

Clue the Musical: Audition Monologues

Mrs. Peacock -- Black widow and chairwoman of Peacock Enterprises, married to Mr. Boddy and cheating with Col. Mustard. Acerbic, manipulative, sexy socialite. (*Script notes suggest mezzo-soprano with belt.*)

Monologue

I am Mrs. Peacock: well-known, well-traveled, and well-preserved. I am the rose of the Peacock Family and Chairperson of the Board of Peacock Enterprises, a position I acquired with the death of my first husband, Anthony. My second husband, Neville, gave me an authentic Renoir; Vincenzo, my third, my villa in Capri; my fourth, a 10-Carat diamond ring. I've forgotten my fifth completely. He gave me . . . nothing. I'm happy to say I'm a newlywed again. Mr. Boddy recently became my sixth. I have wealth. I have power. (*Beat.*) I have Ivana Trump's plastic surgeon.

Professor Plum -- Super genius, author, intellect, impostor, his family fortune was ruined by Mr. Boddy. Astute intellectual with a wry sense of humor. (*Script notes suggest baritone vocal range.*)

Monologue

I am Professor Plum. BA, MA, PhD . . . that's me. I am an author by trade, an intellect by birth and an American by choice. You see, I was born in London, raised in New York, attended Oxford and years later became part of the British Think Tank in the States. It was in Washington I met Mr. Boddy. He was a lobbyist for the oil industry. He asked me to ghost write a book for him about government involvement in the oil industry, for a handsome fee. Indeed, I agreed. As Somerset Maugham said: "Money is like a sixth sense . . . (*Beat*) You can't make use of the other five without it."

Miss Scarlet -- The femme fatale of the game, a former Las Vegas lounge performer, and former lover of Mr. Green. Shrewd, very attractive. (*Script notes suggest a wide vocal range, with belt.*)

Monologue

I'm Miss Scarlet. I'm an actress . . . well, a singer . . . no, more like a performer. You know, I do it all. Or so that's what my men friends tell me. No one knows this, but I first met Mr. Boddy when I was performing in Las Vegas. I opened for a dog juggling act, which played every Tuesday at three a.m. at Billy's Lonestar Bar, Grill and Casino. Mr. Boddy was in Vegas on business. He saw my show, *loved* it, and asked if I'd give him an encore in his hotel room. Well, you know me . . . (*Beat.*) I love an audience.

Colonel Mustard -- He fancies himself a triumphant war colonel. He is implicated in the death of both of Mr. Boddy's parents and he is currently having an affair with Mrs. Peacock. A pompous, randy, military man with a strong personality. (*Script notes suggest baritone vocal range.*)

Monologue

Colonel Mustard here. I've stormed bunkers, pillaged barricades, and triumphed in a war. Not with might, but with imagination. See, this soldier never had the opportunity to serve in the armed forces, because of legislation drafted by Senator Boddy, Mr. Boddy's father. It bans from the military any person who has the disease which causes people to mistake humans for inanimate objects: Non-identifyusitis. People live quite normally with the ailment, 'til they're excited and their blood pressure increases. Then your neighbor becomes a Volkswagon, your son a toaster – you get the idea. Shortly after the bill was passed, Senator Boddy mysteriously died. (*Beat.*) Now Mr. Boddy calls me Dad.

Mrs. White – Mrs. White is the chief domestic of Boddy Manor. She is virtually enslaved by Mr. Boddy. A fun-loving Cockney maid. (*Script notes suggest wide vocal range.*)

Monologue

Me name is Mrs. White. I hate the Mrs. Part, but that's what I'm called by Mr. Boddy, who I lives with, as I'm his housekeeper, actually his cook and his housekeeper, but he don't pay me enough to be called both, so I say I'm just his housekeeper, and I don't mean to say I lives with 'im, 'cause I got me own teeny, tiny room in the basement, where I sleep on a thin, thin, thin mattress on a cot what ain't fit for prisoners in a jail cell. And the food! I get scraps, leftovers tasteless, gristly stuff the dog won't eat. And I works seven days a week – seven long, hard days with no rest for me wary bones, me weary muscles, me weary hand, feet, eyes, nose, hair. (*Beat.*) I need a drink.

Mr. Green -- Con-artist and entrepreneur, he is a former lover of Miss Scarlet. A slick, handsome wheeler-dealer. (*Script notes suggest a baritone/tenor vocal range.*)

Monologue

Green's the name. Money's my game. I'm a sultan of the stock market, king of commodities – an entrepreneur. I got me a national chain of beauty salons called Teasin' Your Blues Away; I own the world's most popular discount air carrier, Pennies in Heaven; and I'm part of a joint venture, with Mr. Boddy, which specializes in the restoration of ancient monuments, called Colossal Nips and Tucks. Our recent project is the Great Pyramids. We're gonna protect them from the elements by covering them with vinyl siding. What a concept: sandstone-colored siding that blends into the stone, so you don't even know it's there. (*Beat.*) I'm a genius.

Detective – Appears in order to crack the case and solve the mystery. She rebuffs Prof. Plum's amorous advances. Hard-nosed, snappy & humorous. (Script notes suggest an “interesting singing voice.”)

Monologue

I'm a hard-nosed detective, who's hard pressed to find the hard truth. I'm tough on crime, tough to talk to, and tough as nails. I turn over stones, turn over suspects and turn over when I sleep. My direct questions get direct answers. For me, yes means yes, no means no, and maybe means you're under the influence of an illegal substance. Peter may have picked a peck of pickled peppers, and she may have sold sea shells by the sea shore, but everywhere that Mary went *this* lamb *won't* be going. Is that clear? (Beat.) What are you all staring at?

Mr. Boddy -- The host of the game, current husband of Mrs. Peacock, victim of the impending murder. Mr. Boddy has a unique relationship with each of the Suspects that informs each character's potential motive to commit murder. To the audience, Mr. Boddy is a charismatic, handsome, playful host. (Script notes suggest a “soaring” baritone/tenor.)

Monologue

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,
Boddy, Mr. Boddy is my name.
Welcome to my home, Boddy Manor.
Of tonight's event I am the planner –
This fun and folly known as a game.

The premise of the game is simple:
Kill me -- with one weapon, in one room.
You won't rest easily
'Til I rest permanently.
Ah, the immeasurable joy of my doom.

Tonight, we won't save the world from ruin.
We won't get a Nobel Prize.
We won't win lottery Jackpots.
We will encounter some crackpots,
Loony antics and clues to scrutinize.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
You will determine the conclusion of the game.
Now we start our journey to arrive at this end.
To all suspicious doing diligently attend.