



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

With pleasure, my dear.

YVETTE opens the LOUNGE door,
esserting MUSTARD inside.

WADSWORTH opens the front door to a
MUSIC STIM

RAIN STORMS. MRS. WHITE stands,
tragic and morbid, dressed
funeral clothing, guarding herself
from the rain. Over her face is a
MESH BLACK VEIL.

START

WADSWORTH

Do come in, madam. You are expected.

SHE ENTERS more fully, WADSWORTH at
her heels.

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)

Welcome.

WHITE

(with a confident
mystique)

Do you know who I am?

SHE pulls back her VEIL, to reveal
her face.

WADSWORTH

Only that you are a socialite to be known this evening as
Mrs. White.

SHE slips off her cloak, black with
a brilliantly white inside.

WHITE

Yes.

WADSWORTH catches it gracefully.

WHITE (CONT'D)

It said so in my letter. But, why - ?

WHITE (CONT'D)

WADSWORTH
(interrupting)

May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is the maid, Yvette.

MUSIC STING as the WOMEN notice
each other and flinch.

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)

I see you two know each other.

WHITE
(deliberately lying)

We've never met.

YVETTE
(cheekily)

Champagne?

WHITE
(pointedly)

I think not.

WADSWORTH
Please, warm yourself in the lounge.

WHITE
Why do I look cold?

WADSWORTH
(shepherding her into the
LOUNGE - then)
I'll be right with you.

The module of the set containing
the door to the LOUNGE, now pulls
open slightly, making the interior
of the LOUNGE partially visible as
WHITE steps through the door,
noticing MUSTARD.

WHITE
Oh. Hello.

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.

END

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
fatty, 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 the 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 stuff.

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

WADSWORTH (CONT'D)

I see you two know each other.

WADSWORTH
You don't need any help from me, sir.
(MUSTARD starts to register the insult - but ...)
Colonel, looks like you hold a sensitive security post in the pentagon. Those "negatives" would most certainly compromise your position.

PLUM
(with a wink)
And what position exactly were you caught in, Colonel?

MUSTARD
This is an outrage!

WADSWORTH
(changing focus)
Let's see, who's next?
(HE charges towards GREEN but spins on a dime at the last moment to ...)

START

Mrs. White, you've been paying our friend the blackmailer ever since your husband died under, shall we say, mysterious circumstances.

WHITE
Say what you want. I didn't kill him.

MUSTARD
Then why are you paying the blackmailer?

WHITE
I don't want another scandal, do I?

PLUM
Another?

WHITE
We had a very humiliating confrontation. He had threatened to kill me in public.

SCARLET
Why would he want to kill you in public?

WADSWORTH

I think she meant that he had threatened, in public, to kill her.

THEY all react with understanding.

WHITE

It was all over the papers.

WADSWORTH

And yet he was the one who died. Not you, Mrs. White, not you.

WHITE

He was found dead at home. Unclothed. His head had been cut off and so had his ... you know.

SHE gestures in the direction of her groin. THEY all react.

WHITE (CONT'D)

But, I didn't do it. I'd been out all evening, at the movies.

SCARLET

What was showing?

WHITE

"The Naked Alibi."

SCARLET

A likely story.

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.

END

THEY physically rewind - to the
end of a tape rewinding - a bit
faster now ...

WADSWORTH
We're listening, Colonel. Who do you accuse?

MUSTARD holds high WHITE'S VEIL.

START

MUSTARD
It was MRS. WHITE, IN THE BILLIARD ROOM, WITH THE ROPE!

THEY LOOK/GASP!

WHITE
I'd rather die!

MUSTARD
I found your veil in the billiard room! And I saw how you
cringed tonight when Yvette served you dinner.

WHITE
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!

END

WADSWORTH
The rope is missing. Gentlemen, turn out your pockets. Ladies
...

WHITE pulls out the rope with a
yelp. THEY GASP as SHE waves it
threateningly.

WADSWORTH
Well done, Wadsworth!

POPS burst in, faster now.

CHIEF
(nearly at the same time)
Well done, Wadsworth!