



O'Neill

Complete Plays 1932-1943

EUGENE O'NEILL

COMPLETE PLAYS
1932-1943



THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

Volume compilation, notes, and chronology copyright © 1988 by
Literary Classics of the United States, Inc., New York, N.Y.

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced commercially
by offset-lithographic or equivalent copying devices without
the permission of the publisher.

Ah, Wilderness! © 1933, renewed 1960; *Days Without End* © 1934;
renewed 1961; *The Iceman Cometh* © 1946, renewed 1974. Published
by arrangement with Random House, Inc.

A Touch of the Poet © 1946, renewed 1973; *A Moon for the
Misbegotten* © 1945; renewed 1973; Published by arrangement
with PAC Holding S.A.

Long Day's Journey into Night © 1956, renewed 1984. Published by
arrangement with PAC Holding S.A. and Yale University.

Hughie © 1959, renewed 1987. Published by arrangement with
Yale University.

The text of *More Stately Mansions* is © 1988 by Oxford University Press and
based on previously unpublished writings by Eugene O'Neill © 1988,
Collection of American Literature, Beinicke Rare Book and Manuscript
Library, Yale University.

The paper used in this publication meets the
minimum requirements of the American National Standard for
Information Sciences—Permanence of Paper for Printed
Library Materials, ANSI Z39.48—1984.

Distributed to the trade in the United States
by Penguin Putnam Inc and
in Canada by Penguin Books Canada Ltd.

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 88-50687
For cataloging information, see end of *Notes* section.

ISBN 0-940450-50-X

Fifth Printing
The Library of America—42

Manufactured in the United States of America

Contents

Ah, Wilderness!	I
Days Without End	109
A Touch of the Poet	181
More Stately Mansions	283
The Iceman Cometh	561
Long Day's Journey into Night	713
Hughie.	829
A Moon for the Misbegotten	853
<i>Appendix: Tomorrow</i>	947
<i>Chronology</i>	969
<i>Note on the Texts</i>	991
<i>Notes</i>	998

AH, WILDERNESS!

TO GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

*who also, once upon a time, in peg-top trousers
went the pace that kills along the road to ruin*

CHARACTERS

NAT MILLER, *owner of the Evening Globe*

ESSIE, *his wife*

ARTHUR

RICHARD

MILDRED

TOMMY

} *their children*

SID DAVIS, *Essie's brother*

LILY MILLER, *Nat's sister*

DAVID MCCOMBER

MURIEL MCCOMBER, *his daughter*

WINT SELBY, *a classmate of Arthur's at Yale*

BELLE

NORAH

BARTENDER

SALESMAN

SCENES

ACT ONE

Sitting-room of the Miller home in a large small-town in Connecticut—early morning, July 4th, 1906.

ACT TWO

Dining-room of the Miller home—evening of the same day.

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

Back room of a bar in a small hotel—10 o'clock the same night.

SCENE TWO

Same as Act One—the sitting-room of the Miller home—a little after 11 o'clock the same night.

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

The Miller sitting-room again—about 1 o'clock the following afternoon.

SCENE TWO

A strip of beach along the harbor—about 9 o'clock that night.

SCENE THREE

Same as Scene One—the sitting-room—about 10 o'clock the same night.

Ah, Wilderness!

ACT ONE

SCENE—*Sitting-room of the Miller home in a large small-town in Connecticut—about 7.30 in the morning of July 4th, 1906.*

The room is fairly large, homely looking and cheerful in the morning sunlight, furnished with scrupulous medium-priced tastelessness of the period. Beneath the two windows at left, front, a sofa with silk and satin cushions stands against the wall. At rear of sofa, a bookcase with glass doors, filled with cheap sets, extends along the remaining length of wall. In the rear wall, left, is a double doorway with sliding doors and portières, leading into a dark, windowless, back parlor. At right of this doorway, another bookcase, this time a small, open one, crammed with boys' and girls' books and the best-selling novels of many past years—books the family really have read. To the right of this bookcase is the mate of the double doorway at its left, with sliding doors and portières, this one leading to a well-lighted front parlor. In the right wall, rear, a screen door opens on a porch. Farther forward in this wall are two windows, with a writing desk and a chair between them. At center is a big, round table with a green-shaded reading lamp, the cord of the lamp running up to one of five sockets in the chandelier above. Five chairs are grouped about the table—three rockers at left, right, and right rear of it, two armchairs at rear and left rear. A medium-priced, inoffensive rug covers most of the floor. The walls are papered white with a cheerful, ugly blue design.

Voices are heard in a conversational tone from the dining-room beyond the back parlor, where the family are just finishing breakfast. Then Mrs. Miller's voice, raised commandingly, "Tommy! Come back here and finish your milk!" At the same moment Tommy appears in the doorway from the back parlor—a chubby, sun-burnt boy of eleven with dark eyes, blond hair wetted and plastered down in a part, and a shiny, good-natured face, a rim of milk visible about his lips. Bursting with bottled-up energy and a longing to get started on the Fourth, he nevertheless has hesitated obediently at his mother's call.

TOMMY—*(calls back pleadingly)* Aw, I'm full, Ma. And I said excuse me and you said all right. *(His father's voice is heard*

speaking to his mother. Then she calls: "All right, Tommy," and Tommy asks eagerly) Can I go out now?

MOTHER'S VOICE—(correctingly) May I!

TOMMY—(fidgeting, but obediently) May I, Ma?

MOTHER'S VOICE—Yes. (Tommy jumps for the screen door to the porch at right like a sprinter released by the starting shot.)

FATHER'S VOICE—(shouts after him) But you set off your crackers away from the house, remember! (But Tommy is already through the screen door, which he leaves open behind him.)

(A moment later the family appear from the back parlor, coming from the dining-room. First are Mildred and Arthur. Mildred is fifteen, tall and slender, with big, irregular features, resembling her father to the complete effacing of any pretense at prettiness. But her big, gray eyes are beautiful; she has vivacity and a fetching smile, and everyone thinks of her as an attractive girl. She is dressed in shirtwaist and skirt in the fashion of the period.

(Arthur, the eldest of the Miller children who are still living home, is nineteen. He is tall, heavy, barrel-chested and muscular, the type of football linesman of that period, with a square, stolid face, small blue eyes and thick sandy hair. His manner is solemnly collegiate. He is dressed in the latest college fashion of that day, which has receded a bit from the extreme of preceding years, but still runs to padded shoulders and pants half pegged at the top, and so small at their wide-cuffed bottoms that they cannot be taken off with shoes on.)

MILDRED—(as they appear—inquisitively) Where are you going today, Art?

ARTHUR—(with superior dignity) That's my business. (He ostentatiously takes from his pocket a tobacco pouch with a big Y and class numerals stamped on it, and a heavy bulldog briar pipe with silver Y and numerals, and starts filling the pipe.)

MILDRED—(teasingly) Bet I know, just the same! Want me to tell you her initials? E. R.! (She laughs. Arthur, pleased by this insinuation at his lady-killing activities, yet finds it beneath his dignity to reply. He goes to the table, lights his pipe and picks up the local morning paper, and slouches back into the armchair at left rear of table, beginning to whistle "Oh, Waltz Me Around Again, Willie" as he scans the headlines. Mildred sits on the sofa at left, front.)

(Meanwhile, their mother and their Aunt Lily, their father's sister, have appeared, following them from the back parlor. Mrs. Miller is around fifty, a short, stout woman with fading light-brown hair sprinkled with gray, who must have been decidedly pretty as a girl in a round-faced, cute, small-featured, wide-eyed fashion. She has big brown eyes, soft and maternal—a bustling, mother-of-a-family manner. She is dressed in shirtwaist and skirt.)

(Lily Miller, her sister-in-law, is forty-two, tall, dark and thin. She conforms outwardly to the conventional type of old-maid school teacher, even to wearing glasses. But behind the glasses her gray eyes are gentle and tired, and her whole atmosphere is one of shy kindness. Her voice presents the greatest contrast to her appearance—soft and full of sweetness. She, also, is dressed in a shirtwaist and skirt.)

MRS. MILLER—(as they appear) Getting milk down him is like— (Suddenly she is aware of the screen door standing half open.) Goodness, look at that door he's left open! The house will be alive with flies! (rushing out to shut it) I've told him again and again—and that's all the good it does! It's just a waste of breath! (She slams the door shut.)

LILY—(smiling) Well, you can't expect a boy to remember to shut doors—on the Fourth of July. (She goes diffidently to the straight-backed chair before the desk at right, front, leaving the comfortable chairs to the others.)

MRS. MILLER—That's you all over, Lily—always making excuses for him. You'll have him spoiled to death in spite of me. (She sinks in rocker at right of table.) Phew, I'm hot, aren't you? This is going to be a scorcher. (She picks up a magazine from the table and begins to rock, fanning herself.)

(Meanwhile, her husband and her brother have appeared from the back parlor, both smoking cigars. Nat Miller is in his late fifties, a tall, dark, spare man, a little stoop-shouldered, more than a little bald, dressed with an awkward attempt at sober respectability imposed upon an innate heedlessness of clothes. His long face has large, irregular, undistinguished features, but he has fine, shrewd, humorous gray eyes.)

(Sid Davis, his brother-in-law, is forty-five, short and fat, bald-headed, with the Puckish face of a Peck's Bad Boy who has never grown up. He is dressed in what had once been a very natty loud

light suit but is now a shapeless and faded nondescript in cut and color.)

SID—(*as they appear*) Oh, I like the job first rate, Nat. Waterbury's a nifty old town with the lid off, when you get to know the ropes. I rang in a joke in one of my stories that tickled the folks there pink. Waterwagon—Waterbury—Waterloo!

MILLER—(*grinning*) Darn good!

SID—(*pleased*) I thought it was pretty fair myself. (*goes on a bit ruefully, as if oppressed by a secret sorrow*) Yes, you can see life in Waterbury, all right—that is, if you're looking for life in Waterbury!

MRS. MILLER—What's that about Waterbury, Sid?

SID—I was saying it's all right in its way—but there's no place like home. (*As if to punctuate this remark, there begins a series of bangs from just beyond the porch outside, as Tommy inaugurates his celebration by setting off a package of firecrackers. The assembled family jump in their chairs.*)

MRS. MILLER—That boy! (*She rushes to the screen door and out on the porch, calling*) Tommy! You mind what your Pa told you! You take your crackers out in the back yard, you hear me!

ARTHUR—(*frowning scornfully*) Fresh kid! He did it on purpose to scare us.

MILLER—(*grinning through his annoyance*) Darned youngster! He'll have the house afire before the day's out.

SID—(*grins and sings*)

“Dunno what ter call 'im

But he's mighty like a Rose—velt.”

(*They all laugh.*)

LILY—Sid, you Crazy! (*Sid beams at her. Mrs. Miller comes back from the porch, still fuming.*)

MRS. MILLER—Well, I've made him go out back at last. Now we'll have a little peace. (*As if to contradict this, the bang of firecrackers and torpedoes begins from the rear of the house, left, and continues at intervals throughout the scene, not nearly so loud as the first explosion, but sufficiently emphatic to form a disturbing punctuation to the conversation.*)

MILLER—Well, what's on the tappee for all of you today? Sid, you're coming to the Sachem Club picnic with me, of course.

SID—(*a bit embarrassedly*) You bet. I mean I'd like to, Nat—that is, if—

MRS. MILLER—(*regarding her brother with smiling suspicion*) Hmm! I know what that Sachem Club picnic's always meant!

LILY—(*breaks in in a forced joking tone that conceals a deep earnestness*) No, not this time, Essie. Sid's a reformed character since he's been on the paper in Waterbury. At least, that's what he swore to me last night.

SID—(*avoiding her eyes, humiliated—joking it off*) Pure as the driven snow, that's me. They're running me for president of the W.C.T.U. (*They all laugh.*)

MRS. MILLER—Sid, you're a caution. You turn everything into a joke. But you be careful, you hear? We're going to have dinner in the evening tonight, you know—the best shore dinner you ever tasted and I don't want you coming home—well, not able to appreciate it.

LILY—Oh, I know he'll be careful today. Won't you, Sid?

SID—(*more embarrassed than ever—joking it off melodramatically*) Lily, I swear to you if any man offers me a drink, I'll kill him—that is, if he changes his mind! (*They all laugh except Lily, who bites her lip and stiffens.*)

MRS. MILLER—No use talking to him, Lily. You ought to know better by this time. We can only hope for the best.

MILLER—Now, you women stop picking on Sid. It's the Fourth of July and even a downtrodden newspaperman has a right to enjoy himself when he's on his holiday.

MRS. MILLER—I wasn't thinking only of Sid.

MILLER—(*with a wink at the others*) What, are you insinuating I ever—?

MRS. MILLER—Well, to do you justice, no, not what you'd really call— But I've known you to come back from this darned Sachem Club picnic— Well, I didn't need any little bird to whisper that you'd been some place besides to the well! (*She smiles good-naturedly. Miller chuckles.*)

SID—(*after a furtive glance at the stiff and silent Lily—changes the subject abruptly by turning to Arthur*) How are you spending the festive Fourth, Boola-Boola? (*Arthur stiffens dignifiedly.*)

MILDRED—(*teasingly*) I can tell you, if he won't.

MRS. MILLER—(*smiling*) Off to the Rands', I suppose.

ARTHUR—(*with dignity*) I and Bert Turner are taking Elsie and Ethel Rand canoeing. We're going to have a picnic lunch on Strawberry Island. And this evening I'm staying at the Rands' for dinner.

MILLER—You're accounted for, then. How about you, Mid?

MILDRED—I'm going to the beach to Anne Culver's.

ARTHUR—(*sarcastically*) Of course, there won't be any boys present! Johnny Dodd, for example?

MILDRED—(*giggles—then with a coquettish toss of her head*) Pooh! What do I care for him? He's not the only pebble on the beach.

MILLER—Stop your everlasting teasing, you two. How about you and Lily, Essie?

MRS. MILLER—I don't know. I haven't made any plans. Have you, Lily?

LILY—(*quietly*) No. Anything you want to do.

MRS. MILLER—Well, I thought we'd just sit around and rest and talk.

MILLER—You can gossip any day. This is the Fourth. Now, I've got a better suggestion than that. What do you say to an automobile ride? I'll get out the Buick and we'll drive around town and out to the lighthouse and back. Then Sid and I will let you off here, or anywhere you say, and we'll go on to the picnic.

MRS. MILLER—I'd love it. Wouldn't you, Lily?

LILY—It would be nice.

MILLER—Then, that's all settled.

SID—(*embarrassedly*) Lily, want to come with me to the fireworks display at the beach tonight?

MRS. MILLER—That's right, Sid. You take her out. Poor Lily never has any fun, always sitting home with me.

LILY—(*flustered and grateful*) I—I'd like to, Sid, thank you. (*Then an apprehensive look comes over her face.*) Only not if you come home—you know.

SID—(*again embarrassed and humiliated—again joking it off, solemnly*) Evil-minded, I'm afraid, Nat. I hate to say it of your sister. (*They all laugh. Even Lily cannot suppress a smile.*)

ARTHUR—(*with heavy jocularity*) Listen, Uncle Sid. Don't let me catch you and Aunt Lily spooning on a bench to-

night—or it'll be my duty to call a cop! (*Sid and Lily both look painfully embarrassed at this, and the joke falls flat, except for Mildred who can't restrain a giggle at the thought of these two ancients spooning.*)

MRS. MILLER—(*rebukingly*) Arthur!

MILLER—(*dryly*) That'll do you. Your education in kicking a football around Yale seems to have blunted your sense of humor.

MRS. MILLER—(*suddenly—startledly*) But where's Richard? We're forgetting all about him. Why, where is that boy? I thought he came in with us from breakfast.

MILDRED—I'll bet he's off somewhere writing a poem to Muriel McComber, the silly! Or pretending to write one. I think he just copies—

ARTHUR—(*looking back toward the dining-room*) He's still in the dining-room, reading a book. (*turning back—scornfully*) Gosh, he's always reading now. It's not my idea of having a good time in vacation.

MILLER—(*caustically*) He read his school books, too, strange as that may seem to you. That's why he came out top of his class. I'm hoping before you leave New Haven they'll find time to teach you reading is a good habit.

MRS. MILLER—(*sharply*) That reminds me, Nat. I've been meaning to speak to you about those awful books Richard is reading. You've got to give him a good talking to— (*She gets up from her chair.*) I'll go up and get them right now. I found them where he'd hid them on the shelf in his wardrobe. You just wait till you see what— (*She bustles off, rear right, through the front parlor.*)

MILLER—(*plainly not relishing whatever is coming—to Sid, grumblingly*) Seems to me she might wait until the Fourth is over before bringing up— (*then with a grin*) I know there's nothing to it, anyway. When I think of the books I used to sneak off and read when I was a kid.

SID—Me, too. I suppose Dick is deep in Nick Carter or Old Cap Collier.

MILLER—No, he passed that period long ago. Poetry's his red meat nowadays, I think—love poetry—and socialism, too, I suspect, from some dire declarations he's made. (*then briskly*) Well, might as well get him on the carpet. (*He calls*)

Richard. (*no answer—louder*) Richard. (*no answer—then in a bellow*) Richard!

ARTHUR—(*shouting*) Hey, Dick, wake up! Pa's calling you.

RICHARD'S VOICE—(*from the dining-room*) All right. I'm coming.

MILLER—Darn him! When he gets his nose in a book, the house could fall down and he'd never—

(*Richard appears in the doorway from the back parlor, the book he has been reading in one hand, a finger marking his place. He looks a bit startled still, reluctantly called back to earth from another world.*)

(*He is going on seventeen, just out of high school. In appearance he is a perfect blend of father and mother, so much so that each is convinced he is the image of the other. He has his mother's light-brown hair, his father's gray eyes; his features are neither large nor small; he is of medium height, neither fat nor thin. One would not call him a handsome boy; neither is he homely. But he is definitely different from both of his parents, too. There is something of extreme sensitiveness added—a restless, apprehensive, defiant, shy, dreamy, self-conscious intelligence about him. In manner he is alternately plain simple boy and a posey actor solemnly playing a role. He is dressed in prep. school reflection of the college style of Arthur.*)

RICHARD—Did you want me, Pa?

MILLER—I'd hoped I'd made that plain. Come and sit down a while. (*He points to the rocking chair at the right of table near his.*)

RICHARD—(*coming forward—seizing on the opportunity to play up his preoccupation—with apologetic superiority*) I didn't hear you, Pa. I was off in another world. (*Mildred slyly shoves her foot out so that he trips over it, almost falling. She laughs gleefully. So does Arthur.*)

ARTHUR—Good for you, Mid! That'll wake him up!

RICHARD—(*grins sheepishly—all boy now*) Darn you, Mid! I'll show you! (*He pushes her back on the sofa and tickles her with his free hand, still holding the book in the other. She shrieks.*)

ARTHUR—Give it to her, Dick!

MILLER—That's enough, now. No more roughhouse. You sit down here, Richard. (*Richard obediently takes the chair at right of table, opposite his father.*) What were you planning to

do with yourself today? Going out to the beach with Mildred?

RICHARD—(*scornfully superior*) That silly skirt party! I should say not!

MILDRED—He's not coming because Muriel isn't. I'll bet he's got a date with her somewhere.

RICHARD—(*flushing bashfully*) You shut up! (*then to his father*) I thought I'd just stay home, Pa—this morning, anyway.

MILLER—Help Tommy set off firecrackers, eh?

RICHARD—(*drawing himself up—with dignity*) I should say not. (*then frowning portentously*) I don't believe in this silly celebrating the Fourth of July—all this lying talk about liberty—when there is no liberty!

MILLER—(*a twinkle in his eye*) Hmm.

RICHARD—(*getting warmed up*) The land of the free and the home of the brave! Home of the slave is what they ought to call it—the wage slave ground under the heel of the capitalist class, starving, crying for bread for his children, and all he gets is a stone! The Fourth of July is a stupid farce!

MILLER—(*putting a hand to his mouth to conceal a grin*) Hmm. They are mighty strong words. You'd better not repeat such sentiments outside the bosom of the family or they'll have you in jail.

SID—And throw away the key.

RICHARD—(*darkly*) Let them put me in jail. But how about the freedom of speech in the Constitution, then? That must be a farce, too. (*Then he adds grimly*) No, you can celebrate your Fourth of July. I'll celebrate the day the people bring out the guillotine again and I see Pierpont Morgan being driven by in a tumbrel! (*His father and Sid are greatly amused; Lily is shocked but, taking her cue from them, smiles. Mildred stares at him in puzzled wonderment, never having heard this particular line before. Only Arthur betrays the outraged reaction of a patriot.*)

ARTHUR—Aw say, you fresh kid, tie that bull outside! You ought to get a punch in the nose for talking that way on the Fourth!

MILLER—(*solemnly*) Son, if I didn't know it was you talking, I'd think we had Emma Goldman with us.