

**Male - Teens - Early 20s**

**BEYOND THE HORIZON** by Eugene O'Neill

Robert is explaining to Ruth, the girl who loves him, why he has to leave the farm and go explore the world.

Full scene here: <http://www.bartleby.com/132/11.html>

ROBERT— I doubt if you'll understand. It's difficult to explain, even to myself. It's more an instinctive longing that won't stand dissection. Either you feel it, or you don't. The cause of it all is in the blood and the bone, I guess, not in the brain, although imagination plays a large part in it. I can remember being conscious of it first when I was only a kid—you haven't forgotten what a sickly specimen I was then, in those days, have you? You'll have to, to understand. Well, in those days, when Ma was fixing meals, she used to get me out of the way by pushing my chair to the west window and telling me to look out and be quiet. That wasn't hard. I guess I was always quiet. So I used to stare out over the fields to the hills, out there—*[He points to the horizon]* and somehow after a time I'd forget any pain I was in, and start dreaming. I knew the sea was over beyond those hills,—the folks had told me—and I used to wonder what the sea was like, and try to form a picture of it in my mind. *[With a smile.]* There was all the mystery in the world to me then about that—far-off sea—and there still is! It called to me then just as it does now. *[After a slight pause.]* And other times my eyes would follow this road, winding off into the distance, toward the hills, as if it, too, was searching for the sea. And I'd promise myself that when I grew up and was strong, I'd follow that road, and it and I would find the sea together. *[With a smile.]* You see, my making this trip is only keeping that promise of long ago.