



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

PLUM - SIDE 1

2/10/20

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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.

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

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)
Good evening.

START

PLUM

(reading authoritatively
from his letter in the
doorway.)

"Please arrive at 7:30 sharp on Saturday evening."
(a glance to his watch)

Well, here I am ...

WADSWORTH

Professor Plum.

PLUM

If you say so.

SCARLET

(stepping in more fully)

Well, well, well. And I thought I'd seen everything ...

WADSWORTH

Miss Scarlet. Welcome. I didn't realize you and the Professor
were acquainted.

SCARLET

We're not.

SCARLET continues as PLUM gives his
coat to COOK. HE wears an academic
suit. If HE weren't so off-putting,
he'd be charming.

SCARLET (CONT'D)

The bridge is washed out from the rain. My car broke down,
and this Professor offered to give me a ride.

PLUM

(smarmily to GREEN)

I'm hoping she'll return the favor one day.

SCARLET

Subtle.

(back to WADSWORTH)

I didn't realize we were headed to the same place until ...
we arrived.

Dialogue continues as SCARLET gives
her coat to COOK.

SHE looks positively Hollywood in a provocative dress. If she weren't such a broad, she'd be classy.
GREEN also hands his coat to COOK.

WADSWORTH
(to PLUM)

How was your drive?

PLUM

It's a long haul.

WADSWORTH
Indeed, it is a long hall. But then, it's a very large house.
(then)

This way please.

WADSWORTH points the way to the LOUNGE. SCARLET absorbs the grandeur of the manor.

SCARLET
Say ... what is this godforsaken place anyway?

WADSWORTH
This old place? Oh, this ... is Boddy Manor.

END

THUNDER/LIGHTNING. THEY jump. GREEN more-so than the others.

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)
Cook. Dinner?

COOK
Directly.

COOK moves to PLUM.

WADSWORTH
(showing SCARLET, PLUM,
and GREEN to the LOUNGE)
Appetizers in the lounge. After you.

The LOUNGE module now opens fully to reveal the interior.

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

(relishing 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 could 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?

START

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.

END

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 ballroom?

WADSWORTH
(Securing 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 empty HALL
causing each other to stumble.

MUSTARD and SCARLET meet in the
middle, each holding a NOTEPAD and
TINY GOLF PENCIL (from the CLUE
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)
This is quite an impressive library.

START

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 BODDAM 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.