

CLINTON DEVENS --Male, Caucasian, early 40s

PERSON: Clinton is straight laced and kind. He has no real ambition but likes his job and the comfortable living it brings him and his wife, whom he adores. Despite Clinton liking his job, he is hopeless at it, as he can't ever catch any murderers.

BACKGROUND: Clinton is the police chief of Bloody Bay; it is no wonder there are so many murders here! His adoration of his wife blinds him to the possibility that she could be unfaithful. And on the rare occasion when he does sniff out a good clue (e.g. Dennis' wife was spending him into the poorhouse), he can't let truth interfere with his innate faith in his fellow man. He wooed his Southern Belle of a wife under slightly false pretenses, of which she often reminds him. But he really was telling the truth, his truth, when he told her of the beauties of Bloody Bay. He doesn't mind being able to swim in the frigid ocean only a few days a year. He never like Southern cooking anyway, so New England style milk chowder is fine by him. And what a great job his dad (the police chief of the day) was saving for him.

AUDITION SIDE

Ay-uh. Bloody Bay. It's my home from which I'll never roam. Sort of a poyem, y'know? "Home/Roam?" Not that my parents ever raised me to be a poet. But no sooner had I set my eyes on that beautiful Southern Belle—my Magnolia, no, I have to say it my beloved Magnolia – I saw her and for the first time I knew what true love was. There she was, wasting her time as society editor—more of a gossip columnist, if you ask me—for that cheap rebel weekly in Savannah—right down the road from the Army camp where I was stationed—No, I had no intention to be a soldier all my life, but my father, the police chief of my home town—did I say it was Bloody Bay I came from, well my father said a little military experience on my resume wouldn't hurt when it came to replacing him when the time came—nothing like the security of a family business, can't beat it. So here we are, me the police chief, Magnolia managing the Post Office, a calling she was put on this earth for. I can tell how happy she is from how quiet she's become. As for me—well, nothing difficult in this job. A few lost dogs, maybe a pickpocket now and then. But not like the old days, a murder everywhere you looked. If there is a murder here nowadays, I don't look, so I don't find it. So there are no murders, right?