

# Long Island Roulette

by J. Bradley

We sat quietly in my truck. My lit cigarette twitched between my lips. Samantha and I stared at the front door of Planned Parenthood in Worcester.

“How did we get here, fuckshow?”

“You know how we got here: Google Maps,” I said.

Samantha punched me in the right arm, “You know what I mean. How did we get here?”

“It was the gang of sailors in the Trojan horse left in the study with their bare hands.”

“What did I tell you about dollar store condoms, David?”

“There are some things worth paying extra money for?”

“Like I said, my name is Samantha and I'm always right.”

I slid my hand over to her kneecap. “I mean we've been talking about the idea of a threesome, but really, we're going to cruise for chicks at Planned Parenthood?” Samantha giggled and shook her head.

“Silly. You know I prefer to pick up my women at the blood bank.”

I rolled the window down and threw the cigarette out of the window. I lit another one.

“Samantha, why are we here? I thought you weren't...”

"I'm not but if we're going to be cheap about birth control, we should take advantage."

"What if you were pregnant? With my kid? Would you do it?"

Samantha's hand blanketed mine. "I don't want to think about that now. We don't have to, right?"

I shook my head but I wanted to know if we could be a family, even by accident. "Right. Ready?"

Samantha and I got out of the truck. We walked to the front door, the grass beneath the snow next to the sidewalk sheltered from our impending arrival.

