

“Clue on Stage” Audition Sides

***Ages given are playable ages, actors need not specifically fit the given age to audition. All ethnicities are invited to audition.**

Scroll to the bottom of the document for 2 additional scenes. You may be asked to read one of the scenes after your chosen monologue(s), even if you are not auditioning for those characters.

Skip to Male Characters

Female Characters

PEACOCK- (mid 40s to late 60s) *the wealthy wife of a senator. A bit batty, neurotic, and quick to hysteria.*

1. 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--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?
2. *(Peacock screams. She enters, stumbling into the room with Boddy's dead body hanging all over her. While Peacock continues her hysteria, the bloodied body falls off onto the ground.)*

Peacock: I'm going to faint!

White: Mrs. Peacock?

Peacock (Woozy): Yes?

White: Where did this happen?

Peacock: In the bathroom! I opened the door and there he was! At first, I thought he was attacking me, but then I realized he'd been left propped up against the doorframe, dead, just waiting to fall on someone!

SCARLET- (25-late 40s) *a dry, sardonic D.C. socialite and madam who is more interested in secrets than anything else. *Also prepare [scene 1](#) later in the document*

1. Scarlet: Oh, I'm being blackmailed, all right. But I did what I'm being blackmailed for.
Plum: What did you do?
Scarlet: I run my own business.
Plum: That's not a crime.
Scarlet: You didn't ask what kind of business I run.
Plum: All right, what kind of business do you run?
Scarlet: I provide gentlemen with the company of a young lady, for a short while. Say, who's your husband, Mrs. Peacock? Maybe I know him.
2. We all heard the gun go off, Professor! And I found your stupid tobacco pipe here when we were searching the house. When'd you drop it, huh? While scoping out the best vantage point to kill your next victim? I bet that poor Singing Telegram Girl was an old patient of yours, right?

WHITE- (late 20s to late 40s) *a pale, morbid, and tragic woman who may or may not be the murderer of her five late husbands.*

1. White: Say what you want. I didn't kill him. I don't want another scandal, do I? We had a very humiliating confrontation. He had threatened to kill me in public. It was all over the papers. In the end, he was found dead at home. Unclothed. His head had been cut off, and so had his... you know. (*beat*) But I didn't do it. I'd been out all evening, at the movies.

Wadsworth: But he was your second husband. Your first also disappeared.
White: That was his job - he was an illusionist.
Wadsworth: But he never reappeared.
White: He wasn't a very good illusionist.
2. Yes, it's true, I knew 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 . . . But just because I hated her, doesn't mean I killed her!

YVETTE- (25 to late 30s) *the loyal, sexy French maid. Must speak with a French accent.*

Yvette: Of course I'm alive, you ee-diot! No zanks to you--Wadsworth! You've locked us up in zis house wiz a murderer! I heard you all in ze Study--one of you is ze killer!

(Plum: How could you hear us in "ze" study?)

Yvette: I was listening! I have a tape recorder in ze Billiard Room connected to ze Study! Monsieur Boddy asked me to record your conversation.

(Plum: Why would he ask you to do that?)

Yvette: For more evidence, of course! Wadsworth revealed your secrets in ze Study; now zey are all recorded.

(White: But, Yvette, why were you screaming in there, all by yourself?)

Yvette: Because I was frightened! I also drank ze Cognac. Maybe I am poisoned too! (pause, more to the point) Plus, one of you is ze killer! Monsieur Boddy is dead!

COOK- (30s to mid-50s) *a gruff woman with a threatening presence.*

Ah, Mr. Wadsworth. You called, sir? *(looking at Wadsworth who asks about the schedule, then:)* Dinner will be ready at 7:30. Sharp. Don't be late. You know how I feel about tardiness, Mr. Wadsworth. *(glares, then exits)*

SINGING TELEGRAM GIRL- (15-18) *a tap-dancing girl with the heart of gold.*

(In lively song:) I... AM... YOUR SINGING TELEGRAM! *(gunshot, dies)*

Male Characters

WADSWORTH- (30 to 50s) *a traditional British butler in every sense. He acts as the detective and is the driving force in the play. Must speak with a British accent.*

***Along with this monologue, please prepare [the scene located on the last 3 pages of this document](#). It is very important that the actor playing Wadsworth can think on their feet and be comfortable with improvisation. The role demands sharp timing and the ability to deliver rapid-fire dialogue. Wadsworth's humor often comes from his ability to react swiftly and cleverly to unfolding events, so flexibility and quick wit are key to portraying him effectively.*

My task this evening is to expose your secrets to each other--rendering you all culpable in each others' indiscretions. We start with you, Professor Plum. It says here you were once a professor of psychiatry, specializing in pathological, lying lunatics suffering from delusions of grandeur. Now you work for the U.S. government--so your work has not changed. But you can't practice medicine, can you? Your license has been lifted. (*To Scarlet who asks why:*) You know what male doctors aren't supposed to do with their lady patients? Well, he did.

MUSTARD- (40 to late 60s) *a puffy, pompous, dense, blowhard of a military man.*

**In addition to this monologue, prepare to read [Mustard's scenes](#) later in the document.*

I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion. We'll split up into pairs. That way none of us will be alone. (*off of Peacock's shock*) This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable. You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs--every cook will tell you that. (*beat, then finding a comical twist here:*) All right, troops. Divide and conquer. I'll split us into pairs... Eenie-meenie-miney--

GREEN- (25 to mid 40s) *a timid yet officious rule follower who is awfully anxious, until the end when he reveals himself as Larry Goodman (selection 2)*

1. Green: Is this the right address to meet . . . Mr. Boddy? (*Dog barks wildly*)

Wadsworth: SIT!

(Green frantically sits)

Wadsworth: No, not you, sir.

(Green stand sheepishly)

Green: Sorry, sorry. I suppose this letter has me rather anxious. (*Fidgets nervously looking at the group*) Is it alright if I sit here . . . (a bit of physical comedy: *attempts to sit on the edge of a table which collapses. Bouncing back up:*) Sorry, sorry. Little accident prone. Sorry.

2. So, you mean, you're just gonna keep blackmailing us and we're all supposed to pretend this never happened? (*off of the other saying "Why not?":*) I'll tell you why not. Larry Goodman, FBI! Apparently, I'm a dead-ringer for Green. He got a letter just like each of you. But he came to the Bureau to ask for help. I took his place tonight so we could have a sting operation.

(Peacock: Some sting! Six people died on your watch!)

I usually work the desk. (beat) My beat is property crime - ya' know, theft, fraud. That's why I was so tickled when the real Mr. Wadsworth risked his neck to drop off a whole briefcase worth of evidence last night. (beat) It's all here. (pulling from a pocket) Miss Scarlet's books - including client names and dates of "service," proving she is one of DCs top madams and justifying why she killed the cop - who's listed here, on her payroll. (pulling from another pocket) Oooo, and a love letter addressed to Professor Plum. That singing telegram girl was the underage daughter of the head of the U-NO WHO, *who* woulda come clean to Daddy - *who* woulda cleaned out Professor Plum. So, you killed her.

PLUM- (early 30s to mid 50s) *an arrogant academic, easily impressed by himself.*

1. Well, greetings all. It's a pleasure for you to see me. (*noticing drinks, he takes one*) Oooh, cocktail hour! (*a beat, then off the silence:*) Are you afraid of silence, Mrs. Peacock? In my professional opinion, it seems you suffer from what we call "pressure of speech". (*off another's question:*) Yes. I am a doctor of psychological medicine. I do research from U-NO WHO--a branch of the United Nations Organization: the World Health Organization.
2. That's not how it happened! It happened like this: It was COLONEL MUSTARD, IN THE LOUNGE, WITH THE WRENCH! I found your medal of honor in the Lounge where the Motorist was killed by a wrench to the head; and that Wrench belongs to you!

BODDY- (30 to early 50s) *a slick, Frank Sinatra, film noir-esque, mobster type fella.*

Unless you agree to double down. Because if you don't agree, I'll put this briefcase - containing all the evidence needed to expose your wrongdoings - in the hands of the police, the press, and the House Un-American committee. With the right spin, those fellas can make a commie outta anyone. I think some of you would face a lifetime of jail, and others, a lifetime of shame.

(the guests are outraged) Unless . . . well, there is something you could do for me that would change the game. Something I can't bear to do myself. *(beat)* In this bag, there are six packages that I thought our guests might find useful this evening. Wadsworth, will you please see to it that each guest receives a gift? *(they open their packages)* In your hands, you each have a lethal weapon. You all came tonight because you believed the evidence against you was so terrible that you would do anything to keep it a secret. I'm putting that theory to the test.

CHIEF OF POLICE- (30 to 50) *a cop who helps save the day and is pretty cheesy.*

Well done, Wadsworth! Yes, I'm saying it now. I'm Hank Cuffs, Chief of Police. And Professor Plum, you're coming with me. *(turn around as though being rewound)* Well done, Wadsworth! Yes, I'm saying it now. Gil T. Verdict. Chief of Police. Colonel Mustard, you're coming with me.

MOTORIST- (20-50) *a professional driver, slightly timid or anxious.*

(Entering) I'm sorry... I didn't mean to disturb the whole household, but my car broke down out here, and I was wondering if I could use your phone. Thanks... *(crosses and picks up a phone and dials, then:)* I'm a little nervous. I'm at the big house on the hill, and I've been locked in the Lounge. I didn't expect there'd be a whole group of people here--I think they're having some sort of party; and-- *(he is knocked out, dead.)*

UNEXPECTED COP- (late 20s to early 50s) *a regular Joe or Jane.*

Look! I don't care about the doorknobs, Mister! What's going on around here? What are you hiding in those two rooms? The Lounge and the Study? Why can't I look in there? *(pushes his way in, sees people making out, and then:)* Oh! *(takes in the whole scene, then:)* Excuse me. *(smiles)* Pardon me. Good night. *(exits)*

NEWSCASTER 1 and McCarthy (voice only),- *clear, focused news anchor-styled voice.*

McCarthy's shrieking denunciations and fear-mongering have created a climate of fear and suspicion across the country--raising the question in households across the nation; who are the un-American Americans among us?

Scenes: You may be asked to read one of these scenes with another auditioner or the assistant director. Please prepare, even if you are not auditioning for these characters.

Scene 1: Scarlet and Mustard

Scarlet and Mustard are searching the Conservatory.

Scarlet: (whispering conspiratorially): Psst!

Mustard: Oh, there you are.

Scarlet: You'll never believe what I found in the hallway. (showing) Professor Plum's stupid tobacco pipe!

Mustard: Huh. What do you think that means?

Scarlet: Who knows? But it seems suspicious if you ask me.

Mustard: I just did.

Scarlet: Honest to God, Colonel.

Mustard: Hey- What room is this anyway?

Scarlet: Search me.

Mustard: (frisking her) All right.

Scarlet: Hey! Get your mitts off me! It's just an expression!

Mustard: My apologies, Miss Scarlet. I struggle with nuance.

Scarlet: (moving on) This is the last room left to search in this beastly mansion and we still haven't found the evidence.

Mustard: I think this time has been productive, nonetheless.

Scarlet: Aren't you a Pollyanna.

Mustard: You're a brave and determined lady, Miss Scarlet. I've really enjoyed our time together. I hope after this expedition ends, we can remain friends. I mean, really, murders aside, it's just been a lovely group of people all in all. I suppose I would like to hear Mrs. White explain when and how she lost her veil in the Billiard Room, but . . .

Scarlet: (grabbing the veil) You found White's veil in the Billiard Room? Odd.

Mustard: Odd?

Scarlet: Odd.

(Mustard accidentally activates a trap door)

Scarlet: A trap door! (Then) A trap door leading to a secret passage! C'mon!

Mustard: (clearing his throat) Uh. . . Ladies first, Miss Scarlet.

Scarlet: (rolling her eyes) How heroic.

Scene 2: Mustard and Wadsworth

Wadsworth: We do currently have the small issue of two dead bodies - one missing, one present - and the imminent arrival of the police, who, by my calculations, ought to be here in 37 minutes.

Mustard: Wadsworth, am I right in thinking there is nobody else in this house?

Wadsworth: Um, no.

Mustard: Then there IS someone else in this house?

Wadsworth: No. Sorry, I said "no" meaning "yes."

Mustard: "No" meaning "Yes"? Look, I want a straight answer. Is there someone else in the house, yes or no?

Wadsworth: (considers carefully) Um....no

Mustard: No, there IS? Or no, there isn't?

Wadsworth: Yes.

Mustard: There seems to be some confusion as to whether or not we are the only people in this house.

Wadsworth: There isn't.

Mustard: There isn't any confusion or there isn't anyone else in this house?

Wadsworth: Either. Both.

Mustard: Just give me a clear answer!

Wadsworth: Certainly! (Beat) What was the question?

WADSWORTH SCRIPT 3 pages (Only those auditioning for Wadsworth need prepare this scene)

WADSWORTH. 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?

(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!)

(WADSWORTH sits up suddenly.)

WADSWORTH. 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!*

(He moves.)

WADSWORTH. Who we found knifed in the back!

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

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

(As himself, miming dragging the Cook:) I suggested we take the Cook's body 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 at the desk. They gasp.)

WADSWORTH. *(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.)

WADSWORTH. 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.)

WADSWORTH. Dead! Then the maid got strangled in the Billiard Room!

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

WADSWORTH. *(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.)

WADSWORTH. And here we all are.

MUSTARD. *(Clapping:)* Bravo!

(As they speak, they slowly rise back up.)

WHITE. Impressive, Wadsworth.

PLUM. But what does it prove?!

GREEN. Nothing!

WADSWORTH. Well . . .

SCARLET. *(Interrupting:)* Enough of this! I know who the murderer is!

ALL. You do?!