

BLOOM

(snatches up Stephen's ashplant) Me? Ten shillings? Haven't you liked enough off him? Didn't he ...?

BELLA

(loudly) Here, none of your tall talk. This isn't a brothel. A ten-shilling house.

(His head crushed in broken. H

(shrinks b

(warding sixpence

James Joyce
Mimmo Paladino
ULYSSES

Nachwort von Bernd Klüser

Insel-Bücherei Nr. 1255

FLORRY

(with a glass of water, enters) Where is he?

BELLA

... me to call the police?

BLOOM

O, I know. He's on the premises. But he's a Trinity student. Patrons of your establishment. Gentlemen that pay the rent. (he makes a masonic sign) ... mean? Nephew of the vicechancellor. You don't want a scandal.

BELLA

(angrily) Trinity. Coming down here ragging after the boys, and paying nothing. Are you my commander here or? Where is he? I'll charge him! Disgrace him, I will! (she shouts) Zoel! Zoel!

BLOOM

(urgently) And if it were your own son in Oxford? (warningly) I know.