



诺贝尔文学奖获奖作家作品精选

中英对照

天边外

Beyond the Horizon

尤金·奥尼尔◎著

王海若◎译

读
大师作品
品
一流英文

中国书籍出版社



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GRETOARIHO



Beyond the Horizon
天边外

CHARACTERS

JAMES MAYO, a farmer

KATE MAYO, his wife

CAPTAIN DICK SCOTT, of the bark "Sunda," her brother

ANDREW MAYO and

ROBERT MAYO, sons of James Mayo

RUTH ATKINS,

MRS. ATKINS, her widowed mother

MARY,

BEN, a farm hand

DOCTOR FAWCETT.

(The "right" and "left" of the stage directions are the audience's.)

角 色

詹姆斯·梅奥，农夫

凯特·梅奥，詹姆斯·梅奥的妻子

迪克·斯各特，珊达船船长，凯特·梅奥的哥哥

安德鲁·梅奥，詹姆斯·梅奥的儿子

罗伯特·梅奥，詹姆斯·梅奥的儿子

露丝·阿特金

阿特金夫人，寡妇，露丝·阿特金的母亲

玛丽

本，农场上的工人

法斯特医生

(舞台的“左”和“右”指的是观众的“左”和“右”方向)

Act I

SCENE ONE

SCENE—A section of country highway. The road runs diagonally from the left, forward, to the right, rear, and can be seen in the distance winding toward the horizon like a pale ribbon between the low, rolling hills with their freshly plowed fields clearly divided from each other, checkerboard fashion, by the lines of stone walls and rough snake fences.

The forward triangle cut off by the road is a section of a field from the dark earth of which myriad bright-green blades of fall-sown rye are sprouting. A straggling line of piled rocks, too low to be called a wall, separates this field from the road.

To the rear of the road is a ditch with a sloping, grassy bank on the far side. From the center of this an old, gnarled apple tree, just budding into leaf, strains its twisted branches heavenwards, black against the pallor of distance. A snake-fence sidles from left to right along the top of the bank, passing beneath the apple tree.

The hushed twilight of a day in May is just beginning. The horizon hills are still rimmed by a faint line of flame, and the sky above them

第一幕

第一场

情景——一小段乡村公路，从左前方径直延伸到右后方。可以看到路在远处蜿蜒着延伸到天边，就像一条淡白色的丝带绕在低矮起伏的小山中间。刚刚耕过的田地让石头墙和粗糙的蛇形栅栏隔成了清晰的井字。

前面的这个被路截成的三角形田地是一片黑土地的一部分，秋天种下的黑麦在上面吐芽，就像无数个鲜绿色的刀片。稀稀落落的一堆石头连成一条线，非常矮，还不足以称作墙，这堆石头把这块地与公路隔开。

路的后方有一个小沟，沟的后面有一个长满绿草的斜坡。斜坡上有一棵干上长着瘤子的老苹果树，嫩芽刚刚长成叶子。枝干扭曲着，竭力伸向天空，在远方的灰白色天空的映衬下愈显黝黑。蛇形围栏从左到右沿着堤岸顶端爬行，正好在那棵苹果树下经过。

五月中一个安静的黄昏刚刚开始。天边山的轮廓发出微弱的光，上面的天空被落日的余辉映得发红。在这一场戏进行的过程中，光

glows with the crimson flush of the sunset. This fades gradually as the action of the scene progresses.

At the rise of the curtain, ROBERT MAYO is discovered sitting on the fence. He is a tall, slender young man of twenty-three. There is a touch of the poet about him expressed in his high forehead and wide, dark eyes. His features are delicate and refined, leaning to weakness in the mouth and chin. He is dressed in grey corduroy trousers pushed into high laced boots, and a blue flannel shirt with a bright colored tie. He is reading a book by the fading sunset light. He shuts this, keeping a finger in to mark the place, and turns his head toward the horizon, gazing out over the fields and hills. His lips move as if he were reciting something to himself.

His brother ANDREW comes along the road from the right, returning from his work in the fields. He is twenty-seven years old, an opposite type to ROBERT—husky, sun-bronzed, handsome in a large-featured, manly fashion—a son of the soil, intelligent in a shrewd way, but with nothing of the intellectual about him. He wears overalls, leather boots, a grey flannel shirt open at the neck, and a soft, mud-stained hat pushed back on his head. He stops to talk to ROBERT, leaning on the hoe he carries.

ANDREW—[Seeing ROBERT has not noticed his presence—in a loud

逐渐淡去。

随着幕布打开，观众看到罗伯特·梅奥坐在栅栏上。他23岁，长得瘦高。他有点诗人气质，高额头，眼睛又大又黑。他面容优雅脱俗，嘴和下巴有点虚弱。他穿着灰色灯芯绒裤子，裤子塞进高绑腿的靴子中；上身穿一件蓝色法兰绒衬衫，配一条颜色鲜艳的领带，正借着逐渐日落的余光看书。他合上书，把一根手指夹在刚读到的那一页，转头朝向天边，注视着田和山外的远处。他的嘴唇在动，似乎自己在朗诵什么。

他哥哥安德鲁从右边沿着路过来了，他刚干完田里的活儿。他27岁，是跟罗伯特相反的类型——他身体强壮，皮肤被晒成古铜色，魁梧而帅气，有男子气概——他是土地的儿子，伶俐精明，但不是知识分子那种。他穿着工装裤，脚蹬皮靴，灰色的法兰绒衬衫敞着领口，一顶上面沾了泥的软帽子推到头后面。他停下来跟罗伯特说话，靠在带来的锄头上面。

安德鲁——[看到罗伯特没有发现自己，大声喊]嘿，伙计！

shout.] Hey there! [ROBERT turns with a start. Seeing who it is, he smiles.] Gosh, you do take the prize for day-dreaming! And I see you've toted one of the old books along with you. Want to bust your eyesight reading in this light?

ROBERT—[Glancing at the book in his hand with a rather shamefaced air.] I wasn't reading—just then, Andy.

ANDREW—No, but you have been. Shucks, you never will get any sense, Rob. [He crosses the ditch and sits on the fence near his brother.] What is it this time—poetry, I'll bet. [He reaches for the book.] Let me see.

ROBERT—[Handing it to him rather reluctantly.] Yes, it's poetry. Look out you don't get it full of dirt.

ANDREW—[Glancing at his hands.] That isn't dirt—it's good clean earth; but I'll be careful of the old thing. I just wanted to take a peep at it. [He turns over the pages.]

ROBERT—[Slyly.] Better look out for your eyesight, Andy.

ANDREW—Huh! If reading this stuff was the only way to get blind, I'd see forever. [His eyes read something and he gives an exclamation of disgust.] Hump! [With a provoking grin at his brother he reads aloud in a doleful, sing-song voice.] "I have loved wind and light and the bright

[罗伯特一惊，转过身来。看清了是安德鲁，他微笑了一下] 哎呀，你可真够喜欢幻想的啊！瞧见你又带了一本宝贝书来了。这样的光下看书，想把眼睛看坏啊？

罗伯特——[很害羞地瞟了一眼手里的书] 我没看，刚才没看，安迪。

安德鲁——对，但是你之前一直在看。切！你真没药可救，罗伯特。[他跨过小沟坐到了他弟弟身边的栅栏上] 这回是什么？是诗歌，我打赌。[他伸手去拿那本书] 让我看看。

罗伯特——[不情愿地递给他] 是的，是诗歌。小心点别把书上弄上脏泥。

安德鲁——[瞥一眼他的手] 那不是脏泥，是干净的泥土。但是我会小心地对这个宝贝的。我只是想随便看一眼。[他翻阅了一下]

罗伯特——[害羞地] 最好注意一下你的眼睛，安迪。

安德鲁——哼！要是看这玩意儿是唯一能瞎的方法，我就永远都能看到东西了。[他看到了什么，反感地叫了一声] 吓！[他冲他弟弟若有所思地一笑，然后用悲哀的、抑扬顿挫的声音读] “我曾经爱上风儿、阳光和欢快的海，但是在那最庄严神圣的夜晚，什么都比不过我对你的爱。”[他交还了书] 给！拿回去埋了它吧。什

sea. But holy and most sacred night, not as I love and have loved thee.”
[He hands the book back.] Here! Take it and bury it. Give me a good magazine any time.

ROBERT—[With a trace of irritation.] The Farm Journal?

ANDREW—Sure; anything sensible. I suppose it's that year in college gave you a liking for that kind of stuff. I'm darn glad I stopped with High School, or maybe I'd been crazy too. [He grins and slaps ROBERT on the back affectionately.] Imagine me reading poetry and plowing at the same time. The team'd run away, I'll bet.

ROBERT—[Laughing.] Or picture me plowing. That'd be worse.

ANDREW—[Seriously.] Pa was right never to sick you onto the farm. You surely were never cut out for a farmer, that's a fact,—even if you'd never been took sick. [With concern.] Say, how'd you feel now, anyway? I've lost track of you. Seems as if I never did get a chance to have a talk alone with you these days, 'count of the work. But you're looking fine as silk.

ROBERT—Why, I feel great—never better.

ANDREW—That's bully. You've surely earned it. You certainly had enough sickness in the old days to last you the rest of your life.

ROBERT—A healthy animal like you, you brute, can hardly

么时候给我本好杂志。

罗伯特——[有点恼了] 农场杂志？

安德鲁——可以，有用的东西就行。我估计是上的那一年大学让你开始喜欢那玩意的吧。我真庆幸只读到高中，要不然我可能也疯了。[他咧嘴笑，亲切地拍拍罗伯特的后背] 想象一下我一边读诗一边犁地的样子吧。我敢说牲口一定都跑了。

罗伯特——[大笑] 想象一下我边读诗边犁地，那更糟糕。

安德鲁——[认真地] 爸说得对，别让你在农场上受罪。你天生就不是当农民的料，即使你没觉得那是受罪，那也是事实。[关心地] 我说，你现在感觉怎么样了？我都不了解你了。好像这些日子我一直没有机会跟你单独聊天，因为有太多活要干。但是你看起来气色很好。

罗伯特——是的，我感觉棒极了——从来没有更好过。

安德鲁——那太棒了。你应得的。你过去是病得够多的了，下半辈子都不用再生病了。

罗伯特——像你这样一只健康的动物，一只牲口，不能理解我经历了什么——尽管你看到了。你记得吧——病一天，好一天——

understand what I went through—although you saw it. You remember—sick one day, and well the next—always weak—never able to last through a whole term at school 'til I was years behind everyone my age—not able to get in any games—it was hell! These last few years of comparative health have been heaven to me.

ANDREW—I know; they must have been. [After a pause.] You should have gone back to college last fall, like I know you wanted to. You're fitted for that sort of thing—just as I ain't.

ROBERT—You know why I didn't go back, Andy. Pa didn't like the idea, even if he didn't say so; and I know he wanted the money to use improving the farm. And besides, I had pretty much all I cared for in that one year. I'm not keen on being a student, just because you see me reading books all the time. What I want to do now is keep on moving so that I won't take root in any one place.

ANDREW—Well, the trip you're leaving on tomorrow will keep you moving all right. [At this mention of the trip they both fall silent. There is a pause. Finally ANDREW goes on, awkwardly attempting to speak casually.] Uncle says you'll be gone three years.

ROBERT—About that, he figures.

ANDREW—[Moodily.] That's a long time.

总是特别虚弱——连一个学期都上不完整，直到我比同龄人都落下好几年了——从来玩儿不了游戏——那简直是地狱！这几年稍微健康了点儿，这对我来说简直是天堂。

安德鲁——我知道，一定是的。[犹豫了一下]你去年秋天就该回大学去的，我知道你想回去。你适合那里——就像我不适合一样。

罗伯特——你知道我为什么没回去，安迪。尽管爸没说，他也不喜欢这样的想法。我知道他想用钱改善农场。另外，我那一年也学到我想学的了。你看到我一直看书并不是因为我非常想学习。我只是想一直前进，这样就不会在某一个地方扎根儿不动了。

安德鲁——明天开始的旅行会让你一直前进的。[说到了旅行，两个人都沉默了。停了一阵子。最后安德鲁继续说，想要说得轻松，但是很笨拙]舅舅说你要走三年。

罗伯特——他估计是这样的。

安德鲁——[犹豫地]时间很长啊。

罗伯特——你要是仔细想想也没有那么长。你知道珊达先绕过

ROBERT—Not so long when you come to consider it. You know the Sunda sails around the Horn for Yokohama first, and that's a long voyage on a sailing ship; and if we go to any of the other places Uncle Dick mentions—India, or Australia, or South Africa, or South America—they'll be long voyages, too.

ANDREW—You can have all those foreign parts for all of me. A trip to the port once in a while, or maybe down to New York a couple of times a year—that's all the travel I'm hankering after. [He looks down the road to the right.] Here comes Pa. [The noise of a team of horses coming slowly down the road is heard, and a man's voice urging them on. A moment later JAMES MAYO enters, driving the two weary horses which have been unhitched from the plow. He is his son ANDREW over again in body and face—an ANDREW sixty-five years old, with a short, square, white beard. He is dressed much the same as ANDREW.]

MAYO—[Checking his horses when he sees his sons.] Whoa there! Hello boys! What are you two doin' there roostin' on the fence like a pair of hens?

ROBERT—[Laughing.] Oh, just talking things over, Pa.

ANDREW—[With a sly wink.] Rob's trying to get me into reading poetry. He thinks my education's been neglected.