



Thank you for auditioning for

**CLUE**

**STAGES ST. LOUIS 2023**

**PLEASE PREPARE THIS SIDE FOR BOTH INITIAL APPOINTMENT AND CALLBACK.**

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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WADSWORTH

**START**

The police are coming in less than an hour!

ALL

"What?" "Why?" "The police?!" "What are you talking about?"  
Etc.

BODDY

(recovering)

Unless ...

ALL

Unless, what?

MR. BODDY refers to his briefcase.

BODDY

You agree to double down.

SCARLET

And why would we agree to that?

BODDY

Because if you don't, 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.

ALL

"That's why you've brought us all here?!" "You bastard!" "Get that briefcase!" "You're taking advantage of a tenuous political situation!" Etc ...

BODDY

Unless ...

ALL (INCLUDING WADSWORTH)

Unless what?!

BODDY

Well, there is something you could do for me that would change the game. Something I just can't bear to do myself.

ALL (INCLUDING WADSWORTH)

What?!

BODDY  
(to GUESTS)

Have a seat, please.

The GUESTS move to the SOFA. The  
LADIES sit, the GENTLEMEN stand  
behind. After a brief silence ...

GREEN  
(re: a side table behind  
the sofa)

Is it alright if I sit here ...

Before he can get the word out,  
GREEN sits on the edge of the table  
which surprisingly collapses  
noisily.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
(bouncing back up)  
Sorry, sorry. Little accident prone. Sorry.

WADSWORTH  
(then - genuine to BODDY)  
What's this about, sir?

BODDY  
In this bag, there are six packages that I thought our guests  
might find useful this evening.

BODDY begins to empty a duffle bag  
full of packages into the arms of  
WADSWORTH.

WADSWORTH  
Packages?

BODDY  
Presents, if you will. I'm a generous sort of fellow.

WADSWORTH  
Are you?

BODDY

Wadsworth, will you please see to it that each guest receives a gift?

WADSWORTH

Gladly.

WADSWORTH moves to distribute the gifts.

BODDY

(pouring himself a  
brandy)

Anyone wanna make a guess as to what's in your boxes?

SCARLET

Perfume?

WHITE

Candy?

PEACOCK

A rare single malt Scotch Whiskey?

BODDY

(with a laugh)

Aren't guessing games fun?

(then)

Please - open them.

SCARLET opens her BOX. Puzzled, SHE lifts out a heavy brass candlestick. MUSIC STING. SHE looks at BODDY.

SCARLET

A candlestick? What's this for?

One by one, with a MUSIC STING, each of the GUESTS open their boxes, pulling out their "gift."

MUSTARD

A wrench...

A lead pipe...

GREEN

A dagger...

PEACOCK

A revolver...

PLUM

Ahhhhhh! A snake!

WHITE

Oh, no. It's a rope.

(then)

BODDY

In your hands you each have a lethal weapon.

THEY GASP.

BODDY (CONT'D)

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.

WADSWORTH

You are?

BODDY

Mr. Wadsworth here is the only other person who knows your secrets; and it's costing us all dearly to keep him quiet.

GREEN

What do you mean?

BODDY

I wouldn't have to double your payments if I didn't have to pay Mr. Wadsworth for his silence.

ALL

Wadsworth?!

WADSWORTH

That's a lie!

BODDY

He may look suave and charming ...

WADSWORTH

Thank you ...

BODDY

But really he's conniving and manipulative.

WADSWORTH

False!

BODDY

Why do you think he's called the police?

PLUM

(to WADSWORTH)

You called the police?

WADSWORTH

Only because *HE* instructed me to do so!

BODDY

Did I?

(then)

Ladies and gentlemen ... if you can manage to get *rid* of Mr. Wadsworth, I'll have no need to increase your blackmail or expose you to the police.

PLUM

Get rid of?

PEACOCK

(to WHITE)

Does he mean ... kill him?!

BODDY

In fact, if you can *eliminate* Wadsworth ...

WHITE

Yes, I think that's what he means.

BODDY

... Who not only knows all of your secrets, but also mine - then I will *eliminate* your blackmail altogether and be done with this terrible business once and for all.

WADSWORTH

You would never!

PLUM

But why make *us* do it, Boddy?! Why don't you do your dirty work yourself?

GREEN

Yeah!

BODDY

Why should I when the six of you are so uniquely motivated ... and armed?

SCARLET

What a patriot.

WADSWORTH

After all I've done for you?!

(to GUESTS)

He's a liar! I'm one of you! I'm not a butler! I'm an indentured servant!

BODDY

A familiar refrain.

(darkly)

Don't make a scene, Wadsworth. It's over.

(to GUESTS)

The police are on their way. Now's your chance. The only way for you to end your blackmail and avoid finding yourselves on the front pages is for one of you to kill Wadsworth ... NOW! **END**

HE switches off the LIGHTS.

BLACKNESS. CHAOS. SCREAMS. A GUN

SHOT. MORE CHAOS AND SCREAMS.

LIGHTS.

BODDY lies on the floor prone.

Face down. EVERYONE else is spread throughout the STUDY.

WHITE

It's Mr. Boddy!

WADSWORTH

(enormously relieved)

Oh thank God.

SCENE 8:

THE FRONT DOOR

WADSWORTH leads YVETTE and the GUESTS toward the FRONT DOOR. He opens the DOOR to throw away the safe key, but shockingly, a MOTORIST stands at the door, poised to knock. The GUESTS scream.

WADSWORTH  
(screaming)

Not now!

WADSWORTH slams the door on the MOTORISTS' face. The GUESTS are breathless with fear.

GREEN

Was that the killer?

WHITE

He didn't look like a killer.

PLUM  
(a dig)

Takes one to know one.

MUSTARD

Leave him to me. Interrogation is my speciality.

MUSTARD opens the door.

MUSTARD (CONT'D)

**START**

How do you do?

MOTORIST

I'm sorry ...

(as HE ENTERS, searching  
for words)

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.



MUSTARD  
(accusatorially)  
Are you a killer?  
  
MOTORIST  
What? No!  
  
MUSTARD  
(entirely convinced)  
Alright.  
(showing him in)  
This way please.

As the OTHERS start to protest ...

MOTORIST  
Thank you.  
  
He steps fully into the mansion.

MOTORIST (CONT'D)  
Well? Where is it?

MUSTARD  
What? The body?

The OTHERS GASP!

MOTORIST  
The phone.  
(realizing)  
What body?

WADSWORTH  
What? There's no body. There's nobody.

MUSTARD  
Riiiiight. There's nobody in the study.

MUSTARD has inadvertently pointed  
to the STUDY. The MOTORIST starts  
walking towards it. EVERYONE  
realizes that's where the bodies  
are!

ALL  
(preventing him from  
going to the STUDY)

No!!!

WADSWORTH  
No, no that phone's been disconnected. But I think there's  
one in the lounge.

MOTORIST  
Alrighty then.

WADSWORTH brings the MOTORIST to  
the door of THE LOUNGE as the  
others look on.

WADSWORTH  
Right through this door.

MOTORIST  
Thank you.

**END**

WADSWORTH opens the door, lets the  
MOTORIST in. Closes and locks the  
door.

WADSWORTH  
(to GUESTS with renewed  
intense urgency)  
Now listen ... we haven't much time. Our task is two-fold.  
ONE: Find the evidence! TWO: Find the murderer!

PEACOCK  
We've got one potential suspect contained in the lounge - but  
that leaves the whole rest of this place up for grabs. Who  
knows what's behind all these doors.

MUSTARD  
I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion. We split  
up, and search the house.

PEACOCK  
Split up!?