

JULIUS CAESAR

**Back Room Shakespeare Project
Prompt Copy | March 2014**

ACT I
SCENE I.

ROME. A STREET.

Enter FLAVIUS, , and certain Commoners

FLAVIUS

Hence! home, you idle creatures get you home:
Is this a holiday?

CITIZEN

Ay, indeed, sir, we make holiday,
to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

FLAVIUS

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

Exeunt

MUSIC:

A bit of a song with a beware theme that's rousing to support the sudden entrance of so many players. Leads right into the lines.

SCENE II.

A PUBLIC PLACE.

Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, TREBONIUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA, PORTIA, DECIUS BRUTUS, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer
Flourish

SOOTHSAYER

Caesar!

CAESAR

Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry 'Caesar!' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

What man is that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS

Fellow, come from the Throng, look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS

Will you go see the order of the fight?

BRUTUS

Not I.

CASSIUS

I pray you, do.

BRUTUS

I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS

Cassius,

Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--
Among which number, Cassius, be you one--
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS

'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Flourish, and shout

BRUTUS

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS

Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

CASSIUS

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as life not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
that one of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Majestic world,
and bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish

BRUTUS

Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS

I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus

BRUTUS

The games are done and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS

As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-Enter CAESAR and his Train

CAESAR

Antony!

ANTONY
Caesar?

CAESAR
Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANTONY
Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR
Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA

CASCA
You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS
Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA
Why, there was a crown offered him: and being
offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand,
thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

CASSIUS
Who offered him the crown?

CASCA
Why, Antony.

BRUTUS
Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA
I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it:
it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark
Antony offer him a crown;--yet 'twas not a crown
neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--and, as I told
you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my
thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he

offered it to him again; then he put it by again:
but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his
fingers off it. And then he offered it the third
time; he put it the third time by: and still as he
refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their
chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps
and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because
Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked
Caesar; for he swooned and fell down at it: and
for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of
opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS

But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swoon?

CASCA

He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at
mouth, and was speechless

BRUTUS

'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

CASSIUS

No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA

I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure,
Caesar fell down.

BRUTUS

What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the
common herd was glad he refused the crown, he
plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his
throat to cut.

When he came to himself again, he said,
If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired
their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three
or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good
soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but
there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had
stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less

BRUTUS

And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA

Ay.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS

To what effect?

CASCA

Nay, an I tell you that, Ill ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, is put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. Farewell, both.

Exit

BRUTUS

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

CASSIUS

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite

BRUTUS

And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS

I will do so: till then, think of the world.

Exit BRUTUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit

SCENE III.

THE SAME. A STREET.

MUSIC:

A bit of underscoring perhaps. Dark, minor chords.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Enter CASCA

CASCA

I have seen tempests when
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons, they are natural;"
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA

Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm?
Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night.

CASCA

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS

You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action, yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA

'Tis Cæsar that you mean. Is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS

Let it be who it is.

CASCA

Indeed, they say we senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king,

CASSIUS

I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

THUNDER STILL.

CASCA

So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS

And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man, I know she would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the romans are but sheep.

But, O grief,

Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA

Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the net encounter, yields him ours.

CASCA

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Exeunt.

MUSIC:

*Buffalo Springfield. "For What It's Worth" perhaps.
"Stop, hey, what's that sound? Everybody look what's going down?"*

SCENE (2.1)

ROME. BRUTUS' ORCHARD.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS

What, Lucius, ho! I cannot, by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day – Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS

Called you, my lord?

BRUTUS

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS

I will, my lord.

Exit.

BRUTUS

It must be by her death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at her
But for the general. She would be crown'd:
How that might change her nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder.
And that craves weary walking. Crown her? –that–
An then I grant, we put a sting in her,
That at her will she may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when her affections swayed
More than her reason. But, 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when she once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns she back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which she did ascend. So Cæsar may;
Then lest she may, prevent. And since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing she is,
Fashion it thus: that what she is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think her as a serpent's egg,
Which hatched, would as her kind grow mischievous,
And kill her in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS

I found

This paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure

It did not lie there when I went to bed.

GIVES HIM THE LETTER.

BRUTUS

Get you to bed again; it is not day.

Is not tomorrow, boy, the Ides of March?

LUCIUS

I know not, sir.

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS

I will, sir.

Exit LUCIUS.

BRUTUS

The exhalations whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them.

OPENS THE LETTER AND READS.

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropped

Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS

Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

KNOCK

BRUTUS

'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

Exit LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS

Is he alone?

LUCIUS

No, sir, there are more with him.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

BRUTUS

Let 'em Enter. They are the Faction.

*Enter THE CONSPIRATORS: CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,
CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, AND TREBONIUS.*

CASSIUS

I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

BRUTUS

I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I all these that come along with you?

CASSIUS

Yes, every man of them; and no one here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS
He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS
This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS
He is welcome too.

CASSIUS
This, Casca; Cinna and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS
They are all welcome.
Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS
And let us swear our resolution
That Caesar shall not--

BRUTUS
No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse –
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed.
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards,
then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause
To prick us to redress? And what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; but do not stain
The even virtue of our Enterprise,
To think that our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

DECIUS BRUTUS
Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?

CASSIUS

Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill her boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve her as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hue her as a carcass fit for hounds
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear him;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar –

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself – take thought, and die for Cæsar.
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TREBONIUS

There is no fear in him. Let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

CLOCK STRIKES.

*MUSIC:
Bell tolls 3 times.*

BRUTUS

Peace! Count the clock.

CASSIUS

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth this day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late.
It may be, that the terror of this night
May hold him from the Capitol today.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Never fear that. If he be so resolved
I can o'ersway him,
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRUTUS

By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

CINNA

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

CASSIUS

The morning comes upon's. We'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
And so, good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt ALL BUT BRUTUS.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter.
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men.
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS

Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA

Nor for yours neither. Y' have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walked about
Musing and sighing with your arms across
And when I asked you what the matter was
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition
I should not know you Brutus. Dear my Lord
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA

Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS

Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA

Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind
Which by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of;
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you?

Dwell I but in the suburbs
of thy good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS

You are my true and honorable wife,
as dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.

*Exit PORTIA
Exeunt Brutus*

*MUSIC:
"Why don't you do right / Get out of here / Gimme some Money too."
Perhaps.*

SCENE 5

Enter JULIUS CÆSAR, IN HIS NIGHTGOWN.

JULIUS CAESAR
Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight.
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter CALPURNIA.

CALPURNIA
What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house today.

JULIUS CAESAR
Cæsar shall forth. The things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA
Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds

In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them!

JULIUS CAESAR

What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

CALPURNIA

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

JULIUS CAESAR

Cowards die many time before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
No, Cæsar shall go forth. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he
And Cæsar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA

Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth today. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House,
And he shall say you are not well today.
Let me upon my knee prevail in this.

JULIUS CAESAR

Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy humour I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus. He shall tell them so.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar.
I come to fetch you to the Senate House.

JULIUS CAESAR

And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,

And tell them that I will not come today:
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA

Say he is sick.

JULIUS CAESAR

Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

JULIUS CAESAR

The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt tonight she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home today.

DECIUS BRUTUS

This dream is all amiss interpreted.
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

JULIUS CAESAR

And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
“Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.”
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“Lo, Cæsar is afraid”?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

JULIUS CAESAR

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

*Enter BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, CINNA, AND CASSIUS.*

And look where Cassius is come to fetch me.

CASSIUS

Good morrow, Cæsar.

JULIUS CAESAR

Welcome, Cassius.

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?

Good morrow, Casca.

What is't a clock?

DECIUS BRUTUS

Cæsar, 'tis tricken eight.

JULIUS CAESAR

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long a-nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY

So to most noble Cæsar.

JULIUS CAESAR

Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius,

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me today:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS

Cæsar, I will and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

JULIUS CAESAR

Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS

.

That every like is not the same, O Cæsar!

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon.

Exeunt.

*Something upbeat to go with the wine drinking but still dark and fore-
boding.*

*“Masters of War” by Dylan perhaps.
Or maybe some Tom Waits twisted carnival stuff.*

SCENE (3.1)

ROME. BEFORE THE CAPITOL.

*Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,
METELLUS CIMBER, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY,
AND THE SOOTHSAYER.*

CASSIUS

Trebonious knows his time; for look you, brutus,
He draws Mark Antony Out of the Way

JULIUS CAESAR

The Ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER

Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

JULIUS CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS CIMBER

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy feet
An humble heart, –

JULIUS CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

Thy brother by decree is banished.
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

METELLUS CIMBER

Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

JULIUS CAESAR

What, Brutus?

CASSIUS

Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon.

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

JULIUS CAESAR

I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
Let me a little show it even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banished
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA

O Cæsar, -

JULIUS CAESAR

Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS

Great Cæsar, -

JULIUS CAESAR

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA

Speak, hands, for me!

[THEY STAB CÆSAR.]

JULIUS CAESAR

'Et tu, Brute'? - Then fall, Cæsar! **[DIES.]**

CINNA

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

BRUTUS

People, and senators, be not affrighted.

Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS

And Cassius too.

METELLUS CIMBER

Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance -

BRUTUS

Talk not of standing.

And let no man abide this deed

But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

Fled to his house amazed.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS

Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASCA

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS

Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows and besmear our knives.
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

CASSIUS

Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
No worthier than the dust?

CASSIUS

So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called,
The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS BRUTUS

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

BRUTUS

Soft, who come here?

Enter A SERVANT.

A friend of Antony's.

SERVANT

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel.
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest.
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honour him.

Say I feared Caesar, honoured him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living.
So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS

He shall be satisfied;

Exit SERVANT.

BRUTUS

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS

I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRUTUS

But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your blades, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

BRUTUS

O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
Our hearts you see not. They are pitiful,
And pity to the general wrong of Rome –
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity –
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our knives have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS

Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,

And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
Gentlemen all – alas, what shall I say?
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes –
Most noble – in the presence of thy corse?

CASSIUS

Mark Antony,–

ANTONY

Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS

I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Therefore I took your hands,
I seek that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter.

BRUTUS

By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And give the reason of our Cæsar's death.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS

I know not what may fall. I like it not.

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
and say you doo't by our permission.

ANTONY

Be it so;
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

Exeunt ALL BUT ANTONY.

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood.
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

Enter OCTAVIUS' SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

SERVANT

I do, Mark Antony.
He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.
O Caesar!

ANTONY

Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.
Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.

Exeunt WITH CÆSAR'S BODY

MUSIC:

Funeral dirge.

Thick and marching sounding. Minor and dissident.

SCENE (3.2)

ROME. THE FORUM.

Enter BRUTUS WITH CITIZENS.

CITIZENS

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS GOES INTO THE PULPIT.

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to my honor that you may believe. Censure

me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear

friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to

Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand

why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that

I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Caesar be living, and die all slaves, than Caesar were dead to live all free men?

As Cæsar loved me,

I weep for her; as she was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as she was valiant, I honour her; but as she was ambitious, I slew she. There is tears, for her love; joy, for her fortune; honour, for her valour; and death, for her ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman, if any speak for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman, if any speak for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that would not love his country? If any Speak; for him have i offended. I pause for a reply.

CITIZENS:

None Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

Then none have I offended.

Enter ANTONY WITH CÆSAR'S BODY.

Here comes her body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in her death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same knife for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

CITIZENS

Live, Brutus! live, live!

BRUTUS

My countrymen,-
SECOND CITIZEN
Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN
Peace, ho!

BRUTUS
Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony,
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit.

ANTONY
For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
You gentle Romans, -

CITIZENS
Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me.
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST CITIZEN

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND CITIZEN

Poor soul! His eyes are red as fire with weeping.

ANTONY

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong;
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar.
I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will.

FOURTH CITIZEN

We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose knives have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN

They were traitors. Honourable men!

ANTONY

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
Then let me show you him that made the will.

ANTONY DESCENDS FROM THE PULPIT

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.
'Twas on that day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN

O most bloody sight!

SECOND CITIZEN

We will be revenged.

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL CITIZENS

We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN

Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Exeunt PLEBEIANS

ANTONY

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter SERVANT.

How now, fellow?

SERVANT

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY

Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

Exeunt.

SCENE (3.3)

ROME. A STREET.

Enter CINNA THE POET, AND AFTER HIM THE PLEBEIANS.

CINNA

I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

FIRST CITIZEN

What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN

Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN

Where do you dwell?

SECOND CITIZEN

Answer every man directly.

CINNA

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell?
Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN

As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA

As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN

For your dwelling, briefly.

CINNA

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN

Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA

Truly, my name is Cinna.

SECOND CITIZEN

Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

CINNA

I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN

It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of
his heart, and turn him going.

THIRD CITIZEN

Tear him, tear him!

THE MOB KILL CINNA

Come, brands, ho! Fire-brands! To
Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all! Some to Decius' house, and
some to Casca's. Away, go!

Exeunt.

*MUSIC:
"Masters of War" goes here I think.*

SCENE (4.1)

ROME

Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, LEPIDUS

ANTONY

These many, then, shall die; their names are marked.

OCTAVIUS

Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I do consent.

ANTONY

Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Exit LEPIDUS.

ANTONY

This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS

So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY

Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;

OCTAVIUS

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY

So is my horse. Do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers. We must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made and our means stretched.

OCTAVIUS

Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,

Millions of mischiefs.
Exeunt.

SCENE (4.2/3)
BRUTUS' TENT.

Enter BRUTUS, Cassius, LUCIUS.

BRUTUS

What now! Is Cassius near?

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods; wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them –

BRUTUS

Cassius, be content.

Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.

CASSIUS

That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS

I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS

The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS

Chastisement!

BRUTUS

Remember March, the Ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What,
shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS

Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS

Go to: you are not Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge me no more, I shall forget my self:
Have mind upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS

Away, slight man.

CASSIUS

Is't possible?

BRUTUS

Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CASSIUS

O ye gods, ye gods, must I endure all this?

BRUTUS

All this? I more: fret til your proud heart break.
Go show your Slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen
Though it do split you. For, from this day forth, I'll use you for my
Mirth, yea for my laughter

When you are waspish.

CASSIUS

Is it come to this?

BRUTUS

You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so. Make your vaunting true

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS

You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus.

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say "better"?

BRUTUS

If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS

When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have tempted me

BRUTUS

Peace, peace, you durst not thus have tempted him.

CASSIUS

I durst not.

BRUTUS

No.

CASSIUS

What, durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS

For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS

Do not presume too much upon my love.

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his firned,

Be ready Gods, with all your thunder-bolts,

Dash him to pieces.

CASSIUS

I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not. He was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS

I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my knife,
And here my naked breast; within a heart
Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold.
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I that denied thee gold will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRUTUS

Sheathe your blade.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS

Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

BRUTUS

When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

CASSIUS
Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS
And my heart too.

CASSIUS
O Brutus!

BRUTUS
What's the matter?

CASSIUS
Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS
Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Lucius, a bowl of wine!

CASSIUS
I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS
O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS
Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS
No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS
Ha? Portia?

BRUTUS
She is dead.

CASSIUS
How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS
Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong – for with her death
That tidings came – With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

CASSIUS
And died so?

BRUTUS
Even so.

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, WITH WINE AND LIGHT.

BRUTUS

Speak no more of her. Give me a cup of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [DRINKS.]

CASSIUS

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell, the cup.

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Exit LUCIUS Enter Decius AND Metellus.

BRUTUS

Come in, Decius. Welcome, good Metellus.

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

CASSIUS

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS

No more I pray you.

Metellus, I have here received letters

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

METELLUS

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS

With what addition?

METELLUS

That by proscription and bills of outlawry

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS

Therein our letters do not well agree.

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

Cicero one?

METELLUS

Cicero is dead, and my that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS

No, Metellus.

METELLUS

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS

Nothing, Metellus.

METELLUS

That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS

Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

METELLUS

No, my lord.

BRUTUS

Now as you are a Roman, tell me true.

METELLUS

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS

Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Metellus.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

METELLUS

Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS

I have as much in Art of this as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS

Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence, whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS

Good reasons must of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS

Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS

Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brimfull, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS

Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
There is no more to say?

CASSIUS

No more. Good night.

Early to-morrow we will rise, and hence.

Enter LUCIUS

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Metellus.
Good night, Decius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS

O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Every thing is well.

CASSIUS

Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

DECIUS / METELLUS

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one. Exeunt CASSIUS, Decius, AND Metellus.

Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watched.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my coat.

LUCIUS

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRUTUS

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS

Ay, my lord, an't please you.

BRUTUS

It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS

It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS

I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS

I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS

It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [MUSIC, AND A SONG.]

This is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber!

Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter THE GHOST OF CAESAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?

GHOST OF CAESAR

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why com'st thou?

GHOST OF CAESAR

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST OF CAESAR

Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[GHOST VANISHES.]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! Lucius! awake!

LUCIUS

The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS

He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake.

LUCIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cried'st out?

LUCIUS

My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS

Yes, thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Go and commend me to my brother Cassius.

Bid him set on his powers betimes before

And we will follow.

LUCIUS

It shall be done, my lord.

Exeunt.

MUSIC:

*Battle song. Not sure yet. Epic folk song.
Maybe "Sunday Bloody Sunday". Might be a bit drastic of a style
jump but might work. Certainly right on as far as theme and the show
will be on a Sunday. Either that or "Revolution" by The Beatles.*

One of those two goes here. The other is curtain call maybe.

SCENE (5.1)

BATTLEFIELDS OF PHILLIPI

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, AND THEIR ARMY.

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.

You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;

ANTONY

The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Octavius, lead your battle softly on
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS

Upon the right hand I. Keep thou the left.

ANTONY

Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCTAVIUS

I do not cross you; but I will do so.

*Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, AND THEIR ARMY;
LUCIUS, Decius, Metellus, AND OTHERS.*

BRUTUS

Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY

In your bad strokes Brutus, you give good words.
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying long live, hail Caesar. When your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar,
You bowed like Bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet.
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck.
O you flatterers!

CASSIUS

Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself.
This tongue had not offended so today,
If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS

Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a knife against conspirators.
When think you that the blade goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the words of traitors.

BRUTUS

Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS

So I hope.

I was not born to die by Brutus' hand.

BRUTUS

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

CASSIUS

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Joined with a masker and a reveller!

ANTONY

Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS

Come, Antony; away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight today, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, AND ARMY.

CASSIUS

Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRUTUS

Ho, Lucius, hark, a word with you.

LUCIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS AND LUCIUS TALK APART.

CASSIUS

Metellus.

METELLUS

What says my general?

CASSIUS

Metellus, this is my birth-day: at this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Metellus:
Be thou my witness that against my will
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us.
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

METELLUS

Believe not so.

CASSIUS

I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods today stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determined to do?

BRUTUS

I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

CASSIUS

Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome.
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS

Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

Exeunt.

SCENE (5.3)

THE BATTLE - EXCURSIONS 1

ALARUMS. Enter CASSIUS AND Decius.

CASSIUS

O look, Decius, look, the villains fly.

DECIUS

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.
Fly further of my lord: fly far off,
Mark Antony is in your tents my Lord:
Fly therefore noble Cassius, Fly far off.

CASSIUS

Look, look, Decius!

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

DECIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

My sight was ever thick. Decius, if thou lovest me,
Ride thou thither up to yonder troops and
And here again, that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

DECIUS

I will be here again, even with a thought.

Exit Decius.

CASSIUS

This day I breathed first. Time is come around;
And where I did begin, there shall I end.
My life is run his compass.
O, Coward that I am, to live so long.
Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the blade that killed thee.

[DIES.]

Enter Decius with Metellus.

METELLUS

It is but change, Decius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

DECIUS

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

METELLUS

Where did you leave him?

DECIUS

on this hill.

Metellus

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

DECIUS

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

METELLUS

Is not that he?

DECIUS

No, this was he, Metellus,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink tonight,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

METELLUS

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?

DECIUS

What, Brutus! Where art thou?

METELLUS

I'll seek him, Decius, to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears.

DECIUS

Hie you, Metellus,

Exit Metellus.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods. This is a Roman's part.
Come, Cassius' blade, and find Decius' heart. [DIES.]

ALARUMS. Enter BRUTUS, LUCIUS, Metellus,

BRUTUS

Where, where, Metellus, doth his body lie?

METELLUS

Lo, yonder, and Decius mourning it.
BRUTUS
Decius' face is upward.
LUCIUS
He is slain.
BRUTUS
O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our blades
In our own proper entrails. [LOW ALARUMS.]
LUCIUS
Brave Decius!
BRUTUS
Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
let us to the field.
'Tis three a clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt.

SCENE (5.4)

ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

ALARUM. Enter BRUTUS, LUCIUS, Metellus,

BRUTUS

Yet, countrymen: O yet, hold up your heads!

Exit FIGHTING, FOLLOWED BY LUCIUS,

Enter SOLDIERS

METELLUS

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, ho!

FIRST SOLDIER

Yield, or thou diest.

METELLUS

Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight:

And I am Brutus, Brutus, I!

Kill Brutus, and be honoured in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER

We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY

Where is he?

METELLUS

Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY

This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see where Brutus be alive or dead.

Exeunt.

SCENE (5.5)

ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Enter BRUTUS, LUCIUS,

BRUTUS

Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

BRUTUS

Come hither, good Lucius, a word with you.

LUCIUS

What says my lord?

BRUTUS

The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis once,
And this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

LUCIUS

Not so my lord.

BRUTUS

Nay I am sure of it, faithful Lucius.
Thou seest the world, good soldier, how it goes.
Our enemies have beat us to the pit.
Farewell to thee, dear Lucius.
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but laboured to attain this hour.
I prithee, Lucius, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
Hold then my blade, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Lucius?

LUCIUS

Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Lucius.— Cæsar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will. [*DIES.*]

ALARUMS. RETREAT.

Enter OCTAVIUS, Antony, Metellus, AND THE ARMY.

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

METELLUS

My master's man. Lucius, where is thy master?

LUCIUS

Free from the bondage you are in, Metellus.
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

METELLUS

So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

OCTAVIUS

All that served Brutus, I will Entertain them.

ANTONY

Brutus was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

OCTAVIUS

According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.
So, call the field to rest. And let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

MUSIC:

*Music transitions into closing. Celebratory, victorious. Bar song.
Something everyone knows. "War. What is it good for? Absolutely*

nothing”. That or “Sunday Bloody Sunday” (my favorite candidate right now) or “Revolution” by The Beatles.

END