

# Self-restraint

by Shady Cosgrove

I watch from the window. The zombies are drilling and hammering. It looks like a ramp. Maybe a skate park. Yes, they've built a skate park in the driveway next door. Scooters, boards – there must be eight, nine, ten zombies slicing along the concrete. They spill onto the road but no one cares, no one has parked here in months.

The zombies go shopping. They come home with cases of beer and extra packs of toilet paper, but they are laughing, high-fiving each other.

Tonight, the zombies bring couches and arm chairs out to the street, line them up in tight rows. A screen has been erected at the end of the block so my cul de sac is now an outdoor cinema. Someone has ordered pizza. The zombies drink beer and make toasts, shouting over each other as the opening credits begin. I love this movie, but someone coughs, splutters.

It's well past midnight now and they're running up and down the road, shrieking and whooping. I peek through the curtains. They are falling on the verge in front of my house, giggling and making out.



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