

ULYSSES

Screenplay by Piotr Sadowski

Based on the novel by James Joyce

Screenplay is registered with Writers' Guild of America

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James Joyce (1882–1941)

James Joyce was born in Dublin, Ireland, as the oldest of ten children in a middle-class Catholic family that, after brief prosperity, collapsed into poverty. He was none the less educated in the best Jesuit schools and then at University College Dublin. In 1902, following his graduation, Joyce went to Paris to study medicine, but instead devoted himself to writing poems and prose sketches. Recalled to Dublin in April 1903 because of the fatal illness of his mother, he circled slowly towards a literary career. In June 1904 he met a young woman from Galway, Nora Barnacle, and persuaded her to go with him to the Continent, where he planned to teach English. The young couple spent a few months in Pola, then in 1905 moved to Trieste where, except for three trips to Dublin, they lived until June 1915. They had two children, a son and a daughter. Italy's entrance into the First World War obliged Joyce to move to Zürich, where he remained until 1919. After a brief return to Trieste following the armistice, Joyce moved to Paris, where he was to remain until the outbreak of the Second World War. In December 1940 he managed to leave the occupied France and went again to Zürich, where he died on 13 January 1941.

Joyce's main works include a volume of poems *Chamber Music* (London, 1907), a collection of short stories *Dubliners* (London, 1914), an autobiographical novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (London, 1916), his main novel *Ulysses* (Paris, 1922), and *Finnegans Wake* (Paris, 1939).

ULYSSES

synopsis

The action takes place in Dublin on 16 June, 1904. Stephen Dedalus, a young poet, Mulligan, a medical student, and a young Englishman Haines are having breakfast at the Martello Tower in Sandycove near Dublin. Dissatisfied with Haines's presence and with Mulligan's servility to the Englishman, Stephen leaves the Tower. He goes to do his daily teaching at an elementary school in Dalkey near Dublin, where the headmaster, Mr Deasy, deepens Stephen's melancholy by lecturing to him about thrift. Stephen then goes for a lonely walk on Sandymount Strand, where he broods on his lack of purpose in life.

Meanwhile Leopold Bloom, a middle-aged Dublin Jew and an advertising agent, prepares breakfast for himself and his voluptuous wife Molly. Molly plans a secret tryst with her lover, Blaises Boylan, and Bloom, half suspecting that, gets out of the way by spending the entire day out. Bloom first goes to the church, where he reflects on religion, and later attends a funeral, where as a Jew he is slighted and ignored by other Dublin males.

Bloom meets Stephen for the first time at the newspaper office, where Bloom is trying unsuccessfully to extend an ad, and Stephen persuades the editor to print Mr Deasy's letter. At lunchtime Bloom strolls through the city centre, feeds the gulls, chats with a woman friend, walks a blind man across the street, and finally eats a modest lunch away from the noise and hubbub of crowded restaurants. He visits the National Library and again meets Stephen who discusses literature with the librarians.

In the afternoon Bloom visits a pub and is attacked by other males for being a Jew. Slighted and offended, Bloom seeks solitude on Sandymount Strand, where he indulges in masturbatory fantasies as he watches a young girl sitting on the sand. At midnight Bloom winds up in the red-light district, where he experiences a humiliating ordeal at the hands of the brothel mistress, and has a phantasmagorical vision of his own greatness as an important public figure. In the brothel Bloom also meets Stephen, and takes care of the young man when the latter gets involved in a fight with British soldiers.

Both Bloom and Stephen return to Bloom's house in the early hours. Soon Stephen leaves, and Bloom goes to his bedroom and lies down next to Molly, his head at Molly's feet. As he falls asleep, Molly recalls her life with Bloom and her affair with Boylan.

MAIN CHARACTERS

LEOPOLD BLOOM	a middle-aged Dublin Jew
MOLLY	BLOOM's wife, a singer
STEPHEN DEDALUS	a young Irish poet
SIMON DEDALUS	STEPHEN's father
BLAZES BOYLAN	MOLLY's lover
MULLIGAN	a medical student
HAINES	a young Englishman
MARTIN CUNNINGHAM	a Protestant Dubliner
Mr DEASY	a school headmaster
MYLES CRAWFORD	senior newspaper editor
RED MURRAY, LENEHAN	newspaper editors
M'COY, BANTAM LYONS, Mr POWER, NED LAMBERT, CITIZEN, JOE HYNES, NOSEY FLYNN	ordinary Dubliners
BOB DORAN	a drunk
JOHN MENTON	senior solicitor
Mrs BREEN	a friend of MOLLY and BLOOM
BELLA COHEN	whoremistress
LYSTER	chief librarian
EGLINTON	assistant librarian
FATHER CONMEE	a priest
O'MOLLOY	solicitor
DAVY BYRNE	publican
ZOE, KITTY, FLORRY, KATE	prostitutes
Mrs BARRY, MRS BELLINGHAM, Mrs TALBOYS	high-society ladies
Miss DOUCE, Miss KENNEDY	young barmaids
CISSY, EDY, GERTY	young girls
BOODY, MAGGY, DILLY	STEPHEN's younger sisters
MARY DRISCOLL	servant girl
CARR, COMPTON	British soldiers

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the rocky coast in SANDYCOVE near DUBLIN. The MARTELLO TOWER is seen in the BACKGROUND.

CAPTION

Dublin, 16 June 1904

CUT TO:

IN. EARLY MORNING. ROOM in the MARTELLO TOWER. ANGLE on the BED. The young Englishman HAINES tosses on the BED, mumbles inarticulately, troubled by a nightmare. HAINES sits up, pulls a REVOLVER from beneath his pillow and FIRES two shots at the wall opposite.

FULL SHOT of the ROOM, revealing two more BEDS. Two young Irishmen, STEPHEN DEDALUS and MULLIGAN, sit up. STEPHEN looks at two bullet holes on the wall above his bed.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. CLOSEUP on a BOWL of lather, on which a MIRROR and a RAZOR lay crossed.

FULL SHOT of the DECK of the MARTELLO TOWER. MULLIGAN dressed in a yellow dressing-gown, ungirdled, holds the BOWL aloft.

MULLIGAN
(intones like a priest)

Introibo ad altare Dei.

MULLIGAN lowers the bowl, gives the sign of BLESSING in three directions, and peers down the winding STAIRCASE.

MULLIGAN
Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful
jesuit.

ANGLE on STEPHEN, displeased and sleepy, emerging from the winding staircase.

CLOSEUP on MULLIGAN's face covered with lather. He is shaving with the razor.

MULLIGAN
(in a mock preaching tone)

For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. (he gives a long whistle)

FULL SHOT of MULLIGAN and STEPHEN. MULLIGAN shaves before the mirror propped up on the parapet, while STEPHEN looks at the sea.

MULLIGAN

The mockery of it, Stephen, your absurd name, an ancient Greek. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN.

STEPHEN

Tell me, Mulligan.

MULLIGAN

Yes, my love?

STEPHEN

How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

CLOSEUP on MULLIGAN shaving.

MULLIGAN

A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. God, these bloody English. Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford.

FULL SHOT of STEPHEN and MULLIGAN.

STEPHEN

He was raving all night about a black panther. Where is his guncase?

MULLIGAN

A woeful lunatic. Were you in a funk?

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN.

STEPHEN
(with anger)

I was. Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black panther. I'm not a hero, however. If he stays on here I am off.

BACK TO SHOT.

MULLIGAN

Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor.

MULLIGAN slowly pulls out a dirty, crumpled HANDKERCHIEF from STEPHEN's pocket, and wipes the razorblade. MULLIGAN raises the handkerchief aloft.

MULLIGAN

The bard's noserag. A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen. You can almost taste it, can't you?

MULLIGAN moves the handkerchief close to STEPHEN's nose. STEPHEN turns his head away. MULLIGAN looks at the sea.

WIDE SHOT of the DUBLIN BAY with the HOWTH HEAD in the distance.

MULLIGAN

God, isn't the sea a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton.* Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. You must read them in the original. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* She is our great sweet mother.

CLOSEUP on MULLIGAN looking searchingly at STEPHEN's face.

MULLIGAN

My aunt thinks you killed your mother.

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN looking at the sea.

STEPHEN

Someone killed her.

FULL SHOT of STEPHEN and MULLIGAN. MULLIGAN wipes his face with the towel.

MULLIGAN

You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked you.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. BEDROOM. ANGLE on the withered WOMAN lying ill in bed, raising her hand with difficulty towards STEPHEN.

FULL SHOT of the ROOM. STEPHEN stands near the bed, while his father, SIMON DEDALUS, and several younger brothers and sisters remain on their knees.

MULLIGAN
(voiceover)

To think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you.

CUT TO:

BACK to the DECK of the MARTELLO TOWER. ANGLE on MULLIGAN stretching his hand with the mirror towards STEPHEN.

MULLIGAN

Look at yourself, you dreadful bard.

CLOSEUP on the MIRROR, cleft by a crack, showing STEPHEN's face.

STEPHEN

The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror. If Wilde were only alive to see you.

BACK TO SHOT. STEPHEN looks at MULLIGAN.

STEPHEN

It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking-glass of a servant.

MULLIGAN

(withdraws the mirror, slightly confused)

Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea. He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman.

MULLIGAN picks up the bowl and the razor and goes to the staircase. STEPHEN remains alone, looking at the sea.

MULLIGAN

Come down, Kinch. The Englishman wants his morning rashers.

STEPHEN follows after MULLIGAN.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. ANGLE on MULLIGAN, with STEPHEN behind him, climbing down the winding staircase of the MARTELLO TOWER.

MULLIGAN

(in a hushed voice)

Haines is apologizing for waking us last night. It's all right. Touch him for a quid, will you? We'll have a glorious drunk to astonish the druidy druids.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. FULL SHOT of the ROOM in the MARTELLO TOWER. Two shafts of light from the high barbican windows meet in the centre in a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease. MULLIGAN, dressed in his loose gown, prepares breakfast on the stove, cursing under his nose. STEPHEN sits sullenly at the TABLE in the middle of the chamber, while HAINES stands at the door, looking out.

CLOSEUP on HAINES.

HAINES

That woman is coming up with the milk.

BACK to SHOT. The OLD WOMAN comes in with a BUCKET of milk. MULLIGAN hands her the JUG. The three MEN sit down at the table and start eating their breakfast.

MULLIGAN

(with mockery, to the OLD WOMAN)

The blessings of God on you.

The MEN pour themselves tea.

MULLIGAN

(with an old woman's wheedling voice)

When I makes tea I makes tea. And when I makes water I makes water.

HAINES

By Jove, it is tea.

ANGLE on the OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN

(to MULLIGAN, in a country accent)

That's a lovely morning, sir. Glory be to God.

BACK to SHOT.

MULLIGAN

(with pretended astonishment)

To whom? Ah, to be sure. *(leans towards HAINES)* The islanders speak frequently of the collector of prepuces.

ANGLE on HAINES who turns to the OLD WOMAN.

HAINES
(with forced manner, in studied Irish)

Cén chaoi a bhfuil tú?

BACK to SHOT. A moment's silence.

STEPHEN
(to the OLD WOMAN)

Do you understand what he says?

OLD WOMAN
(to HAINES)

Is it French you are talking, sir?

MULLIGAN
(to the OLD WOMAN)

Irish. Is there Gaelic on you?

OLD WOMAN

I thought it was Irish, by the sound of it. *(to HAINES)* Are you from the west of Ireland, sir?

HAINES

I am an Englishman.

MULLIGAN

He's English, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland.

ANGLE on the OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN

Sure we ought to, and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself. I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows.

ANGLE on HAINES who looks with astonishment at the OLD WOMAN, and then at MULLIGAN.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE ANGLE towards the sea on the GENTLEMEN'S BATHING PLACE in SANDYCOVE. In the FOREGROUND STEPHEN and HAINES sit on the rocks. In the BACKGROUND MULLIGAN undresses for a swim.

HAINES

I intend to make a collection of your sayings if you will let me.

STEPHEN

Would I make money by it?

HAINES *laughs*

MULLIGAN

(now completely naked, making theatrical poses)

Mulligan is stripped of his garments.
(he jumps into the sea)

HAINES
(to STEPHEN)

This tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Hamlet and Elsinore. It's a wonderful tale. The Father and the Son idea. The Son striving to be atoned with the Father.

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN.

STEPHEN

Do you know that Hamlet's grandson was Shakespeare's grandfather, and that he himself was the ghost of his own father.

CLOSEUP on HAINES.

HAINES
(laughs with astonishment)

What? He himself?

ANGLE on MULLIGAN swimming.

MULLIGAN
(sings)

I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard. My mother's a jew, my father's a bird.

CLOSEUP on HAINES

HAINES
(to STEPHEN)

You're not a believer, are you? I mean, a believer in the narrow sense of the

word. Creation from nothing and miracles and a personal God.

ANGLE on MULLIGAN swimming.

MULLIGAN
(sings)

*If anyone thinks that I amn't divine.
He'll get no free drinks when I'm making
the wine.*

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN.

STEPHEN
(to HAINES)

There's only one sense of the word, it seems to me.

ANGLE on MULLIGAN swimming.

MULLIGAN
(sings)

*Goodbye, now, goodbye. Write down all I
said. And tell Tom, Dick and Harry I
rose from the dead. (he dives in)*

BACK to the WIDE ANGLE with STEPHEN and HAINES in the FOREGROUND and the sea in the BACKGROUND. HAINES takes out a cigarette case, springs it open and offers it to STEPHEN, who takes a CIGARETTE.

STEPHEN

Thank you.

HAINES also takes a cigarette, puts the case in his sidepocket, and lights STEPHEN's cigarette and his. In the BACKGROUND MULLIGAN emerges finally on the surface of the water and waves to STEPHEN and HAINES, who pay no attention to him.

HAINES

Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a personal God. You don't stand for that, I suppose?

STEPHEN

You behold in me a horrible example of free thought, although I am the servant of two masters, an English and an Italian.

HAINES

Italian?

STEPHEN

The imperial British state and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church.

In the BACKGROUND MULLIGAN comes out of the sea, dries himself with the towel, and puts on his gown.

HAINES

I can quite understand that. An Irishman must think like that, I dearsay. We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly. It seems history is to blame.

ANGLE on MULLIGAN feeling his chest with his hands.

MULLIGAN
(with mock concern)

My twelfth rib is gone. (with mock pride) I'm the *Ubermensch*. (looks towards STEPHEN) Toothless Kinch and I, the supermen!

BACK to SHOT.

HAINES

Of course I'm a Britisher, and I don't want to see my country fall in the hands of German Jews either. That's our national problem just now.

WIDE SHOT of the shore from the sea. MULLIGAN in the FOREGROUND, dressed priest-like in his gown, faces the sea, his arms outstretched and his eyes closed. In the BACKGROUND STEPHEN and HAINES sit on the rocks.

MULLIGAN

*Liliata rutilantium. Turma circumdet.
Iubilantium te virginum.*

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. CLASSROOM. ANGLE on STEPHEN sitting at the teacher's desk.

STEPHEN

You, Cochrane, what city sent for king Pyrrhus?

WIDE ANGLE of the classroom. BOYS sit at their desks. COCHRANE rises reluctantly.

COCHRANE

Tarentum, sir.

STEPHEN

Very good. Well?

COCHRANE

There was a battle, sir.

STEPHEN

Very good. Where?

COCHRANE

(looks for a moment blankly at the window)

I forget the place, sir. 279 BC.

ANGLE on STEPHEN glancing at his TEXTBOOK.

STEPHEN

Asculum.

ANGLE on COCHRANE.

COCHRANE

Yes, sir. And he said: *Another victory like that and we are done for.*

ANGLE on the classroom DOOR, which opens with a bang. A BOY with a hockey stick in his hand pops his head in.

BOY

Hockey!

WIDE ANGLE of the classroom. General hubbub and commotion. The boys leave in haste.

ANGLE on STEPHEN looking helplessly as the boys rush out.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. The OFFICE of Mr DEASY, the headmaster of the school. CLOSEUP on Mr DEASY.

Mr DEASY

First, our little financial settlement.

FULL SHOT of Mr DEASY and STEPHEN. Mr DEASY sits behind his desk, STEPHEN stands. Mr DEASY takes a WALLET from his side pocket, slaps it open, takes two BANKNOTES, and lays them carefully on the desk.

Mr DEASY

Three twelve. I think you'll find that's right.

STEPHEN

Thank you, sir.

STEPHEN gathers the money and puts it in the pocket of his trousers.

Mr DEASY

No thanks at all. You have earned it. But don't carry it like that. You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it.

Mr DEASY shows STEPHEN his wallet.

Mr DEASY

You just buy one of these machines. You'll find them very handy.

STEPHEN

Mine would be often empty.

ANGLE on Mr DEASY, pointing his finger.

Mr DEASY

Because you don't save. You don't know yet what money is. Money is power, if you have lived as long as I have. I know, I know. If youth but knew.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT from the 2nd-floor window of the BOYS playing hockey.

CUT TO:

BACK to Mr DEASY's OFFICE. FULL SHOT of Mr DEASY and STEPHEN.

Mr DEASY

Do you know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth? *I paid my way. I never borrowed*

a shilling in my life. I owe nothing.
Can you feel that?

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN.

STEPHEN
(voiceover)

Mulligan, nine pounds, three pairs of socks. Curran, ten guineas. McCann, one guinea. Fred Ryan, two shillings. Mrs. McKernan, five weeks' board. The lump I have is useless.

(aloud)

For the moment, no.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT from the 2nd-floor window of the BOYS playing hockey.

Mr DEASY
(voiceover)

You think me an old fogey, but I saw three generations since O'Connell's time. I remember the famine. Do you know that orange lodges agitated for the repeal of the union twenty years before O'Connell did? You fenians forget some things.

CUT TO:

BACK to Mr DEASY'S OFFICE. CLOSEUP on Mr DEASY. The muffled sound of the boys playing hockey is heard.

Mr DEASY

I have rebel blood in me too. On the spindle side. We are all Irish, all king's sons.

FULL SHOT of Mr DEASY and STEPHEN.

STEPHEN

Alas.

Mr DEASY

That reminds me. You can do me a favour, Mr Dedalus, with some of your literary friends. I have a letter here for the press.

Mr DEASY looks for something on the desk, picks up a paper and hands it to STEPHEN.

Mr DEASY

Now then. I have put the matter into a nutshell. It's about the foot and mouth disease.

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN perusing the paper.

Mr DEASY

I don't mince words, do I?

BACK to SHOT.

Mr DEASY

I want that to be printed and read. *(he raises his finger)* Mark my words, Mr Dedalus. England is in the hands of the Jews. Wherever they gather they eat up the nation's vital strength. The jew merchants are already at their work of destruction.

STEPHEN

A merchant is one who buys cheap and sells dear, Jew or gentile, is he not?

Mr DEASY

They have sinned against the light. You can see the darkness in their eyes.

STEPHEN

History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.

Mr DEASY

The ways of the Creator are not our ways. All history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT from the 2nd-floor window of the boys playing hockey.

STEPHEN
(voiceover)

That is God.

Mr DEASY
(voiceover)

What?

STEPHEN
(voiceover)

A shout in the street.

CUT TO:

BACK to Mr DEASY'S OFFICE.

Mr DEASY

I foresee that you will not remain here very long at this work. You were not born to be a teacher, I think.

STEPHEN

A learner rather.

Mr DEASY

To learn one must be humble. But life is a great teacher.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE ANGLE of the schoolyard. STEPHEN walks past the boys playing hockey.

Mr DEASY

Mr Dedalus!

STEPHEN stops and turns round. Mr DEASY, panting, catches up with him.

ANGLE on STEPHEN and Mr DEASY.

STEPHEN

Yes, sir.

Mr DEASY

I just wanted to say. Ireland, they say, has the honour of being the only country which never persecuted the Jews. Do you know why?

STEPHEN

Why, sir?

Mr DEASY

Because she never let them in.

Mr DEASY starts laughing, turns back and walks towards the school.

Mr DEASY

She never let them in. That's why.

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN looking after Mr DEASY.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. BLOOM'S KITCHEN. FULL SHOT of BLOOM, wearing a cook's apron, moving about the kitchen and arranging breakfast on a tray.

CLOSEUP on the black CAT on the floor, looking up and mewing.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM, smiling at the CAT.

BLOOM

O, there you are.

ANGLE on BLOOM kneeling and pouring milk into the saucer. The CAT drinks. BLOOM watches the CAT curiously.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. BLOOM'S HOUSE. FULL SHOT of BLOOM standing in the HALL before the door to MOLLY'S bedroom, listening.

BLOOM

I am going round the corner. Be back in a minute.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. MOLLY'S BEDROOM. MOLLY turns in her bed giving a soft GRUNT.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. BUTCHER'S SHOP. A young, thick-boned GIRL stands before BLOOM at the counter. BLOOM, dressed in a black suit and a bowler hat, examines the GIRL with manly interest. The GIRL completes her purchase.

BUTCHER

(to the GIRL)

Thank you, my miss. And one shilling
threepence change. (to BLOOM) For you,
please?

BLOOM follows the departing GIRL with his head, then
turns to the BUTCHER.

BLOOM
(*distractedly, looking at the door*)

A pork kidney, please.

BUTCHER
(*wraps the kidney and lays it on the counter*)

Threepence, please.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. MOVING SHOT from BEHIND of the thick-boned GIRL
walking, with swaying hips, in DORSET STREET.

MOVING SHOT of BLOOM walking quickly behind the GIRL.

CLOSEUP on the GIRL'S swaying hips.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP on the large chunks of raw meat and the cow's
legs hanging at the BUTCHER'S.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. MOLLY'S BEDROOM. Subdued light from drawn
blinds. Female clothes strewn disorderly all over the
room. MOLLY begins to wake up, turns in her bed,
exposing her plump arms and ample bosom under a loose
nightdress.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. HALL in BLOOM'S HOUSE. BLOOM picks up LETTERS
from the floor. He walks up the stairs, examining the
letters.

MOLLY

Poldy!

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of MOLLY'S BEDROOM. MOLLY sits up in her
bed. BLOOM walks in holding the letters.

BLOOM

A letter and a card for you. (*hands MOLLY the letters*) Do you want the blind up? (*goes to the window*)

ANGLE on BLOOM pulling the blinds half way. The room brightens.

BLOOM

That do? (*he looks at MOLLY*)

ANGLE on MOLLY quickly tucking the LETTER under a pillow, and reading the card.

MOLLY
(*without looking at BLOOM*)

Hurry up with that tea. I'm parched.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP on the boiling KETTLE.

IN. DAY. FULL SHOT of BLOOM'S KITCHEN. BLOOM reaches for the KETTLE.

MOLLY
(*from her bedroom*)

Poldy!

BLOOM
(*gently but loudly*)

What?

MOLLY

Scald the teapot.

CLOSEUP on the CAT rubbing its body against BLOOM'S leg and mewling.

ANGLE on BLOOM unwrapping the kidney, which he puts into the frying pan. BLOOM drops the bloodsmearred PAPER on the floor for the CAT.

CLOSEUP on the KIDNEY sizzling on the frying pan.

CLOSEUP on the CAT licking the paper.

CUT TO:

IN. MOLLY'S BEDROOM. FULL SHOT of MOLLY propped up in the bed, reading the LETTER. BLOOM enters holding a TRAY with MOLLY'S breakfast.

MOLLY

(without looking at BLOOM)

What a time you were.

Still reading, MOLLY pours herself tea, takes a bite of the toast, drinks from the cup. BLOOM straightens the bedspread, lifts MOLLY'S garments from the floor and spreads them neatly at the foot of the bed.

BLOOM

Who was the letter from?

ANGLE on MOLLY looking up at BLOOM.

MOLLY

O, Boylan. He's bringing the programme.

CUT TO:

EX. CLOSEUP on the street POSTER showing the smiling BLAZES BOYLAN, and bearing the inscription, "Sweet Song. Presented by Blazes Boylan. The Ulster hall, Belfast, 25th June 1904".

CUT TO:

BACK to FULL SHOT of MOLLY'S BEDROOM. MOLLY continues to read the LETTER. BLOOM sits on the side of the bed.

BLOOM

What are you singing?

MOLLY

(distractedly)

La ci darem and Love's Old Sweet Song.

CUT TO:

IN. The CONCERT STAGE. ANGLE on MOLLY, dressed up for solo performance, standing on the stage and singing a passage from *Don Giovanni*.

ANGLE on BOYLAN in an evening jacket, standing at the side of the stage behind the curtain, looking at MOLLY and smiling.

CUT TO:

BACK in MOLLY'S BEDROOM. ANGLE on MOLLY sitting up in her bed. The LETTER lies on her lap. She looks up at BLOOM.

MOLLY

What time is the funeral?

ANGLE on BLOOM sitting on the side of the bed.

BLOOM

Eleven, I think.

BLOOM leans forward and picks up a BOOK from the floor.

FULL SHOT of MOLLY and BLOOM.

MOLLY

Oh, I was looking for it.

MOLLY takes the BOOK from BLOOM and flicks through it.

MOLLY

There's a word I wanted to ask you.

BLOOM moves closer to MOLLY and leans over the BOOK. MOLLY points in the BOOK with her finger.

MOLLY

Met-him-what? What does that mean?

BLOOM

Metempsychosis? It's Greek. That means the transmigration of souls.

MOLLY

O, rocks! Tell us in plain words.

BLOOM

The ancient Greeks used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance.

CLOSEUP on MOLLY, who listens with incredulity.

BLOOM

And today some people believe that we go on living in another body after death, that we lived before.

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

They call it reincarnation.

ANGLE on MOLLY, who stops listening and begins to sniff.

MOLLY

There's a smell of burn. Did you leave anything on the fire?

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

The kidney!

BLOOM jumps up and rushes out of the room.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. SANDYMOUNT STRAND. MOVING SHOT of STEPHEN's legs in trousers and shoes, as he walks on the sand by the sea.

STEPHEN

(voiceover throughout the scene)

Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it, it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see . . .

CLOSEUP of STEPHEN. He walks with his eyes closed.

STEPHEN (VO)

. . . You are walking through it howsomever. I am, a stride at a time. Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? *(he opens his eyes)*

BACK to SHOT. MOVING CLOSEUP on STEPHEN's feet cracking on the sea shells.

STEPHEN (VO)

. . . Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount Strand? Crush, crack, crick, crick. Wild sea money. Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten. By them, the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath. From before the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever.

Is that then the divine substance
wherein Father and Son are
consubstantial?

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. BLOOM'S KITCHEN. BLOOM sits at the table eating his breakfast. He cuts a piece of kidney with a knife and fork, looks at it, puts it in his mouth and chews. The CAT mews. BLOOM looks down at the CAT.

BLOOM

Miaow!

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. BACK to SANDYMOUNT STRAND. MOVING SHOT of STEPHEN wading in shallow water, the legs of his trousers rolled up, his shoes tied together by laces and hanging over his shoulders. He taps the sand with his CANE. The SEA in the BACKGROUND.

STEPHEN (VO)

Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night, eh? I was young. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W.

STEPHEN stops walking and looks at the dark LUMP on the sand.

CLOSEUP on the DOG CARCASS.

BACK to SHOT. STEPHEN continues walking, looking into the distance.

STEPHEN (VO)

The cold domed room of the tower waits. Through the barbicans the shafts of light are moving ever, slowly ever as my feet are sinking, creeping duskward over the dial floor.

CUT TO:

IN. The ROOM in the MARTELLO TOWER in SANDYCOVE. Two shafts of light meet on the table in the centre. At the table sit MULLIGAN and HAINES, motionless, like manikins.

BACK to SHOT.

STEPHEN (VO)

I will not sleep there when this night comes. A shut door of a silent tower entombing their blind bodies, the pantersahib and his pointer.

WIDE SHOT of the SANDYMOUNT STRAND. A MAN and a WOMAN walk with a DOG running around them.

ANGLE on STEPHEN sitting on the rocks by the beach, looking at the DOG in the distance. STEPHEN slowly and carefully lies down on his back and closes his eyes.

FULL SHOT of a beautiful GIRL standing in the shallow water, looking into the sea, and moving her foot from left to right on the water's surface.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. ROGERSON'S QUAY. MOVING SHOT of BLOOM dressed in a black suit and bowler hat, walking along.

ANGLE on the little, poorly dressed GIRL playing with a hoop.

ANGLE on smiling BLOOM as he passes by.

ANGLE on the small, poorly dressed BOY smoking a but.

ANGLE on BLOOM. The smile disappears from his face.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. LIME STREET. MOVING SHOT from behind of the walking BLOOM. A good-looking young WOMAN walks towards BLOOM with swaying hips and passes him. BLOOM turns round without stopping and gazes at the WOMAN as she walks away. BLOOM turns ahead of him again, takes the NEWSPAPER from his side pocket, rolls it into a batton, starts tapping his thigh, and walks on with swaying hips, imitating the WOMAN.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WESTLAND ROW. FULL SHOT of the SHOP WINDOW bearing the sign "Belfast and Oriental Tea Company", and showing a rich display of exotic teas in colourful packets and boxes.

SIDE SHOT of BLOOM standing at the shop window and looking at the display.

A FEW CLOSEUPS of the pictures and covers of the boxes, bearing the inscriptions "Ceylon", "Indian", "Chinese Tea" and the inviting pictures of exotic, tropical locations.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. FULL SHOT of BLOOM inside a hothouse of the BOTANIC GARDENS. BLOOM examines the exotic palms and trees with interest.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. BACK to BLOOM in front of the TEA SHOP in WESTLAND ROW. M'COY, a middle-aged man, not as neatly dressed as BLOOM, walks by and stops.

M'COY

Hello, Bloom. Where are you off to?

BLOOM
(*distractedly*)

Hello, M'Coy. Nowhere in particular.

M'COY
(*looks at BLOOM's black suit*)

Is there any . . . no trouble I hope? I see you're . . .

BLOOM

O no. Poor Dignam, you know. The funeral is today.

M'COY

To be sure, poor fellow. So it is. What time?

BLOOM

Eleven.

M'COY

I must try to get out there. Eleven, is it? I only heard it last night. Poor little Paddy Dignam.

BLOOM looks distractedly away.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. Entrance to the elegant GROSVENOR HOTEL across the street from BLOOM. The PORTER hoists the valise from the carriage and carries it into the hotel. A good-looking, elegant WOMAN stands at the entrance. Her partner, a well-dressed MAN, searches in his pockets for change to pay the carriage driver.

BACK to SHOT.

BLOOM

Yes, yes. Another gone.

M'COY

One of the best.

A TRAMCAR passes by, honking its gong.

M'COY

(in a changed voice)

Wife well, I suppose.

BLOOM

(rather awkwardly)

O yes. Tiptop, thanks. She's going to sing at a swagger affair in the Ulster hall, Belfast, on the twenty-fifth.

M'COY

That so? Glad to hear that, old man. Who's getting it up?

CUT TO:

IN. CONCERT STAGE. MOLLY curtsies to the applauding audience and goes offstage.

ANGLE on BLAZES BOYLAN at the side of the stage, in presenter's suit, smiling and clapping his hands. As MOLLY passes by him he SLAPS her bottom.

Back to BLOOM and M'COY standing in WESTLAND ROW.

BLOOM

It's a kind of tour, don't you see? Sweet Song. There's a committee formed. Part shares and part profit.

M'COY

(with a silly grin)

O, well. That's good news.

CUT TO:

IN. WIDE SHOT of the ALL HALLOWS CHURCH in WESTLAND ROW. Few people in the pews. At the altar several WOMEN kneel to receive the communion from the PRIEST dressed in a white robe.

ANGLE on BLOOM sitting in the pew. Some distance from him sits an elderly WOMAN, saying her rosary with closed eyes. BLOOM looks discretely around and above.

CLOSEUP on the small old WOMAN kneeling at the altar. The PRIEST moves towards her with the HOST, and the WOMAN opens her mouth to receive communion.

PRIEST

Corpus christi.

BACK to SHOT.

BLOOM
(voiceover)

Latin. The next one. Shut your eyes and open your mouth. What? *Corpus*. Body. Corpse. Good idea the Latin. Stupefies them first. Hospice for the dying. They don't seem to chew it; only swallow it down.

ANGLE on the WOMEN kneeling and receiving communion at the altar. They cross themselves and return to their pews.

BLOOM (VO)

Look at them. Now I bet it makes them feel happy. Lollipop. It does. Yes, bread of angels it's called. There's a big idea behind it, kind of Kingdom-of-God-is-within-you feel.

ANGLE on an OLD MAN sleeping and snoring near the confession box.

ANGLE on the PRIEST stowing the communion cup away and kneeling an instant before it. The letters I.N.R.I. are seen on his back.

ANGLE on BLOOM turning back and looking up towards the choir.

BLOOM (VO)

Not going to be any music. Pity. Who has the organ here I wonder? Old Glynn he knew how to make that instrument talk, the *vibrato*: fifty pounds a year they say he had in Gardiner street.

ANGLE on the PRIEST rinsing out the chalice and tossing off the dregs.

BLOOM (VO)

Some of that old sacred music is splendid. Mozart's twelfth mass: the *Gloria* in that. Those old popes were keen on music, on art and statues and pictures of all kinds.

CLOSEUP on a church PAINTING showing a choir of angels.

BLOOM (VO)

Still, having eunuchs in their choir that was coming it a bit thick. What kind of voice is it?

ANGLE on the PRIEST bending down, kissing the altar, turning round and blessing the congregation.

BLOOM (VO)

Must be curious to hear after their own strong basses. Suppose they wouldn't feel anything after. Kind of a placid. No worry. Fall into flesh don't they? Who knows? Eunuch. One way out of it.

CLOSEUP on a church PAINTING showing ADAM with EVE and the SERPENT in the Garden of Eden.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. The WINDOW of "Sweny's Chemist" in LINCOLN place.

CUT TO:

IN. The COUNTER at the CHEMIST's. ANGLE on the old, bald CHEMIST turning the pages of the order book. BLOOM stands before the counter and looks at the VESSELS on the shelves: alabaster pots, mortar and pestle, small bottles.

CHEMIST

About a fortnight ago, sir?

BLOOM

Yes. (*after a pause*) Sweet almond oil and tincture of benzoin, and then orangeflower water, and white wax also.

CUT TO:

EX. The front of SWENY'S CHEMIST in LINCOLN Place. FULL SHOT of BLOOM coming out of the CHEMIST. He puts a little PACKAGE in his pocket and takes out the rolled-up

NEWSPAPER. BANTAM LYONS, an unkempt-looking man, runs into BLOOM.

BANTAM LYONS

Hello, Bloom, what's the best news?
(*points at the NEWSPAPER*) Is it today's?
Show us a minute.

BLOOM hands BANTAM LYONS the NEWSPAPER and looks with disgust at the man's slovenly appearance: unshaven face, dandruff on his shoulders, oily scalp. BANTAM LYONS flicks through the NEWSPAPER.

BANTAM LYONS

I want to see about that French horse that's running today. Where the bugger is it?

BLOOM
(*impatiently*)

You can keep it. I was just going to throw it away.

CLOSEUP on BANTAM LYONS.

BANTAM LYONS
(*raises his eyes at BLOOM*)

What's that? "Throwaway"? I'll risk it. Here, thanks.

BACK to SHOT. BANTAM LYONS thrusts the outspread sheets of the NEWSPAPER back in BLOOM's arms and speeds off. BLOOM smiles and folds the NEWSPAPER neatly into a square and puts it in his side pocket.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. ENTRANCE to "Turkish and Warm Baths" in LEINSTER Street.

CUT TO:

IN. BATH full of steam. FULL SHOT of BLOOM standing naked in a trough of water, slowly submerging his body.

CUT TO:

IN. The ALTAR at the ALL HALLOWS CHURCH. The PRIEST raises the HOST.

PRIEST

Hoc est corpus meum.

BACK to SHOT. BLOOM lies immersed in the tub, gazing at his navel.

BLOOM

This is my body.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. STRAND ROAD in SANDYMOUNT. FULL SHOT of the horse-drawn COACH with the coffin, moving slowly, followed by three black CARRIAGES. The SEA is seen in the BACKGROUND.

IN. Inside the moving CARRIAGE. BLOOM sits by the window on the side of the sea. Other passengers are MARTIN CUNNINGHAM, Mr POWER, and SIMON DEDALUS.

Mr POWER

(looks through both windows)

What way is he taking us?

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

Irishtown. Ringsend. Brunswick street.

BLOOM

(looks out)

There's a friend of yours gone by, Dedalus.

SIMON DEDALUS

Who is that?

BLOOM

Your son and heir.

SIMON DEDALUS

(stretches over across)

Where is he?

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of STEPHEN strolling along the strand, looking pensive.

BACK to SHOT.

SIMON DEDALUS

(angrily)

He's in with a lowdown crowd. That Mulligan is a contaminated bloody

doubledyed ruffian by all accounts. His name stinks all over Dublin. That bastard is ruining my son.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM, who looks at SIMON DEDALUS and out through the window.

BLOOM
(voiceover)

Noisy self-willed man. Full of his son. He is right. Something to hand on. If little Rudy had lived.

CUT TO:

IN. HOSPITAL ROOM. ANGLE on MOLLY, looking tired but happy, sitting in the bed and holding a new-born BABY. BLOOM sits on the side of the bed, also looking happy.

BLOOM (VO)

See him grow up. Hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of MOLLY in STEPHEN'S GREEN park on a sunny day, holding the hand of a little BOY dressed in an Eton suit.

BLOOM (VO)

My son. Me in his eyes. Strange feeling it would be.

CUT TO:

EX. WIDE SHOT from a window of BLOOM'S HOUSE onto the street. TWO DOGS copulate.

BLOOM (VO)

From me. Just a chance.

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. ANGLE on MOLLY in her nightdress standing at the window and looking out. Then she looks inside.

MOLLY

Give us a touch, Poldy. God, I'm dying for it.

CUT TO:

IN. BACK inside the CARRIAGE. MARTIN CUNNINGHAM begins to brush away crumbs from under his thighs.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

What is this in the name of God?
Crumbs?

Mr POWER

Someone seems to have been making a picnic party here lately.

ALL raise their thighs and eye the seats with disfavour.

SIMON DEDALUS
(*sniffing and frowning*)

Unless I'm greatly mistaken. What do you think, Martin?

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

It struck me too.

SIMON DEDALUS
(*sits down*)

After all, it's the most natural thing in the world.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the COACH and the CARRIAGES crossing the VICTORIA BRIDGE on the GRAND CANAL.

BACK to SHOT.

BLOOM
(*looks out*)

The weather is changing.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

A pity it did not keep up fine.

SIMON DEDALUS

It's as uncertain as a child's bottom.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. MOVING SHOT from the CARRIAGE showing the church of SAINT MARK on MARK Street, the RAILWAY BRIDGE over GREAT BRUNSWICK Street, the hoardings on the wall advertising EUGENE STRATTON, and the "Lily of Killarney" produced by the ELSTER GRIMES OPERA COMPANY.

BACK to SHOT. MARTIN CUNNINGHAM salutes from the window.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

How do you do?

Mr POWER
(also looks out)

He doesn't see us. Yes, he does. How do you do?

SIMON DEDALUS

Who?

Mr POWER

Blazes Boylan. There he is airing his quiff.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. VIEW of the street from the CARRIAGE. BLAZES BOYLAN raises his straw HAT in salute and smiles.

BACK to SHOT. BLOOM looks awkward and examines his fingernails, and then clasps his hands between his knees. The other MEN exchange knowing glances.

Mr POWER

How is the concert tour getting on, Bloom?

BLOOM
(with awkward agitation)

O very well. I hear great accounts of it. It's a good idea, you see . . .

Mr POWER

Are you going yourself?

BLOOM

Well no. In point of fact I have to go down to the County Clare on some private business. You see the idea is to tour the chief towns. What you lose on one you can make up on the other.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

Quite so. Have you good artists?

BLOOM

O yes, we'll have all topnobbers. J. C. Doyle and John Mac Cormack I hope and . . . The best, in fact.

Mr POWER
(*smiling*)

And *Madame*. Last but not least.

CUT TO:

IN. MOLLY'S BEDROOM. ANGLE on MOLLY sitting in front of the mirror, doing her hair, and singing an air from *Don Giovanni*.

BACK to SHOT. BLOOM looks out of the window. The other MEN look at each other, smiling.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. MOVING SHOT of the statute of DANIEL O'CONNELL near O'CONNELL BRIDGE.

BACK to SHOT. ALL MEN are serious now.

Mr POWER

Poor Paddy! I little thought a week ago when I saw him last that I'd be driving after him like this. He's gone from us.

SIMON DEDALUS

As decent a little man as ever wore a hat.

Mr POWER

He had a sudden death, poor fellow.

BLOOM

The best death.

All MEN look at BLOOM with eyes wide open.

BLOOM

No suffering. A moment and all is over.

A long silence.

Mr POWER

But the worst of all is the man who takes his own life.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM draws out his WATCH briskly, coughs, and puts it back.

Mr POWER

The greatest disgrace to have in the family.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

We must take a charitable view of it.

SIMON DEDALUS

They say a man who does it is a coward.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

It is not for us to judge.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM and BLOOM exchange glances.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the HOTEL ROOM. A DEAD MAN lies in the BED. Next to the BED stands the DOCTOR in a white coat, the HOTEL MANAGER talking to the CORONER who writes something in a notebook.

CLOSEUP on the ENVELOPE lying on the bedside, reading "For my son Leopold"

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the COACH and the three CARRIAGES moving along the high railings of the GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. GLASNEVIN CEMETERY. WIDE SHOT of the string of MOURNERS following the coffin towards the mortuary CHAPEL. The VEILED WOMAN and the GIRL walk in the front.

MOVING SHOT of MARTIN CUNNINGHAM walking next to Mr POWER. BLOOM is seen walking alone a distance behind them.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

(inclining towards Mr POWER, in a whisper)

I was in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom.

Mr POWER

What? How so?

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

His father poisoned himself. Had the Queen's Hotel in Ennis in County Clare.

Mr POWER
(looks back at BLOOM)

O God! First I heard of it. Poisoned himself!

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the MORTUARY CHAPEL. The COFFIN lies on the bier, with four tall CANDLES at its corners. The MOURNERS come, lay wreaths at the coffin and kneel to pray.

ANGLE on BLOOM standing behind the MOURNERS. ALL PEOPLE around him kneel down. BLOOM takes the folded NEWSPAPER from his sidepocket, drops it on the floor, and places his right knee on it.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. GLASNEVIN CEMETERY. CLOSEUP on the TOMBSTONE reading "Mary Goulding Dedalus, died August 13, 1903, aged 44".

ANGLE on SIMON DEDALUS and Mr POWER looking at the grave.

SIMON DEDALUS

I'll soon be stretched beside her. Let Him take me whenever He likes.

SIMON DEDALUS breaks down and weeps quietly to himself. Mr POWER takes SIMON DEDALUS' arm.

Mr POWER

She's better where she is.

SIMON DEDALUS

I suppose so. I suppose she is in heaven if there is a heaven.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER PART of the CEMETERY. ANGLE on JOHN MENTON, a respectable-looking senior solicitor, holding the TRILBY HAT in his hand, standing next to MARTIN CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN MENTON
(looks behind him)

Who is that chap over there? I know his face.

ANGLE on BLOOM standing by himself behind the MOURNERS gathered around the GRAVE.

BACK to SHOT.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

Bloom. Madam Marion Tweedy that was, is, I mean, the soprano. She's his wife.

JOHN MENTON

O, to be sure. I haven't seen her for some time. She was a fine looking woman. I danced with her, wait, fifteen seventeen golden years ago, at Mat Dillon's, in Roundtown. And a good armful she was. (*looks back towards BLOOM*) What does he do? In God's name, what did she marry a coon like that for? She had plenty of game in her then.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

Has still. He does some canvassing for ads.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT of the MOURNERS standing around the fresh GRAVE. The GRAVEDIGGERS throw earth into the grave with their shovels.

BLOOM
(voiceover)

Holy fields. More room if they buried them standing. Sitting or kneeling you couldn't. Standing? His head might come up some day above ground in a landslip with his hand pointing. All honeycombed the ground must be: oblong cells.

ANGLE on the dark INSIDE of the GRAVE being filled with EARTH shoved in by the GRAVEDIGGERS.

BLOOM (VO)

I daresay the soil would be quite fat with corpse manure, bones, flesh, nails, charnelhouses. Dreadful. Turning green and pink, decomposing. Rot quick in damp earth. The lean old ones tougher.

ANGLE on JOHN MENTON and MARTIN CUNNINGHAM, chatting and smiling.

BLOOM (VO)

Then a kind of a tallowy kind of a cheesy. Then begin to get black, treacle oozing out of them. Then dried up. But they must breed a devil of a lot of maggots. Soil must be simply swirling with them.

ANGLE on SIMON DEDALUS and Mr POWER standing with other MOURNERS in silence.

BLOOM (VO)

Poor Dignam! His last lie on the earth in his box.

ANGLE on the VEILED WOMAN and the GIRL laying WREATHS on the fresh grave.

BLOOM (VO)

Gone at last. People talk about you a bit and soon forget you. Then they follow dropping into a hole one after the other. Out of sight, out of mind.

WIDE ANGLE on the MOURNERS walking away from the grave one by one. MEN put their HATS on.

BLOOM (VO)

Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the voice, yes: gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. After dinner on a Sunday. Put on your old greatgrand father.

SCRATCHY VOICE

(like from an old gramophone record)

Hello hello, am awfully glad to see you again.

CLOSEUP on the fat RAT moving along the side of the CRYPT.

BLOOM (VO)

One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat gone bad.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the open GATES of the GLASNEVIN CEMETERY. A GROUP of MEN with their HATS on stand chatting: SIMON DEDALUS, MARTIN CUNNINGHAM, JOHN MENTON. BLOOM approaches from within the cemetery.

ANGLE on BLOOM coming close to JOHN MENTON. BLOOM points to JOHN MENTON'S HAT.

BLOOM

Excuse me. Your hat is a little crushed.

CLOSEUP on JOHN MENTON, who takes his HAT off, bulges out the dinge, and claps the hat on his head again.

JOHN MENTON
(looks at BLOOM)

Thank you.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of newspaper HEADLINES of "Freeman's Journal" DISSOLVING into one another: "In the Heart of the Hybernian Metropolis", "The Wearer of the Crown", "The Crozier and the Pen", "With Unfeigned Regret it is We Announce the Dissolution of a Most Respected Dublin Burgess", "How a Great Daily Organ is Turned Out", "We See the Canvasser at Work".

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of NELSON'S PILLAR near the GENERAL POST OFFICE in SACKVILLE STREET. Near the pillar is the TERMINUS of Dublin TRAMS.

ANGLE on the SHOESHINE polishing a MAN'S shoe.

ANGLE on the vermilion MAILCAR bearing the royal initials, E.R., standing at the porch of the General Post Office. Post Office EMPLOYEES unload sacks of letters and parcels from the mailcar.

CUT TO:

IN. CLOSEUP on the GLASS SWING DOOR bearing the sign "Weekly Freeman and National Press. William Brayden, the Editor".

IN. FULL SHOT of the MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE. Several CLERKS work behind their desks. TWO DOORS are seen: the GLASS SWING DOOR (as above) and the door to the inner office. Every time the glass swing door opens it gives a creaking sound and creates a DRAFT which causes the

papers to fly. The EDITOR RED MURRAY, with a pen behind his ear, sits at the desk over a NEWSPAPER. BLOOM stands next to him, pointing at the NEWSPAPER.

BLOOM

Just cut it out, will you? And I'll take it round to the *Telegraph* office.

The GLASS DOOR opens and a NEWSPAPER BOY comes briskly in, picks up a roll of newspapers and goes out.

RED MURRAY

(slices out the ad from the newspaper with shears)

Of course, if he wants a paragraph, we can do him one.

BLOOM

Right. I'll rub that in.

The GLASS DOOR opens and a fat, stately, well dressed, important looking MAN enters, moves across, opens the other door, and walks in, closing the door behind him.

RED MURRAY

(inclines to BLOOM, smiling, in a whisper)

Brayden. Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour?

The GLASS DOOR opens and a TELEGRAM BOY steps in, throws an ENVELOPE on the desk and hastily leaves. PAPERS fly in the draft.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of newspaper HEADLINES of "Freeman's Journal" DISSOLVING into one another: "Noted Churchman an Occasional Contributor", "And It Was the Feast of the Passover", "Only Once More that Soap", "Erin, Green Gem of the Silver Sea", "Short but to the Point".

CUT TO:

ANGLE on PRINTING MACHINES clanking and turning out folds of newspapers.

CUT TO:

IN. ANOTHER NEWSPAPER OFFICE. The editor NANNETTI sits at the desk. BLOOM stands near him, lays the PAPER CUTTING on the desk.

BLOOM

This ad, you see. Keyes, you remember. He wants two keyes at the top. Like that (*crosses his fingers*). Then here the name Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant. So on.

NANNETTI scratches his ribs in silence for a moment.

BLOOM

The idea is the house of keyes. You know, councillor, the Manx parliament. Innuendo of home rule. Catches the eye, you see. Can you do that?

NANNETTI

(*continues scratching his ribs and considering*)

We can do that. Let him give us a three months' renewal.

CUT TO:

IN. The MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE of "Freeman's Journal". Next to RED MURRAY sit his friends, SIMON DEDALUS and NED LAMBERT. NED LAMBERT reads aloud from the NEWSPAPER in an exaggerated tone. The other MEN smile.

NED LAMBERT

Or again, note the meanderings of some purling rill as babbles on its way, fanned by gentlest zephyrs tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles, to the tumbling waters of Neptune's blue domain, played on 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest. What about that, Simon? How's that for high?

SIMON DEDALUS

(*laughs*)

Changing his drinks.

NED LAMBERT

(*laughs*)

The pensive bosom and the overarsing leafage. O boys! O boys! Ah, listen to this for God's sake. . . . in the peerless panorama of Ireland's portfolio, unmatched, for very beauty, of undulating plain and luscious pastureland of vernal green, steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight . . .

SIMON DEDALUS

Bombast! Enough of the inflated
windbag!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of newspaper HEADLINES of "Freeman's Journal" DISSOLVING into one another: "His Native Doric", "What Whetherup Said", "Memorable Battles Recalled", "O, Harp Eolian", "Spot the Winner", "A Collision Ensues".

BACK to SHOT. SCREAMS and THUMPING of feet are heard outside the EDITORIAL OFFICE. RED MURRAY rises, walks to the GLASS DOOR, and opens it.

FULL SHOT of the CORRIDOR outside the EDITORIAL OFFICE. A groups of NEWSBOYS with rolls of newspapers under their arms run down the corridor, shouting. RED MURRAY seizes one of the boys by the collar, while the other scamper down the stairs.

BOY

It wasn't me, sir. It was the big
fellow shoved me, sir.

BACK to SHOT. LENEHAN, another clerk from the office, picks up papers from the floor, grunting.

LENEHAN

Throw him out and shut the door.
There's a hurricane blowing.

RED MURRAY closes the GLASS DOOR and returns to his DESK. The GLASS DOOR opens again causing another draft. PAPERS fly. BLOOM enters and knocks the kneeling LENEHAN.

BLOOM

My fault. Are you hurt? I'm in a
hurry.

LENEHAN

(with a grimace, rubbing his knee)

Knee.

BLOOM

Sorry. *(to RED MURRAY)* I'm just running round to Bachelor's Walk about this ad of Keyes's. Want to fix it up. They tell me Myles Crawford is round here in Dillon's.

ANGLE on RED MURRAY at his desk. His head is propped on his hand. Suddenly he stretches his arm forth.

RED MURRAY

Begone! The world is before you.

BACK to SHOT.

BLOOM

Back in no time.

BLOOM hurries out, raising another storm among the papers.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of newspaper HEADLINES of "Freeman's Journal" DISSOLVING into one another: "Exit Bloom", "A Street Cortège", "The Calumet of Peace", "The Grandeur that Was Rome", "Shindy in Wellknown Restaurant", "Lost Causes: Noble Marquess Mentioned".

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the editorial OFFICE of MYLES CRAWFORD, who sits behind his DESK reading a LETTER. STEPHEN stands opposite.

STEPHEN

The letter is not mine. Mr Garrett Deasy asked me to . . .

ANGLE on MYLES CRAWFORD.

MYLES CRAWFORD

O, I know him, and knew his wife too.
The bloodiest old tartar God ever made.
By Jesus, she had the foot and mouth
disease and no mistake!

STEPHEN

Is he a widower?

MYLES CRAWFORD

Ay, a grass one.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE of the "Freeman's Journal".

SIMON DEDALUS

Are you ready for a riddle? What opera
is like a railway line?

LENEHAN

Opera?

SIMON DEDALUS

The Rose of Castille. See the wheeze?
Rows of cast steel. Gee!

LENEHAN

(feigns to faint, gasping)

Help! I feel a strong weakness.

SIMON DEDALUS fans LENEHAN's face with a newspaper.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of MYLES CRAWFORD's OFFICE. MYLES CRAWFORD
stands and lays his hand on STEPHEN's shoulder.

MYLES CRAWFORD

I want you to write something for me.
Something with a bite in it. You can do
it. I see it in your face.

ANGLE on the DOOR. RED MURRAY sticks his head in.

RED MURRAY

Bloom is at the telephone.

BACK to SHOT.

MYLES CRAWFORD

Tell him to go to hell.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of newspaper HEADLINES of "Freeman's Journal"
DISSOLVING into one another: "Kyrie Eleison", "Lenehan's
Limerick", "Omnium Gatherum", "You Can Do It", "The Great
Gallaher", "Clever, Very", "Rhymes and Reason", "Links
With Bygone Days of Yore", "Italia, Magistra Artium".

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE of "Freeman's
Journal": RED MURRAY, LENEHAN, MYLES CRAWFORD, STEPHEN
(SIMON DEDALUS is gone).

NED LAMBERT

(reads aloud from the newspaper)

. . . that stony effigy of frozen music,
horned and terrible, of the human form
divine, that eternal symbol of wisdom
and prophecy which the hand of sculptor
has wrought in marble of
soultransfigured deserves to live,
deserves to live.

MYLES CRAWFORD

Fine! (to STEPHEN) You like it?

ANGLE on STEPHEN. He looks confused. LENEHAN opens a CIGARETTE CASE and offers it to STEPHEN and to MYLES CRAWFORD. LENEHAN lights their cigarettes. STEPHEN takes a BANKNOTE from his pocket and waves it aloft.

STEPHEN

Gentlemen. As the next motion on the agenda paper may I suggest that the house do now adjourn?

BACK to FULL SHOT.

RED MURRAY
(theatrically)

You take my breath away. 'Tis the hour,
methinks, when the winejug,
metaphorically speaking, is most
grateful in Ye ancient hostelry.

LENEHAN

That it be and hereby is resolutely
resolved. All who are in favour say ay.
The contrary no. I declare it carried.

MYLES CRAWFORD

To which particular boosing shed? My
casting vote is: Mooney's! (slaps
STEPHEN on the shoulder) Let us go.
(fumbles in his pocket) Where are those
blasted keys? (pulls out crushed
typesheets) Foot and mouth. That'll be
all right. (looks at STEPHEN) That'll go
in.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of SACKVILLE STREET in front of the GENERAL POST OFFICE. Two newspaper BOYS rush along, yelling.

BOYS

Telegraph! Racing special! Terrible tragedy in Rathmines! A child bit by a bellows!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of newspaper HEADLINES of "Freeman's Journal" DISSOLVING into one another: "A Man of High Morale", "Impromptu", "From the Fathers", "Ominous—For Him", "Let us Hope", "Dear Dirty Dublin", "Life on the Raw", "Return of Bloom".

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT from below of the STAIRS to the MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE. Newspaper BOYS tumble down, their papers fluttering. MYLES CRAWFORD, STEPHEN, RED MURRAY, LENEHAN, NED LAMBERT walk down the stairs. BLOOM, breathless, makes his way up the stairs against the current of the newspaper BOYS.

BLOOM

Mr Crawford! A moment!

MYLES CRAWFORD stops, while the other MEN walk down.

MYLES CRAWFORD

What is it?

BLOOM

(takes the cutting from his pocket)

Just this ad. I spoke with Mr Keyes just now. He'll give a renewal for two months, he says. House of keys, don't you see? His name is Keyes. It's a play on the name. What will I tell him, Mr Crawford?

MYLES CRAWFORD

Will you tell him he can kiss my arse?

BLOOM

Well, if I can get the design I suppose it's worth a short paragraph. I'll tell him . . .

MYLES CRAWFORD

He can kiss my royal Irish arse. Any time he likes, tell him.

MILES CRAWFORD walks down the stairs, leaving BLOOM alone.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of newspaper HEADLINES of "Freeman's Journal" DISSOLVING into one another: "Raising the Wind", "Some Column!--That's What Waddler One Said", "Those Slightly Rambunctious Females", "Dames Donate Dublin's Cits Speedpills Velocitous Aeroliths, Belief", "Sophist Wallops Haughty Helen Square on Proboscis. Spartans Gnash Molars. Ithacans Vow Pen is Champ", "Hello There, Central!", "What?-And Likewise-Where", "Virgilian, Says Pedagogue. Sophomore Plumps for Old Man Moses".

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of O'CONNELL BRIDGE. BLOOM stands and looks at the river.

FULL SHOT of the BARGE carrying barrells of GUINNESS stout down the river.

ANGLE on the GULLS wheeling above the river.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM looking up at the GULLS.

FULL SHOT of the FOOD STAND near the bridge, with fruit, cakes, sweets. BLOOM buys two cakes.

ANGLE on the GULLS swooping down to pick up pieces of the CAKE from the river.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM throwing pieces of CAKE from the BRIDGE into the river.

CLOSEUP on the OLD WOMAN selling at the STAND.

OLD WOMAN

Two apples a penny! Two for a penny!

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WESTMORELAND STREET. FULL SHOT of BLOOM walking towards COLLEGE GREEN. Mrs BREEN notices him and both stop to chat. Behind them is the shop bearing the sign "Harrison Co. Confectioners. 29 Westmoreland Street". Mrs BREEN is of MOLLY's age, good-looking but not as attractive as MOLLY.

Mrs BREEN

O, Mr Bloom, how do you do?

BLOOM
(gaily)

O, how do you do, Mrs Breen?

Mrs BREEN

No use complaining. How is Molly those times. Haven't seen her for ages.

BLOOM

In the pink. How are all your charges?

Mrs Breen

All on the baker's list. You're in black I see. You have no . . .

BLOOM

No. I have just come from a funeral.

Mrs BREEN

O dear me. I hope it wasn't any near relation.

BLOOM

Dignam. And old friend of mine. Heart trouble, I believe. And your lord and master?

ANGLE on Mrs BREEN.

Mrs BREEN

O, don't be talking. Denis is a caution to rattlesnakes. He has me heartscolded. There must be a new moon out. He's always bad then.

BACK to SHOT. CASHEL BOYLE, an eccentrically dressed man in glasses, gazing at the sun, walks into Mrs BREEN and BLOOM. BLOOM gently touches Mrs BREEN's elbow.

BLOOM

Mind! Let this man pass.

Mrs BREEN
(makes way)

Who is he is it's a fair question?

BLOOM

His name is Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell.

Mrs BREEN
(follows CASHEL BOYLE with her eyes)

He has enough of them. Denis will be like that one of these days.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. COLLEGE GREEN. WIDE SHOT of the squad of CONSTABLES marching in Indian file against the building of the BANK of IRELAND.

FULL SHOT of BLOOM walking along the railings of TRINITY COLLEGE in COLLEGE GREEN. Behind him is the STATUE of the poet Thomas Moor, and the entrance to the public toilet.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of GRAFTON STREET, busy with tramcars and pedestrians.

FULL SHOT of BLOOM looking with interest at the window of "Brown Thomas & Co", showing a rich display of silks, muslins, ribbons, and curtains.

CLOSEUP of the FEMALE MANIKINS dressed in exquisite clothes.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of the entrance to BURTON RESTAURANT in DUKE STREET. BLOOM walks in.

CUT TO:

IN. WIDE SHOT of BURTON RESTAURANT. Subdued light, noise, air full of smoke. The place is full of unkempt looking men. BLOOM enters and stops at the DOOR, examining the scene.

SEQUENCE of CLOSEUPS showing MEN sitting on stools at the bar, with HATS shoved back, devouring gobfuls of sloppy food, wiping their mouths with their hands, spitting food on their plates, licking their plates, slurping, smacking, grunting, talking with their mouths open, and shouting their orders.

MALE VOICES

Roast beef and cabbage! One stew! Two stouts here! One corned and cabbage!

BACK to SHOT. BLOOM stands at the DOOR, turns round and leaves.

CUT TO:

IN. DAVY BYRNE'S PUB in DUKE STREET. The place is much less crowded and more quiet than Burton's. FULL SHOT of BLOOM at the BAR. DAVY BYRNE stands behind the counter.

BLOOM

Have you a cheese sandwich?

DAVY BYRNE

Yes, sir.

BLOOM

A few Italian olives, if you have them, and a glass of burgundy.

DAVY BYRNE

Yes, sir.

ANGLE on BLOOM taking a seat at the bar. DAVY BYRNE serves BLOOM food.

DAVY BYRNE

Mustard, sir?

BLOOM

Thank you.

BLOOM eats quietly, and his table manners are impeccable: he cuts the SANDWICH into strips with a knife and fork. NOSEY FLYNN, a shabby looking man, moves close to BLOOM, holding his PINT and snuffling his nose.

NOSEY FLYNN

Hello, Bloom!

BLOOM

(without enthusiasm)

Hello, Flynn.

NOSEY FLYNN

How's things?

BLOOM

Tiptop.

NOSEY FLYNN

(slurps from his pint)

Wife well?

BLOOM

Quite well, thanks.

NOSEY FLYNN

Doing any singing those times?

BLOOM

(casts a brief glance at FLYNN)

She's engaged for a brief tour end of this month. You may have heard perhaps.

NOSEY FLYNN

No. O, that's the style. Who's getting it up?

BLOOM

(a moment's pause, continues eating)

Getting it up? Well, it's like a company idea, you see. Part shares and part profits.

NOSEY FLYNN

(scratches his groin)

Ay, now I remember. Who is this was telling me? Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?

BLOOM looks at the CLOCK above the bar.

CLOSEUP on the CLOCK. It is 2 o'clock.

CUT TO:

IN. MOLLY'S BEDROOM. CLOSEUP on MOLLY, looking sexy, spraying perfume on herself in front of the mirror.

BACK to ANGLE on BLOOM eating at the bar at DAVY BYRNE'S. NOSEY FLYNN stands next to BLOOM, snuffling. BLOOM takes a sip of his wine.

BLOOM

Yes. He's the organiser in point of fact.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of BLOOM walking southwards along DAWSON STREET. He brushes his teeth with his tongue.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT DAVY BYRNE's pub. DAVY BYRNE wipes the GLASS used by BLOOM. NOSEY FLYNN stands at the bar and slurps from his glass.

DAVY BYRNE

What is this he is? Isn't he in the insurance line?

NOSEY FLYNN

He's out of that long ago. He does canvassing for the *Freeman*.

DAVY BYRNE

Is he in trouble?

NOSEY FLYNN

Trouble? Not that I heard of. Why?

DAVY BYRNE

I noticed he was in mourning.

NOSEY FLYNN

Was he? You're right, by God. So he was.

DAVY BYRNE

I never broach the subject if I see a gentleman is in trouble that way. It only brings it up fresh in their minds.

NOSEY FLYNN

It's not his wife anyhow.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. DAWSON STREET. FULL SHOT of the young BLIND MAN about to cross the street, tapping the curbstone with his CANE. BLOOM approaches him.

BLOOM

You're in Dawson street. Molesworth street is opposite. Do you want to cross? There's nothing in the way.

BLIND MAN

Yes.

BLOOM

Come.

BLOOM gently touches the BLIND MAN's elbow and guides him across the street.

BLIND MAN

Thanks, sir.

The BLIND MAN walks on, drawing his CANE behind. BLOOM stands for a moment, gazing after the BLIND MAN.

CUT TO:

DARK SCREEN for a few seconds.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. Corner of MOLESWORTH STREET and KILDARE STREET. ANGLE on BLOOM walking unsteadily with his EYES CLOSED, his arm stretched forward. He stops, OPENS HIS EYES, looks around for orientation. He moves towards the NATIONAL LIBRARY across KILDARE STREET and suddenly stops.

FULL SHOT of BLAZES BOYLAN, smartly dressed and wearing a straw hat, walking on the opposite side of KILDARE STREET in the direction of the NATIONAL LIBRARY. BOYLAN notices BLOOM, smirks, and continues walking.

BACK to SHOT. BLOOM slightly changes direction, and crosses KILDARE STREET towards the NATIONAL MUSEUM to avoid meeting BOYLAN.

ANGLE on BLOOM standing in front of the NATIONAL MUSEUM. He looks up as if to examine the architecture of the building. Then he looks nervously in the direction of the departing BOYLAN. After a moment he walks into the MUSEUM.

CUT TO:

IN. NATIONAL LIBRARY in KILDARE STREET. WIDE SHOT of the OFFICE of THOMAS W. LYSTER, the chief librarian, sitting at his desk. At another desk sits JOHN EGLINTON, assistant librarian. STEPHEN, the fiend of the two librarians, sits in the visitor's chair. BOOKSHELVES line the walls all around. The three men discuss literature in an animated and slightly pretentious way. The HAND-HELD CAMERA moves between them as they speak.

LYSTER

(holds an open book in his hands)

And we have, have we not, those
priceless words of Goethe on

Shakespeare. A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, as one sees in real life.

EGLINTON

The beautiful ineffectual dreamer who comes to grief against hard facts. One always feels that Goethe's judgments are so true.

LYSTER

Our young Irish bards have yet to create a figure which the world will set beside Saxon Shakespeare's Hamlet.

EGLINTON

All these questions are purely academic. I mean, whether Hamlet is Shakespeare or James I or Essex. Art has to reveal to us ideas, formless spiritual essences. The deepest poetry of Shelley, the words of Hamlet bring our mind into contact with the eternal wisdom, Plato's world of ideas. All the rest is the speculation of schoolboys for schoolboys.

STEPHEN

The schoolmen were schoolboys first. Aristotle was once Plato's schoolboy.

EGLINTON

And has remained so, one should hope. One can see him, a model schoolboy with his diploma under his arm.

EGLINTON and LYSTER laugh.

STEPHEN

That model schoolboy would find Hamlet's musings about the afterlife of his princely soul as shallow as Plato's.

EGLINTON

(with irritation)

Upon my word it makes my blood boil to hear anyone compare Aristotle with Plato.

STEPHEN

Which of the two would have banished me from his commonwealth?

LYSTER

Some will have it that *Hamlet* is simply a ghost story . . .

STEPHEN

(*rises agitated and gesticulates theatrically*)

What is a ghost? And who is king Hamlet? It is this hour of a day in mid June. The flag is up on the playhouse by the bankside. The play begins. A player comes on under the shadow, a wellset man with a bass voice. It is the ghost, the king, a king and no king, and the player is Shakespeare who has studied *Hamlet* all the years of his life. He speaks to a young player who stands before him, calling him by a name: *Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit.*

LYSTER

But this prying into the family life of a great man . . .

EGLINTON

Interesting only to the parish clerk. I mean, we have the plays. I mean when we read the poetry of *King Lear*, what is it to us how the poet lived?

LYSTER

Peeping and prying into greenroom gossip of the day, the poet's drinking, the poet's debts. We have the poetry, and that is immortal.

EGLINTON

The world believes that Shakespeare made a mistake, and got out of it as quickly and as best he could.

STEPHEN

(*angrily*)

Bosh! A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.

LYSTER

(patronisingly)

Mr Dedalus, your views are most illuminating.

ANGLE on MULLIGAN appearing in the doorway.

MULLIGAN

Amen!

LYSTER

Yes, indeed. We are having a most instructive discussion. Mr Mulligan, I'll be bound, has his theory too of the play and of Shakespeare.

MULLIGAN

(pretends to be puzzled)

Shakespeare? I seem to know the name. To be sure, the chap that writes like Synge. But listen to this.

MULLIGAN takes a folded PAPER from his pocket and unfolds it.

MULLIGAN

Telegram! A papal bull! (reads from the paper) *The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done.* Signed: Dedalus.

STEPHEN tries to snatch the PAPER from MULLIGAN's hand.

MULLIGAN

(to STEPHEN)

Where did you launch it from? The kips? O, you priestified Kinchite! (in exaggerated brogue) It's what I'm telling you, mister honey, it's queer and sick we were, Haines and myself, the time himself brought it in. And we one hour and two hours and three hours in Connery's sitting civil waiting for pints apiece.

LYSTER and EGLINTON laugh.

ANGLE on the DOOR. An ATTENDANT puts his head in.

ATTENDANT

Mr Lyster, there's a gentleman here. From the *Freeman*. He wants to see the files of the *Kelkenny People* for the last year.

LYSTER

Certainly, certainly, certainly.

LYSTER goes out after the ATTENDANT.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT of the main READING ROOM of the NATIONAL LIBRARY. A few PEOPLE sit at desks, reading. BLOOM stands by the CATALOGUE. LYSTER walks up to him and they whisper.

ANGLE on half-opened DOOR to LYSTER'S OFFICE. MULLIGAN and STEPHEN look out into the READING ROOM.

MULLIGAN

What's his name? Ikey Moses? I found him over in the museum when I went to hail the foam-born Aphrodite. (*looks at STEPHEN*) He knows you. He knows your old fellow. O, I fear me, he is Greeker than the Greeks.

BACK to SHOT. LYSTER and BLOOM lean over a bound volume of newspapers.

ANGLE on MULLIGAN and STEPHEN at the DOOR.

MULLIGAN

Come, Kinch, the bards must drink. Can you walk straight?

MULLIGAN walks across the READING ROOM towards the exit door, followed by STEPHEN. BLOOM looks up from above the newspapers and his and STEPHEN'S eyes meet.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT of MULLIGAN and STEPHEN walking down the stairs from the READING ROOM into the central HALL on the ground floor of the NATIONAL LIBRARY. MULLIGAN takes out a PAPER.

MULLIGAN

I have conceived a play for the mummers.

MULLIGAN stops in the middle of the HALL, and reads aloud theatrically.

MULLIGAN

Everyman His own Wife, or a Honeymoon in the Hand (a national immorality in three orgasms), by Ballocky Mulligan. The disguise, I fear, is thin.

MULLIGAN laughs. He and STEPHEN go out.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. MULLIGAN and STEPHEN stand at the entrance to the NATIONAL LIBRARY.

MULLIGAN

O, the night in the Camden hall when the daughters of Erin had to lift their skirts to step over you as you lay in your mulberrycoloured, multitudinous vomit!

STEPHEN

The most innocent son of Erin for whom they ever lifted them.

BLOOM goes out through the DOOR of the LIBRARY, bows politely to MULLIGAN and STEPHEN, and walks BETWEEN them.

MULLIGAN
(to BLOOM)

Good day again.

MULLIGAN and STEPHEN follow the departing BLOOM with their eyes.

MULLIGAN

The wandering Jew. Did you see his eye?
He looked upon you to lust after you.
O, Kinch, thou art in peril.

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN looking after BLOOM.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE, BIRD'S EYE SHOT of DUBLIN divided by the river LIFFEY.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of the facade of the Jesuit CHURCH of St. Francis Xavier in GARDINER STREET. FATHER CONMEE, wearing a priest's collar and a silk hat, walks down the steps of the presbitery. He stops at the bottom of the steps and looks around.

CLOSEUP on FATHER CONMEE. He has a self-satisfied, smiling expression on his face.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the VICEREGAL LODGE in PHOENIX PARK. Two CARRIAGES stand in front of the LODGE. The LORD LEUTENANT of Ireland with LADY DUDLEY and COLONEL HESELTINE, all in formal dress, enter the first CARRIAGE.

ANGLE on the above PERSONS taking their seats in the CARRIAGE.

BACK to SHOT. The CARRIAGES leave from the VICEREGAL LODGE.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. GARDINER STREET. FULL SHOT of the ONB-LEGGED SAILOR, supported by crutches, standing and holding out an upturned CAP. FATHER CONMEE passes by and blesses him.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. MOUNTJOY SQUARE. FULL SHOT of FATHER CONMEE crossing the street. A WOMAN passes by him.

WOMAN

Good afternoon, father.

FATHER CONMEE
(lifts his hat)

Good afternoon, Mrs Sheehy.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the southeast GATE to PHOENIX PARK. The VICEREGAL CARRIAGES pass through from the PARK.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. Corner of MOUNTJOY SQUARE. FULL SHOT of FATHER CONMEE talking to THREE little SCHOOLBOYS.

BOY 1

Yes, father. From Belvedere.

FATHER CONMEE

Are you good boys at school?

BOY 1

Yes, father.

FATHER CONMEE

What is your name?

BOY 1

Jack Sohan, father.

FATHER CONMEE
(to another boy)

And you?

BOY 2

Gallagher, father.

FATHER CONMEE
(to the third boy)

And you, little man?

BOY 3

Brunny Lynam, father.

FATHER CONMEE

O, that's a very nice name to have.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the VICEREGAL CARRIAGES moving along the QUAYS on the northern bank of the LIFFEY towards the city.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of FATHER CONMEE walking along the NORTH STRAND ROAD.

MOVING SHOT of the SHOP WINDOWS. The SHOPKEEPERS and PEDESTRIANS salute FATHER CONMEE as he passes: Mr GALLAHER standing in the DOORWAY of his GROCERY SHOP, the SHOPKEEPER through the window GROGAN's the TOBACCONIST, the PUBLICAN from DANIEL BERGIN's PUBLICHOUSE, the ASSISTANT from H. J. O'NEILL's the UNDERTAKER, the passing CONSTABLE.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of the ONE-LEGGED SAILOR walking on his crutches in ECCLES STREET, followed by two barefoot BOYS.

SAILOR

(sings)

*For England, home and beauty. For
England, home and beauty.*

ANGLE on MOLLY in the first-floor WINDOW of her house, throwing a COIN into the street. The COIN jingles on the pavement.

ANGLE on one of the BOYS, picking up the COIN and dropping it into the SAILOR's CAP.

BOY

There, sir.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the VICEREGAL CARRIAGES crossing the GRATTAN BRIDGE. Some PEDESTRIANS stop and follow the CARRIAGES with their eyes.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the poorly furnished, steaming KITCHEN. A big POT and a KETTLE on the stove. MAGGY, a teenage daughter of SIMON DEDALUS, stirs with difficulty in the POT with a stick. BOODY, MAGGY's younger sister, comes in, throws her school SACHEL on the TABLE and comes near the STOVE.

BOODY

What's in the pot?

MAGGY

(wipes her brow)

Shirts.

BOODY

(angrily)

Crickey, is there nothing for us to eat?

BOODY lifts the lid from the KETTLE.

BOODY

And what's in this?

MAGGY

Peasoup.

BOODY

Where did you get it?

MAGGY

Sister Mary Patrick.

BOODY
(sits at the table)

Give us it here!

MAGGY pours BOODY thick yellow soup from the KETTLE into the BOWL.

BOODY

Where's Dilly?

MAGGY

Gone to meet father.

BOODY
(breaks up chunks of bread into the soup)

Our father who art not in heaven.

MAGGY

BOODY! For shame!

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP on nicely laid out FRUIT: pears, peaches, strawberries. The wicker BASKET lies nearby. A GIRL's HAND puts fruit into the basket.

IN. THORNTON'S FRUITER AND FLORIST, a fashionable shop in GRAFTON STREET. FULL SHOT of a blond GIRL packing the basket with fruit. Opposite her stands BLAZES BOYLAN, who hands the GIRL a BOTTLE wrapped in pink paper and a small JAR.

BOYLAN

Put these in first, will you?

GIRL

Yes, sir.

BOYLAN walks here and there while the GIRL puts the fruit in. Outside the window five SANDWICH-BOARD MEN in tall white hats showing the letters H.E.L.Y'S walk slowly in a file.

BOYLAN

Can you send them by tram? Now?

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. MERCHANT'S ARCH in TEMPLE BAR. FULL SHOT of BLOOM scanning BOOKS on the hawker's CART.

BACK TO SHOT:

GIRL

Certainly, sir. Is it in the city?

BOYLAN

O, yes. Ten minutes.

The GIRL hands BOYLAN a DOCKET and a PENCIL.

GIRL

Will you write the address, sir?

CUT TO:

IN. MOLLY'S BEDROOM. Seductively dressed MOLLY is doing her hair in front of the mirror.

BACK to SHOT.

BOYLAN

Send it at once, will you? It's for an invalid.

GIRL

Yes, sir. I will, sir.

BOYLAN takes a CARNATION from the tall stemglass.

BOYLAN

This for me?

GIRL
(blushing)

Yes, sir.

BOYLAN

May I say a word to your telephone, missy?

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. MERCHANT'S ARCH in TEMPLE BAR. ANGLE on BLOOM at the BOOK STAND, leafing through the BOOK. A shabby-looking SHOPMAN stands across the COUNTER.

CLOSEUP on a few PAGES turned over, with medical PLATES showing the FOETUS in the womb in different stages of pregnancy.

BACK to SHOT. The SHOPMAN places TWO VOLUMES on the COUNTER.

SHOPMAN

Them are two good ones.

BLOOM puts the medical book down and picks up one of the volumes from the counter.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM reading.

BLOOM
(voiceover)

All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the store on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For Raoul!

BLOOM turns the page.

BLOOM (VO)

Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss while his hands felt for the opulent curves inside her déshabillé.

The SHOPMAN gives an awful phlegmy cough.

BACK to SHOT.

BLOOM

I'll take this one.

SHOPMAN
(another phlegmy cough)

Sweets of Sin. That's a good one.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of the window of DILLON'S AUCTION ROOMS in BACHELOR'S WALK. DILLY DEDALUS, a poorly dressed teenage GIRL, stands looking inside through the window.

ANGLE on DILLY peering in and shading her eyes with her hand.

AUCTIONEER

(voiceover)

Four and nine. Those lovely curtains.
Five shillings. Cosy curtains. Selling
new at two guineas. Any advance on five
shillings? Going for five shillings.
(*sound of the handbell*)

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the VICEREGAL CARRIAGES moving
along DAME STREET towards TRINITY COLLEGE.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of the window of DILLON'S AUCTION
ROOMS in BACHELOR'S WALK. DILLY stands a few steps from
the door. SIMON DEDALUS comes out through the door.

DILLY

Did you get any money?

SIMON DEDALUS

Where would I get money? There is no-
one in Dublin would lend me a fourpence.

DILLY

You got some.

SIMON DEDALUS
(*his tongue in his cheek*)

How do you know that?

DILLY

I know you did.

SIMON DEDALUS
(*smiling*)

Was it the little nuns taught you to be
so saucy? Here.

SIMON DEDALUS hands DILLY a COIN and wants to walk away.
DILLY pulls him by his coat.

DILLY

I suppose you got five. Give me more
than that.

SIMON DEDALUS
(*threateningly*)

Wait awhile. You're like the rest of them, are you? An insolent pack of little bitches since your poor mother died. Low blackguardism! Here (*hands DILLY two more COINS*) Get a glass of milk for yourself and a bun or a something. I'll be home shortly.

SIMON DEDALUS walks away. DILLY stands looking after him, holding the coins in her hand.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. KILDARE STREET. FULL SHOT of CASHEL BOYLE walking slowly, looking at the sun through his GLASSES. Behind him is the elegant facade of the KILDARE STREET CLUB.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. MERCHANT'S ARCH in TEMPLE BAR. FULL SHOT of STEPHEN leafing through the BOOK in front of the BOOKSTAND.

SHOPMAN
(*gives a phlegmy cough*)

Twopence each. Four for sixpence.

DILLY approaches, holding a BOOK.

DILLY

What are you doing here, Stephen?

STEPHEN quickly shuts the BOOK and puts it on the cart. He points to the BOOK held by DILLY.

STEPHEN

What have you there?

DILLY

I bought it from the other cart for a penny. Is it any good?

STEPHEN takes the BOOK from DILLY. It is worn out and the covers are missing.

STEPHEN

A French primer? What did you buy that for?

DILLY blushes and bites her lips.

STEPHEN

It's all right. Mind Maggy doesn't pawn it on you. I suppose all my books are gone.

DILLY

Some. We had to.

CUT TO:

IN. D. B. C. TEAROOM in DAME STREET. FULL SHOT of MULLIGAN and HAINES sitting at the table by the window. The WAITRESS stands by their table.

HAINES
(to the WAITRESS)

I'll take a *mélange*.

MULLIGAN

Two *mélanges*. And bring us some scones and butter and some cakes as well.

The WAITRESS leaves.

MULLIGAN
(laughs)

O, you missed Dedalus on *Hamlet*.

HAINES

I'm sorry. Shakespeare is the happy hunting-ground of all minds that have lost their balance.

MULLIGAN
(shaking with laughter)

You should see him when his body loses its balance.

HAINES

I am sure he has an *idée fixe*. Such persons always have.

MULLIGAN

The Jesuits drove his wits astray by visions of hell. He can never be a poet. The joy of creation . . .

HAINES

Eternal punishment, I see.

The WAITRESS comes and unloads her TRAY. MULLIGAN and HAINES help themselves to the food.

HAINES

But Professor Pokorny of Vienna can find no trace of hell in ancient Irish myth. The moral idea seems lacking. Does he write anything for your movement?

MULLIGAN

(chewing and laughing)

Ten years. He is going to write something in ten years.

HAINES

Seems a long way off. *(tastes a spoonful from his cup)* This is real Irish cream I take it.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. CLARE STREET. FULL SHOT of CASHEL BOYLE walking slowly, looking at the sky through his GLASSES. The young BLIND MAN (previously met by BLOOM) walks towards CASHEL BOYLE, tapping the pavement with his CANE. CASHEL BOYLE does not notice the BLIND MAN, and his swaying COTE brushes the BLIND MAN'S CANE aside. The BLIND MAN stops and turn his face towards CASHEL BOYLE.

BLIND MAN

God's curse on you, whoever you are!
You're blinder nor I am, you bitch's
bastard!

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. GRAFTON STREET. FULL SHOT of BLAZES BOYLAN, in his straw HAT, with the red CARNATION between his teeth. He grins and listens to a shabby-looking DRUNK.

CUT TO:

IN. WIDE SHOT of the SALOON at the ORMOND HOTEL. Piano music is heard. Two coquettish BARMAIDS, Miss DOUCE and Miss KENNEDY, serve drinks at the bar. SIMON DEDALUS enters the SALOON.

ANGLE on SIMON DEDALUS coming the the BAR.

SIMON DEDALUS

O welcome back, Miss Douce. Did you enjoy your holidays?

CLOSEUP on Miss DOUCE. She has a tan on her face.

Miss DOUCE

Tiptop.

SIMON DEDALUS

I hope you had nice weather in Rostrevor.

Miss DOUCE
(*coquettishly*)

Gorgeous. Look at the holy show I am.
Lying out on the strand all day.

BACK to SHOT.

SIMON DEDALUS

That was exceedingly naughty of you.
(*touches her hand*) Tempting poor simple
males.

Miss DOUCE

O go away. And what did the doctor
order today?

SIMON DEDALUS

I think I'll trouble you for some fresh
water and a half glass of whisky. (*he
lights his pipe*)

Miss DOUCE

With the greatest alacrity.

Miss DOUCE pours the whisky. LENEHAN comes to the BAR
and stands opposite Miss KENNEDY.

LENEHAN

Miss Kennedy, was Mr Boylan looking for
me?

Miss KENNEDY

No. He was not.

LENEHAN nods to SIMON DEDALUS, who nods back.

LENEHAN

Greetings from the famous son of a famous father.

SIMON DEDALUS

Who may he be?

LENEHAN

Who? Stephen, the youthful bard. I quaffed the nectarbowl with him this very day at the Mooney's.

SIMON DEDALUS
(after a pause, without interest)

That must have been highly diverting. (he turns round) I see you have moved the piano.

Miss DOUCE

The tuner was in today. An exquisite player.

SIMON DEDALUS

Is that a fact?

Miss DOUCE

Wasn't he, Miss Kennedy? The real classical, you know. And blind too, poor fellow. Not twenty I'm sure he was.

SIMON DEDALUS

Is that a fact? (he moves towards the piano)

ANGLE on the DOOR. BLAZES BOYLAN comes in, smiles towards the BARMAIDS, and touches the rim of his HAT.

ANGLE on the BAR with LENEHAN.

LENEHAN

See the conquering hero comes.

BOYLAN comes to the BAR. The BARMAIDS smile at him and preen themselves.

BOYLAN
(to LENEHAN)

What's your cry? Glass of bitter? (to Miss KENNEDY) Glass of bitter, please,

and a sloegin for me. (*He puts a COIN on the counter*)

ANGLE on SIMON DEDALUS playing at the PIANO the tune of "Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye".

ANGLE on Miss KENNEDY, humming the played tune. She reaches high to take a FLAGON, stretches her arm and exposes her BUST.

ANGLE on LENEHAN and BOYLAN at the BAR. LENEHAN gapes at Miss KENNEDY, and gasps ecstatically.

LENEHAN

O! O! O!

BOYLAN
(to LENEHAN)

Why don't you grow?

Miss KENNEDY, humming the song, pours LENEHAN and BOYLAN their drinks, takes the COIN from the counter, and strikes the CASHREGISTER. The CLOCK strikes four.

BOYLAN

What time is that? Four?

LENEHAN
(to Miss KENNEDY)

Let's hear the time.

Miss KENNEDY
(humming, teasingly)

Oh, no. I couldn't.

LENEHAN

Go on. There's no-one. Please. *Sonnez la cloche!* Ring the bell!

Miss KENNEDY bends, nips the SKIRT above her knee and holds it tauntingly. BOYLAN appears uninterested.

LENEHAN

Sonnez!

Miss KENNEDY lets free the elastic GARTER which smacks against her thigh.

LENEHAN

La cloche! Trained by owner. No sawdust there.

Miss KENNEDY

You're the essence of vulgarity.

BOYLAN
(*finishes his drink*)

I'm off. (*he goes out*)

CUT TO:

ANGLE on SIMON DEDALUS playing on the PIANO and holding a PIPE between his teeth. Two other MEN stand beside him, listening.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT through the WINDOW of BARNEY KIERNAN'S PUB in the LITTLE BRITAIN STREET. BLOOM is walking to and fro outside the pub, waiting for someone.

IN. FULL SHOT of BARNEY KIERNAN'S PUB. At the BAR sit BOB DORAN, already drunk, the CITIZEN, and JOE HYNES, drinking their PINTS. TERRY, the BARMAN, stands behind the COUNTER. A large, fierce-looking MONGREL lies tied to the CITIZEN's stool.

CITIZEN

(*turns round and looks at BLOOM outside the window*)

What's that bloody freemason doing, prowling up and down outside?

The MONGREL looks up and begins to growl. The CITIZEN gives him a kick.

CITIZEN
(*to the MONGREL*)

Quiet!

ANGLE on JOE HYNES and the CITIZEN.

JOE HYNES

. . . so I saw him just now in Capel Street with Paddy Dignam. Only I was running after that . . .

CITIZEN
(*puts down his pint, astonished*)

You what? With who?

JOE HYNES

With Dignam.

CITIZEN

Is it Paddy?

JOE HYNES

Yes. Why?

CITIZEN

Don't you know he's dead?

JOE HYNES

Paddy Dignam dead?

CITIZEN

Ay.

JOE HYNES

Sure I'm after seeing him not ten minutes ago, as plain as a pikestaff.

BOB DORAN

(half awakened from drunken stopor)

Who's dead?

CITIZEN

(to JOE HYNES)

You saw his ghost then, God between us and harm.

JOE HYNES

(flabbergasted)

What? Good Christ, only ten . . . What? Dignam dead?

BOB DORAN

What about Dignam? Who's talking about . . . ?

JOE HYNES

(to the CITIZEN)

Dead! He is no more dead than you are.

CITIZEN

Maybe so. They took the liberty of burying him this morning anyhow.

ANGLE on BLOOM entering the PUB. He stops at the DOOR, and looks fearfully at the MONGREL. The MONGREL growls.

FULL SHOT of the PUB. JOE HYNES, the CITIZEN, and BOB DORAN sit at the BAR, BLOOM stands at the DOOR.

CITIZEN
(to BLOOM)

Come in, come in, he won't eat you.

JOE HYNES
(still astonished)

Good Christ! I could have sworn it was him.

BOB DORAN

Is that a good Christ to take away poor little Willy Dignam?

BLOOM
(to the BARMAN)

Excuse me, Terry, was Martin Cunningham here?

ANGLE on BOB DORAN, snivelling inconsolably.

BOB DORAN

He's a bloody ruffian, I say, to take away poor little Willy Dignam.

BACK to SHOT.

BARMAN
(to Bloom)

No, he was not. What will you have?

BLOOM

O, no, thank you. I wouldn't.

CITIZEN

Come on. Just a drop.

BLOOM

No, really. No offence. I couldn't . . .
. Well, maybe I'd just take a cigar.

CITIZEN
(to the BARMAN)

Give us one of your prime stinkers,
Terry.

ANGLE on BOB DORAN, drunk, kneeling before the CITIZEN'S MONGREL, holding a tin BOX behind him.

BOB DORAN

Give us the paw! Give us the paw,
doggy! Good old Doggy.

BOB DORAN gives the MONGREL a biscuit from the tin BOX. The MONGREL devours it greedily and starts messing with the BOX.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN and JOE HYNES sitting at the BAR. In the BACKGROUND BLOOM sits by himself at the TABLE by the WINDOW, holding the lighted CIGAR.

CITIZEN
(points to his glass, to the BARMAN)

Same again, Terry. (turns towards BLOOM)
Are you sure you won't have anything in
the way of liquid refreshment?

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

Thank you, no. As a matter of fact I
just wanted to meet Martin Cunningham,
don't you see, about this insurance of
poor Dignam's.

BACK to SHOT.

CITIZEN
(to JOE HYNES)

Holy Wars! Old Shylock is landed. (to
BLOOM) So the wife comes out top dog,
what?

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

Well, that's a point for the wife's
admirers.

BACK to SHOT.

JOE HYNES
(turns towards BLOOM)

Whose admirers?

CLOSEUP on BLOOM.

BLOOM
(*confused and embarrassed*)

The wife's advisers, I mean.

BACK to SHOT. The CITIZEN and JOE HYNES look at each other, smiling knowingly.

ANGLE on BLOOM. BOB DORAN sits down opposite him at the table.

BOB DORAN

Please tell Mrs Dignam, from me, that there was never a truer, a finer man than poor little Willy that's dead.

BLOOM
(*corrects BOB DORAN*)

Paddy. I will. Poor woman.

BACK to SHOT.

CITIZEN
(*to JOE HYNES, but loud enough so that BLOOM can hear*)

Pity about her. Or any other woman marries a half and half.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM.

BLOOM

How half and half? Do you mean he . . .

ANGLE on the CITIZEN turning towards BLOOM.

CITIZEN

Half and half I mean. A fellow that's neither fish nor flesh.

JOE HYNES

Nor good red herring.

The MONGREL growls.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. North side of MERRION SQUARE. MOVING SHOT of the VICEREGAL CARRIAGES. We never see the faces of the VICEROY nor of the accompanying PERSONS.

MOVING SHOT from the VICEREGAL CARRIAGE, as it passes towards the LOWER MOUNT STREET. The CONSTABLE salutes. Some PEOPLE stop and look, others just look, some MEN take off their HATS, others pay no attention.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT of the KIERNAN' s PUB. The CITIZEN and JOE HYNES sit at the BAR now facing BLOOM.

BLOOM
(*agitated, waving his CIGAR*)

Persecution. All the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nations.

CITIZEN

But do you know what a nation means?

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM
A nation? A nation is the same people living in the same place.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN and JOE HYNES.

JOE HYNES

By God, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.

ANGLE on BLOOM. ALL laugh except BLOOM.

BLOOM
Or also living in different places.

CITIZEN

That covers my case.

ALL laugh again, except BLOOM.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN.

CITIZEN
(*to BLOOM*)

What is your nation if I may ask?

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

Ireland. I was born here. Ireland.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN and JOE HYNES. The CITIZEN SPITS on the ground and turns round towards the BAR, with his back to BLOOM. JOE HYNES also turns round. BOTH drink.

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

(waving his CIGAR)

And I belong to a race too that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment. Robbed. Plundered. Insulted.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN, who turns towards BLOOM.

CITIZEN

Are you talking about the new Jerusalem?

BLOOM

I'm talking about injustice.

JOE HYNES

(turns towards BLOOM)

Right. Stand up to it then with force like men.

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

But it's not use. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. It's the very opposite of that that is really life.

JOE HYNES

What?

BLOOM

Love. I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now. Just round to the court to see if Martin is there. If he comes just say I'll be back in a second.

BLOOM extinguishes his CIGAR in the ashtray and leaves.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN and JOE HYNES.

CITIZEN
(*with contempt*)

A new apostle to the gentiles.
Universal love.

The CITIZEN SPITS on the ground, and turns towards the BAR. He and JOE HYNES drink.

WIDE SHOT of the PUB. MARTIN CUNNINGHAM and JACK POWER come in.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

Do you know where Bloom is?

JOE HYNES

Where is he? Defrauding widows and orphans.

CITIZEN

The new Messiah for Ireland! Is he a Jew or a gentile or a holy Roman or a swaddler or what the hell is he?

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM
(*with some sympathy for BLOOM*)

He's a perverted Jew from Hungary . . .

CITIZEN

A wolf in sheep's clothing! That's what he is. Virag from Hungary!

BLOOM comes in through the DOOR in a hurry.

BLOOM
(*to MARTIN CUNNINGHAM*)

I was just round at the courthouse looking for you. I hope I'm not . . .

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

No. We're ready.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN and JOE HYNES. The CITIZEN winks at JOE HYNES and raises his GLASS.

CITIZEN

Three cheers for Israel!

ANGLE on BLOOM with MARTIN CUNNINGHAM and JACK POWER at the DOOR. BLOOM stops and turns round.

BLOOM

Beg your pardon.

The MONGREL growls.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

Come on boys. The carriage is waiting.
Bye bye all.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM and JACK POWER push BLOOM outside.

WIDE SHOT of the PUB. The CITIZEN suddenly gets down from his stool and makes for the DOOR. JOE HYNES and the BARMAN try to stop him. BOB DORAN wakes up at the table. The MONGREL begins to bark.

CITIZEN
(*furious*)

Let me alone!

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. The CARRIAGE stands outside BARNEY KIERNAN'S PUB. MARTIN CUNNINGHAM and JACK POWER try to pacify BLOOM and put him into the carriage. The CITIZEN runs out of the pub, followed by JOE HYNES, the BARMAN, and the staggering BOB DORAN.

CITIZEN

Where is he till I murder him?

JOE HYNES and the BARMAN hold the CITIZEN. PASSERS-BY stop to watch.

BARMAN

Don't be making a public exhibition of yourself!

GIRL from the crowd

Eh, mister! Your fly is open, mister!

ANGLE on the CARRIAGE. BLOOM sticks out his head from the WINDOW. MARTIN CUNNINGHAM and JACK POWER are trying to pull him in.

BLOOM
(*shouts*)

Mendelssohn was a Jew and Karl Marx and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a Jew. Your God.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN held by JOE HYNES and the BARMAN.

CITIZEN

Whose God?

BACK to SHOT. MARTIN CUNNINGHAM sticks out his head through another window of the CARRIAGE.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM
(to the driver)

That'll do now. Drive ahead.

BLOOM

Your God was a Jew. Christ was a Jew like me.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN.

CITIZEN

By Jesus, I'll brain that bloody Jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will. Give me that biscuitbox here.

The CITIZEN breaks free and runs back into the KIERNAN'S PUB.

JOE HYNES

Stop! Stop! For Christ's sake!

ANGLE on the CARRIAGE. The HORSE pulls back instead of forward. BLOOM is held by MARTIN CUNNINGHAM and JACK POWER inside.

ANGLE on the DOOR to the PUB. The CITIZEN runs out holding the tin BOX and the MONGREL on the leash. PEOPLE in the street shout and laugh. The MONGREL barks.

BACK to SHOT. Frightened by the mongrel the HORSE jerks forward and the CARRIAGE moves speedily on.

ANGLE on the CITIZEN throwing the BOX after the CARRIAGE. It rolls on the street with a clatter. The CITIZEN unleashed the MONGREL.

CITIZEN

After him, Garry! After him, boy!

MOVING SHOT from the CARRIAGE towards KIERNAN'S PUB. The MONGREL runs after the CARRIAGE.

MOVING ANGLE on the HORSE galloping along.

CLOSEUP on the CITIZEN looking after the CARRIAGE, shading his EYES with his hand.

CITIZEN

Did I kill him or what?

CUT TO:

EX. EARLY EVENING. SANDYMOUNT STRAND. WIDE, SLOW, MOVING SHOT from the path over the BEACH, showing THREE GIRLS of about twenty: CISSY, EDY, and GERTY, and CISSY'S four-year-old TWIN BROTHERS, TOMMY and JACKY. There is also a PUSHCAR with a BABY. The TWINS are dressed in sailor suits, and play in the SAND with spades and buckets. A big coloured BALL rests near them. CISSY and EDY sit on the SAND next to each other, a short distance from the TWINS. EDY is rocking the PUSHCAR. On the rocks, a distance away from CISSY and EDY, on her own, sits GERTY. The TWINS have an argument about a SANDCASTLE, and JACKY pushes TOMMY, who begins to CRY.

CISSY

Come here, Tommy, at once. And you, Jacky, for shame to throw poor Tommy into the dirty sand. Wait till I catch you for that.

TOMMY comes to CISSY who smooths his suit and shakes off sand from it.

CISSY

Nasty bold Jacky!

EDY

(coaxingly to TOMMY)

Tell us who is your sweetheart. Is Cissy your sweetheart?

TOMMY

(tearfully)

No.

CISSY

Is Edy Boardman your sweetheart?

TOMMY

No.

EDY
(looks towards Gerty)

I know who is Tommy's sweetheart. Gerty
is Tommy's sweetheart.

TOMMY
(on the verge of tears)

No.

ANGLE on GERTY, sitting gracefully on the rock. She is pretty, with thick brown hair, and looks pensively into the sea. At the sound of her name she SMILES for a moment. She is dressed in a neat blue BLOUSE and a navy three-quarter SKIRT emphasising her good figure. She wears a straw HAT.

FULL SHOT of BLOOM walking slowly and looking at GERTY from the PATH above the strand. BLOOM stops.

WIDE SHOT of the GIRLS and CHILDREN from BLOOM's perspective.

CISSY
(to TOMMY)

Run off now and be good.

TOMMY runs to the BALL and kicks it. JACKY drops his spade and bucket and runs after the BALL. JACKY kicks the BALL towards BLOOM.

FULL SHOT of BLOOM picking the BALL and throwing it back.

CISSY

Thank you sir.

BACK to SHOT. The BALL rolls and stops under GERTY's skirt.

ANGLE on GERTY. She lifts her SKIRT a little and KICKS the BALL towards the TWINS. She throws a casual GLANCE at BLOOM.

ANGLE on BLOOM looking at GERTY. BLOOM sits down on a nearby BENCH.

FULL SHOT of CISSY and EDY playing with the BABY in the PUSHCAR. CISSY hides behind the hood.

EDY
(to the BABY)

Where is Cissy gone?

CISSY pops up her HEAD from behind the hood. The BABY rejoices.

FULL SHOT of the TWINS running after the BALL and shouting.

ANGLE on GERTY looking towards the SEA. She turns her HEAD a little and casts a sidelong GLANCE at BLOOM.

ANGLE on BLOOM on the BENCH. He looks around and slowly puts his HAND into his POCKET.

BACK to SHOT. GERTY quickly turns her HEAD towards the SEA. After a moment she takes off her HAT, settles her HAIR, and puts her HAT back on.

FULL SHOT of CISSY tugging the TWINS by the hands.

ANGLE on EDY looking at GERTY and then at BLOOM.

EDY
(to GERTY)

A penny for your thoughts.

ANGLE on GERTY. She is slightly confused and looks askance towards BLOOM.

GERTY

What? I was only wondering was it late.

BACK to SHOT. EDY moves towards BLOOM.

ANGLE on GERTY looking at the SEA.

EDY
(to BLOOM)

Excuse me, sir. Would you mind telling me what is the right time.

BLOOM
(nervously, clearing his throat)

I'm sorry. My watch has stopped, but I think it must be after eight.

EDY

Thanks.

FULL SHOT of EDY returning to the PUSHCAR. As EDY passes by GERTY she sticks her tongue out at her.

ANGLE on GERTY looking towards the SEA. She slowly moves up her SKIRT and begins to swing her LEG, exposing it towards BLOOM.

ANGLE on BLOOM looking at GERTY. He moves his HAND in his POCKET.

WIDE SHOT of the STRAND. CISSY takes off the TWINS' CAPS and tidies their hair. She picks up SPADES and BUCKETS, puts them into the PUSH CART, together with the BALL. ALL, except GERTY, are getting ready to go.

JACKY
(points at the sky)

O, look, Cissy!

They all look up. The CRACKS of the FIREWORKS are heard.

CISSY

It's fireworks.

They ALL run along the strand, EDY pushing the PUSH CAR, and CISSY holding TOMMY and JACKY by the hand. GERTY remains where she is, but slightly turns her body towards the FIREWORKS and towards BLOOM.

CISSY

Come on, Gerty. It's the bazaar fireworks.

ANGLE on GERTY. She looks towards the FIREWORKS and exposes her LEGS towards BLOOM. She leans back and catches her KNEE in her hands, revealing her legs and garters.

FULL SHOT of the EVENING SKY. FIREWORKS explode above the trees and the CHURCH in SANDYMOUNT.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM. He is CLIMAXING.

ANGLE on GERTY. She holds her KNEE with her HANDS, swings slowly back and forth, revealing her legs high up.

FULL SHOT of the exploding FIREWORKS. Suddenly they stop, and there is SILENCE.

ANGLE on GERTY. She stops swinging her body, removes her HANDS from her KNEE, straightens her SKIRT, and hides her legs.

CISSY
(calls from a distance)

Gerty! Gerty! We're going. Come on.

ANGLE on BLOOM on the BENCH. He BREATHES deeply and slowly, and removes his HAND from his POCKET.

ANGLE on GERTY. She slowly RISES, casts a fleeting GLANCE towards BLOOM, smiles faintly for a moment, and WALKS with a visible LIMP down the strand towards CISSY. She does not look back.

CUT TO:

EX. NIGHT. CLOSEUP of BLOOM in the CONCAVE MIRROR in the window of GILLEN's HAIDRESSER in TALBOT STREET. CAMERA MOVES to BLOOM's reflection in the CONVEX MIRROR in the same window.

WIDE SHOT of TALBOT STREET leading to the RED-LIGHT DISTRICT. The street is shabby, paved with cobbled stones, poorly lit by a few lamps. Individual MEN move hastily like shadows in the direction of the BROTHELS. Among them are two BRITISH SOLDIERS in khaki uniforms.

MOVING SHOT of BLOOM walking cautiously, a little embarrassed, and more slowly than the others. The air gets foggy.

TWO CYCLISTS, with lighted paper LANTERS swinging on sticks, pass by BLOOM, grazing him, their BELLS rattling.

CYCLIST

Mind out, mister!

BLOOM is surprised and frightened by the near collision with the CYCLISTS. He turns around and loses a sense of direction in the DARK FOG, illuminated here and there by faint lamplight.

ANGLE on the PIMP with a syphilitic face emerging from the fog close to BLOOM.

PIMP

(stops BLOOM with a raised hand)

Password.

BLOOM

(confused)

Merci. Esperanto. Slan leath.

The PIMP vanishes in the FOG.

The DOG approaches, sniffing, and then disappears.

BLOOM walks on carefully and nearly TRIPS over a MAN sprawled on the ground. The MAN sneezes and mutters inarticulately. BLOOM continues walking and suddenly

STOPS and LOOKS in awe towards strange LIGHT in front of him.

FULL SHOT of the GHOST of BLOOM's Jewish FATHER: a stooped bearded figure dressed in the long CAFTAN of the Jewish elder. The GHOST emanates supernatural LIGHT.

GHOST

What are you making down this place?
Have you no soul? Are you not my son
Leopold who left the god of his fathers
Abraham and Jacob?

BLOOM

I suppose so, father.

GHOST
(with scorn)

Goim nachez. Nice spectacle for your
poor mother.

BLOOM

Mamma!

CUT TO:

IN. BLOOM'S family HOUSE in late nineteenth-century decor. FULL SHOT of BLOOM's MOTHER standing over the staircase bannister, holding a CANDLESTICK.

MOTHER
(in shrill alarm)

O blessed Redeemer, what have they done
to him! My smelling salts!

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. Asian, exotic scene. ANGLE on MOLLY standing under the PALM, wearing a Turkish costume, scarlet TROUSERS, wide yellow cummerbund, and a white yashmak on her face, leaving her large dark EYES. A COIN gleams on her forehead. A CAMEL stands next to MOLLY.

MOLLY
(sharply, giving BLOOM a blow with her hand)

Poldy!

FULL SHOT of MOLLY and BLOOM. BLOOM wears his usual black suit.

BLOOM
(ducks)

Who? At your service. (*recognising MOLLY*) Molly!

MOLLY

Mrs Marion from this out, my dear man, when you speak to me.

BLOOM
(*meekly*)

I was just going back for that lotion whitewax, orangeflower water. Shop closes early on Thursday. But the first thing in the morning.

MOLLY
(*with friendly mockery*)

O Poldy, Poldy, you are a poor old stick in the mud. Go and see life. See the wide world.

MOLLY walks away leading the CAMEL and humming a tune from *Don Giovanni*.

CUT TO:

EX. NIGHT and FOG. TYRONE STREET in the DUBLIN RED-LIGHT DISTRICT. ANGLE on another PIMP, who approaches BLOOM and takes him by the ELBOW.

PIMP

Ten shillings a maidenhead. Fresh thing was never touched.

The PIMP leads the weakly resisting BLOOM to the PROSTITUTE standing by the LAMPPOST.

PROSTITUTE
(*to BLOOM*)

Any good on your mind?

PIMP

Ten shillings. Don't be all night before the polis in plain clothes sees us.

GERTY emerges from the FOG, LIMPING, and approaches BLOOM.

ANGLE on GERTY.

GERTY

(to BLOOM)

You did that. I hate you.

BLOOM

I? When? You're dreaming. I never saw you.

PIMP
(to GERTY)

Leave the gentleman alone, you cheat.
Streetwalking and soliciting.

GERTY
(to BLOOM)

Dirty married man! I love you for doing that to me.

GERTY LIMPS away. The PIMP and the PROSTITUTE disappear.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT of BLOOM lost and disoriented in the FOG in TYRONE STREET. Mrs BREEN approaches.

Mrs BREEN
(with mock reproach)

Mr Bloom! You down here in the haunts of sin! I caught you nicely! Scamp!

BLOOM
(feigning embarrassment)

Not so loud my name. Don't give me away. How do you do? It's ages since. You're looking splendid.

Mrs BREEN

O just wait till I see Molly! Account for yourself this very minute or woe betide you!

BLOOM
(mischievously, moving closer)

A little frivol, shall we, if you are so inclined? Would you like me perhaps to embrace you just for a fraction of a second?

Mrs BREEN
(gaily)

O, you ruck! You ought to see yourself!

BLOOM

For old sake's sake. You know I had a soft corner for you. Do you remember old Christmas night, Georgina Simpson's housewarming party?

Mrs BREEN

You were always a favourite with the ladies.

CUT TO:

IN. CHRISTMAS PARTY. ANGLE on BLOOM, in a dinner jacket and a bow tie, surrounded by LADIES. BLOOM raises a GLASS of CHAMPAGNE.

BLOOM

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Ireland, home and beauty.

BACK to SHOT.

Mrs BREEN

After the parlour mystery games and the crackers from the tree we sat on the staircase ottoman. Under the mistletoe. Two is company.

CUT TO:

IN. The OTTOMAN amidst CHRISTMAS decorations. ANGLE on BLOOM, wearing a purple Napoleon HAT, sitting next to Mrs BREEN, who wears an evening DRESS. BLOOM gently opens the PALM of Mrs BREEN's hand.

BLOOM
(voiceover)

I took the splinter out of this hand, carefully, slowly. *Là ci darem la mano.*

Mrs BREEN
(voiceover)

Voglio e non. You're scalding. The left hand nearest the heart.

BACK to FULL SHOT of BLOOM and Mrs BREEN in TYRONE STREET. BLOOM wears a dinner JACKET with a black bow, and Mrs BREEN wears an evening DRESS.

BLOOM

(theatrically)

When you made your present choice they said it was beauty and the beast. I can never forgive you for that. *(he clenches his fist at his brow)* All you meant to me then. Woman, it's breaking me!

Mrs BREEN

Why didn't you kiss the spot to make it well? You wanted to.

BLOOM
(shocked)

Molly's best friend! Could you?

Mrs BREEN blows BLOOM a KISS and VANISHES in the FOG. A whining DOG runs across the street.

CUT TO:

EX. NIGHT. TYRONE STREET. MOVING SHOT of BLOOM in his normal DRESS (black suit and a bowler), walking carefully in the night FOG.

MOVING SHOT from BLOOM's perspective of the PROSTITUTES calling BLOOM from shabby windows, doors, and lanes.

PROSTITUTE 1

Are you going far, queer fellow?

PROSTITUTE 2

How's your middle leg, darling?

PROSTITUTE 3
(holding a cigarette)

Got a match on you?

PROSTITUTE 4

Eh, come here till I stiffen it for you.

A chalk GRAFFITO on the wall shows a PHALLIC DESIGN and a legend "Wet Dream".

FULL SHOT of TWO POLICEMEN laying their hands on BLOOM's shoulders.

POLICEMAN 1

Caught in the act. Commit no nuisance.

BLOOM
(*stammering*)

I am doing good to others.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of BLOOM on O'CONNELL BRIDGE throwing CAKE to the GULLS.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. FULL SHOT of BLOOM guiding the BLIND MAN across DAWSON STREET.

BACK to the FULL SHOT of TWO POLICEMEN and BLOOM.

POLICEMAN 1

Come. Name and address.

BLOOM

I have forgotten for the moment. Ah, yes! (*takes off his hat*) Dr Bloom, Leopold, dental surgeon.

POLICEMAN 2

Proof.

BLOOM hands a CARD to POLICEMAN 2.

POLICEMAN 2
(*reads*)

Henry Flower. No fixed abode.
Unlawfully watching and besetting.

POLICEMAN 1

Come to the station.

CUT TO:

IN. COURTROOM. ANGLE on BLOOM in the DOCK.

BLOOM

Gentlemen of the jury, let me explain. I am a man misunderstood. I am a respectable married man, without a stain on my character. I live in Eccles Street.

ANGLE on the PROSECUTOR in a WIG.

PROSECUTOR

Profession or trade?

CUT TO:

IN. A writer's STUDY. BLOOM sits at the DESK covered with BOOKS and PAPERS, surrounded by SHELVES full of BOOKS.

BLOOM

Well, I follow a literary occupation. Author-journalist. I am connected with the British and Irish press. If you ring up . . .

CUT TO:

IN. OFFICE of "Freeman's Journal". MYLES CRAWFORD sits at his DESK. TELEPHONE rings. MYLES CRAWFORD picks up the RECEIVER.

MYLES CRAWFORD

Hello. *Freeman's Urinal* and *Weekly Arswiper*. Here. Paralyse Europe. Is it Bloom?

CUT TO:

IN. COURTROOM. ANGLE on the writer PHILIP BEAUFOY, stylishly dressed, in the WITNESS BOX. He speaks with a posh English accent.

PHILIP BEAUFOY

One of those, my lord. A plagiarist. A soapy sneak masquerading as a literateur. It's perfectly obvious that with the most inherent baseness he has cribbed some of my bestselling books, really gorgeous stuff, the love passages in which are beneath suspicion. Why, look at the man's private life! Street angel and house devil! Not fit to be mentioned in mixed society.

ANGLE on the court CLERK.

CLERK

The King versus Bloom. Call the woman Driscoll.

ANGLE on the WITNESS BOX. MARY DRISCOLL, a slipshod servant girl, with a BUCKET on the crook of her arm and a SCOURISHBRUSH in her hand, enters the BOX.

ANGLE on the PROSECUTOR.

PROSECUTOR

Are you of the unfortunate class?

BACK to SHOT.

MARY DRISCOLL
(*indignantly*)

I'm not a bad one. I bear a respectable character and was four months in my last place. But I had to leave owing to his carryings on.

PROSECUTOR

What do you tax him with?

MARY DRISCOLL

He made a certain suggestion but I thought more of myself, as poor as I am.

ANGLE on BLOOM in the DOCK.

BLOOM

I treated you white. I gave you mementos, smart emerald garters far above your station. Incautiously I took your part when you were accused of pilfering.

BACK to SHOT.

MARY DRISCOLL

As God is looking down on me this night if ever I laid a hand to them oysters!

ANGLE on the PROSECUTOR.

PROSECUTOR

The offence complained of? Did something happen?

BACK to SHOT.

MARY DRISCOLL

He surprised me in the rere of the premises, your honour, when the missus was out shopping one morning, with a request for a safety pin. He held me and I was discoloured in four places as

a result. And he interfered twice with my clothing.

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

She counterassaulted.

BACK to SHOT.

MARY DRISCOLL
(*scornfully*)

I had more respect for the scouringbrush, so I had. I remonstrated with him, your lord, and he remarked: Keep it quiet!

LAUGHTER in the gallery.

ANGLE on the CLERK.

CLERK

Order in court!

ANGLE on BLOOM's solicitor, O'MOLLOY, in a WIG.

O'MOLLOY

Gentlemen of the jury! My client is a poor foreign immigrant who started scratch as a stowaway and is now trying to turn an honest penny. The trumped up misdemeanour was due to a momentary aberration of heredity, brought on by hallucination, such familiarities as the alleged guilty occurrence being quite permitted in my client's native place, the land of the Pharaoh. *Prima facie*, I put it to you that there was no attempt at carnally knowing. Intimacy did not occur and the offence complained of by Driscoll was not repeated. (*he picks up a PAPER*) My client's submission is, my lord, that he is of Mongolian extraction and irresponsible for his actions. Not all there, in fact.

CUT TO:

PHOTOGRAPH of BLOOM in an ORIENTAL costume, with a dazed and demented expression on his face.

BACK to SHOT.

O'MOLLOY

My client, an innately bashful man, would be the last man in the world to do anything ungentlemanly. He wants to go straight. He is down on his luck at present owing to the mortgaging of his extensive property in faraway Asia Minor, slides of which will now be shown.

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH of the LAKE KINNERETH in haze, with CATTLE, slides in UPSIDE DOWN. HISSES from the GALLERY.

The SAME PHOTOGRAPH slides in RIGHT SIDE UP. APPLAUSE.

ANGLE on BLOOM in a smart TWEED SUIT, standing in the DOCK.

BLOOM
(*nonchalantly*)

Can give best references. I have moved in the charmed circle of the highest queens of Dublin society. I was just chatting this afternoon at the Viceregal Lodge to my old pals, Sir Robert and Lady Ball . . .

ANGLE on Mrs BARRY, an extravagantly dressed, high-society lady, rising in the ALL-FEMALE AUDITORIUM.

Mrs BARRY
(*indignantly*)

Arrest him constable. He wrote me an anonymous letter when my husband was in Tipperary on the Munster circuit, signed James Lovebirch. I deeply inflamed him, he said. He made improper overtures to me to misconduct myself at half past four p.m. on the following Thursday.

ANGLE on Mrs BELLINGHAM, another high-society lady, dressed in a FUR COAT, rising in the AUDITORIUM.

Mrs BELLINGHAM

Also to me. Yes, I believe it is the same objectionable person. He addressed me in several handwritings with fulsome compliments as a Venus in furs, and lauded almost extravagantly my nether extremities, my swelling calves in silk hose drawn up to the limit. He urged me to defile the marriage bed, to commit

adultery at the earliest possible opportunity.

ANGLE on Mrs TALBOYS, another high-society lady, dressed in AMAZON COSTUME, with a HUNTING CROP, rising in another place in the AUDITORIUM.

Mrs TALBOYS

Also me. Because he saw me on the polo ground of the Phoenix park at the match All Ireland versus the Rest of Ireland. This plebeian Don Juan observed me from behind a hackney car and sent me an obscene photograph, such as are sold after dark on Paris boulevards, insulting to any lady. I have it still. It represents a partially nude señorita (his wife, as he solemnly assured me), practising illicit intercourse with a muscular torero, evidently a blackguard. He urged me to do likewise, to sin with the officers of the garrison. He implored me to soil his letter in an unspeakable manner, to bestride and ride him, to give him a most vicious horsewhipping.

WIDE ANGLE on the AUDITORIUM.

SEVERAL FEMALE VOICES

Me too. Me too.

BACK to SHOT. Mrs TALBOYS strikes her BOOT with the hunting CROP.

Mrs TALBOYS

I'll scourge the pigeonlivered cur as long as I can stand over him. I'll flay him alive.

ANGLE on BLOOM in the DOCK.

BLOOM

(with masochistic pleasure)

Here? I love the danger.

BACK to SHOT.

Mrs TALBOYS

I'll make it hot for you.

ANGLE on Mrs BELLINGHAM.

Mrs BELLINGHAM

Tan his breech well, the upstart! Write the stars and stripes on it!

ANGLE on Mrs BARRY.

Mrs BARRY

Disgraceful! There's no excuse for him! Thrash the mongrel within an inch of his life. Geld him. Vivisect him.

ANGLE on Mrs TALBOYS swishing her hunting CROP in the air.

Mrs TALBOYS

I'll flog him black and blue in the public streets. I'll dig my spurs in him up to the rowel. He is a wellknown cuckold.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. SACKVILLE STREET. FULL SHOT of the PAPERBOY holding a pack of newspapers under his arm. He WAVES one newspaper above his head.

PAPERBOY
(yells)

Messenger of the Sacred Heart and Evening Telegraph with Saint Patrick's Day Supplement. Containing the new addresses of all the cuckolds in Dublin.

CUT TO:

IN. COURTROOM. ANGLE on the JUDGE in a WIG and a BLACK CAP.

JUDGE

Whereas Leopold Bloom, of no fixed abode, is a wellknown forger, bigamist, bawd and cuckold and a public nuisance to the citizens of Dublin . . .

ANGLE on BLOOM, in his usual black suit, standing in the DOCK.

BLOOM
(desperately)

Wait. Stop. Gulls. Good heart. Innocence.

CUT TO:

IN. WIDE SHOT of the CITY HALL full of BURGESSES and town COUNCILLORS in ceremonious dress. On the PODIUM stands BLOOM dressed in a SCARLET ROBE, with MACE and mayoral CHAIN.

VOICE from the AUDITORIUM

Long live Leopold, new Lord mayor of Dublin!

ALL

Hoorey!

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. COLLEGE GREEN. MOVING SHOT of BLOOM as the LORD MAYOR, sitting in an OPEN CARRIAGE, waving his hand to CROWDS lining the street.

MOVING SHOT of the CROWD from the CARRIAGE.

Man in the CROWD

That's the famous Bloom now, the world's greatest reformer. Hats off!

MEN uncover their heads in salute.

ANGLE on Mrs BARRY, Mrs BELLINGHAM, and Mrs TALBOYS in the CROWD.

Mrs BARRY

Isn't he simply wonderful?

Mrs BELLINGHAM

All that man has seen!

Mrs TALBOYS

And done!

Mrs BARRY

A classic face! He has the forehead of a thinker.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the FRONT SQUARE of DUBLIN CASTLE. BLOOM in PURPLE MANTLE and CROWN, holding a SCEPTER, sits in the THRONE on an elevation. Below him stand city DIGNITARIES, religious OFFICIALS, and the MILITARIES. A CROWD fills the rest of the square.

ANGLE on the BISHOP in ROBE and MITRE, standing close to BLOOM.

BISHOP

I here present your undoubted emperor president and king chairman, the most serene and potent ruler of this realm. God save Leopold the First!

ALL

God save Leopold the First!

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

Thanks, somewhat eminent sir.

ANGLE on the BISHOP.

BISHOP

Will you to your power cause law and mercy to be executed in all your judgments in Ireland and territories thereunto belonging?

ANGLE on BLOOM. He rises from his THRONE and places his right HAND on his TESTICLES.

BLOOM

So may the Creator deal with me. All this I promise to do.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. ANGLE on BLOOM in an IMPERIAL, military UNIFORM, speaking on a PODIUM.

BLOOM

My beloved subjects, a new era is about to dawn. I, Bloom, tell you verily it is even now at hand. Ye shall ere long enter into the golden city which is to be the new Bloomusalem in the Nova Hibernia of the future.

WIDE SHOT of the enormous CROWD stretching to the horizon. Ecstatic APPLAUSE and CHEERS.

BACK to SHOT. BLOOM wears a PURPLE MANTLE and a CROWN, and holds the SCEPTER.

BLOOM

I stand for the reform of municipal morals and the plain ten commandments. Union of all, Jew, Moslem and gentile. Three acres and a cow for all children of nature. Compulsory manual labour for all. All parks open to the public day and night. Tuberculosis, lunacy, war and mendicancy must now cease. General amnesty, weekly carnival, bonuses for all. Free money, free love and free lay church in a free lay state. Mixed races and mixed marriage.

ANGLE on PADDY LEONARD in the CROWD.

PADDY LEONARD

What am I to do about my taxes?

BACK to SHOT.

BLOOM

Pay them, my friend.

ANGLE on PADDY LEONARD. HOPPY HOLOHAN and Mrs RIORDAN stand next to him.

PADDY LEONARD

Thank you.

HOPPY HOLOHAN

Good old Bloom! There's nobody like him after all.

Mrs RIORDAN
(*enthusiastically*)

I'm a Bloomite and I glory in it. I'd give my life for him, the funniest man on earth.

BACK to SHOT. BLOOM winks at the OFFICIALS next to him.

BLOOM

I bet she's a bonny lassie.

FULL SHOT of the EVANGELIST in a COLLAR, a BIBLE in his hand, standing on a BARREL in the middle of the CROWD.

EVANGELIST

Fellow Christians and anti-Bloomites, the man called Bloom is from the roots of hell, a disgrace to Christian men. A fiendish libertine from his earliest days, a vile hypocrite, bronzed with infamy. A worshipper of the Scarlet Woman, intrigue is the very breath of his nostrils.

VOICES from the CROWD

Lynch him! Roast him! Down with Bloom!

BACK to SHOT. BLOOM dodges and hides behind the podium as various OBJECTS are thrown at him: shoes, tins, bottles, tomatoes.

BLOOM

This is midsummer madness, some ghastly joke again. By heaven, I am guiltless as the unsunned snow! I call on my old friend, Dr Malachi Mulligan, sex specialist, to give medical testimony on my behalf.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the OPERATING THEATRE in the hospital. BLOOM, naked, lies on the TABLE, with the BOWLER HAT covering his genitals. A group of DOCTORS, including MULLIGAN, stand around the TABLE.

ANGLE on MULLIGAN.

MULLIGAN

Dr Bloom is bisexually abnormal. Born out of bedlock hereditary epilepsy is present, the consequence of unbridled lust. There are marked symptoms of chronic exhibitionism. He is prematurely bald from self-abuse, perversely idealistic, a reformed rake, and has metal teeth. I have made a pervaginal examination, and I declare him to be *virgo intacta*.

Other DOCTORS nod in approval.

CUT TO:

IN. PRESS CONFERENCE with PHOTOGRAPHERS, CAMERAMEN, JOURNALISTS. The DOCTORS in white coats sit at the long TABLE, MULLIGAN in the middle.

MULLIGAN

(reads from the paper)

Professor Bloom is a finished example of the new womanly man. His moral nature is simple and lovable. Many have found him a dear man, a dear person. He is a rather quaint fellow on the whole, coy though not feebleminded in the medical sense. He is practically a total abstainer, sleeps on a straw litter and eats most Spartan food, cold dried grocer's peas. He wears a hairshirt winter and summer and scourges himself every Saturday.

CUT TO:

IN. COURTROOM. ANGLE on the SOLICITOR O'MOLLOY in a WIG.

O'MOLLOY

I appeal for clemency in the name of the most sacred word our vocal organs have ever been called upon to speak. He is about to have a baby.

WIDE SHOT of the AUDITORIUM. General COMMOTION. Some WOMEN FAINT.

CUT TO:

IN. OPERATING THEATRE in a HOSPITAL. ANGLE on BLOOM lying naked on the TABLE, with the BOWLER on his GENITALS, surrounded by DOCTORS. BLOOM raises his HEAD.

BLOOM

O, I so want to be a mother.

CUT TO:

EX. NIGHT and FOG. TYRONE STREET in the DUBLIN RED-LIGHT DISTRICT. ANGLE on the PROSTITUTE ZOE.

ZOE

(speaks to the CAMERA)

Have you cash for a short time? Ten shillings?

FULL SHOT of ZOE and BLOOM. ZOE takes the hesitant BLOOM by the hand and leads him into the HOUSE.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the PARLOUR in BELLA COHEN's BROTHEL. DIMMED LIGHT, SMOKY atmosphere. ZOE leads BLOOM by the hand. PROSTITUTES FLORRY, KATE, and KITTY sit and lie on sofas, smoking cigarettes. The sound of the PIANOLA is

heard. BLOOM TRIPS awkwardly on the threshold. The PROSTITUTES LAUGH.

ZOE

Hoopsa! Don't fall upstairs.

ANGLE on STEPHEN playing on the PIANOLA. His HAT and CANE lie on the pianola.

STEPHEN

God, the sun, Shakespeare, a commercial traveller, having itself traversed in reality itself, becomes that self. Self which it itself was ineluctably preconditioned to become.

ANGLE on FLORRY sitting on the sofa.

FLORRY
(*laughing*)

What a learned speech, eh?

ZOE
(*to FLORRY*)

God help your head, he knows more than you have forgotten.

BACK to SHOT.

STEPHEN

In the beginning was the world, in the end the world without end.

STEPHEN turns round and sees BLOOM.

ZOE

Who has a fag as I'm here?

STEPHEN tosses a CIGARETTE on the TABLE.

ANGLE on ZOE.

ZOE
(*in mock pride*)

Is that the way to hand the pot to a lady?

ZOE picks up the CIGARETTE and LIGHTS it from the GAS JET.

CLOSEUP on KITTY gazing in the MIRROR. She licks her middle FINGER and smooths her eyebrows.

ANGLE on the KATE looking blankly into space.

KATE
(with mock self-pity)

I forgot myself. In a weak moment I erred and did what I did on Constitution hill. I was confirmed by the bishop. It was a working plumber was my ruination when I was pure.

ANGLE on STEPHEN playing on the PIANOLA. FLORRY stands next to him.

FLORRY
Sing us something. Love's old sweet song.

STEPHEN
No voice. I am a most finished artist.

FLORRY
(walks away)

The bird that can sing and won't sing.

ANGLE on the DOOR. BELLA COHEN, a massive, bisexual whoremistress enters and stops at the door. She cools herself with a FAN, and has a sprouting MOUSTACHE. BELLA's eyes rest on BLOOM sitting on the SOFA. BELLA slowly walks towards BLOOM, who looks up at her with fear.

BELLA
(in a low voice)

Married, I see.

BLOOM
(sheepishly)

Yes . . . Partly.

BELLA
(slowly opening and closing her FAN)

And the missus is master. Petticoat government.

BLOOM, hypnotised by the movements of BELLA'S FAN, slips down on his KNEES.

BLOOM

That is so. Exuberant female.
Enormously I desiderate your domination.

BELLA puts her FOOT on the edge of the CHAIR, and points at the BOOT with her FAN. BLOOM, on his knees, fastens the LACES.

BLOOM

Too tight?

ANGLE on BELLA from BLOOM's perspective.

BELLA

If you bungle, Handy Andy, I'll kick your football for you.

ANGLE on BLOOM on the FLOOR. He is enraptured.

BLOOM

Awaiting your further orders.

BELLA

Hound of dishonour!

BLOOM

Empress!

BELLA

Dungdevourer!

BLOOM

Magnificence.

BELLA strikes BLOOM on the shoulder with her FAN. BLOOM SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the CIRCUS ARENA. BLOOM, in his underpants, paces around on ALL FOURS, snuffling and grunting like a PIG. BELLA, in the male costume of an animal TAMER, holding a WHIP, chases BLOOM and pins him to the floor with her HEEL.

ANGLE on BELLA holding her foot on BLOOM's BACK.

BELLA

Feel my entire weight. Bow, bonds slave,
before the throne of your despot's
glorious heels.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM, with his face to the ground.

BLOOM

I promise never to disobey.

BELLA

Holy smoke! You little know what's in
store for you.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the PARLOUR in BELLA's BROTHEL. BLOOM
in his underpants PACES on the floor on ALL FOURS, trying
to hide. BELLA, in her TAMER's costume, follows BLOOM.
BLOOM creeps behind the SOFA and peers fearfully through
the fringes.

The other PROSTITUTES shield BLOOM from BELLA.

ZOE

She's not here.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM under the SOFA.

BLOOM

(in a shrieking voice)

She's not here.

BACK to SHOT.

FLORRY

She didn't mean it, Mr Bello. She'll be
good, sir.

BELLA

(coaxingly to BLOOM)

Come, ducky dear. Just a little heart
to heart talk, sweetie.

ANGLE on BLOOM behind the SOFA. He puts out his HEAD.
BELLA graps BLOOM by the HAIR and drags him out.

BELLA

I only want to correct you for your own
good. *(BELLA sits astride BLOOM's back)*
I'll make you remember me for the

balance of your natural life. (*BELLA
twists BLOOM's arm*)

BLOOM squeaks, breaks free, and paces away.

BLOOM

Don't be cruel, nurse! Don't!

CLOSEUP on BELLA lighting a CIGAR.

BELLA

Hold him, girls, till I squat on him.

ANGLE on ZOE, FLORRY, and KITTY pinioning BLOOM to the floor.

ZOE

Yes. Walk on him! I will.

FLORRY

I will. Don't be greedy.

BELLA squats on BLOOM's FACE.

BELLA

Where's that Goddamned cursed ashtray!

CLOSEUP on BLOOM's FACE. BELLA quenches the CIGAR in BLOOM's ear.

BLOOM

O! Monsters! Cruel one!

ANGLE on BELLA.

BELLA

Ask for that every ten minutes. Beg, pray for it as you never prayed before.

BELLA rides BLOOM like a horse around the room.

BELLA

Gee up! Ho! Off we pop! I'll muse you in proper fashion.

FLORRY

Let me on him now. You had enough.

ZOE

Me. Me.

BELLA rises from BLOOM, who gets on his KNEES in a praying posture.

BELLA

What you longed for has come to pass. Henceforth you are unmanned and mine in earnest, a thing under the yoke. You will shed your male garments and don the shot silk luxuriously rustling over head and shoulders and quickly too.

BELLA strikes him with her FAN on the SHOULDER.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM on his KNEES. He wears a woman's WIG and MAKEUP. He rises, and ZOE and FLORRY put on a woman's CORSELET and a DRESS on him.

BLOOM
(with delight)

Silk, mistress said! I was always a true corset lover.

BACK to SHOT.

BELLA

You will make the beds, get my tub ready, and empty the pisspots in the different rooms. Ay, rinse them well, mind, or lap it up like champagne.

BLOOM
(bows)

Master! Mistress! Mantamer!

BELLA
(pokes her FAN under BLOOM's dress)

What else are you good for, an impotent thing like you? Can you do a man's job?

BLOOM
(sheepishly)

Eccles Street . . .

BELLA

Would if you could, lame duck. A downpour we want, not a drizzle.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM. He remembers something.

BLOOM

Moll! I forgot! Moll! We . . . Still
. . . Frailty, thy name is marriage.

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. ECCLES STREET. FULL SHOT of BLAZES BOYLAN, in a straw HAT, a red CARNATION in his mouth, hands in his pockets, very pleased with himself. He comes to the DOOR of BLOOM's house.

CUT TO:

IN. BACK to BELLA's BROTHEL. ANGLE on BELLA.

BELLA

No, Leopold Bloom, all is changed by
woman's will. Return and see.

BELLA strikes BLOOM with her FAN.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the HALL in BLOOM's HOUSE. BLOOM stands at the DOOR, wearing ANTLERS on his head. He opens the DOOR, and BOYLAN walks in confidently.

BOYLAN

Hello, Bloom! Mrs Bloom up yet?

BLOOM

I'm afraid not, sir, the last articles .

BOYLAN

(tosses BLOOM a COIN)

Here, to buy yourself a gin and splash.
(he hangs his HAT on BLOOM's ANTLERS)
Show me in. I have a little private
business with your wife. You
understand?

BLOOM

Thank you, sir. Yes, sir, Madam Tweedy
is in her bath, sir.

ANGLE on the BATHROOM DOOR upstairs. MOLLY, covered with a towel, looks out.

MOLLY

He ought to feel himself highly honoured. Raoul, darling, come and dry me.

BACK to SHOT.

BOYLAN

Topping!

BOYLAN walks up the stairs, stops, and turns round to BLOOM.

BOYLAN

You can apply your eye to the keyhole and play with yourself while I just go through her a few times.

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

Thank you, sir, I will, sir. May I bring two men chums to witness the deed and take a snapshot?

ANGLE on MOLLY in the BATHROOM DOOR.

MOLLY

Let him look, the pishogue! Pimp!

CUT TO:

IN. PARLOUR in BELLA'S BROTHEL. The sound of the PIANOLA is heard. ANGLE on BLOOM, dressed again in his black suit. He sits on the SOFA clasping his head.

BLOOM

My will power! Memory! I have sinned!

FULL SHOT of the PARLOUR.

BELLA

(back in her original costume)

Cry baby! Crocodile tears!

BLOOM rises, regains composure and dignity.

BLOOM

(to BELLA, with contempt)

Mutton dressed as lamb. I saw you, kipkeeper! Pox and gleet vendor!

BELLA

I know you, canvasser! Dead cod!

ANGLE on STEPHEN playing on the PIANOLA.

STEPHEN

To have or not to have, that is the question.

BELLA

(comes to the PIANOLA)

Here. This isn't a musical peepshow. And don't you smash the piano. Who's paying here?

STEPHEN

(hands a BANKNOTE to BELLA and continues to play)

Madam, excuse me. If you allow me.

BELLA

(points at ZOE, FLORRY, and KITTY)

Do you want three girls? It's ten shillings here.

STEPHEN

(hands BELLA another BANKNOTE)

A hundred thousand apologies.

FULL SHOT of the PARLOUR. BLOOM comes to BELLA, hands her a BANKNOTE, and takes one BANKNOTE from her.

BLOOM

So. Allow me. Three time ten. We're square.

BELLA

You're such a slyboots, old cocky. I could kiss you.

BELLA goes out. BLOOM goes with the BANKNOTE to STEPHEN at the PIANOLA.

ANGLE on STEPHEN at the PIANOLA.

BLOOM

This is your.

STEPHEN

How is that?

STEPHEN fumbles in his pocket and draws a handful of COINS. One coin falls on the FLOOR. BLOOM stoops to pick it up.

BLOOM

You had better hand over that cash to me to take care of. Why pay more?

STEPHEN

(hands BLOOM all the COINS)

Be just before you are generous.

BLOOM

(counts the coins)

One, seven, eleven, and five. That is one pound six and eleven. I don't answer for what you may have lost.

STEPHEN

Doesn't matter a rambling damn.

ZOE, holding a CIGARETTE, goes to STEPHEN and embraces him.

ZOE

(tragically)

Hamlet, I am thy father's gimlet!

ZOE puts the CIGARETTE into STEPHEN's mouth. BLOOM takes the CIGARETTE from STEPHEN's mouth and extinguishes it in the ASHTRAY.

BLOOM

(to STEPHEN)

Don't smoke. You ought to eat. *(to ZOE)*
You have nothing?

ZOE

Is he hungry?

STEPHEN

(sings an air from Wagner's Die Walküre)

*Hangende Hunger, Fragende Frau, Macht
uns alle Kaput.*

BLOOM

I say, look . . .

FULL SHOT of the PARLOUR. ZOE twirls around, tapping her HEELS.

ZOE

Let's dance. Anybody here for there?
Who'll dance?

STEPHEN rises from the PIANOLA, which continues to play by itself *My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl*. STEPHEN starts dancing with ZOE. KITTY and FLORRY get up and DANCE together. BLOOM stands by himself, and looks at STEPHEN with concern.

MOVING SHOT from STEPHEN's point of view of the whirling dancers. BLOOM is the only person standing. Suddenly CAMERA STOPS.

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN, staggering and dizzy. The room DARKENS, everyone else vanishes, and the music fades.

ANGLE on the GHOST of STEPHEN's MOTHER emerging from the DARKNESS of the room, and moving closer to STEPHEN.

GHOST

All must go through it, Stephen. You too. Time will come.

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN. He is terrified.

STEPHEN

They said I killed you, mother. Cancer did it, not I. Destiny.

BACK to SHOT.

GHOST

Repent, Stephen. I pray for you in my other world. Years and years I loved you, O my son, my firstborn, when you lay in my womb.

FULL SHOT of the PARLOUR. The LIGHTS are on again. The PROSTITUTES have stopped dancing, and the PIANOLA is silent.

ZOE

(*fans herself*)

I'm melting.

FLORRY

(*points at STEPHEN*)

Look! He's white.

BLOOM

Giddy.

CLOSEUP on STEPHEN, dizzy and about to fall.

GHOST
(voiceover)

Repent! O, the fire of hell!

STEPHEN

Shite!

BACK to SHOT.

FLORRY

Give him some cold water. Wait. (she
rushes out)

STEPHEN
(shouts)

No! No! No! Break my spirit all of
you if you can! I'll bring you all to
heel!

STEPHEN grabs his CANE and SMASHES the chandelier. It
becomes DARK. STEPHEN runs out.

BLOOM

Stop!

BELLA appears at the DOOR.

BELLA

After him!

BLOOM makes for the DOOR, but BELLA seizes him by the
ARM.

BELLA

Who pays for the lamp? There. You were
with him. Ten shillings.

BLOOM

Ten shillings? Haven't you lifted
enough off him?

BELLA

Here, none of your tall talk. This isn't a brothel. A ten shilling house.

BLOOM hands her a few COINS and rushes out. FLORRY enters with a GLASS of water.

FLORRY

Where is he?

CUT TO:

EX. NIGHT. TYRONE STREET. FULL SHOT of STEPHEN, two drunk British soldiers CARR and COMPTON, the prostitute CISSY, and PASSERS-BY. STEPHEN is having an ARGUMENT with the soldiers.

STEPHEN
(*gesticulates theatrically*)

You are my guests. The uninvited.
History to blame.

CARR
(*to CISSY*)

Was he insulting you?

MALE VOICE from the CROWD

No, he didn't. The girl's telling lies.

CISSY

I was in company with the soldiers and the young man ran up behind me.

COMPTON
(*to CARR*)

He doesn't half want a thick ear, the blighter. Biff him one, Harry.

CARR
(*to CISSY*)

Was he insulting you while me and him was having a piss?

COMPTON

Biff him, Harry.

CARR
(*to STEPHEN*)

Say, how would it be, governor, if I was to bash in your jaw?

STEPHEN

How? Very unpleasant. Personally, I detest action.

BLOOM elbows his way through the CROWD and plucks STEPHEN's sleeve.

BLOOM

Come now, professor, the carman is waiting.

STEPHEN

(disengages himself and staggers)

My centre of gravity is displaced. Let us sit down somewhere and discuss. *(he taps his FOREHEAD)* In here it is I must kill the priest and the king.

FEMALE VOICE from the CROWD

He's a professor out of the college.

MALE VOICE from the CROWD

He expresses himself with much marked refinement of phraseology.

CARR

(to STEPHEN)

What's that you're saying about my king?

STEPHEN

I understand your point of view, though I have no king myself for the moment. You die for your country, suppose. Not that I wish it for you. But I say: let my country die for me.

COMPTON

Eh, Harry, give him a kick in the knackers.

BLOOM

(gently)

He doesn't know what he's saying. I know him. He's a gentleman, a poet. It's all right.

CARR

I don't give a bugger who he is.

COMPTON

We don't give a bugger who he is.

BLOOM
(to STEPHEN)

Come home. You'll get into trouble.

STEPHEN
(sways)

I don't avoid it. He provokes my intelligence.

CISSY

Stop them from fighting!

CARR

I'll wring the neck of any bugger says a word against my fucking king.

BLOOM
(terrified)

He said nothing. A pure misunderstanding.

COMPTON

Go it, Harry. Do him one in the eye.

CARR

I'll do him in.

COMPTON
(waves the CROWD back)

Fair play, here. Make a bleeding butcher's shop of the bugger.

CISSY

They're going to fight. For me!

CARR
(shouts)

I'll wring the neck of any fucking bastard says a word against my bleeding fucking king.

CISSY

Police!

VOICES from the CROWD

Police! Police!

BLOOM
(to STEPHEN)

Come along with me now before worse happens.

CISSY
(pulling CARR)

Come on, you're boosed. He insulted me but I forgive him.

CARR

I'll insult him.

CARR strikes STEPHEN in the FACE. STEPHEN falls. A DOG barks.

FEMALE VOICE from the CROWD

The soldier hit him. He's a professor.

COMPTON
(tugging CARR away)

Here bugger off, Harry. There's the cops!

ALL disperse. BLOOM kneels at STEPHEN lying on the ground. TWO POLICEMEN approach.

ANGLE on BLOOM over STEPHEN's body.

POLICEMAN 1

What's wrong here?

BLOOM
(looks up at the POLICEMEN)

That's all right. I know him. Won a bit on the races. Do you follow me?

POLICEMAN 1

Name and address.

BLOOM

He's Simon Dedalus' son. Leave it to me, sergeant. That'll be all right. We were often as bad ourselves, ay or worse.

POLICEMAN 1

I suppose so.

BLOOM

Boys will be boys. We don't want any scandal, you understand. Father is a well known, highly respected citizen. Just a little wild oats, you understand.

POLICEMAN 1

O, I understand, sir.

POLICEMAN 2

That's all right, sir. Good night.

BLOOM

Good night.

The POLICEMEN move off slowly. BLOOM helps STEPHEN to get up.

WIDE SHOT from a distance of BLOOM supporting STEPHEN and helping him to his feet. The street is dark and empty. CAMERA MOVES slowly towards BLOOM and STEPHEN. When it comes close BLOOM looks into the CAMERA and FREEZES with astonishment.

ANGLE on the GHOST of BLOOM's son RUDY. He is a delicate boy of eleven, dressed in an Eton suit, holding a BOOK in his hand. He reads the BOOK, smiles, KISSES the page, and LOOKS at BLOOM.

ANGLE on BLOOM.

BLOOM

Rudy!

CUT TO:

EX. NIGHT. TEMPLE STREET NORTH. FULL SHOT of BLOOM and STEPHEN walking with fatigue in an empty street. VOICEOVER throughout.

STEPHEN (VO)

What parallel courses did Bloom and Stephen follow returning?

BLOOM (VO)

Starting united both at normal walking pace from Beresford place they followed in the order named Lower and Middle Gardiner Streets and Mountjoy square, west. Then at a reduced pace with interruptions of halt, as far as Hardwicke place.

FULL SHOT of BLOOM and STEPHEN walking past St GEORGE'S CHURCH in HARDWICKE PLACE.

STEPHEN (VO)

Of what did the two deliberate during their itinerary?

BLOOM (VO)

Music, literature, Ireland, Dublin, Paris, friendship, women, prostitution, diet, the Roman catholic church, jesuit education, the past day, Stephen's collapse.

STEPHEN (VO)

Were their views on some points divergent?

BLOOM (VO)

Stephen dissented openly from Bloom's view on the importance of dietary and civic selfhelp, while Bloom dissented tacitly from Stephen's views on the eternal affirmation of the spirit of man in literature.

FULL SHOT of ECCLES STREET. BLOOM and STEPHEN stop in front of BLOOM'S HOUSE. BLOOM searches in his POCKETS.

STEPHEN (VO)

What action did Bloom make on their arrival at their destination?

BLOOM (VO)

At the housesteps of number 7 Eccles street he inserted his hand mechanically into the back pocket of his trousers to obtain his latchkey.

STEPHEN (VO)

Was it there?

BLOOM (VO)

It was in the corresponding pocket of the trousers which he had worn on the day but one preceding.

STEPHEN (VO)

Why was he doubly irritated?

BLOOM (VO)

Because he had forgotten and because he remembered that he had reminded himself twice not to forget.

BLOOM climbs over the railing and ENTERS the house through the area DOOR.

STEPHEN (VO)

Bloom's decision?

BLOOM (VO)

A stratagem. Resting his feet on the dwarf wall, he climbed over the area railings, raised the latch of the area door and gained access to the kitchen through the subadjacent scullery.

CUT TO:

IN. NIGHT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM. MOLLY lies asleep in her bed.

CUT TO:

IN. FULL SHOT of the KITCHEN in BLOOM'S HOUSE, lit by the CANDLESTICK standing on the TABLE. BLOOM, wearing an APRON, sets the KETTLE on the stove. STEPHEN sits at the TABLE.

CLOSEUP on the empty BASKET sent by BOYLAN. BLOOM picks it up and throws it into the BIN.

BACK to SHOT.

STEPHEN (VO)

Which seemed to the host to be the predominant qualities of his guest?

BLOOM (VO)

Confidence in himself, an equal and opposite power of abandonment and recuperation.

BLOOM serves cocoa and some refreshments, and SITS at the TABLE with STEPHEN. They talk in a friendly and animated manner.

STEPHEN (VO)

What relations existed between their ages?

BLOOM (VO)

16 years before when Bloom was of Stephen's present age Stephen was 6. 16 years after when Stephen would be of Bloom's present age Bloom would be 54.

STEPHEN (VO)

How many previous encounters proved their preexisting acquaintance?

BLOOM (VO)

Two. The first in the lilacgarden of Matthew Dillon's house, in the company of Stephen's mother, Stephen being then of the age of 5 and reluctant to give his hand in salutation. The second in the coffeeroom of Breslin's hotel in the company of Stephen's father, Stephen being then 5 years older and inviting Bloom to dinner.

STEPHEN (VO)

Did Bloom accept the invitation to dinner given then by Stephen and afterwards seconded by the father?

BLOOM (VO)

Very gratefully, with grateful appreciation, with sincere appreciative gratitude, he declined.

STEPHEN (VO)

Did either openly allude to their racial difference?

BLOOM (VO)

Neither.

STEPHEN (VO)

What were Bloom's thoughts about Stephen's thoughts about Bloom, and Bloom's thoughts about Stephen's thoughts about Bloom's thoughts about Stephen?

BLOOM (VO)

He thought that he thought that he was a Jew, whereas he knew that he knew that he knew that he was not.

STEPHEN (VO)

What two temperaments did they individually represent?

BLOOM (VO)

The scientific. The artistic.

STEPHEN (VO)

What proposal did Bloom make to Stephen?

BLOOM (VO)

To pass in repose the hours until the morning in an extemporised cubicle immediately above the kitchen and immediately adjacent to the sleeping apartment of his host and hostess.

BLOOM takes out a PHOTOGRAPH of MOLLY and shows it with pride to STEPHEN.

CLOSEUP of the PHOTOGRAPH, showing MOLLY in a revealing dress.

BACK to SHOT.

STEPHEN (VO)

What various advantages would or might have resulted from a prolongation of such extemporisation?

BLOOM (VO)

For the guest: security of domicile and seclusion of study. For the host: rejuvenation of intelligence, vicarious satisfaction. For the hostess: disintegration of obsession, acquisition of correct Italian pronunciation.

STEPHEN (VO)

Was the proposal of asylum accepted?

BLOOM (VO)

Promptly, inexplicably, with
amicability, gratefully it was declined.

STEPHEN rises from the table and puts on his JACKET. He puts his HAT on the end of the CANE. BLOOM also rises, and both go out, BLOOM preceding with the CANDLESTICK.

STEPHEN (VO)

In what order of precedence, with what attendant ceremony was the exodus from the house of bondage to the wilderness of inhabitation affected?

BLOOM (VO)

Lighted candle in stick borne by Bloom.
Diaconal hat on ashplant borne by Stephen.

CUT TO:

EX. NIGHT. The back GARDEN of BLOOM'S HOUSE. FULL SHOT of BLOOM holding the CANDLESTICK and leading the way towards the garden DOOR. STEPHEN follows.

STEPHEN (VO)

What spectacle confronted them when they emerged silently from obscurity from the rere of the house into the penumbra of the garden?

BLOOM (VO)

The heaven tree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit.

BLOOM shakes hands with STEPHEN, STEPHEN leaves, and BLOOM remains in the GARDEN, looking at the SKY.

STEPHEN (VO)

Alone, what did Bloom feel?

BLOOM (VO)

The cold of interstellar space, and the incipient intimations of proximate dawn.

STEPHEN (VO)

What special affinities appeared to Bloom to exist between the moon and woman.

BLOOM (VO)

Her nocturnal predominance; her power to enamour, to mortify, to invest with beauty, to render insane, to incite to and aid delinquency; her splendour, when visible; her attraction, when invisible.

CUT TO:

IN. NIGHT. FULL SHOT of MOLLY'S BEDROOM. BLOOM enters and without turning on the light he begins to UNDRRESS, laying each article of clothing carefully on the CHAIR. He puts on his NIGHTSHIRT, takes the PILLOW next to MOLLY'S head, places it at the foot of the BED, and lies down, his HEAD to MOLLY'S FEET.

STEPHEN (VO)

Bloom's acts?

BLOOM (VO)

He deposited the articles of clothing on a chair, removed a pillow from the head to the foot of the bed, and entered the bed, lightly, the less to disturb, and reverently: the bed of conception and of birth, of consummation of marriage and of breach of marriage, of sleep and of death.

CLOSEUP on BLOOM, still stirring and gradually falling asleep.

STEPHEN (VO)

What did his limbs, when gradually extended, encounter?

BLOOM (VO)

New clean bedlinen, additional odours, the presence of a human form, female, hers, the imprint of a human form, male, not his.

STEPHEN (VO)

If he had smiled why would he have smiled?

BLOOM (VO)

To reflect that each one who enters imagines himself to be the first, last, only and alone, whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity.

CAMERA MOVES slowly from the sleeping BLOOM across the bed to MOLLY. She is AWAKE. MOLLY's VOICEOVER through to the end.

MOLLY (VO)

Yes because he never did a thing like that before as ask to get his breakfast in bed when he used to be pretending to be laid up with a sick voice doing his highness . . .

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. MOLLY's BEDROOM. BLOOM lies in BED, looking miserable. He has a THERMOMETER in his MOUTH. MOLLY pulls out the THERMOMETER and looks at it angrily.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . yes because they're so weak and puling when they're sick they want a woman to get well if his nose bleeds you'd think it was O tragic but if I was sick then we'd see what attention only of course the woman hides it not to give all thr trouble . . .

BACK to SHOT.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . he came somewhere I'm sure it was one of those night women or some little bitch or other he got in with somewhere or picked up on the sly yes because the day before yesterday he was scribbling something a letter when I came into the fron room and covered it up with the blotting-paper pretending to be thinking about business . . .

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. FULL SHOT of BLOOM sitting at the TABLE, writing. MOLLY enters the ROOM holding a NEWSPAPER. BLOOM covers his writing with his hand and pretends to be interested in what MOLLY shows him in the NEWSPAPER.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . because all men get a bit like that at his age especially getting on to forty he is now not that I care two straws who he does it with as long as I don't have the two of them under my nose all the time . . .

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. HALL in BLOOM'S HOUSE. The servant MARY DRISCOLL crouches on the FLOOR, brushing. BLOOM slowly walks up the stairs and gazes at the MARY'S bottom. MOLLY peeps from the KITCHEN and looks at BLOOM.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . like that slut that Mary we had in Ontario Terrace padding out her false bottom to excite him one woman is not enough for them it was all his fault of course proposing that she could eat at our table on Christmas if you please O no thank you not in my house . . .

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. KITCHEN in BLOOM'S HOUSE. BLOOM and MOLLY argue, MOLLY rushes out and SLAMS the DOOR.

CUT TO:

IN. NIGHT. CLOSEUP on MOLLY awake in BED.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . yes because he couldn't possibly do without it that long so he must do it somewhere imagine trying to make a whore of me what he never will simply ruination for any woman and no satisfaction in it pretending to like it till he comes and then finish it off myself anyway why can't you kiss a man without going and marrying him first . .

CUT TO:

IN. WIDE SHOT of the CHURCH. MOLLY approaches and kneels at the CONFESSION BOX.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . I hate that confession when I used to go to Father Corrigan he touched me father and what harm if he did where and I said on the canal bank like a fool . .

CLOSEUP on MOLLY in the CONFESSION BOX. The PRIEST's HEAD is seen through the grating.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . but whereabouts on your person my child on the leg behind high up was it yes rather high up was it where you sit down yes O Lord couldn't he say bottom right out and have done with it . . .

CUT TO:

IN. NIGHT. CLOSEUP on MOLLY awake in BED.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . I'd rather die twenty times over than marry another of their sex of course Poldy would never find another woman like me to put up with him the way I do of course some men can be dreadfully aggravating drive you mad what do they ask us to marry them for if we're so bad as all that yes because they can't get on without us . . .

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. MOLLY's BEDROOM. ANGLE on MOLLY and BOYLAN in BED after having sex. BOYLAN SMOKES a cigarette, and is very pleased with himself. MOLLY looks dejected. BOYLAN tries to EMBRACE MOLLY, but she is pushes him away.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . he's such a born liar too no he'd never have the courage with a married woman that's why he wants me and Boylan but Boylan has no manners nor no refinement nor no nothing in his nature slapping us behind like that on my bottom the ignoramus that doesn't know poetry from cabbage pulling off his shoes and trousers before me so barefaced without even asking my permission . . .

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. STEPHEN's GREEN PARK. FULL SHOT of MOLLY, BLOOM, and STEPHEN walking together. BLOOM is in the middle, and talks in an animated manner. MOLLY and STEPHEN cast GLANCES at each other.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . that young son of Dedalus he says he's an author and going to be a university professor of Italian and I'm to take lessons what is he driving at now showing him my photo it's not good of me still I look young in it I wonder he didn't make him a present of it altogether . . .

CUT TO:

IN. NIGHT. CLOSEUP of MOLLY awake in BED.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . the woman is beauty of course that's admitted when he said I could pose for a picture naked to some rich fellow in Holles street would I be like that the nymph with my hair down not a letter from a living soul except the odd few I posted to myself with bits of paper in them so bored sometimes . . .

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. FULL SHOT of MOLLY'S BEDROOM. MOLLY lies in BED holding an open ENVELOPE. BLOOM pulls up the BLINDS and turns towards MOLLY, who quickly tucks the ENVELOPE under her PILLOW.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . I wish somebody would write me a loveletter his wasn't much and I told him he could write what he likes yours ever Hugh Boylan I could write the answer in bed to let him imagine me short just a few words it's all very fine for them but as for being a woman as soon as you're old they might as well throw you out in the bottom of the ash pit . . .

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the MOORISH WALL in GIBRALTAR. MOLLY at a younger age walks with MULVEY, a young ENGLISH OFFICER, who carries a bunch of FLOWERS. They HOLD HANDS, stop and KISS.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . Mulvey was the first man kissed me under the Moorish wall my sweetheart it never entered my head what kissing meant till he put his tongue in my mouth what did I tell him I was engaged for fun to

the son of a Spanish nobleman Don Miguel de la Flora there's many a true word spoken in jest there is a flower that bloometh . .

ANGLE on MOLLY and the ENGLISH OFFICER kissing.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . I got him excited he crushed all the flowers on my bosom he brought me I'm always like that in the spring I'd like a new fellow every year I had a skirt opening up the side I tortured the life out of him tickling him he's married some girl and is quite changed they all do she little knows what I did with her beloved husband before he ever dreamt of her in broad daylight . .

CUT TO:

IN. NIGHT. CLOSEUP on MOLLY awake in BED. BLOOM's FEET lie next to MOLLY's HEAD.

. . . I never thought that would be my name Bloom you're looking blooming Josie used to say after I married him well it's better than Breen or Briggs or those awful names with bottom in them Mrs Ramsbottom or some other kind of bottom I could have been a prima donna only I married him I wish he'd sleep in some bed by himself with his cold feet on me give us room even to let a fart God still he had the manners not to wake me . . .

CUT TO:

IN. DAY. MOLLY's BEDROOM. MOLLY sits up in BED, the DOOR opens, BLOOM comes in with a smile, holding a TRAY with breakfast, and lays it on MOLLY's LAP.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . I love to hear him falling up the stairs of a morning with cups rattling on the tray and then play with the cat I wonder what kind is that book he brought me Sweets of Sin by some Mr de Kock I suppose the people gave him that nickname going about with his tube from one woman to another . . .

CUT TO:

IN. NIGHT. MOLLY awake in her BED. She looks at BLOOM sleeping with his HEAD to her FEET.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . I suppose there isn't in all creation another man with the habits he has look at the way he's sleeping at the foot of the bed it's well he doesn't kick or he might knock out all my teeth what a madman nobody understands his cracked ideas still a woman wants to be embraced twenty times a day almost to make her look young no matter by who if the fellow you want isn't there by the Lord God I'd go round by the quays there some dark evening and pick up a sailor off the sea that's be hot on for it to do it off up in a gate somewhere . . .

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. The CEMETERY. FULL SHOT of BLOOM and MOLLY in mourning, standing by an open small grave into which TWO GRAVEDIGGERS lower a small COFFIN. The PRIEST sprinkles the COFFIN with holy water.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . it's a poor case that those that have a fine son like that young Dedalus that they're not satisfied and I none was Poldy not able to make one it wasn't my fault we came together when I was watching the two dogs in the middle of the naked street that disheartened me altogether I suppose I oughtn't to have burried him in that little woolly jacket I knitted crying but give it some poor child but I knew well I'd never have another our first death too it was we were never the same since . . .

CUT TO:

IN. NIGHT. CLOSEUP of MOLLY awake in BED.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . it's all his own fault if I am an adulteress if that's all the harm ever we did in this vale of tears God knows it's not much I suppose that's what a woman is supposed to be there for or God wouldn't have made us the way he did so attractive to men then if he wants to kiss my bottom I'll drag open my drawers

and bulge it right out in his face as
large as life . . .

CUT TO:

EX. DAY. WIDE SHOT of the rocky CLIFF and the SEA in
HOWTH.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . there's nothing like nature the
wild mountains then the sea and the
waves rushing I wouldn't give a snap of
my two fingers for all their learning
why don't they go and create something
they might as well try to stop the sun
from rising . . .

ANGLE on MOLLY and BLOOM sitting among the rhododendrons
and having a picnic. They EAT, feed each other, EMBRACE
and KISS.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . the sun shines for you he said the
day we were lying among the
rhododendrons on Howth head the day I
got him to propose to me yes first I
gave him a bit of seedcake out of my
mouth yes he said I was a flower of the
mountain yes so we are flowers all a
woman's body yes that was one true thing
he said in his life yes that was why I
liked him because I saw he understood
what a woman is and I knew I could
always get round him . . .

MOVING SHOT away from MOLLY and BLOOM. MOLLY embraces
BLOOM, draws him towards her, both lie down, kissing.
CAMERA MOVES AWAY, revealing the whole of HOWTH HEAD, the
CLIFF, and the SEA.

MOLLY (VO)

. . . and he asked me to say yes and I
wouldn't answer first only looked out
over the sea and the sky and I thought
well as well him as another and then I
asked him with my eyes to ask again yes
and then he asked me would I yes to say
yes my mountain flower and first I put
my arms around him yes and I drew him
down to me so he could feel my breasts
all perfume yes and his heart was going
like mad and yes I said yes I will yes.

FADE OUT

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