



AUDITION SIDES

Select, prepare and perform two monologue(s) from the following. If possible, please have the monologue(s) memorized.

WADSWORTH - a traditional British butler in every sense: uptight formal and “by the book.” He is the driving force of the play.

WADSWORTH (1)

Greetings. I am Wadsworth, the butler. Tonight, as you may have surmised, nobody is being addressed by their real name. A courtesy your host has provided to ensure your privacy. I suggest you follow his lead and refrain from revealing too much about yourselves this evening. You never know when –

(Cook strikes a gong, interrupting)

Ah. Dinner.

WADSWORTH (2)

Mr. Boddy was dead. But not really. Really he was alive. But we didn’t know it. Then, Mrs. Peacock drank his drink...

(As Peacock) Poison!

(He screams... He slaps himself.)

(As Scarlet) Well, someone had to stop her screaming!

(As himself) To the Billiard Room! But Mrs. Peacock joined late.

(As Peacock) I’m an old woman who may or may not have been poisoned.

(As himself) Then Mrs. White asked... (As White) Who else is in the house? (As himself) To which we all replied... ZE COOK!

MR. GREEN - A timid yet officious rule follower. He’s awfully anxious.

MR. GREEN (1)

Is this the right address to meet a ... Mr. Boddy? Excuse me, I suppose this letter has me rather anxious.

(Noticing the interior)

Whoa. This isn’t at all what I expected. Oh, I’m not disappointed. There are so many of you – I didn’t realize...

(Spilling champagne all over himself)

Oh, sorry. Sorry. I’m a bit clumsy, I suppose.

MR. GREEN (2)

The jig is up! 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.

PROFESSOR PLUM - An arrogant academic, easily impressed by himself

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 do research for U-NO WHO. A branch of the United Nations Organization: the World Health Organization.

COLONEL MUSTARD - *a puffy, pompous, dense, blowhard of a military man*

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. This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable. You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs – every cook will tell you that. All right troops. Divide and conquer. I'll split us into pairs. Eenie-meenie-miney...

MR. BODDY - *a slick, Frank Sinatra, film noir-esque type fella*

Anyone wanna make a guess as to what's in your boxes? Aren't guessing games fun? You all came tonight because you believed the evidence against you was so horrible that you would do anything to keep it a secret. I'm putting that theory to the test. 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!

MRS. PEACOCK - *The wealthy wife of a senator. A bit batty, neurotic, and quick to hysteria*

This is delicious. Ohhh, this is 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?

MISS SCARLET - *a dry, sardonic D.C. madam, interested in secrets*

Psst! You'll never believe what I found in the hallway. Professor Plum's stupid tobacco pipe! It seems suspicious if you ask me. Search me... Hey! Get your mitts off me! It's just an expression!

(Moving on)

This is the last room left to search in this beastly mansion and we still haven't found the evidence. A trap door? A trap door leading to a secret passage? C'mon!

MRS. WHITE - *a pale, morbid, and tragic woman, she may or may not be the murderer of her five ex-husbands*

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!

YVETTE - *a loyal French maid*

Of course I'm alive, you ee-diot! No zanks to you – Wadsworth! You've locked us up in zis house wiz a murderer! 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 conversation! I also drank ze Cognac. Maybe I am poisoned too! (And more to the point) Plus, one of you is ze killer! Monsieur Boddy is dead!