

JULIUS CAESAR

Written by

William Shakespeare

Abridged and written for the screen by

Coram Shakespeare Schools Foundation

1 EXT. A STREET IN ROME - DAY

1

A crowd of PLEBEIANS, the everyday working Romans, are cheering and chanting.

PLEBEIANS
Caesar! Caesar!

Enter FLAVIUS, a tribune elected by the people to protect their rights, he is snooty and superior, and MARULLUS, a member of a wealthy family, known as a Patrician, he to is an elected official. They both think the ordinary man is beneath them.

MARULLUS
Is this a holiday? Why walk these
men about the streets?

FLAVIUS
They make holiday to see Caesar,
and to rejoice in his triumph.

MARULLUS
Wherefore rejoice?

Marullus is angry at the hypocrisy of the Plebeians whose allegiance sways with the wind. He yells at the crowd.

MARULLUS (CONT'D)
Do you now strew flowers in his
way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's
blood?
Be gone!

The Plebeians leave.

FLAVIUS
Go you down that way.
This way will I. Disrobe the
images.

MARULLUS
May we do so?

FLAVIUS
Let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies.

They head down the street tearing down any decoration honouring Julius Caesar.

2

EXT. A PUBLIC PLACE IN ROME - LATER

2

We see JULIUS CAESAR, the greatest Roman alive, a heroic General, a learned Senator, and the leader of Rome. He is a hero to all ordinary Romans and has recently returned from another successful military campaign. He is accompanied by:

MARK ANTONY, another highly decorated and respected Roman General and a good friend of Caesar;

BRUTUS, another of Caesar's close friends but whose primary devotion has always been and will always be to the Roman Republic;

CALPURNIA, Caesar's wife. She is a strong believer in the portentous power of omens;

PORTIA, the wife and confidant of Brutus and daughter of a prominent Roman who once took sides against Caesar, albeit unsuccessfully;

CASSIUS, another General turned politician, he is a shrewd operator, an opportunist with an intense dislike for Caesar's popularity;

CASCA, a Senator who is not respected by his peers, generally considered a fool. He does not trust Caesar;

DECIUS, a Senator of no great note who has no love for Caesar;

POPILIUS LENA, a Senator of no great note who has no love for Caesar;

Upon their arrival they are greeted by a crowd of Plebeians and a SOOTHSAYER, who it is believed can interpret things that predict the future.

The Soothsayer is hidden from Caesar's view, merely a voice from the crowd.

SOOTHSAYER

Caesar!

CAESAR

Ha! Who calls? Caesar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March .

Caesar's eyes search the crowd.

CAESAR
What man is that?

BRUTUS
A soothsayer bids you beware the
ides of March.

The Soothsayer comes to the front of the crowd.

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

SOOTHSAYER
Beware the ides of March.

Caesar looks the Soothsayer up and down dismissively.

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

Everybody except Brutus and Cassius leaves.

CASSIUS
Brutus, I have not from your eyes
that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to
have.

BRUTUS
Into what dangers would you lead
me, Cassius?

CASSIUS
Since you cannot see yourself, I,
your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know
not of.

Cassius and Brutus hear huge cheers and shouts from
offscreen. The people sound excited, this brings Brutus' mood
down.

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

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

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius;
What is it that you would impart to
me?

CASSIUS

I was born free as Caesar; so were
you.

They hear more cheers and shouts, so loud that they would
drown out their own conversation.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bestride the
narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep
about
To find ourselves dishonourable
graves.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be
in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded
more than yours?

Cassius is insistent, but Brutus is reluctant to engage too
strongly.

BRUTUS

Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of
Rome.

CASSIUS

I am glad
That my weak words have struck but
thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Caesar returns with his acolytes, Antony is alongside him.

BRUTUS

The games are done and Caesar is
returning.

CAESAR

Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar?

Caesar has the measure of Cassius just by looking at him. He speaks in hushed tones to Antony.

CAESAR

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

ANTONY

(in hushed tones)
Fear him not, Caesar, he's not
dangerous.
He is a noble Roman, and well
given.

CAESAR

(in hushed tones)
Would he were fatter!

Caesar and all his followers leave, only Casca remains, he moves to speak to Brutus.

CASCA

Would you speak with me?

BRUTUS

Ay, Casca. Tell us what hath
chanc'd today,
That Caesar looks so sad.
Was the crown offer'd him?

CASCA

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by
thrice.

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Why, Antony.
I could tell you more news too:
Marullus and Flavius, for pulling
scarfs off Caesar's images, are put
to silence .

Casca raises one end of his scarf to mimic a hanged man.
Brutus is clearly contemplating all of this.

CASCA (CONT'D)
Fare you well.

CASSIUS
Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA
Ay, if I be alive.

CASSIUS
Good. I will expect you.

CASCA
Do so. Farewell, both.

Casca leaves.

BRUTUS
Tomorrow, come home to me, and I
will wait for you.

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

Brutus leaves.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I
see
Thy honourable mettle may be
wrought
From that it is dispos'd.

3 EXT. A STREET IN ROME - NIGHT

3

Thunder and lightning fill the air.

Cassius and Casca are at different ends of the street, far
enough apart that they cannot identify one another in the
poor light.

CASSIUS
Who's there?

CASCA
A Roman.

CASSIUS
Casca, by your voice.

CASCA
Your ear is good.
Who ever knew the heavens menace
so?

Cassius puts on a dramatic display.

CASSIUS
Those that have known the earth so
full of faults.
If you would consider the true
cause
Why all these fires, why all these
gliding ghosts,
Why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with
these spirits
To make them instruments of fear
and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a
man
Most like this dreadful night,
A man no mightier than thyself, or
me.

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

CASSIUS
Let it be who it is.

CASCA
They say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king.

CASSIUS
I know where I will wear this
dagger then.
Why should Caesar be a tyrant?

Enter CINNA a senator and something of a pedant, he is
dedicated to serving the Plebeians. His presence makes Casca
nervous.

CASCA
Stand close awhile, for here comes
one in haste.

CASSIUS
'Tis Cinna. He is a friend.

CINNA
Who's that?

CASSIUS
It is Casca one incorporate
To our attempts.

CINNA
I am glad on't.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our
party -

CASSIUS
Be you content.

Cassius hands Cinna a letter.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
Good Cinna, take this paper. Look
you lay it
Where Brutus may but find it, and
throw this

And another letter.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
In at his window.

Cinna takes the letters and leaves.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere
day
See Brutus at his house: three
parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him
ours.

4 EXT. BRUTUS ORCHARD - LATE NIGHT

4

Brutus is alone and tormented by what he believes must be done. He is torn between his love for his friend Caesar and his devotion to Rome.

BRUTUS
It must be by his death ; and for
my part,
(MORE)

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

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.
Therefore think him as a serpent's
egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind,
grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

LUCIUS, a young and innocent servant in Brutus' household,
enters with a letter.

LUCIUS

Searching the window for a flint ,
I found
This paper, thus seal'd up. I am
sure
It did not lie there when I went to
bed.

Brutus takes the letter and opens it and takes a quick
glance, he is immediately reminded of the Soothsayers words
to Caesar.

BRUTUS

Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of
March?

LUCIUS

I know not, sir.

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar.

LUCIUS

I will, sir.

Lucius goes to check the calendar.

Brutus reads from the letter, you can see that it's contents
are hitting home.

BRUTUS

'Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and
see thyself.
Speak, strike, redress!' 'Speak,
strike, redress!'

Lucius returns immediately.

LUCIUS
Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

BRUTUS
'Tis good.

There is a knocking at the gate.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)
Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

Lucius heads to answer the knocking.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)
Between the acting of a dreadful
thing
And the first motion, all the
interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous
dream.

Lucius returns.

LUCIUS
Sir, 'tis Cassius, and there are
more with him.

BRUTUS
Let 'em enter.

Lucius lets the visitors in and leaves.

They are Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, METELLUS CIMBER, a Senator with a skill for understanding people, and TREBONIUS, one of Caesar's most trusted Lieutenants and now a politician.

It is apparent they are here on serious business. Brutus knows they are here to convince him to kill his friend.

CASSIUS
Good morrow Brutus.

BRUTUS
Know I these men that come along
with you?

CASSIUS
Yes, every man of them; and no man
here
But honours you.

BRUTUS

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

Brutus shakes hands with all of the conspirators. They gather
round to confirm their plot.

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus is dismissive.

BRUTUS

No, not an oath. Do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
To think that our cause or our
performance
Did need an oath.

DECIUS

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

CASSIUS

Decius, well urg'd. I think it is
not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of
Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar.

Brutus is stoic and reasoned as he urges restraint.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody,
Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack
the limbs.
Let's be sacrificers, but not
butchers, Caius.
And for Mark Antony, think not of
him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's
arm
When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear him;
For the ingrafted love he bears to
Caesar -

BRUTUS

If he loves Caesar, all that he can
do
Is to himself.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth
today or no;
For he is superstitious grown of
late .

DECIUS

Never fear that: I can o'ersway
him.

By some means we see that it is 3am.

CASSIUS

The morning comes upon's: we'll
leave you, Brutus.
And friends, remember all what you
have said,
And show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS

Let not our looks put on our
purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do.
And so good morrow to you every
one.

Everyone leaves, leaving just Brutus alone, his face a
picture of sadness.

Portia arrives, she takes one look at him and knows he has a
heavy weight on his mind.

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS

Portia, what mean you? Wherefore
rise you now?

PORTIA

Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause
of grief.

BRUTUS

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

She doesn't believe him for a second.

PORTIA

No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within
 your mind,
 Which by the right and virtue of my
 place ,
 I ought to know of; and, upon my
 knees,

She kneels before him, trying everything she can to bring him around

PORTIA (CONT'D)

I charm you, by my once commended
 beauty,
 By all your vows of love,
 That you unfold to me, your self,
 your half ,
 Why you are heavy, and what men
 tonight
 Have had resort to you.

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

She rises from her knees, she is growing frustrated.

PORTIA

I should not need, if you were
 gentle Brutus.
 Dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no
 more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his
 wife.

BRUTUS

You are my true and honourable
 wife.

PORTIA

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

Brutus is close to breaking, he is used to telling his wife everything.

BRUTUS

O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble
 wife!
 Portia, go in awhile;
 (MORE)

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

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

5 INT. CAESARS HOUSE - NIGHT

5

Thunder and lightning fill the air, Caesar is restless.

CAESAR

Nor heaven nor earth have been at
peace tonight.

His wife Calpurnia joins him, she is certain in her mind.

CALPURNIA

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

But Caesar has fought great foes, he's not afraid to leave
his house.

CAESAR

Caesar shall forth.

But Calpurnia is scared, convinced that something bad is
coming.

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 ghosts did shriek and squeal
about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond
all use,
And I do fear them.

Caesar scoffs at the idea.

CAESAR

These predictions
Are to the world in general as to
Caesar.

CALPURNIA

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

CAESAR

Cowards die many times before their
deaths;
The valiant never taste of death
but once.

But despite Caesar's bravado, Calpurnia is insistent.

CALPURNIA

Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in
confidence.
Do not go forth today: call it my
fear
That keeps you in the house, and
not your own.

He gives up.

CAESAR

For thy humour I will stay at home.

Decius walks in and is greeted warmly.

CAESAR (CONT'D)

Here's Decius; he shall tell them
so.

DECIUS

Caesar, all hail! I come to fetch
you to the Senate House.

CAESAR

And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the
senators,
And tell them that I will not come
today.

DECIUS

Most mighty Caesar, let me know
some cause.

Caesar doesn't really care for being questioned.

CAESAR

The cause is in my will: I will
not come;

(MORE)

CAESAR (CONT'D)

That is enough to satisfy the
Senate.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me
at home.
She dreamt tonight she saw my
statue,
Which like a fountain with an
hundred spouts
Did run pure blood; and many lusty
Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their
hands in it.

Decius thinks on his feet, spinning as he goes.

DECIUS

This dream is all amiss
interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood,
Signifies that from you great Rome
shall suck
Reviving blood.

By appealing to his ego Decius has won Caesar over easily.

CAESAR

And this way have you well
expounded it.

Decius decides to go for broke.

DECIUS

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.

And Caesar is triumphant, his fears blinded by his ego and
ambition.

CAESAR

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

6

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL, ROME - DAY

6

We see Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Decius, Metellus Cimber, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Popilius Lena, other Senators and the Soothsayer.

As the conspirators exchange furtive glances, Caesar approaches the Soothsayer.

CAESAR

The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER

Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

Caesar goes up to the Senate House. All follow except Cassius, Popilius and Brutus who remain and talk.

POPILIUS

I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

CASSIUS

(feigning ignorance)

What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS

Fare you well.

Popilius leaves and joins Caesar. Cassius is shaken by his question.

BRUTUS

What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS

I fear our purpose is discovered.

We see Popilius talking to Caesar.

BRUTUS

Look how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

CASSIUS

Brutus, what shall be done?

BRUTUS

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

Near to Caesar, Trebonius distracts Antony by engaging him in conversation and moving him away.

CASSIUS
 Trebonius knows his time; for look
 you, Brutus,
 He draws Mark Antony out of the
 way.

Antony and Trebonius leave the scene in animated conversation.

7

INT. SENATE - MOMENTS LATER

7

The Senators are gathered, chatter fills the air.

CINNA
 (in hushed tones to Casca)
 Casca, you are the first that rears
 your hand.

Caesar stands to open the senate proceedings, he hushes the crowd.

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

METELLUS CIMBER
 Most high, most mighty, and most
 puissant Caesar -

Metellus Cimber kneels before Caesar, who pulls him to his feet.

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

Cimber appeals to the rest of the Senate for support.

METELLUS CIMBER
 Is there no voice more worthy than
 my own?

Brutus steps up to lend his weight, he takes Caesar's hand and kisses it.

BRUTUS

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

Cassius steps forward and kneels before Caesar.

CASSIUS

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon.

CAESAR

I could be well mov'd, if I were as
you;
But I am constant as the northern
star.
I was constant Cimber should be
banish'd
And constant do remain to keep him
so.

Now Cinna approaches.

CINNA

O Caesar -

Caesar is losing patience with all this.

CAESAR

Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius approaches, a crowd is forming around Caesar, he is
penned in.

DECIUS

Great Caesar -

Casca leaps at Caesar, knife in hand.

CASCA

Speak hands for me!

Each of the conspirators stabs Caesar.

In the frenzy Caesar sees his friend Brutus, involved in the
violence.

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute?

Brutus stabs Caesar. Everything seems to pause for a moment
as the pair lock eyes.

CAESAR (CONT'D)
Then fall Caesar!

Caesar dies.

Cinna celebrates.

CINNA
Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is
dead!

But Brutus stops him. This is a time for solemnity, not
celebration.

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

Trebonius and Antony enter the Senate.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)
Welcome, Mark Antony,

Antony sees the body, he is saddened by the sight.

ANTONY
O might Caesar! Dost thou lie so
low?
Are all thy conquests, glories,
triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?

And he recognises that he might be next. He addresses the
crowd of conspirators.

ANTONY (CONT'D)
I know not, gentlemen, what you
intend,
Who else must be let blood:
If I myself, there is no hour so
fit
As Caesar's death's hour.

Brutus is quick to try and reassure him.

BRUTUS
O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Pity to the general wrong of Rome -
Hath done this deed on Caesar.

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

BRUTUS

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

Antony appears reassured and becalmed.

ANTONY

That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-
place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a
friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you.

Cassius moves Brutus to one side where they can speak privately. He is concerned.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

You know not what you do.
Know you how much the people may be
mov'd
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit
first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's
death.

CASSIUS

I like it not.

Brutus breaks from their private chat.

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you
Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral
speech blame us,
(MORE)

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

But speak all good you can devise
of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission.

ANTONY

Be it so;
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body, then, and follow
us.

Everyone leaves apart from Antony. Alone with his old friend Caesar he speaks to him as if he were still living, he is impassioned.

ANTONY

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,
That I am meek and gentle with
these butchers.
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy:
Domestic fury and fierce civil
strife
Shall cumber all the parts of
Italy;
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.

A SERVANT enters the chamber.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you
not?

The Servant sees the body and is appalled.

SERVANT

O Caesar!

ANTONY

Is thy master coming?

The Servant nods in agreement.

SERVANT

He lies tonight within seven
leagues of Rome.

Antony is suddenly very serious.

ANTONY

Here is a mourning Rome, a
dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.
Lend me your hand.

Antony and the Servant carefully carry Caesar's body.

8

EXT. THE FORUM - LATER

8

A throng of angry and saddened Plebeians surround Brutus and Cassius, they are still blood stained.

PLEBEIANS

We will be satisfied: let us be
satisfied.

PLEB

I will hear Brutus speak.

Brutus mounts the pulpit.

PLEB (CONT'D)

The noble Brutus is ascended:
silence!

Brutus shouts above the crowd, lowering his voice a little once he can be heard.

BRUTUS

Romans, countrymen, and lovers,
hear me for my cause.
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. As Caesar
loved me, I weep for him: as he was
valiant, I honour him; but, as he
was ambitious, I slew him. Who is
here so rude, that would not be a
Roman? If any, speak; for him have
I offended. I pause for a reply.

The crowd reply as one.

ALL

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

Then none have I offended. I have
done no more to Caesar than you
shall do to Brutus.

As Antony arrives with the body of Caesar, the volume of the crowd rises in support of Brutus - they are once again blowing with the wind. We hear occasional shouts amongst the general noise.

PLEB

Bring him with triumph home unto
his house.

PLEB (CONT'D)

Give Brutus a statue with his
ancestors.

PLEB (CONT'D)

Let him be Caesar.

BRUTUS

My countrymen -

PLEB

Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

The crowd quietens.

BRUTUS

Good countrymen, for my sake,
Stay here with Antony. And grace
his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which
Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to
make.

Brutus steps down.

PLEB

Let us hear Mark Antony.

PLEB 2

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go
up.

Antony steps up to the pulpit. He is drowned out by noise.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans -

ALL

Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

The crowd noise quietens. Antony speaks confidently and passionately, being careful with the delivery of his words so as his true meaning cannot be mistaken.

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.
He was my friend, faithful and just
to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man;
When that the poor have cried,
Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner
stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did love him once, not
without cause;
What cause withholds you then to
mourn for him?

We hear the comments of some of the Plebeians close to the front of the crowd.

PLEB

Methinks there is much reason in
his sayings.

PLEB 2

Caesar has had great wrong.

PLEB

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

ANTONY

Shall I descend? And will you give
me leave?

ALL

Come down.

PLEB

Descend.

ANTONY comes down.

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed
them now.

He pulls the torn cloak from Caesar and holds it aloft.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

You all do know this mantle.
Look, in this place ran Cassius'
dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca
made:
Through this the well-beloved
Brutus stabb'd -
This was the most unkindest cut of
all;
Kind souls, what weep you when you
but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded?

He then reveals the body and the stab wounds it bears.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you
see, with traitors.

The crowd are appalled, this has become real.

PLEB

O piteous spectacle!

PLEB 2

O noble Caesar!

PLEB

O traitors! villains!

PLEB 3

O most bloody sight!

PLEB 2

We will be revenged.

The crowd are getting more and more enraged. Mob mentality is taking over, the sentiment reverberates through the crowd and mumblings of discontent quickly become cries of vengeance.

ALL

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

PLEB
We'll burn the house of Brutus.

PLEB 2
Away then! Come, seek the
conspirators.

The angry mob of Plebeians march off. Antony watches and is satisfied that his words have done their job.

ANTONY
Now let it work. Mischief, thou
art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!
How now, fellow?

A SERVANT approaches Antony.

SERVANT
Sir, Octavius is already come to
Rome.

ANTONY
Where is he?

SERVANT
At Caesar's house.
I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the
gates of Rome.

ANTONY
Like they had some notice of the
people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to
Octavius.

9 INT. ANTONY'S HOUSE - DAY

9

Antony is present with OCTAVIUS CAESAR, Julius Caesar's son and a great warrior and leader in his own right.

ANTONY
And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and
Cassius
Are levying powers.
Therefore let our alliance be
combin'd.

OCTAVIUS
Let us do so: for we are bay'd
about with many enemies.

10 EXT. IN FRONT OF BRUTUS' TENT, MILITARY CAMP NEAR SARDIS - 10
DAY

We hear a drum.

Brutus and Cassius are in an animated disagreement. Cassius feels wronged.

CASSIUS

That you have wrong'd me doth
appear in this:
You have condemn'd my officer
For taking bribes.

But Brutus has little time for his whining.

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, you
yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an
itching palm.

The accusation outrages Cassius.

CASSIUS

I, an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that
speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were
else your last.

But Brutus isn't intimidated in the slightest, he is angry and dismissive. The more dismissive he is the more angry Cassius becomes.

BRUTUS

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

Is't possible?
When Caesar liv'd, he durst not
thus have mov'd me .

BRUTUS

Peace, peace! You durst not so
have tempted him.

CASSIUS

I durst not?

BRUTUS

No.

CASSIUS

What? Durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS

For your life you durst not .

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be
sorry for.

The tone changes a little, Cassius's anger has subsided to hurt.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

BRUTUS

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

Cassius produces a dagger and opens his cloak to reveal his chest.

CASSIUS

There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast;
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar;
for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst,
thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Recognising the escalation, Brutus calms himself and attempts reconciliation.

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger
Be angry when you will, I was ill-
temper'd.

CASSIUS
Give my your hand.

BRUTUS
And my heart too.

They shake hands, they are friendly again.

CASSIUS
O Brutus!

BRUTUS
(calling out)
Lucius, a bowl of wine!

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

BRUTUS
O Cassius, I am sick of many
griefs. Portia is dead.

Brutus' pain is clear to see. Cassius is sorry for his
friend.

CASSIUS
Ha? Portia?

BRUTUS
She is dead.

CASSIUS
How scap'd I killing, when I
cross'd you so?
Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS
Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with
Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; she
fell distract ,
And, her attendants absent,
swallow'd fire.

CASSIUS
And died so?

BRUTUS
Even so.

CASSIUS
O ye immortal gods!

Lucius enters with wine.

BRUTUS

Speak no more of her. Give me a
bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness,
Cassius.

Brutus drinks heartily.

CASSIUS

Fill, Lucius. I cannot drink too
much of Brutus' love.

Lucius fills Cassius' wine and Cassius drinks too.

Lucius leaves.

The pair pause for a moment, contemplating all that has
happened, and then Brutus brings them back to business.

BRUTUS

Well, what do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary
his soldiers -

BRUTUS

(interrupting)
Good reasons must of force give
place to better .

CASSIUS

Hear me, good brother -

But Brutus is in no mood to listen, he cuts Cassius off.

BRUTUS

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,

(MORE)

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

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.

The speech has roused Cassius, he is fully on board with Brutus' plan.

CASSIUS

Then, we'll along ourselves, and
meet them at Philippi.
O my dear brother,
Never come such division 'tween our
souls!

BRUTUS

Everything is well.

They are close again, and part on good terms.

CASSIUS

Goodnight, my lord.

BRUTUS

Goodnight, good brother.

Cassius leaves.

Brutus picks up a book and searches for his page.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

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

The Ghost of Caesar enters, Brutus cannot believe his eyes.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

How ill this taper burns! Ha! Who
comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine
eyes
That shapes this monstrous
apparition.
It comes upon me. Speak to me what
thou art.

GHOST

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why com'st thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at
Philippi.

BRUTUS

Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST

Ay, at Phillipi.

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi
then.

The Ghost leaves and Brutus attempts to follow it.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk
with thee.

11 EXT. THE PLAINS OF PHILIPPI - LATER

11

Octavius and Antony are preparing their army, a MESSENGER has just arrived.

MESSENGER

Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show.

Antony tries to take command.

ANTONY

Octavius, lead your battle softly
on
Upon the left hand of the even
field.

But Octavius is used to being in charge.

OCTAVIUS

Upon the right hand I. Keep thou
the left.

ANTONY

Why do you cross me?

OCTAVIUS

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

Brutus and Cassius enter the plains with their army. Brutus and Cassius approach Antony and Octavius, who go to meet them.

ANTONY
 (to Octavius)
 The generals would have some words,
 Caesar.

Brutus wants to find a peaceful resolution.

BRUTUS
 Words before blows: is it so,
 countrymen?

Octavius isn't interested however.

OCTAVIUS
 Not that we love words better, as
 you do.

BRUTUS
 Good words are better than bad
 strokes, Octavius.

OCTAVIUS
 I draw a sword against
 conspirators.

Cassius has had enough of young Caesar.

CASSIUS
 A peevish school-boy , worthless of
 such honour,
 Join'd with a masker and a
 reveller.

It's the final straw, Antony and Octavius are not interested
 in peace.

ANTONY
 Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS
 Come, Antony; away!
 (To Brutus and Cassius)
 If you dare fight today, come to
 the field;
 If not, when you have stomachs.

Octavius and Antony leave.

Cassius contemplates what must now happen with Brutus.

CASSIUS

If we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in
triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no: think not,
That ever Brutus will go bound to
Rome;
But this same day
Must end that work the ides of
March begun.
If we do meet again, why, we shall
smile;
If not, why then this parting was
well made.

CASSIUS

If we do meet again, we'll smile
indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was
well made.

The two part, knowing that they will either see one another again in victory or both be dead. They are satisfied with either.

12

EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - LATER

12

We can hear the noise of battle in the distance.

Cassius is watching with TITINIUS, one of his officers and a devoted friend. Things are not looking good.

TITINIUS

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
early,
We by Antony are all enclos'd.

PINDARUS, one of Cassius' servants enters hurriedly, warning his master.

PINDARUS

Fly further off, my lord fly
further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my
lord.

Titinius leaves, aiming to protect Cassius. Cassius, however, has given up any thought of surviving this. He is resigned to his fate.

CASSIUS

This day I breathed first . Time
is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall
I end.
My life is run his compass.
Pindarus. Come hither, sirrah.

Pindarus enters and Cassius hands him his sword.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Now be a freeman
And with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels,
search this bosom.
Stand not to answer .

Cassius runs onto the sword held by Pindarus, and speaks with his last breaths.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd
thee.

Cassius dies, his servant is saddened but cannot wait around.

PINDARUS

O Cassius! Far from this country
Pindarus shall run.

Pindarus flees.

Moments later Titinius enters wearing a victory wreath, he's accompanied by MESSALA - an officer in Brutus' army and one of his good friends.

MESSALA

Where did you leave him?

Looking around, Messala sees Cassius' body on the ground.

MESSALA (CONT'D)

Is not that he that lies upon the
ground?

Titinius is crushed.

TITINIUS

No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.
The sun of Rome is set.

TITINIUS (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 What, Pindarus! Where art thou,
 Pindarus?

MESSALA
 Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to
 meet the noble Brutus.

Messala rushes off to find Brutus.

Titinius gently puts the victory wreath on Cassius' head, he is clearly resolved to what he must do.

TITINIUS
 Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius
 Cassius.
 By your leave, gods. This is a
 Roman's part:

He finds and picks up Cassius' sword, he talks to it.

TITINIUS (CONT'D)
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find
 Titinius' heart.

He thrusts the sword into his own chest and dies.

Moments later Brutus arrives with Messala and STRATO, one of Brutus' servants and now a soldier in his army.

Brutus is desperate to see his colleague.

BRUTUS
 Where, where, Messala, doth his
 body lie?

MESSALA
 Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning
 it.

BRUTUS
 Titinius' face is upward.

MESSALA
 He is slain.

Brutus cannot believe the power of his old friend Julius Caesar even in death. He fears all is lost but retains a little hope.

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty
yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns
our swords
In our own proper entrails.
Friends, I owe more than tears
To this dead man than you shall see
me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall
find time.
Come; let us to the field.

13

EXT. A DIFFERENT PART OF THE BATTLEFIELD - LATER

13

Brutus and Messala are exhausted, they have clearly continued the fight, but Brutus knows it is fruitless.

BRUTUS

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd
to me.
I know my hour is come.

MESSALA

Not so, my lord.

Brutus doesn't think Messala understands. There is no way out of this.

BRUTUS

Our enemies have beat us to the
pit.
It is more worthy to leap in
ourselves
Than tarry till they push us.

Strato enters.

STRATO

Fly, fly, my lord, there is no
tarrying here.

BRUTUS

(to Messala)
Hence! I will follow.

As instructed, Messala leaves, believing Brutus will follow on, but Brutus has a different plan.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy
lord.

(MORE)

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

Thy life hath had some smatch of
honour in it.

He draws his sword and offers it to his servant.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

Hold then my sword, and turn away
thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou,
Strato?

STRATO

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

They shake hands.

Strato takes the sword from his master and turns away.

BRUTUS

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

Brutus runs into the sword and dies.

Moments later Antony and Octavius, they have Messala as a
prisoner. Octavius sees Strato looking down at Brutus' body.

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

MESSALA

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

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in,
Messala.
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his
death.

MESSALA

How died my master, Strato?

STRATO

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

Antony moves over and beholds Brutus, he is sad that it has
come to this.

ANTONY

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

FADE TO BLACK.