

**FEET OF CLAY**  
*The Last Words of Alfie Prufrock*

by Luke Dockrill

A radio drama script by Luke Dockrill loosely adapted from readings of T.S. Eliot's.

**Characters:**

<b>Stern -</b>	<b>Chris Austen</b>
<b>Dante-</b>	<b>Greg Taylor</b>
<b>Big Mama -</b>	<b>Lyn Dockrill</b>
<b>Humphrey -</b>	<b>Chris Dockrill</b>
<b>Peters-</b>	<b>Chris Dockrill</b>
<b>Big Syd -</b>	<b>Greg Taylor</b>
<b>Ray -</b>	<b>Paul Scanlon</b>
<b>Emily-</b>	<b>Mikaela Dockrill</b>

## Scene 1 – Street Scene #1

*Music fade up – lonely jazz trumpet.*

*Fade up – Street sounds, traffic etc.*

*Fade down music and SFX*

### **V/O – Eliot Stern:**

It was a lonely night and I was feeling a little lonelier than usual. I was on a case that was going nowhere, looking for leads wandering through half-deserted streets and one night cheap hotels. <sup>i</sup>

*Fade up music and SFX*

That's my job – private investigator – in practice, a ferret for sale, willing to wade through life's sewer, looking for the right sewer rat for the right client for the right amount of money.

*Fade down music and SFX*

Now I found myself in the seediest part of town. I'd started early and had nothing but black coffee and more black coffee all day. I felt like I could measure my whole life out with coffee spoons....<sup>ii</sup> Anyway, was feeling like some real food so I stopped in at Dante's Inferno<sup>iii</sup>, a greasy little char grill over on Hammett<sup>iv</sup> Street.

*Fade up music and SFX*

## Scene 2 – Dante's Inferno Char Grill

*Fade out street sounds. Fade up for rest of scene - Sound of jazz music in background, clinking of crockery, sizzling sounds of grill, general café noise.*

**Dante:** *(Half way through a story – in a deep gravely voice)* So’s anyways, Stern, dis guy right, he’s a dead, right, an, how’s a de steak?

**Stern:** Yeah, fine, I like the way you reduce the whole thing to charcoal, Dante, pass the Tabasco willya?

**Dante:** Yeah righta *(sound of the sauce bottle being placed on the counter)* So’s anyways, disa guy, Guido right ...

**Stern:** Guido eh? Another Italian huh?

**Dante:** Yeah, you watcha out for us Italians Stern. So’s anyways, disa Guido’s , he’s a dead an’ down ina de Hell right and it’s a hotter than a chara grill right, an’a he saysa to disa guy who’s a givin’a him a heavy time, “Ifa Ia thoughta my answer werea toa one whoa ever coulda returna to de world, disa flame shoulda shake no morea.”<sup>v</sup>

**Stern:** I’m impressed Dante. What’s it mean?

**Dante:** Stuffed if Ia know Stern. But Ia knowa is a pretty funny show right?

*“ Dragnet ” music which is the sound of Stern’s mobile ringing.*<sup>vi</sup>

**Dante:** Whatsa dat music?

**Stern:** It’s my phone, Dante? ‘Scuse me a minute Dante, work calls.

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

I didn’t know it at the time, but that call was the start of one of the strongest cases in my life. It was Big Mama Marlowe<sup>vii</sup> on the other end.

**Big Mama:** *(From over the telephone SFX)* Stern, I need your help. Get over here and I mean now!

**Stern:** Hey easy Big Mama, I'll be there in ten OK?

**Big Mama:** And Stern, wear your gumshoes<sup>viii</sup>, I've got cadaver splattered all over my place and it ain't pretty, Stern, It ain't pretty.

**Dante:** *(From a distance as he approaches)* Heya Stern. You wanta de nother steak sandwich, ona de house eh.

**Stern:** No thanks Dante, my body can only take so much incinerated carbon in one day. Be seein' ya.

**Dante:** Ya ciao Stern.

*Fade down on Dante's sounds as door closes and Stern steps into a raining street scene.*

### Scene 3 – Street Scene #2 outside Dante's

*Sound of light rain, footsteps in puddle and passing traffic. Fade down*

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

Big Mama ran a seedy brothel, called Marlowe's over on Bergman<sup>ix</sup> Street. It was raining lightly and I made my way over through the drizzle, picking the last remains of charcoal from my teeth. As I approached Big Mama's, I spotted Humphrey<sup>x</sup> on the front steps. He'd been Mama's tough guy for as long as I can remember. He looked at me from under the brim of felt Stetson and dragged heavily on the cigarette that was a permanent feature of his face.<sup>xi</sup>

### Scene 4 – Street Scene #3 outside Big Mama's

*Fade up - Sound of light rain, footsteps in puddle and passing traffic – fade down.*

**Stern:** G'day Humph.

**Humphrey:** *(In a Bogart voice)* Big Mama's waitin' for ya Stern. First floor. Go on up.

**Stern:** You oughta stop smoking Humph. They'll kill ya, you know.<sup>xii</sup>

**Humphrey:** You know how to whistle Stern?<sup>xiii</sup>

**Stern:** Just trying to help.

**Humphrey:** You never will, Stern. I've got a job to do Stern. But where I'm going go, you can't follow. What I've got to do, you can't be any part of, Stern.<sup>xiv</sup>

**Stern:** Yeah right ... first floor you said.

**Humphrey:** *(Shouting but in distance as Stern closes door on him as he enters Big Mama's)* I'm no good at being noble but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that, Stern!<sup>xv</sup>

*Humphrey's voice fades off with paraphrasing of Casablanca speech as Stern's footsteps ascend the front concrete stairs and opens and closes the front door.*

## Scene 5 – Foyer of Big Mama's

*Sounds of Billie Holiday singing a mournful blues in the background for all of Big Mama's scenes.*

### **V/O – Eliot Stern:**

Big Mama called her little bordello a house of pleasure. The only possible pleasure I could see about it was getting out of it free of disease. It was a dingy, dark dive, full of dust and the smells of stale eau de Cologne, and female smells in shuttered rooms and cigarettes in dimly lit corridors.<sup>xvi</sup>

Big Mama was waiting on the first floor landing. She was a big woman with arms the size of chaff bags and a personality to match.

**Big Mama:** *(From a distance at the top of the internal staircase.)* What kept ya Stern? I got blood and guts all over my best room.

**Stern:** I ... ah ...

**Big Mama:** Cut the crap Stern and follow me.

## Scene 6 – In the corridor at Big Mama’s

*Sounds of Stern’s and Big Mama’s footsteps in the corridor.*

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

I ascended the stairs and followed Marlowe’s bulging form down the dimly lit corridor.

## Scene 7 – Outside Room 101 at Big Mama’s

*Voices slightly muffled or deadened by the close interior of the hallway.*

**Big Mama:** Here it is Stern. Room 101.<sup>xvii</sup>

*Sound of door swinging open.*

## Scene 8 – Inside Room 101 at Big Mama’s

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

She pushed the door open. In the light from the room I got my first good look at her face in a long time. It looked like she had gone 10 rounds with a food processor and lost each one. She stood there twisting a paper rose in the short square fingers of her puffy blotched hand, gesturing for me to enter.<sup>xviii</sup>

*Sounds of footsteps entering room 101.*

I stepped past her and took in my first view of the room.

There was a body, on the floor, bathed in a sickly yellow light. Two dead eyes stared blankly at the mirrored ceiling.<sup>xix</sup>

**Stern:** He looks like a patient etherised on a table.<sup>xx</sup>

**Big Mama:** Except for one thing Stern.

**Stern:** What's that Big Mama?

**Big Mama:** That oversized lobster claw<sup>xxi</sup> embedded in his forehead.<sup>xxii</sup>

**Stern:** Oh yeah, I didn't notice.

**Big Mama:** And that pool of congealed blood around his head. Been dead for at least a day I'd say.

**Stern:** This was definitely the work of a female.

**Big Mama:** How do you know?

**Stern:** Trust me Mama, this was definitely the work of a woman who really knew how to handle her seafood.

**Big Mama:** What's that in his side pocket?

*Sounds of Stern searching Alfie's wallet.*

**Stern:** A wallet. 200 bucks. Rules out robbery. Hmm what's this, a portrait of a lady.<sup>xxiii</sup> Pretty classy one too. You know her?

**Big Mama:** Never seen her before.

**Stern:** His license says his name's Alfred Prufrock.<sup>xxiv</sup>

**Big Mama:** Alfie Prufrock! Alfie - bloody - Prufrock! I didn't recognize him with the lobster claw in his head.

**Stern:** He definitely ain't no Lazarus now.<sup>xxv</sup>

**Big Mama:** Hey Stern, what's that scrawl there on the floor?

**Stern:** Hmmm. It looks like it's written with his thumbnail dipped in his own blood.<sup>xxvi</sup> "Eewa eera eehut wollow nem hiteewa teef fo yalk"  
It's either a very sophisticated code or the crazy ramblings of a dying man.

**Big Mama:** The ceiling Stern.

**Stern:** Eh?

**Big Mama:** Look at the ceiling.

**Stern:** Say what's with the mirrored ceiling?

**Big Mama:** Don't ask, don't ask Stern ...

**Stern:** The mirrored ceiling! Of course, Big Mama. As Alfie lay dying, he watched his life slip away in the mirrored ceiling. In one last desperate effort, he spat out all the butt ends of his days.<sup>xxvii</sup>  
Unfortunately his message came out back the front. Still, there it is for the world to see – "We are the hollow men with feet of clay".<sup>xxviii</sup>

**Big Mama:** Still sounds like crap to me Stern.

**Stern:** I have to admit it's a bit cryptic Mama. Hmmm. What's this in his other hand? A drink coaster, "Dick's Night Club".<sup>xxxix</sup>

**Big Mama:** Do you know it?

**Stern:** Yeah, it's a gay bar over on Dashiell Street.<sup>xxx</sup> Hmmm. There's a name on the back, Emily Dickinson,<sup>xxxi</sup> 8:00 pm. Know her?

**Big Mama:** Never heard of her. Listen Stern, I want you to find who did this and why.

**Stern:** Alright Mama, I'll take the case.

**Big Mama:** I'll give you 24 hours before I call the police.

**Stern:** Yeah OK Mama, I'll do my best.

**Big Mama:** Solve it Stern. You got me?

## Scene 9 – Street Scene #4 outside Big Mama's

*Sounds of front door opening, steps descending, rainy night, distant traffic sounds and Queen's Bohemian Rhapsody in the distance.*

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

Marlowe's was on the wrong side of the wrong side of town. It was eleven o'clock. I stepped out into a wet and windy December evening.

**Stern:** See ya round Humph. And listen, lay off the fags

**Humphrey:** Here's lookin' at you Stern.<sup>xxxii</sup>

*Sounds of Stern's footsteps on wet footpath as he walks away.*

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

I had as much chance of getting a taxi here as finding an honest man in parliament. So I folded up my trench coat collar<sup>xxxiii</sup> and made my way the six blocks to the nearest station. Somewhere off in the distance Queen’s Bohemian Rhapsody<sup>xxxiv</sup> was drifting on the windy night, coming from one of the many squalid little boxes that passed off for homes for the unfortunates who live on this side of town. I looked up at the moon, “La lune ne garde aucune rancune” The moon may well hold no grudges whatsoever, but somebody sure had a hell of a grudge against Alfie Prufrock. So much so that they embedded a massive lobster claw in his forehead.<sup>xxxv</sup>

## Scene 10 – Interior of moving train.

*Background sounds – interior moving train.*

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

Dick’s was owned by Sydney Greenlane,<sup>xxxvi</sup> known around the traps as “Big Syd”<sup>xxxvii</sup> due mainly to his obesity, which was the direct result of an-of-control profiterole fetish.

## Scene 11 – Entrance foyer to Dick’s

*Fade out of train sounds and fade up on “As Time Goes By”<sup>xxxviii</sup> and sounds of nightclub activity – voices, glasses etc.*

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

As I walked through the smooth and polished doors of Dick’s, the smell of steaks and the burnt out ends of smoky days hit me together with music from a farther room.<sup>xxxix</sup>

A snivelling little twisted thing hesitated towards me in the light of the door, shaking a dead geranium.<sup>xi</sup> It was Laurie Peters,<sup>xli</sup> Big Syd's grovelling sycophant.<sup>xlii</sup>

**Peters:** *(Peter Lore voice)* Hello Mr Stern. What brings you to Dick's Place?

**Stern:** I see that Sammy Spade's<sup>xliii</sup> still playing that song.

**Peters:** Yes Mr Stern, it's the only one he knows.

**Stern:** I want to see Big Syd.

**Peters:** I'll just phone up to see if Mr Greenlane is available/

*Sounds of Stern grabbing him by the collar.*

**Peters:** *(Gasping)* Ooh Mr Stern; you're hurting me!

**Stern:** *(Tough guy)* Listen Peters, I said I want to see Big Syd and I want to see him now! No telephones, no excuses and no funny business! Got me?

**Peters:** *(Shaken and nervous)* Certainly Mr Stern, kindly take your hands off my Armani jacket and I'll take you up to his office right away. Follow me please.

*Sounds of crossing through the nightclub, opening door, walking up stairs.*

## Scene 12 – Hallway Dick's

*Voices slightly muffled or deadened by the close interior of the hallway.*

*Muffled footsteps along hallway – Stern and Peters.*

**Peters:** Mr Greenlane's office is the first door on the left. I'll just run along/

**Stern:** *(Tough guy)* You're not going anywhere creep! Get into that office!

## Scene 13 – Big Syd's office

*Sound of door opening to Syd's office and Stern and Peters entering.*

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

Peters opened the door and I followed him into the office. There was Big Syd, lying face down in a half-eaten mound of profiteroles. I couldn't tell if he was dead or just passed out in a diabetic coma.<sup>xliv</sup>

**Stern:** Help me get him upright Peters.

*Sounds of them struggling to lift Big Syd to a sitting position. Sounds of squelching and slop as Big Syd is lifted out of the mound of profiteroles. Sounds of Big Syd grunting and snorting as he comes around.*

**Big Syd:** Wha? What's.. etc

**Stern:** Listen Syd, I found this portrait of a lady on a dead man tonight. Name of Alfie Prufrock. Been dead for a day. Not a pretty sight.

**Peters:** Alfie is dead?

**Stern:** You knew him Peters?

**Peters:** I ah, that is well ... Alfie was my close friend ... Dead you say?

**Stern:** Quit stallin' Peters or I'll drown Jabba the Hutt<sup>xlv</sup> here in this mountain of calories.

**Big Syd:** *(Becoming alert)* No need to resort to violence Mr Stern.

**Stern:** What's the connection between Alfie Prufrock and this lady?

**Big Syd:** I'm sure I don't kno/

*Sounds of gulping, slopping and squelching as Syd is forced face down into the mounds of profiteroles and then gasping for air.*

**Peters:** Ooh stop it Mr Stern, you'll kill him!

**Stern:** Next time Syd, you'll be tasting your last profiterole. Now, what's the connection?

**Big Syd:** *(Gasping)* I'm sure I don't know but I can assure you that the lady in question was with me all last night.

**Stern:** Where can I find her?

**Big Syd:** Belvedere Apartments, room 263.<sup>xlvi</sup>

*Sound of Syd's face slopping back into profiteroles.*

**Stern:** Bon appetite!

*Sound of Stern exiting and slamming the door after him.*

## Scene 14 – Street Scene #5 outside Chandler's

*Traffic on a wet night, a car horn in the distance fading into the muffled sounds of Chandler's from outside the closed door.*

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

Belvedere Apartments were over on Falcon<sup>xlvii</sup> Street in the Maltese<sup>xlviii</sup> section of town. On my way there, I dropped in at Chandler's, a seedy little sawdust restaurant with oyster shell ashtrays.<sup>xlix</sup> If you wanted the lowdown on any shady business, then Chandler's was the place to go. Ray owed me for getting him out of

a scrape with a famous clairvoyant called Madame Sosistrisa few years back.<sup>i</sup>

## Scene 15 – Inside Chandler’s

*Sounds of door opening into Chandler’s. Sounds of Ray’s – glasses, background voices and Tom Waits, “The Piano Has Been Drinking”.*

### **V/O – Eliot Stern:**

As I entered, I was hit by the smell of stale beer and the insidious mutterings of two drunks caught in a tedious argument.<sup>li</sup> A blind man sat at the piano, playing in a tobacco trance

**Ray:** *(From the other end of the bar – shouting over the noise)* Stern!  
What brings you here?

**Stern:** G’day Ray. I see the place hasn’t lost any of its charm. You still doin’ the dancin’ bear act?<sup>lii</sup>

**Ray:** What d’ya wanna know Stern?

**Stern:** What’s the word on a guy called Alfie Prufrock and a dame goes by the name of Emily Dickinson?

**Ray:** Search me Stern. I know ‘em but Michelangelo’s the name on everyone’s lips at present.<sup>liii</sup>

**Stern:** Michelangelo eh? Mafia?

**Ray:** Naw. Just some Italian sculptor.

**Stern:** Italian eh?

**Ray:** All these bloody people comin’ and goin’ talkin’ of bloody Michelangelo.<sup>liv</sup>

**Stern:** Yeah?

**Ray:** This Michelangelo right, 'e makes this big statue of David right ...

**Stern:** Jesus!

**Ray:** Na, David, Jesus' great, great, grand daddy or somethin' like that. Anyway's seem that some joker's knocked off Michelangelo's crown jewels right...

**Stern:** So it's a jewel theft eh?

**Ray:** Balls Stern, Balls!

**Stern:** But you just said ...

**Ray:** Listen Stern while I spell it out for ya. Some turkey has castrated the statue of David right.

**Stern:** David's testicles!

**Ray:** Knackered 'im good and' proper.

**Stern:** So what's this got to do with Prufrock and' Dickinson?

**Ray:** Beats me Stern, but I do know that Alfie had a thing goin' with the Dickinson dame. She's older 'n 'im. A real cold-hearted number that one. Classy dish all the same.<sup>lv</sup>

**Stern:** Thanks Ray, I owe you.

**Ray:** Hey man, I'd be up a rat's alley where the dead men lose their bones if it weren't for you Stern. See ya man. Stay safe.<sup>lvi</sup>

*Fade out Tom Waits and Ray's sounds.*

## Scene 16 – Street Scene #6 Emily's Apartment

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

The pieces were there like a jigsaw beggin' to be solved. I beat a path to Dickinson's apartment and thought about Alfie Prufrock and his tortured soul spread out across the skies.<sup>lvii</sup> I thought about this Dickinson dame and David's testicles and lobster claws and hollow men and then I was there, standing outside the Belvedere Apartments.

*Sounds of Stern climbing the stairs.*

I mounted the stairs and turned the handle of the door. It was unlocked.

*Sound of door opening.*

*Sound of Stern walking into room.*

I walked in and spotted her right away.

*Sound of Emily tossing blanket from the bed.*

She lay there on her back eating a peach and tossed a blanket from the bed.<sup>lviii</sup> She had all the right curves in all the right places. This was a classy piece of work!

**Emily:** *(Husky sexy voice)* You must be Eliot Stern. I've been expecting you.

**Stern:** And you are Emily Dickinson?

**Emily:** Do I dare? ... Do I dare admit anything to you Mr Stern? Do I dare invite you to eat my peach?<sup>lix</sup>

**Stern:** Keep your peach, Miss Dickinson. I'm here because an acquaintance of yours, an Alfie Prufrock, is lying dead on a brothel room floor.

*Sounds of Emily rising off bed and satin clothes rustling as she moves towards Stern, voice getting closer and sexier.*

**Emily:** Angel ... call me Angel.

**Stern:** What do you have to say about it ... Angel?

**Emily:** Darling, have you seen my figurines?

**Stern:** I couldn't miss it. For an older dame you're put together pretty well.

**Emily:** No darling, my figurines. Over on the mantle piece darling. Statuettes of Greek men from the collection of Eugenides.<sup>lx</sup>

**Stern:** This Eugenides wouldn't be Italian by any chance?

**Emily:** Eugenides the Smyrna merchant.<sup>lxi</sup> Priceless darling!

**Stern:** What about Alfie, angel? He's dead.

**Emily:** Poor Alfie should have been a pair of ragged claws scuttling across the floors of silent seas, darling.<sup>lxii</sup>

**Stern:** Ragged claws! Miss Dickinson ...

**Emily:** Angel darling.

**Stern:** Alfie was stabbed in the forehead by a very large lobster claw. Does that not strike you as strange?

**Emily:** Ah my friend, you do not know what life is. You who holds it in your hands.<sup>lxiii</sup>

**Stern:** Let me take a closer look at those figurines...

**Emily:** *(Nervously)* Of course darling but don't touch.

**Stern:** I plan to do more than touch them Angel.

*Sounds of Stern walking to the mantelpiece, picking up the figurines and smashing them one at a time.*

**Emily:** *(Shocked)* What are you doing darling?

**Stern:** Just giving David's testicles some air Angel.

*Sound of door bursting open and Syd's and Peters' footsteps entering the room.*

**Big Syd:** Ah, so Stern, we meet again.

**Stern:** Glad you could make it Syd. You too Peters. I work better with an audience. Specially seein' that Angel here thought she had scammed you two and got off Scott free.

**Emily:** Nonsense darling.

**Stern:** Let me finish doll. You see, Angel here set up Alfie to castrate the statue of David.

**Emily:** Balls darling! Balls!

**Stern:** Yeah Angel, that's the name of the game. Anyway's, so she sets up Alfie to sell the jewels to a fictitious buyer whose gonna meet him in room 101 at Marlowe's. Unbeknowns to Alfie, who's just returned from Italy with the items hidden in two fake antique figurines, Angel

here was waitin' for him with a lobster claw to deliver him his final thermidor. With Alfie out of the way, Angel here had the little testosterone treasures all to herself. Ain't that right Angel?

**Emily:** Not quite darling. Alfie was going to ditch me. Do you know what it's like to be an older woman Eliot?

**Stern:** No Angel I don't.

**Emily:** That snivelling little crab expected me to sit here serving tea to friends.<sup>lxiv</sup> Not likely darling. David's testicles were just a means to an end Darling.

**Peters:** *(Outraged)* You killed Alfie? You stupid old cow! He was leaving you for me! For me!

**Emily:** For you? Oh, the last twist of the knife!<sup>lxv</sup>

**Peters:** And you Sydney, you lied to protect this viper! Why?

**Big Syd:** She offered to keep me in profiteroles for the rest of my life, Laurie, oh yes and uh David's left testicle. Do you have any idea how much that is worth in the right hands?

*Sound of Laurie drawing and cocking his gun.*

**Peters:** You'll pay for this with your life, Emily.

*Sound of Big Syd drawing and cocking his gun.*

**Big Syd:** Put that gun away Laurie. She's my meal ticket to Profiterole Paradise!

**Stern:** Both of you should put away your guns before someone gets hurt!

**Big Syd:** SHUT UP STERN

**Peters:** SHUT UP STERN

*Both Peters and Syd shout at Stern:*

**Big Syd:** Mr Stern, you realise you will have to die too. If Emily is in gaol, I won't see a single profiterole.

**Peters:** Don't make me shoot you Sydney!

**Big Syd:** Trust me Laurie, I wouldn't hurt you/

*Twelve gunshots, Emily screaming, bullets ricocheting, glass shattering, other damage etc Big Syd and Peters screaming as they are hit many times by each other's bullets. Silence.*

**Emily:** Eliot darling, are you all right?

**Stern:** Yeah Angel but Peters here looks like he'll be just another corpse in the garden.<sup>lxvi</sup>

**Peters:** *(Gasping for breath.)* So Eliot, this is the way my world ends. First with a bang and now with a whimper.<sup>lxvii</sup> *(Dying gasp and head slumps to floor)*

**Emily:** And Big Syd?

**Stern:** Big Syd looks like a beached whale sprawled over your chez lounge with all that blood and mock crème oozing from those six bullet holes in his huge gut.

*Sound of Emily running to him and smothering him in kisses.*

**Emily:** Oh Eliot darling, that means that we can pin Alfie's murder on Laurie and Syd.

- Stern:** What are you saying Angel?
- Emily:** Eliot do know how much those testicles are worth if they're handled properly?
- Stern:** I'd say they're worth a lot more to David, even if he is only made of marble. Besides Angel, I know you're playin' me for a sucker.
- Emily:** *(Very emotional)* No Eliot, it's not true. From the very first instant I saw you, I knew.
- Stern:** Well, if you get a good break you'll be out in 20 years and you can come back to me then. I hope they don't hang you Angel by that sweet neck.
- Emily:** You're not ...?
- Stern:** Yes Angel I'm gonna send you over. If you're a good girl you'll be out in twenty years. I'll be waiting for you. If they hang you, I'll always remember you. <sup>lxviii</sup>

## Scene 17 – Street Scene #7

*Music fade up – Lonely Trumpet*

**V/O – Eliot Stern:**

I'd always wanted to say that to a dame. It was a pity I had to say it to the only woman I had ever loved. I owed a bigger loyalty to myself and all the other ferrets out there. An' I guess I was bein' loyal to Alfie Prufrock too, a poor little crab who lived and died by treachery. <sup>lxix</sup> Feet of clay, Alfie? We've all got feet of clay. The trick is trying to keep them clean as possible while we're here. Anyway, it's been a long day and I'm headin' for a lonely bed where I'll sleep the big sleep until human voices wake me and I drown. <sup>lxx</sup>

*Music up and then slow fade out.*

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- <sup>i</sup> *The Big Sleep* – Film Noir
- <sup>ii</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>iii</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, “Epigraph”* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>iv</sup> Dashiell Hammet – Private Investigation/Crime Fiction Author
- <sup>v</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, “Epigraph”* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>vi</sup> Private Investigation (P.I.) Television Show
- <sup>vii</sup> Name of Private Investigator/Detective Character – Dashiell Hammet’s novels
- <sup>viii</sup> *Gumshoes* – Another name for a Private Investigator/Detective
- <sup>ix</sup> *Ingrid Berman, The Maltese Falcon* – Actress out of Film noir Films
- <sup>x</sup> *Humphrey Bogart* – Film Noir Actor
- <sup>xi</sup> Classic Film Noir image.
- <sup>xii</sup> Irony - Humphrey Bogart died from lung cancer
- <sup>xiii</sup> *Maltese Falcon* – Film Noir
- <sup>xiv</sup> *Casablanca* – Film Noir
- <sup>xv</sup> *Casablanca* – Film Noir
- <sup>xvi</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xvii</sup> *1984, Room 101* – George Orwell novel, Torture Room
- <sup>xviii</sup> *Preludes* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xix</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xx</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xxi</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, “ragged lobster...”* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xxii</sup> Image from the film *Single White Female*.
- <sup>xxiii</sup> *Portrait of a Lady* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xxiv</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xxv</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xxvi</sup> Alluded from poem *Clancy of the Overflow* – A.B Patterson,
- <sup>xxvii</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xxviii</sup> *The Hollow Men* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xxix</sup> Allusion to “Rick’s Night Club” – *Casablanca* Film Noir
- <sup>xxx</sup> Dashiell Hammet – Private Investigation/Crime Fiction Author
- <sup>xxxi</sup> Another well-known Poet
- <sup>xxxii</sup> *Casablanca* – Film Noir
- <sup>xxxiii</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem, and classic Film Noir image
- <sup>xxxiv</sup> *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xxxv</sup> *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xxxvi</sup> *Sydney Greenstreet* – Allusion to Film Noir actor
- <sup>xxxvii</sup> *The Fat Man* – Character in Film Noir Film *The Maltese Falcon* played by actor Sydney Greenstreet
- <sup>xxxviii</sup> Theme song, *Casablanca* Film Noir
- <sup>xxxix</sup> *Preludes* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xl</sup> *Preludes* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xli</sup> *Peter Lorres* – Film Noir Actor
- <sup>xlii</sup> *Preludes* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>xliiii</sup> Name of Private Investigator/Detective Character – Dashiell Hammet’s novels
- <sup>xliv</sup> Image from the film *Scarface*, when Al Pacino is lying Face down in a mound of cocaine
- <sup>xlvi</sup> Character from *Star Wars Trilogy*
- <sup>xlvi</sup> *Maltese Falcon* – Film Noir
- <sup>xlvi</sup> *Maltese Falcon* – Film Noir
- <sup>xlvi</sup> *Maltese Falcon* – Film Noir
- <sup>xlix</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>l</sup> *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>li</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>lii</sup> *Portrait of a Lady* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>liii</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>liv</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>lv</sup> *Portrait of a Lady* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>lvi</sup> *The Waste Land* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>lvii</sup> *Preludes* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>lviii</sup> *Preludes* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>lix</sup> *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem
- <sup>lx</sup> *The Waste Land* – TS Eliot Poem
- Feet of Clay – The Last Words of Alfie Prufrock – Luke Dockrill

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- lxi *The Waste Land* – TS Eliot Poem  
lxii *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem  
lxiii *Portrait of a Lady* – TS Eliot Poem  
lxiv *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem  
lxv *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* – TS Eliot Poem  
lxvi *The Waste Land* – TS Eliot Poem  
lxvii *The Hollow Men* – TS Eliot Poem  
lxviii *Maltese Falcon, ending* – Film Noir  
lxix *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem  
lxx *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* – TS Eliot Poem