

Drop Dead Juliet Monologues

Juliet: Did I say Quit? Did anyone say quit? I'm not quitting. I just want a better story. More love. Less death.

I'm sure we can figure out a better story if we just have a little good will, hmmm? Good will? Thank you for writing in a dagger. I'm sure it's going to come in handy.

Oh yes I can. You think of us and we're there. You think we don't talk to each other when you're not around? You think we don't compare plots? I'm not just words on a page, this is my life.

Maybe that works on messengers, servants and spear-carriers, but you can't forget a major character and you know it. We just stick in your head until you have to get us out. If you ever want to write another play again, it's time for another draft.

I will personally tell every single character what you're going to do to them. I will make a guest appearance in every play you ever write. I will haunt your dreams until you cannot write another word.

Mercutio: That queen Mab came me by. She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger than an agate stone. In the international Pancake House we sat but it wasn't th'Pancake House, you know what dreams are like, and then she said, Mercutio why dost thou waste thy time with Romeo? When thou couldst be abroad with me a-leap tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep and then I realiz'd I wore but drawers having no wit to put my clothes upon, All look'd at me from o'er their plates and laughed and then my elbow knock'd upon the syrup, and there was blueberry syrup all over the table, and the waitress came over, only it wasn't the waitress, it was Sir Francis Drake, dressed as a waitress.

Shakespeare: A glooming peace this morning with it brings: The sun for sorrow will not show his head. Go hence to have more talk of these sad things. Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished, For never was there a story of more woe than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Lady Capulet: Younger than you here in Verona, ladies of esteem, are already made mothers.

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Thus then in brief: The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn the gallant, young, and noble gentlemen.

Now wait just one minute missy-we have the best church in town, a sit-down dinner for three hundred, a dress with a seventeen-foot train, and you don't want to get married?

Thursday is near. And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend; and you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets!