

The Art of Murder: Audition Sides

Side 1: Schtupie/Golding/Rupert

Golding: Ladies and gentlemen, Countess Von-Schtuchplestein-Mashugenah-Mihalevich-York. Known to her friends and family as Schtupie.

Schtupie: You're cute. (She begins poking at and tickling Golding.)

Golding: (Prompting Schtupie to address her guests.) Countess.

Schtupie: What?

Golding: Your guests.

Schtupie: (Turning to face the crowd while mumbling nonsense. She becomes very serious as she addresses her guests.) It gives me great pleasure to welcome all of you ... to ... to ... (Singing) toot toot tootsie ... where the hell am I?

Golding: Your home Countess.

Schtupie: Which one?

Golding: Schtupletstein Manor ma'am.

Schtupie: I like the house with the peacock room better. Peacock. (Laughs then makes peacock noises.)

Rupert: (To Tallulah) This is her only residence now. The fool gifted millions of dollars in properties to cockamamie causes.

Schtupie: (Becoming angry.) Excuse me? Cockamamie? Cockamamie. What a funny word. (Laughing, she keeps repeating the word until Golding focuses her attention back on her guests.)

Golding: Countess.

Schtupie: (Becoming very serious.) Yes, my guests. Welcome and goodnight. (She turns to exit.)

Side 2: Adie/Clive

Adie: Mr. Cumberbatch. Might I have a word?

Clive: I suppose.

Adie: What seems to be your story?

Clive: I don't know what you mean.

Adie: Everyone has a story.

Clive: Well, I was born in a basket and passed along to no one who wanted me.

Adie: That must have been a rough and lonely existence. Did you do well in school?

Clive: Why yes. I excelled at arithmetic.

Adie: A math wiz, huh?

Clive: Oh no, I was terrible at math.

Adie: But you just said ... never mind. How did you make your money?

Clive: With a printing press at first, then bad checks, and then eventually shady, but legal business investments.

Adie: You're a fraud.

Clive: Yes, I am, but I paid my debt to society with five years in Sing Sing. It was there that I learned the art of soap carving, shank making and high risk investing in a volatile market.

Side 3: Tallulah/Rupert

Tallulah: Time is running out Rupert. What's the plan? You promised that I would be dripping in diamonds by now and this hand is still empty! Half of \$750.00 won't even buy my plane ticket home. That's exactly what I'm planning on doing Rupert. Going home. Without you!

Rupert: (Thinking to himself.) It's that Golding.

Tallulah: Oh sure it is. First it was Schtupie, now it's Golding, tomorrow it will be that little brat Georgie. Man up and take what is yours.

Rupert: Will you be quiet! I'm trying to think here.

(Clive and Golding walk into the room. Tallulah sees them.)

Tallulah: (Disgusted with Rupert.) You do that. (She saunters away from Rupert and drapes herself on Clive. She is trying to make Rupert jealous. Rupert pays her no attention. Her seduction is over acted and clumsy. Clive doesn't know how to respond or what to do with himself.) Hello Clive. Remember me from earlier? Tallulah Leilana? You asked me if I was from the Pacific isles of Hawaii. (Pouting) I've never been to the Pacific isles. That makes Leilana sad. You wanna take Leilana to Hawaii? (No response from Clive.) Take Tallulah to Tahiti. (No response from Clive. Tallulah breaks her act and shouts.) Won't someone take me away from all of this?

Rupert: (Coming up with an idea) I've got it. Devalue the painting.

Tallulah: What are you mumbling about.

Rupert: Talk trash about it. Make people see it for the piece of garbage it is.

Tallulah: I don't get it.

Rupert: We'll make it seem so awful that no one will want to buy it. Then we'll grab it, stash it in the car and sell it on the black market.

Tallulah: (Catching on and jumping into the game. Shouting.) It's garbage.

Side 4: Golding

Golding: Mr. York here believes that he can paint a masterpiece in under two minutes. Is there anyone else here willing to take on Mr. York? Perhaps you too have a masterpiece in you. I need three volunteers. (He gathers volunteers) Ladies and gentlemen, you stand before your canvases and a timer has been set. As Leonardo DaVinci once said; "Painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt, and poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen." In order for you to feel the poetry of your masterpiece, you shall paint ... (dramatic pause) with your fingers!

Side 5: Clive/Georgie

Clive: Little girl.

(Georgeanna stops and blows a bubble with her gum in his face.)

Clive: Where did you get that delectable treat?

Georgie: It was waiting for me in my room on a silver tray.

Clive: Where might I acquire one?

Georgie: Why don't you wait just like everyone else and get one when it's served to you.

Clive: I don't like waiting. I can see that you are a girl who is accustomed to getting what she wants. I am a man who is accustomed to getting what he wants. And what I want is what you have. Give it to me.

Georgie: No!

Clive: I won't take no for an answer. (He snatches the dessert from her.)

Georgie: I hope you choke on it. Freak!

Side 6: Adie/Golding/Georgie

Adie: I think I'll take it from here.

Golding: I beg your pardon madam, but I am in charge.

Adie: No sir, you are a suspect.

Golding: A what?

Adie: I am an investigative journalist and I have seen and heard things this evening that implicate everyone in this room.

Georgie: I'm sorry, the only thing I'm guilty of is owning a pair of crocs in the third grade.

Adie: You are the blood relation and ward of Countess Von-Schtuchplestein-Mashugenah-Mihalevich-York. Through my investigation I will unveil to everyone how it is that you are a suspect. How each of you are suspects. (She snatches Georgeanna's phone.) I'm calling the police and locking this place down. No one is leaving until we have our murderer. Boys, take care of the body. Once we have cleared the room we'll get down to business. Fasten your seatbelts. It's going to be a bumpy night.