

BRUTUS—Jen Johansen

CAESAR—Andy Ahrens

CASSIUS—Scot Greenwell

MARK ANTONY—Akili Ni Mali

TREBONIUS—Daniel Martin

CASCA—Immanuel Umoren

CINNA/Citizen1—Carlos Medina Maldonado

LUCIUS/Citizen 2—Kelli Thomas

DECIUS BRUTUS/Citizen 3/Soldier 2—Lauren Briggeman

PORTIA/CINNA THE POET/CLITUS(Soldier 4)/Servant—Maria Souza

CALPURNIA/Messenger/Citizen 4/PINDARUS(Soldier 3)—Tiffany Gilliam

SOOTHSAYER/POPILIUS/OCTAVIUS/Citizen 5—Jacob Barnes

LIGHTING 1 Preshow

(In pre-show proceedings, we see bits of newsreel footage telling us our history: Caesar has defeated Pompey and is returning to Rome. "Will he take the crown?")

LIGHTING 3 House 1/2

(Show begins. Music blares. Video of crowds, a chanting a "Caesar!" is heard. Snippets of pre-recorded video.)

LIGHTING 5 House Out, quick shift into scene light

Starts with Live ideo

"Interviewer"

Why dost thou lead men amongst the streets?

Commoner 1

We make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph!

(Crowd roars and cheers. We see a newscaster.)

Newscaster

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

(Back to the crowd.)

"Interviewer"

Knew you not Pompey?

Commoner 2

Pompey's dead!

(More cheers and chants from crowd. Shots of crowds interspersed with war and battle.)

(Music blares again. Live video feed shows us the grand entrance of CAESAR and CALPURNIA into the space, with his advisors trailing behind. We are at a welcome/campaign event for him, with a screaming crowd. As music plays and cheers

sound, CAESAR and CALPURNIA split to shake hands and work the crowd. CASSIUS holds a camera, and for a moment zooms in on the worried face of BRUTUS. But only for a moment before she resets.)

(CAESAR steps to center.)

CASCA

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR

Calpurnia.

CALPURNIA

Here, my lord.

(CALPURNIA steps join CAESAR, who begins to speak, then:)

SOOTHSAYER

Caesar!

CAESAR

Who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR

Who is it in the press that calls on me?

Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

(A masked SOOTHSAYER appears.)

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

In the Center Aisle

CAESAR

What man is that?

Set him before me.

LIGHTING 10 Cue Label

CALPURNIA

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

(SOOTHSAYER is brought to CAESAR.)

⏏ LIGHTING 15 Aisle Out

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.

(MARK ANTONY gives signal and the procession begins again, CAESAR and CALPURNIA waving and smiling as they go. BRUTUS and CASSIUS are left alone. They take a moment to mock CAESAR and CALPURNIA. Then:)

⏏ LIGHTING 20 Others all leave

CASSIUS

Will you go see the order of the course?

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.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be not deceived:
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with herself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS

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

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,
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?

CASSIUS

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

LIGHTING 25 Cheering offstage

(Offstage we hear the cheering of a crowd.)

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.

*(A ROMAN CITIZEN passes through.
BRUTUS and CASSIUS quickly silence
themselves and wait until they are alone
again.)*

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?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but...
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 river 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 sinews,
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
And so I from the waves of Tiber did bear the tired Caesar!
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;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
As a sick child. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

*(More shouting from the crowd
offstage.)*

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Why, 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?
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.

*(A ROMAN CITIZEN passes through.
They must wait to speak until they're
alone again.)*

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.

(Noise, music, cheering from offstage.)

BRUTUS

Caesar is returning.

⏏ LIGHTING 30 Cue Label

⏏ LIGHTING 35 Cue Label

CASSIUS

As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he'll tell you what hath proceeded to-day.

*(CAESAR, ANTONY, CALPURNIA, CASCAS
and attendants re-enter. CAESAR is weak,
something has happened. They stop to give
him oxygen from a tank.)*

BRUTUS

I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale.

*(BRUTUS and CASSIUS separate. CASSIUS
moves closer to CAESAR. CAESAR perks up
and puts on an act for CASSIUS.)*

CAESAR

Antonia!

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!

ⓘ LIGHTING 40 Cue Label

(CAESAR and CASSIUS both share an entirely fake laugh. CAESAR, CALPURNIA and ANTONY move on.)

CAESAR

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. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease.
Come on my right hand and tell me
truly what thou think'st of him.

(CAESAR, CALPURNIA, ANTONY and others exit, leaving BRUTUS, CASSIUS and CASCA. Maybe CASCA lights a cigarette.)

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, you were with him, were you not?

CASSIUS

We should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

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.

:LIGHTING 45 Cue Label

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

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 have had it. Then Antony offered it to him again; then Caesar put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his

fingers off it. And then Antony offered it the third time; Caesar 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 swoond?

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. If the tag-rag people did not
clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and
displeased them, as they use to do the players in
the theatre, I am no true man.

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 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

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: soldiers Marullus and Flavius, for defaming Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

(CASCA goes to exit, CASSIUS pulls him for a private moment.)

CASSIUS

Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA

Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

(CASCA exits.)

⏏ LIGHTING 50 Cue Label

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.

(BRUTUS exits.)

⏏ LIGHTING 55 Cue Label

CASSIUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed;
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.

*(CASSIUS pulls a flash drive from his
pocket.)*

I will this night, in at his window throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of her 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.

(Thunder and Lighting, it begins to storm. Music kicks up as CASSIUS runs through the streets. He is accosted by a group of Citizens holding signs, maybe wearing masks. He gets through and makes it to his home, where he finds CASCA.)

CASCA

Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA

'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS

Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

⏮ LIGHTING 60 Thunder and Lightning ⏭

⏮ LIGHTING 65 Transition to Night ⏭

⏮ LIGHTING 70 Scene Light SR ⏭

CASCA

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! 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 arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA

You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS

There's a bargain made.
Casca, I have moved already

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,

CASCA

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

• *(CINNA enters, sheltering from the storm. He joins CASSIUS and CASCA.)*

Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA

To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS

It is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA

I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS

Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

CINNA

Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party--

LIGHTING 75 Opens up w/ Cinna entrance

CASSIUS

Be you content: good Cinna, take this (*hands flash drive over*),
And look you throw it in at her window
where Brutus may but find it.

CINNA

Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these messages as you bade me.

CASSIUS

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre, where you shall find us.

(Exit CINNA)

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at her house
three parts of her
Is ours already, and the woman entire
Upon the next encounter yields her ours.

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

Her and her worth and our great need of her
You have right well conceived. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake her and be sure of her.

*(Blackout. The storm settles a bit as we
move to BRUTUS's home. BRUTUS at
center, with LUCIUS behind, laying on
her back with her phone.)*

LIGHTING 80 Pull in

LIGHTING 85 Blackout

LIGHTING 90 Transition

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!

(LUCIUS runs to her.)

LUCIUS

Call'd you, my lady?

BRUTUS

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

LUCIUS

I will, my lady.

*(LUCIUS exits. Maybe BRUTUS
 watches footage of CAESAR on TV.)*

BRUTUS

It must be by his death: and for my part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost rung,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
 Therefore think him as a serpent's egg
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

(Re-enter LUCIUS holding a flash drive)

LUCIUS

The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found this
And, I am sure it did not lie there when I went to bed.

BRUTUS

Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS

I know not, sir.

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS

I will, sir.

(LUCIUS runs to her phone. BRUTUS
plugs in the flash drive. Social media
posts spill out over the screens)

BRUTUS

The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.'
'Shall Rome, & c. Speak, strike, redress!'
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, & c.' 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 call'd 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!

⏮ LIGHTING 105 Break the moment w/ Lucius enter

⏮ LIGHTING 110 Video on SR walls - may open up across the whole s...

⏮ LIGHTING 115 Opens up CS w/ Brutus X

(LUCIUS returns.)

LUCIUS

Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

(Knocking within)

BRUTUS

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

(Exit LUCIUS)

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,

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.

(Re-enter LUCIUS)

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS

Is he alone?

LUCIUS

No, there are more with him.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

...no?

⌚ LIGHTING 120 Lucius returns

⌚ LIGHTING 125 pull in?

⌚ LIGHTING 130 opens upstage

BRUTUS

Let 'em enter.

(Exit LUCIUS)

LIGHTING 135 pull in SR

BRUTUS

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability.

LIGHTING 140 Conspirators enter US

*(Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS,
CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CINNA,
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 these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS

Yes, every one 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

She is welcome too.

CASSIUS

Casca; and this, Cinna.

BRUTUS

They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS

Shall I entreat a word?

(BRUTUS and CASSIUS speak to each other, apart.)

DECIUS BRUTUS

Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

CASCA

No.

CINNA

O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA

You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

(BRUTUS returns, holding a basket or a bowl.)

BRUTUS

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

⏏ LIGHTING 145 shift focus to DL

⏏ LIGHTING 150 opens up

*(The conspirators drop their cellphones
into the bowl.)*

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS

No, not an oath: if not the face of us,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And each hence to their idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each one drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour then, Romans,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Priests and cowards and men cautelous swear,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath;

DECIUS BRUTUS

Shall no one else be touch'd but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

This shall make our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of her;
For she can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear her;
For in the ingrafted love she bears to Caesar--

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of her:
If she love Caesar, all that she can do
Is to herself, take thought and die for Caesar:
And that were much she should; for she is given
To wildness and much company.

TREBONIUS

There is no fear in her; let her not die;
For she will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

BRUTUS

Peace! count the clock.

TREBONIUS

The clock hath stricken three
'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
And the persuasion of his priests,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
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 Romans, look you fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

*(Exeunt all but BRUTUS. LUCIUS has
fallen asleep.)*

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

(Enter PORTIA.)

PORTIA

Brutus, my lady!

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. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience.
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath its hour with every one.

⚡ LIGHTNING 155 Brutus left alone UC

⚡ LIGHTNING 160 Portia from UL, focus SL

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep.
Dear my wife,
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 she not in health,
She 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 she steal out of her wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto her 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: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, that you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what people even now
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? Am I yourself

But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not her wife.

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
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 own wife's secrets?

BRUTUS

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

*(Lightning strikes and loud thunder
cracks, spooking BRUTUS and
PORTIA. We suddenly see
CALPURNIA, apart, in bed with
CAESAR as she struggles through a
vision or a dream.)*

Hark, hark! Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows.

*(More thunder and lightning, BRUTUS
and PORTIA exit. CALPURNIA dreams
further, maybe we see images surround
her. Finally she screams out.)*

⏏ LIGHTNING 165 Lightning

⏏ LIGHTNING 170 Storm

⏏ LIGHTNING 175 Lights up on Calpurnia DR

CALPURNIA

Help, ho! They murder Caesar!

*(CAESAR awakes CALPURNIA. A
SERVANT will arrive)*

CAESAR

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice have you in your sleep cried out,

SERVANT

My lord.

CAESAR

Go bid the priests do a present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT

I will, my lord.

(CAESAR stands from the bed.)

⏏ LIGHTING 180 Opens up

CALPURNIA

What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CAESAR

Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

⏏ LIGHTING 185 Calpurnia joins him at CC

CALPURNIA

Caesar, 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 watchmen.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

Cowards die many times 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.

(SERVANT re-enters.)

CAESAR

What say the priests?

SERVANT

They would not have you to stir forth today.
Plucking the entrails of an animal offering,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CAESAR

The gods do this in shame of cowardice.
Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.
And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA

Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.

⌚ LIGHTING 190 opens w/ Servant entrance

Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:
And she shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR

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

*(Enter Servant, leading DECIUS
BRUTUS.)*

Here's Decius Brutus, she shall tell them so.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR

And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA

Say he is sick.

CAESAR

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

: LIGHTING 195 she pulls him SRC

: LIGHTING 200 Servant enters w/ Decius Brutus

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 to-night she saw my statue-

CALPURNIA

Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

CAESAR

And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

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.

CAESAR

And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS BRUTUS

And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change.
Besides, it were a mock for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'

If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
 'Lo, Caesar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To our proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

CAESAR

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

⏏ LIGHTING 205 Servant dresses him

*(Servant begins to dress CAESAR.
BRUTUS enters with CASCA.
CASSIUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA
behind.)*

⏏ LIGHTING 210 Brutus et al enter

And look where Brutus is come to fetch me.

BRUTUS

Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Cassius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you so lean.
What is 't o'clock?

BRUTUS

Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

*(ANTONY enters with some clatter. He
looks hungover, disheveled.)*

⏏ LIGHTING 215 Antony enters

CAESAR

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY

So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR

Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS

Caesar, I will:

Aside ●

and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

⌚ LIGHTING 220 ⌚ *Aside*

CAESAR

Good friends, we will straightway go together ●

*(CAESAR takes his place at the front of
the caravan and they begin their
procession through the streets, exit.)*

*(Lights shift, PORTIA enters with
LUCIUS.)*

⌚ LIGHTING 225 ⌚ They exit US, Portia and Lucius enter DR

PORTIA ●

I prithee, Lucius, run to the Senate House.
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

⌚ LIGHTING 230 ⌚ They land for this scene SLC

LUCIUS

To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA

I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
(Aside) O constancy, be strong upon my side;
(To LUCIUS) Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS

Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

PORTIA

Yes, bring me word, boy, if Brutus look well,
For she went sickly forth. And take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy, what noise is that?

LUCIUS

I hear none, madam.

PORTIA

Prithee, listen well.
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*(Citizens pass through, as well as the
SOOTHSAYER.)*

PORTIA

Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

SOOTHSAYER

At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA

What is 't o'clock?

SOOTHSAYER

About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER

Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand

⚡ LIGHTING | 235 | Soothsayer enters DSR

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER

That I have, lady. If it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORTIA

Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him?

SOOTHSAYER

None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance.
Good morrow to you.—

*(PORTIA stops the SOOTHSAYER.
Music begins as she whispers to him.
SOOTHSAYER exits. PORTIA exits,
taking LUCIUS with her.)
(Music grows as CAESAR and caravan
reenter; they encounter the
SOOTHSAYER, who holds a piece of
paper.)*

CAESAR

The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
Hail, Caesar. Read this schedule.

DECIUS

Trebonius doth desire you, sir, to o'erread,
At your best leisure, his humble suit.

SOOTHSAYER

O Caesar, read mine first, for mine's a suit

⏏ LIGHTING 240 Whispering

⏏ LIGHTING 245 Portia exits

⏏ LIGHTING 250 Caesar enters UL/Transition

⏏ LIGHTING 255 Scene Light focused SR

That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

SOOTHSAYER

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is the fellow mad?

(TREBONIUS drags SOOTHSAYER away. Music continues and cheers for CAESAR. CAESAR once again shakes hands and works the crowd, this time we clearly see ANTONY give CAESAR hand sanitizer. Eventually CAESAR, DECIUS BRUTUS, CINNA and ANTONY will reach CAESAR's throne.) (POPILIUS enters, encountering CASSIUS.)

POPILIUS

Cassius.

CASSIUS

Popilius.

POPILIUS

I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS

What enterprise?

...What enterprise, Popilius?

(POPILIUS is already walking away. A text on CASSIUS's phone.)

LIGHTING 260 Opens up w/ entrance of others

LIGHTING 265 Focus SL

POPILIUS (TEXT PROJECTED)

Fare you well 😊

BRUTUS

What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS

He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

(BRUTUS looks at the message. Then they look to see POPILIUS talking with CAESAR and ANTONY.)

BRUTUS

Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.

CASSIUS

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CASCA

Poplius knows his time; for, look:
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

(POPILIUS exits leading ANTONY, making one more slight glance at CASSIUS. BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, CINNA, TREBONIUS, and DECIUS BRUTUS take their places around CAESAR.)

DECIUS BRUTUS

⏏ LIGHTING | 270 | Change w/ Bell Full stage idea

Where is Trebonius? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

*(The conspirators remove their jackets,
almost ritually. DECIUS collects.)*

CAESAR

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

TREBONIUS

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Trebonius throws before thy seat
An humble heart,--

CAESAR

I must prevent thee,
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood.
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.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

TREBONIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CAESAR

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Trebonius.

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-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Trebonius should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA

O Caesar,--

CAESAR

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS

Great Caesar,--

CAESAR

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA

Speak, hands for me!

(From behind CASCA stabs CAESAR who rises confused and injured. CASSIUS next stabs CAESAR, then CINNA, TREBONIUS and DECIUS BRUTUS. Eventually CAESAR stumbles into the path of BRUTUS, CAESAR looks at him, shocked.)

⌚ LIGHTING 275 Stabbing starts

CAESAR
Et tu, Brute!

⌚ LIGHTING 280 Blackout

(BRUTUS raises his knife and charges. Blackout and music. Intermission.)

⌚ LIGHTING 285 Lights up intermission

(Return from intermission with a replay
and furthering of CAESAR's murder.
Sounds of screams and chaos mix with
the music. Soon CAESAR cries out.)

CAESAR

Then fall, Caesar.

(CAESAR dies. More sounds of chaos.
The non-conspirators scatter to the
edges of the stage.)

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 stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

(BRUTUS places herself in front of a
camera.)

BRUTUS

Senators good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else:
Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

⌚ LIGHTING 290 House 1/2

⌚ LIGHTING 295 House Out

⌚ LIGHTING 300 Lights up on movement/murder sequence

⌚ LIGHTING 305 Caesar dies

⌚ LIGHTING 310 Brutus on camera

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
(he does so, showing her bloody hands)
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
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,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS

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

DECIUS BRUTUS

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

Ay, every one away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace her heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

(We hear a door slam open. ANTONY enters, apart from the others. She prostrates herself, hands up, makes herself look weak.)

⋮ LIGHTING 320 Antony enters DR

BRUTUS

Soft! who comes here?

TREBONIUS

Tis Antony.

ANTONY

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

I love Brutus, and I honour her;
I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him and loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to her, and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

BRUTUS

Antony is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought her worse.
(to CASSIUS)

I know that we shall have her 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.

⋮ LIGHTING 325 Aside DL

BRUTUS

Enough.
Welcome, Mark Antony.

⋮ LIGHTING 330 Aside over

(ANTONY runs to CAESAR'S
body)

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
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 Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

⌚ LIGHTING 335 Focus to UC

BRUTUS

O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

⌚ LIGHTING 340 Brutus special?

CASSIUS

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

⌚ LIGHTING 345 Opens up

BRUTUS

Only be patient till we have appeased the multitude
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each Roman render me their bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Good Romans all,--alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee to see thy Antony making her peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand!
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS

Mark Antony,--

ANTONY

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

CASSIUS

I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?

⏏ LIGHTING 350 Special on Antony?

⏏ LIGHTING 355 Opens up

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Therefore I took your hands!
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the child of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY

That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor 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.
(pulling BRUTUS aside)
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 show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
She speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall

ⓘ LIGHTING 360 Aside DL

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
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 Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral.

ANTONY

Be it so.
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

*(They all exit, except ANTONY. As the
doors open we hear a burst of chaos
outside.)*

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
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;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:

⏏ LIGHTING 365 Opens up

⏏ LIGHTING 370 They exit

⏏ LIGHTING 375 Antony left alone

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
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
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

(Enter a Messenger)

You serve Octavius, son of Caesar, do you not?

Messenger

I do, Mark Antony.

Octavius did receive his father's letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth--
O Caesar!--

ANTONY

Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Is thy master coming?

Messenger

He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

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;
Hie hence, and tell him so.

•(Blackout. We again hear the sounds of the chaos outside the Senate. •Lights up on the throng of citizens gathered in the space. Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, BRUTUS eventually finds a place to stand. CASSIUS will use a camera to film BRUTUS but ultimately BRUTUS chooses to look at the citizens rather than the camera.)

⌚ LIGHTING 380 She X's DS

⌚ LIGHTING 385 Messenger enters

⌚ LIGHTING 390 Blackout

⌚ LIGHTING 395 Lights up on the throng

BRUTUS

Be patient to 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 mine honour, 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 Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: --Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his 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 will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

(Enter MARK ANTONY)

Here comes Mark Antony: who, though she had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the

⏏ LIGHTING 400 Special on Brutus on SRC upper platform

⏏ LIGHTING 405 Brutus moves, open up

⏏ LIGHTING 410 Brutus back on upper platform

⏏ LIGHTING 415 Mark Antony enters

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 dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

All

Live, Brutus! live, live!

Citizen 5

Bring her with triumph home unto her house.

Citizen 2

Give her a statue with her ancestors.

Citizen 4

Let Brutus be Caesar.

Citizen 1

Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

BRUTUS

Good Romans!

Citizen 3

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

Citizen 2

Peace, ho!

BRUTUS

You good Romans, let me depart alone, ●
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace her speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

LIGHTING 420 Opens up SL

(BRUTUS and CASSIUS exit. The crowd riles again, MARK ANTONY seems unsafe somehow.)

Citizen 4

Let her go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Antony, go up.

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Citizen 5

What does she say of Brutus?

Citizen 4

She says, for Brutus' sake,
She finds himself beholding to us all.

Citizen 5

'Twere best she speak no harm of Brutus here.

Citizen 1

This Caesar was a tyrant.

Citizen 3

Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Citizen 2

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans,--

(Anger from the crowd, MARK ANTONY finally finds higher ground.)

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, 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 Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--
For Brutus is an honourable woman;
And so are they all, all honourable!
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable woman.
Caesar hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that at the Capitol
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, she is an honourable woman.
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 judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And Romans have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

Citizen 3

Methinks there is much reason in her sayings.

Citizen 2

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

Citizen 5

Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Citizen 2

Mark'd ye her words? Caesar would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

Citizen 3

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Citizen 2

There's not one nobler in Rome than Antony.

ANTONY

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 Romans:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable Romans.

*(A citizen takes out a phone and
begins to film ANTONY. We see
it streaming, comments coming
in.)*

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament--
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

⏏ LIGHTING 445 Focus back to Antony

⏏ LIGHTING 450 Cameras filming

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Citizen 4

We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All (PROJECTED ONSCREEN as well)

The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Citizen 1

Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable Romans
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Citizen 5

They were traitors: honourable men!

All

The will! the testament!

Citizen 2

They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

ANTONY

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then let me show you him that made the will.

(A screen now shows us a live shot of CAESAR's body. The crowd reacts in horror.)

⌚ LIGHTING 455 Caesar's body on SR screen

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Cinna made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as she pluck'd her cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved her!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw her stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart!

⌚ LIGHTING 460 Antony X's to CS

Citizen 1

O piteous spectacle!

Citizen 2

O noble Caesar!

Citizen 3

O woeful day!

Citizen 4

O traitors, villains!

Citizen 5

O most bloody sight!

Citizen 2

We will be revenged!

All

(various)

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY

Stay, Romans.

Citizen 2

Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Citizen 5

We'll hear her, we'll follow her, we'll die with her.

*(Another citizen beigns filming
ANTONY.)*

LIGHTING 465 Special on Antony CS

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 am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt woman,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir your blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
~~Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue~~
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

LIGHTING 470 Antony goes to the SR upper platform

All
We'll mutiny.

Citizen 1
We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Citizen 5
Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY
Yet hear me, Romans; yet hear me speak.

All
Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

(By now they are all filming ANTONY.)

ANTONY
Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All
Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY
Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every Roman, seventy-five golden drachmas.

Citizen 3
Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Citizen 2
O royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Hear me with patience.
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

Citizen 5

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

(The citizens begin to revolt.)

Citizen 3

Go fetch fire.

Citizen 2

Pluck down benches.

Citizen 1

Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

(A riot begins. Citizens running through the space. We see comments spilling in, particularly those that read #DeathToCinna.)

ANTONY

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

(ANTONY exits. Enter CINNA THE POET.)

⏏ LIGHTING 475 Riot lights

⏏ LIGHTING 480 Antony comes DC

⏏ LIGHTING 485 Switch to Cinna's entrance

CINNA THE POET

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

*(The Citizens descend on CINNA THE
POET. They each stream from different
angles on their phones.)*

Citizen 1

What is your name?

Citizen 2

Whither are you going?

Citizen 3

Where do you dwell?

Citizen 4

Are you a married woman or a bachelorette?

Citizen 3

Answer all of us directly.

Citizen 1

Ay, and briefly.

Citizen 3

Ay, and wisely.

Citizen 1

Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA THE POET

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I
dwell? Am I a married woman or a bachelorette? Then, to

LIGHTING 490 Pull to CS

answer every one directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a... a bachelorette.

Citizen 1

That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

CINNA THE POET

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

Citizen 1

As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA THE POET

As a friend.

Citizen 3

That matter is answered directly.

Citizen 2

For your dwelling,--briefly.

CINNA THE POET

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Citizen 4

Your name, madam, truly.

CINNA THE POET

Truly, my name is Cinna.

Citizen 2

Tear her to pieces; she's a conspirator!

CINNA THE POET

I am Cinna the poet! I am Cinna the poet!

⏏ LIGHTING 495 Opens up

Citizen 2

Tear her for her bad verses, tear her for her bad verses.

(A citizen strikes CINNA THE POET with their phone.)

CINNA THE POET

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Citizen 4

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

Citizen 3

Tear her, tear her!

(They beat CINNA THE POET and drag her away.)

Citizen 2

(into her phone)

Come, brands ho! fire-brands:
to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius'
house, and some to Casca's; some to Trebonius': away, go!

(Blackout. We see the footage of CINNA THE POET tweeted and retweeted, memed and ridiculed. Time passes.)

(Lights up ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, seated at a table working on maps or lists. A Servant stands by. OCTAVIUS watches the footage of CINNA the POET. ANTONY turns it off, points to the lists.)

ANTONY

These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

⌚ LIGHTING 500 Beating lights

⌚ LIGHTING 505 Special CS

⌚ LIGHTING 510 Blackout

⌚ LIGHTING 515 Transition

⌚ LIGHTING 520 Lights up SL

OCTAVIUS

Your sister's son too must die; consent you, Antony?

ANTONY

He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Messenger

What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS

Here, or at the Capitol. Go, fetch my father's will.

(Exit Messenger)

ANTONY

And now, Octavius, son of Caesar
Listen to great things:--Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS

Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

(Lights shift. ANTONY and OCTAVIUS exit. Sounds of war: Gunshots in the streets. Footage of riots? LUCIUS and a group of soldiers bring on the body of DECIUS BRUTUS. BRUTUS enters, sees DECIUS, confirms death and

LIGHTING 525 They exit pull focus to SR

closes the eyes of the body. CASSIUS enters.)

CASSIUS

Most noble sister, 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.

(CASSIUS now sees DECIUS for the first time. Eventually the soldiers will cover him with a sheet.)

BRUTUS

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS

Bid your commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS

Lucius, do you so; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

LIGHTING 530 Open up w/ Scene Light

(LUCIUS and others move away but stay onstage. They huddle together for warmth.)

CASSIUS

That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucilius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were 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 condemn'd 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 speak 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, 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, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practise, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

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! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
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

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.
I did send to you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

CASSIUS

I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not!

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

There is my dagger,
And here my breast; within, a heart richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*(BRUTUS swiftly removes CASSIUS's
dagger from his hand.)*

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger:
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-temper'd, vexeth him?

BRUTUS

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

CASSIUS

O Brutus.

(They embrace.)

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,
She'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

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 woman bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Portia!

BRUTUS

She is dead.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

⋮ LIGHTING 540 Opens up CS w/ Brutus' X

⋮ LIGHTING 545 Pull to SRC

Have made themselves so strong. With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

(BRUTUS reveals an empty pill bottle.)

CASSIUS
And died so?

BRUTUS
Even so.

CASSIUS
O ye immortal gods!

BRUTUS
Speak no more of her. Lucius! Bring me a bowl of wine.
In this will I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

*(LUCIUS comes with wine and metal
cups. Soon TREBONIUS will arrive.)*

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.

BRUTUS
Welcome, good Trebonius.
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.
Trebonius, I have here received letters,

⌚ LIGHTING 550 Open up

⌚ LIGHTING 555 Pull to SL for their convo

That young Octavius, son of Caesar, and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

TREBONIUS

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS

With what addition?

TREBONIUS

That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius Caesar and Mark Antony
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Popilius being one.

CASSIUS

Popilius one!

TREBONIUS

Popilius is dead,
And by that order of proscription.

BRUTUS

What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

'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, defense, and nimbleness.

⚡ LIGHTING 560 Opens up SRC to include Cassius

BRUTUS

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 refresh'd, 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

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 will we rise, and hence.

BRUTUS

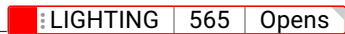
Lucius! Fetch thy instrument. 
(LUCIUS leaves to find her instrument)
Farewell, good Trebonius:
Good night, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Every thing is well.

 LIGHTING 565 Opens

CASSIUS

Good night, my sister.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

TREBONIUS

Good night, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one.

*(Exeunt all but BRUTUS. TREBONIUS
and some soldiers apart group together
for warmth. Re-enter LUCIUS, with his
instrument.)*

BRUTUS

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS

Ay, an't please you.

BRUTUS

It does, Lucius:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS

It is my duty.

BRUTUS

I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS

I have slept already.

⌚ LIGHTING 570 The others exit?

⌚ LIGHTING 575 Focs to Brutus SRC

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.

(LUCIUS begins to play a song.)

⏏ LIGHTING 580 Sleepy song

BRUTUS

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon me,

(BRUTUS takes a brief moment of relaxation, drifting to the song. But soon, the music becomes discordant. LUCIUS starts to whine and scream as she plays.)

⏏ LIGHTING 585 Nightmare lights

BRUTUS

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

(From under the sheet that once covered DECIUS BRUTUS, the GHOST of CAESAR suddenly appears, frightening BRUTUS. Now TREBONIUS and the soldiers scream too.)

⏏ LIGHTING 590 Ghost lights

CAESAR

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why comest thou?

CAESAR

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Well; then I shall see thee again?

CAESAR

Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Why? Why? Why will I see thee at Philippi, then?

(The GHOST OF CAESAR suddenly disappears. Music and screaming stops in an instant.)

⌚ LIGHTING 595 Ghost disappears

BRUTUS

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Lucius! Lucius awake!

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

⌚ LIGHTING 600 Awakens

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS

Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lady.

BRUTUS

Trebonius!
Fellow thou, awake!

TREBONIUS

My lady?

BRUTUS

Why did you so cry out in your sleep?

TREBONIUS

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS

Ay: saw you any thing?

Soldier 1

No, I saw nothing.

Soldier 4

Nor I.

BRUTUS

Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

⌚ LIGHTING 605 Blackout

•
*(Lights out. Exit BRUTUS and soldiers.
Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, their
armies behind them.)*

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;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

⌚ LIGHTING 610 Lights up SL

ANTONY

Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

(Enter a Messenger)

Messenger

Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY

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, CASCA,
CINNA, TREBONIUS, standing apart.)*

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.

LIGHTING 615 Messenger enters

LIGHTING 620 Brutus and Cassius enter opens up

ANTONY

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

CASSIUS

Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the bees,
And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY

Not stingless too.

BRUTUS

O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY

Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:
You show'd your teeth and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd 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 to-day,
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 sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds

Be well avenged; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS

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

OCTAVIUS

So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd 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 to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

*(Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and
their army. We hear a storm begin.)*

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

Ho, Lucius, hark, a word with you.

⚡ LIGHTNING 625 They exit, Thunder and Lightning

LUCIUS

My lady?

(BRUTUS and LUCIUS step aside.)

CASSIUS

Casca.

CASCA

What says my general?

CASSIUS

This is my birthday, as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Casca.

Be thou my witness that
Traveling 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.

CASCA

Believe not so.

CASSIUS

I but believe it partly,

BRUTUS

Even so, Lucius.

CASSIUS

Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of war rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

⏏ LIGHTING 630 Moment between them SR

⏏ LIGHTING 635 The others leave, Cassius and Brutus alone

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

Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, 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;
She 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

O, that we all 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. Rain falls harder. True fighting begins. We see TREBONIUS charge into battle. Snippets of fighting here and there. Now some will hold cameras to take battlefield footage. Alarms. Enter BRUTUS and CINNA amidst fighting.*)

LIGHTING 640 They leave

LIGHTING 645 Fighting

BRUTUS

Ride, ride, Cinna, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Cinna: let them all come down.

LIGHTING 650 Scene Light SLC

(*Exeunt. Fighting, alarms. Enter CASSIUS and TREBONIUS.*)

LIGHTING 655 Fighting

CASSIUS

O, look, Casca, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

LIGHTING 660 Cassius enters, focus CS

TREBONIUS

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.

LIGHTING 665 Pindarus enters the scene

Enter PINDARUS, operating camera

PINDARUS

Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS

This hill is far enough. Look, look, Trebonius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TREBONIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

Trebonius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TREBONIUS

I will be here again, even with a thought.

(Exit TREBONIUS.)

CASSIUS

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Trebonius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

*(PINDARUS ascends the hill, leaving
the camera with CASSIUS)*

CASSIUS

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS

O my lord!

CASSIUS

What news?

LIGHTING 670 Fighting

LIGHTING 675 Pull to Cassius

PINDARUS

Trebonius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Trebonius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en.

(Shouts and noise from off.)

PINDARUS

And, hark! They shout!

CASSIUS

Come down, behold no more.
(Into the camera)
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see a friend ta'en before my face!

(PINDARUS descends.)

CASSIUS

Come hither.

PINDARUS

Sirrah?

CASSIUS

Come hither!

*(CASSIUS thrusts the camera back to
PINDARUS and we watch as they flee
from the space and through the streets.
CASSIUS then forces the camera off.
CASCA enters as TREBONIUS
returns.)*

CASCA

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

LIGHTING 680 Casca enters

TREBONIUS

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

CASCA

Where did you leave him?

TREBONIUS

All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his servant, on this hill—

(An explosion. CASCA goes down, chaos onstage, bodies all around. BRUTUS stumbles on and finds TREBONIUS.)

⏮ LIGHTING 685 Explosion

BRUTUS

Where, where doth his body lie?

TREBONIUS

Lo, yonder
(BRUTUS goes to the body of CASCA.)

TREBONIUS

He is slain!

(The GHOST of CAESAR appears on the battlefield. BRUTUS stares as it walks through. TREBONIUS falls. CINNA falls.)

⏮ LIGHTING 690 Caesar enters DSR

⏮ LIGHTING 695 There will be cues following him w/ movers

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.
(yelling at the ghost)
I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

⏮ LIGHTING 700 Special on Brutus

(The GHOST disappears. A lull in battle. BRUTUS crawls to a small hiding place finding LUCIUS and CLITUS.)

BRUTUS

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

CLITUS

Cassius show'd the torch-light, but, Brutus,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or fled.

BRUTUS

Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

(BRUTUS whispers into CLITUS' ear.)

CLITUS

What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS

Peace then! no words.

CLITUS

I'll rather kill myself.

LUCIUS

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

CLITUS

To kill her

LUCIUS

What says my lady?

BRUTUS

Why, this, Lucius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd 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 it is, Lucius.
Thou seest the world, Lucius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

(Low alarms.)

BRUTUS

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Lucius,
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

LUCIUS

That's not an office for a friend.

(Low alarms.)

CLITUS

Fly, fly; there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS

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 labour'd to attain this hour.

(Alarms louder. Sounds growing nearer.)

CLITUS

Fly, Brutus, fly.

BRUTUS

Hence! We will follow.

(CLITUS runs, leaving LUCIUS.)

LIGHTING 710 Lucius and Brutus alone UC

BRUTUS

I prithee, Lucius, stay thou by me now:
Thou art a young one of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Lucius?

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Lucius.

*(LUCIUS holds the sword out, and
BRUTUS runs on his sword)*

LIGHTING 715 Brutus stabbed

BRUTUS

Caesar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

LIGHTING 720 Blackout

*(LUCIUS lowers BRUTUS to the
ground. Flashlights and sounds of an
army approaching. Enter OCTAVIUS,
ANTONY and their army.)*

LIGHTING 725 Lights up

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

ANTONY

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

LUCIUS

Free from the bondage you are in, Antony:
The conquerors can but make a fire of her;
For Brutus only overcame herself,
And no man else hath honour by her death.


ANTONY

How died your master, Lucius?

LUCIUS

I held the sword, and she did run on it.

*(ANTONY walks to the body of
BRUTUS. She consoles LUCIUS as
well.)*

 LIGHTING 730 Special on Antony

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only she
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
She only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
Her life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a woman!'

 LIGHTING 735 Lucius pulled away

*(OCTAVIUS calls a battlefield camera
to him, instructing his men to remove
LUCIUS and prop up the body of
BRUTUS. MARK ANTONY is
unnerved, stepping to OCTAVIUS.)*

OCTAVIUS

According to her virtue let us use her,
With all respect and rites of burial.

(The camera turns on, showing the body of BRUTUS. OCTAVIUS speaks to camera.)

⏮ LIGHTING 740 Special on Octavius

Within my tent her bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

⏮ LIGHTING 745 Blackout

(Camera zooms over his shoulder to the worried face of MARK ANTONY. She looks into the camera. End of play.)

⏮ LIGHTING 750 Bows

⏮ LIGHTING 755 Post Show

