

ULYSSES

by James Joyce

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Final production draft

CHARACTERS

The Professor

Bloom TA

Blazes TA

Stephen TA

Mulligan TA

Gertie TA

Molly TA

SETTING

A lecture hall, the streets of Dublin

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 0 - 1

Episode 0

(A lecture hall. The PROFESSOR organizes his notes. A chalkboard/projector screen is at the front of the classroom.)

Professor: Hello, everyone. Good morning, good afternoon—no. It's evening, isn't it? Right. Evening. I'm so pleased you're all here.

This class is called “Ulysses.” In it, we will read, watch, experience—yes, all of these things—James Joyce's *Ulysses*. There will be a break midway through, so don't panic should you feel the urge to have to pee. I'll take good care of you, I promise, and I'll make sure we all make it out the other end somehow, somehow. I am the Professor, and these are my teaching assistants. Ah, yes, the syllabi, right right, if you could pass those round. *(A TA passes out the syllabi.)*

I'll just leap into it, shall I?

Ulysses *(writing “Ulysses” on the chalkboard)* is a book by James Joyce. It is 690 pages long, took seven years to write, was published in 1922, and was banned in the United States for fourteen years for being “obscene.” The book is routinely ranked number one on lists of Best Books Written by Anyone Ever, and is also routinely first on the list of Books That Only Pompous Asses Read. It has been called “brilliant.” It has been called “impossible”—because the book is sometimes a novel, sometimes a play, sometimes a poem, and sometimes sheet music. The form of the story changes and reacts to the events happening in the story. When we're on the beach with a young girl, the prose turned sentimental. When we're in a bar, listening to music, suddenly the prose turns lyrical—bar, get it? Little pun—thanks, Joyce! And when we're in a maternity hospital, it gets...well, you'll see.

And the scope of the book is just immense.

Here, what's your favorite part.

Mulligan TA: That part in the maternity hospital really is so good. There're nine sections, and Joyce does each one in a different historical style, from, like, most ancient to most recent, so it's basically the birth of the English language.

Professor: I said “you'll see.” No spoilers.

Mulligan TA: They need spoilers for that one.

Professor: And we're not doing nine sections—we're simplifying it a little. Another favorite part?

Stephen TA: I love the fact that Joyce keeps the weather patterns constant—a cloud passes over the sun and several characters in completely different parts of the book react to it.

Molly TA: When Bloom is in the library and he tries to look to see if the marble statues have assholes, and Mulligan catches Bloom looking at their butts

Bloom TA: The soap! Bloom has a bar of soap in his pocket, and he keeps remembering it and talks about it all through the book. It's great.

Gerty TA: When Joyce describes water. It's like three pages long, and it's so beautiful.

Boylan TA: When Bloom masturbates on the beach.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 0 - 2

Molly TA: AND when everyone is drinking absinthe and someone turns into a bird.

Professor: Wow, okay, we're not talking about anything of those things. We don't have time.

Except the maternity hospital. And the masturbation on the beach part. We'll make time.

The point is, there is so much in this book that we're not even touching on. Joyce contained the world in this pages. And it's interesting, because despite being so weighty, it's really full of normal things. The plot itself is normal—mind-numbingly normal.

Two men wander around Dublin. (and one woman hangs out in bed all day.) Everyone thinks about stuff, everyone talks about stuff, everyone has a pee. The end. And it all takes place on just one day: June 16th, 1904.

Incidentally, June 16th, 1904 was the day of the very first date between James Joyce and his future wife, Nora Barnacle. (*The TAs thinks this is adorable.*) She gave him a handjob in a public park. Just kinda slipped her hand in his pocket and did the ol' one-two, one-two.

Right.

So why Ulysses? Why did Joyce call the book Ulysses?

Ulysses is the name of an ancient Greek hero who left his wife and his son to fight in the battle of Troy, and then spent ten years getting home to his family. In those ten years, he fought monsters and navigated whirlpools and had this sex thing on an island with a witch for seven years. He was a soldier, a husband, a father, a philanderer, a murderer, a schemer, a fool. He was hotheaded and great-hearted. He was a man of many turns. He was a hero.

So, who is the hero here? (*The PROFESSOR brandishes the book.*) Who's our Ulysses? We first meet Stephen Dedalus, (*The STEPHEN TA puts on his hat, bows, and takes off his hat.*) Twenty-three years old and recently returned to Dublin after a failed attempt to attend medical school in France.

Stephen TA: The character of Stephen is drawn very heavily from Joyce's own life, and is very much a Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

(*The STEPHEN TA chuckles at his own joke. No one else laughs.*)

Stephen TA: Because Stephen was the main character in Joyce's earlier work, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

Professor: But the main character in Ulysses isn't Stephen Dedalus. The main character is a man named Leopold Bloom, who is married to Molly.

Bloom TA: Yes—Bloom is just an everyman, and James Joyce is portraying him as this great *hero*. I mean, by titling the book *Ulysses*, Joyce is thereby equating his main character as Ulysses.

Blazes TA: Unless he's being sarcastic.

Bloom TA: Certainly a possibility, but I don't think that's the case--

Gerty TA: It is strange, though. I mean, you don't even meet Bloom until, like, page one hundred.

Bloom TA: (*agreeably*) Sure.

Gerty TA: The person you meet first is Stephen. And you'd really expect Stephen to be the hero.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 0 - 3

Bloom TA: Certainly. He's an intellectual.

Mulligan TA: A tortured intellectual.

Molly TA: But Molly is the one who ends the book. It's just her voice--her stream-of-consciousness for dozens of pages. Molly has the final say.

Bloom TA: True.

Molly TA: And it's Molly who actually takes action. She's the only one who acts like a hero. She's unhappy, and she does something about it.

Blazes-TA: (*pointing to himself*) Me.

Mulligan TA: Yeah, Bloom doesn't even do anything. He just wanders around all day.

Professor: But Joyce did not pick Molly to be his hero. And he did not pick Stephen. He picked Bloom. Ordinary, run-of-the-mill Bloom

Joyce's great accomplishment with *Ulysses* was this. It was not that he found extraordinary things in the ordinary. He simply recognized that the ordinary was extraordinary. Period. End of discussion

Think of the legend of Ulysses. It's simple enough. (*opening the Kenner*) "*Ulysses* is about immutable human givens: that men are born of women, espouse women, beget children, rear them, lose them; that the dead—parents, children, spouses—are buried and mourned; that fortune takes men afield; that women grow lonely; that predators gather, that distraction may turn to desire; that sons may join with fathers, or decline to join them; that outrage may bring revenge, or abstention from revenge; that there is a home, and that is it good to be there."

An ordinary tale, yes. But extraordinary.

(*The PROFESSOR considers the little house on the chalkboard.*)

Professor: Joyce, an Irishman, did not write a single word of *Ulysses* in Ireland. Joyce wrote *Ulysses* while living abroad—in Trieste, in Zurich, in Paris. The last time he visited Ireland was in 1912, two years before he started writing *Ulysses*. Joyce would write letters to his aunt in Dublin asking how high the railings were

Professor [cont.]: at a certain house, and other minutiae.

So Joyce had these letters from his aunt, and a newspaper from June 16th, 1904, and Thom's Almanac—a phone book, basically—and a map of Dublin. And that's it.

When Joyce left Ireland in 1912, it was member of the British empire. By the time Joyce finished *Ulysses* in 1922, Ireland had won its independence through a bloody civil war. Dublin had been bombed. Civilians were murdered in the streets. Joyce saw it all happen from afar, reading about it in foreign newspapers. He never returned to Ireland. He died abroad.

(*The PROFESSOR considers the little house on the chalkboard once more.*)

Professor: It is an extraordinary thing indeed to leave home, and to be able to come back.

(*The PROFESSOR draws a circle emanating from the house. The path of the journey.*)

GHOST MOTHER SONG: *Liliata rutilantium te confessorum...*

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 1 - 1

Episode 1 - TELEMACHUS

[SLIDE: TELEMACHUS (perhaps with a cool little symbol?)]

(The strains of the Liliata still haunt STEPHEN.)

Professor: Joyce called this episode Telemachus, after the name of Ulysses' son. It is 8 am *(The hands of the clock appear, and move to 8 am)* at the apartment of three young men: Stephen Dedalus, Malachi "Buck" Mulligan, a medical student, and a rather unpleasant Englishman named Haines.

They live about three miles outside of the city of Dublin in a repurposed military tower that overlooks the sea.

(reading) "Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. "

Mulligan *(holding the bowl aloft, in a very silly voice. Perhaps with a fart noise? Or something?): Introibo ad altare Dei.*

Professor: He's parodying the Catholic mass.

Mulligan: *(calling down the stairs, in a thick Irish accent)* Come up, Kinch! Come up, ye fearful Jesuit.

Professor: You don't have to do the accent. It's okay.

Mulligan TA: But I've practiced it.

(PROFESSOR gives MULLIGAN a "sorry" shrug.)

Mulligan: *(in an American accent)* Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful Jesuit.

(MULLIGAN solemnly blesses the tower three times, then the surrounding countryside, then the awakening mountains. STEPHEN DEDALUS enters, irritated, dressed in black. MULLIGAN blesses STEPHEN.)

Mulligan: The mockery of it. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek. Stephen Dedalus.

(MULLIGAN begins to shave.)

Stephen: Tell me, Mulligan.

Mulligan: Yes, my love?

Stephen: How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Mulligan: God, isn't he dreadful? A ponderous Saxon. Bursting with money and indigestion. *(MULLIGAN searches his pockets for a handkerchief.)* Scutter. Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor. *(STEPHEN gives MULLIGAN his handkerchief.)* The poet's noserag! A new art color for our Irish bards: snotgreen.

The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. She is our great, sweet mother. Come and look.

(Silent, STEPHEN goes to the parapet and looks at the sea.)

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 1 - 2

Mulligan: What have you up your nose against me? Cough it up. I'm quite frank with you. What have you got against me now?

Stephen: Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death?

Mulligan: What? Where? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? What happened in the name of God?

Stephen: You were making tea, and I went across the landing to get more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom. She asked you who was in your room.

Mulligan: Yes? What did I say? I forget.

Stephen: You said, "Oh, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead."

Mulligan: (*flushing*): Did I say that? Well? What harm is that?
And what is death—your mother's or yours or my own? It's a beastly thing and nothing else. You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Humor her til it's over. You crossed her last wish in death, and yet you sulk with me. Absurd!
I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

Stephen: I am not thinking of the offense to my mother.

Mulligan: Of what, then?

Stephen: Of the offense to me.

Mulligan: Oh, an impossible person!

Haines (*from below*): Are you up there, Mulligan?

Professor: Haines is English.

Gerty TA (*As HAINES*): Right-o, guvnah! Are you up there, Mulligan?

Mulligan: I'm coming! (*to STEPHEN*) Don't mope over it all day. I'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding. (*MULLIGAN goes down the stairs, singing.*) And no more turn aside and brood
Upon love's bitter mystery.

Stephen: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long, dark chords.

Professor: Her door was open.

Stephen: She wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity, I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed.

Professor: For these words, Stephen. Love's bitter mystery.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 1 - 3

Stephen: Where is my mother now?

Professor: Folded away in memory.

In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odor of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odor of wet ashes. Her glazing eyes, staring out of death—

Stephen: —to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse, loud breath rattling in horror while the others prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down.

GHOST MOTHER SONG: *Liliata rutilantium te confessorum...*

Stephen: No, mother. Let me be, and let me live.

(The prayer continues under the PROFESSOR's lines)

Professor: Stephen's mother asked her family to chant that prayer over her while she was dying. And they did—everyone except for Stephen, who doesn't believe in God. Instead, he sang a poem by W. B. Yeats called “Who Goes with Fergus?”

Fergus's Song: Who will go drive with Fergus now
And pierce the deep wood's woven shade
And dance upon the level shore...

Professor: Didn't have quite the same ring to it.

Mulligan: *(from below):* Dedalus! Dedalus, ahoy! *(MULLIGAN enters.)* Dedalus, come down like a good mosey. Breakfast is ready.

Stephen: I'm coming.

Mulligan: Do, for Jesus' sake. For my sake, and for all our sakes.

(MULLIGAN disappears. STEPHEN goes down into the kitchen. The kitchen is dim and smoky. MULLIGAN moves briskly between the hearth and the table, where HAINES sits.)

Haines *(pouring the tea):* But I say, Mulligan, you do make strong tea, don't you?

Mulligan *(in an old woman's voice):* “When I makes tea, I makes tea,” as old mother Grogan said. “And when I makes water, I makes water.”

Haines: By Jove, it is tea—

Mulligan: That's folk for your book, Haines.

Professor: Haines is—rather condescendingly—writing a book about Irish folk sayings.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 1 - 4

Haines: That reminds me (*rising*) that I have to visit your national library today.

Mulligan: Our swim first. Is this the day for your monthly bath, Dedalus? (*to HAINES*) The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month.

Stephen: All Ireland is washed by the gulf stream.

Haines: I intend to make a collection of your little sayings, if you will let me.

Mulligan: Wait til you hear him on Hamlet, Haines.

Haines (*to STEPHEN*): Well, I mean it.

Stephen: Will I make any money off it?

Haines (*laughing*): I don't know, I'm sure.

(*Taking his hat, HAINES exits.*)

Haines: (*from outside*): Are you coming, you fellows?

Mulligan: I'm ready. Come out, Dedalus.

(*STEPHEN takes his walking stick, and follows MULLIGAN out the door. STEPHEN closes the door, and locks it.*)

Mulligan: Did you bring the key?

Stephen: I have it.

Haines: What is your idea of Hamlet?

Mulligan: No, no! Wait till I have a few pints in me first. (*slapping STEPHEN on the back*) You couldn't manage it in under three pints, Dedalus, could you?

Haines: You pique my curiosity. Is it some paradox?

Mulligan: Pooh! It's quite simple. He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather, and that he himself is the ghost of his own father.

Haines (*pointing to STEPHEN*): What—he, himself?

Stephen: It is rather long to tell.

Mulligan: The sacred pint alone can unbind the tongue of Dedalus.

Professor: Mulligan wants the key.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 1 - 5

Stephen: It is mine. I paid the rent.

Professor: He will ask for it. It was in his eyes.

(They walk to the shore. MULLIGAN stands in his shirtsleeves, undressing. STEPHEN turns to leave.)

Mulligan: Give us that key to keep my *chemise* flat.

(STEPHEN hands him the key. MULLIGAN tosses it onto his heaped clothes.)

Mulligan: And twopence for a pint. Throw it there.

(STEPHEN throws two pennies on the soft heap.)

Haines: We'll see you again.

Mulligan: The Ship!

Professor: A local pub.

Mulligan: Half past twelve!

Stephen: Good.

(STEPHEN and the PROFESSOR walk back up the path.)

Stephen: I will not sleep here tonight. Home also I cannot go.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 2 - 1

Episode 2 - NESTOR

[SLIDE: NESTOR]

Professor: Episode 2—Nestor. The king who dispenses long-winded, not-very useful advice to Ulysses' son. The time is 10 am, and we are at a grammar school. Because like any true starving artist, Stephen has a day job.

Stephen: You, Sargeant. What was the end of Pyrrhus?

Comyn: I know, sir. Ask me, sir.

Stephen: Wait. You, Sargeant. Do you know anything about Pyrrhus?

Sargeant: Pyrrhus, sir? Pyrrhus. It's a pier.

(The BOYS all laugh.)

Stephen: A pier. Yes, a disappointed bridge.

(The BOYS are silent.)

Comyn: How, sir? A bridge is across a river.

(An awkward pause.)

Deasy (*Banging on the door with a hockey stick*): Hockey! Hockey!!

(The SCHOOLBOYS break, sidling out of their benches, leaping them.

One boy, SARGENT comes forward slowly, showing an open copybook. His thick hair and scraggy neck give witness of unreadiness and through his misty glasses weak eyes look up pleading. He holds out his copybook.)

Sargeant: Mr Deasy told me to write them out all again, and show them to you, sir.

Professor: Futility.

Stephen: Can you do them yourself?

Sargent: No, sir.

(Sitting at his side STEPHEN solves out the problem.)

Professor: Someone had loved him, borne him in her arms and in her heart. She was no more: an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes. She had saved him from being trampled underfoot and had gone, scarcely having been.

Ghost Mother Song: Liliata rutilantium.
Te confessorum.
Turma circumdet
Iubilantium te virginum.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 2 - 2

(STEPHEN pushes the thought away.)

Stephen: Do you understand now? Can you work the second for yourself?

Sargent: Yes, sir.

Stephen: It is very simple.

Sargeant: Yes, sir. Thanks.

Stephen: You had better go out to the others.

Sargeant: Yes, sir.

Deasy: Sargent!

Stephen: Run on, Mr. Deasy is calling you.

Deasy: Will you wait in my study for a moment, till I restore order here? *(shouting to the field)*
What is the matter? What is it now?

(Back with STEPHEN, DEASY brings out of his coat a pocketbook. He takes from it two notes and lays them carefully on the table.)

First, our little financial settlement. Two...

(He stomps the pocketbook away, and produces a spring loaded box to count out the coins.)

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

Stephen: Thank you, sir.

(STEPHEN puts the money in his pocket.)

Deasy: Don't carry it like that! You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it. You just buy one of these machines. You'll find them very handy.

(Silence.)

Professor: Answer something.

Stephen: Mine would often be empty.

Deasy: That's because you don't save. You don't know yet what money is. What did Shakespeare say? *Put but money in thy purse.*

Stephen: *(correcting him):* Iago. *(sweeping off his hat, becoming JAMES)* Because Iago is the one who actually said the line. Shakespeare wrote it, but he didn't say the line. Iago said it.

Deasy: He knew what money was. He made money. A poet but an Englishman, too. Do you know what is the pride of the English? Do you know what the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth?

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 2 - 3

Stephen: That on his empire the sun never sets.

Deasy: Ba! That's not English. A French Celt said that. I will tell you his proudest boast. *I paid my way. I never borrowed a shilling in my life.* Can you feel that? *I owe nothing.* Can you?

Professor (*flipping through Ulysses*): Borrowed nine pounds, three pairs of socks--

Mulligan TA: and one pair of brogues!

Professor: --from Mulligan, borrowed ten guineas from Curran--

Stephen: For the moment, no.

Deasy (*laughing, delighted*): I knew you couldn't. But one day you must feel it. We are a generous people, but we must also be just.

That reminds me. You can do me a favor, Mr. Dedalus, with some of your literary friends. I have a letter here for the press. (*getting the letter*) It's about the hoof and mouth disease. Just look through it. There can be no two opinions on the matter.

I am trying to work up influence with the department. Now I'm going to try publicity. I am surrounded by difficulties, by... intrigues, by... backstairs influences, by.... (*raising a forefinger*) Mark my words, Mr. Dedalus. England is in the hands of the Jews. In all the highest places: her finance, her press. Wherever they gather, they eat up the nation's vital strength. As sure as we are standing here, 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?

Deasy: They sinned against the light. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth to this day.

Stephen: Who has not?

Deasy: What do you mean?

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

(*Silence.*)

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

Stephen: A learner, perhaps.

Professor: And what more will you learn here?

Deasy: To learn one must be humble. But life is the great teacher.

Stephen: Good morning, sir. Thank you. (*STEPHEN exits.*) Mulligan will dub me a new name: the bullock-befriending bard.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 2 - 4

Deasy: Mr. Dedalus! Just one moment!

(DEASY runs after STEPHEN.)

Stephen: Yes, sir.

Deasy: I just wanted to say-- *(catching his breath)* Ireland, they say, has the honor of being the only country which never persecuted the Jews. Did you know that? No. And do you know why?

Stephen: Why, sir?

Deasy: *(solemnly)* Because she never let them in. *(A coughball of laughter leaps from his throat and he turns to exit, arms waving in the air.)* She never let them in! That's why!

(Nodding, STEPHEN continues down the path.)

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 3 - 1

Episode 3 - PROTEUS

[SLIDE: PROTEUS]

Professor: Eleven-o'clock, now. Stephen's walking along Sandymont Strand, a stretch of grey sand as far as the eye can see.

Joyce called this one Proteus, after the "herdsman of the ocean waves." The god of the ever-changing, never-changing nature of water.

Just like our perception of the world. Ever changing. Ever fascinating.

In *Ulysses*, the commonplace is magnificent, and it deserves to be studied, exalted, scrutinized.

Shut your eyes and see.

FOLEY SOUNDSCAPE:

Stephen's boot-steps crushing shells, waves, seagulls, etc.

Stephen: I am getting on nicely in the dark. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand?

(More rhythms.)

Professor: Open your eyes now.

Stephen: One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiabane. *(Beat.)*
Fuck it. I will see if I can see.

Professor: See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end.

(A seagull squawking shakes STEPHEN back into reality)

Stephen: I mustn't forget Deasy's letter for the press.

Professor: By the way, go easy with that money like a good young imbecile.

Stephen: Yes, I must.

(FOLEY: Stephen walks, crunching sounds of shells turning into the squelchy sounds of mud.)

Professor: You were going to do wonders. 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: I was young.

Professor: Pretending to speak broken English as you dragged your suitcase across the slimy pier at Newhaven.

Stephen: A porter cost three pence.

Professor: Like James Joyce himself, Stephen went to medical school in Paris for a few months.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 3 - 2

Stephen TA: Who has three pence to spend on a porter?

Professor: Rich booty you brought back from Paris: a pile of books *en français*, a blue telegram, curiosity to show:

Stephen: Mother dying come home father.

Professor: Like James Joyce, Stephen was summoned home with the exact same telegram.

GHOST MOTHER OTHER SONG: *And no more turn aside and brood*

Upon love's bitter mystery

For Fergus rules the brazen czars...

(A dog's bark is heard, sharply. STEPHEN starts.)

Stephen: Wher-

Professor: *(pointing):* There.

Stephen: Lord, is he going to attack me? I have my stick.

(STEPHEN clammers up some boulders.)

Cocklepicker *(offstage):* Tatters! Tatters, come!

(Dog barking increases. A COCKLEPICKER and TATTERS, the dog, appear. TATTERS trots in STEPHEN's direction. He hides.)

Cocklepicker: Tatters! Out of that, you mongrel.

(TATTERS turns from STEPHEN sniffs a rock, lifts a leg, pees.)

Professor: Simple pleasures of the poor.

Cocklepicker: Tatters!

(STEPHEN loosens his grip on his ashplant. TATTERS trots ahead of the COCKLEPICKER. The COCKLEPICKER walks, stooping, bags straining.)

Stephen: Behold the handmaid of the moon. He comes, pale vampire, through storms his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her mouth's kiss.

Professor: Not bad. Write it down, or you'll forget it.

Stephen *(tearing through his pockets):* Need paper. Mouth to her mouth's kiss.

Professor: Mouth to her kiss.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 3 - 3

Stephen: No, must be two of 'em. Glue 'em well. Mouth to her mouth's kiss.

Professor: Mouth to her womb.

Stephen: Oomb. All-wombing tomb. Paper. *(tossing the contents of his pockets aside, taking up Deasy's letter)*

Professor: Tear the blank end off.

(STEPHEN does, and writes the phrases down, sounding out the long vowels. Satisfied, he replaces the contents of his pockets. Sniffing back his boogers, he feels for a handkerchief.)

Stephen: My handkerchief.

Professor: Mulligan kept it.

Stephen: I remember.

Professor: Better buy one.

(STEPHEN smears his snot on a rock.)

Stephen: For the rest, let look who will.

Professor: Behind.

Stephen: *(whirling around):* Perhaps there is someone.

(There is no one.)

(A seagull keens.)

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 4 - 1

Episode 4 - CALYPSO

[SLIDE: CALYPSO]

Professor: Joyce called this episode Calypso, after the sea nymph who captured the shipwrecked Ulysses and kept him prisoner on her island for seven years. This was that sex thing I mentioned before. So, it's 8:00 again, and we are at 7 Eccles Street, the residence of Molly and Leopold Bloom. And a cat. Mr. Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine. Kidneys were on his mind as he moved about the kitchen--*(to BLOOM)* Another slice of bread and butter.

Bloom: *(counting the bread slices)* Three, four. Right.

Professor: She doesn't like her plate full.

Bloom: Right.

(PUSSENS enters.)

Pussens: Mkgnao!

Bloom: Oh, there you are! Milk for the pussens.

(BLOOM prepares a saucer of milk.)

Pussens: Mrkgnao!

Bloom *(mockingly)*: Afraid of the chickens she is. Afraid of the chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

Pussens: Mrkrgrnao!

Bloom: Why are their tongues so rough?

Professor: To lap better, all porous holes.

Bloom: Nothing she can eat?

Professor: No.

(BLOOM goes upstairs.)

Bloom: She might like something tasty.

Professor: Thin bread and butter she likes in the morning.

Bloom: Still, perhaps. *(towards Molly)* I am going round the corner. Be back in a minute. You don't want anything for breakfast?

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 4 - 2

Molly: Mn.

(The loose brass quoits of the bedstead jingle. BLOOM goes to the door, and puts on his coat.)

Bloom: Be a warm day I fancy. Specially in these black clothes feel it more. Black conducts, refracts—

Professor: Reflects, isn't it?

Bloom: The heat. But I couldn't go in that light suit. Make a picnic of it.

(He goes through the door and closes it. He feels his pockets.)

Professor: Latchkey?

Bloom: Not there. In yesterday's trousers. Must get it.

Professor: Creaky wardrobe. No use disturbing her.

(BLOOM pulls the door almost closed.)

Professor: Looks shut.

Bloom: All right till I come back, anyhow.

(BLOOM enters the butcher shop.)

Girl: And a pound and a half of Denny's sausages.

Professor: His eyes rested on her vigorous hips.

(The BUTCHER wraps up the sausages. The GIRL pays him.)

Butcher: Thank you, my miss. For you, please?

Bloom: *(pointing)* Just the kidney.

Professor: Might catch up and walk behind her if she goes slowly, behind her moving hams.

Bloom: Hurry up, dammit. Make hay while the sun shines.

(The GIRL exits the store.)

Professor: They never understand.

(The BUTCHER hands BLOOM the kidney.)

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 4 - 3

Butcher: Three pence, please.

(BLOOM pays him and hurries out. The GIRL is nowhere to be seen.)

Professor: No sign. Gone.

Bloom: *(shrugging)* What matter?

(BLOOM goes back to the house. He picks up the mail. He stares at a particular letter for a long time.)

Molly *(from upstairs):* Poldy!

Bloom: Moment!

(BLOOM prepares the teapot and unwraps the kidney.)

(BLOOM slaps the kidney onto a frying pan, and presses it into the coals. He goes to her. MOLLY lies in bed.)

Molly: Who are the letters for?

Bloom: A letter to me from Milly. And a card to you. And a letter to you. *(laying them down on the bedspread)*
Do you want the blind up?

(BLOOM turns to the blinds, but not before seeing MOLLY slip the letter under her pillow.)

Bloom: That do?

(He turns. MOLLY's reading the card.)

Molly: She got the things.

(BLOOM, adjusting the bedspread, waits until she sets aside the card.)

Bloom: Who was the letter from?

Molly: O, it's from Blazes Boylan. He's coming over to rehearse the programme.

Bloom: Coming to the house?

Molly: Yes. The rehearsal hall was booked. And what's the use of having a pianola if no one plays it?

Bloom: Of course. Certainly
Be nice to have music in the house.
What are you singing?

Molly: *La ci darem* with J. C. Doyle, and *Love's Old Sweet Song*.
He'll be over at four-o'clock

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 4 - 4

Bloom: Four this afternoon?

Molly: Yes.

Professor: Four.

Molly: What time is the funeral?

Bloom: Eleven, I think. I didn't see the paper.
I'm dining out tonight and then going to the theatre, so / don't worry about me disturbing—

Molly: Yes, it'd probably be—
Probably be best if we weren't disturbed. Only so much time til the concert tour. Need a proper rehearsal.

Bloom: (*gently*) As I said, I'll be out all day.

Molly: That'd be best.

(*BLOOM flips through a book.*)

Bloom: Did you finish this one?

Molly: Yes. There's nothing smutty in it. Is she in love with the first fellow the whole time?

Bloom: Never read it. Do you want another?

Molly: Yes. Get another of Paul de Kock's. Nice name he has. (*She pours tea into her cup. Somewhat sexually?*)
There's a smell of burn. Did you leave anything on the fire?

Bloom: The kidney! (*BLOOM hurries downstairs and flips the kidney.*) Only a little burned.

Arranger: The letter from Milly?

(*BLOOM fixes his breakfast and opens his letter.*)

Milly: Dearest Papli. Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present. It suits me splendidly. Everyone says I'm quite the belle in my new tam...

Bloom: Fifteen yesterday. Her first birthday away from home.

Professor: Remember the summer morning she was born, running to fetch Mrs. Thornton.

Bloom: Jolly old woman. Lots of babies she must have helped into the world.
She knew from the first poor Rudy wouldn't live.

Professor: She knew at once.

Bloom: He would be eleven now if he had lived.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 4 - 5

Professor: Bloom's son, Rudy. He died when he was just eleven days old.

(BLOOM turns back to the letter.)

Bloom: She's fifteen years old as of yesterday. Coming out of her shell.

Professor: A wild piece of goods.

Bloom: Day I caught her in the street pinching her cheeks to make them red. Perhaps she's had some young kisses: the first.

(MOLLY reads the letter and counts the strands of her hair.)

Professor: A soft qualm, regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing.

Bloom: Will happen.

Professor: Yes.

Bloom: Prevent.

Professor: Useless.

Bloom: Can't move.

Professor: He felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now.

(BLOOM sees MOLLY and BOYLAN embrace.)

Professor: Lips kissed, kissing, kissed. Full gluey woman's lips.

Molly: Come, come pussy. Come.

Pussens: Meow.

(BLOOM breathes.)

(BLOOM goes outside and into the outhouse.)

Bloom: Better be careful not to get these trousers dirty for the funeral.

(BLOOM takes off his pants and sits asquat on the cuckstool. He opens the Titbits Magazine.)

Bloom: Something new and easy.

Professor: No great hurry.

Bloom: Hope it's not too big, bring on piles again.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 4 - 6

Professor: No, just right.

Bloom: So.

Professor and Bloom: Ah!

(Having pooped, BLOOM flips through Titbits.)

Professor: Mr. Bloom read on, seated calm above his own rising smell.

Bloom: Print anything now.

(The Bells of St. George ring nine o'clock.)

Professor: Four.

(BLOOM takes another breath.)

(BLOOM gets up and leaves.)

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 5 - 1

Episode 5 – THE LOTUS EATERS

[SLIDE: THE LOTUS EATERS]

Professor: Episode five. The Lotus Eaters.

Ulysses and his men encountered these people during their travels, and when his men ate the lotuses, they lost all desire to continue their journey home.

It's nine-o'clock, we are standing outside the Westland Row post office, and are trying to act casual. Rather warm.

(BLOOM took off his hat, quietly inhaling his hairoil, and sent his right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair.)

Bloom: Very warm morning.

(BLOOM's right hand came down into the bowl of his hat. His fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to his waistcoat pocket.)

Bloom: So warm. *(BLOOM wipes the imaginary sweat from his brow again, and puts back on his hat.)* Careless air: just drop in to see.

(From the curbstone BLOOM darted a keen glance through the door of the postoffice. Going in, BLOOM hands his card to the POSTMISTRESS)

Bloom: Any letters for me?

Professor: No answer probably. Went too far last time.

Postmistress *(handing him the letter and his card):* Henry Flower Esq?

Professor: Nice pen name. Well, what does it say?

(M'COY enters and sees BLOOM.)

Bloom: M'Coy.

Professor: Get rid of him.

Bloom: Take me out of my way.

Professor: Hate company when you.

M'Coy: Hello, Bloom. Where are you off to?

Bloom: Nowhere in particular.

M'Coy: How's the body?

Bloom: Fine. How are you?

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 5 - 2

M'Coy: Just keeping alive. Is there any... no trouble, I hope? I see you're in black...

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

M'Coy: To be sure, poor fellow. I was just talking to...

(BLOOM's whole attention is taken by a RICH LADY attractively waiting for a carriage. He wants to see her lift her skirts to get up.)

M'Coy *(continuing)*: ...“Sad thing about our poor friend Paddy!” he said. “What Paddy?” I said. “Poor little Paddy Dignam,” he said. “Why?” I said, “What’s wrong with him?” “What’s wrong with him?” he said, “He’s dead.”

Professor: Watch!

Bloom: Yes.

M'Coy: I couldn't believe it when I heard it. I was with him no later than Friday last.

Professor: Watch! Silk flash rich stockings white. Watch!

(A bonking tramcar passes and blocks the view. The RICH LADY is gone.)

Professor: Lost it.

Bloom: Yes, yes. Another gone.

M'Coy: One of the best. Wife well, I suppose?

Bloom: Oh, yes. Tiptop, thanks. She's going to sing at a swagger affair in Belfast on the 25th.

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

Professor: At four.

(BLOOM pushes the thought away.)

Bloom: Not up yet.

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

M'Coy: Oh, well. That's good news. Well, tolloll.

Professor: Finally.

(BLOOM takes out the letter.)

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 5 - 3

Professor: What does she say?

Martha: Dear Henry. I got your last letter to me and thank you very much for it. Are you not happy in your home, you poor little naughty boy? Please write me a long letter and tell me more. Remember if you do not, I will punish you. Oh how I long to meet you. Henry dear, do not deny my request before my patience is exhausted. Goodbye now, naughty darling. Write by return to your longing Martha.
PS. What kind of perfume does your wife use? I want to know.

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 6 - 1

Episode 6 - HADES

[SLIDE: HADES]

Professor: Hades. (*The PROFESSOR changes the time to eleven.*) Time for that funeral.

(*CUNNINGHAM climbs into the funeral carriage. Mr. POWER follows him.*)

Power: Come on, Cunningham.

Bloom: After you.

Cunningham: (*entering the carriage*) Are we all here now? Come along, Bloom.

(*BLOOM enters. The carriage starts up.*)

Power: Which way is he taking us?

Cunningham: Irishtown. Ringsend. Brunswick street.

Power: That's a fine old custom. I am glad to see it has not died out.

(*BOYLAN is seen on the street as they go by.*)

Cunningham: (*out the carriage window*): How do you do?

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

Bloom: Who?

Power: Blazes Boylan. There he is, fluffing his *poils pubiens*.

(*BLOOM studies his nails until Blazes Boylan passes.*)

Power: How is the concert tour getting on, Bloom?

Bloom: Oh, very well. I hear great accounts of it. It's a good idea, you see—

Power: Are you going yourself?

Bloom: Well, no.

(*Humming, MOLLY does her hair.*)

Bloom: But you see, the idea is to tour the chief towns. What you lose on one, you can make up on the other...

(*A carriage pulling a tiny coffin passes.*)

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Ulysses - draft 3.15.16
Buha/McGroddy - Episode 6 - 2

Professor: A tiny coffin flashed by. In a hurry to bury. A mourning coach.

Cunningham: Sad. A child.

Power: Poor little thing.

Professor: If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up.

Bloom: Hear his voice in the house. My son. Me in his eyes.

Professor: Strange feeling it would be.

Bloom: I could have helped him on in life. I could. Make him independent. Learn German, too.

Professor: In 1908, James Joyce and Nora Barnacle were living in Trieste with their two children, and were in the midst of complete financial disaster. Nora was three months pregnant at the time, and had a miscarriage. Nora seemed relieved—one less mouth to feed, perhaps. But Joyce felt the loss very deeply, and took the time to closely examined the tiny fetus, “whose truncated existence,” he said to his brother, “I am probably the only one to regret.”

(No-one speaks. They go into the chapel.)

Priest: *Non inters in iudicium cum servo tuo, Domine.*

(PRIEST shakes holy water over the coffin)

Bloom: What's that stick with a knob on the end? Ah, the holy water, I'd expect. He must be fed up with that job, shaking that over all the corpses they trot up. Every mortal day a fresh batch: middleaged men, old women, children.

Professor: Women dead in childbirth, men with beards, baldheaded businessmen. Consumptive girls with little sparrow's breasts.

Priest: *In paradisum.*

Bloom: Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise. Says that over everybody. Tiresome kind of job. But he has to say something.

(The PRIEST closes his book. The mourners hoist the coffin and lower it into the grave. EVERYONE uncovers their heads. Silence. The clay falls heavily on the coffin. After a few tosses, the noise becomes dampened.)

Professor: The clay falls softer. Begin to be forgotten.

Bloom: Out of sight, out of mind.

(BLOOM and the others walk out of the cemetery gates.)