)
Nick, you've called a million
times. What's going on?

INT. BUCHANAN ESTATE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Daisy is fully clothed, and crouched in an empty bathtub.

NICK (O.C.)
You're alive.

DAISY
Nick, of course I'm alive. You
sound like a maniac. You've got to
stop calling. Tom is freaking out
about all of this.

NICK (O.C.)
Tom's okay too?

EXT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick looks to the two stretchers with a sickening question
settling in his stomach.

NICK
I have to call you back.

Still holding the phone, Nick dials Gatsby. He waits.
Then RINGING comes from over by the ambulances. Nick follows
the sound with dreaded steps until he spots GATSBY'S PHONE
RINGING inside a PLASTIC BAG next to one of the stretchers.

Before loading the stretchers into each of the AMBULANCES,
the paramedics pull back the sheets just long enough for Nick
to register the lifeless faces of **Matthew and Jay Gatsby**.

His whole body wrenches, as horror overcomes Nick's face.

INT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - LATER

Gatsby's house has turned into investigation headquarters.
Detectives and policemen mill about.

Nick approaches the cop who pulled him over earlier.

NICK

We should, I mean, shouldn't we call his family? His parents died, but he's gotta have someone in Montana. And what about Dan Cody?

COP

How well did you know Jay Gatsby?

NICK

Yea, I mean, I know - knew - him well. We just met this summer, but he was - he was my friend.

COP

I know this is a lot. But we've got just about everything we need. We'll be out of here shortly. You alright to pack up his stuff?

NICK

Me?

COP

He's over 18, so far as we can tell there's no next of kin, and we've closed the case. Look, we can toss it, kid, if -

NICK

I got it. I mean, I'll take of it.

Everyone clears out of the house. And then it's just Nick.

He sees a sterling silver frame with a picture of Gatsby and him. He unhinges the frame and sees that it has been placed on top of a photo of Dan Cody.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just as quickly as everything came together, everything fell apart.

Nick continues on through the house.

INT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick frantically tears through Gatsby's drawers. He finds PICTURES of Daisy from Montana, a couple of HOW-TO SUCCEED GUIDES, PRINTED EMAIL exchanges with Daisy, a copy of the HAMPTONS MAGAZINE ARTICLE, and a TATTERED GREEN RIBBON.

Nick pulls out a MANILA ENVELOPE and finds two VISA CREDIT CARDS in Dan Cody's name and stack of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. There's a printed NOTE from the Office of Dan Cody. "Dear Jay, I'll be gone for a while, but thanks for taking care of things for me. Be good, Old Sport. Play well, Dan."

INT. GATSBY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A DELIVERY BOY arrives, and when Nick opens the door, he sees some of the regular partygoers approaching.

PARTYGOER
Where's the party, man?

Nick closes the door, holding the pizza.

INT. GATSBY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nick sits down at the kitchen table with the pizza, trying to make sense of everything. He takes out his phone.

NICK
I know you said not to call, but -

DAISY (O.C.)
(pause)
It's ok.

NICK
I mean, Daisy, he's dead! There are no adults here. The cops can't even reach Dan Cody. Did Jay have any other family in Montana?

DAISY (O.C.)
Nick I don't have the answers. All I remember is the name of the town. I told you, I never even went to his house. Look, I gotta go.

Nick fiddles with a CARTIER WATCH on the kitchen table.

NICK
Daisy, your watch is here.

DAISY (O.C.)
It's fine. You keep it. I can't go back to that house.

NICK

The funeral's the day after tomorrow. You'll be there right? I can give it to you then.

Silence.

NICK (CONT'D)

Will you be there? Daisy, tell me you'll be at Jay's funeral.

DAISY (O.C.)

Nick, I'll try.

(then)

Of, course I'll be there.

Nick ends the call. He dials Baker, but it goes to voicemail.

NICK (V.O.)

It was all very careless and confused.

BAKER'S VOICEMAIL RECORDING

Life's a cabaret. I'm living it and you're - leaving me a message.

AUTOMATED VOICEMAIL RECORDING

This voicemail box is currently full. Please try again later.

Nick hangs up and throws his phone on the table.

He stands up, and then sits back down again. Regroups.

NICK (V.O.)

They were careless people. They smashed things up and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness or whatever kept them together - leaving other people to clean up the mess.

Nick picks up his phone. We hear the automated sounds of a TELEPHONE OPERATOR.

NICK (CONT'D)

Hi. In Whitefish, Montana, what do you have for Gatsby?

INT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Nick, in a dark suit, stands before a mirror unsuccessfully trying to tie his tie.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Nick walks to the front door.

NICK

Who is it?

MR. GATZ

Hello? My name is Mr. Gatz. I got a message. I'm - I'm Jay's father.

Nick opens the door full of questions.

We see MR. GATZ (40), a simple looking man in a cheap brown suit. He looks shaken and has blood shot eyes.

NICK

Uh, of course. Come in.

Mr. Gatz walks in, and looks admiringly at the house.

NICK (CONT'D)

So you're Jay's - father?

MR. GATZ

(re: the house)

Jay's come a long way hasn't he?
You know, he had them call him
Gatsby. Funny, don't you think?

NICK

Yea - he -

Nick gestures to TWO DUFFEL BAGS.

NICK (CONT'D)

I, uh, packed up his stuff for you.

MR. GATZ

Thanks. Sounds like you were a real
good friend to my boy.

Mr. Gatz spots his son's face on the Hamptons Magazine profile that Nick left out.

MR. GATZ (CONT'D)

After Jay's mother died, I knew there was a part of him that wanted to stick around and look after me forever. So I was proud when he left. They were always telling him that he was a beautiful boy, smart, and so much more talented than the rest of them.

(gets choked up)

He - a - talk about us much?

NICK

Um, yea - he did. He thought about Montana often. We should get going to the service.

EXT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Mr. Gatz and Nick, carrying the two duffels, leave the house.

NICK

So, when - uh - when was the last time you saw him?

MR. GATZ

Three years ago, the day he left. But he wrote me every week. Told me all about the things he was learning, sent me clippings.

An SUV of young girls slowly passes by. They have come to see The House. Nick shakes his head.

INT. MR. GATZ'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Nick looks at his reflection in the side-mirror.

MR. GATZ

Did you play ball with him at school?

NICK

We actually only met this summer.

MR. GATZ

You should've seen the way he'd train when football season came around. He was out there doing drills at 6am, even on Sundays. Nothing could stop him.

NICK

He was very determined.

MR. GATZ

I think, it's good we're having the service here. For his friends. They'll be there, right?

NICK

(tries to smile)

Yea, they'll be there.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Nick, Mr. Gatz and a few random people are scattered around the coffin. An indiscriminate religious figure leads the service. Mr. Gatz is stoic. Nick fights back tears.

An ESCALADE of lookey-loos rolls by. The bass from the car's stereo carries us into NONLINEAR IMAGES of the past 48 hours.

EXT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Back at Daisy's birthday, Tom's just stormed off and Daisy realizes that everyone is watching her.

DAISY

Everyone's looking at me, Jay.

GATSBY

Let's get you out of here.

DAISY

I need to drive. Gimme the keys.

GATSBY

Are you okay to drive?

DAISY

So what, you're going to tell me what to do now too?

She gives him *the look*. Gatsby relents, handing her the keys.

EXT. GATSBY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Daisy gets behind the wheel. She's not obliterated, but she definitely teeters in her high heels, and is clearly upset.

They speed away.

INT. GATSBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Daisy, once again, is mad behind the wheel.

GATSBY
Daisy, be careful.

DAISY
Jay, I'm fine.
(plays nice)
Really, I'm fine.

GATSBY
I have something for you.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out FOLDED DOCUMENTS that are wrapped with a TATTERED GREEN RIBBON.

DAISY
My ribbon!

GATSBY
Look inside.

With one eye and on the road, Daisy looks closer and sees that the documents are PLANE TICKETS. DESTINATION: MONTANA.

GATSBY (CONT'D)
We leave tomorrow morning.

DAISY
But Jay, these are one way?

He nods and touches the side of her face.

DAISY (CONT'D)
You're crazy?! What about NYU? And you start training in New Haven in three weeks!

GATSBY
I don't care about football, I care about us. We were so good in Montana. Remember? It can be like it was.

DAISY
You can't keep going about trying to recreate the past.

Suddenly Gatsby sees a figure down the road.

GATSBY

Of course you can. Daisy! Carefu -

CRASH. Cut to BLACK.

EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE - NIGHT

Tom opens the door to Matthew shaking, with a GUN in hand.

TOM

Dude, what the fuck!

MATTHEW

(in tears)

Was it you? Did you kill her? Did you kill my sister?

TOM

Calm down! It wasn't me. Matthew, of course it wasn't me. What are you doing with a gun?! Put that thing away!

Tom cautiously moves closer to Matthew. He puts one arm around Matthew and the other on the gun.

MATTHEW

(waving the gun around)

Tell me! Did you do it?

TOM

It's all over the news. They're saying it was a Mercedes. We don't even own one. Matthew, calm down.

Matthew loosens his grip on the gun.

MATTHEW

I just - I can't - be without Mia?!

TOM

I'm so sorry. We've been devastated. What can we do?

Tom takes the gun away from Matthew and sits him down on the bench in the entry hall.

MATTHEW

Who would do this? What kind of rich fuck runs a girl down and doesn't even look back.

Tom leans in and starts to speak. We don't hear what's said. We pull out to reveal DAISY peaking through the rails of the stairway bannister.

NICK (V.O.)

There was almost a seamless orchestration to the whole thing. As elegantly operatic as a crime of passion can be.

EXT. GATSBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gatsby walks down to the pool with a towel around his neck, his cell phone and DAISY'S WATCH in his hand. He stops for a minute and looks out to the Long Island Sound.

NICK (V.O.)

With no sign of Daisy, Gatsby must've left the bushes, not because he'd given up, but because he'd convinced himself that she would inevitably escape to him as soon as she could. He went back to the house, and unwilling to sleep, he waited for her.

Gatsby's now in the pool, floating on a raft, amongst the fallen leaves that clog the drain. His eyes center on the GREEN POOL LIGHT, reflecting off of the water.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I can see him there, gazing up at the stars, no doubt dreaming of her...

And then, a gun shot.

Red blood begins to fall through the black, blue water.

Gatsby is dead.

The camera turns to reveal MATTHEW, shaking frantically, his eyes full of fear and determination. He turns the gun on himself. Another shot.

Matthew is dead.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The service has ended, but Nick lingers a moment longer. He takes his sweaty hand out of his pocket. It's clenched around DAISY'S WATCH. He tosses it into the dirt hole.

When he turns to leave, Nick sees his PARENTS are there.

NICK'S MOM
We got your message.

NICK
Thanks for coming.

NICK'S MOM AND DAD
Of course we're here.

They turn to leave together.

NICK (V.O.)
Baker had been right after all. I
blinked, and it was September.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. NYU FILM SCHOOL, SIX WEEKS LATER - DAY

The Lady from Shanghai comes to its climactic close. We see Daisy, now at NYU - and even in the darkened theatre of a cinema class we see the glow of her luminous green eyes.

It's the last scene - the infamous Hall of Mirrors. Daisy watches, frozen.

The over eager students begin to pack up their bags as soon as the lights come back on.

PROFESSOR
Rita Hayworth, stunning, isn't she.
The quintessential femme
fatale.hell hath no fury like a
beautiful woman. That's all for
today.

A tear forms in the corner of Daisy's eye.

NICK (V.O.)

It happens just like that. In rare moments she might think of Gatsby and feel a tinge of guilt, but then immediately justify it to herself or simply become distracted.

An attractively bohemian FILM STUDENT hovers over her seat. She swiftly wipes away the tear with ease, ensuring that she doesn't smear any of her dark eye makeup.

FILM STUDENT

Dis-nais-ity. I'm dreaming of a caffeine drip. You wanna join?

In an instant her coquettish grin returns.

As Daisy emerges from the dark theatre into the glaring afternoon light she looks haunting, vapid, evil and unforgettably beautiful.

NICK (V.O.)

After all, how foolish of them to have let a 17 year old girl into their hearts.

INT. YALE UNIVERSITY, LIBRARY - DAY

Nick, our unlikely hero, is perched in the window of a library, on his LAPTOP.

IM FROM HALEYGIRL

Howz YALE?

IM FROM NCYALE2011

Awesome! Northwestern??

HALEYGIRL

Already in the lib? Dork!

NCYALE2011

Having trouble setting up internet in my room. Just going through the course catalogue.

HALEYGIRL

Anderson offered me a job for next summer.

NCYALE2011

U deserve it. Listen, I'm really sorry 4 -

HALEYGIRL
Just glad u landed on ur feet.

NCYALE2011
Thx. Btw, made the Yale Daily News.

HALEYGIRL
JA would b proud! Gotta run. Good 2
talk 2 u Nick!

As the screen closes, a message pops up: INCOMING VIDEO CHAT
WITH BAKERLOVE. Nick clicks ACCEPT and Baker's face appears
on the screen. She looks timid for the first time.

BAKER
Saint Nicholas.

NICK
Baker. Long time no talk.

BAKER
Sigh. I know. How are you?

NICK
I'm - wait - where are you?

She takes the camera attached to her computer and pans the
scenery. We see PALM TREES and the PACIFIC OCEAN.

BAKER
Los Angeles, I'm yours.
(giggles)
Classes start at UCLA next week. I
think I wanna live in a dorm, how
sick is that?

NICK
What about Brown? And you're
apartment? You're just - over that?

BAKER
I know I bailed on you, Nicholas.
Everything in New York got to be
just...way too much.

NICK
You know, Daisy didn't even come to
the funeral.

BAKER
I - I heard that.
(recomposes)
(MORE)

BAKER (CONT'D)

But Nick - you're good, right?
Things are good?

Nick looks out the window to the perfectly collegiate Quad.

NICK

Things are going to be great.

BAKER

Well when it gets too cold out
there, you can come to California.

NICK

Yea, listen, I gotta go. Take care -

He disconnects. Baker's image freezes on the screen. Nick packs up and we see the cover of the YALE DAILY NEW reads **REMEMBERING JAY GATSBY: A PROFILE by Nick Carraway.**

EXT. YALE UNIVERSITY - MAIN ACADEMIC QUAD - DAY

Nick emerges from the library and looks onto the quad.

NICK (V.O.)

The facts related to Birth and Death in an article of this kind are generally concrete pieces of information. But with Gatsby the thin line between what we perceived and what actually was, had been a beautiful façade. So elegantly constructed, it almost seemed better left undisturbed.

Nick joins the throngs of coeds. There are small crowds of kids everywhere, signing up for clubs, throwing frisbees.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He'll never set foot on Yale's campus, but Gatsby never let go of his dream. And for the rest of us who count our years in the compromises we make and call that maturity, we have to, free from judgement, admire that kind of single minded-ness. To some he was mad, but to me he was a dreamer.

As people part ways and head off to class, we see TOM. His body reads confidence, but his eyes are full of fear. Tom nods to Nick, but Nick replies with a look of disgust and disdain. Nick looks him straight on, and Tom's eyes fall.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he finally spotted those green eyes again. He had come so far and his dream must have seemed so close he could hardly fail to grasp it. What he didn't know was that it was already behind him. Somewhere back beyond the obscurity of the city and the hallowed halls of the Ivy League. It was back where the dark fields rolled on under the night.

Nick is approached by a group of students.

STUDENT 1

Nick! Everyone on the floor's going to NYC tonight. Bungalow 8, Baby!

NICK

I think I'm just gonna stick around here for awhile. You guys have fun.

STUDENT 2

Fair enough. See you tomorrow.

And with that, Nick walks across the Yale campus.

NICK (V.O.)

Looking back on that summer I'd obviously like to think that I was the kind of person that rose to the occasion. Sometimes I did, and sometimes I didn't. But remembering all of those times is irrelevant because they're in me. They are me.

The sweet and nostalgic sounds of Nouvelle Vague's *I Melt With You* [18] plays.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tomorrow we'll run faster, connect quicker, and travel all stretches of this universe. So as we embark on our college career, I ask the class of 2011 to acknowledge that today we are less one. And even though most of you never knew Jay Gatsby, tonight when you're settled into your beds, I ask you, don't just sleep - dream.

THE END.