

A script from



“The Congregation Case”

by
Barrett Huddleston

- What** This script parodies a popular teen mystery series to share instruction on the importance of carefully maintaining the body of Christ’s health.
Themes: Body of Christ, Church Unity, Fellowship
- Who** Sally Sleuth- impulsive and enthusiastic
Imelda- pompous and aloof
Moira- erratic and outlandish
Maid- anxious and senseless
Church- wise and serene
- When** Present
- Wear** Appropriate costumes for each character. Go as big or as small as you want.
(Props) Elaborate costumes are not necessary.
- Why** I Corinthians 12:12-31
- How** To present a lively and engaging scene, consider offering a tableau or mime of Sally’s accusations; the Church can arise and play the role of victim for each unusual scenario. Sally herself can take on the role of murderer for each sequence, underscoring her dialogue with action.
- Time** Approximately 7 minutes

Sally, Imelda, Moira and Maid stand over a prone Church, lying motionless on the floor.

Sally: Scene of crime – check. Suspects –

Imelda: Check.

Sally: Body –

Moira: Whoopee!

Sally: Amazingly adept teenage super clue finder? Check and mate. Fret not gentle readers! Sally Sleuth, teen detective extraordinaire and blue ribbon cookie baker will now solve the most intrepid case of her entire career.

Maid: Alright! I admit it. I can't hold it in anymore the guilt is too much. It was me who drank the milk directly from the carton – I couldn't help myself! There were no clean glasses! None!

Sally: Thank you, Maid Martigan, but we're actually trying to unravel how this body, or should I say, the body of Christ, the Church, wound up prone on the Persian rug. More importantly, who is responsible for this heinous act? What was their motive? And can I wrap all this up before curfew? Questions, questions, questions –

Imelda: How droll!

Moira: Is this the express lane? I only have three items.

Imelda: My sister, Flora, driven mad after being jilted by a young suitor. Some are born great. Some are easily distracted by shiny objects.

Moira: Oh, I have a coupon for tin foil.

Sally: The sisters Dodo – heirs to the all but extinct Dodo fortune. You wouldn't know anything about this affair would you?

Imelda: I know nothing – I was playing croquet all afternoon. She doesn't know anything period.

Sally: A convenient game of croquet and even more convenient care worn mind.

Imelda: I'd hardly describe a body in the parlor as convenient. I've told you everything as it happened.

Sally: Or what if this happened? Wouldn't it be more convenient for you, Imelda Dodo, to have distracted your simpleton sister with a racquet ball and leftover tinsel from Christmas?

*As she speaks, **Sally** and the **Church** reenact the following sequence of events.*

As your sibling happily played in the adjoining room, you strangled the victim with a shoelace from your late uncle Worthington's Wellington boots, the very boots you had received in his will in lieu of a substantial fortune. Consumed with rage and with no money to purchase an actual garrote, you tethered the hapless victim to the ground with the shoelace, hammered her into oblivion with a handy croquet mallet then sped to the green only to triple peel a wicket and return in time to feign shock at the murder you yourself had caused. Case closed – another forensic tour de force by Sally Sleuth, teen detective and county spelling bee champion.

Moira: What an active imagination, my dear. You really should publish these fanciful stories.

Maid: Alright! I admit it. I'll die if I try to hold it in any longer – I never mark my spoilers whenever I talk about movies on Facebook! People if you've never seen The Sixth Sense then unfriend me! For your own sake's unfriend me!

Sally: Thank you, Maid Martigan, but I'm afraid your twitter status can't bring us any closer to solving this crime. It does, however, make me think that some people here may be privy to events they have not fully discussed; that some folks are more ahead of the story than they may be letting on. Isn't that right, Moira Dodo, or should I call you Lady Boom Boom, secret international spy and underground napalm supplier!

Moira: You can use old light bulbs to darn socks – every penny counts.

Sally: None of us are impressed by this clever charade of not acting clever, Moira. It was you who concealed a rapier in your sewing kit on the off chance that your arch nemesis might return to recover the Faberge data tapes you pilfered in Sumatra.

*As she speaks, **Sally** and the **Church** reenact the following sequence of events.*

When she arrived, a fearsome fencing match ensued. Blows were exchanged, taunts were shared and buttered scones were removed from the oven just as they turned a golden brown. But when the dust

settled, Moira Dodo stood over the body of long forgotten enemy as she began to sow the seeds of deception to save her skin!

Imelda: That could be the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard! My sister can't even spell Sumatra. And we have to put corks on the end of her sewing needles to prevent her puncturing the cat!

Moira: Kitty pokey bad bad.

Maid: Alright! I admit it. I did it!

As she speaks, **Maid** and the **Church** reenact the following sequence of events.

I took a weed whacker out of the garden shed, loaded it with Bolivian shotgun shells and flicked the switch too high just as the Church was coming through the door. The bullets and grass clippings ricocheted off the ceiling and mantle until the chandelier fell on the piano causing it to spontaneously break into a rendition of Vivaldi's Four Seasons. The sound enraged a nearby pack of rabid hamsters that set upon the victim until she succumbed to the nibbling and other worldly squeaking of the furious, furry horde. Blam! Zoom. Zoom. Zoom. Crash. Dum Dum Dee Dum. Squeak. Ach!

Sally: Really?

Maid: No, not really.

Imelda: I must remember to start checking the help's references.

Moira: Cuckoo!

Sally: Can this be the end of Sally Sleuth, teenage detective and world class ping pong ball polisher? Isn't there anyone who can shed some light on the mystery of the killed congregation?

Church: (*Standing as she speaks*) Maybe I can offer some assistance.

Sally: Yikes!

Imelda: How uncouth. In my day dead bodies knew how to remain dead.

Maid: I see dead people!

Moira: Happy New Year!

Sally: This is highly unusual: are you ready to confess to your own murder?

Church: Murder? It would take a lot more than a weed whacker or sharpened sewing needles to get the best of this old bride of Christ.

Sally: So you weren't mangled by a marauding Maid?

Imelda: Nope.

Sally: And an icky heiress didn't choke your throat.

Church: Of course not – I'm the church! The fellowship of believers can't be silenced by a little fire and sword.

Sally: So no harm no foul! No crime. No suspects. *(To the audience)* Sorry for the mix up, folks. Thanks for coming out, everybody – drive safely.

Imelda: About time – I have reservations.

Church: Whoa! I'm not finished yet! I didn't wind up on the floor because it's good for my back.

Maid: Then –

Church: There are plenty of things that can kill even the best churches – apathy, worry, not to mention the occasional strife. Any one of those things will tear a body like this apart.

Sally: So –

Church: I'm trying to prove a point, here. Sometimes it's hard to say what kills a church even though everybody is kind of responsible. I'm a body – not a single person so it takes more than one person to make me hurt. Even a champion bean bag juggler –

Sally: All-State first place three years running!

Moira: When you wish upon a star –

Church: Even the best believers with the best intentions can do harm to the entire body when they're not listening to the word in a meaningful way.

Sally: Well, if even the best among us can bring down a blessed bride what's the point of even trying?

Church: The trick is not to rely on yourselves but each other. Not everyone can do everything it takes for the church to overcome its natural enemies.

That's why you have to rely on even the least among you to ensure great things. It's what I'm all about.

Maid: Alright! I admit it! I could be doing a lot more to keep you upright!

Imelda: I suppose I'm not too good to get my hands dirty once in a while.

Moira: Amen.

Church: That's the spirit. It doesn't take perfect people to keep me going, just people who want to be perfect.

Sally: *(To the audience)* Fret not, gentle readers. While we didn't solve any cases we did crack the secret to keeping your church body going strong. To those that can hear listen up! Christ is our savior, his bride is the body and we're here to do a body good.

All. Case closed.

REMOVE

WATERMARK

AT

SKITGUYS.COM