

Clue Audition Selections

MONOLOGUES

Please Note: If you are submitting a video audition, please use monologues instead of scenes.

MR. BODDY. You each pay me twice what you've been paying, and I'll tell the police it was a phony call and send them on their way. You refuse...and I put this briefcase -- containing all the evidence needed to expose your wrongdoings -- in the hands of the police and the press. I believe some of you would face a lifetime of jail, and others, a lifetime of shame. In this bag there are six gifts I've brought you from Washington. Things I thought you might find useful this evening. You all showed up here tonight because you believed the evidence against you was so terrible that you would do almost anything to keep it a secret. I'm putting that theory to the test. Mr. Wadsworth here is the only other person who knows your secrets; and it's costing me -- and you -- dearly to keep him quiet. You see, I wouldn't have to double your payments if I didn't have to pay Mr. Wadsworth for his silence.

MISS SCARLET. Oh, who cares?! We're still in the dark anyway! We're no closer to solving our murder mysteries or unearthing the evidence against us. I found you lurking conspicuously in the Conservatory. The scarlet flowers opened the secret passage to the Lounge, but if I remember correctly, Scarlet flowers always have five petals. This one only had four! Meaning you had already plucked a petal to the passage to the Lounge, where you pummeled the Motorist to death with the Wrench. Then you shot the Singing Telegram Girl before she could finish her cramprolles! Wonder what kinda dirt she had on you. Bet she was an old patient of yours, or something right? Wait a minute! We can all rush him. He's got no more bullets left in that gun. There was one shot at Mr. Boddy in the Study, two for the cat, two at the Lounge door and one for the singing telegram. One plus two plus two plus one.

MR. GREEN. I hold in my hand an FBI file on the whole big Boddy family. Your butler, Wadsworth, had been feeding us information for months. I can see why you killed him. Your shot missed him in the Study, but he wisely played dead. Awfully good actor. Had us all convinced. But while we were all racing from the kitchen with the dead Cook, you found your sneaky butler trying to make his escape by the bathroom, and bludgeoned him to death with the Lead Pipe I'd dropped on the hallway floor while running to the kitchen. The Boddy family has been wanted for organized crime -- blackmail and murder -- for generations. But they've always eluded the law. Until now. Tonight, the Boddy "family business" has reached...a dead end. I tell ya, this was the most exciting night I've had in a long time. And now, you're all under arrest. Okay Chief, take 'em away.

MRS. PEACOCK. "Behold," said the Lord, "I am bringing the flood of water upon the earth, to destroy all flesh." Thank you, Lord, for this meal we are about to receive and for the gracious host, whomever he is, that has invited us here tonight. Amen. Well, I guess I'll break the ice, I mean, I'm used to being a hostess; it's part of my husband's work, plus I always host the ladies' group from my church on Sundays. It's difficult when a group of new friends meet for the first time, so I'll start the ball rolling...I mean, I have no idea what we're doing here, but I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup's delicious isn't it? Oh, come on. How are we to get acquainted if we don't say anything about ourselves? No judgments here; we're all God's children. If I wasn't trying to keep the conversation going, then we would just be sitting here in an embarrassed silence. Well, what's all this about, Butler; this dinner party?

MRS. WHITE. I don't want a scandal. We had a very humiliating public confrontation. He was deranged. He was a lunatic. He didn't actually seem to like me that much. He had threatened to kill me in public. He was a stupidly optimistic man. I'm afraid it came as a great shock to him when he died. He was found dead at home. His head had been cut off. But, it wasn't me. I'd been out all evening, at the movies. He wasn't a very good illusionist. But my third husband, I miss him the most. He was an electrician...well -- until he was electrocuted. I

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didn't kill him! I mean...yes, I'll admit it-I recognized Yvette...she had a torrid love affair with my late husband. I hated her. I hated her SO MUCH. It...it...the...FLAMES. On the side of my face. Breathing. HEAVING...breaths...

WADSWORTH #1. Ladies and gentlemen, my instructions are clear. It seems the six of you have one thing in common. You are all being blackmailed. For some considerable time all of you have been paying what you can afford -- and, in some cases, more than you can afford -- to someone who threatens to expose you. Until tonight, none of you knew who was blackmailing you. I hope I'm correct that the more deductive among you have reasoned in the last several moments that it was, of course, Mr. Boddy himself -- and that the less discerning members of our cadre are experiencing that particular revelation right about...now. Six suspects. Six murders. Mr. Boddy in the Billiard Room. The Cook in the Kitchen. The Motorist in the Lounge. The Cop in the Library. Yvette in the Ballroom. And the Singing Telegram Girl in the Hall. Not to mention one "confidential" envelope of missing, damning evidence. Our evening's guests may be gifted at breaking the law, but they clearly need work on breaking a case. So, who is the killer you may ask? I'm sure you have your suspicions. But, we've no time to discuss that now. (Looks at his watch.) The police are nearly here.

WADSWORTH #2. At the start of the evening, there was thunder, lightning, the dogs barked.

(Imitating the doorbell:) DING DONG

(As Mustard:) Colonel Mustard.

(Imitating the doorbell:) DING DONG.

(As White:) Mrs. White.

(As himself:) Who noticed Yvette.

(He replicates the music sting.)

(As Peacock:) Mrs. Peacock.

(As himself:) Who noticed...

(As Cook:) The Cook.

(He replicates the music sting.)

(As himself:) Then...

(As Green:) Mr. Green.

(He barks.)

(As himself:) Sit!

(He sits -- then stands.)

(As himself:) No, not you sir. Please, come in.

(As Plum:) Then, Professor Plum.

(As Scarlet:) Miss Scarlet.

(He hits a gong, surprising the GUESTS.)

(As Cook:) Then, dinner is served.

(As Plum:) Well, that was more like a cocktail minute.

(As himself:) To the Dining Room!

(He moves. The GUESTS follow.)

(As Yvette:) Shark's fin soup.

(As Peacock, slurping:) Ooo. Yummy yum yum. My favorite!

(As himself:) Then Mr. Boddy arrived and we all went to the Study.

(He moves in a circle around the GUESTS.)

(As Yvette:) Coffee? Brandy?

(As Scarlet:) Who is this Mr. Boddy, butler?

(As Boddy:) How d'you do?

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(As himself:) Then Mr. Boddy asked me to pass out packages.

(He "passes" out packages swiftly.)

(As White:) Ahhh! A snake! No. It's a Rope.

(As himself:) Then Mr. Boddy switched off the lights.

(As Boddy:) Now!

(He switches off the lights. Lights go black. They scream! (Lights up. WADSWORTH lies dead on the floor. They scream again!)

(Sitting up suddenly.) Mr. Boddy was dead. But not really. Really he was alive. But we didn't know it. Then, Mrs. Peacock drank his drink...

(He drinks from Peacock's flask and spits all over the GUESTS.)

(As Peacock:) Poison!

(He screams, Peacock screams, he screams. He slaps himself.)

(As Scarlet:) Well, someone had to stop her screaming!

(As himself:) And then we heard...

(He lip syncs to a sound cue of Yvette screaming.)

(As himself:) To the Billiard Room! But Mrs. Peacock joined late.

(As Peacock:) I'm an old woman who may or may not have been poisoned.

(As himself:) Then Mrs. White asked...

(As White:) Who else is in the house?

(As himself:) To which we all replied...

ALL. *(They look out:)* ZE COOK!

WADSWORTH. *(Moving.)* Who we found knifed in the back!

(He mimes stabbing her, then imitates the Cook falling dead out of the freezer onto Green.)

(As Green:) Oh God. Oh God. So gross. Blood. Germs. *(Muffled by his own arm:)* Will somebody help me up!

(As himself miming dragging Cook:) I suggested we take the Cook's bod into the Study.

(He lies as "dead" Boddy, then hops up, revealing a blank space!)

(As himself:) But Boddy's body was gone!

(He mimes draping himself over an imaginary Peacock.)

(As himself:) Then Mrs. Peacock entered with Boddy on her body because Boddy had been bludgeoned in his bean.

(Then:)

(As himself:) Then, the briefcase!

(He mimes opening the briefcase on the desk. They gasp.)

(As himself:) Empty!

(Then:)

(As himself:) Next the Motorist arrived...

(As Mustard:) Are you a killer?

(As himself:) And I locked him in the Lounge!

(He fake-kills GREEN a la the Motorist, with a mimed Wrench to the head. GREEN drops "dead" a la the Motorist.)

(As himself:) Dead!

(He moves to the front door.)

(As himself:) That's when the unexpected Cop showed up. *(As Cop:)* Hello... you're all acting rather peculiar.

(As himself:) Can you canoe?

(He fake kills PLUM with a mimed Candlestick to the head – PLUM drops "dead" a la the Cop.)

(As himself:) Dead! Then the maid got strangled in the Billiard Room!

(He fake-strangles SCARLET with a mimed Rope -- SCARLET drops "dead" a la Yvette.)

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(As himself:) Dead! Which brings us to ... *(As Singing Telegram Girl:)* I am...

(Fake shooting.)

BANG!

(WHITE goes down as if shot. (EVERYONE is down except MUSTARD and PEACOCK.)

(As himself:) And here we all are.

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SCENE:

PEACOCK. Well, I guess I'll break the ice, I mean, I'll be the one to get the ball rolling, I mean, I'm used to being a hostess; it's an integral part of my life as the wife of a... (*Declining wine with a gesture, carrying on talking without pause:*) Oh, I forgot we're not supposed to say who we really are. But, oh well, I mean, I have no idea what we're doing here, but I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup is delicious isn't it?
(*The GUESTS stare at her, bewildered.*)

GREEN. I know who you are.

PEACOCK. You do?

GREEN. I work in Washington.

PLUM. Washington? (*To PEACOCK:*) So you must be a politician's wife, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. (*With renewed confidence:*) Yes, I am.

SCARLET. (*Cheekily:*) Who's your husband? Maybe I know him.

PEACOCK. I... well, he's... (*Deflecting:*) Mrs. White, you've been awfully quiet. What does your husband do? What does your husband do?

WHITE: Nothing.

PLUM. Nothing?

WHITE. Well, he... just lies around on his back all day.

PEACOCK. How lazy!

SCARLET. (*With snark:*) Not necessarily.
(*Thunder/lightning. GREEN spills his drink all over SCARLET's chest.*)

GREEN. (*Mopping up SCARLET's chest with his napkin:*) Sorry, sorry -- I'm afraid I'm a little accident-prone.

SCARLET. (*Realizing his discomfort:*) That'll be five dollars, Mister.

GREEN. (*Awkwardly mortified:*) Sorry?!

PEACOCK. (*Tapping him on the shoulder:*) Mr. Green-what do you do in Washington?

GREEN. Oh, I'd better not say. I like to follow the rules.

PEACOCK. (*Frustrated:*) Well, if I wasn't trying to keep the conversation going, then we would just be sitting here in an embarrassed silence.

PLUM. Are you afraid of silence, Mrs. Peacock?

PEACOCK. (*Anxiously:*) Yes. No. Why?

PLUM. In my professional opinion, it seems you suffer from what we call "pressure of speech."

MUSTARD. Is that an official diagnosis?

WHITE. Are you a doctor, Professor?

PLUM. In psychological medicine.

WHITE. Do you practice?

PLUM. (*Laced with shame:*) Not anymore. (*Then:*) I currently work for the government.

WHITE. Ah, another politician.

PLUM. Not exactly. I do research for U-NO WHO.

WHITE. (*Genuine:*) Who?

PLUM. (*Explaining:*) A branch of the United Nations Organization: the World Health Organization.

WHITE. (*Putting it together:*) Ahh. "U-NO WHO."
(*Explaining to the table:*) It's an acronym.

MUSTARD. (*From the other side of the table-densely:*) I have a sister who was a gymnast.

PLUM. (*Flummoxed by MUSTARD:*) You are a real colonel aren't you?

MUSTARD. (*Officiously:*) I am, sir.

SCARLET. Aren't you gonna mention the coincidence that you also live in Washington, D.C., Colonel?

PLUM. How did you know that?

SCARLET. (*With a twinkle:*) Oh, I've seen you before.

GREEN. So, Miss Scarlet, does this mean that you live in Washington, too?

SCARLET. (*With a sly smile:*) Sure do.

PEACOCK. Does anyone here not live in Washington?

(*They all look at each other, putting together the coincidence.*)

PLUM. (*Fearfully:*) Oh. Then, is this about the Red Scare?

GREEN. I'm not a Communist! I'm a Republican.
(*Thunder.*)

MUSTARD. (*Stands, fed up:* Wadsworth, we've had about enough of this! Where's our host, and who have we been brought here?!
(*The doorbell rings. They look out.*)