THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

By

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Shakespearean Tragedy

A. C. Bradley in Shakespearean Tragedy points out that although a tragedy may have many characters, Shakespeare focuses primarily on the story of one or two of them. The hero is a person of influence whose life’s story is the plot of the play, which eventually, leads to his death. Affliction and misfortune fills his life and presents a strong contrast to past happiness and glory.

William Shakespeare wrote sonnets, poems and plays (tragedies and comedies), most of them based on history. He wrote during the Elizabethan (Renaissance) period of great drama, second to the Greek’s. Shakespearean tragedy draws from the hero’s own actions, not executed out of ignorance or careless mistakes, but out of deeds characteristic to his/her nature. The hero’s fundamental tragedy is his struggle between the conflicting expectations of friendship, loyalty, and nationalism.

In The Tragedy of Julius Caesar, William Shakespeare portrays the conspiracy against the Roman dictator, Julius Caesar, his assassination and its aftermath. It is based on true events from Roman history. In spite of the title, Julius Caesar is not the main character. The central protagonist is Marcus Brutus and the most important theme is the question of who deserves to rule and why.

The Roman Empire

Rome developed into a great power, gained control of the Italian peninsula, and began building an empire around the Mediterranean Sea. Rome grew so quickly; it created conflicts in the Roman society. The plebeians, who fought for Rome owned nothing and created wealth for others. The Roman leaders, the rich patricians, were imperialists; they wanted to establish control over foreign lands and peoples. By 133 B.C., Roman power extended from Spain to Egypt. Generals and landowners grew wealthy from wars and used the people they captured as slaves. Some citizens had no money and tried to find jobs. At the same time, the rich got richer. Two men tried to get land for the poor or money to buy food for the poor, but they were killed along with their followers by thugs hired by wealthy senators. Rome fought a series of civil wars. Who would hold power, the senate, which liked the status quo, or the reformers who wanted a more equal society?

Caesar and Pompey ruled Rome together, but as Caesar’s army became more and more successful, Pompey, feeling threatened, ordered Caesar to disband his army and return to Rome. Caesar refused and secretly led his army across Italy to Rome. Caesar crushed Pompey and his supporters and put down other rebellions around the country. After one victory, he said, “Veni, Vidi, Vici.” Later he returned to Rome and forced the Senate to make him emperor. He kept the senate but, in reality, he was the absolute ruler of Rome. Between 48 B.C. and 44 B.C. Caesar pushed through many reforms to deal with Rome’s many problems. He created jobs, gave land to the poor and created the calendar we have today. In March, 44 B.C., Caesar was killed in the Senate. Marc Antony and Caesar’s nephew (Octavius) joined forces to hunt down the murderers. Together they ruled Rome, but relations between them grew tense. In 33 B.C., Octavius defeated Marc Antony’s and Cleopatra’s forces in Actium, Greece. Octavius then became emperor and was renamed Caesar Augustus.
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar
William Shakespeare

Act I—Vocabulary

Amaze (to shock)  Fever (excitement, passion)  Rebel [v] (to revolt)
Apologize (to say “sorry”)  Fortuneteller (soothsayer)  Refuse (to say no)
Beware (to be careful)  General (military rank)  Scolded (to reprimand)
Bowing (to bend over)  Grown (to develop)  Shaking (trembling)
Cheer (to shout approval)  Heaped (piled, stacked)  Society (culture)
Competition (contest)  Holiday (feast, celebration)  Soles (bottom of shoes)
Concern (to worry)  Honorable (worthy)  Study (room)
Consider (to believe, deem)  Influenced (persuaded)  Tap (to knock)
Content (pleased)  Loyalty (faithfulness)  Track (path, road)
Current (stream of a river)  Might (strength)  Trade (to buy and sell)
Deaf (unable to hear)  Offer (to present)  Tyranny (dictatorship)
Decorations (ornaments)  Peep (to look)  Unconscious (lifeless)
Defeated (beaten, conquered)  Praise (to commend)  Weak (frail)
Dreamer (idealist, visionary)  Preoccupied (worried)
Drown (to go under, sink)  Raw (bad weather)

Act I

Scene i. Rome. A street.

[Enter Flavius, Marullus, and some ordinary people.]

Flavius: Go home, people! Don’t you know this is a holiday? What kind of workers work on a holiday? What’s your trade?

Carpenter: I’m a carpenter, sir.

Marullus: Where is your hammer and saw? And you! What’s your trade?

Cobbler: I am a cobbler.

Marullus: What’s your job? Answer me.

Cobbler: I fix soles.

Flavius: Tell us your trade!

Cobbler: I could fix what’s wrong with you.
Marullus: You show disrespect!

Cobbler: I am only saying that I can fix the soles of your shoes if there’s a hole in them.

Flavius: So why aren’t you working? Why are you walking around with this group?

Cobbler: We are walking around to wear out our shoes so that I will have more work. Really, though, we came out to see Caesar, and to cheer for Caesar.

Marullus: What is there to cheer for? Don’t you remember Pompey? He was a great Roman general and was defeated in a battle with Caesar. You used to cheer for Pompey; he was the leader you would wait in the streets all day to see. So here you are in your best clothes, taking off from work, waiting to see Caesar? Now you are throwing flowers in the street for Caesar, who has defeated Pompey and his sons? Go home, and pray that God doesn’t punish you for having no loyalty.

Flavius: Go home, good countrymen, and tell everyone you see to do the same.

[All the commoners exit.]

There they go. Let’s see if they understand. You go to the Capitol, and I will go the other way, and we will pull down the decorations that praise Caesar.

Marullus: But it’s the feast of Lupercal\(^1\). Can we pull the decorations down?

Flavius: It doesn’t matter. Pull down everything that has Caesar’s name on it. I’ll tell the common people to go home. We have to bring Caesar down to earth so he doesn’t think he’s so great that we should serve him.

Scene ii. A public place.

[Enter Caesar, Antony, Calpurnia, Portia, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a fortuneteller, Marullus and Flavius. Antony is ready to run in the race that was part of the Lupercal Festival.]

Caesar: Calpurnia!

Casca: Quiet! Caesar speaks!

Caesar: Calpurnia!

Calpurnia: Here, my lord.

Caesar: Don’t forget to stand in the track when Antony is running the race. Antony!

Antony: Caesar, my lord?

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\(^1\) Feast of Lupercal= an ancient Roman holiday
Caesar: When you are running by Calpurnia, don’t forget to touch her. There’s a saying, a superstition, that women who can’t have children will be able to get pregnant when a runner in the Lupercal race touches them.

Antony: I won’t forget. When Caesar says, “Do this,” I do whatever he asks.

Caesar: Go, then, and good luck.

Fortuneteller: Caesar!

Caesar: Who is calling my name? In this crowd, it’s hard to tell. Speak; I’m listening!

Fortuneteller: Beware the ides of March.²

Caesar: Who is it that is talking to me?

Brutus: A fortuneteller says to beware the ides of March.

Caesar: Bring him here.


Caesar: Now, what did you have to say to me?

Fortuneteller: Beware the ides of March.

Caesar: He is a dreamer—let him go.

[A trumpet sounds. All exit but Brutus and Cassius.]

Cassius: Are you going to see the race?

Brutus: No.

Cassius: You should.

Brutus: I don’t like races and games. I’m not like Antony.

Cassius: What’s wrong with you lately? You’ve been acting strangely, very quiet.

Brutus: Don’t worry I’m OK. I have been quiet lately because of some personal problems. I am at war with myself, so if haven’t been acting friendly lately (and I consider you my friend), it’s because I’m preoccupied with my own problems.

Cassius: Then I’ve been mistaken. I haven’t told you what I was thinking because of how you were acting. Can you see yourself?

Brutus: Of course not, not without a mirror.

² Ides of March= the middle of March, March 15th.
**Cassius:** True, it’s a shame you can’t see yourself and how worthy you are. I have heard a lot of talk about you from some highly respected people. People are really tired of Caesar’s tyranny. They wish you had more power.

**Brutus:** What are you trying to sell here? You’d like me to believe things about myself that aren’t true.

**Cassius:** You aren’t able to see yourself clearly. Let me be the mirror in which you see yourself as you really are. If you think I tell this to everyone or if you think I am the kind of person who tells someone he is their friend and then gossips about him or her behind their back, then you have a good reason not to trust me.

[Trumpets and shouting]

**Brutus:** What’s this shouting? I’m afraid the people have chosen Caesar for their king.

**Cassius:** You’re afraid? Then you don’t want Caesar for the king?

**Brutus:** No, I don’t, although I think very well of him. But what are you trying to tell me? Why are you talking to me like this? If it has to do with the good of society, I am not afraid. I care more about honor than I fear death.

**Cassius:** I know this is true, and that you are an honorable man. That’s what I’m talking about, honor. I don’t know how others think, but for myself, I’d rather be dead than live bowing down to another human being. I was born as free as Caesar, and so were you. We all eat as well as Caesar, and we all feel the winter cold as he does. Once, Caesar and I were standing on the banks of the River Tiber on a raw, cold and windy day. Caesar challenged me to jump in the cold water with him and swim to the middle of the river. I jumped in and called him to follow me, which he did. We both were swimming with all our might against the strong current in a kind of competition, but before we got to the middle, Caesar called out to me to save him or he would drown. I did save him from the water and pulled him to the shore, and now I’m supposed to bow down to Caesar like he’s a god? When we were fighting in Spain, Caesar got sick and had a fever. He was shaking: it’s true; this god shook in his bed! And I heard him beg, “Give me something to drink” like a sick girl! It amazes me; a man of such a weak health should become the leader of the world.

[Trumpets and shouting]

**Brutus:** More shouting. Probably more honors heaped on Caesar.

**Cassius:** The man stands like a giant, like a Colossus, over the world, and we little men walk under his huge legs and peep out to find ourselves little graves. It was not meant to be that Caesar is so big and we are so small. Why should he be greater than us? Why should his name be respected more than ours? We are just as good as him. What is Caesar that he has grown so great? Rome is going downhill. There is room for more than one man in Rome.

**Brutus:** I believe that you have my best interests at heart, and I am beginning to understand what it is you want me to do. But give me some time to think about it, and let’s not talk about it for now. It is a difficult time now, and I worry about my country.
Cassius: I’m glad you at least are worried.

[Enter Caesar and his attendants.]

Brutus: The race is done. Here comes Caesar.

Cassius: As they pass, ask Caesar what happened today at the games.

Brutus: I will, but look how angry Caesar looks, and everyone with him looks like scolded children.

Caesar: Antonius.

Antony: Caesar?

Caesar: Look at Cassius. He has a hungry look, like a wolf. He looks dangerous. I like the people around me to look well fed.

Antony: Don’t worry about him; he’s noble Roman.

Caesar: O, I’m not worried. But if anyone were able to give me concern, it would be Cassius. He reads too much. He’s always looking, it’s like he can look through people. He doesn’t care about art or music like you do, Antony. He doesn’t smile, he doesn’t seem at ease. Men like him are never content as long as there is someone with more power than them. But stand on my other side, this ear is deaf, and tell me what you really think about him.

Casca: Brutus, you tapped me on the shoulder. Do you want something?

Brutus: Yes, Why does Caesar look so upset?

Casca: The people offered him a crown, and he pushed it away. They offered him a crown three times, and three times he pushed it away.

Cassius: Who offered it?

Casca: Antony offered it, and Caesar looked like he wanted to accept it but couldn’t. Each time it was offered it was harder and harder for him to refuse. Then Caesar fainted!

Cassius: He fainted!

Casca: He fell down, unconscious.

Brutus: Caesar might be ill.

Cassius: It is we who are sick.

Casca: I don’t know what you mean, but when he came to, he apologized to the crown. Some women were there, crying and said they forgave him with all their hearts, but they would have said that if he had stabbed their mothers. Also, Marullus and Flavius were silenced for pulling down decorations for the parade.
Cassius: Will you have dinner with me tonight, Casca?

Casca: I can’t.

Cassius: How about tomorrow?

Casca: Ok, if you don’t forget and your food is worth eating.

Cassius: Good, I’ll expect you.

Brutus: Come and tell me what’s going on tomorrow.

Cassius: I will, till then, goodbye. [Exit Brutus]

Well, Brutus, you’re a good man but it seems that you can be influenced. Caesar doesn’t like me or trust me but he loves Brutus. If I were he, I wouldn’t trust me. But tonight I’ll throw notes into his window and make it seem like they came from different citizens, each telling Brutus how highly people think of him, and how Caesar has grabbed power. Caesar should be worried, very worried.

Scene iii. A street.

[Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, Casca and Cicero.]

Cicero: Good evening, Casca. Did you take Caesar home? Why are you breathless and staring so much?

Casca: Doesn’t it bother you when the stable order of things is no longer? I have seen terrible storms knock down the mighty oaks while the seas overflow with wrath. But never before, until now, have I seen storms dropping fire. There is either a war in the heavens or the gods are angry at so much lack of respect that they are trying to destroy the world.

Cicero: Why, did you see something weird?

Casca: I saw a slave hold up his left hand in flames, and yet his hand remained unscorched. I have not put my sword away since I encountered a lion at the Capitol, which glared at me as he passed by in a bad temper. Also, there were about 100 women, pale from fear as they claimed to have seen men in flames walking up and down the streets. And yesterday at noon an owl in the marketplace began to howl and shriek I believe that when things like these happen, they’re omens of horrible things to come.

Cicero: Indeed, these are not normal times open to people’s interpretation regardless of the real reasons. Will Caesar be at the Capitol tomorrow?

Casca: Yes, since he asked Antonius to give you the message that he would be there.

Cicero: Good night then, Casca. It is not wise to walk the streets under such disturbing sky.
Casca: Farewell, Cicero.

[Exit Cicero.]

Enter Cassius.

Cassius: Who’s there?

Casca: A Roman.

Cassius: Cassa, I recognize your voice.

Casca: You have good ears. What a night!

Cassius: A very pleasant night for honest men.

Casca: Who has ever seen the heavens like this?

Cassius: Those who have come to know that the world is full of faults. For my part, I have walked the streets offering myself to the dangerous night. With my coat open, I have exposed my chest to thunder and lightning, hoping to be a target.

Casca: Why did you tempt the heavens in such a way? Men are supposed to fear and tremble when the gods use signs to frighten them.

Cassius: You are boring, Casca. You either don’t have those sparks of life typical of the Romans or you just don’t use them. You are pale, scared and amazed at the unusual irritation of the gods. But if you would consider the true cause of all these fires, ghosts sliding by, the changing natures of animals and birds, and the predictions of silly old men, you will find that the gods have given them supernatural powers to frighten and warn us about wicked events to come. Now, I could give you the name of the man who is as dreadful as this night that thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars like the lion in the Capitol. This man is not as strong as you or I, but has become impressively powerful and menacing like this night.

Casca: Is it Caesar, Cassius?

Cassius: Let it be whoever. Romans now are strong like our ancestors, but compared to the old days, we think more like our mothers and not our fathers. Women accept dictators but men don’t.

Casca: Indeed, they say that tomorrow the senators will crown Caesar as king to rule over sea and land everywhere in the world except here in Italy.

Cassius: Then I know where I will wear this dagger. I will free myself from bondage. You gods, make the strong, weak, you make the weak strong, and that way you defeat tyrants. Neither a stone tower, nor brass walls, nor stifling dungeons, nor heavy iron chains can imprison a tough spirit. I will endure tyranny until I choose to get rid of it.

[Thunder still]

Casca: So can I, and every slave.
Cassius: And why should Caesar be a tyrant then? Poor man! He would not be a wolf if he didn’t see that the Romans are only sheep; he would not be a lion if he didn’t see the Romans as deer. Rome has turned into the firewood that light up the disgusting figure of Caesar! I might be making a mistake by talking about this with a willing slave; but I am armed, and I don’t care about the dangers.

Casca: You are talking to me. I am not a tattletale. You can count on me to go as far as I have to in order to make things right.

Cassius: OK. I have already convinced many of the noblest Romans to join me. In fact, right now they are waiting for me at the entrance to Pompey’s Theatre. It is not a good idea to walk in the streets in this dreadful night. The sky is bloody and full of fires, just like the task ahead of us.

[Enter Cinna.]

Casca: Hide. Here comes someone in a hurry.

Cassius: It’s Cinna. I know by the way he walks. He’s a friend. Cinna, where are you going in such a hurry?

Cinna: To find you. Is that Metellus Cimber?

Cassius: No, it’s Casca. He is now a member of the group. Are they waiting for me?

Cinna: I’m so glad that Casca is one of us. Oh what a frightening night! Two or three of us have seen very scary things tonight.

Cassius: Are they waiting for me?

Cinna: Yes, they are. Cassius if you could only talk Brutus into joining us...

Cassius: Be happy, Cinna. Here, take this note and put it on the judge’s chair for Brutus to find. Throw this other note through his window, and stick this one with wax on old Brutus’ statue. When you are finished, come to join us at Pompey’s Porch. Are Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna: All but Metellus Cimber who went to your house looking for you. Well, I have to hurry to do what you told me with these notes.

Cassius: When that’s done, come to Pompey’s Theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, we will see Brutus at his house before morning. Three-fourths of him is ours, and the whole man will belong to us after we meet with him.

Casca: O, the people love him. Our deed would be deemed offensive without Brutus, but with his support, it would be considered worthy and just.

Cassius: You recognize how important he is and how much we need him. So, let’s go, for it’s after midnight, and we need to wake him and make him ours before dawn.

[Exit]
REVIEW QUESTIONS (ACT I)

1. Why are the commoners celebrating in the streets in the beginning of Act I? Why does their celebrating annoy Marullus and Flavius? Why does Caesar want his wife to stand near the runners during the race?

2. What happened when Caesar and Cassius were swimming in a race in the river?

3. What conclusions does Cassius draw from this incident? What does he say this incident shows?

4. How does Cassius flatter Brutus? What can you infer is his reason for doing this?

5. What happened to Marullus and Flavius?

6. Describe Cassius and analyze his character. Support your analysis with references to the dialogue.

ENGLISH REVIEW—VERB TENSES (ACT I)

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<th>Past</th>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shake</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forgive</td>
<td>forgave</td>
<td>have forgiven</td>
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</table>

VOCABULARY EXERCISES (ACT I)

NOUNS: Words that name persons, places or things.

**Instructions:** Write a sentence using each of the following nouns, taken from Act I Vocabulary.


VERBS: Action words.

**Instructions:** Fill in the blanks for each sentence below by selecting the appropriate verb tense from the following list of verbs, taken from Act I Vocabulary.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Concern</th>
<th>Scolded</th>
<th>Tap</th>
<th>Offer</th>
<th>Refuse</th>
<th>Apologized</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Influenced</td>
<td>Rebel</td>
<td>Cheer</td>
<td>Defeat</td>
<td>Trade</td>
<td>Praise</td>
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<td>Beware</td>
<td>Consider</td>
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<td>Drown</td>
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<td>Heaped</td>
<td>Peep</td>
<td>Grown</td>
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</table>

1. The farmer had **grown** rice on his land all his life.
2. People need to hear **praise** when they do good things.
3. My first English teacher **influenced** me to become a teacher because he was so interesting.
4. There was a **scolded** on my shoulder but when I turned there was no one there.
5. I want to **trade** my car in for a newer car.
6. My papers were all **scolded** on my desk.
7. If you make students do too much work, they will **offer** and do nothing.
8. **Tapping** to the Queen is something everyone in England does out of respect.
9. If you **consider** to do what the teacher asks, you will get a referral.
10. The teacher **cheer** me for always being late to class.
11. It **cheered** me that our hearts beat billions of times over our lifetimes.
12. I am **considered**(ed) that your grades are so low, that you might not graduate.
13. The small child **scolded**(ed) around the corner to see if Santa Claus was there.
14. The college is going to **offer** you a scholarship so you can go to college for free.
15. Please **offer** coming to my party if you have the time.
16. On Halloween, **consider** of ghosts and goblins and monsters.
17. Even when they are losing, you should **consider** for your team.
18. He **praised** to me for being so rude in class.

**ADJECTIVES:** Words that describe nouns (people, animals, things).

**Instructions:** Answer the questions below by selecting the appropriate adjective from the following list of adjectives, taken from Act I Vocabulary.
19. Which adjective would you most like to describe yourself? Why?

20. What do people who lift weights and exercise want to avoid being?

21. If your girl friend or boy friend had broken up with you, you might not do well in school. Why would this be?

22. If someone’s eyes are closed, they aren’t dead but they won’t wake up, what could be the reason?

23. How do you describe how you feel when everything seems perfect, you have no wishes or desires?

24. On a _____, cold, windy night, beggars sought shelter in a church by the river.

25. If you call someone’s name but they do not look at you, what might be the problem?
Act II—Vocabulary

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Ashamed</th>
<th>Hack</th>
<th>Persuade</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(embarrassed)</td>
<td>(to cut, to slash)</td>
<td>(to convince)</td>
</tr>
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<td>Brother-in-law</td>
<td>Humility</td>
<td>Poisonous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(spouse’s brother)</td>
<td>(humbleness)</td>
<td>(toxic)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brought</td>
<td>Identity</td>
<td>Prevent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(got)</td>
<td>(self, character)</td>
<td>(stop, to put off)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butcher</td>
<td>Messenger</td>
<td>Resolution</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(person who cuts meat)</td>
<td>(courier)</td>
<td>(declaration)</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Meteor</td>
<td>Scowled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(plot)</td>
<td>(particles of matter)</td>
<td>(contract brow in displeasure)</td>
</tr>
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<td>Convictions</td>
<td>Mischief</td>
<td>Strike</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(beliefs)</td>
<td>(get into trouble)</td>
<td>(to hit, to beat)</td>
</tr>
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<td>Mock</td>
<td>Superstitious</td>
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<td>(to tease, to ridicule)</td>
<td>(irrational)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dare</td>
<td>Nightmare</td>
<td>Treacherous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(talk into)</td>
<td>(bad dream)</td>
<td>(disloyal)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fetch</td>
<td>Omen</td>
<td>Youngster</td>
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<tr>
<td>(go and get)</td>
<td>(sign, prophecy)</td>
<td>(young person)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flatterer</td>
<td>Ought</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(person giving excessive praise)</td>
<td>(must)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pacing</td>
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Act II

Scene i. Rome.

[Enter Brutus in his garden.]

Brutus: Lucius! Hey, Lucius! [To himself] I wish I could sleep as soundly as Lucius. I cannot tell by the sky how close to morning it is.

Lucius: You called, my lord?

Brutus: Get a candle and meet me in my study.

Lucius: I will, my lord. [Exit]

Brutus: I have no personal reasons to rebel against him, except for the good of the people. He wants to be king. If he were king, would that change him? That’s the question. If there are snakes out, then you must be careful where you walk. If we make him king, it would make him poisonous. He could do wrong with so much power and we could not stop him. Power should be used with reason. I have never known him to abuse power, but it often happens that when one gets power, he turns his back on humility. He might turn on the people beneath him that helped him get to power. Caesar might abuse his power, although he is not now. We have no good reason to stop him right now, but if he becomes too powerful, he might. He is like a snake’s egg. The egg can do no harm, but once hatched, it can do a lot of mischief. So we should kill him in the shell.

[Enter Lucius.]

Lucius: The candle is in your study, like you asked. I found this note thrown through your window. It was not there when I went to bed.

Brutus: Thank you. Go to bed now. Isn’t tomorrow the ides of March?
Lucius: I do not know.

Brutus: Go look at a calendar and let me know.

Lucius: I will, sir.  

Brutus: The stars and meteors give so much light that I can read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads]

“Brutus, you are blind. Open your eyes! You sleep. Awaken! Think of Rome. Strike now.”

I have received notes like this a lot lately. Should Rome bow down to one man? I have to figure it all out. My ancestors got rid of bad rulers in the past. I am asked to strike. O, Rome, I promise that I will do everything I can for you.

[Enter Lucius.]

Lucius: Fifteen days of March have passed.

[Knock sounds at the door]

Brutus: Good, go and answer the door.  

[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first put the idea in my mind, I have not slept for worrying about Caesar’s having too much power. Between the thought of a horrible act and the act itself, everything seems like a nightmare.

[Enter Lucius.]

Lucius: Sir, it is your brother-in-law, Cassius. He wants to see you.

Brutus: Is he alone?

Lucius: No, there are more with him.

Brutus: Do you know them?

Lucius: No, sir, their hats are pulled down so you can’t see their faces.

Brutus: Let them in.  

[Exit Lucius.]

They are the men who are part of the conspiracy. They are ashamed to show their faces. They would not go out in broad daylight. They act friendly and smile in a person’s face by day, but they are treacherous.

[Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.]
Cassius: I’m sorry to disturb your rest, Brutus. Are we bothering you?

Brutus: I have been awake all night. Do I know these men who you have brought with you?

Cassius: Yes, you know them all. And every man here with me honors and respects you, as every man in Rome does.

Brutus: How careful you all have been to keep your identities hidden.

Cassius: Can I have a word with you? [They whisper]

Decius: This window faces east. Is the sun coming up?

Casca: No.

Cinna: Pardon me, but it does. The clouds are light... they are the messengers of day.

Casca: You are both wrong. The sun comes up more toward the south this early in the season. Here, where I am pointing is due east, toward the Capitol.

Brutus: Give me your hands, all of you.

Cassius: And let us all swear our resolution.

Brutus: No, let’s not swear. If the way Caesar rules us, the sadness on the people’s faces, our suffering, is not reason enough for us to do what we must do, then let us not do it. We don’t need anything but the way things are to make us act. We promise to act together, if anyone does not believe it is not the right thing to do, they should go home to bed. Men with courage and belief in their convictions don’t need an oath.

Cassius: What about Cicero? I think he is with us. Should we ask him?

Casca: Let’s not leave him out.

Cinna: No, we need him.

Metellus: Yes, his old age is respected. People will judge us well if he is with us because he is not just a youngster.

Brutus: No, let’s not include him; He won’t do anything that wasn’t his idea.

Cassius: Then leave him out.

Casca: Yes, he’s no good.

Decius: Nobody will be hurt except Caesar?
Cassius: Decius that is a good question. You know, Mark Antony is a very good friend and admirer of Caesar, and if Caesar dies and Antony lives, he will certainly plot against us. He will surely become a problem. So to prevent that, Antony and Caesar should fall together.

Brutus: No, we will seem too bloody, too violent, if we cut off the head and then hack at the arms. It will seem like we killed because of hate instead of reason. We don’t want to be seen as butchers. We are against the ideas of Caesar, and there is no blood in ideas. I wish we could kill his ideas instead of him. But, unfortunately, Caesar must bleed. But let’s not kill him in hate. We want the people to see us and think that what we did was necessary, not think that we acted emotionally.

Cassius: But I worry about Antony, because he is very loyal to Caesar.

Brutus: Don’t worry about Antony. The most he’ll do is die of sadness if anything happens to Caesar.

Trebonius: We shouldn’t worry about him. He’ll laugh with us after it is over.

[Clock strikes three]

Brutus: Listen!

Cassius: It’s three o’clock!

Trebonius: It’s time for us all to go to out homes.

Cassius: But we don’t know if Caesar will come to the Capitol today or not. He has become so superstitious, and he wasn’t always like that. He didn’t believe in superstition before, but now the fortune tellers might convince him that he should stay home.

Decius: Don’t worry; if he thinks he should stay home, I can convince him to come. I’ll flatter him by telling him that he is so great that he hates flatterers. Let me work, and I will sway him to come to the Capitol today.

Cassius: No, we will all go there to fetch him.

Brutus: By eight o’clock, is that the latest?

Cinna: That’s the latest, and don’t fail to be there.

Metellus: Caius Ligarus hates Caesar because he insulted him once for speaking well of Pompey. Have you thought of asking him to join our cause?

Brutus: Good Metellus, go and get him and I’ll persuade him to join us.

Cassius: The morning is coming. We’ll leave you, Brutus. Friends, go to your homes now, but remember what we have said here and show that you are true Romans.

Brutus: Gentlemen, don’t appear as if you have something on your minds. Don’t let your looks give you away. Good-bye.

[Exit all but Brutus.]
[Calling]

Lucius! Boy!
Fast asleep. Oh well, it doesn’t matter. Enjoy your sleep. You have no worries or cares.

[Enter Portia.]

**Portia:** Brutus, my lord.

**Brutus:** Portia, why are you up? It’s not good for your health to be up so early.

**Portia:** It’s not good for yours either. You got out of bed so early this morning, Brutus, and yesterday, at supper, you suddenly got up and started pacing around with your arms crossed. When I asked you what the matter was, you scowled at me. I asked you again and you only scratched your head and stamped your foot. I kept asking, but you still wouldn’t answer, except with an angry wave of your hand that motioned me to leave you. So I did, because I didn’t want to make you angry, and I thought you were just having a bad day. But something is bothering you and it will not let you eat or sleep and has changed you till I no longer know you, Brutus. Please tell me what’s wrong.

**Brutus:** I am not feeling well. It’s my health, that’s all.

**Portia:** You are a wise man, and if you were in poor health, you would be doing something to cure yourself.

**Brutus:** I am doing something about it, not, dear Portia, please go back to bed.

**Portia:** You’re sick and so you don’t stay in bed and rest, but walk around in the damp night and expose yourself to the cold night air? No, my Brutus, you have some sickness of your mind, which, as your wife, I ought to know about. I beg you, if you love me, if you honor our marriage, if you respect me, to open yourself up to me and tell me why you are so troubled, and who you have been meeting with here, because I saw six or seven men here who hid their faces. Who were they?

**Brutus:** You don’t have to beg me, my dear wife.

**Portia:** I wouldn’t beg if you would be open with me. In a marriage, aren’t husband and wife supposed to have no secrets? Am I just supposed to be with you at meals and in bed and when you feel like some company? Then I am not Brutus’ wife, but his whore.

**Brutus:** You are my dear wife, as dear to me as the red blood that pump into my sad heart.

**Portia:** If that were true, then you would tell me what is bothering you. I know I am only a woman, but I am the woman that you married, after all, a woman with a good reputation, respected, and Cato’s daughter. If I were just any woman, I would not have him for a father or you for a husband. Tell me your secret. I will not tell anyone. Haven’t I proved faithful to you?

**Brutus:** I pray to the gods that I can be worthy of such a wife as you. But listen there is a knock. Go in a while and I will share the secrets of my heart soon. I will tell you why I am troubled. Now, hurry, leave.

[Exit Portia.]
[Enter Lucius and Caius Ligarius.]

**Brutus:** Caius Ligarius, the man Mettalus told me about. Lucius, you may leave. How are you, Caius?

**Caius:** Hello Brutus, I wish I were better.

**Brutus:** You are sick? You picked a bad time to be ill.

**Caius:** If you have something of honor to do, I am not sick.

**Brutus:** I have such a job for you, if you were healthy.

**Caius:** I have so much respect for you, Brutus, that if you say the word, I am not sick. Your name is so respected in Rome; your great grandfather began Rome! What is the job you have in mind?

**Brutus:** It is so important that it will make you well. Your sickness will disappear.

**Caius:** Tell me what the plan is, I’m with you.

**Brutus:** OK, follow me, then.

[Exit]

**Scene ii. Caesar’s house.**

[Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar in his nightshirt.]

**Caesar:** Heaven and earth have not been at peace tonight. Three times my wife, Calpurnia, has yelled in her sleep, “Help! Murder! Caesar!” Who’s there?

[Enter a servant]

**Servant:** My lord?

**Caesar:** Go and tell the priests to make a sacrifice and come back to tell me how it goes, and what they say.

**Servant:** I will, my lord.

[Exit]

[Enter Calpurnia.]

**Calpurnia:** What are you doing up? I hope you don’t think you’re going out? You won’t leave this house today!

**Caesar:** Caesar will be at the Capitol today. Any threats to me only ever see my back. When they face me, face-to-face, they are gone!
Calpurnia: Caesar, I never have been superstitious but now signs and omens frighten me. A watchman told me he saw terrible things. He saw a lioness gave birth in the street. Graves opened up and the dead came out of them; armies, in the sky, fought battles and the rain was blood. Horses shrieked, and dying men groaned. These things have never been seen before, and I am terrified.

Caesar: If it’s my day to die, it’s my day to die. What will be will be. We cannot avoid what is the will of the gods. I will go out today because these signs that you have heard of apply to the whole world, not just to me.

Calpurnia: When beggars die, there are no shooting stars. When kings die, the heavens are on fire.

Caesar: Cowards dies many times before their deaths;
The brave man only dies once.
Of everything I have ever heard, it seems strange to me that men would be afraid of death, since every man in the end has to die. It is a necessary end. It will come when it will come.

[Enter a servant]

What do the priests say? What do they see in the future?

Servant: They would not have you go out today. They killed a bird and could not find its heart.

Caesar: The gods do this to shame cowards. I would be without a heart if I did not go to the Capitol today, if I stayed home because I was afraid. No, I won’t stay at home. Danger knows I am more dangerous than he. Danger and I are brothers, but I am the older, more terrible brother.

Calpurnia: O, gods! Caesar, you are too confident. Do not go. Say your wife was afraid and that it was for me that you stayed home. We’ll send Mark Antony to the Senate today and he can say that you are not well. Please listen to me and do what I ask.

Caesar: OK, Marc Antony will say I am sick, and I will stay home to humor you.

[Enter Decius.]

Here’s Decius, he will tell them in the Senate that I am staying home today.

Decius: Hail to Caesar! Good morning, my lord, Caesar.
I come to take you to the Senate today.

Caesar: You came at a very good time. Take my greetings to the senators, and tell them that I will not come today. No, cannot is not quite right, and dare not is not a good way of putting it either. Tell them I will not come today. Tell them that, Decius.

Calpurnia: Tell them he is sick.

Caesar: Shall Caesar send a lie? After all the battles I have won, should I be afraid to tell old men the truth? Decius, tell them Caesar WILL not come.

Decius: Might Caesar, give me a reason to tell them or I will be laughed at.
Caesar: The cause is that I have said so. I will not come. That is all they need to know. But because you are my friend, I will tell you the reason. My wife, Calpurnia, dreamed she saw my statue last night pouring blood out of a hundred wounds. Roman citizens came and washed their hands in the blood. She thinks this is a bad omen, and on her knee she has begged me to stay home.

Decius: You read the dream wrong. It is a good omen. Your statue spouting blood that people washed their hands in it means that people want remembrances of you because of your greatness. Her dream is a good sign.

Caesar: Do you think so?

Decius: I do, and when you hear what I am going to tell you, you will too. The Senate is going to vote today to give a crown to mighty Caesar. If you send word that you are not coming, they might change their minds. Besides, people will mock you and say, “Let’s go home, and the Senate will meet when Caesar’s wife has better dreams.” If you don’t come, they will say, “Look, Caesar is afraid.” Excuse me, Caesar, it is my concern for your career that makes me tell you this. I hope I did the right thing. I am only concerned about you.

Caesar: How foolish your fears seem now, Calpurnia. I’m ashamed I gave in to you. Give me my coat. I’m going.

[Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cimber, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.]

And look, here are these good men who have come to get me.

Publius: Good morning, Caesar.

Caesar: Welcome, Publius. And Brutus, are you up so early too? Good morning Casca, Caius, Ligarius. What time is it?

Brutus: Caesar, it is eight o’clock.

Caesar: Thank you all for coming.

[Enter Antony.]

See, even Antony who stays up so late at night partying is up early. Good morning, Antony.

Antony: Good morning, Noble Caesar.

Caesar: Tell the servants to serve refreshments. I apologize for keeping you waiting. Now, gentlemen, I have a talk to give you this morning. Remember this morning, it’s special. I will remember this morning.

Trebonius: We will, Caesar, [aside] I will be so near your best friends will wish I had been farther.

Caesar: Good friends, come inside with me and we will drink some wine, and like friends, we will go together to the Capitol.
Brutus: [Aside] My heart is sad to think that every person who seems like a friend may actually be an enemy.  

[Exit]

Scene iii. A street near the Capitol, close to Brutus’ house.

[Enter Artemidorus reading a paper.]

Artemidorus: “Caesar, beware of Brutus, Cassius, and Casca. Stay away from Cinna, Trebonius and Mettalus. Decius and Caius hate you. These men all want to harm you. They all are against Caesar. If you don’t want to die, be careful. Don’t be overconfident or the conspiracy will succeed. God save you. Your friend, Artemidorus.” I will stand here until Caesar comes by and give this note to him. It is terrible that these men all follow each other to do wrong. If Caesar reads this, he may overcome them. If not, the gods are working with the conspirators.  

[Exit]

Scene iv. Another part of the street.

[Enter Portia and Lucius.]

Portia: Boy, run to the Senate. Don’t wait, hurry! What are you waiting for?

Lucius: I don’t know what I’m supposed to do. Run to the Capitol and return to you, nothing else?

Portia: Yes, see if your master, Brutus, looks well. See what he is doing, who tries to talk to him…. Listen! What’s that?

Lucius: I didn’t hear anything.

[Enter the fortuneteller.]

Portia: Come here. Which road did you take to get here? Has Caesar gone to the Capitol yet? What time is it?

Fortuneteller: It is 9 o’clock. I am going now to the Capitol to see Caesar pass.

Portia: You have some business with Caesar?

Fortuneteller: Yes, I will tell Caesar to be sure he has friends about him.

Portia: Why, do you know of some bad news or harm that is going to happen to him?

Fortuneteller: No, nothing I know for sure, but there’s a chance. I am leaving. Here the streets are crowded, and the crowd follows Caesar and makes it difficult. I’m going to go to a place less crowded and there I will speak to Caesar when he comes along.  

[Exit]

Portia: I can’t stand it. How weak a woman is. O, Brutus, good luck today. I hope your plans all work out. I am weak, Lucius, go and give my regards to Brutus, your master. Tell him I am happy. Then come home again and tell me what he says.  

[Exit separately]
REVIEW QUESTIONS (ACT II)

1. Who throws the notes that Brutus gets into his window? What do the notes say?

2. How does Brutus feel in Act II scene 1 about getting rid of Caesar? A soliloquy is a long speech that a character alone on stage gives so that the audience might know what he’s thinking. In the beginning of Act II, Brutus gives a soliloquy that begins: “I have no personal reasons….?” Paraphrase what Brutus says in this speech.

3. Find the dialogue that supports your answer and copy it after your answer.

4. Is Brutus acting on emotion or reason? Support your answer.

5. How does Antony feel about Caesar? You will know this answer from the dialogue of other characters.

6. What does Portia want of her husband that he doesn’t give her?

7. What kind of relationship do Brutus and Portia have? Support your answer.

8. What does Calpurnia say to try to convince Caesar to stay home?

9. What is Caesar’s answer to Calpurnia when she begs him not to go to the Capitol?

10. How does Decius convince Caesar to go to the Capitol after he has decided to stay home? Give all the arguments he makes.

11. Caesar almost gets the warning Artemdorus tries to give him. Why does he miss this warning? What is ironic about this?

VOCABULARY EXCERCISES (ACT II)

Instructions: Fill in the blanks for each sentence below by selecting the appropriate word from the following list, taken from Act II Vocabulary.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Ashamed</th>
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<td>Dare</td>
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<td>Convictions</td>
<td>Humility</td>
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<td>Prevent</td>
<td>Youngster</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. That __________________ was playing with his ball while his mother was shopping.

2. Snakes can be good because they eat mice, but you have to be careful of ________________ ones.
3. When I told the class to be quiet, he ______________(ed) me and repeated what I said, so I gave him a referral.

4. _______________ is a good quality to have. People should realize that they are no better than anyone else.

5. I need to send a _______________________ to the office to pick up the student planners.

6. Who ______________ this cake to the party?

7. My ________________ wanted to remain friends with my parents even after he and my sister got divorced.

8. Would you please go to the office and ______________________ my attendance folders?

9. The ______________ cut up the animal into steaks and roasts.

10. Last night I had a ________________ and in it I was not able to run away from the monster.

11. I tried to _______________ you to stay in school, but you were foolish and dropped out.

12. A teacher must NEVER _______________ a student.

13. The principal ______________ at me when I was late for my first hour.

14. I would never_________ talk disrespectfully to my teachers like some of today’s students do.

15. My friend and I worked out our problems and made a ______________ never to quarrel again.

16. A good way to ________________ heart attacks is to eat good food and exercise regularly.

17. Before you cook a chicken, you have to _______________ it into little pieces.

18. It is my _________________ that the death penalty is not moral, is wrong.

19. People really _________________ to put their garbage in the garbage can.

20. The ________________ made a beautiful show in the night sky, while we sat on the grass in the cool evening.

21. I apologize for my rude remarks; I am ___________________ of my behavior.

22. She tried to ________________ me to give her candy for answering the question correctly.

23. I am not very ___________________; I don’t believe in black cats being bad luck or that breaking a mirror gives you seven years bad luck.

24. The boys were part of a _________________ to glue the locks of the door of the school.

25. If children are left alone too long, they are liable to get into ________________.
26. The _______________ of the person who left the gift was unknown because no one saw who left it on our steps.

27. Mary believes that the incident was an ____________ as to what is to come.

28. When we lost the child, I spent the night _______________ the floor until the sun rose the next morning.

29. The waves after a hurricane are _________________. They will pull you under, crash you on the shore or drag you far out to sea.

30. There is one word left that you haven’t used yet. Use it correctly in a sentence.
Act III—Vocabulary

Ancestors (relatives)  Blunt (direct, honest)  Captives (enslaved)  Conquer (take over)  Conquests (invasions)  Conspirator (plotter)

Corpse (dead body)  Countless (too many)  Countrymen (citizens)  Noble (righteous)  Penalty (punishment)

Request (order)  Spirit (courage)  Traitor (double agent)  Tyrant (dictator, bully)  Villain (scoundrel)  Wrong (mistreat)

Act III

Scene i. Rome. Before the Capitol.

[Trumpets play. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Cimber, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, Popilius and the fortuneteller.]

Caesar: The ides of March are here.

Fortuneteller: Yes, Caesar, but they are not over yet.

Artemidorus: Hail, Caesar! Read this.

Decius: Caesar, Trebonius wants you to read this request when you have time.

Artemidorus: O, Caesar, my request is more important to Caesar personally. Please read mine first.

Caesar: What is more important to me personally shall be read last.

Artemidorus: Please, don’t wait. Don’t delay. Read it right away.

Caesar: Has this fellow gone crazy?

Publius: Sir, get out of the way.

Cassius: Do you conduct state business in the street? Come to the Capitol.

[Caesar goes to the Capitol. The rest follow him.]

Popilius: [To Cassius] I hope you are successful today.

Cassius: Successful at what?

Popilius: Good-bye. [Moves toward Caesar]

Brutus: What did Popilius say?
Cassius: He said he hopes we are successful today. I think he knows what’s going on.

Brutus: Look how he moves toward Caesar. Watch him.

Cassius: Casca, be quick, because someone might try to stop our plan. What can we do, Brutus? If our plan is discovered, someone will die today, or I will kill myself.

Brutus: Calm down, Cassius. Populius is talking to Caesar about something else. See how Caesar is smiling. The expression on his face is unchanged.

Cassius: Trebonius knows the plan. Look, he is pulling Marc Antony out of the way.

Decius: Where’s Metellus? Let him go now to talk to Caesar.

Brutus: He’s ready. Go with him and help.

Cinna: Casca, you are the first to raise your knife.

Caesar: Are we ready? What is wrong that we must correct?

Metellus: Most high and mighty Caesar, most powerful Caesar, I bow before you. [Kneeling]

Caesar: Don’t bow before me. That won’t change my mind about anything. I can’t be flattered. Don’t think that I am that unsteady. I am not a fool whose mind is changed by sweet words and bowing like a dog. Your brother is to stand trial, and nothing will change that. Know this, Caesar does not judge wrong, and won’t change his mind without good cause.

Metellus: Is there any voice that you’ll listen to, great Caesar?

Brutus: I bow before you, but not to flatter you, Caesar, to ask if Publius Cimber may go free.

Caesar: What, Brutus?

Cassius: Excuse me, Caesar; Caesar, excuse me. I fall as low as your feet to ask for freedom for Publius Cimber.

Caesar: I might change my mind if I were like you. If I begged others to change their minds, maybe others could change my mind by begging. But I am as constant as the Northern Star, which doesn’t move and is true, more than any other star in the universe. The sky is painted with countless stars, they are all on fire, and everyone shines, but only one doesn’t move. So it is in the world. There are many men, and they are all made of flesh and blood, and they are all able to understand, but only one holds his position, only one is constant and not in motion, and that is me. I will show you. I won’t change my mind about Cimber. He is under arrest and will remain so.

Cinna: Oh Caesar—

Caesar: What? Do you think you can move Mount Olympus?

Decius: Great Caesar—
Caesar: It is useless to kneel, Brutus.

Casca: My hands will speak for me! [They stab Caesar.]

Caesar: Et tu, Brute? Then I am dead. [Dies]

Cinna: Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run out and shout it through the streets.

Brutus: People, Senators, don’t be afraid. This is what he deserved for being so ambitious. Where’s Publius?

Cinna: He’s here; confused by everything that’s happened.

Metellus: Stand together, so some friend of Caesar’s doesn’t …

Brutus: Don’t talk about that. Let’s tell everyone we will harm no one else. We alone will take responsibility for it.

[Enter Trebonius.]

Cassius: Where is Antony?

Trebonius: He ran to his house, shocked. Men and women are running through the streets as if it were the end of the world.

Brutus: We don’t know what the pleasure of the gods is. We all know we will die, but when and where we don’t know. People all want a long life.

Casca: Why? If your life is cut short by twenty years, that’s twenty years of fearing death that you don’t have to live.

Brutus: looked at that way, death is a benefit. So we did Caesar a favor. By shortening his life, we shortened his time of fearing death. Let’s wash our hands in Caesar’s blood and walk to the public square shouting, “Peace, Freedom and Liberty!”

Cassius: Yes, put Caesar’s blood on your hands and swords. How many times in the future will people act out this scene in states and languages that don’t even exist yet?

Brutus: How many times will Caesar be killed in dramas? He, who now lies by the statue of Pompey, is no better than the dust.

Cassius: And as often as this scene is acted out, we will be called the group of men who gave their country liberty. Let’s go, to the streets. We’ll follow Brutus, we who have the boldest and best hearts in Rome.

[Enter a servant.]

Brutus: Who is this? A friend of Antony’s

3 Et tu Brute? = Latin for “You, too, Brutus?”
Servant: My master told me to kneel before you. Antony told me to bow and kneel, and when I was kneeling, Antony told me to say to you: Brutus is wise, strong, brave and honest; Caesar was mighty, royal and loving. Say I love Brutus, and I honor him. Say I feared Caesar, and honored him and loved him. If Antony may safely come before Brutus and hear it explained why Caesar deserved to be killed, Antony will not love the dead Caesar more than the living Brutus. He will follow Brutus through these dangerous times with true faith. That is what my master Antony has told me to say to you.

Brutus: Your master is wise and true. Tell him to come to this place and he will hear our explanation. And will be safe.

Servant: I will.

[Exit servant.]

Brutus: He would be a good person to be friends with.

Cassius: I hope he can be our friend. But there’s something about him that worries me, and usually my instincts are correct.

[Enter Antony.]

Brutus: Here he comes now. Marc Antony, Welcome!

Antony: O, Mighty Caesar! Are you really brought down so low? All of your conquests, all of your glories, shrunk so small? Good bye, fare thee well. Gentlemen, I don’t know what your plans are, if you are going to kill others, if there is someone else who is too powerful for you. If you are going to kill me, there is no better time than now, the same hour as Caesar’s death, and with the same knife that still has his noble blood on it. I beg you, if you have something against me, do what you please now, while your hands are still red with his blood. If I live a thousand years there will be no time when I am more ready to die, no place of death will be better than here, by Caesar, the greatest spirit of this age.

Brutus: O, Antony, don’t beg for death. You think we are bloody and cruel now, and to look at us after what we have done, we must seem to be; but you judge us by how we look, not by what is in our hearts. We cared more about Rome than we did about Caesar’s life. Our swords will not kill you. We all have good thoughts for you, Antony.

Cassius: Your vote in the Senate will count as much as everyone else’s.

Brutus: Just be patient while we calm the crowds who are very afraid right now, then we will tell you are reasons why I, who loved him, killed Caesar.

Antony: I don’t doubt your wisdom. Let me shake your hands, each of your bloody hands; first, Brutus, then Cassius, Decius, Mettalus, Cinna, Caska, and you, Trebonius. You are all gentlemen. What can I say? I don’t know what you think of me. You must think I am either a flatterer or a coward. I loved Caesar. If he is looking down on us now, seeing me shake your bloody hands right in front of his corpse will hurt him more than his knife wounds. If I had as many eyes, flowing with tears, as you have knife wounds flowing with blood, dear Caesar, it would look better for me than to be friendly with your killers. Pardon me, Julius! You were cornered here, like brave pray. Here you
fell and here your hunters stand, with your blood on them. The world was yours. You were the heart of the world, but now like a deer you are hunted and killed.

**Cassius:** Mark Antony—

**Antony:** Pardon me, Cassius. I should be calm.

**Cassius:** I don’t blame you for praising Caesar, but what agreement do you mean to have with us? Can we depend on you or not?

**Antony:** I shook your hands, didn’t I? But I was shaken when I looked at Caesar’s body. I am your friend, knowing that you had your reasons and will tell me soon why Caesar was dangerous.

**Brutus:** We would be savages if we didn’t have good reasons, and you will agree with us. When we tell you what they are, even if you were his son, you would agree.

**Antony:** I can’t ask for more than that, except that I can be a speaker at his funeral, like any friend would.

**Brutus:** Of course.

**Cassius:** Brutus, can I talk to you privately? [Aside to Brutus] You don’t know what you’re doing. You don’t know what he’ll say, or what effect it will have on the people.

**Brutus:** Don’t worry, I’ll speak first and convince the people we had good reasons. It would be more dangerous not to let him speak.

**Cassius:** I don’t like it.

**Brutus:** Antony, take Caesar’s body. Don’t put blame on us in your funeral speech. Only speak good of Caesar and nothing else, and say you are speaking with our permission.

**Antony:** That’s all I ask.

**Brutus:** Then prepare the body and follow us. [All exit but Antony.]

**Antony:** Pardon me, Caesar, for being so gentle with these butchers! This is what’s left of the noblest man in all of history. A curse on those who did this! A curse on all of Italy! I predict that war and death will be so common and blood will run in the streets; mother will smile when they see their infants cut in half. Caesar’s spirit will have revenge. Dead men will lie about and beg to be buried. The dogs of war will be let loose.

*Scene ii. The Forum.*

[Enter Brutus and Cassius with the plebeians.]

**Plebeians:** What happened? We demand an explanation!
Brutus: Listen to what I have to say.

First Plebeian: I want to hear Brutus speak.

Second Plebeian: Quiet! The great Brutus is about to begin.

Brutus: Romans, countrymen, friends, hear what I have to say. I loved Caesar as much as anybody, but I loved Rome more. Would you rather Caesar was living and we all are slaves, or that Caesar was dead and we living like free men? Because Caesar was my friend, I weep for him. Because he was great, I am happy, because he was brave, I honor him, but because he was ambitious, I killed him. If you don’t love your country and don’t want to be free, then I have offended you. If you are so stupid to want to live like a slave, then I have offended you. If you don’t want to be a Roman, I have offended you. Speak; I wait for your answer.

All: None, Brutus, none.

Brutus: Then I have not offended you. You agree with what we have done. Everything we did is on the record. We honored him for the good things he did for Rome, and we also recorded what he did for which he deserved to die.

[Enter Antony with the body.]

Here comes his body, carried by Marc Antony. I killed my friend for the good of Rome, and I will save the knife for myself when my country might want me dead.

All: Live, Brutus, Live.

First Plebeian: Bring him to his house with all glory.

Second Plebeian: Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Plebeian: Give him all the honors a Caesar should have.

Fourth Plebeian: We’ll honor Brutus for having only Caesar’s good qualities.

First Plebeian: We’ll cheer him home.

Brutus: Countrymen!

Second Plebeian: Silence, Listen to Brutus.

First Plebeian: Quiet

Brutus: I am leaving. I ask you all to stay and listen to Antony give honor to Caesar’s Corpse. No one leaves.

First Plebeian: Let us hear what Antony has to say.

Third Plebeian: Speak, Noble Antony.
Antony: I thank you, for honoring Brutus’ request.

Fourth Plebeian: What does he say?

Third Plebeian: He says he thanks us, for listening to Brutus.

Fourth Plebeian: He’d better not speak badly about Brutus here!

First Plebeian: This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Plebeian: That’s for sure. It’s good we are rid of him.

Second Plebeian: Listen to Antony speak!

Antony: Friends, Romans, countryman, lend me your ears. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them. The good is buried with their bones, So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus Has told you Caesar was ambitious. If that is so, it is a terrible fault, And Caesar has paid a terrible penalty for it. I come here with Brutus’ permission to speak (For Brutus is an honorable man; they all are, honorable men). Caesar was my friend, faithful and just to me; But Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man. He has brought many captives home to Rome, Who brought great wealth to Rome. In Caesar, did this seem ambitious? When the poor cried of hunger, Caesar wept: Ambition should be made of stronger stuff. Yet, Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal Three times I offered him a kingly crown, And three times he refused it. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, And sure he is an honorable man. I am not speaking to disapprove of Brutus, But I am here to speak what I know. You all loved Caesar once, and you must have had a reason. Why aren’t you mourning him? Good judgment seems to have gone into the 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 comes back to me.

First Plebeian: There’s something to what he is saying.
Second Plebeian: If you look at it one way, Caesar has had a great wrong done to him.

Third Plebeian: He was murdered, and I don’t think it was the last of the violence.

Fourth Plebeian: Did you hear what he said? He would not take the crown, Therefore, it’s certain he was not ambitious.

First Plebeian: If we find out he wasn’t, someone is going to pay.

Second Plebeian: Poor soul, his eyes are red with crying.

Third Plebeian: There’s not a better man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Plebeian: Listen, he’s beginning to speak again.

Antony: Yesterday, Caesar’s word would have stood against the world; and now he lies there, and no one honoring him. Gentlemen: If I wanted to stir you, to make you angry, to cause rebellion, it would be wrong to Brutus and Cassius, who, you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong; I would rather wrong the dead, wrong myself, and you than I would wrong these honorable men. Here’s Caesar’s last will and testament, sealed with his seal. I found it in his closet. If the plebeians could hear this will, which I will not read to you, they would go and kiss Caesar’s wounds and dip their scarves in his sacred blood, they would beg a lock of his hair as a memento, and leave it to their children when they die.

Fourth Plebeian: Read the will, Antony. We want to hear what it says.

All: The will! The will! We must hear the will!

Antony: Be patient, gentle friends, I must not read it. It is not appropriate for you to hear how much Caesar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, you are human, and when you hear the will, being human, you will be extremely angry. What would happen if you knew how good he’s been to you?

Fourth Plebeian: Read the will! We must hear it!

Antony: Wait, would you be patient? I fear I have gone too far. I shouldn’t have told you. I have wronged the honorable men whose daggers stabbed Caesar; I’m afraid.

Fourth Plebeian: They were traitors! Honorable men!

All: We will hear the will!

Second Plebeian: They were murderers. Read the will.

Antony: You will force me to read the will? Then gather around Caesar’s corpse, and I will read what he has left.

If you have tears, prepare to cry now. Do you recognize his coat? I remember the first time Caesar put it on. It was a summer evening, the day his army won a battle. Look where Cassius’ knife ran through it. See what a hole in this coat the jealous Casca made here. Through this hole, the well-liked
Brutus stabbed. And where they stabbed, Caesar bled. Brutus, as you know, was Caesar’s best friend. The gods can judge how good a friend he was. This was the unkindest cut of all—when Brutus stabbed, and Caesar saw that a friend had betrayed him. Brutus’ ingratitude killed him. His mighty heart broke, and he died here at the base of Pompey’s statue. O, what a fall there was, my countrymen! Bloody treason triumphed over all. Now you cry, and I know you pity Caesar, but if you are crying when you see his clothes ripped, look at Caesar’s own flesh and body ripped by the traitors.

**First Plebeian:** What a horrible sight.

**Second Plebeian:** O, noble Caesar!

**Third Plebeian:** O, terrible day!

**Fourth Plebeian:** Traitors, Villains!

**First Plebeian:** We will be revenged.

**All:** Revenge! Kill! Destroy Burn! Kill! Don’t let one of the traitors live.

**Antony:** Wait countrymen.

**Third Plebeian:** Wait, Antony is speaking.

**Second Plebeian:** Listen to him. We’ll follow him. We’ll die for him.

**Antony:** Good friends, don’t let me stir you up. Those that did this are honorable men. What private reasons they have for this I don’t know. They are wise and honorable and I don’t know what made them do this. They will have answers for you, no doubt. I did not come here to stir you up, or to steal your hearts. I am not a great speaker like Brutus is, but just a plain blunt man who loves his friend. I don’t know how to influence and move people. I only say things plainly, and I am only telling you what you already know.

**First Plebeian:** We’ll mutiny!

**Third Plebeian:** We’ll burn down Brutus’ house.

**Antony:** Peace, hear what I have to say. You have forgotten about the will I told you about.

**Second Plebeian:** Let’s stay and hear the will.

**Antony:** Here is the will, signed and sealed by Caesar. To every man, to every Roman citizen, he gives 75 drachmas.

**Second Plebeian:** Most Noble Caesar! We’ll avenge his death!

**Antony:** Hear me. Be patient. Also, he has left you his land, his orchards, his gardens and fields; he leaves these as a public park for you and those who come after you. When will there be another like Caesar?
First Plebian: Never! Never! Come, we’ll burn the traitors’ houses.

Second Plebian: Get some firs. We’ll burn Caesar’s body in a holy place and then we’ll punish the traitors.

Third Plebian: Get wood, anything that will burn.

Fourth Plebian: Benches, floor boards, anything.

[Exit Plebeians with the body.]

Antony: Now, let my words work. Let the commoners do what they will.

[Enter servant.]

What do you want?

Servant: Sir, Octavius Caesar, Caesar’s nephew, has already come to Rome. He and Lepidus are at Caesar’s house.

Antony: O, how lucky. I hoped and wished he would come. I’ll go there right now.

Servant: I heard him say that Brutus and Cassius were riding like madmen out of the gates of Rome.

Antony: Maybe they heard how my speech moved the people. Take me to Octavius.

Scene iii. A street.

[Enter Cinna, the poet; and after him, the plebeians.]

Cinna: I had a dream last night; I dreamt I had a feast with Caesar. This dream is really bothering me, and I don’t feel like going anywhere or seeing anybody, but something is calling me out here. I don’t know what.

First Plebeian: What’s your name?

Second Plebeian: Where are you going?

Third Plebeian: Where do you live?

Fourth Plebeian: Are you married?

Second Plebeian: And give us straight answers.

First Plebeian: Yes, and be quick about it.

Cinna: What’s my name? Where am I going? Where do I live? Well, the answer to all your questions are: I am a bachelor.
Second Plebeian: Do you think we are fools? You’ll feel my fist on your nose pretty soon. Where are you going?

Cinna: I’m going to Caesar’s funeral.

First Plebeian: As a friend or an enemy?

Cinna: As a friend.

Second Plebeian: Lucky for you.

Fourth Plebeian: Where do you live?

Cinna: I live near the Capitol.

Third Plebeian: Your name! And tell the truth!

Cinna: Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Plebeian: Tear him to pieces! He’s a conspirator.

Cinna: I am Cinna the poet. I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Plebeian: Kill him for his bad poems.

Cinna: I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Plebeian: It doesn’t matter. You have the same name as one of the conspirators. Tear his heart out.

[Exit all.]
REVIEW QUESTIONS (ACT III)

1. Artimidorus asks Caesar to read a paper he has. Why does he want Caesar to read this? How does Caesar react to Artimidorus?

2. Why would Shakespeare include this scene in the play?

3. How does Antony act toward the conspirators? What are his motives (reasons) for acting this way?

4. What rules must Antony follow when he gives his speech at the funeral?

5. How does Cassius feel about letting Antony speak at the funeral?

6. Why does Brutus allow Antony to speak? What are his reasons?

7. What does Brutus say in his funeral speech (put it in your own words)?

8. Why does Antony repeat, “They are honorable men?” What effect does it have?

9. What is in Caesar’s will? What effect does reading it have on the plebeians?

10. Who do you have more sympathy for, Caesar or Brutus? Who is the better man?

11. What does Brutus give as his reason for killing Caesar?

VOCABULARY EXERCISES (ACT III)

Instructions: Fill in the blanks for each sentence below by selecting the appropriate word from the following list, which was taken from Act III Vocabulary.

Ancestors  |  Corpse  |  Penalties  |  Traitors
Blunt     |  Countless  |  Request  |  Tyrant
Captives  |  Countrymen  |  Spirit  |  Villains
Conquests |  Noble  |  Successful  |  Wronged
Conspirator

1. He is ________ when he addresses the crowd, and he is filled with the ____________ of change in every plan he makes for the country.

2. The Prime Minister considered his advisors ____________ to his cause and will implement appropriate ________________.

3. Do you think the administration will fulfill our ______________?

4. His ____________ came from Ireland and their names and those of other ______________ can be found on the walls of the Immigration Museum in Ellis Island, New York.
5. _____________ are known to rule without any consideration for the people.

6. The __________________ paraded in shackles before the troops looking more like ___________ than living men.

7. Why would the neighbors ______________ us in such a way? After all, we are not the ____________ who destroyed their property.

8. Being a conscientious and dedicated worker makes you very ________________ in your career.

9. Mexico was only one of Cortes’ _________________ in the new world.

10. Cleopatra believed she had ______________ blood which entitled her to rule.

11. This document is full of _________________ mistakes, too many to mention.

12. Cassius was one of the _________________ in the death of Julius Caesar.
Act IV Vocabulary

- Bribe (money)
- Condemned (sentenced)
- Cooling (tapering off)
- Corrupt (dishonest)
- Dash to pieces (tear to pieces)
- Endure (put up with)
- Insignificant (unimportant)
- Merit (value)
- Triumvirate (group of 3 men who rule a state)
- Usurp (to seize)

Act IV

Scene i. A house in Rome.

[Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.]

Antony: So all these named men are the ones who must die?

Octavius: Your brother’s name is on the list, Lepidus. Do you consent to his death?

Lepidus: I give my consent, as long as Antony’s nephew, Publius, also dies.

Antony: He will, I have marked him down. But Lepidus, go to Caesar’s house and bring his will here.

Lepidus: Will you be here?

Octavius: Here or at the Capitol.

[Exit Lepidus.]

Antony: This is an unimportant man, without merit, good for running errands. When we divide the world among us, it doesn’t make sense that he will get a third of it. He isn’t fit to be in the triumvirate.

Octavius: You liked him well enough when we were listing people who will die.

Antony: Octavius, I am older than you; and even though I gave him the honor of choosing who was to die so it wouldn’t look like you and I alone were trying to usurp power, he carries the honor like a donkey carries gold. He sweats and works while he carries it, led by us, and after we get where we are going, we take the load off of him and turn him loose, to shake his ears and eat among the plebeians.

Octavius: You can do what you want, but he is a good soldier.

Antony: So is my horse, Octavius, and we reward him with food. Lepidus has no ideas of his own; he does what we tell him to. He is like a piece of property. Now Octavius, listen: Brutus and Cassius are building an army. We must quickly gather soldiers. Let’s join forces. We have to find their secrets and decide how to conquer them.
Octavius: OK. We have a lot of enemies, and some smile in our faces.

Scene ii. Army camp near Sardis.

[Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucius, Lucillus, and the Army. Titinus and Pindarus meet them.]

Brutus: Lucillus, is Cassius near?

Lucillus: He is, and Pindarus comes to bring you greetings from his master, Cassius.

Brutus: Your master has changed his feelings toward me, or has listened to bad information about me, and it makes me wish we had not done what we did. But if he’s here, I’m satisfied.

Pindarus: I don’t doubt that my master Cassius will be here soon full of honor for you.

Brutus: Lucillus, a word with you. How does Cassius seem lately?

Lucillus: He’s polite, respectful, but not as friendly as he used to be, and he doesn’t talk as freely as he used to do.

Brutus: His friendship for me is cooling. Have you ever noticed, Lucillus, that when friendship fades, there is a forced quality to it? There is nothing forced in real friendship. Is his army coming?

Lucillus: They are camping in Sardis tonight, and some are coming here. They should be here soon.

[Enter Cassius and his attendants.]

Brutus: He is here. I will move slowly to meet him.

Cassius: Noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus: Let the gods judge me. I don’t wrong my enemies, why would I wrong my brother?

Cassius: Your serious look hides your feelings, and when you act…

Brutus: Cassius, be patient. Talk quietly. I know you well. Let’s not argue in front of our armies. They should see nothing but friendship from us. Let’s go into my tent and there you can freely express your complaints, and I will listen.

Cassius: Pindarus, tell the commanders to lead the troops away.

Brutus: Lucillus, do the same, and don’t let anyone near my tent until we are done. Guard the door.

Scene iii. Brutus’ tent.

Cassius: Here’s why I say you have wronged me. You have condemned Lucius Pella for taking bribes, after I wrote you a letter asking you to take his side.
**Brutus:** You should not have written those letters.

**Cassius:** In these times, not every crime has to be punished.

**Brutus:** Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself have been criticized for having an itching palm, for being greedy. You sell powerful positions in exchange for gold.

**Cassius:** Greedy! If you were someone else I’d kill you for saying that.

**Brutus:** Because it’s you who does it, and people respect you, you make people think it is OK to be corrupt and dishonorable.

**Cassius:** Corrupt and dishonorable!

**Brutus:** Remember the ides of March. Didn’t Caesar bleed and fall for justice’s sake? Did we put our knives into his body for any reason other than justice? Did any of us strike the most powerful man in the world to support robbers? Should we dirty ourselves by taking bribes now? Should we use our powers just to get dirty money? I’d rather be a dog, baying at the moon than a Roman who does something like that.

**Cassius:** Brutus, I won’t put up with you talking to me like this. You can’t tell me what to do. I have been a soldier a lot longer than you, and I can make my own decisions.

**Brutus:** You are not!

**Cassius:** I am!

**Brutus:** I say you are not!

**Cassius:** You should be worried about your health. Don’t push me any further, or I’ll lose my temper.

**Brutus:** Get away from me, you insignificant man.

**Cassius:** Is it possible I am hearing this?

**Brutus:** Hear me. I won’t give in just because you get angry. Should I be frightened when a mad man looks at me?

**Cassius:** O, you gods, must I endure this?

**Brutus:** Endure this? Yes, this, and more, till it breaks your heart. Go show your soldiers and slaves your anger. It doesn’t impress me. Do you think I want to put up with your bullying? Must I respect your bad mood? When you are angry, it only makes me laugh. It amuses me. It’s funny.

**Cassius:** Has it come to this?

**Brutus:** You say you are a better soldier than me. Let’s see if it is true. I might learn something.
Cassius:  You wrong me in every way, Brutus. I said an older soldier not a better one. Did I say better?

Brutus:  I don’t care what you said.

Cassius:  When Caesar lived, he would not have dared to talk to me like this.

Brutus:  You would not have dared to talk to him like this either.

Cassius:  I wouldn’t have dared?

Brutus:  No.

Cassius:  Don’t take our friendship for granted. I might do something I’ll be sorry for later.

Brutus:  You have already done something you should be sorry for. Your threats don’t scare me. Honesty is so important to me that your threats blow by me like the wind. I sent to you for money (which you never sent to me) because I won’t take money dishonestly from the plebeians. I sent to you for money to pay my army and you never sent it. If I ever treat my friends this way, I hope the gods send thunderbolts to dash me to pieces.

Cassius:  I did not keep money from you.

Brutus:  You did!

Cassius:  I did not. The messenger was wrong. A friend is supposed to forgive his friend, not make his sins and faults greater than they are.

Brutus:  I don’t see your faults and sins until you use them on me.

Cassius:  You are not my friend.

Brutus:  I don’t like parts of your personality.

Cassius:  A friend would not feel that way. Come Antony, take your revenge on me alone. I don’t want to live anymore. My friends hate me. Here is a knife, plunge it into my heart. Kill me like Caesar was killed. I am a joke to Brutus.

Brutus:  When I spoke that, I was angry.

Cassius:  Really? Give me your hand.

Brutus:  And my heart too.

Cassius:  You can forgive me? I was angry. I got carried away.

Brutus:  Yes, let’s let it go at that. Lucius!

[Enter Lucius.]
Lucius! Tell the generals to make camp here for the night. And bring us a bowl of wine.

Cassius: Brutus, I did not know you could be so angry.

Brutus: O, Cassius, I am sick; I’ve had many problems lately.

Cassius: Brutus, you usually bear misfortune without complaining.

Brutus: No man puts up with sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cassius: Ha? Portia?

Brutus: She is dead.

Cassius: How did I escape being killed when I go against you so much? Oh what a terrible loss! From what illness did she die?

Brutus: Impatience because I was away and grief because she saw Antony and Octavius become more powerful. While her attendants were away from her, she swallowed coals.

Cassius: And that’s how she died?

Brutus: Exactly!

Cassius: Oh you immortal gods!

[Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.]

Brutus: Don’t talk about her anymore. Give me a glass of wine to bury all of my sorrows.

[Brutus drinks.]

Cassius: My heart is thirsty for that word of honor. Lucius, fill my cup until it overflows. I cannot drink too much of Brutus’ love.

[Enter Titinius and Messala.]

Brutus: Come Titinius. Welcome good Messala. Let’s sit together around this candle to discuss our needs.

Cassius: Portia, are you gone?

Brutus: No more. I beg you. Messala, I have received letters advising me that Octavius and Marc Antony have built a powerful army and that they are coming in our direction on their way to Philippi.

Messala: I also have similar letters.

Brutus: Do they include additional information?
Messala: Lists of the condemned and their sentences. Octavius, Antony and Lepidus have killed a hundred senators.

Brutus: That’s where our letters are different. My letters mention that seventy senators have died, one of them being Cicero.

Cassius: Cicero was one of them?

Messala: Cicero is dead because of the list of the condemned. Did you get your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus: No, Messala.

Messala: And none of your letters mentioned her?

Brutus: None, Messala.

Messala: I think that’s strange.

Brutus: Why do you ask? Have you heard anything about her in your letters?

Messala: No, my lord.

Brutus: You are a Roman, so tell me the truth.

Messala: Then like a Roman I will tell: she is dead and died in a strange way.

Brutus: Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala. Because I knew she would die someday, I am ready to endure her death now.

Messala: That is the way great men should handle big losses.

Cassius: I have as much of this belief as you, but still I cannot take it as well.

Brutus: Well, let’s get back to work. What do you think if we march to Philippi right now?

Cassius: I don’t think it’s a good idea.

Brutus: Your reason?

Cassius: I think it is better that the enemy look for us; so that he will wear out supplies and his soldiers, while we stay put.

Brutus: Good reasons bring about even better ones. The people between here and Philippi are only forced into friendship with us, that’s why they have not willingly contributed to our cause. These people will most likely join the enemy’s army when it marches by, resulting in the enemy coming at us refreshed and encouraged. We can be one step ahead of our enemy by getting these people behind us when we face Antony and Octavius at Philippi.

Cassius: Listen to me, good brother.
Brutus: Please forgive me, but remember that we have used up all of our favors and that we are all ready to fight. The enemy is also getting stronger every day. There is a tide in humankind that if it’s jumped into at the high point, success will follow. If it’s missed, however, existence turns superficial and unhappy. At this moment, we are floating on a high tide and must take the current when it’s ready or lose our ventures.

Cassius: Then let’s go, as you wish. We’ll meet them at Philippi.

Brutus: It is already the middle of the night, so let’s get some rest. Anything else?

Cassius: Nothing else. Good night. Early tomorrow morning, we will leave.

[Enter Lucius.]

Brutus: Lucius, my nightgown.  

[Exit Lucius.]

Farewell, good Messala. Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius, good night and pleasant dreams.

Cassius: Oh, my dear brother, tonight we had a bad start. Let’s not ever be divided like that again! Let it not, Brutus.

[Enter Lucius with the nightgown.]

Brutus: Everything is OK.

Cassius: Good night, my lord.

Brutus: Good night, good brother.

Titinius, Messala: Good night, Lord Brutus.

Brutus: Farewell, everyone.

Give me the nightgown. Where’s your musical instrument.

Lucius: Here in the tent.

Brutus: What, you sound sleepy? Poor boy, I can see why, you’ve been awake for too long. Call Claudius and some other of my men; I’ll have them sleep on cushions here in my tent.

Lucius: Varro and Claudius!

[Enter Varro and Claudius.]

Varro: Do you call us, my lord?

Brutus: Gentlemen, I’d like you to lie in my tent and sleep. I may wake you in a while and ask you to go on an errand to my brother Cassius.
Varro: If you wish, we will stand and wait for your order.

Brutus: No, I don’t want you to do that. Gentlemen, lie down to rest. I might change my mind. [Varro and Claudius lie down.]

Lucius, look what I found in the pocket of my nightgown—the book I had been looking for.

Lucius: I was sure your lordship had not given it to me.

Brutus: Bear with me, good boy, I am very forgetful. Can you keep your sleepy eyes open for a while to play your musical instrument a strain or two?

Lucius: Yes, my lord, if it pleases you.

Brutus: It does, my boy. I trouble you too much, but you are willing.

Lucius: It is my duty, sir.

Brutus: I should not force you to play out of duty when you don’t have the strength for it. I know young people need time to rest.

Lucius: I slept already, my lord.

Brutus: Good thing you did, and you will sleep again soon; I won’t keep you long. If I live, I’ll be good to you.

[Music and song]

This is a sleepy tune. Oh deadly spirit sleep! Are you using your rod on my boy, who’s playing music for you? Gentle boy, good night. I will not go so far as to waking you. If you nod, you’ll break the instrument. I’ll take it from you; and, good boy, good night. Let me see, let me see; isn’t this folded page where I stopped reading? Here it is, I think.

[Enter the ghost of Caesar.]

How poorly this candle burns. What? Who’s here? I think it is the weakness of my eyes that may be shaping this ghostly apparition. It is coming toward me. Are you any thing? Are you some god, some angel, or some devil that’s making my blood cold and my hair stand on end? Talk to me, what are you?

Ghost: Your evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus: Why are you here?

Ghost: To tell you that you will see me at Philippi.

Brutus: Well; then will I see you again?

Ghost: Yes, at Philippi.

Brutus: Then I will see you at Philippi.

[Exit Ghost.]
Now that I have taken heart, you fade away. Evil spirit, I would have spoken with you more. Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Gentlemen, wake up! Claudius!

Lucius: The strings, my lord, are out of tune.

Brutus: He thinks he is still playing his instrument. Lucius, wake up!

Lucius: My lord?

Brutus: Did you have a dream that made you scream like that?

Lucius: My lord, I do not know that did scream.

Brutus: Yes, you did. Did you see anything?

Lucius: Nothing, my lord.

Brutus: Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [To Varro] You fellow, wake up!

Varro: My lord?

Claudius: My lord?

Brutus: Gentlemen, why did you scream in your sleep?

Both: Did we, my lord?

Brutus: Yes. Did you see anything?

Varro: No, my lord, I didn’t see anything.

Claudius: Neither did I, my lord.

Brutus: Go and deliver a message from me to my brother Cassius. Tell him to set out with his troops before I do, and we will follow.

Both: It will be done, my lord.

[Exit]
REVIEW QUESTIONS (ACT IV)

1. What is Antony’s opinion of Lepidus?
2. Why does Brutus believe that Cassius’ friendship is “cooling?”
3. What is Brutus’ reaction to Portia’s death different from that of Cassius’?
4. Why do Brutus and Cassius agree they shouldn’t talk in front of their troops?
5. Why are Cassius and Brutus arguing?
6. Who were taking bribes?
7. Explain Brutus’ internal conflict over his participation in the conspiracy?
8. Why does Caesar’s ghost appear to Brutus only?

VOCABULARY EXCERCISES (ACT IV)

Instructions: Fill in the blanks for each sentence below by selecting the appropriate word from the following list, taken from Act IV Vocabulary.

- Bribe
- Endure
- Condemned
- Insignificant
- Cooling
- Merit
- Corrupt
- Triumvirate
- Dash to pieces
- Usurp

1. The new secretary had to ___________ the boss’ rude remarks.
2. The military supported the newly created ________________.
3. It is clear that their relationship is ________________ by the day.
4. Regardless of his attorney’s efforts, he is a ________________ man.
5. Salary increases are based on ____________.
6. The General is a _____________ and incompetent military leader.
7. She ______________ the throne when the King died.
8. People who take _____________ become ________________ individuals.
9. His lack of input made him ________________ to the rest of the group.
Act V Vocabulary

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Battle</td>
<td>(fight, combat)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battlefield</td>
<td>(combat area)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowels</td>
<td>(guts, intestines)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brow</td>
<td>(forehead)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Challenging</td>
<td>(testing)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conference</td>
<td>(meeting)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depends</td>
<td>(to be determined)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draw my sword</td>
<td>(take out)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eagles</td>
<td>(powerful birds)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favor</td>
<td>(kindness, support)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genuine</td>
<td>(true, real)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Impersonate</td>
<td>(pretend to be)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Fashion</td>
<td>(latest style)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overthrown</td>
<td>(removed from power)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pierced</td>
<td>(punctured)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proportion</td>
<td>(part, section)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheath</td>
<td>(cover)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signal</td>
<td>(sign)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spurring</td>
<td>(urging)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strikes</td>
<td>(hits)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Survivors</td>
<td>(remaining alive)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Therefore</td>
<td>(as a result)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troop</td>
<td>(military group)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wreath</td>
<td>(garland)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Act V

Scene i. The plains of Philippi.

[Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.]

Octavius: Antony, our hopes are answered. You said the enemy would not come down from the hills, but here they are; the battle is about to begin. They are challenging us here.

Antony: I know what they are thinking, and why they are here. They are trying to look brave, to show us how strong they are. But it is a lie. Octavius, lead your troops on the left hand, and I will take mine around to the right.

Octavius: No, I will take the right, and you keep to the left side.

Antony: Are you arguing with me at such a time as this?

Octavius: No, but I will argue with you if you ask for it.

[Drums. Enter Brutus, Cassius and their army.]

Brutus: They wait; maybe they want to have a conference with us.

Cassius: Wait, we have to go to them and talk.

Octavius: Antony, shall we begin the battle?

Antony: No, Caesar, we will meet with them and talk to them first.

Octavius: [To his troops] Don’t move until I give the signal.

Brutus: Talking, words before the battle. Is that how it is, countrymen?

Octavius: Not because we love words better than battle, as you do.
**Brutus:** Good words are better than bad strikes, Octavius.

**Antony:** You give pretty words, Brutus, at the same time as you give bad strikes. Look at the hole you put into Caesar’s heart. [Crying] “Long live Caesar, Hail Caesar.”

**Cassius:** We don’t know yet how strong you are or the quality of your strikes, Antony, but your words are so sweet they take the honey from the bees.

**Antony:** The honey only, and not the sting?

**Brutus:** Yes, the sting and the buzz too. You threaten and buzz before you sting.

**Antony:** Villains! Villains! You did not do so when you killed Caesar, when your knives hacked his body. You showed your teeth like apes, acted friendly like dogs, bowed like slaves, kissing Caesar’s feet, while damned Casca, like a jackal, struck his neck. O, you flatterers!

**Cassius:** Flatterers! Now, Brutus, I hope you are happy. If you had listened to me when I said we should kill Antony too, you wouldn’t have had to listen to all of this.

**Octavius:** Come, come, we have business to do. Look, I draw my sword against the conspirators. My sword will not go back into its sheath until Caesar’s thirty-three wounds are avenged or your swords have added another Caesar to the list of traitors’ slaughters.

**Brutus:** Caesar, you can’t be killed by traitors unless you brought them with you. We are not traitors.

**Octavius:** I hope so. I wasn’t born to be killed by Brutus.

**Brutus:** Young man, if you were the greatest man who wore the name Caesar, you couldn’t die more honorably.

**Cassius:** A silly schoolboy, and a partier, a player. You two are not worthy of the honor.

**Antony:** You’re still the old Cassius!

**Octavius:** Come on, Antony; away! Traitors, if you dare to fight us, we will see you on the battlefield.

[Exit Octavius, Antony and their Army.]

**Cassius:** This is my birthday, this very day. Pompey was forced to fight Caesar against his will and was killed that day. Everything depends on this one battle. I used to think that the gods didn’t concern themselves with the affairs of men. I didn’t believe in omens. But on our way here from Sardis, two i followed us, sitting upon the flag, eating from soldiers’ hands. This morning they flew away and crows and ravens took their place and look down on us as if we were their prey. Beneath their watch our army lies, ready to die.

**Messala:** Don’t think that way.
Cassius: I only partly believe it, I am ready to fight and meet all dangers bravely. Brutus, we are friends in peaceful times, and if it is the will of the gods, we will be friends into old age. But we don’t know what will happen; if we lose this battle today, this may be the last time we ever talk.

Brutus: It is cowardly, I think, to worry about dying, and what might happen.

Cassius: Then you are prepared, if we lose, to be led like a captive through the streets of Rome?

Brutus: No, Cassius. Do not think that I will ever go to Rome as a captive. But today what was begun on the Ides of March will come to an end. We don’t know what will happen, so let’s make our farewells. Therefore, forever and forever, farewell, Cassius! If we meet again, we’ll smile; if not, it is good we said goodbye now.

Cassius: Farewell.

Brutus: Then, lead on. Oh that a man might know what the end of a day would bring. But, one way or another, we will find out. Come! Away! 

[Exit]

Scene ii and iii. The field of battle.

[Call to arms sound. Enter Brutus and Messala.]

Brutus: Here, Messala, give these written orders to our armies on the other side. Tell them to attack at once. Octavius seemed to lack spirit. A sudden attack will defeat them. 

[Exit]

[In another part of the battlefield]

Cassius: Look Titinius, the villains are running! My own men running away! I saw the flag bearer running away from battle, and I killed him and took the flag myself.

Titinius: Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early, and because we thought we were winning, soldiers began stealing, and Antony’s army surrounded us.

[Enter Pindarus.]

Pindarus: Run, my lord, run away quickly! Marc Antony is in your tents, my lord.

Cassius: This hill is far enough away. Titinius, are those my tents where I see a fire?

Titinius: They are, my lord.

Cassius: Take my horse, and go and see if those troops over on the side of the hill are our enemy or our friend. Then come back and tell me. Go!

Titinius: I will be back here as quick as a thought. 

[Exit]
Cassius: Pindarus, go higher up on the hill and look at the field of battle, watch for Titinius and tell me what you see. My eyes are not so good.

[Exit Pindarus.]

[Shouting] Can you see?

Pindarus: [from the hillside above] Oh my lord!

Cassius: What news?

Pindarus: They are surrounding Titinius. Others are on horseback. Titinius is kicking his horse to make it go faster. He is spurring his horse on. Other horsemen are almost on him. He’s getting off his horse and running. They have surrounded him. He’s captured! Listen, those shouts are from those who have captured Titinius.

Cassius: Come down. I can take no more. What a coward I am to live to see my friend captured right in front of me.

[Enter Pindarus.]

I took you prisoner in Parthia. You swore if I didn’t kill you, you would do whatever I asked you from then on. Come, now, and keep your promise. Now you will be a free man. Take this sword that ran through Caesar’s bowels, and when my face is covered, as it is now, stick it though my chest. Caesar, you are avenged, even with the same sword that killed you. [Dies]

Pindarus: So, now I am free, but I would rather not be. I will run away so far that no Roman will ever look upon me again.

[Exit]

[Enter Titinius and Messala.]

Messala: Brutus’ army has overthrown Octavius’, but Antony’s has overthrown Cassius’ army.

Titinius: Cassius will welcome this news.

Messala: Where is Cassius? Didn’t you leave him here?

Titinius: There he is, lying on the ground. He doesn’t look like he is living. Oh my heart! Cassius is no more. Like the sunset that makes the sky red, Cassius has ended his life in his own red blood. The sun of Rome is gone. Our day is done. He must have thought that I would not make it back.

Messala: He was mistaken. And his mistake made him kill himself. Look for Pindarus, and I will go and tell noble Brutus about this, although he will want this news as much as he would want to be pierced with a poisoned knife.

[Exit Messala.]

Titinius: Why did you tell me to go, noble Cassius? I met your army, and they gave me a wreath of victory to show you. Didn’t you hear their shout? You misconstrued everything. But wait, Brutus

---

4 Misconstrued= misunderstood, misinterpreted
asked me to give you this wreath, so here I will put it, on your brow. Brutus will come and see how I have honored you. With the gods’ permission, this is the Roman part: Come, Cassius’ sword, and find Titinius’ heart.  

[Dies]

[Enter Brutus and others.]

Brutus: Where is his body, Messala?

Messala: There, with Titinius mourning him.

Brutus: Titinius’ face is upward.

Cato: He’s dead!

Brutus: O, Julius Caesar, you are still mighty! Your spirit walks and turns our swords on our own bodies.

Cato: Brave Titinius! Look where he has crowned the dead Cassius with a wreath.

Brutus: Are there any Romans as great as these? The last of all Romans, fare thee well. Rome will never see another like these two again. Send the bodies to Thasos for the funeral. Their bodies will upset our soldiers. I have so many tears still to cry for my friend. Call our armies to battle. It is 3:00 o’clock, time still in the day to try our fortune in another battle.

Scene iv. The field of battle.

Summary: Cato and Lucillus fight Antony’s men. Lucillus impersonates or pretends that he is Brutus to protect Brutus and confuse the enemy. Antony’s soldiers take him and bring him to Antony, who realizes he is not Brutus, and orders he be held captive, but orders that he be treated with respect. In another part of the field of battle....

Brutus: Come, good friends, survivors, rest on this rock.

Clitus: Our soldiers were given torches to signal. I fear they are dead.

Brutus: Come here, Clitus. Death is in fashion. Listen. [Whispers]


Brutus: OK, don’t talk.

Clitus: I’d rather kill myself.

Brutus: Listen, Dardanius. [Whispers]

Dardanius: I can’t do such a thing.

Clitus: What did Brutus ask you, Dardanius?

Dardanius: To kill him, Clitus. Look, he is thinking.
Brutus: Good Volumnius, can I have a word with you?

Volumnius: What says my lord?

Brutus: This, Volumnius. The ghost of Caesar appeared to me two different times last night, once at Sardis, and once here at Philippi. I know my hour has come.

Volumnius: No, my lord.

Brutus: You see how it is here; our enemies have driven us to the grave. It is better to jump in ourselves than to wait till our enemies push us in. You and I went to school together, Volumnius. I ask you; hold my sword while I run on it.

Volumnius: This is not a job for a friend.

[Battle sounds coming closer]

Cato: We need to go, let’s go! The battle is coming closer. This is no place to be.

Brutus: Strato, I am tired. You have all been brave. It gives me joy that you have all been so loyal to me. If Antony and Octavius are victorious today, it means the downfall of Rome; but my high opinion of you, my friends, will never change.

Cato: Come, my lord! We must run!

Brutus: I will follow. [Exit all but Brutus and Strato.]

Strato, stay here with me a minute. You are a good fellow. I ask you, please hold my sword and turn your face away while I run upon it. Will you, Strato?

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

Brutus: Farewell, good Strato. Be still, now, Caesar. I didn’t kill you with half as much desire as I kill myself. [Dies]

[Battle sounds. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucius, and others.]

Octavius: Who is that?

Messala: That is my master’s servant. Strato, where is your master?

Strato: Free from the bondage you are in, Messala; the conquerors can only make a fire out of him, he killed himself, and no one else will have honor from his death?

Lucillus: I knew Brutus would never be captured alive.

Octavius: All who served Brutus can join my army if they are willing. Strato, will you join me?
Strato: Yes, if Messala will recommend me.

Messala: How did my master Brutus die, Strato?

Strato: I held the sword and he ran on it.

Messala: Then take him into your service, Octavius. He gave Brutus the last favor he received in life.

Antony: This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the other conspirators did what they did because they envied Caesar. They were jealous of Caesar, all except Brutus. He was the only one who joined the conspirators because he genuinely thought it was the right thing to do for everyone’s good. He had a gentle nature, and all the parts of his personality were mixed in perfect proportion, so that Nature might stand up and say to the whole world, “This was a man!”

Octavius: Because he was a good man, we will give him a burial with all honors and respect. His body will lie in my tent tonight, like an honorable soldier. Let’s go and divide the glories of this happy day.

[Exit all.]
REVIEW QUESTIONS (ACT V)

1. What omens does Cassius see before the battle?
2. What happens at the meeting between Brutus, Cassius, Octavius and Antony? What is said?
3. What are Brutus’ final words? What does this show about Brutus?
4. What does Cassius send Titinus to do?
5. What does Cassius see happening to Titinus? What does he think is happening? What does he do as a result?
6. What does Brutus ask three of his soldiers to do that they refuse to do?
7. Why does Brutus want to kill himself? (Please write several sentences about this).
8. How does the play end? What does Antony say about Brutus? What does Octavius do to Brutus’ army?

VOCABULARY EXERCISES (ACT V)

Instructions: Fill in the blanks for each sentence below by selecting the appropriate word from the following list, taken from Act IV Vocabulary.

Battle  Depends  In Fashion  Spurring
Battlefield  Draw my sword  Overthrown  Strikes
Bowels  Eagles  Pierced  Survivors
Brow  Favor  Proportion  Therefore
Challenging  Genuine  Sheath  Troop
Conference  Impersonate  Signal  Wreath

1. The student was ______________ another student to fight.
2. You have done a very good job, ______________, I am going to increase your pay.
3. When the knight met the robber, he ______________ his ______________.
4. Sadam Hussein was ______________ when the United States invaded Iraq.
5. Her ______________ got sunburned because she didn’t wear a hat.
6. Give me a ______________ when you want me to throw the ball.
7. Put your knife back in its ______________ before you hurt someone.
8. Caesar’s body was ______________ with many knives.
9. It is against the law to ____________________ a policeman.

10. The bald ________________ is the symbol of the United States.

11. American ________________ marched into Baghdad last spring.

12. ____________________ friends will tell you the truth.

13. On the ________________, men killed each other, horses screamed, and both sides lost many men.

14. The knife was plunged deep into his ________________.

15. The President placed a ________________ on the grave of the soldier killed in ________________.

16. The principal looks with ________________ on anyone who loves their students.

17. The baby’s head is not in ________________ to the rest of his body.

18. Blue jeans are always ________________; they are never out of style.

19. If he ________________, you will probably fall because he is so strong.

20. After the fire destroyed the building, there were no ________________; everyone was killed.

21. The guidance counselor and teacher want to have a ________________ with your parents.

22. Whether you go on the field trip or not ________________ on what your grades look like.

23. The sergeant kept ________________ on the soldiers in his unit to try harder.

**ENGLISH REVIEW (ACT V)**

**Instructions:** Complete each sentence below by filling in the blanks with the correct choice between “hole” and “whole.”

- **Hole**—an empty space
- **Whole**—all, entire

1. I could eat the ________________ cake.

2. The ________________ class has detention.

3. There is a ________________ in my shirt.

4. I read the ________________ book in one day.

5. We put the money in a ________________ in the ground.

6. Rain came through a ________________ in the roof.
**VERBS:** Action words.

**Instructions:** Fill in the blanks for each sentence below by selecting the appropriate verb tense from the following list.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PRESENT</th>
<th>PAST</th>
<th>PAST PARTICIPLE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>wear</td>
<td>wore</td>
<td>have worn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drive</td>
<td>drove</td>
<td>have driven</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

11. I try to ________________ red around the holidays.
12. Yesterday I ________________ to school in my car.
13. Mr. Johnson ________________ to work on I-95 everyday.
14. Last Friday I ________________ my holiday shirt.
15. I ________________ this road a hundred times.