RUSSIAN ROULETTE

by Carl Santoro

They rushed out of the theater during the credits. He held her hand even when outside; him kneeling and retching by the curb.

"What the hell was that? Is that your take on The Deer Hunter?"

He paused from post-vomit drooling, "No — I think it was from the three white Russians you made me."

"You didn't have to drink them."

"Right. Oops."

"Don't fool around. You stink now."

"Right. Oops. Again."

"You know what — Fuck you!"

"Wait, where are you going?"

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