

The Special Victims That Ruined Golf For Us

A one act play

by
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SCENE 1

It's late at night and it's been raining.

DALLAS

There it is.

JOY

She is.

DALLAS

I got the last one.

JOY

Fine.

Joy approaches a body on the ground. She peers around it. Dallas takes out a pencil and a small notebook.

JOY

We have a young female, in a red sweatshirt, nothing else, well, socks, estimated age 14 to... 85? Race ambiguous. There seems to be signs of struggle, bruising on areas of the neck, nose, hands, shoulders, forearms, elbows, legs, ankles--

DALLAS

And toes?

JOY

I'm not taking the socks off, we wait for evidence, Dallas.

DALLAS

I was just asking.

JOY

Abrasions on the breast, neck, collarbone, shoulder, upper arm, lower arm, stomach, lower stomach, vulva, more bruising on the labia, vagina, anus, glutes. Incisions on arm pit, eye brow, panty line--

DALLAS

Can you repeat that?

Which part?
JOY

All of it.
DALLAS

Dallas, are you kidding me?
JOY

Sorry, it's been a long night, I spaced off.
DALLAS

JOY
We have a young female. Red sweatshirt. Nothing but socks. 14 to 85, race ambiguous. There seems to be signs of struggle, bruising on areas of the neck, nose, hands, shoulders, fore arms, elbows, legs, ankles-- possibly toes. Abrasions on the breast, neck, collarbone, shoulder, upper arm, lower arm, stomach, lower stomach, vulva, more bruising on the labia--

Sorry, go back?
DALLAS

JOY
Abrasions on the breast, neck, collarbone, shoulder, upper arm, lower arm, stomach, lower stomach, vulva, more bruising on the labia--

No, back.
DALLAS

Probably on the back too.
JOY

No, GO back.
DALLAS

JOY
...bruising on areas of the neck, nose, hands, shoulders, fore arms, elbow, legs, ankles-- Possibly toes-- Abrasions on the breast neck, collarbone, shoulder, upper arm, lower arm, stomach, lower stomach, vulva, more on the labia, vagina, anus, glutes.

Slower.
DALLAS

JOY
Incision on the arm pit, eye brow, panty line, stomach and lower stomach...

DALLAS

...My pencil broke.

JOY

Everywhere, Dallas! There are Abrasions everywhere!

Dallas finishes scribbling.

DALLAS

Okay. Got it... The 22nd body of the Red Dress Killer's crimes. Just when we think he's gone for good.

JOY

23rd.

DALLAS

What?

JOY

It's the 23rd victim.

DALLAS

No, cuz the 21st one was... recent.

JOY

Recent, but not directly before the 23rd victim.

DALLAS

Agree to disagree.

JOY

No, I disagree. There are 23 victims, I'm certain of it. I'm not wrong. You know I'm not wrong.

DALLAS

You always have to bring up that brain scan they did at the police academy. Just because you have the "most exceptionally sized female brain" doesn't mean your flawless at counting the victims.

JOY

It wasn't a real scan Dallas, it was an expression. A true one, but it still landed me with you.

DALLAS

Ouch. Fine. We call it even at 23. Where's evidence already? I'm trying to catch a golf match later tonight.

JOY

Should be here soon. A Golf match this late at night?

DALLAS

Broadcasted from Guam. I'd hate to miss it. It's a calming thing for me. Man I wish I could get in her already... I know I could find something useful.

JOY

We're waiting for protocol. And you know I don't like it when you say that, "get in her".

DALLAS

Fine. I wish I could "begin protocol". I'm just really tired... And I wanna get home soon.

JOY

Dallas, We're not touching her until evidence is here. If we touch her that disrupts any chance we have at a clean sample! I don't care what you think we're going to find!

DALLAS

But I have a feeling!

JOY

If it's really so great it will still be there once evidence finishes procedure.

DALLAS

It will still be there. Haha. Yeah. We've been saying that for three years, Joy. Three years on this guy's tail. Waiting patiently. I want evidence! I want the evidence so badly Joy. We have nothing. It's like we're losing at the fourth quarter, we need offense, we need to get in her NOW--

JOY

But you say this every time!

DALLAS

If I'm wrong... you can have the big chair at my desk.... You can have the big chair at my desk and I'll get to work five minutes after you everyday so I have to greet you in the chair.

JOY

This is silly.

DALLAS

And my mug that says 'BIG DOG'.

JOY

Fine, where are we moving her?

DALLAS

I'll take the feet, you take the shoulders--

JOY

Wait!... Gloves.

They put on gloves. Dallas grabs the feet.

JOY

Hey, Hey, SLOW--

He doesn't slow down, he holds the feet high in the air.

JOY

HEY!

Brain matter spills out the top of the victims head all over Joy's coat. Dallas retrieves something from the sock. He sets the body down.

DALLAS

Found something! Found something! Note in the sock! Smart Bastard! I think it's a code, Joy. I think out of the two of us, you'd be the code breaker, so here. Look, Evidence, Finally!

He hands the note to her. EVIDENCE rolls up to the scene.

EVIDENCE

We're here. What do we have?

DALLAS

"Everywhere, Abrasions everywhere."

Evidence leaves with the body.

JOY

Don't be surprised when they come back with nothing.

Evidence returns wicked fast.

EVIDENCE

There's no traceable DNA left on the body, except yours... Seriously guys? See ya at the next one.

He places a stray yellow tape on the scene and Exits. Joy stares at the note.

DALLAS

So... what does it say?

JOY

It says... "Bitch."

SCENE 2

Lights shift.

The Office. Same night. Dallas plays darts.

JOY

Oh fuck, I just got my period.

DALLAS

You said that out loud. By the way, Commissioner says press conference in five.

JOY

I can't do another press conference.

DALLAS

But they kinda like you doing it, Joy. Would playing "suspect darts" cheer you up?

JOY

Not tonight. Do you ever think the game would be more fun if we had actual suspects?

DALLAS

... Maybe.

JOY

I can't do the press conference, I'm sick. We gotta stop doing search parties in the rain.

DALLAS

If only he'd stop murdering explicitly when it rains. BULLSEYE-- *it would be a bullseye...* actually, I kinda enjoy it when it rains, especially in the middle of a middle of the night search party. Like, that moment. You get out of the cop car, rain spills off the shiny black brim of your police hat, everyone is full of dread, like... "shit!.." It's a beautiful image.

JOY

I can't give a press conference tonight, my cold is too bad I think, can't speak.

DALLAS

I didn't get a cold.

JOY

I'm saying I did.

Joy picks up a dart and plays.

JOY

Has this investigation felt like three years to you? I mean, if we'd have found him by now... You have to agree Dallas, it all looks different because of these Murders.

DALLAS

How?

JOY

Everything? The roommates we're forced to have, the mass bathrooms for 200 people, travel insurance incase we die and ruin a profitable destination. Curfews. The red dye sanctions? It's excessive.

DALLAS

You're starting to sound like that secret society of women that hates us.

JOY

But I owe all of them, don't I? I can't crack this killer, I don't know anything about him, what he looks like, what he wants--

DALLAS

Joy, I'm gonna stop you-- here's me, not as a cop, but as an honest, good friend: You're way too logical and selfless. You need to drop the expectation of saving other people and focus on you. What can I do to make me a hero? The answer is solve the case! There. Now I'm more motivated than ever to solve the case.

JOY

But I need to know what he is.

DALLAS

He's me.

JOY

Dallas...

DALLAS

Not me, me, but that's how I imagine him, it's how I MUST Imagine him or I would never be able to be so dedicated. I think of me. And I think there is no reasoning, no logic to what I do, but it makes sense. It's what creeps have done since the beginning of time: Kill girls. He's not a stranger, he's not impossible to fathom, he's me-- He's me-- He's me when my high school girlfriend grinded up on my friend Joey at the Women Pay all formal. I get why the red dress killer goes for those red dresses-- I TOO hate fuchsia cocktail dresses. I love my beautiful mother but goddamnit, did I want to bash her head in last week when she posted that baby picture of me in the kiddy pool with my naked front junk out!! On Facebook! HOMICIDAL THOUGHTS AMONG MAN IS COMMON! ...Are you going to wear that to the press conference?

JOY

Yeah, I think so? Is there something I should--

DALLAS

Don't overthink it. Don't worry about them.

JOY

But I owe them something--

DALLAS

Sometimes you gotta do it for that moment, Joy. Not anyone else. Remember that moment, rain drops laying perfectly on the shiny black rim of your police hat, perfect white gloves, carrying the casket of your fallen friend... But still Regal. With a Regal Purpose. Full of Self-honor. Self Heroic-ness.

JOY

What?

SCENE 3

Light shift.

Press conference .

JOY

Thank you all for coming. Tonight, at 10pm we apprehended--

PROTESTOR

The Red Dress Killer?

JOY

No. We apprehended the 23rd victim of the Red Dress Killer. Vanessa Vagliano was found in a dog park, we believe the reason she was targeted by the Killer was the red colored Chuckit she had on her person.

PROTESTOR

What is a 'Chuckit'?

JOY

It is a strangely shaped red dog toy used to play fetch, i.e , chuck it. I suggest anyone who considers themselves at risk to abstain from using Chuckits until the killer is apprehended.

PROTESTOR

So you're telling us that in order not to get murdered women need to stop buying dog toys?

JOY

... Yes. Any other questions?

PROTESTOR

What about the evidence?

JOY

Evidence! As we know, the Killer is extremely refined so, again, no DNA of the killer found on the body. Oh, There was something, we found a note in the sock.

PROTESTOR

Was it a clue? What did it say?

JOY

The note said... Bitch. That doesn't mean there isn't a code to break, and we're working on it--

PROTESTOR

How long does it take to crack a code?

JOY

It could take a number of hours to years depending on the complexity.

PROTESTOR

That simply isn't good enough for us.

JOY

That's not a question! Anybody else?

PROTESTOR

Do you not care what we have to say?

JOY

Of course we do, I just don't think you understand where the investigation is coming from, all the complications--

PROTESTOR

WE don't understand?

The press take off their fedoras and press badges to reveal they are feminine long haired women dressed head to toe in red.

DALLAS

Oh no, the secret society of women who hate us. Joy! It's the secret society of women who HATE US!

JOY

I know, DALLAS.

PROTESTOR

The following is a list of all the products deemed un-purchasable by YOU since the Red Dress Murders started three years ago: Newsboy caps, Yeti water bottles, Braids, bifocals, lip stick, tints, and some bee's products, most recently Chuckits. Behavioral changes include, no skipping, humming, eye contact, politeness or rudeness, clubbing, street performing, wandering, cloud watching, exploring, roller skating and blading--

JOY

Numbers may prove that the death toll would be much larger without considering this--

PROTESTOR

For the last three years us, Women, have organized search parties, vigils, bodyguards, assassins, trained dogs, built bunkers, yurts, learned to wield swords, how to kick people in the face-- All for this investigation to be stuck on getting a single piece of evidence? 23 BODIES. DO YOU EVEN BLINK AT THAT NUMBER. SISTER. Our lives change drastically every time that number rises. We walk in pairs, then trios, then transportation parades. Built bathrooms that can cram 200 of us in them. We're forced to ignore a quintessential color for the sake of some violent fetish. In the name of keeping us safe, we're told to change. But you haven't changed at all. You seem way too comfortable.

Protestor holds up a laundry basket full of red clothes. The other protestors follow her lead.

PROTESTOR

SCREW THE INVESTIGATION!

They all toss the red clothes on Joy.