

# Clue The Musical Cast

## Opening Monologues



### Professor Plum

I am Professor Plum, BA, MA, PhD ... that's me. I am an author by trade, an intellectual by birth, and an American by choice. 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 that 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

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 jog juggling act, which played every Tuesday at three a.m. at Billy's Lonestar Bar, Grill and Casino. Mr. Boddy was in Las Vegas, saw my show, *loved* it, and asked if I would give him an encore in his hotel room. Well, you know me ... I love an audience.

### Colonel Mustard

Colonel Mustard here. I've stormed bunkers, pillaged barricades and triumphed in war. Not with my might, but with imagination. See, this soldier never had the opportunity to serve in the armed forces, because of legislation passed by Senator Boddy, Mr. Boddy's father. It bans from the military any person who has the disease that causes people to mistake humans for inanimate objects, non-identify-us-itus. People live quite normally with the ailment, 'til their blood pressure rises. Then your son becomes a skateboard, your neighbor a punching bag — you get the idea. Shortly after the bill passed, Senator Boddy mysteriously died. Now, Mr. Boddy calls me Dad.

### Mrs. Peacock

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 squired 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. Broddy recently became my sixth. I have wealth. I have power. I have Caitlyn Jenner's plastic surgeon.

### Mrs. White

Me name is Mrs. White. I hate the Mrs. part, but that's what I'm called by Mr. Broddy, who I lives with, as I'm 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 mattress in the basement, where I sleep on a thin, thin, thin mattress on a cot what ain't fir for prisoners in a jail cell. And the food! I get scraps, leftovers, tasteless, grisly stuff the dog won't eat. And I works seven long, hard days, with no rest for me weary bones, my weary muscles, me weary hands, feet, eyes, nose, hair. I need a drink.

### Mr. Green

Green's the name. Money's the 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. Broddy, 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 know it's there. I'm a genius.