





THRILLER

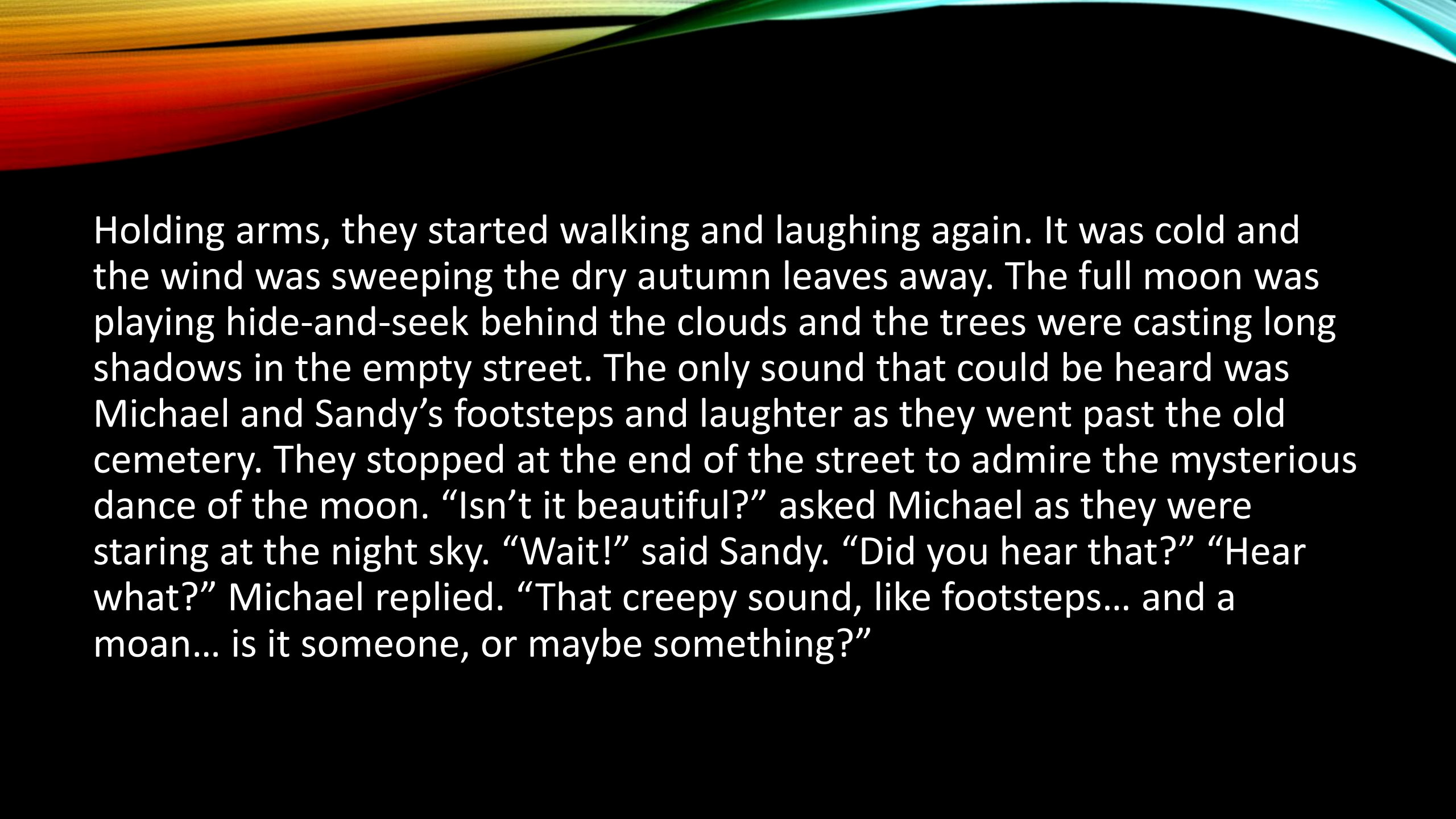
A short story inspired by Michael Jackson's 'Thriller' music video




“Enough! I’m not going to watch that!” said Sandy angrily. “Come on, baby! It’s getting better later,” said Michael with a grin on his face, his eyes fixed on the big screen, while eating one more handful of popcorn. Sandy grabbed her jacket and stormed out of the cinema hall. “Damn!” Michael muttered as he stood up and followed her outside. “Baby, come on! Where are you going?” he cried before the exit door slammed in front of his face.




Sandy zipped up her jacket and walked up and down the street nervously as Michael approached her. “What’s the matter honey?” Michael asked apologetically. “Were you scared?” “I wasn’t THAT scared. I was just bored”, she replied indifferently. “Well, I thought it would be nice to watch ‘Thriller’ for Halloween. Come on, wasn’t it funny when he turned into a werewolf? It was hilarious!” Michael started chuckling again and Sandy became furious. “Not funny at all! You’re so annoying! I’m going home...” As she was about to step away, he grabbed her arm and pulled her towards him. “Wait. I’m sorry. Let’s not ruin our night. We can go for a walk... I love you Sandy!” he said and kissed her lips softly. “I love you, too, Michael. I suppose I overreacted...” Sandy replied shyly and smiled.



Holding arms, they started walking and laughing again. It was cold and the wind was sweeping the dry autumn leaves away. The full moon was playing hide-and-seek behind the clouds and the trees were casting long shadows in the empty street. The only sound that could be heard was Michael and Sandy's footsteps and laughter as they went past the old cemetery. They stopped at the end of the street to admire the mysterious dance of the moon. "Isn't it beautiful?" asked Michael as they were staring at the night sky. "Wait!" said Sandy. "Did you hear that?" "Hear what?" Michael replied. "That creepy sound, like footsteps... and a moan... is it someone, or maybe something?"



The shadows behind the trees became dark silhouettes. Figures of corpses dragging their feet on the ground, groaning menacingly were coming closer and closer, staring with their dark, hollow eyes straight into Sandy and Michael's terrified faces. Standing paralyzed back-to-back, the couple was soon surrounded by hideous zombies performing their macabre waltz. Sandy started screaming hysterically. "I don't want to die! Michael...?" She turned round and saw a motionless face and two yellow eyes fixed on her. "Michael, what's happening? Talk to me!!!" The monster grabbed her arms while she was frantically trying to set herself free, in the middle of the zombie circle. Michael had become one of them, holding his prey, ready to attack. "Help me! Somebody help!!! ..."



“What’s the matter baby? Wake, up!” Sandy jumped up gasping for air and opened her eyes. Michael was there, smiling and stroking her hair gently. She had fallen asleep in his living room. “Come on, I’ll take you home,” he said calmly and gave her his hand. She stood up and wrapped her arms around him in relief. “It was just a nightmare,” she thought. As they walked towards the door, she remembered she had left her jacket on the sofa. Turning round to get it, she caught a glimpse of Michael’s reflection in the hallway mirror and froze. The same cold motionless face with yellow eyes from her nightmare was staring back at her...