



*Julius Caesar*: CSF Shakespeare & Violence Prevention

### **Julius Caesar**

by William Shakespeare

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Spanish translations by Fernanda Iwasaki and Josue Miranda

Directed by Wendy Franz

Produced by the Colorado Shakespeare Festival

Shakespeare & Violence Prevention

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Recommended for grades 6-12

In partnership with the Center for the Study and Prevention of Violence and the Department of  
Theatre and Dance at CU Boulder

Funded in part by Shakespeare in American Communities, Colorado Creative Industries, CU  
Boulder Office for Outreach and Engagement, and the Boulder Arts Commission.

### **Distribution of Roles**

ACTOR 1: Brutus

ACTOR 2: Caesar, Antony, Cinna the Poet

ACTOR 3: Cassius, Poncio, 1st citizen

ACTOR 4: Soothsayer, Casca, Calpurnia<sup>1</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> Citizen

Bilingual roles: Poncio and Soothsayer

All actors are part of the chorus

This production was filmed. To adjust for live performance, feel free to adapt as needed.

Words are *italicized* for emphasis.

This production adjusted Brutus' pronouns to she/her and Portia became Poncio (he/him)

Note: if you plan to use this script, please be sure to include the following statement in your material:

*"This program was developed by the Colorado Shakespeare Festival, the Center for the Study and Prevention of Violence, and the Department of Theatre & Dance, departments at the University of Colorado at Boulder."*

Please also inform the Colorado Shakespeare Festival Education Department of your use of the script at [csfedout@colorado.edu](mailto:csfedout@colorado.edu) or (303) 735-1181

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<sup>1</sup> Throughout, we use "Calpurnia" instead of Shakespeare's "Calphurnia." We find this clarifies pronunciation of the name (avoiding the p/f confusion).



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## INTRODUCTION

### ACTOR 1

If all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players, what role do you choose to play?

### ACTOR 3

Cual papel, prefererías interpretar?

### ACTOR 2

The leader?

### ACTOR 4

The friend?

### ACTOR 3

El rebelde?

### ACTOR 1

The bully?

### ACTOR 2

The target?

### ACTOR 4

The witness?

### ACTOR 3

The ally?

### ACTOR 2

One man

### ACTOR 1

Or person

### ACTOR 3

In his



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**ACTOR 4**

Or her or their time plays many parts.

**ACTOR 2**

We are not all alone unhappy

**ACTOR 3**

This wide and universal theatre

**ACTOR 1**

Presents more moments of choice than the scene wherein we play...



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## PROLOGUE

*Feels like a political rally. Rhythm and energy. Herd intoxication. Celebratory. Punctuated by drumbeats (paint buckets and wooden dowels work great)*

**ALL**

Caesar.

**ACTOR 1**

We make *holiday* to see Caesar and to *rejoice* in his *triumph*.

**ALL**

Caesar.

**ACTOR 3**

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus.

**ALL**

Caesar.

**ACTOR 2**

When Caesar says, 'do this,' it is performed.

**ALL**

Caesar.

**ACTOR 4**

The people choose Caesar for their king.

**ALL**

Caesar.

**ACTOR 3**

I was *born* free as Caesar, so were you.

**ALL**

Caesar.



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**ACTOR 2**

And this *man* is now become a *god*.

**ALL**

Caesar!



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### Scene 1

*Enter Caesar, Cassius, Brutus*

**(ACTOR 4) SOOTHSAYER** [*yells from audience*]

Caesar!

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

Ha! who *calls*?

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Bid every *noise* be still.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

Who is it in the *press* that *calls* on me?

*Speak*; Caesar is turn'd to *hear*.

**(ACTOR 4) SOOTHSAYER**

Desconfía en los idus de marzo.

**English**

Beware the ides of March.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

What man is that?

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

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

**(ACTOR 4) SOOTHSAYER**

Desconfía en los idus de marzo.

**English**

Beware the ides of March.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

He is a *dreamer*; let us leave him.

*Caesar and Soothsayer exit.*

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Brutus!

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

I am not *gamesome*, Cassius. I'll leave you.

**(ACTOR 3) 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.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Cassius, vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,

But let not therefore my good *friends* be *grieved*.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not *itself*,

But by reflection, by some other things.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have no such *mirrors* as will turn

Your hidden *worthiness* into your eye,

That you might see your shadow.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Into what dangers would you *lead* me, Cassius?

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Good Brutus, be prepared to hear: I, your *glass*,

Will modestly discover to *yourself*

That of *yourself* which you yet know not of.

*ACTOR 2 and ACTOR 4 make crowd noise offstage*



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**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
*Think* of this *life*; but, for my single self,  
I had as *lief* not be as live to be  
In awe of such a *thing* as I *myself*.  
I was *born* free as Caesar; so were you:  
And this *man*  
Is now become a *god*, and Cassius is  
A wretched *creature* and must bend his body,  
If *Caesar* carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a *fever* when he was in Spain,  
And when the *fit* was on him, I did *mark*  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this *god* did shake;  
Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the *majestic* world.

*ACTOR 2 and ACTOR 4 make crowd noise offstage*

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a *Colossus*, and we petty men





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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;  
Upon what *meat* doth this our Caesar *feed*,  
That he is *grown* so great?

#### (ACTOR 1) BRUTUS

What you would *work* me to, I have some *aim*:  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further *moved*. What you have said  
I will consider.  
Till then, my *noble friend*, chew upon this:  
Brutus had rather be a *villager*  
Than to repute herself a *child* of Rome  
Under these hard *conditions* as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

CAESAR enters

#### (ACTOR 2) CAESAR

Brutus, 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.  
He *reads* much;  
He is a great *observer* and he *looks*  
Quite through the *deeds* of men: he loves no *plays*,  
As thou dost; he hears no *music*;  
*Seldom* he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd *himself*.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease



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Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,  
And therefore are they very dangerous.

*Exit CAESAR. Enter CASCA*

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day.

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Who offered him the *crown*?

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

Why, Antony.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

I *saw* Mark Antony offer him a *crown*; and, *he* put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would *fain* have had it. Then *he* offered it to him *again*; then *he* put it by *again*: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; *he* put it the third time by, and still as he refused it the rabblement hooted and clapped and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, for he swooned and fell down at it: for mine *own* part, I durst not laugh.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

What, did Caesar swoon?

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

He fell down in the marketplace and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**



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Did Cicero say anything?

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

To what effect?

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

It was *Greek* to me. Fare you well. There was more *foolery* yet, if I could remember it.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Will you sup with me *to-night*, Casca?

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Good: I will expect you.

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

Do so. Farewell, both.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

What a blunt fellow is this *grown* to be!

For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to *speak* with me,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

I will *do* so: till then, *think* of the world.      *[Brutus exit]*

Well, Brutus, thou art *noble*; yet, I see,

Thy *honourable metal* may be wrought

From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet

That *noble minds* keep ever with their likes;

For who so *firm* that cannot be seduced?

*[with a cell phone]*



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I will this *night*, send,  
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.

*Exit*



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## Scene 2

*Enter Casca*

### (ACTOR 4) CASCA

Are not you moved, when all the sway of *earth*  
Shakes like a thing *unfirm*?

Never till tonight, never till now,

Did I *go* through a Tempest-dropping-fire.

*Either* there is a *civil* strife in Heaven,

Or else the *world*, too *saucy* with the *gods*,

Incenses them to send destruction.

Against the *Capitol* I met a *lion*,

Who glared upon me, and went surly by,

And yesterday the *bird of night* did sit

Even at *noon-day* upon the *market-place*,

*Hooting* and *shrieking*. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say

"These are their reasons, they are natural."

For I believe they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon.

*[Cassius enter stage left]*

Cassius, what *night* is this!

Who ever knew the *heavens* menace so?

### (ACTOR 3) CASSIUS

Those that have known the Earth so full of faults.

You are dull, Casca, and those *sparks of life*

That should be in a Roman you *do* want,

Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on *fear* and cast *yourself* in wonder.

But if you would consider the true cause,

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this *dreadful* night-

A man no mightier than thyself or me

In personal action, yet prodigious grown,

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.



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**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Let it be who it is.

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow  
*Mean* to establish Caesar as a *king*.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

I know where I will wear this dagger then.

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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*.

**(ACTOR 4) 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.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

There's a *bargain* made.  
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at her house: three parts of her  
Is ours *already*.  
*Exit*



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### Scene 3

*Enter Brutus*

#### (ACTOR 1) 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.  
Crown him?--that;--  
The abuse of *greatness* is, when it *disjoins*  
*Remorse* from *power*: and, to *speak* truth of Caesar,  
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*,  
Where to the *climber* upward *turns* his *face*;  
But when he once *attains* the upmost *round*.  
He then unto the *ladder* turns his *back*,  
*Looks* in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.

*Text alerts. Brutus looks at phone. The alerts keep coming, like Brutus is now the topic of conversation in online chatter.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself!"  
"Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"  
What, Rome? Am I entreated  
To speak and strike?

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*:

*Cassius and Casca enter*

#### (ACTOR 3) CASSIUS

I think we are too bold upon your rest:



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Good morrow, Brutus; *do* we trouble you?

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

I have *been* up this *hour*, awake all *night*.

*[gesturing to the texts]*

Know I these men that come along with you?

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Yes, every man of them; and no man here

But honors you, and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

Now, let us *swear* our *resolution*.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

No, not an *oath*:

What *need* we any *spur* but our *own* cause?

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

Shall no man else be *touch'd* but only Caesar?

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Casca, well urged: I think it is not meet,

*Mark Antony*, so well belov'd of Caesar,

Should outlive Caesar.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius.

Let us be *sacrificers*, but not *butchers*, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;

And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him *boldly*, but not *wrathfully*;

And for *Mark Antony*, *think* not of him;

For he can do no more than Caesar's *arm*

When Caesar's head is off.

**(ACTOR 4) CASCA**

But it is *doubtful* yet,





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Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;  
For he is *superstitious grown* of late.  
The unaccustomed terror of this night  
May hold him from the Capitol today.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.  
*We'll* leave you, Brutus. But all remember  
What you have said, and *show* yourselves true Romans.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Good gentlemen, *look* fresh and merrily;  
Let not our *looks* put on our purposes,  
But *bear* it as our Roman *actors* do,  
And so good morrow to you every one.

*Exit Cassius (quick change to Poncio) and Casca*

*Enter Poncio*

**(ACTOR 3) PONCIO**

Brutus, my wife!

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Poncio, what *mean* you? wherefore rise you now?

**PONCIO (in Spanish)**

Con rudeza, Brutus,  
mi lecho rehuiste: y anoche, en la cena,  
Apareces de súbito, como errante  
Y al preguntarte por tus apuros  
Con irreverencia me miraste;  
*Dear* my wife,  
Confiame el porqué de tu aflicción.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

I am not well in health, and that is all

**(English)**

You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
You *suddenly* arose, and walk'd about,  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle *looks*;

Make me acquainted with your cause of *grief*.



**PONCIO (in Spanish)**

¿Está Brutus doliente? ¿Es por salud que  
anda bebiendo el temperamento  
húmedo del alba? Y bien, ¿doliente está,  
Mas huyendo de su bienhechora cama  
Para desafiar la infesta noche?  
No, my Brutus;  
Una terrible afrenta te ocupa  
Y, por los lazos que me unen a ti,  
I ought to know of:  
Di Brutus si de este matrimonio  
Se espera ignore cualquier secreto  
Que te pertenezca? Am I *yourself*  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
Para alegrar tu mesa y tu cama  
Y hablarte a veces? Viviendo en los suburbios  
De tu buen placer? If it be no more,  
Poncio is Brutus' *servant*, not her *mate*

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

You are my true and beloved husband,  
As *dear* to me as are the ruddy *drops*  
That visit my sad heart.

**(ACTOR 3) PONCIO (in Spanish)**

Tell me your *counsels*, nada diré.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS (in Spanish)**

O ye *gods*,  
Render me worthy of this *noble man*!  
Poncio, go in awhile;  
Y pronto habrá tu pecho de compartir  
Los secretos míos.  
Leave me with haste.

*Exit Poncio. Brutus is left alone.*

**(English)**

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*?

You have some *sick offence* within your *mind*,  
Which, by the *right* and *virtue* of my place,

Within the *bond of marriage*, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no *secrets*  
That *appertain* to you?

To keep with you at *meals*, comfort your *bed*,  
And *talk* to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the *suburbs*  
Of your good pleasure?

**(English)**

Tell me your *counsels*, I will not disclose 'em.

And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.

#### Scene 4

*Enter Caesar*

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

Nor Heaven nor Earth have *been* at peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
“Help ho, they murder Caesar!”

*Enter Calpurnia*

**(ACTOR 4) CALPURNIA**

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

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

Caesar shall forth.

**(ACTOR 4) CALPURNIA**

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Recounts most horrid sights *seen* by the *watch*.  
A *lioness* hath whelped in the streets;  
And *graves* have yawn'd, and *yielded* up their dead;  
*Horses* did neigh, and dying men did *groan*,  
And ghosts did *shriek* and *squeal* about the streets.  
These things are beyond all use,  
And I do *fear* them.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

Yet Caesar shall go forth;  
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.  
Caesar should be a *beast* without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for *fear*.

**(ACTOR 4) CALPURNIA**

Do not go forth today. Call it my fear

That keeps you in the house and not your own.  
 We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate house  
 And he shall say you are not well today.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

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

*Enter Cassius*

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 2) 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.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

The cause is in my *will*: I will not come;  
 That is enough to *satisfy* the senate.  
 But for your private satisfaction:  
 Calpurnia, here, my wife, stays me at home.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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.  
 If Caesar hide *himself*, shall they not whisper  
 'Lo, Caesar is *afraid*'?

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia.  
 Give me my *robe*, for I will go.

*Calpurnia storms off—quick change to Soothsayer*

*Enter Brutus*

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Hail Caesar!

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

And look where Brutus is come to fetch me.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Good morrow, Caesar.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

I thank you for your *pains* and *courtesy*.

Bid them prepare within:

I am *to* blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cassius,

Be *near* me, that I may remember you.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Caesar, I will:

*[Aside]*

and so *near* will I be,

That your best *friends* shall wish I had *been* further.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

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

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Exit Caesar and Cassius.*

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

*[Aside]* That every like is not the same, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus *yearns* to *think* upon!

*Exit Brutus*

**Scene 5**

*Enter Soothsayer, perhaps typing out messages on a phone?*

**(ACTOR 4) SOOTHSAYER**

'Caesar, beware of Brutus; take *heed* of Cassius;  
come not *near* Casca;

There is but one *mind* in all these men, and it is  
bent against Caesar. If thou *be'st* not *immortal*,  
*look* about you: security gives way to *conspiracy*.

The mighty gods defend thee!

Here will I stand till Caesar *pass* along,

And as a *suitor* will I give him this.

If thou *read* this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;

If not, the *Fates* with *traitors* do contrive.

*Exit Soothsayer*

## Scene 6

*Enter Poncio*

**(ACTOR 3) PONCIO** (*spoken to audience*)

Les ruego, corran a la cámara,  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Bring me word if Brutus look well,  
For she went sickly forth: y pongan cuidado en  
Qué hace César. [*Soothsayer noise*]  
Hark! what noise is that?  
Venga, amigo

*Enter SOOTHSAYER*

**(ACTOR 3) PONCIO** (*switches to English*)

Come hither, *fellow*: Is Caesar yet gone to the *Capitol*?

**(ACTOR 4) SOOTHSAYER**

Good sir, not yet: I go to take my stand,  
To see him *pass* on to the Capitol.

**(ACTOR 3) PONCIO**

Thou hast some *suit* to Caesar, hast thou not?

**(ACTOR 4) SOOTHSAYER**

That I have, good sir: if it will please Caesar  
To be so good to Caesar as to *hear* me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend *himself*.

**(ACTOR 3) PONCIO**

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

**(ACTOR 4) SOOTHSAYER**

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

**(ACTOR 3) PONCIO** (*spoken*)

I must go in. Oh, Brutus,  
que el cielo te acompañe en esta acción!

*Exit*

**PONCIO (English)**

I prithee, run to the *senate-house*;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Bring me word if Brutus look well,  
For she went sickly forth: and take good note  
What Caesar doth.  
Hark! what noise is that?  
Come hither, fellow

**(English)**

I must go in. O Brutus,  
The heavens *speed* thee in thine *enterprise*!

## Scene 7

*Caesar, Cassius and Brutus enter*

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR** *[To the SOOTHSAYER]*

The ides of March are come.

**(ACTOR 4) SOOTHSAYER**

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

*Attempts to hand him the letter*

Read it, great Caesar. Read it instantly!

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

What, is the fellow mad?

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

What, urge you your petitions in the street?

*Shoves Soothsayer away. Soothsayer exit*

Come to the *Capitol*.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

Are we all ready? What is now *amiss*

That Caesar and his senate must *redress*?

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

*kneels*

I bend my knee, but not in flattery, Caesar;

Desiring thee that banished Cimber may

Have an immediate *freedom of repeal*.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

What, Brutus!

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:

As low as to thy *foot* doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for exiled Cimber.

**(ACTOR 2) 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*,  
 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*; and that I am he,  
 Let me a little show it, even in this;  
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
 And constant do *remain* to *keep* him so.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

O Caesar,--

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

*Speak*, hands for me!

*Stabby stab stab*

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

*Et tu, Brute!* Then fall, Caesar.

*Caesar dies*

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Liberty! *Freedom!* Tyranny is dead!  
 Run hence, *proclaim*, cry it about the *streets*.  
 'Liberty, *freedom*, and *enfranchisement!*'

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

*People* and *senators*, be not affrighted;  
 Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

That we shall *die*, we know; 'tis but the time  
 And drawing *days* out, that men stand upon.  
 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  
 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!*'

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Stoop, then, and wash.

*Cassius and Brutus kneel, wrap hands around ribbons and hold them up*

How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty *scene* be acted over

In states unborn and accents yet *unknown!*

*Antony enters, cries out, crosses to Caesar robe, falls to ground distraught*

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Soft! who comes here? Mark Antony.

I know that we shall have him well to *friend*.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

I wish we may: but yet have I a *mind*

That *fears* him much.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Welcome, Mark Antony.

**(ACTOR 2) 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*. 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.

**(ACTOR 1) 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*,

Our hearts you see not; they are *pitiful*;

Our *arms* and our *hearts* receive you in

With all *kind* love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Only be patient till we have appeased

The *multitude*, beside themselves with *fear*,  
 And then we will deliver you the cause,  
 Why I, that did love Caesar when I *struck* him,  
 Have thus proceeded.

**(ACTOR 2) ANTONY**

I doubt not of your *wisdom*.  
 Gentlemen 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*.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

What compact *mean* you to have with us?  
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

**(ACTOR 2) ANTONY**

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.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

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

**(ACTOR 2) ANTONY**

That's all I *seek*:  
 And am moreover *suitor* that I may  
*Speak* in the *order* of his *funeral*.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

You shall, *Mark Antony*.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Mark Antony,  
 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;  
 and you shall *speak*  
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
 After my speech is ended.

**(ACTOR 2) ANTONY**

Be it so.  
 I do desire no more.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Follow us.

*Exit all except for Antony*

**(ACTOR 2) 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  
 And Caesar's *spirit*, ranging for *revenge*,  
 Shall in these *confines* with a *monarch's* voice

Cry '*Havoc*,' and let slip the *dogs of war*;  
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome.

*Exit Antony*

## Scene 8

*Enter Brutus*

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

We will be satisfied

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2**

Let us be satisfied.

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

Brutus will speak!

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2**

What happened to Caesar?

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

We want answers!

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

*Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear:*

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; but, as he was *ambitious*, I slew him. 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*.

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1:**

None, Brutus,

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2:**

None.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Then none have I offended.

Here comes *Mark Antony*:

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1:**

Boo! He's a traitor!

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

My countrymen, I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have *spoke*.

*Enter Antony*

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

Stay, and let us *hear* Mark Antony.

**(ACTOR 2) ANTONY**

You gentle Romans,--

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2**

Peace! let us *hear* him.

**(ACTOR 2) 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*:  
*Here*, under leave of Brutus and the rest--  
For Brutus is an *honourable* woman;  
So are they all, all *honourable* men--  
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.  
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 men have lost their *reason*. *Bear* with me;  
My heart is in the *coffin* there with Caesar,  
And I must *pause* till it come *back* to me.

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1:**

*Methinks* there is much reason in his sayings.

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2:**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1:**

Now *mark* him, he begins *again* to *speak*.

**(ACTOR 2) 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;

*Look*, in this place ran Cassius' *dagger* through:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

Judge, O you gods, how *dearly* Caesar loved her!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2:**

O piteous spectacle!

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1:**

O *noble* Caesar!

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2:**

O *woeful* day!

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1:**

We will be revenged.

**ALL:**

*Revenge!* About! *Seek!* *Burn!* Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a *traitor* live!

**(ACTOR 2) 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:

What private *griefs* they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are *wise* and *honourable*,

And will, no doubt, with *reasons* answer you.

I come not, *friends*, to *steal* away your hearts:

I am no *orator*, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a *plain* blunt man,

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* men's *blood*: I *only speak* right on;  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
 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*.

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2:**

*We'll mutiny.*

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1:**

*We'll mutiny. We'll burn the house of Brutus.*

**(ACTOR 2) ANTONY**

Yet *hear* me, *countrymen*;

*Here* was a Caesar! when comes such another?

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2:**

Never, never. Come, away, away!

**(ACTOR 2) ANTONY**

Now let it *work*. *Mischief*, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt! [*drops mic*]

*Exit all*

**SCENE 9**

*Enter Cinna stage left, carrying book*

**(ACTOR 2) 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.

*Enter citizens*

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

What is your name?

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2**

Whither are you going?

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

Where do you dwell?

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2**

Answer directly.

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

Ay, and briefly.

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2**

Ay, and wisely.

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

Ay, and truly, you were best.

**(ACTOR 2) CINNA THE POET**

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

As a friend or an enemy?

**(ACTOR 2) CINNA THE POET**

As a friend.

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2**

For your dwelling, --briefly.

**(ACTOR 2) CINNA THE POET**

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

Your name, sir, truly.

**(ACTOR 2) CINNA THE POET**

Truly, my name is Cinna.

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

**(ACTOR 2) CINNA THE POET**

I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2**

Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

**(ACTOR 2) CINNA THE POET**

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

**(ACTOR 3) CITIZEN 1**

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

**(ACTOR 4) CITIZEN 2**

*puts bucket on Cinna's head*

Tear him, tear him!

*Exit*

**SCENE 10**

*Enter Chorus*

**ACTOR 1:** And now, Romans,

**ACTOR 2:** Listen great things:--

**ACTOR 3:** Brutus and Cassius

**ACTOR 4:** Are levying *powers*:

**ACTOR 1:** We must straight make head:

**ACTOR 2:** Therefore let our *alliance*

**ACTOR 3:** be combined,

**ACTOR 4:** Our best *friends* made,

**ACTOR 1:** our *means* stretch'd

**ACTOR 2:** And let us presently

**ACTOR 3:** go sit in *council*.

**ACTOR 4:** Let us do so:

**ACTOR 1:** For we are at the stake,

**ACTOR 2:** And bay'd about

**ACTOR 3:** with many *enemies*;

**ACTOR 4:** And some that smile

**ACTOR 1:** have in their hearts,

**ACTOR 2:** I *fear*,

**ACTOR 3:** Millions

**ACTOR 4:** of

**ACTOR 1:** *mischiefs.*

**Scene 11**

*Enter Brutus and Cassius*

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Most *noble Brutus*, you have done me wrong.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Cassius, be content.  
*Speak* your *griefs* softly: I do know you well.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

You wronged *yourself* to write in such a case.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Remember March, the *ides of March* remember:  
Did not great Julius *bleed* for *justice*' sake?  
What, shall one of *us*  
That *struck* the *foremost* man of all this *world*  
Contaminate our fingers with base *bribes*?  
I had rather be a *dog*, and bay the *moon*,  
Than such a Roman.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

You forget *yourself*,  
 To hedge me in; I am a *soldier*, I,  
 Older in practice, *abler* than yourself  
 To make *conditions*.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Urge me no more, I shall forget *myself*;  
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch  
 Under your *testy humour*?

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Is it come to this?

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

You say you are a better *soldier*:  
 Let it *appear* so.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
 I said, an *elder soldier*, not a *better*:  
 Did I say '*better*'?

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

If you did, I care not.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Do not presume too much upon my *love*;  
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

You have done that you should be sorry for.  
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
 For I am *arm'd* so strong in *honesty*  
 That they *pass* by me as the idle *wind*,  
 Which I respect not.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Now Cassius is aweary of the world;  
 Hated by one he loves; all his faults observed,  
 Set in a *note-book*, learn'd, and conn'd by *rote*,  
 To cast into my *teeth*. O, I could *weep*  
 My *spirit* from mine eyes! There is my *dagger*,  
 Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better  
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Sheath your dagger:  
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Do you *confess* so much?

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

No more, I pray you. [*checks phone*]  
 I have *here* received *intel*  
 That young *Mark Antony*  
 Comes *down* upon us with a mighty power,  
 Bending his *expedition* toward Philippi.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

He has put to death a hundred senators.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

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

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

I do not *think* it good.



'Tis better that the *enemy seek* us.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Our *legions* are brim-full, our cause is ripe:  
 The *enemy* increaseth every day;  
 We, at the height, are *ready* to decline.  
 There is a *tide* in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the *flood*, leads on to *fortune*;  
 On such a full *sea* are we now afloat;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our *ventures*.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

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

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Noble, noble Cassius,  
 Good night, and good repose.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

O my dear Brutus!  
 This was an ill beginning of the night:

*Enter Ghost of Caesar*

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

Mark me.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
 Speak to me what thou art.

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

They evil spirit, Brutus.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Why com'st thou?

**(ACTOR 2) CAESAR**

To tell thee thou shalt surely see me more.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Why then will I meet thee again, Caesar.

**(ACTOR 4) CHORUS**

Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake

Thou hast misconstrued everything

Let us be sacrificers but not butchers

We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar

## Scene 12

*Enter Antony*

### (ACTOR 2) ANTONY

I said the *enemy* would not come *down*,  
 But keep the *hills* and upper *regions*;  
 It proves not so: their *battles* are at hand;  
 They come *down*  
 With *fearful* bravery, thinking by this face  
 To fasten in my thoughts that they have *courage*;  
 But 'tis not so.

*Enter Brutus and Cassius*

### (ACTOR 1) BRUTUS

Words before *blows*: is it so, *countryman*?

### (ACTOR 2) ANTONY

Not that we love words better, as you do.

### (ACTOR 1) BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Antony.

### (ACTOR 2) ANTONY

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

### (ACTOR 3) CASSIUS

Flatterers! Now, Brutus, *thank yourself*:  
 This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
 If Cassius might have ruled.

### (ACTOR 2) ANTONY

Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us *sweat*,  
 The proof of it will *turn* to redder drops.  
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the *field*;  
 If not, when you have *stomachs*.

*Exit Antony*

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Brutus, this is my birthday.  
 Be thou my *witness* that against my will,  
 am I compell'd to set  
 Upon one *battle* all our *liberties*.  
 Our *army* lies, ready to give up the *ghost*.  
 If we do lose this *battle*, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together:  
 What are you then determined to do?

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS**

Whether we shall meet again, I know not.

*All seems lost. What will they choose to do?*

Therefore our everlasting farewell take.

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

For ever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!

*BRUTUS and CASSIUS move to separate parts of the stage—they are each alone. Their cast-mates are the chorus, providing the steady beat, as they face the battle*

*Battle Grows. Confusion. Chaos. Despair. Hopelessness.*

**(ACTOR 3) CASSIUS**

Myself have to my own turned enemy.  
 And we by Antony are all enclosed.  
 This day I breathed first: *time* is come round,  
 And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
 My life is run his *compass*.

*Theatricalized STAB*

Caesar, thou art revenged  
 Even with the sword that killed thee.

**(ACTOR 1) BRUTUS [to Cassius]**

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well.  
 Friends, I owe more tears  
 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.  
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me. I know my hour is come.  
 Our enemies hath beat us to the pit.  
 My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
 I found no man but he was true to me.

*STAB*

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

*The actors all become a chorus, shed their costumes.*

**CHORUS:**

This same day  
 Must end that *work* the ides of March begun;  
 Cassius is no more. O setting *sun*,  
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

**CHORUS:**

Thou seest the *world*, dear Brutus, how it goes;  
 Your *enemies* have beat you to the *pit*:  
 Now Brutus *only* overcame *herself*.  
 Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.

**CHORUS:**

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!  
 How many ages hence  
 Shall this our lofty *scene* be acted over  
 In states unborn and accents yet *unknown*!

**CHORUS:**

So call the *field* to rest; and let's away,  
 To part the glories of this woeful day.

*End of play*

## TALKBACK QUESTIONS

### ACTOR 1

Thanks for being a great audience! This project is a way to think about some of the patterns of violence and mistreatment we see in our own world, using Shakespeare's plays. Even though the performance you watched was pre-recorded, we hope it brought Shakespeare's play to life for you.

### ACTOR 2

We have some questions about what you saw in the play. Whether you're doing in-person or remote schooling, you can use these questions as a way to start conversations with your family, your classmates, your friends, and your teachers.

### ACTOR 3

You may have noticed that some of the roles Shakespeare wrote as male were played by female-identifying actors. Why do you think we made that choice?

### ACTOR 4

We also had some characters speaking Spanish in the play. Why do you think we made that choice?

### ACTOR 1

And where did you see examples of mistreatment or planned violence in the play?

### ACTOR 2

We use the term UPSTANDER for someone who speaks up when they witness mistreatment, or they are aware of dangerous situations. Who in the play had the opportunity to speak up and prevent some of the mistreatment? (How might the story have turned out differently if someone acted as an upstander?)

### ACTOR 3

We saw some really tragic things happen in this play, including a planned violent attack of a leader, and the death by suicide of two people. There were a lot of hurting people in this play, and we want to be sure you know about another resource. It's called **Colorado Crisis Services**. **There is a number you can call** if you or someone you care about is experiencing suicidal thoughts. You can also text the word TALK to 3-TALK (T-A-L-K). You'll be put in contact with a trained counselor, ready to text with you about anything. Remember: Colorado Crisis Services.

### ACTOR 1

Here in Colorado, we have a resource called Safe2Tell. Have you heard of Safe2Tell?

Safe2Tell is an anonymous tipline to report dangerous behavior. There are lots of ways to help when we're aware of mistreatment. If you don't feel you can directly interrupt the behavior, or talk to an adult who will help, Safe2Tell is another tool for you. You can report through the Safe2Tell mobile app, online at Safe-2-(the number 2) Tell Dot Org, or call 1 (877) 542-SAFE. If you know of a situation that is unsafe, we hope you know that it's no less courageous to help anonymously.

### ACTOR 3

Of course, you have adults at your school who are here for you, and who care about your safety. If possible, we hope you will approach a trusted adult first. But if that's not possible, Safe2Tell is a safety net for you. We encourage you to talk to your school counselor, your principal, or your teacher if you have questions about how Safe2Tell works.

**ACTOR 2**

Friends, Romans, Countrymen! Thank you for being part of the audience today. We look forward to working with you in a virtual workshop soon.. But if we aren't doing workshops with you, we encourage you to keep this conversation going.

**ACTOR 4**

Remember: we have the power, as upstanders, to speak up when we know something isn't right. It takes bravery, and it takes practice, but we know you...yes, YOU...can make a difference.