

From Juliet and this Guy Romeo

By Don Zolidis

JULIET, 15,

Juliet has just woken from a fake death to discover her boyfriend, Romeo, dead by inhaling too much Affrin.

JULIET

Romeo? Where is Romeo?

(she spots him)

WHAT THE CRAP?!

(JULIET searches his body.)

What's here? Affrin, closed in my true love's hand?

Affrin, I see, hath been his timeless end:

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make die with a restorative.

(she touches his lips.)

Thy lips are warm.

(She takes out ROMEO's dagger.)

Oh happy dagger!

(She's about to stab herself, then talks to the audience.)

Then I was like, what the heck am I doing? Like how dumb is it to kill yourself over a guy, right? Especially a guy that like – you've known him for a week, and he's murdered two people. Like, talk about warning signs, right? `So the first week of our relationship was great, he only killed two guys. We're hoping for three in our second week together.' And basically, like, I didn't do anything wrong. And bonus – looks like I won't be marrying Paris. So that's cool.

To read the rest of this play, contact me at donzolidis@gmail.com