

EDDIE/ROGER/O'REILLY

[REDACTED]

O'REILLY. Excuse me, but who was murdered?

EDDIE. Were you in New York two years ago?

O'REILLY. Two years ago I was off visitn' me old mither in County Cork.

EDDIE. You were visiting a "mither"?

KEN. Someone killed three members of our dancing chorus.

O'REILLY. And this killer was a member of the show?

KEN. We don't know.

ROGER. Of course we know. We play New Haven, a murder. Boston, a murder. Philadelphia . . .

ALL. (*Except Roger.*) Terrible reviews.

ROGER. And a murder closes us in New York. Someone with the show, Ken . . .

EDDIE. (*To Nikki*) See I told you.

ROGER. . . . someone with the show.

O'REILLY. And you suspect the killer is in this house?

ROGER. Yes.

O'REILLY. (*Laughs.*) I am sorry, but you're not after knowin' much about murderers. They may occasionally be drawn back to the scene of the crime. But they never . . . once they are free and away . . . never would intentionally associate themselves with anyone who could possibly have reason to suspect them.

EDDIE. Hey, how do you know so much about murderers? O'REILLY. My old fither and me fither's fither, God rest their souls, were police officers.

BERNICE. And you're a tenor?

ROGER. I still think that's why we've been gathered here.

O'REILLY. Sounds like a parlor game, Mr. Hopewell. Murder is never so interestin'. In real life it is sudden, and filled with rage. Quite emotional. Quite messy. No secret passages. Just blood-soaked carpets. (*Helsa, who has obviously been listening just outside the door, in the hall, enters with a tray of hors d'oeuvres, and glances quickly in the direction of the French doors. O'Reilly notices her looking.*)

HELSA. What blood-soaked carpet? (*All look at her.*) Excuse me, I thought I heard something about a blood-soaked carpet.

[REDACTED]