

The Game of Clue

9 actors

6-10 minutes

Theme: Sin

Summary: The classic board game Clue comes to life in this comedic skit that teaches that ultimately your sin finds you out.

Characters:

Narrator: The storyteller, the creator of what goes on in the game. The narrator is also the connection to the audience and may be male or female.

Miss Peacock: A flighty, ditzy woman who dresses in all blue.

Miss Scarlet: A sophisticated and beautiful lady who dresses in all red.

Miss White: The spinsterly maid of the house.

Colonel Mustard: A tough army man who dresses in a yellow uniform.

Professor Plum: An ultra-intelligent professor who dresses in all purple, should be carrying a book.

Reverend Green: A well-revered minister who always carries around his Bible. Slightly over-the-top in his portrayal of a preacher.

John Body: A wealthy miser who was not well-known, but certainly hated. From the beginning, he is dead, making him more of a prop than a character.

Detective: A fast-moving, overpowering, deductive PI.

(Lights go out)

Narrator: *(sinisterly)* It was a dark, stormy night, *(Lightning)* the perfect storm, if you will, for such an occurrence. You see, John Body *(The six figures stand with their backs to the audience and in an appropriate pose. The lights go on and off with thunderclaps, simulating lightning)* has been murdered *(Lightning)* Let me introduce you to the players in our little game. These six people are the isolated witnesses to a murder—and the only suspects. All the telephones are out of order, leaving our six suspects to play the game of murder until they can contact the police. It is for these six to discover who is guilty. We have...

Scarlet: The most sophisticated Miss Scarlet

Mustard: The army colonel: Mustard

White: The maid, Miss White

Green: The revered Reverend Green

Plum: The intellectual Professor Plum

Peacock: And—uh—Miss Peacock

Narrator: The game these people are playing is one of murder, suspense, and deduction. Welcome to Clue! *(Characters unfreeze).*

Peacock: What was that noise?

Professor Plum: I believe that it originated in the lounge

(Everybody enters and sees the body and Peacock screams)

White: Oh! Look what he's done to my newly cleaned floor!

Scarlet: Is he—dead?

Mustard: I'm afraid he is.

Green: God rest his soul.

White: How did he die?

Mustard: Can't tell, but *it wasn't an accident*

Scarlet: *(with a certain amount of pleasure)* You mean murder?

Miss Peacock: Oh, but it couldn't be. No one could possibly get to the house with the bridge down from the storm.

Plum: Well, deductively, that fact narrows down the suspects to us six.

Scarlet: *(Still with pleasure)* How wonderful!

Mustard: Then there's only one thing to do.

Peacock: Faint. (*Peacock faints on top of Body*)

Professor Plum: (*Helping Peacock up*) Let's not hyperventilate

Green: But one of us has murdered—killed someone. The Bible says that, “God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, it be good, or whether it be evil.”

Mustard: Where was everyone through the night?

Scarlet: Everyone was in the lounge, except for Mrs. White who was in the kitchen doing... ?

White: Preparing *your* dessert.

Green: I think that after a little bit, we all left. I went into the conservatory to read my Bible and pray.

Mustard: I was playing pool with Miss Scarlet

Scarlet: I was winning.

Mustard: Were not!

Plum: I remained in the library, just adjacent, until I heard the noise.

Scarlet: And Peacock stayed in the lounge.

Mustard: So, Miss Peacock, how did the body end up in the room where you were?

White: So, it was Peacock in the lounge with the...candlestick!

Peacock: (*Flustered*) No! I didn't kill him. I heard something out in the hall, and went to see if it was Mr. Body, but it wasn't and when I heard a loud noise from the lounge I walked back and—there it was.

Scarlet: So, the only ones with alibis were Scarlet and Mustard.

Mustard: Yes.

Scarlet: (*At the same time*) No.

Scarlet: Mustard left after the first game and said he was going to the library. Actually, it was only moments later when I heard the scream.

Mustard: Are you accusing me?

Scarlet: Well, you're the only one with a weapon.

Mustard: (*Showing blood*)But the color of his blood is red—scarlet red.

Scarlet: (*Pulling Body up by tie*)But his necktie is green.

Green: (*Lifting up right leg*)Ah, but his socks are white

Scarlet: White socks! How faux pas!

White: (*Lifting up left leg*) Only one sock, though; the other is blue—peacock blue

Scarlet: Mismatched socks?! Clearly he had no taste in fashion

Peacock: Yeah, yeah, but his pen is purple—plum purple

Mustard: Ah! It was Professor Plum in the library with the...knife!

Plum: No. The real point is that no one has an alibi.

White: What we need is a good detective.

Peacock: What?

White: Yes. Someone who can walk in and clear up the case in thirty seconds because of the curved scar on the left side of the right upper arm that matches the arc on the lower left corner of the picture frame in the upstairs bedroom.

All: Huh?

White: You know, a Sherlock Holmes.

Scarlet: Well, a detective isn't just going to walk in the door (*there is a knock at the door*).

Mustard: Then again...

(*White opens the door and detective comes in with trench coat and hat from the rain*)

Detective: Sorry about the inconvenience. My car broke down a little way from here—uh, actually my car is the reason that the bridge collapsed. But I saw the lights and thought I could stay here 'til the storm ended.

Mustard: Who are you?

Detective: My friends call me brilliant, my enemies call me uncannily discerning. You can call me--Phil. I'm a P.I.

Peacock: Professional Interrogator?

Mustard: Proven Ignoramus?

Green: Professing Islam?

White: Picky Informer?

Scarlet: Passionate Impressionist?

Plum: Pachyderm Intellectual?

Detective: Private Investigator.

Scarlet: Oh, you are just who we need.

Mustard: A man has just died.

Detective: Was he a barber?

White: No, he was—what?

(Pause)

Scarlet: He was murdered.

Detective: In that case, I am just the man you need. Is this the body? Well, let's get a few things out of the way first. For the killer, I think it's only fair to warn you that you aren't going to get away with this, and it's not just because I'm the world's greatest detective--though, actually, I am. It's because the Bible says so. Go ahead and read Numbers 32:23, Green.

Green: Huh? Oh, yes. It says, "But if ye will not do so, behold ye have sinned against the LORD: and be sure your sin will find you out."

Detective: So, we don't really hafta figure you out, God's got it covered. But since we've got some free time, why don't we speed up the process? There is no way of moving forward without further information. To start off, I'll ask a few questions. First, who has had prior experience murdering people? *(Silence. To the audience, he says)* Must have been a rookie job. Ok, this technique isn't working. Split up, and return in ten minutes with all the clues you can find. I want a complete list of who was where doing what when, why and in what color.

Scarlet: Of course.

(Everyone goes around searching and interrogating)

Narrator: Throughout the house, everyone went. Interrogating one another and looking through every crack, crevice, nook, and cranny. Everyone concocting their own theory; everyone, that is, except one. One was in the hands of guilt, with the terrible dread of being discovered.

(Back in the lounge)

Scarlet: I don't know how all of this clue-hunting is supposed to help.

Detective: Without clues we can't unveil information, and without information we can't solve the case, and without solving the case we can't catch him.

Mustard: Catch who?

Detective: Gesundheit. Now what clues has everyone found.

Peacock: I found a secret passageway from the kitchen to the study. It looks really old; it could have been used in the murder.

Detective: Did it have cobwebs?

Peacock: Yes.

Detective: It wasn't used.

Peacock: Wow! How do you know that?

Detective: Elementary, Miss Blue!

Peacock: Actually, I'm Miss *Peacock*.

Detective: Oh, sorry. As I was saying, Miss Blue, everyone knows that where there are cobwebs there are spiders and where there are spiders, no human being should be within ten feet.

Green: There was a stray wrench on the ground in the garden. It could have been used to kill poor Mr. Body.

Mustard: Well, I think Mrs. White probably had the biggest motive.

White: Sure, sure, blame it on the maid. How typical! I suppose I am exactly like a butler. Well, it just so happens that I know who murdered John Body

(All Gasp)

Green: The heaven shall reveal his iniquity; and the earth shall rise up against him.

White: Yes, this is how it happened. Scarlet slipped into the lounge and used the rope on the curtain to strangle John Body.

Scarlet: No, Peacock did it with the candlestick. And then you wiped off the candlestick and walked angrily out of the room.

Peacock: NO! It wasn't me! If I hit Body with the candlestick, there would be a bump on the back of his head (*showing the back of Body's head*). See. No bump

Detective: I'm afraid Miss Blue is right. She's off the hook.

Peacock: Peacock.

Detective: Whatever. The solution to this case really lies in the weapon. After examining the body—no pun intended—I can say that he definitely died of a bullet wound.

Green: Perhaps like the one Mustard has?

Detective: Perhaps, but Mustard was in the billiard room. If Miss Blue's story is correct, then there was no way for Mustard to get from the billiard room to the lounge without passing Miss Blue.

Peacock: Peacock. (*Growing Frustrated*)

Detective: Whatever. That means that someone must have taken a revolver into the house concealed.

Peacock: I'll bet Scarlet hid it in her hair! (*Lunges at Scarlet's hair*)

Detective: No, no, no. I think it would be easier stored in a...book (*opening up the book by Plum and revealing revolver*).

Plum: (*Unconvincingly*) How did that get there.

Peacock: How did you know it was in there?

Detective: I read between the lines. The police will be here any minute; I just called them; the phone lines are up again.

Peacock: It was you?!

White: Why? Why would you do a thing like that?

Plum: Well, I—uh—we had a fight, and—uh... I wish I hadn't. I just thought I wouldn't be caught. I guess I was caught the moment I killed him.

Detective: Green, read Matthew 5:21b-22

Green: "Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment:"

Detective: We, none of us, really get away with our sins. God sees and our own conscience condemns us. Sin is always more costly than you think.

(*All freeze*)

Narrator: It is no use to try to get away with sin; sin has a way of always catching up with its victims. You may be involved in sin—any sin, it doesn't have to be murder; they are all equally sinful. If you are involved in sin or have committed a sin, that you hope will just go away. The best thing to do is to confess. 1 John 1:9 says, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." That is a promise from an infallible God. If you don't confess, there is no getting around it, your sin will catch you and destroy you. Maybe not today, and maybe not tomorrow, but eventually your sin will take you along a path you never intended. You may not be hanged for murder, but you may wreck your life, or worse, think so much of your sin that you will live out eternity in hell instead of giving it up. Well, I hope I have given you a *clue* in today's game of murder, suspense, and deduction. And for those thinking that they're getting away with their sin, let me *clue* you in—

All: Be sure your sin will find you out