

The Adventures of DYKE TRACY, Detective

by
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DYKE TRACY, EPISODE ONE

ANNOUNCER

Good evening and welcome to another episode of Dyke Tracy, *Detective*, brought to you by...

JINGLE RECORDING

...the Charm City Kitty Club, where all the pussycats come and play.

ANNOUNCER

Tonight's episode, part one of *Murder Most Vile in Fakesville*.

*DYKE TRACY

It was rent time. I was about to accommodate the primal needs of my landlady when the phone rang. It was a member of the Gay-Lesbian-Bi-Transsexual-Undecided-Gender Confused-In Denial Neighborhood Watch, Watchers. They wanted me to investigate a murder in Fakesville, paying me good money, up front, in cash. There would be *no* sucking up tonight. Good thing I have my trusty Sunbeam vibrator for a good old fashion fake-it-till-you-make-it—

A bell rings.

ANNOUNCER

This is a family show.

*DYKE TRACY

(miffed)

After *massaging* my *privates* using my *trusty* Sunbeam vibrator and *yelling* out for God, I went *off* to visit the folks of Fakesville. I expected the residents to be reluctant to open up to me, but *that* wasn't the case.

TOM

Hi there young *fella*. You *another* one of *those* reporters looking for a story?

DYKE TRACY

What are you, *blind*? Take a *good* look at me. Do I *look* like a reporter? I'm a detective! *De-tective!* And I'm a *damn* good one too, in *addition* to being a female. See my *designation* tattoo. I'm official.

TOM

You're a detective *and* a female? Sounds like malarkey to me. What's your name?

DYKE TRACY

You can call me Dyke Tracy, or Tracy or even plain old Dyke. But whatever you do, don't call me a "dick".

TOM

A dick that's a dyke who doesn't wanna be called Dick.

DYKE TRACY

No. I'm a dyke that's a detective who doesn't wanna be called *a* dick.

TOM

Sounds like malarkey to me. But then again, I don't give a (bell).

ANNOUNCER

This is a family show.

TOM

(miffed)

Sounds like malarkey to me. But then again, I don't give a pile of horse dung. What business do you have here?

DYKE TRACY

I'm investigating the *murder* of your neighbor, June Cleaver, and her friend, Marsha Brady. What can you *tell* me about 'em?

TOM

Not much. June pretty much *stayed* in the closet. Couldn't ask for a *better* queer neighbor if you *gotta* have one.

DYKE TRACY

Was it common knowledge that they were lesbians?

TOM

Oh, yeah. You'd be surprised at the echo you get in a closet. That's why I was *surprised* I didn't hear the lez-be-ans screaming out for God. Who knew lez-be-ans could be religious.

DOPE HEAD KID

That's the *biggest* lie I've heard in a long time. You *knew* it was their *nookie* night, *Tom*, with your *ten* pairs of bi-nocu-lars.

TOM

Shut up you little *cracked*, pot head.

DOPE HEAD KID

He likes to watch the big artillery come out, if you know what I mean.

DYKE TRACY

So it's no myth. Toms do like to peek. Were you a peeping Tom that night?

TOM

I'll never admit to that even with proof that I took pictures, made posters of 'em and then very neatly and with great care mounted them above my bed.

DYKE TRACY & DOPE HEAD KID

Awe, gross.

DYKE TRACY

There's a name for people like you. Begins with "per" and ends with "vert".

TOM

Hey, you're the pervert here, you big DICK!!!

*DYKE TRACY

There's *never* a bell when you *need* one.

TOM

You're a big old huge dick!

DYKE TRACY

Not *once*, but *twice*. You just *had* to say it, didn't you?

TOM

Couldn't wait to say it. Big dick, big dick, big dick!!!

DYKE TRACY

(covering her ears)

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la. I can't hear you.

TOM moves on.

*DYKE TRACY

It's no myth—

TOM

(shouting from wherever)

You big dick!

*DYKE TRACY

Some people are *alive* simply cuz the *law* says you *can't* kill 'em.

ANNOUNCER

Be sure to join us next week for the continuing adventures of Dyke Tracy, *Detective*.

DYKE TRACY, EPISODE TWO

ANNOUNCER

Good evening and welcome to another episode of Dyke Tracy, Detective, brought to you by...

JINGLE RECORDING

...the Charm City Kitty Club, where all the pussycats come and play.

ANNOUNCER

Tonight's episode, part two of *Murder Most Vile in Fakesville*. Last week, Dyke was ending her conversation with the peeping Tom.

*DYKE TRACY

It's no myth. Some people are alive simply because the law says you can't kill 'em. (beat) After the peeping Tom left, I asked the Dope Head Kid a few questions. He talked about June's other neighbor, Ms. Daisy, and Heidi, a frequent visitor of June's. He seemed like a good kid, so I bought a couple of joints to help him pay off his student loans. Afterwards, I went to visit Ms. Daisy.

DAISY

You need to get your filthy shoes off my prize-winning lawn with accentuating flowers that bloom from early spring to late fall.

DYKE TRACY

Sorry about that. Nice trophy, by the way.

DAISY

I assume you're another idiot reporter asking about the exterminated queer.

DYKE TRACY

What is the matter with you people? Is it too much effort to look a little closer? I am a detective! Not a reporter. Hear me? *De-tec-tive!*

DAISY

Even worse, an *idiot* detective. What is it you want?

DYKE TRACY

I'd like to ask you a few questions about your recently murdered neighbor, June Cleaver.

DAISY

She was an undesirable patch of crabgrass needing an overdose of pesticide to rectify the ugliness she brought with her to this neighborhood.

DYKE TRACY

Wow, that's a lot of hate.

DAISY

I'll admit it. Also, to pulling up every single one of her lavender rose bushes, spray painting her green lawn yellow, and burning a 10-foot gas generated cross in her front yard. I feel safe saying all this because the good old days have been resurrected.

DYKE TRACY

You vote conservative, don't you?

DAISY

What devote Satanist wouldn't? Now I really must go. I have a virgin waiting to be sacrificed. These days, you can't afford to let one go to waste.

*DYKE TRACY

I felt sorry for the virgin. Being Daisy's sacrifice couldn'ta been fun. Speaking of fun, I noticed Heidi watching me from her porch. For sure, she was safe from Daisy's virgin quest, which was good news for me because it's no myth, bad girls in Catholic school uniforms are a turn-on. I went over and said, "Hi there."

HEIDI

So what if I am? You look a little high yourself.

*DYKE TRACY

She was quick on the draw. I instantly took a liking to her—until she said...

HEIDI

You another reporter?

DYKE TRACY

Seriously people, I am a detective. *De-tec-tive!*

HEIDI

Oh. You all look the same to me. Anyway, what have you discovered so far?

DYKE TRACY

Depends on your answer. Are you old enough to have mad passionate sex with me? I have some time to kill, pardon the pun.

HEIDI

Sorry, but my mother's home and she doesn't like *dicks*.

DYKE TRACY

That makes *two* of us, but what about you?

HEIDI

Me, I prefer a soft warm *pussy*-cat. You haven't *lived* until you've been *licked* by a feline.

DYKE TRACY

I *think* you mean *fraulein*.

HEIDI

To each *their* own.

*DYKE TRACY

A little *too* kinky for me so I went on with my investigation.

HEIDI

I found June to be extremely pleasant to know, but the Brady chick was a little too sweet for me. The damn bitch was always smiling, always smiling. She sickened me. Made me wanna throw up.

DYKE TRACY

Sick enough to kill her?

HEIDI

I'll never admit to that, even with proof that I flooded the internet with pictures of her with no teeth, rabbit ears, and a pig's nose. Now, I must go. I'm tutoring a feline on how to please me.

*DYKE TRACY

Like I said, too kinky for me. (beat) It was time I went to visit the crime scene. It was void of any evidence that the police had been there so the rule of finders-keepers applied. I took all the books with pictures, for educational purposes only of course, that demonstrated how to use the sex toys scattered about. An even better find was a (bell). A horse's dung load of toilet paper. I happily took every roll to the office where I had plans to smoke a joint, do some light reading, and play with my new toys, when a woman bawling her eyes out stood before me. I hate it when I forget to lock the door and women crying a river appear.

ANNOUNCER

Be sure to join Dyke Tracy next week for the conclusion of *Murder Most Vile in Fakesville*.

DYKE TRACY, EPISODE
THREE

ANNOUNCER

Good evening and welcome to another episode of Dyke Tracy, *Detective*, brought to you by...

JINGLE RECORDING

...the Charm City Kitty Club. Where all the pussycats come and play.

ANNOUNCER

In tonight's concluding episode, Dyke Tracy solves the case of *Murder Most Vile in Fakesville*. Last week, we left Dyke in her office reading.

*DYKE TRACY

I had plans to smoke a joint, do some light reading, and play with my new toys, when a woman bawling her eyes out stood before me. I hate it when I forget to lock the door and women crying two rivers appear.

BETTY

Dyke Tracy, I'm Betty Love. I have some information about June's death.

DYKE TRACY

What's her death to you?

BETTY

She was my first true love.

DYKE TRACY

Were you part of a threesome with Marsha?

BETTY

That *piece* of trash. I never *saw* what *June* saw in her.

DYKE TRACY

Sounds like someone *you* would want dead.

BETTY

I'll never admit to that even with proof that Ms. Daisy sold me a spell to cast, a voodoo doll to chew on, and I *spat* in her green tea, which *she* deserved, leaving *her* drink unattended. Didn't her *mother* teach her *anything* about *personal* safety. She also deserved being displaced for a trophy.

DYKE TRACY

June slept with a trophy? That *almost* surpasses Heidi for queer sex.

BETTY

No, no, no. She didn't have sex with it, she only slept with it.

DYKE TRACY

Potato, tomato. Potato, tomato.

BETTY

If you want to continue massaging yourself, you should let me finish.

DYKE TRACY

Good point. Go on.

BETTY

The trophy was for the best yard award. June was utterly thrilled, I tell you. Thrilled. That's why she took it to bed with her.

DYKE TRACY

I see. What's the info you got pertaining to the murder itself?

BETTY

This.

*DYKE TRACY

It's no myth, stalkers are just plain

(bell rings, Dyke gives the finger)

crazy. But thanks to Betty, I was confident, mostly, almost-kinda-certain, I knew who the murderer was. Maybe. Of the maybe, I was definitely sure of. With many assurances to Betty, I kicked back, smoked my blunt and did a shout out to God. The next morning, I met the police at Fakesville where the usual suspects were waiting.

TOM

Why would I kill the queers?

DYKE TRACY

That little penis, envy, of yours Tom. You hated that June was seeing more action with a big fake one than you were with a real tiny one.

TOM

Up yours, you big old dyke called—

DYKE TRACY

Bell, bell, bell, bell, bell. That's a bell word.

TOM

The name isn't. So up yours, Dyke Tracy who hates being called DICK.

DYKE TRACY

Oh you're good. I'm glad you're not my nemesis.

HEIDI

Dyke. Dyke Tracy. It wasn't me. Why would I kill her? The most likely person is her.

BETTY

You know it wasn't me, Dyke. I showed you who it was.

DYKE TRACY

You were both jealous of each other and Marsha Brady. But June found another love. Heidi, you went to her house that night to confront her. Don't bother denying it. Betty, on her nightly stalking stake-out, took a video of you.

HEIDI

It's true, but they were already dead when I got there. Honest.

BETTY

Liar!

DYKE TRACY

Betty, you've been stalking June since the break-up. That's how you knew about Heidi. You had had enough of June's open-door policy.

BETTY

But Heidi had to be the one who killed 'em. They were dead when I turned on my spy camera.

DAISY

It's clearly one of them, so why am I here?

DYKE TRACY

Because you're the murderer.

DAISY

And there's the proof confirming you're an idiot. So what if I wanted 'em dead. That doesn't prove horse dung.

DYKE TRACY

I got enough circumstantial evidence to put you away, starting with this. Hey, Dope Head, say again what you told me about Daisy?

DOPE HEAD KID

That I was really jealous of her high quality, organic grown pot. You mean that?

DYKE TRACY

No, not that.

DOPE HEAD KID

That she has a real knack for finding virgins when no one else can. You mean that?

DYKE TRACY

No, not that either. The other thing you told me.

DOPE HEAD KID

That she's really hot when she's wearing her satanic ritual robe because there's nothing under it.

DYKE TRACY

You didn't tell me about that.

HEIDI

She's pretty hot in her cat outfit too. She wears it when she goes mice hunting.

DYKE TRACY

You chase mice?

DAISY

For my pet boa. I like to be in character.

TOM

I have pictures if you're interested. I can give you a good deal on a trifold.

HEIDI

Tom's a real douchebag, but he's a structure-that-holds-back-water good photographer.

DYKE TRACY

We should talk later. I need to wrap this up. Okay, back to you, Dope Head. What was that long-winded thing you told me?

DOPE HEAD KID

That she's a fanatic about her yard and that for the past ten years she's won "the trophy for the best yard", and so she was furious that June won this year's "trophy for the best yard". That?

DYKE TRACY

Yes, *that*. There's also this. An article about how you lost the "trophy for the best yard" to June. It also has a picture of June accepting the... well you know what. It's the same one I saw at your house.

DAISY

Would someone please explain to this idiot why *I* have the trophy.

TOM

It's in the by-laws.

HEIDI

The runner-up gets the trophy if the winner dies within the week of receiving it.

DYKE TRACY

Which you made sure of, I'm sure of it.

DAISY

I did. I write the by-laws.

DOPE HEAD

An hour after June won, she called an emergency meeting and ten minutes later, it was over.

DYKE TRACY

You people really are scary—especially you. Even more reason to put you away for murder.

DAISY

You idiot, none of this will matter once we overthrow the government and establish a doctorship with the name-that-cannot-be-spoken leading the coup. I'll be named the Under-secretary for Morality and Virgin Acquisition. You'll see. US Satanists, we take care of our own.

DYKE TRACY

You're probably right. It's no myth wrongdoers like you never pay for their crimes.

DOPE HEAD KID

That really sucks.

DYKE TRACY

It sure does. You seem like a decent kid. Go raid her garden before those knucklehead police do. If you find a little black book of virgins, you give that to me.

DOPE HEAD KID

Thanks Dyke. You're all right by me, even with you being—

DYKE TRACY

Watch it.

DOPE HEAD KID

A detective.

DYKE TRACY

Just for that show of respect, I gonna help you to pay off your student loans by becoming a regular customer. After all, for me, tomorrow will be another day of fighting crime and a good joint makes the taste of slime go away.

ANNOUNCER

Be sure to join us next week for the adventures of Dyke Tracy, Detective as she solves the *Murder at the Queen's Palace*.

THE END