Top Class Drama

Georgia McMillan solo transcript
Juliet

**Juliet**: [hums greensleeves melody] Freedom flying like the birds, freedom writing my own words, will you allow my wings to fly, freedom flying in the sky.

**Chorus**: Juliet? Juliet! *CLAP CLAP* Get your head out of the clouds woman, curtain in 5!

Two households both alike in dignity in fair Verona where we lay our scene.

**Juliet**: Juliet, what are you doing, you’ve done this show a thousand times.

You can play this part no longer, For your spirit needs to fly, You must make you own voice stronger \*beat\* For you refuse to die.

**Chorus**: *big gestures, holds the feather by ear*

The which if you with patient ears attend, What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to-

*Stomps foot for transition*

**Juliet**: Mr William Shakespeare! I have come here to tell you that your views are completely outdated. I will not be a passenger in your misogynistic story. It must be changed, for I am tired of forever seeing my fate being played and pla-

*Stops, head down, as if WS is talking down to her*

Yes sir \*beat\* wait!

*WS yelling at her and not listening, Juliet breathes in, nearly crying*

Listen \*beat\* Listen to me!

**Chorus**: *chorus gestures juliet’s exit sl, smiling kindly*

Never mind sweetheart, you’ll get him next time.

*To the audience, says with pace, in some way agrees with Juliet, but carries on the performance.*

You see \*beat\* A writer has the empty page, where he can set the scene. He puts the actors on the stage, or on the movie screen. The characters all say the words, the writer wants to hear \*beat\* and then my friend, A tragic end.

**Juliet**: *over the top, mockingly*

Oh Romeo, Romeo. Wherefore art thou Romeo?

*Lies down, does starfishes*

Deny thy father and refuse thy name; Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love.

*Frustrated change in voice, she stands*

Who \*beat\* falls, in love at first sight? And more importantly who talks to themselves on a balcony like a crazy woman!

*Embarrassedly fixes herself up*

\*beat\* Mr Shakespeare

*Fights back again*

William! Romeo only came to our feast to get over his last love, my cousin, Rosaline.

*Kneels down, transforms to Romeo*

**Romeo**: Did my heart love till now?

*Stands, begins arrangement of gestures*

**Juliet**: Oh pish posh Romeo! Had he never read that invitation list, He wouldn’t have gone to the feast, we would not have fallen in love so desperately. Therefore, he and I would be still alive!

*Takes breathe, says sarcastically with gestures*

Consider the facts, William.

#1 My family’s servant couldn’t read, had to get Romeo to read it for him.

#2 Did Friar’s letter get lost mail?

#3 Star-crossed lover romeo, could’ve waited 5 more seconds!

*Chorus jumps back in fear*

**Chorus**: Yesh \*beat\* she’s a hell of a lot sometimes and a bit of a lunatic but she’s got a point.

*Transition to irish nurse, hunched, tying up juliet’s corset*

**Nurse**: Quickly now Juliet, your mother Lady Capulet’s coming and this corset’s still not on!

*Juliet having corset tied, hands on hips, holding in the pain*

**Juliet**: *RELEASES* This wretched corset! I could rip and tear it,

*gesture tearing, with feather across corset*

Mr Shakespeare I will no longer wear it.

**Chorus**: *CHORUS DISGUSTED* And what exactly would you wear then, if not a corset sweet pea?

*TRANSITION TO AMELIA INTRODUCTION*

**Amelia**: *energetically jumps, hands on hips*

I had to wear breeks because of the jump from the pontoon to the door and because of slipping on and off the flying suit of course. But \*beat\* I don’t see matter with that. My old flying clothes!

*Grabs jacket from sl*

High laced boots, brown broadcloth breeks, and a leather jacket. Oh don’t you just love the freedom of flying? To soar, and fly, not sit and follow. There’s so much more to life than being a passenger.

**Chorus**: Ah, Amelia Earhart, on her mission to fly across the world. Across oceans, across seas. Can she do it? Well let’s wait and see.

**Amelia**: Courage \*beat\* is all we need. Take us home old Bessie!

*Scoops joystick, head down, slow motion, morse code sos, strong gasp for transition*

Hello? Hello? Can you hear me?We must be on you, but cannot see you. Gas is running low. Been unable to reach you by radio, we are flying at 1,000 feet.

*Release hands slowly*

At one last heartbeat.

**Juliet**: *hums greensleeves* Freedom flying in the sky.

*Feather becomes Romeo’s dagger*

O happy dagger, This is thy sheath

*stabs herself, drops down*

there rust, and let me die.

*Slowly releases body*

But when the writer steps outside that room where he is king, He can't control when lives collide or what the lovers sing. So he hides behind his words, that one place he belongs. And in black, and white \*beat\* He can rewrite the wrongs. Mr Shakespeare, she steered and she wrote her own story. Yes it was written in the skies before, but the pen was in the hands of who? You, Mr Shakepseare \*beat\* you.

*Handing him the pen*

Are you listening, Mr Shakespeare?