

A REAL TURKEY

WAITRESS
(to MARY)

Need a refill, sweetie?

MARY

No thanks. Just the check. We're about done.

WAITRESS

Matter of fact so are we. Twenty minutes to closing. You're my last customers of the day.

TIM

Maybe you could help us settle a bet.

WAITRESS

No gambling on the premises. You take that somewhere else.

TIM

No, we're not gamblers. More like history buffs — New Jersey history — and we're trying to figure something out. Have you worked here long?

WAITRESS

Only for the last thirty-one years. I'd say they were the best of my life if it weren't for my third husband and my second goiter. But once I had those removed, things started to look up. Yes-siree! Way up.

(Neither MARY or TIM knows quite what to say.)

WAITRESS

But what do you want to know, hon?

(winks)

Because I can tell you where all the bodies are buried.

TIM

Funny you should put it that way. Because that's sort of what we were wondering about. Rumor has it a man by the name of Sal Arigoni was gunned down here in 1998. Or possibly 1999. But according to Google no one knows what really happened to Sal. Or his body.

WAITRESS

And you think I might know?

TIM

To tell the truth, you might be our last hope. Otherwise, we're left with —
(sighs while glancing at MARY)

Wishy-washy Google. Some search engine!

A REAL TURKEY

WAITRESS

And so you figure a gunman —

TIM

Not just one gunman. From what I've heard there there were at least two, more likely three. And they left seven bullet holes apiece in him. One for each day of the week. But in fairness I should mention that it has also been pointed out —

(another glance at MARY)

That if the body was never found, then the number of bullet holes could not possibly be known for certain.

WAITRESS

I see the problem.

MARY (hopeful)

You do?

WAITRESS

Oh, yeah, I see it alright.

MARY (to TIM, vindicated)

I told you so.

WAITRESS

You got your facts wrong. Bullet holes, my ass. He was poisoned.

MARY and TIM

Poisoned?

WAITRESS

That's right. If memory serves, all of a sudden his face turned blue. And his voice came out all raspy and high-pitched. Staggered around clutching his throat before he hit the floor. It was an awful thing.

MARY

That doesn't sound like food poisoning.

WAITRESS

Food poisoning? No, sweetie, it wasn't that. Someone slipped him rat poison. In his coffee.

(TIM is about to take a sip of his own coffee. Opts not to.)

TIM

Rat poison? Oh, I see. Because he was a rat. Betrayed his business associates.