“Don’t Move” (243)

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#zombies, blood, violence, apocalypse

It was uncomfortable. My hip dug into the middle of the two seats and my leg had fallen asleep. Mark’s arm pushed into my back, his shaking hand resting on mine.

Mark’s hand suddenly gripped mine. The silence around us was broken only by the undeniable rasps coming from behind the car. They were far away, but we both knew where they were headed. Time was up.

The door rattled. A man was trying to get in. His hair was matted to his face, dried blood cracking on his cheek. I couldn’t help but stare at him. The wild, barbaric look pierced through me.

Mark shook his head violently and looked away. I stared at the man, who pulled out a gun and tapped the glass with it. His other hand came into view, three fingers up.

His ring finger went down.

My hand was white. Mark wouldn’t, or couldn’t, let go. I tried to soothe him, but there wasn’t enough room.

His middle finger went down.

I wanted to close my eyes. Everything would fade away and it would be okay. I wouldn’t have to see Mark’s pained face. I could let my imagination do everything for me.

His index finger went down.

The man disappeared below the window. The gun was useless as they piled on top of him. One of them looked in the window.

Mark and I held each other as the world around us was covered in shadows.