

**THE PROVINCETOWN
PLAYS: BOUND EAST FOR
CARDIFF, THE GAME,
KING ARTHUR'S SOCKS**

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The Provincetown Plays: Bound East for Cardiff, The Game, King Arthur's Socks by Eugene G. O'Neill & Louise Bryant & Floyd Dell

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EUGENE G. O'NEILL & LOUISE BRYANT & FLOYD DELL

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THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYS
FIRST SERIES

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FIRST SERIES:

Bound East for Cardiff: *Eugene G. O'Neill*

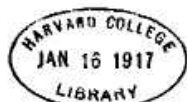
The Game: *Louise Bryant*

King Arthur's Socks: *Floyd Dell*

NEW YORK
FRANK SHAY

1916

AL 459,16.5



*Gift of
John Craig
(J. 511)*

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BOUND EAST FOR CARDIFF

A Sea Play

By Eugene G. O'Neill

Bound East for Cardiff

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY EUGENE G. O'NEILL

As Produced at the Playwrights' Theatre
New York City

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| YANK | GEORGE CRAM COOK |
| DRISCOLL | WILLIAM STUART |
| COCKY | EDWARD J. BALLANTINE |
| DAVIS | HARRY KEMP |
| SCOTTY | FRANK SHAY |
| OLESON | B. J. O. NORDFELDT |
| A NORWEGIAN | DONALD CORLEY |
| SMITTY | LEW PARRISH |
| IVAN | FRANCIS BUZZELL |
| THE CAPTAIN | HENRY MARION HALL |
| THE SECOND MATE | EUGENE G. O'NEILL |

Bound East for Cardiff

SCENE: The seamen's forecastle on a British tramp steamer—an irregular shaped compartment the sides of which almost meet at the far end to form a triangle. Sleeping bunks about six feet long, ranged three deep with a space of three feet separating the upper from the lower, are built against the sides. On the right above the bunks three or four port holes can be seen. In front of the bunks, rough wooden benches. Over the bunks on the left, a lamp in a bracket. In the left foreground, a doorway. On the floor near it, a pail with a tin dipper. Oilskins are hanging from a hook near the doorway.

The far side of the forecastle is so narrow that it contains only one series of bunks.

In under the bunks a glimpse can be had of sea-chests, suitcases, seaboots, etc., jammed in indiscriminately.

At regular intervals of a minute or so the blast of the steamers whistle can be heard above all the other sounds.

Five men are sitting on the benches talking. They are dressed in dirty patched suits of dungaree, flannel shirts, and all are in their stocking feet. Four of the men are pulling on pipes and the air is heavy with rancid tobacco smoke. Sitting on the top bunk in the left foreground a blonde Norwegian is softly playing some folk song on a battered accordion. He stops from time to time to listen to the conversation.

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In the lower bunk in the rear a dark-haired, middle-aged man is lying apparently asleep. One of his arms is stretched limply over the side of the bunk. His face is very pale and drops of clammy perspiration glisten on his forehead.

It is nearing the end of the dog watch—about ten minutes to eight in the evening.

COCKY: (*A weazened runt of a man. He is telling a story. The others are listening with amused, incredulous faces, interrupting him at the end of each sentence with loud derisive guffaws.*) Maikin' love to me, she was! It's Gawd's truth! A bloomin' nigger! Greased all over with coconut oil, she was. Gawd blimey, I couldn't stand 'er. Bloody old cow, I says; and with that I fetched 'er a biff on the ear wot knocked 'er silly, an'—” (*He is interrupted by a roar of laughter from the others.*)

DAVIS: (*A middle-aged man with brown hair and mustache.*) You're a liar, Cocky.

SCOTTY: (*A dark young fellow.*) Ho-ho! Ye werr neverr in New Guinea in yourr life, I'm thinkin'.

OLESON: (*A Swede with an enormous blonde mustache—with ponderous sarcasm.*) Yust tink of it! You say she wass a cannibal, Cocky?

DRISCOLL: (*A red haired giant with the battered features of a prizefighter.*) How cud ye doubt ut, Oleson? A quane av the naygurs she musta been surely. Who else wud think herself aqual to fallin' in love with a beauthiful, divil-may-care rake av a man the loike av Cocky? (*A burst of laughter from the crowd.*)