



Thank you for auditioning for

CLUE

STAGES ST. LOUIS 2023

PLEASE PREPARE THIS FULL PACKET OF MATERIAL FOR BOTH INITIAL APPOINTMENT AND CALLBACK. YOU MAY OR MAY NOT BE ASKED TO READ IT ALL, BUT BE READY.

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 if you have any questions or concerns.

Thank you!

Wojcik Casting Team

WOJCIK CASTING TEAM

MUSTARD

Hello. Pleased to meet you.

WHITE

I'm rarely pleased to meet anyone.

DOORBELL rings. THEY look out.

WHITE (CONT'D)

More?

WADSWORTH

Oh, yes.

WADSWORTH shuts the LOUNGE door,
closing the module back up.

RAIN STORMS. YVETTE opens the front
door to a MUSIC STING. MRS.
PEACOCK, middle-aged, wealthy, and
batty, stands, covered in jewels, a
fox-tail fur stole, and a hat of
PEACOCK FEATHERS, shielding herself
from the rain with a box of candy.

YVETTE

Bonjour Madame. Please, come in from ze rain.

As PEACOCK ENTERS ...

WADSWORTH

Mrs. Peacock, I presume.

PEACOCK

Who?

(realizing)

Oh yes! That's me!

WADSWORTH

Cook, will you please take Mrs. Peacock's stole.

With a MUSIC STING, the WOMEN
recognize each other. THEY flinch!

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)

I see you two know each other.

START

PEACOCK

(discarding her stole
into COOK's arms)

Don't be ridiculous, I've never seen this woman before in my
life.

YVETTE

(offering)

Champagne?

PEACOCK

My lips belong to the Lord!

WADSWORTH

Please, make yourself comfortable in the lounge.

PEACOCK

Thank you.

As WADSWORTH escorts her to the
LOUNGE, SHE remembers the lavishly
wrapped box of chocolates in her
hands.

PEACOCK (CONT'D)

Oh! For your hospitality ...

(an aside)

And there's a coupla Benjamins hidden under the caramels for
you, Butler.

WADSWORTH

How ... sticky.

PEACOCK

I expect to be treated like the wife of a ...

The DOORBELL rings. THEY look out.

WADSWORTH

Hold that thought. Right this way. After you, Mrs. Peacock.

HE opens the door (module) to the
LOUNGE, the interior becomes
halfway visible.

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.

END

MUSTARD

(tickled pink)

This is turning out to be quite the crowd.

As YVETTE closes the LOUNGE door
(module retreats), DOGS BARK. RAIN
STORMS. 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.

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.

PEACOCK taps her knife against her glass to get the GUESTS' attention. (The waving of her knife is a bit threatening to GREEN beside her).

PEACOCK

(tucking a napkin in at
her neck ala a bib)

Alright then, what's all this about, Butler? This dinner party?

WADSWORTH

"Ours not to reason why, Ours but to go and die ..."

GREEN

(anxiously)

Die?

WADSWORTH

Merely quoting, sir, from Alfred Lord Tennyson.

SCARLET

I prefer Kipling myself.

(offering a basket of
dinner rolls to MUSTARD)

Do you like Kipling, Colonel?

MUSTARD

(helping himself)

Sure, I'll eat anything.

(then)

So, who's our host? Is this where he sits?

WADSWORTH

(pouring wine)

All in good time, Sir.

As YVETTE serves soup to PEACOCK -

PEACOCK

START What is that smell? It's something ... familiar.

YVETTE

Sharks' Fin Soup.

PEACOCK
(gleefully)

My favorite!

COOK
(deliberately)

I know.

With a MUSIC STING, COOK/PEACOCK
exchange a sinister glance.

YVETTE

Bon Appetit!

YVETTE and COOK EXIT. The GUESTS
sip their soup. PEACOCK slurps.

PEACOCK
(slurping slightly -
muttering)

This is delicious.

(slurping louder now -
under her breath)

Ooh, this is yum yum yummy yum yum yum.

Finally, she slurps so intensely it
causes her to choke a bit as the
GUESTS stare.

PEACOCK (CONT'D)
(recovering - then all in
nearly one breath - as
WADSWORTH pours wine)

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
Who's your husband?
(cheekily)
Maybe I know him.

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


WHITE
Nothing.

PLUM
Nothing?

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

PEACOCK
How lazy!

END SCARLET
(with snarl)
Not necessarily.



WADSWORTH
On the count of three.
(a beat and then)
One ... Three!

WADSWORTH and WHITE ENTER and EXIT
their respective rooms abruptly.

WHITE
Nothing in that room.

WADSWORTH
Nothing in that room either.

WHITE
Shall we search the bathroom?

WADSWORTH
(gesturing for her to GO
FIRST)
After you.

WHITE and WADSWORTH's stylized
movement lead them into an
elaborate TANGO as they EXIT.

As the HALL WALL flies out, The
GUESTS crisscross the entry HALL
causing each other to stumble.

MUSTARD and SCARLET meet in the
middle, each holding a NOTEPA and
TINY GOLF PENCIL (from the CLUB
board game). THEY compare their
notes and each EXIT separately as
the LIBRARY module slides into
place.

Focus shifts to: PEACOCK and PLUM
in the LIBRARY.

PLUM
(seated in an arm chair)
START This is quite an impressive library.

PEACOCK puts a book back in the bookshelf, triggering an elaborate, FBI style SECRET PANEL labeled "EVIDENCE," plastered with HEADSHOTS (in the style of the CLUE GAME CARDS) and NOTES detailing the GUESTS' crimes, to flip and appear in the wall directly behind them. THEY do not see it.

PEACOCK
(her back now to the
SECRET PANEL)

How can I find anything if I don't even know what I'm looking for!

PLUM
(reading from a book)

"Civilized society is perpetually menaced with disintegration through this primary hostility of men towards one another."

PEACOCK
Your fancy words don't intimidate me, Professor!

PLUM
I take no credit, Mrs. Peacock.
(re: the book)
Freud. I think he's on to something.

PEACOCK
Now is not the time for academic pursuits! We're supposed to find the evidence!

PLUM
It's a fruitless search, if you ask me. I mean, it's not like we're just gonna walk into a room and find the evidence plastered on the wall.

PEACOCK
I suppose you're right.

PLUM
C'mon, let's go upstairs. Maybe we'll be excited by something in a bedroom.

PEACOCK

I haven't been excited by something in a bedroom for years.

END

THEY EXIT the LIBRARY as the module retreats.

The GUESTS crisscross once more, featuring an unexpected, split-second connection between YVETTE and WADSWORTH.

Then, MUSTARD, solo, crosses the HALL studying an enlarged MAP OF BODDY MANOR (looking identical to the CLUE board game).

To the MUSIC, EACH GUEST round-robins through EVERY DOOR, in choreographed mayhem. The GROUP ends with ALL their HEADS poking out of ONE DOOR, which WADSWORTH SHUTS.

The MUSIC shifts to sinister, as the LOUNGE module opens and we find the MOTORIST on the phone.

MOTORIST

I'm a little nervous. I'm at that 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 the funny thing is, I think one of them is my customer.

As he's talking, the PORTRAIT behind him opens and a GLOVED HAND appears behind him with a raised WRENCH ...

MOTORIST (CONT'D)

Yeah, my regular Tuesday night passenger ...

The WRENCH comes down on the MOTORIST'S head. BLACKOUT. The LOUNGE retreats.