

# Clue Audition Pieces

Mr. Boddy                      Charasmatic, handsome, playful host; 30's; baritone/tenor

*Ladies and gentlemen, in this envelope is the key to our destiny.  
For in it lies the answer to the mystery.*

*We find ourselves in an interesting place: The ending is chosen before we begin.  
What then is the objective from a player's perspective?  
To solve the mystery and ultimately win.*

*Your goal is to figure out what's in the envelope:  
Whodunit, with what weapon, in what room.  
Your arrive at this conclusion by deducing the solution  
from clues I will give you once we resume.*

*There are two rounds of clues that will assist you:  
before my death, Round One; After, Round Two.  
Participation in the game is purely by choice.*

*If you play, use the playing form you received.  
Document the information I reveal with each clue  
then eliminate items with no value perceived  
Thus, you find where, how and who.*

*Now we start our journey to arrive at this end.  
To all suspicious doing diligently attend.*

Mrs. Peacock                      Acerbic, manipulative, socialite; plays 40's; Mezzo

*I am Mrs. Peacock: well-known, well-travelled 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 newly wed again. Mr. Boddy recently became my sixth. I have wealth. I have power, (beat) I have Ivana Trump's plastic surgeon.*

Prof. Plum                      Astute intellectual with a wry sense of humor; Plays 30s-40s; baritone

*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... You can't make use of the other five without it."*

Miss Scarlet                      Shrewd, very attractive vixen; 20s; wide vocal range

*I am 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 AM 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... I love an audience.*

Col. Mustard                      Pompous, randy military man; plays 40s-50s; baritone

*Colonel Mustard here. I've stormed bunkers, pillaged barricades and triumphed in 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, 'till they're excited and their blood pressure increases. Then your neighbor becomes a Volkswagen, your son a toaster - you get the idea. Shortly after the bill was passed, Senator Boddy mysteriously died.... Now Mr. Boddy calls me Dad.*

Mrs. White                      Fun-loving cockney maid; plays 40s-50s; wide vocal range

*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 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 weary bones, me weary muscles, me weary hands, feet, eyes, nose, hair... I need a drink.*

Mr. Green                      Slick, handsome wheeler-dealer; 20s; baritone/tenor

*Green's the name. Money's my game. I'm 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... I'm a genius.*

Detective                      Hard-nosed, snappy, humorous female; 30s; interesting singing voice

*I'm a hard-nosed detective, whose 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 Sally may have sold seas shells by the seashore, but everywhere that Mary went this lamb won't be going. Is that clear?*