



So Says the Busboy

Macy Kent



Mr. and Mrs. Jarder are comin' in tonight. That means Johnny and me gotta be extra careful. When the bosses are in normally we just don't do it, but we think they'll be busy tonight. Johnny went and got some of the real good blow and Arlo went and hid all the knives in the kitchen when their name popped up on the guest list. The happy couple ain't so happy now that Mr. Jarder went and got their son killed in that motorcycle accident last month. See, the Mrs. wanted their second kid to get the business when they fake their death in a few years. Little Jodi couldn't ever get the business with her older brother in the way, now could she? 'Course not. Now you might be thinkin',

"Why ain't the Mrs. happy then?"

Well, ya see, the Mr. chose too obvious of a death for their dear little boy and the cops started poking around in their business. When the coppers start poking around, it gets harder to fake your death, see. So- word is that the Mrs. is gonna have the Mr. killed so she can fake her own death without him.

The problem with that plan is that the Mr.'s plan is about the same.

Arlo hiding the knives was really just for show, we know they brought their own shit. See, the Mrs. slipped Chef T a little bottle of sumthin and the Mr. has on his sport coat that's gotta holster in the chest pocket. I don't really like watchin' people kill each other, even if it is the bosses.

Little Jodi likes watchin' people die though. She came in tonight too. See, the Mrs. thought she was the only one that wanted to get her son out of the way. But Little Jodi knew her daddy would be hasty once the decision was made to kill his golden boy. She knew that her mother would deal with it as long as the cops didn't start poking around. And she knew where the crash was going to take place, knew which kind of car was going to hit his bike. She knew which police department to call so that they wouldn't write it off as an accident. And she knew her mother wouldn't deal with it if the cops started poking around. She's smiling now. Her parents are smiling too, sitting across from each other in a normal way. Her father is about to take his first bite. She knows how he works, his style.

He's going to shoot before he swallows.

He thinks it's classy. Little Jodi's smile shows some teeth as the Mrs.'s eyes gleam with anticipation.

Little Jodi knows her mother will never get to watch the blood stream from her father's mouth as he gasped for his last breath. I make eye contact with her and nod my head towards the bathroom. Johnny is waiting in there for us with the snow. She nods and turns her head back towards her parents and begins the countdown on her fingers.

Five. I turn and walk towards the bathroom.

Four. I put my hands over my ears and close my eyes.

Three. Boom.

Two. The Mr. swallows.

One. The bosses are dead.

I shake my head at Johnny when I lean against the stall with him. Little Jodi steps in after me and pulls out three rolled hundreds for us. I smile crooked at her. She's dressed real nice 'cause she's gonna be on the news later. She grabs the bag outta Johnny's hand.

"The boss is in."