

Baliosong by Jennifer Adam

Monologue extracts

Characters:

Aaron Ryan, 16, Scottish

Evie Rowe, 15 Scottish

Rachel Reynolds, 16 Scottish

Monologue Two

Aaron There's this computer game.

Zombie Nation.

Brand new.

Been advertised for months,

And now it had been released,

And we'd said,

Finn and I,

We said we'd complete it together.

First.

Before anyone else.

Seemed like the perfect excuse to speak to him.

The perfect reason to get him round.

Aaron sits on a chair next to another empty one just like it. He mimics playing a computer game.

It's tricky at first, you have to avoid being caught.

Avoid the transformation from living, to dead, to undead.

We're both totally shit at it.

We go through 18 lives in 45 minutes.

But after a while, I start to get it.

And I survive for about an hour. Hour and a half tops.

Then they find me.

But I'm better than Finn. He gets caught after 20 minutes.

Every time, just when he's getting going.

And I'm starting to think he's doing it deliberately.

Like he loses interest.

So I think about suggesting a different game,

But I really, really want to complete this.

It's become a personal vendetta.

I need to beat it.

So I watch him play.

Starting and stopping and starting again.

Never really getting further than the first stage without becoming a zombie.

And then it occurs to me one evening,

We're playing,

Finn's turn.

And in under 5 minutes this time, Finn's dead.

Then undead. Then he keeps playing.

They let you do that. You don't score points,

but they let you continue, if you want.

It's easier I suppose, jumping ship like that.

Switching sides.

It's not the point of the game, you're supposed to defeat them.

You're supposed to be the hero.

But Finn didn't see it like that.

Because when you're the undead, you have an automatic advantage.

An instant weapon.

Fear.

And that's when I see it.
The real power of fear.
Being able to instill that into somebody,
It's like magic.

So I try it.

My go comes round.
I run to the first Zombie I see. Let him rip the skin from my bones.
Feed off my flesh.

It's brutal.

And after that, no-one bothers you.
They see you
And then they run.