

The Adventures of DYKE TRACY, Detective

Murder at the Queen's Palace

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 at the Queen's Palace*.

\*DYKE TRACY

It was noon, when some anal-retentive dame walked into my office. I knew right away she was gonna be a pain in my donkey.

GRACE

My name is Grace. I am here on behalf of her majesty, the Queen of La Cabaret. Are you familiar?

DYKE TRACY

The bar where everyone loves the entertainment?

GRACE

Except for me...

\*DYKE TRACY

No surprise there.

GRACE

...you are correct—as I would expect.

Their conversation is transcribed on the screen as real time, no breaks. GRACE is mouthing her words but the screen writes "Nothing important"; Dyke is deep in thought.

\*DYKE

Shit! Taking this job would put me on the road to certain death.

GRACE

Someone is poisoning the Queen.

\*DYKE

I had sex with sisters who live over there.

GRACE

She wants you to uncover the culprit.

\*DYKE

They were among the dying breed of families who still talked to each other. Just my luck.

GRACE

The job pays five thousand dollars.

\*DYKE

The sisters had warned me never to come back that way. More precisely, the five brothers did.

Return to spoken text except where noted.

GRACE

Are you listening to me?

DYKE

Not really. I heard enough though. Give my regret to the Queen, but—

GRACE

Do I have your full attention now Detective Tracy?

\*DYKE TRACY

(transcribed)

She did, but why this way—again.

GRACE

The Queen was quite clear, I was to persuade you to take the job—by any means possible.

\*DYKE TRACY

(transcribed)

I knew she was gonna be a pain in my donkey, but why another crazy chick with a gun. They're drawn to me like...like...

GRACE

DYKE! Pay attention.

\*DYKE TRACY

(transcribed)

For sure, a pain in a donkey's rear end.

GRACE

These are the most likely suspects. This is her majesty's lover, Jan. Her pronouns are she/her. She's been hopelessly waiting for the Queen to marry her. This is Freeda, her majesty's business partner. Also she/her. She would love to be *thee one and only* Queen. Last is Glen, the King, and the Queen's only heir. He/him. They will all be at the bar tonight.

\*DYKE TRACY

I took the job, as if I had the choice, insisting on the five grand up front. She promised another five if I could find the murderer before the Queen died. Not wanting to waste time, I headed off to La Cabaret.

ANNOUNCER

Join us next week for another episode of Dyke Tracy, *Detective* as she investigates the *Murder at the Queen's Palace*.

## DYKE TRACY, EPISODE TWO

ANNOUNCER

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

JINGLE RECORDING

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

ANNOUNCER

Tonight's episode, part two of *Murder at the Queen's Palace*.

STAGE MANAGER

Warning: In case you care,

(quick & quiet)

this episode of Dyke Tracy will most certainly contain vulgar and suggestive language that is inappropriate for young children.

DYKE TRACY

What?! What did she just say?

ANNOUNCER

(derailing Dyke)

Last week we left Dyke Tracy taking the job of finding the guilty, unrepentant, dastardly brilliant, meticulous planner who is the Queen's murderer.

\*DYKE TRACY

I took the job, as if I had the choice, insisting on the five grand up front. She promised another five if I could find the murderer before the Queen died. Not wanting to waste time, I headed off to La Cabaret. Freeda was the first suspect I met.

FREEDA

Hello. You're new. My name's Freedom, but people call me Freeda.

\*DYKE TRACY

I'll confess. I couldn't stop staring at her. She was that mesmerizing as her woman-self. I began wondering—

FREEDA

I still have my penis and I bet you have a penis-free-zone.

\*DYKE

Whoa! She was right, of course, so I went straight back to work. \*\*I would like to ask you some questions.

FREEDA

Only two types of people say that. A—

DYKE

Wait!

(to Announcer)

Hey, Ms. Announcer person, is the bell ready? Cuz remember what we talked about?

ANNOUNCER

You'll be happy to hear, Dyke, all the bells were stolen right before airtime.

FREEDA

No shit.

(to Freeda)

Okay, go on.

FREEDA

Only two types of people say that. A reporter or a detective. I'm thinking, reporter. You have that nosey look about you.

DYKE

What the fuck! Seriously?

FREEDA

Just playing with you Dyke Tracy, De-tec-tive. I heard you'd be around asking questions, but my source couldn't tell me why.

DYKE TRACY

Someone's trying to kill your business partner and I've been hired to find out who.

FREEDA

Well, I can't say I'm shocked. I'm just surprised it took this long.

DYKE TRACY

Without any diva drama, tell me truthfully, how do you feel about the Queen?

FREEDA

Other than she's always in my business, likes to flaunt money in my face, and thinks she's more of a woman than *I* am, I like her well enough as a business partner. You should talk to Jan & Glen though. Don't be fooled by their act of innocence. (beat) If that's all, have a drink on me, and enjoy the entertainment.

\*DYKE TRACY

As Freeda was leaving, I saw another suspect walking towards me.

JAN

Excuse me, but you being as attractive as you are, I just had to say hi. I'm Jan. And you are?

DYKE TRACY

Surprised. What's a real girl like you, doing in a make-believe joint like this? \*Yeah, I said that.

JAN

My friend owns it. Now tell me, what brings a captivating woman like you here?

DYKE TRACY

Someone's trying to kill your girlfriend and I've been hired to find out who.

JAN

Well, I can't say I'm shocked. I'm just surprised it took this long.

DYKE TRACY

Without any seething rant, tell me truthfully, how do you feel about the Queen?

JAN

Other than she's always telling me what I'm doing wrong, the fact that she keeps throwing her money in my face, and that I hate her oversized, power tripping dildo that keeps growing, yeah, I

like her well enough as a girlfriend. You should talk to Glen & Freeda though. Don't be fooled by their act of innocence. (beat) If that's all, have a drink on me, and enjoy the entertainment.

DYKE TRACY

Before you go, tell me where I can find the King.

JAN

He's over there, at the pool table. Be careful. He hits more than balls with that cue stick—if you know what I mean—and I think you do.

\*DYKE TRACY

I don't think Jan meant to excite me, but she did nonetheless. Good thing I was on the job. \*\*Excuse me, I just hav'da say, I'm impressed with the way you handle that stick. Like you know what to do with it.

GLEN

I do. If you would like to play with me, put your name on the board, and wait your turn.

\*DYKE TRACY

Damn, I have to admit, for a hot a moment, he had me. Then I remembered two tops don't make a bottom, so I moved on. \*\*Someone's trying to kill your mother and I've been hired to find out who. But I'm guessing you're not shocked, just surprised it took this long.

GLEN

Ohhh, a mind reader. I better be extra good at being naughty if you're gonna read my thoughts.

DYKE

If only I could, but since I can't, I'll need you to tell me truthfully, without any mommy issues, do you like your mother?

GLEN

Aside from the fact that she hates the trashy girls I bring home, constantly complains about me spending her money, and is never there when I really need her, I like her well enough for a mother. You should question Freeda and Jan though. Don't be fooled by their act of innocence. (beat) If that's all, have a drink on me, and enjoy the entertainment.

\*DYKE TRACY

There would be none of that tonight, sadly. When I returned to the office, a messenger delivered an envelope from the *Queen* herself, which I assumed was something urgent she wanted me to know. When I *eventually* read the contents, I could see why. It gave me a solid lead to follow, but I had to *confirm* something first.

ANNOUNCER

Be sure to join us next week when Dyke Tracy exposes the guilty, unrepentant, dastardly brilliant, meticulous planner of the *Murder at the Queen's Palace*.

DYKE TRACY, EPISODE THREE

ANNOUNCER

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

RIGHTEOUS

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

ANNOUNCER

In tonight's episode, Dyke solves the *Murder at the Queen's Palace*.

STAGE MANAGER

Warning: In case you care, we are *no* longer a family show. *Adult* content only.

ANNOUNCER

Last week, we ended with Dyke receiving information from the Queen that gave her a solid lead to follow.

\*DYKE TRACY

After I *confirmed* the information I received, I *called* Grace, telling her to meet me at La Cabaret—making *sure* she didn't forget the five grand. When I got there, Freeda and Jan were *dripping* sweat like a *leaky* faucet into their drinks. It was *really* gross. As I pocketed my five grand, Jan broke down right on cue.

JAN

I demand to know why I'm here.

DYKE TRACY

You know why.

(said as if reading instructions)

All suspects must be together when I expose the guilty, unrepentant, dastardly brilliant, meticulous planner who is the murderer amongst you.

JAN

I would never kill the Queen. You must believe me. I truly, sincerely, in all honesty, love her.

DYKE TRACY

Maybe "*loved*" is a better word. Retaliation can be a powerful motivation for murder.

JAN

Oh really. What's *my* motivation for retaliation, Dyke?

DYKE TRACY

That's easy. Her criticism and constant reminders that you were nothing *more* than a happy place for her *ever*-growing dildo. Years of denigration degenerated what was once delightful sex. You were ready for it to end and that led to you deciding...

JAN

She had to die. (pause) Let's say, hypothetically, that's all true, it doesn't prove I'm the killer.

DYKE TRACY

You're right, it doesn't. But it also doesn't exonerate you. \*That was Glen's cue, and he entered right on time. Unlike the other two, Glen was very mellow. I could tell from the quality of his high that he bought his weed from the Dope Head Kid. On top of that, he had remnants of engaging in some dirty, nasty, multiple times of yelling out, sex. I thought to myself, "Frickin' fucking lucky bastard. Why couldn't that be me". And I say that with all sincerity.

GLEN

Dyke Tracy, have you put your name on the board yet?

DYKE TRACY

No. And I'm certain I never will.

GLEN

Then why am I here? My mother disowned me years ago. All we have in common is my bar tab.

DYKE TRACY

Anger can be a powerful motivation for murder.

GLEN

Oh really. What's *my* motive for anger, Dyke?

DYKE TRACY

The Queen was never there for *you* when you *needed* her as a mother. Your *indictment* of her *indifference* led you to dating *trashy* tramps and running up a six-figure *bar* tab. Sadly, her love for you never came across as a caring mother and that anger led you to decide...

GLEN

She had to die. (pause) Is that what you believe, Dyke?

DYKE TRACY

Personally, *no*. But that *doesn't* mean you're *not* the killer. That brings me *to* you.

FREEDA

You're *crazy* if you're thinking *I'm* the one. In case you haven't noticed, *I'm* doing quite well.

DYKE TRACY

Maybe that's *only* a façade. Maybe you're hiding your *true* feelings of jealousy inside.



FREEDA

Oh really. What's *my* motive for jealousy, Dyke?

DYKE TRACY

The battle of *who was more* of a woman. The Queen mocked you persistently about the impossibility of you being recognized officially as a real woman, like she was, and that led you to deciding...

FREEDA

She had to die. (pause) Okay, yes, that's all true. However, I must *sadly* decline the *honor* of being *her* murderer. And since we're *on* the subject, I'm throwing a "wicked witch is dead" *party* right after *she* dies, and you're *all* invited.

DYKE TRACY

Thanks for that, but *I'm* absolutely certain, there'll be *more* penises than I can handle.

GRACE

Dyke, you said you were *ready* to expose

(with a hint of pride)

the guilty, unrepentant, dastardly brilliant, meticulous planner who plotted so well how to kill the Queen. It's time to say which one of *them* is the murderer.

DYKE TRACY

(side glance to the audience)

As we *all* know...

(to Grace)

...the murderer is always portrayed as the *least* likely person to commit the crime, which, in this case, is *you* Grace. And *please*, don't insult *our* intelligence by denying it.

(casual direct address)

We *all* know... it's you.

GRACE

(rapid)

If I understand your *implication* correctly, you're saying that the *least* likely person to *commit* the crime *is*, in fact, the *person* who *did* commit the crime. If that is true then the Queen, as the *very* least likely person to commit the crime, is *killing herself*. And since that's *not* the case you were *hired* to investigate, logic dictates that *one* of *them* is *guilty*, thereby untangling the twisted *plot* line making me the guilty, unrepentant, dastardly brilliant, meticulous planning murderer.

FREEDA

Excuse *me* for interrupting this *bullshit*, Dyke...

(to Grace)

...but I got a *nail* appointment and a *party* to plan for.

JAN

*Ditto* on cutting out the bullshit.

DYKE TRACY

While we *still* have the *right* to vote, I say we ignore her *bullshitting* and continue on. Those in favor? ... The motion passes. Moving on.

GRACE

It's not *me*, if that's what you're implying.

DYKE TRACY

Really, Grace? You're gonna *play* the stupid, little-old-me-who-couldn't-hurt-a-fly card.

GRACE

This has gone *far* enough. Why am *I* the only one accused of that?

DYKE TRACY

Because *you're* guilty of what is *now* officially murder. And *you* did it for the *oldest* reason of all. You were *in* love with the Queen, but *she* never loved *you* back. *Pathetically*, without *any* gratification, you woulda *lived* like that *forever*, but then, on a whim, she decided to marry Jan. You weren't going to let *that* happen, so you decided...

GRACE

She had to die. (pause) That's preposterous. The Queen would never marry anyone *beneath* her.  
(direct address)

And stop thinking dirty, people. That is *not* what I meant.

JAN

The Queen was going to marry *me*? She never said anything about that. And *you* psycho *bitch*, I always knew you were capable of murder—which is *why* I kept my distance.

DYKE TRACY

A *wise* decision, because secretly, *she* imagined multiple *ways* of killing you. Turns out, Grace has *many* secrets. But little *did* you know, the Queen *kept* secret *all* about what *she* knew about all *your* secrets, which she *secretly* gave to me.

GRACE

Wow, I actually understood that, but I'm *still* innocent.

DYKE TRACY

I got a search warrant from a judge who owed me a favor. She hooked me up with a *quickie*.  
(smiling)

She screamed, I screamed, we both screamed—but quietly. She hadn't adjourned court yet.

GRACE

You *were* at *my* house?

DYKE TRACY

Indeed. Your error was you never took out the trash—on *your* computer. There's *enough* there for the prosecution to build a case on.

GRACE

Now I know you're lying. I don't have a computer. I believe they're the work of the devil.

DYKE TRACY

Okay. What I meant to say was journals. The Queen knew you wrote your private thoughts in journals, and she told me *all* about 'em.

GRACE

Oh yeah. You were *able* to find the *loose* plank under the bed in the guest room where I keep my all my personal thoughts hidden away from nosey people like you. I don't think so.

DYKE TRACY

You're right. I didn't find them, but I was at your house—to use the bathroom. However, the police will, now that they know *what* to look for *and* where.

GRACE

It doesn't matter. All you'll find is the *backstory* of my *psychotic* breakdowns stemming from *my* hatred for Jan, *my* contempt for Freeda, and *my Karen* disapproval of Glen.

DYKE TRACY

Psychotic breakdowns? I don't think so. That's all part of your *devious* plan so you could *plea* temporary insanity.

JAN

I would hav'da disagree with you there, Dyke. She's *definitely* an insane, *totally* crazy bitch.

GRACE

Jan, Jan, *Jan*. Pick one. *Either* I'm insane or I'm crazy. To use *both* is redundant. Not that it matters because I am not *an* insane serial killer *bitch*.

JAN

Crazy. I choose crazy. You're a crazy bitchin' serial killer.

DYKE TRACY

I discovered recently that, according to the FBI, you only need to kill twice to be a serial killer.

GRACE

Well, there you go. That leaves me *one* short of being...

FREEDA

A serial killer.

DYKE TRACY

But you only need one to be a murderer.

GRACE

Dyke, if I tell you where the journals to prove me guilty are, can you *get* me a deal?

DYKE TRACY

I have nothing to do with the prosecution of murderers like you.

GRACE

I don't *care* about that. I meant a *movie* deal. Maybe a *book*? Or an *episode* on a *true* crime show?

DYKE TRACY

Frankly Grace, I don't *give* a damn. (beat) But a lot of *deprived* people do, so maybe. Probably. Fucking-H, I'm sure *you* will. \*Having solved the case, I headed home, had a quickie, took a long shower, smoked a blunt, and started thinking, "How much more can the world be *fucked* up when *crazy* people get movie deals and *voted* into the White House?"

ANNOUNCER

Be sure to join us next week for the adventures of Dyke Tracy, Detective as she catches another murderer gone wild.

THE END