

Spittoon (w.c.55)

by Paul Hargreaves

"I'm pregnant," he says, swirling a glassful.

"Oh." She's nosing hers, thinks Meredith's a bitch. Little brother deserves better.

"It's not Meredith."

"Oh. Oh!" The Zin registers blackcurrants, complexity. "And the plan?" she asks.

He chews a mouthful, spits out dark purple and signals the winery host to pour.

"Time for a Cab," he says.

