



Thank you for auditioning for

**CLUE**

**STAGES ST. LOUIS 2023**

**PLEASE PREPARE SIDES 1 & 2 FOR THE INITIAL APPOINTMENT. YOU MAY OR MAY NOT BE ASKED TO READ IT ALL BUT BE READY.**

**IF YOU ARE CALLED BACK, PLEASE PREPARE THIS FULL PACKET OF MATERIAL.**

Callbacks for this will be on 2/10. Please let us know in advance if you are not available for callbacks on 2/10.

PLEASE BRING A HARDCOPY HEADSHOT/RESUME OR WE WILL NOT HAVE ONE IN THE ROOM.

Please email [staff@wojcasting.com](mailto:staff@wojcasting.com) if you have any questions or concerns.

Thank you!

Wojcik Casting Team

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**WOJCIK CASTING TEAM**

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**START**

GREEN

So, you're just gonna keep blackmailing us and we're all supposed to pretend this never happened?

WADSWORTH

Of course. Why not?

GREEN

I'll tell you why not.

(HE draws a GUN)

Larry Goodman! FBI!

THEY GASP (except WADSWORTH.

GREEN (CONT'D)

The jig is up!

WADSWORTH

Or is it?!

WADSWORTH turns and SHOOTS GREEN!  
GREEN dodges with Matrix-esque finesse.

GREEN

(smugly)

Missed me.

GREEN trains his gun on WADSWORTH,  
who is genuinely now frightened.

MUSTARD

You're FBI?!

GREEN

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!

GREEN

I usually work the desk.

(then)

My beat is property crime - ya' know theft, fraud.

~~PEACOCK  
(enamored by the  
doorframe)  
Oh my, look at the detail of this molding; this is quite a  
magnificent mansion, isn't it ...  
(SHE screams, startled to  
find WHITE and MUSTARD)  
Who are you?!~~

~~WHITE  
Welcome to the party.~~

~~MUSTARD  
(ticked pink)  
This is turning out to be quite the crowd.~~

~~As YVETTE closes the LUNGE door  
(module retreats), DOGS BARK. RAIN  
FORMS. WADSWORTH opens the front  
door to a MUSIC STING. MR. GREEN,  
straight as an arrow, stands in a  
trench coat, holding an umbrella.  
He does not enter, but remains in  
the door way, anxious.~~

START

GREEN  
Is this the right address to meet a ... Mr. Boddy?

The DOGS BARK wildly.

WADSWORTH  
(to dogs)  
Sit!

GREEN frantically sits. DOGS STOP  
BARKING.

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)  
No. Not you, sir.

GREEN stands sheepishly.

GREEN  
Sorry, sorry.

WADSWORTH

Please, come in.

GREEN

(entering more fully)

Excuse me, I suppose this letter has me rather anxious.

WADSWORTH

You must be Mr. Green.

GREEN

(painfully lying)

Yes. That's exactly who I am.

WADSWORTH

Welcome, sir.

GREEN hands his umbrella to YVETTE  
as he steps into the hall.

GREEN

(noticing the interior)

Whoa. This isn't at all what I expected.

WADSWORTH

I find if you expect nothing, you're never disappointed.

GREEN

(not to be misunderstood)

Oh, I'm not disappointed ...

The DOORBELL rings interrupting.  
THEY look out.

WADSWORTH

Pardon me, Sir.

**END**

WADSWORTH opens the door (MUSIC  
STING) to find PROFESSOR PIPER  
(smoking a PIPE) with MISS SCARLET  
(smoking a LONG THIN CIGARETTE)  
standing behind him.

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)

Good evening.

**START**

WADSWORTH

(now to GREEN)

And lastly, Mr. Green, who is a ...

GREEN

I don't need you to unmask me, Wadsworth. I know what you're gonna say about me!

WADSWORTH

What's that?

GREEN

"Mr. Green, who is a homosexual."

MUSTARD

Not me.

GREEN

I beg your pardon?

MUSTARD

You asked, "Who is a homosexual," and I said, not me.

GREEN and WADSWORTH share a baffled moment.

WADSWORTH

Yes, thank you, Colonel.

(to GREEN)

But, there's more to it than that, Mr. Green.

GREEN

How do you mean?

WADSWORTH

There's evidence to support the question of ... your politics.

GREEN

My politics?! Since when is working for the Republican party a crime?

WADSWORTH

You swore an oath of allegiance to the Republican party, but neglected to vote for Eisenhower in the last election. That's grounds for an ousting if ever there was one.

GREEN

But voting records are confidential!

PEACOCK

Everything has its price, Mr. Green.

END

WADSWORTH

See - there you have it.

PEACOCK

(bordering hysteria)

Have what?!

WADSWORTH

A crooked Senator's wife, a lascivious doctor, a dis-loyal republican, and so forth ... not exactly adhering to an all-American standard of behavior, are you?

SCARLET

(knowingly)

Depends on who you ask.

PLUM

But if this Boddy fella is such a noble civilian himself, than why didn't he report us to the authorities?

WADSWORTH

And give up the opportunity to make a buck? Come now, Professor. What could be more American than that?

MUSTARD

(in earnest)

Apple pie.

... a collective eye roll.

SCARLET

Alright, Wadsworth - so we're being blackmailed by a renegade McCarthyist. Where does that leave us?

WHITE

Where is this Mr. Boddy?

MUSTARD

And what does he want from us?

**START**

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(then)

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.

PLUM

You've had the evidence this whole time?!

GREEN

It's all here.

(pulling from a pocket)

Miss. Scarlet's books - including client names and dates of "service," proving she's one of D.C.'s top Madams and justifying why she killed the Cop - who's listed here, on her payroll.

SCARLET

Gimme that!

SCARLET lunges at GREEN. He staves her off with his GUN.

GREEN

(pulling from another pocket)

Ooo, and a love letter addressed to Professor Plum ...

PLUM

That's private property!

GREEN

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

Now see here ...

WADSWORTH makes an attempt to escape - GREEN trains the GUN on him again, grounding him.

GREEN

(to WADSWORTH)

Uh uh uh ...

(now to MUSTARD - trying  
to pull negatives out of  
his sock)

And these negatives ...

(he can't pull them out  
so he tries again)

And these negati ...

(one more time - success)

And these negatives, Colonel. Quite the regular at Miss.  
Scarlet's "establishment." Bet you couldn't be a Colonel  
anymore if that Motorist had informed your General where he  
drives you on Tuesday nights.

MUSTARD

I just wanted somebody to talk with!

WADSWORTH takes a step toward  
GREEN's GUN. GREEN thwarts his  
attempt with Ninja-like moves and  
carries on with a flourish.

GREEN

Shark's Fin Soup indeed, Mrs. Peacock. Too bad your old Cook  
couldn't keep quiet. If only she hadn't blabbed about your  
briberies, maybe you wouldn't have killed her - just before  
joining us outside the Billiard Room. Now we know what really  
took you so long.

PEACOCK

Circumstantial evidence will never hold up in a court of law!

GREEN

(unzipping his pants and  
pulling it out from his  
crotch)

But this notarized record from the Cook will.

(off of PEACOCK'S  
disgusted reaction, now  
to WHITE)

And Mrs. White ...

(HE zips his fly)

... You weren't lying, were you? You really did hate Yvette.

WHITE

(reprising her moment)

Flames ... flames on the side -

GREEN

OK, we get it.

(revealing a vial,  
seemingly out of thin  
air)

Here's a container holding fingerprints collected at the  
scenes of your previous murders -

WHITE

I never murdered my husbands!

GREEN

Fingerprints I'm sure the FBI will be able to match to those  
found on the noose tied around Yvette's neck.

WHITE

I wore gloves!

GREEN

(tearing open his vest to  
reveal WHITE's GLOVES  
pinned to his chest)

You mean these?

WHITE turns away ala "Damn."

GREEN (CONT'D)

And last, but not least, Mr. Bobby Boddy.

WADSWORTH

It's Robert.

GREEN

Now *you* didn't hate Yvette at all, did you Mr. Boddy?

WADSWORTH

What's it to you?

GREEN

"Elicit green-card love affair" is the icing on the cake of  
this FBI file. An FBI file on the whole Boddy family. Your  
butler, the *real* Wadsworth, has been feeding us information  
for months. Talk about a real American.

WADSWORTH

He was British.

GREEN

You know what I mean.

(then)

I see why you'd wanna kill him. Twice. Your shot missed him in the study. But he wisely played dead. And it wasn't 'til you caught him trying to escape that you bludgeoned him to death with the lead pipe I'd dropped on my way to the kitchen.

PLUM

(to SCARLET)

I mean really, who drops a murder weapon?

GREEN

(defensive)

I didn't know it was a ...

(back to brass tacks)

The Boddy family has been wanted for organized crime for generations but they've always alluded the law. Until now. Tonight, the "Boddy Business" has reached a *dead end*.

**END**

WADSWORTH

You leave my family out of this!

WADSWORTH, enraged, uses the **BIGGER** he's snagged from PEACOCK's purse to lunge at GREEN ...

GREEN FIRES shooting WADSWORTH successfully! EVERYONE GASPS!

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)

Ow! Owwww!

(dying - **free form loose improvisation here** - falling into GREEN's arms)

Oh, Larry. Hold me Larry. Oh, it's so dark.

(then)

Second wind.

(HE's back up - maybe with a tap dance and song)

"If I knew you were coming, I'd have baked you a cake."