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**ONCE UPON A LULLABY SCRIPT: A LITERAL ODDITY**

**RECORDING SCHEDULE: ARCHIVED**

**AUTHORISED RECIPIENTS: SK - DK**

**Feb26 OUaL -aLO-IRPP-DJK**

**Show: Once Upon a Lullaby**

**Story: A Literal Oddity**

**Running Time: 18 mins (Approx)**

**Sponsors Acknowledgement Advert – inserted up to a max of 4 times**

*(Sample Copy: (Once Upon a Lullaby is brought to you by Mom and Dad's Pasta & Pizza Ristorante – 2026Main Street, Oldtown, USA – call 607 123 456 to reserve a table or check out our menu on: [www.menu.com](http://www.menu.com))*

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*( OUAL Intro with theme song dropped in)*

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**INTRO**

**V.O.** Imagine the author of Ulysses, James Joyce, returned to Dublin today to wonder at his legacy. Imagine no more - for the short story on this episode of: Once Upon a Lullaby is:

**"A Literal Oddity"**

**Music Sample:** John McCormack: "Believe Me if in All Those Endearing Young

Charms"-, *music to fade out at the start of the narration.*

**DK:** Dublin is my city. It fascinates and appals me, deplores and delights me. I remember it, forget it, yearn for it, I cherish the small-minded expansive ideas that divide it. The grey and green that constitute it! The black and white that merge to delight and intoxicate it! Dublin, glorious Dublin, gregarious Dublin: Mo Chathair.

Dublin is my city; where I will walk in the shadow of history again and wet my whistle in a stream of poetic license again and discover it all again. Dublin, saintly Dublin, sanctimonious Dublin, secular Dublin: La Mia Citta!

Dublin is my city; I return alone. Those who knew me; loved me, denied me, made and destroyed me are all dead; bemoaned, buried, rotten and forgotten. Those who know me think they know me. They don't know me. How could they know me? They write, they talk, they think; about me; Me? The prodigal exiled son; celebrated, consecrated, calibrated, conjugated, circulated! Me; who bore a grudge! Me; who carried a candle! Me; who wrote the books! Dublin, dirty Dublin, disparate Dublin, delightful Dublin, discombobulated Dublin: Ma Ville!

**Music:** *As recorded*

Well, the weather hasn't changed. June it may be but summer it's not. Nothing new there! Another view there! Polished glass crowds the sky reflecting clean cut flagstones skirting pebbled bitumen hosting polished vehicles drowning conversation of fewer pedestrians. That's different, that's all new! The air is clear and heavy, the smells; tartly sharp.

I'm hungry.

Breakfast, is it?

Approach a sea change on a full stomach would ye?

Routine remains. Defecation follows dining. The morning ritual! The inner organs of dominant animal disgorge inner organs of beast and fowl. A regularity allowing squeezing, contemplation and marveling at the genius perversity of a designer!

She who commands my service is no longer commanding. This day will unfold without her. Without her intruding, insisting, insinuating! No news from the other one either. Not a word, not a line, not a sign. A measure of sadness and relief!

Disturbed are ye?

A walk, is it?

Leave the past, to walk in peaceful apathy!

I'm of a mind to wander north and wander south from Brighton Square to Eccles Street, in and round the old familiar, up and down and round the bend. I crave to touch it all, feel it all, wonder at it all, be guided by it all! In thought and conscious reflection!

The train station, the post office, the alley of scattered strips, the chapel of jaded ceremony; where open mouths receive with closed eyes and bothered minds. Ghosts and shades of longtime past; to pass; Lenehan bending Corley's ear, Boylan buskin for buttons, Nosey drinking, Byrne ruminating, sanctimonious Coffey, Cowley and Dawson, three heads in hell, Gabriel shouldering epiphanies, Madame Bella minding mockingbird Zoe! Egan wandering, Eglinton patronizing, Mulligan usurping, Murphy rambling, Mina delivering and humble Dudley, imperious Dudley, desperate Dudley; occupied with the unoccupied.

All and more; dead people, departed souls, loud and lugubrious, lively characters, living on!

A sight for sore eyes! The river of lost Latin majesty still flowing, still plural, still synonymous! This city respects and laughs at my anonymity. Distraction builds as beams break grey to light the glory of dernier clad legs a striding; past, before and across me. Not for me, not now, maybe once! Leave it be, what's the harm of looking?

Guilt; that's what!

Guilt; well known in catholic reverie!

Clean are ye?

Soap is it?

The sweet lemon and wax of dead drays!

I'm a buyer!

Finally a manmade mark of no change if I'm not mistaken! I am mistaken! The outside and the inside are opposed to what was. Outside; brighter, cleaner, less used! Pharmaceutical in name only! Inside; burdened walls genuflect with books, images and notice to humouring memory. In honour, in reflection, in deference; of me! Me; the perceived me!

No cure here!

Sell you a reality of your written purchase; a Castor pleads to my Pollux!

Priced to profit!

Read will ye?

Me?

Ye look a bit like him!

Me?

More on the outside than the inside!

A bath is it?

Soap is it?

The sweet lemon and wax of dead drays is it?

You here to buy or browse or just to be ..... Me?

**Music:**           *As recorded* - **SPONSOR ACKNOWLEDGEMENT ADVERT**

The old man nodded and left the shop. He had a thirst for knowledge and limited time. Departing the island of Lincoln Place, he made his way through thoroughfares of rebellious title, heading west and turning south with purpose of destination, clear and ahead. Negotiating throngs of cross-sectioned paths, his frail frame slipped among a mass of massing natives; congregating, cogitating, colligating, navigating, festinating! The old man accessed the alma mater of the protestant and protectorate.

The relative calm of courtyard gave pause and allowed for a quadrangle of little and some change. He slowed a pace that consumed his gait since leaving the Chemist. He was now the dead; with few hours and open access! He sought out the library.

He read. He had the capacity to read voraciously. He read what was written since he had written. He read the creative of his fellow Irish. He consumed everything groaning shelves had to offer. He didn't flag. He read it all. He showed no bias. He remained objective. He challenged as volume of volumes grew and grew less.

He read lists.

He was on every list.

His scope broadened. He accessed and plundered. Undeterred, unlimited and paperless! He showed no bias. He remained objective. He dispelled size and accessibility. He left no page behind. He read it all.

Mystery, identity, paternity, maternity, fraternity, divinity; wives and lovers, lovers and wives; adultery and adulterers; Gods of terror, God's of benevolence, Gods of the sea, Goddess of the island; jails and gaolers; narcotics and nightmares, apathy and peace; hell, heaven, hell; winds of war and war of winds; giants; eating and being eaten; dilemmas wrapped in dilemmas! Barriers; natural and unnatural; feminine feats and femme fatales; one eyed kings and wide-eyed queens; sacred cows and sacred vows; majesty, magic and mania; Homer and homecoming; secret friends and friends with secrets; security and sovereignty; faith and faithfulness!

It was all there; fragmented and complete. He finished. He left. He sought haven without distraction. To consider! To consider comic, tragic, poetic, historic, artistic!

Artistic; now you have it!

**Music:** *As recorded* - **SPONSOR ACKNOWLEDGEMENT ADVERT**

The Park! The park of thunder and lightning and no larks! The Park of never-ending rigmaroles and ecstasy! The Park of pained expression, tree and stone! The Park of mortals and mortalers! The Park of exhaling and belching! The Park of whispering and roaring! The Park! The rekindling Park! The violent Park! The vernacular Park! The dead bird and living flame! The Park! The going and coming Park! The exclamation Park!

The Park:

Here I come!

The Park;

Here Comes Everybody!

**Music:** *As recorded*

The old man was tired and hungry. He made his way to the quays and crossed a river without toll. His exertions took a toll. Fatigue exacerbated with discovery of a dead Hotel. No eating, drinking, singing, no fillip to fill up! He moved on. A funeral cortege passed, patiently impatient with fearful respect. The cooling towers of the porter factory came in view. He moved on. Nearly there!

Gates and unpolished granite welcomed; grander, wider, well appointed! The elegance of contained nature, organic lungs, impressed. He found ease and fresh vitality. He took the weight off under a third stage oak. The sun began to shadow as shades of evening entered stage right. He found the solace sought and the pyre his dying demanded.

She interrupted his process and invaded with sweet vibrant desire. She was browsing a book beneath a spreading chestnut with limbs full and long. She was centre stage and the old man was transfixed. She changed his focus, old feelings stirred. She ignited the stirrings to climax with exploding vessels of manmade light in heavens of saltpeter and flux.

Then, sated in singularity, he returned to consideration.

Of how opportunity could and would give birth to freedom of expression. Of loss of struggle and lack of control! All change, changed utterly as the Sligo poet wrote. And there it was; so much written, so many writing, so much to consider, so little to remember! Had he really been dead that long?

And thinking tightened a tempered band around and across his thoughts. And the old man grew weary.

Should it be any different? Was the universal right to write right? Did it really matter? Are legacies built to walk on shifting sands? Had his own legacy shifted and diluted? Can a well be diluted? Can many cooks cook an edible broth? Is the feast a famine? Overwhelmed in or overwhelmed by? Art or Artisan? Questions, questions, questions!

Now you have it!

And the old man was beyond weary. And the Reaper beckoned. And the old man faded into yesterday. And the curiosity with it! And the ethereal with it! And back to Fluntern! And the negative with it!

Yes!

**Music:** *As recorded – to fade*

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**V.O.** A Literal Oddity was written and read by D.J. Kelly

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