

Dyke Tracy, Detective
Murder at the Queen's Palace

by

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Synopsis:

What happens when her majesty, the Queen, plans to marry her lady-in-waiting, the powerful king wants to be queen and the princess seeks to be a king? Murder, that's what! And only Dyke Tracy, Detective can solve the case.

Character Breakdown:

NOTE: While ages are listed, feel free to take artistic liberty with them.

Dyke Tracy ~ self-explanatory, but just in case, a detective

Grace ~ personal assistant to her majesty, the Queen for 18 years

Glenda ~ daughter of her majesty, the Queen

Jan ~ the Queen's lady-in-waiting for 12 years

Fred ~ her majesty's business partner of several years

Set Requirements:

Three to four café tables with chairs. A make-believe bar.

NOTE: Bold print signify dialogue meant to be narrative instead of spoken directly to another character.

ANNOUNCER

Good evening and welcome to another episode of Dyke Tracy, Detective. Tonight's episode, Murder at the Queen's Palace.

DYKE TRACY

It was noon, and I was just about to call it a day, when some desperate looking dame walked in seeking my help. I hate when that happens.

GRACE

My name's Grace and I'm here on behalf of her majesty, the Queen. She would like to engage your services.

DYKE TRACY

That's nice, but she'll have to look elsewhere. I'm not that kind of girl.

GRACE

I'm afraid you don't understand.

DYKE TRACY

I should have known she was another crazy chick with a gun. I seem to attract them.

GRACE

Her majesty needs your help now. I can't let you leave until you agree to take the job.

DYKE TRACY

Okay. Start by telling me what business is the Queen to you, and why me.

GRACE

I'm her personal assistant. I've been with her for the past 18 years. Over time, she's acquired several enemies and some back-stabbing friends. One of them has managed to poison her with arsenic. The doctor expects her to die by the end of the week. She would like for you to find her murderer.

DYKE TRACY

Nice. Short and sweet exposition, just the way I like it. Now here's a thought—have you considered her son? He's been waiting an awfully long time for the old lady to croak.

GRACE

You're thinking of the Queen of England. I'm talking about the Queen of La Cabaret. I've taken the liberty of writing down the most likely suspects. While others may have had their motives, they're the only ones who had opportunity as well.

DYKE TRACY

She handed me a piece of paper with three names on it and the address for La Cabaret, a drag queen bar hidden in the cracks of south Baltimore. She then told me who the three suspects were.

GRACE

Jan is her majesty's lover, the lady-forever-in-waiting. Fred, or Frieda, is her business partner and would love to be the Queen. Last is Glenda, her daughter, the princess who seeks to be a king. You'll find them all at the bar tonight.

DYKE TRACY

She gave me five thousand dollars, vowing to double it, if I could find the culprit before her majesty died. I couldn't pass that up, so I took the job. Later that night, I read the Queen's will, then I went to La Cabaret. I was enjoying a drink at the bar, when a false falsetto approached me and said,

FRED

You're standing in my spot.

DYKE TRACY

I recognized Fred immediately from pictures Grace had given me. He was trying to pull off a Marilyn Monroe, but with little success. I started a conversation by apologizing first, and then asking for her name.

FRED

The name's Fredricka. But everyone calls me Frieda.

DYKE TRACY

You look familiar. Are you connected with the bar in some way?

FRED

I own the place.

DYKE TRACY

Oh, you're that Fred. I thought you co-owned the joint with her majesty, the Queen.

FRED

It's Frieda. You know her majesty? I thought I knew all her friends.

DYKE TRACY

She was fishing for a clue about who I was, but I wasn't biting. Instead, I dropped my own hook and asked, "What's with calling yourself the owner and dissing the Queen?"

FRED

Just trying to show off, that's all. No harm meant. She's a wonderful woman, don't you think?

DYKE TRACY

She was lying. I knew she was lying. So I asked her point blank, "What's your beef with her majesty?"

FRED

Nothing, except she thinks she's a better woman than me.

DYKE TRACY

I had no doubt that the Queen was, but I wasn't getting paid to protect her honor, so I went on with the investigation. Is that your only gripe?

FRED

Other than she's always in my business and likes to flaunt her money in front of me, yeah, that's about it. Who are you by the way?

DYKE TRACY

I'm Dyke Tracy, a private detective.

FRED

A dick, hum?

DYKE TRACY

Hey, watch it! Nobody calls me a dick.

FRED

Sorry. I wasn't trying to stick it to you. How about another drink? On me.

DYKE TRACY

I passed on the drink and asked her if she knew anything about the Queen's will. She denied having any knowledge, but then something urgent came up. She scampered across the floor like a scared rat, wrapped up tight in an evening gown. I admit, I was amused. The next thing I know, a real dame walks up to me and says,

JAN

Chicks like you don't come in here often, so I just have to say hi. I'm Jan. And you are?

DYKE TRACY

It was obvious Jan was a player and couldn't be trusted. So instead of telling her my name, I said, "What's a real girl like you, doing in a make-believe joint like this?"

JAN

My friend owns it. And it doesn't hurt that I like the entertainment.

DYKE TRACY

Just a friend?

JAN

Yeah, that's right. So what brings an intriguing woman like yourself in here?

DYKE TRACY

I'm here as a favor to her majesty, the Queen. You do know her, don't you?

JAN

Of course I do. How do you know her?

DYKE TRACY

That's between her majesty and me. What I wanna know is, what's up with you hitting on me, if you and the Queen are an item? You are still together, right?

JAN

I won't lie. I get bored from time to time and I need a little change every now and then. It doesn't mean anything. It's just harmless flirting.

DYKE TRACY

Maybe, maybe not. Maybe you want out of your relationship all together. Is that what you want, Jan? Do you even like her majesty, the Queen anymore?

JAN

Other than her old fashion way of making love, her need to tell me what I'm doing wrong, and the fact that she keeps throwing her money in my face, yeah, I like her. Who are you, and what's with the twenty questions?

DYKE TRACY

The name's Tracy, or Dyke Tracy. You can even call me Dyke. Just don't call me Dick.

JAN

The Dyke Tracy? Why would she hire a detective?

DYKE TRACY

I ignored her question, asking instead, "What do you know about the queen's will?"

JAN

I know I'm not in it. She's made that very clear, many times over. So now-days, I don't even give a shit. That's for Fred and Glenda to worry about.

DYKE TRACY

Since Glenda was brought up in the conversation, I opted to move on in that direction. I asked Jan where I could find the Queen's heir apparent.

JAN

She's the only king in the whole frickin' joint. She's over there, hanging out at the pool table. Be careful. That cue stick isn't just for hitting balls.

DYKE TRACY

Glenda was hard to miss. She wore a nicely tailored suit, looking rather toxic in a very sexy way. I was immediately drawn to her 'cause I could tell she was the wild card in a deck of fifty-two. I carefully moved over her way, hoping my gun wouldn't go off. But when she saw me coming, she smiled, and that was that for my gun.

GLEND A

Was that you who just shot a round off?

DYKE TRACY

I was embarrassed, but I put on my best poker face, and asked her if she was her majesty's daughter, just to confirm.

GLEND A

That's what she tells me. Why? Is there something wrong with mother dear?

DYKE TRACY

Are you hoping there is?

GLEND A

Do you always answer a question with a question?

DYKE TRACY

Do you?

GLEND A

Didn't I ask you first?

DYKE TRACY

I'm a detective. I get paid to ask questions. What's your excuse?

GLEND A

Interesting. Tell me, do you get paid per minute or per question, because you seem to be wasting a lot of both on me.

DYKE TRACY

She was sassy and cold at the same time, which was making me hot. But I had a job to do, so I tempered my feelings and continued with the investigation. You're an only child, is that correct?

GLEND A

I'm pretty sure. Mother wasn't big on getting out and about.

DYKE TRACY

That means you stand to inherit a lot of money.

GLEND A

What a curious thing to say to me. You either want something from me, or suspect me of doing something underhanded. Which could it be, I wonder.

DYKE TRACY

It was obvious that Glenda was no stranger to being interrogated. Playing games with her would be pointless, so I took the direct route and asked her straight out, “Do you like your mother?”

GLEND A

Aside from the fact that she constantly complains about my spending, always hates the girls I date, and is never there when I really need her, I like her well enough for a mother.

DYKE TRACY

What do you know about her will?

GLEND A

I know she's always fiddling with it.

DYKE TRACY

With you being the only heir... Well, it's what police call motive.

GLEND A

Motive? I don't like where this is going. If you got something to say, then just say it.

DYKE TRACY

Someone is trying to kill your mother.

GLEND A

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

DYKE TRACY

Maybe you thought it was time.

GLEND A

That's funny. If you think I'm the one doing it, you've got the wrong character in this plot. Mother has no plans on leaving me anything. When she dies, all I'll get is a bill for my drinks. Something I prefer to avoid, even with her bitchin' all the time. So maybe you should go ask your questions elsewhere. Try Fred or Jan. They have far better motives than me for killing my dear old mother.

DYKE TRACY

I was getting nowhere fast here, so I headed back to the office, where I found a special delivery from her majesty. I read the contents, and based on the info, I followed a hunch, and that led me to what I needed to solve the case. I called Grace,

and told her to meet me at the bar with the five grand. When I got back to La Cabaret, Glenda was missing, but Fred and Jan were dripping sweat like a leaky faucet into their drinks, a full bucket of Kentucky whiskey. The two demanded to know why they were being detained. I explained the situation. They both acted surprised. Then Jan blurted out,

JAN

Why am I here? I love her majesty. I wouldn't kill her.

DYKE TRACY

You did love her, once. But vengeance can be a powerful motivation for murder. Her constant reminders that you were nothing more than a body for a strap-on, began to irk you. And the pain from her harsh words became too much for you to bear.

JAN

Even if that was all true, that doesn't prove I'm trying to kill her.

DYKE TRACY

You're right, it doesn't. It was just then that Glenda arrived. Unlike the other two, she was very calm, cool and collected. A bit too, if you ask me. Like she had just smoked a joint, or had sex, or maybe both. I thought to myself, lucky bitch.

GLENDA

I assume you want me here because you still think I'm a prime suspect.

FRED

You are the sole heir to the Queen's fortune.

GLENDA

Except, I'm not in her will. And, to make you totally giddy when she does die, I have no desire to contest it. So, like I told the nice detective, I've got no motive to kill her, Freddie.

FRED

Frieda!

GLENDA

You wish.

GRACE

Actually, Glenda, that's not true. Your mother lied. You were always in the Queen's will. She hoped the prospect of being poor would motivate you to make something of yourself. She didn't want you to simply wait for your inheritance so you could squander it. Much like you do now with her money.

GLENDA

Even in death she was going to control my life. Well, I never knew any of that, I swear.

DYKE TRACY

I know that. You're in the clear as far as the will goes. But that doesn't mean you wouldn't kill her out of anger, for never being there when you really needed her. That meant more to you than all the money she had, but you just couldn't get her to see that.

GLEND A

So my mother wasn't there for me. That doesn't mean I'm trying to kill her.

DYKE TRACY

You're right, it doesn't. And I don't think you are. That brings me to you, Fred.

FRED

Frieda! And you're crazy if you think I'm the one. I whole-heartedly resent the implication. In case you haven't noticed, I'm doing quite well without her money.

DYKE TRACY

That's a lie. The truth is, she was blackmailing you and always flaunting that in your face. But it wasn't until you learned she was leaving everything to Glenda, including La Cabaret, that you had had enough, and you weren't going to take it anymore.

FRED

Blackmailing me was nothing more than entertainment. She taunted me with her declarations of giving the money to Glenda, of all people. So yes, I wanted her dead. But sadly, I'm not the one killing her.

DYKE TRACY

I know. The real killer, as I'm sure everyone is aware of, is always the one who seems the least likely to do the dirty deed. That makes you, Grace, the culprit. You're the one poisoning her majesty, the Queen.

GRACE

What nonsense. Why would I do that?

DYKE TRACY

For the oldest reason of all. Love. For 18 years you loved her, but you were never anything more than her personal assistant. And you coulda lived like that forever, until her majesty decided to marry Jan. And when the Queen sent you after an application for a marriage license, that sealed her fate. You coulda killed Jan, but you were angry at the Queen. And that anger would never go away while she lived. It had to be her to die.

JAN

She was going to marry me? She never said anything about that. Was she really going to?

DYKE TRACY

That was the Queen's plans. But like all the Queen's secrets, Grace kept it to herself. Little did you know Grace, that the Queen kept secrets from you, which she made sure I got without you knowing it.

GRACE

She couldn't have given you anything that would implicate me in her death, because there isn't anything.

DYKE TRACY

You're right about the Queen's notes. But your journals, on the other hand, do. I knew you weren't America's sweetheart, but after reading what the Queen sent me, I knew you were made from a double batch of trouble. I called in a favor from a judge I used to sleep with, who hooked me up with a search warrant. After which, I snooped around your house. Your journals outline your every thought, including your hatred for Jan, your contempt for Fred, and your disapproval of Glenda. You woulda been happy with either one of them going down for the murder of her majesty. You saw it as poetic justice.

GRACE

Those aren't my journals. The real killer planted them in my house. I'm being framed, I tell you. Framed!

DYKE TRACY

Good luck proving that to a jury. **Having declared Grace the murderer, I headed home with the promised five grand in hand. I took a long shower, smoked a blunt, had a quickie and got some much-needed sleep. Tomorrow, after all, would be another day of fighting crime.**

ANNOUNCER

Be sure to join us next week for the adventures of Dyke Tracy, Detective—as she solves another case of murder most vile.

THE END