

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - NIGHT

As Nick's feet crunch upon the white gravel of the drive, he is startled by a voice from the shadows...

GATSBY

Hello old sport...

Cautiously, Nick approaches the hedge. The closer he gets the more certain he becomes: Gatsby is hiding, just below Daisy's window. His pace quickens.

NICK

What are you doing!?

GATSBY

Just sitting here...

NICK

Yes, I can see that.

GATSBY

Did you see any trouble out on the road?

NICK

Trouble!? That woman you ran down is dead Jay!

GATSBY

I thought so... I told Daisy I thoughts so--

NICK

Daisy? Do you hear yourself--

GATSBY

Its better that the shock should come all at once--

NICK

What's wrong with you!? How could you!?

GATSBY

Please... Keep your voice down, old sport.

NICK

Tom was right! You're nothing but a goddamn coward!

GATSBY
 (threatening)
 Keep your voice down... There. Was.
 No. Point. In. Stopping.

NICK
 NO POINT!?

GATSBY
 It, it killed her instantly. I--

NICK
 Yes, I was there. I saw! It ripped
 her open!

Panicked, Gatsby grabs Nick, trying to explain...

GATSBY
 I understand-- It was... my fault.
 This woman just rushed out, as if
 she wanted to speak to us... It all
 happened so quickly. She-- I...
 tried-- to turn the wheel.

NICK
 She?

SUDDENLY! The CREAK of a door opening. A shaft of light...
 Henri emerges.

AN INTERMINABLE moment. Gatsby and Nick hold their breaths.
 Finally, Henri goes back in.

CLOSE ON: Nick, a realization.

NICK (CONT'D)
 It was Daisy?

Finally, and very slowly, Gatsby admits.

GATSBY
 You see, after we left New York,
 she was very nervous. She thought
 driving would steady her. But this
 woman, she just rushed out at us.

CUT TO: We replay the violent accident, this time fully
 REVEALING that it was Daisy behind the wheel...

GATSBY (CONT'D)
 It all happened so quickly. It
 wasn't her fault...
 (MORE)

GATSBY (CONT'D)

It was my fault. I should have taken the wheel...

(intense)

No one must know. Promise me. No one. Promise me.

NICK

Jay-- You shouldn't be here. You should get out of here.

Gatsby gazes back to the house...

GATSBY

No. No. No. I'm going to wait. I'll wait all night if necessary. You see, Daisy's locked herself in her room, and she's going to turn her light off and on again if he tries to bother her about that unpleasantness this afternoon. If he tries ANY brutality whatsoever--

NICK

Tom won't touch her. He's not even thinking about her...

GATSBY

Oh, I don't trust him, old sport. I don't trust him.

Nick considers the light at the end of the terrace.

NICK

Alright. Alright... You wait here. I'll see if there's any commotion.

GATSBY

|| Would you do that for me? Thank you. Thank you, old sport.

EXT. BUCHANAN MANSION - TERRACE - NIGHT

Nick skirts the terrace...

Rounding the corner, Nick, unseen in the shadows, can see Tom and Daisy sitting at one end of the vast dining table, a plate of cold chicken and two bottles of ale between them.

As Tom speaks intently and earnestly at Daisy, his hand falls gently upon hers and she nods tiredly in agreement...

TOM

Its going to be all right...