

Clue: On Stage Audition Selections

Please select one or two of the following monologues, or prepare a monologue of your own choosing in the style of the play.

1) MRS. WHITE:

I don't want another scandal, do I? We had a very humiliating confrontation. He had threatened to kill me in public. It was all over the papers. He was deranged. He was a lunatic. He didn't actually seem to like me that much. He had threatened to kill me in public. He was a stupidly optimistic man. I'm afraid it came as a great shock to him when he died. He was found dead at home. Unclothed. His head had been cut off and so had his...you know. But, I didn't do it. I'd been out all evening, at the movies. He wasn't a very good illusionist. But my third husband, I miss him the most. He was an electrician...well -- until he was electrocuted. I didn't kill him! 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!

2) MR. GREEN:

I'll tell you why not. Larry Goodman! FBI! The jig is up! Apparently I'm a dead ringer for Green. He got a letter just like each of you. But he came to the Bureau to ask for help. I took his place tonight so we could have a sting operation. I usually work the desk. My beat is property crime - ya know theft, fraud. That's why I was so tickled when the real Mr. Wadsworth risked his neck to drop a whole briefcase worth of evidence last night. It's all here. Miss Scarlett's books - including client names and dates of "service" proving she's one of D.C.'s top madams, and justifying why she killed the cop - who's listed on her payroll. Oooo, a love letter addressed to Professor Plum... That Singing Telegram Girl was the underage daughter of the head of U-NO WHO, who woulda come clean to Daddy - who woulda cleaned out Professor plum, so you killed her. Uh uh uh... (trying to pull photo negatives out of his sock) And those negatives... (he can't pull them out and tries again) And these negatives, Colonel. (success) Quite the regular at Miss Scarlett's "establishment". Bet you couldn't be a Colonel anymore if that Motorist had informed your General where he drives you on Tuesday nights. Shark's fin soup indeed, Mrs. Peacock. Too bad your old Cook couldn't keep quiet. If only she hadn't blabbed about your bribes, maybe you wouldn't have killed her - just before joining us outside the Billiard Room. Now we know what really took you so long.

3) MRS. PEACOCK:

What's that smell? It's something...familiar. Shark's fin soup! My favorite! (slurping, muttering) This is delicious. Ooooh this is yum yum yummy yum yum yum. 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... 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?

4) MISS SCARLET:

Oh, who cares?! We're still in the dark anyway! We're no closer to solving our murder mysteries or unearthing the evidence against us. I found you lurking conspicuously in the Conservatory. The scarlet flowers opened the secret passage to the Lounge, but if I remember correctly, Scarlet flowers always have five petals. This one only had four! Meaning you had already plucked a petal to the passage to the Lounge, where you pummeled the Motorist to death with the Wrench. Then you shot the Singing Telegram Girl before she could finish her cramprolls! Wonder what kinda dirt she had on you. Bet she was an old patient of yours, or something right? Wait a minute! We can all rush him. He's got no more bullets left in that gun. It's not a trick. There was one shot at Mr. Boddy in the Study, two for the chandelier, two at the Lounge door and one for the Singing Telegram Girl. One plus two plus two plus one.

5) WADSWORTH:

Ladies and gentlemen, these instructions are clear. It seems the six of you have all received the same letter. "It will be to your advantage to be present on this date because a Mr. Boddy will bring to end a certain long standing confidential and painful financial liability." As it turns out, you all have one thing in common. You're all being blackmailed. For some considerable time all of you have been paying more than you can afford to someone who threatens to expose you. Until you'd received the letters, you hadn't known who was blackmailing you. But now, I'm sure that even the least discerning amongst you has determined that the man behind your ransom...is Mr. Boddy himself. Who Mr. Boddy is, is no concern of yours. Suffice it to say, he's a supporter of the House Un-American Activities Committee - and he feels your activities have been decidedly un-American. My task this evening is to expose your secrets to each other - rendering you all culpable in each others' indiscretions. I'm afraid I have no choice. We'll start with you, Professor Plum.

6) YVETTE:

Of course I'm alive, you ee-diot! No zanks to you - Wadsworth! You've locked us up in zis house wiz a murderer! Where? Here! We're all looking at him. Or her... I heard you all in ze Study - one of you is ze killer! I was listening! I have a tape recorder in ze Billiard Room connected to ze Study! Monsieur Boddy asked me to record your converzation! Wadsworth revealed your secrets in ze Study; now zey are all recorded.

7) COLONEL MUSTARD:

I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion. We split up, and search the house. Yes! We'll split up into pairs. That way none of us will be alone. And if one of us is killed, well, we would have discovered who the murderer is. This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable. You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs - every cook will tell you that. I am willing to take that chance, what choice do I have? All right, troops. Divide and conquer. I'll split us into pairs. Eenie-meenie-miney...

8) PROFESSOR PLUM:

Well, greetings all. It's a pleasure for you to see me. ...Are you afraid of silence, Mrs. Peacock? In my professional opinion, it seems you suffer from what we call "pressure of speech." I am a doctor. In psychological medicine. (shamefully) I don't practice anymore, I currently work for the government. I do research for U-NO-WHO. A branch of the United Nations Organization: the World Health Organization.