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**The Tragicomedy of Julia Caesar**

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# THE TRAGICOMEDY OF JULIA CAESAR

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS BY  
*Dave Hammers*



*The Tragicomedy of Julia Caesar*

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## **Cast of Characters**

4W+5M+22 Either

<b>SARAH:</b>	Female Student Director
<b>DAVE:</b>	Male Student Director
<b>STAGEHAND:</b>	Crewmember Wanting to be an Actor on Stage
<b>JULIA CAESAR:</b>	General and Stateswoman of Rome
<b>MARCIA BRUTUS:</b>	Roman Senator. Conspirator and Julia's BFF
<b>CASSIE:</b>	Roman Senator. Main Conspirator against Julia
<b>CALPURNICUS:</b>	Julia's Boyfriend. Thinks he's playing Copernicus
<b>MARK ANTONY:</b>	Roman General. Trusted Supporter of Julia
<b>CICERO:</b>	Roman Orator
<b>OCTAVIA CAESAR:</b>	Julia's Niece
<b>LEPIDUS:</b>	Roman Patrician, Supporter of Julia Caesar
<b>FLAVIUS:</b>	Roman Tribune/Hall Monitor
<b>MARULLUS:</b>	Roman Tribune/Hall Monitor
<b>PORTICUS:</b>	Marcia Brutus' Boyfriend
<b>SOOTHSAYER:</b>	Fortune teller
<b>DECIUS BRUTUS:</b>	Roman Politician and Conspirator, not to be confused with Marcia (Marcus) Brutus
<b>CASCA:</b>	Roman Politician and Conspirator
<b>CINNA:</b>	Roman Senator and Conspirator
<b>METELLUS CIMBER:</b>	Roman Senator and Conspirator
<b>LUCIUS:</b>	Marcia's Servant
<b>TREBONIUS:</b>	Roman Senator and Conspirator
<b>ARTEMIDORUS:</b>	Roman who tries to save Caesar
<b>MESSENGER:</b>	Delivers Messages to and for Mark Antony
<b>CINNA THE POET:</b>	Poet that the Angry Mob Confuses with Cinna
<b>CASSIE'S OFFICER:</b>	Officer in Cassie's Army
<b>CITIZENS 1, 2 and 3:</b>	Random Citizens
<b>SOLDIERS 1, 2 and 3:</b>	Random Soldiers

The parts of Dave, Stagehand, Antony, Calpurnicus, and Porticus should all be played by males.

The parts of Sarah, Julia, Marcia and Cassie should all be played by females.

All of the other parts can be played by either males or females. Simply adjust the personal pronouns as needed in the script. The original cast of the show at Alliance High School featured all female conspirators, and it played very well that way. If you are swapping genders you may also wish to swap some of the names, such as changing Octavia to the proper (and historically accurate) Octavius.

## Original Cast

Alliance High School, Alliance Ohio April 25, 2013

**SARAH:** Charlotte Petko

**DAVE:** Bradley Dennis

**STAGEHAND:** Glen Barker

**JULIA CAESAR:** Savannah Courtenay

**MARCIA BRUTUS:** Sarah Dias

**CASSIE:** Emily Voshel

**CALPURNICUS:** Jordan Bales

**MARK ANTONY:** Ryan Miles

**CICERO/CASSIE'S OFFICER:** Cheyenne Dickson

**OCTAVIA CAESAR:** Brittany Minard

**LEPIDUS:** Sam Aeling

**FLAVIUS/CINNA THE POET:** Reilly Davidson

**MARULLUS/ARTEMIDORUS:** Sam McPerson

**PORTICUS:** Dustin Shearer

**SOOTHSAYER:** Zach Percival

**DECIUS BRUTUS:** Mayzi Stella

**CASCA:** Clarissa Shearer

**CINNA:** Casey Bluhm

**METELLUS CIMBER:** Kendra Murdoch

**LUCIUS:** Devin Dollison

**TREBONIUS:** Vanessa West

**Backstage:** Jasmine Hill, Cassady Schroeder,  
Michael Colvin, Elizabeth Dickson

**Director:** Dave Hammers

**Choreography:** Melissa Thomas Edington

**Costumes:** Chaya Smith

## **Dedication**

I would like to dedicate this play to Savannah and Emily, Ryan and Jordan, Brittany, Clarissa, Cheyenne, Vanessa, Mayzi, Reilly, both Sams, Devin, Glen, Charlotte, Bradley, Sarah, Dustin, Casey, Zach, Kendra, Jasmine, Elizabeth, Michael and Cassady. To all of the students who have supported me throughout this amazing journey, I wish them all the best of luck and offer them all my eternal thanks. You all are my inspiration.

This play is also dedicated to my friends Chaya and Melissa, both of whom stepped up when I needed them most and helped me to make it so much better than I could have on my own. Chaya, you helped bring my visions to life, without you the play would never have looked so good. Melissa, you give me and the students a reason to dance, and that's a priceless gift. Thank you both for being so awesome.

I would also like to dedicate this play to my friend Sarah who helped me to create and build the drama club in the first place. Your help and friendship throughout the first couple of years of this drama club thing gave me the courage and confidence to even imagine that I could attempt to write my own play. Thank you.

Finally, I want to dedicate this play to my parents, David and Charlotte. Your love and support throughout the years has made me the person I am today, and I will always be thankful for everything you both have done for me.



**Act I**

*Stage is empty except for a small table in the center with papers, folders, playscripts and other items of that nature scattered on top of it. Two folding chairs are set up behind it.*

*The two student directors, DAVE and SARAH, enter from opposite sides of the stage. SARAH is carrying more scripts, and DAVE has his arms full with random props from various “past” plays. Both walk towards each other, dump the loads of objects they are carrying onto the table and plop down on the chairs looking exhausted.*

*Note: The disposition of the two student directors should start off hopeful and happy, and get more and more frustrated as the play goes along and things start to go more and more wrong for them. By the end of the play, the two directors should sort of look and act like they just went through a train wreck.*

SARAH: (after looking over all the clutter on the table for a few moments)  
So, Dave, explain to me once more how you talked me into helping you run this drama club thing?

DAVE: (sitting up and giving SARAH a big grin) Because it's going to be fun! Just think of it, we are in charge! We get to decide everything. What play is going to be performed. What actors we want to use, and which parts they get. (he stands up and opens his arms wide motioning to the empty stage around him) Just imagine Sarah, this stage is like a blank canvas that we can do anything we want to on. This is going to be fantastic!

SARAH: (giving DAVE an overly-cynical look at first, she suddenly bursts into a smile as well) I know, you're right, I was just kidding, this is going to be a lot of fun. And I am getting really excited about everything we can do. So what play do you think we should do?

DAVE: (Sitting down again. Both start looking through the stack of playscripts.) Well, I was thinking, the drama club did really well last year with that production of *Hamlet* they put on. So, why don't we try our hands at another one of Shakespeare's plays? Sort of like start a tradition or something, a yearly Shakespeare festival kind of thing for our school.

SARAH: I think that's a great idea!

DAVE: I do too, but I just don't know which play we should try...



SARAH: (*pulling out several Shakespeare plays*) Well, let's see, there's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I always liked that play.

DAVE: Plus it would be fun to make someone wear a donkey head for half the play. (*they both laugh at the idea*)

SARAH: (*continuing to look through the stack of playscripts*) It looks like we also have copies of *MacBeth*, *Twelfth Night* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Those are all really good plays too. But you know which one I always liked, *Julius Caesar*.

DAVE: (*getting excited*) No way, that's my favorite Shakespeare play! We had to read it in class last year, it was great. I loved it when Mark Antony is standing over Caesar's body giving his famous speech.. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." It's just a brilliant play!

SARAH: (*Standing up and acting out her vision with her hands. She should slowly walk in front of the table.*) Just think we could dress the whole drama club up in togas and Roman helmets.

*As she speaks other cast members start walking back and forth behind DAVE and SARAH carrying props, costumes and set pieces for the play, everything looks fairly Roman, like the school is planning a big production. The students carry out the items and pieces as SARAH describes them in her speech. SARAH and DAVE's set up speeches here may need to be lengthened or shortened to accommodate the time it takes to set up the scene for Act I behind them.*

SARAH: And we could ask the art class to make us big columns out of paper mache just like they used to have in Rome itself, to decorate our stage. Maybe add a few potted plants here and there, to give it an outdoor forum look, and have a background image that looks like the ancient Roman skyline.

*DAVE grabs a stack of copies of "Julius Caesar," stands up and joins SARAH center stage in front of the table. As he does this, students walk up behind them and carry off the table and chairs in order to make room for the Roman setting they are putting up behind the directors.*

DAVE: And we could get the construction trades students to help build the set pieces, like maybe a big platform that we could lay the body of Caesar on for his funeral scene. And maybe a Roman-looking military tent for the battlefield scene at the end. Oh this is going to be so much fun!

*Once the scene is set up, a crowd of students gathers behind DAVE and SARAH. They wait patiently for their directors to address them. Neither JULIA nor CALPURNICUS should be among the students onstage at any point during this setup process. All of the other actors in the play (and maybe even a few of the stagehands) are onstage at this point. But there should not really be any indication as to their roles in the play to come. Once the crowd has gathered, DAVE and SARAH walk away from center stage to one side of the group in order to address them.*

DAVE: Friends, Romans, classmates, lend us your ears!

*DAVE and SARAH both chuckle at the joke, the rest of the students just stand there in silence, unimpressed by the pun. Neither director seems to notice.*

SARAH: Seriously, Dave and I have been discussing this year's play, and we have decided that we will do William Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*!

*The crowd claps in somewhat reserved approval of the choice. Students start to talk in a low murmur among themselves about the decision, as DAVE hands out copies of the play to the students.*

DAVE: (*pointing to the hopeful looking student playing STAGEHAND in the back of the crowd*) Oh and Glen, don't worry - both Sarah and I know that it is your senior year, and you've always been stuck behind the scenes for all of our productions, and you really want to be onstage as one of the main characters, so we've talked it over, and we would like to offer you the title role of *Julius Caesar*.

*The crowd claps at this announcement, the students give STAGEHAND hugs, slaps on the back, handshakes and other forms of congratulations as they slowly push him to the front. Slowly the noise dies down, as STAGEHAND takes center stage and looks about to address the group... But he gets cut off as JULIA enters. CALPURNICUS enters close behind her, carrying her books, purse and any other objects you think appropriate to JULIA's character.*

JULIA: (*cutting off STAGEHAND before he can speak*) Don't worry I have arrived. And yes, I have decided to be a part of the drama club again this year.

*A few members of the drama club give JULIA some half-hearted claps, others just give her nasty looks. DAVE and SARAH both sort of stare blankly at JULIA as if they don't know what to say or even think about her announcement.*

JULIA: So what's the play and what's the role? I was thinking *Wizard of Oz* and Dorothy.

SARAH: Welcome back Savannah. We're all... ah... glad you decided to join us again this year. Since Dave and I are this year's student directors, we talked it over and decided that after the success of last year, we'd do another Shakespeare play.

*JULIA makes a gag sign at the mention of Shakespeare, and does not bother to hide it from DAVE or SARAH.*

DAVE: (*stepping in*) Well, don't worry we picked one of his famous ones, *Julius Caesar*. (*he hands JULIA a script*)

*JULIA takes the script and sort of thumbs through it unimpressed for a few moments.*

JULIA: (*giving off a loud audible sigh*) Okay, fine, I'll do it.

SARAH: That would be great. You could have the part of Calpurnia, she is...

JULIA: (*cutting off SARAH*) Who? Nevermind, I meant I'll play Julia.

DAVE and SARAH: Who?!?!?

JULIA: (*giving them an annoyed look*) You know, the lead, Julia Caesar.

SARAH: It's not Julia, it's Julius, he's a guy. You know, the Roman guy from history class.

*JULIA stares blankly at SARAH.*

DAVE: The guy who was trying to become the leader of Rome, but instead ended up getting sta...

*JULIA switches her blank stare from SARAH to DAVE.*

JULIA: (*cutting DAVE off before he can finish*) Well, I don't know anything about that. But fine, I'll still take the part. My Julia Caesar will be the best Julia Caesar ever!

DAVE: But like Sarah said, it's not Julia, it's a guy, Julius. Wouldn't you much rather play Calpurnia, Caesar's wife?

JULIA: I will not play some old Roman guy's trophy wife. I'll play the lead, thank you very much.

DAVE: But you do know that Caesar isn't really the le...

JULIA: (*cutting DAVE again off before he can finish*) I'll just say it again thank you very much.

*DAVE and SARAH look at each other in confusion for a bit, as if they are trying to sort something out.*

SARAH: Well, it might work. There's a lot of people out there doing new takes on old plays, switching up the characters and storylines a bit to make them fresh and exciting again. I don't see why we couldn't have a female Caesar.

DAVE: I guess so.

*By this time STAGEHAND should now be standing sort of by himself to one side, as everyone ignores him and focuses on the conversation between the directors and JULIA. STAGEHAND throws up his arms in silent resignation and slowly walks to the back of the crowd where he tries to "blend in" as best he can.*

DAVE: But we'd have to make a few other changes to some of the other characters too. In order to properly counterbalance Caesar's new gender. Like Calpurnia couldn't be female anymore. We'd have to turn her into Caesar's husband, rather than wife.

JULIA: Boyfriend you mean. Julia is a famous working woman, so she doesn't have time for marriage. Jordan here can play him.

*CALPURNICUS seems startled to suddenly be a part of the conversation, but none-the-less steps up and takes his place by JULIA's side.*

SARAH: Alright, we'll have to change the name a bit to make it more masculine, and yet, still Roman sounding. How about Calpurnicus? (*DAVE nods in approval*)

CALPURNICUS: Copernicus?

DAVE: Calpurnicus.

CALPURNICUS: Copernicus, got it.

DAVE: Cal-purn-icus.

CALPURNICUS: Okay, I got it.

SARAH: But what about the other main characters? Brutus, Cassius, Mark Antony?

JULIA: Which one's my BFF?

DAVE: Well, I guess that would be Brutus, but of course he betra...

JULIA: (*cutting off DAVE once more*) Well, that just won't do. My BFF needs to be a girl as well. Julia would never be able to spend as much time shopping as she would need to for someone of her importance with a guy as her BFF.

SARAH: I guess that could work. Makes sense that if Caesar is female, Brutus would be too. Rather than Marcus Brutus, how about Marcia Brutus?

DAVE: (*nodding in approval*) And Cassius and Antony? What about them? Cassius is basically the bad guy, and Mark Antony is Caesar's most trusted general.

JULIA: Make the soldier guy a guy. I do like men in uniform. Is that Cassie person, a frenemy or just a regular everyday enemy?

DAVE: Ah... Frenemy, I guess. He's always nice to Caesar's face, while trying to turn the other senators against him in secret.

JULIA: Senators? Like a student senate kind of thing? That's cool, anyways Cassie should be a girl too, frenemies should always be the same gender. It's more realistic that way.

SARAH: Oh, I think we're already beyond the point of worrying about realism here, and we haven't even started yet.

JULIA: Good! Dave and Sarah, you two make it all happen, I need to get ready for my starring role.

*JULIA and CALPURNICUS exit, and most of the other students exit as well. The students playing FLAVIUS, MARULLUS and CITIZENS 1, 2 and 3 remain onstage and help each other put on their costumes. DAVE and SARAH both stay and help the students onstage suit up. STAGEHAND should go backstage and return with a couple director style chairs and a small table to create a small "director area" to one side of the stage. Playscripts for "Julius Caesar" as well as notebooks, clipboards and things of that nature should be placed on the table, as well as a couple bottles of water. Once the on-stage students are ready, DAVE and SARAH move to the director area and take their seats. This setup should be well-rehearsed and should not take*

*more than a couple of minutes. Be sure that enough interesting and comical things are happening to keep the audience's attention.*

*FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and CITIZENS 1,2 and 3 take center stage.*

SARAH: *Julius...* (she chuckles at her own mistake) I mean *Julia Caesar*,  
Act I. Action!

*FLAVIUS steps forward and addresses the gathered CITIZENS.*

FLAVIUS: Hence! Home, you idle creatures get you home:  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

CITIZEN I: Why, sir, a carpenter.

FLAVIUS: Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

*JULIA storms in at this point looking angry and confused, she is in her costume by this time, a fine looking tunic and toga, with tennis shoes that really contrast, something along the lines of bright-colored Converse high tops.*

JULIA: What's going on? What language are they speaking?!?!

*DAVE and SARAH rush into the scene from the director's area.*

DAVE: What's wrong?

JULIA: They're not speaking in normal English.

DAVE: Well, that's because it's Shakespearean English. Don't worry, if you listen closely and pay attention you should understand most of it.

*Overly-long dramatic pause. JULIA just stands there, mouth agape looking at DAVE as if he is speaking a foreign language.*

JULIA: (eventually speaking) Ah... That's not going to happen. Let's just do this in modern English. (turning to actors onstage) OK everyone, restart this scene and do it in a language that anyone can

understand. *(she starts to walk offstage again)* Besides, why would they be speaking Shakespearean English in a high school.

DAVE: High school? Wait, what? What do you mean high sch...

*JULIA ignores DAVE and continues to walk offstage.*

SARAH: Okay, lets try this scene over again. Flavius take it from the top.

*DAVE and SARAH go back to the director's area and sit down once more. The actors look at each other and shrug their shoulders in indifference and turn back to their starting positions.*

FLAVIUS: *(to CITIZENS)* Where do you think you're going? Do you think this is summer break or something? Get over here! What class are you supposed to be in?

*DAVE jumps up to address FLAVIUS.*

DAVE: Uh... This is Rome, not a high school.

*The actors ignore DAVE and continue as if the scene is taking place in a high school. DAVE eventually gives up and sits back down.*

CITIZEN 1: Me? I'm supposed to be in my construction trades class right now.

FLAVIUS: And why aren't you there? And where are your safety goggles? And you! *(pointing to CITIZEN 2)* Who are you? And where are you supposed to be?

CITIZEN 2: I'm... ah... Citizen 2. And I'm a cobbler.

FLAVIUS: A what?

CITIZEN 2: A cobbler.

FLAVIUS: A what?

CITIZEN 2: A cobbler.

FLAVIUS: A wh...

CITIZEN 3: *(interrupting)* He's a cobbler. He makes shoes!

FLAVIUS: We offer a shoemaking class at this school?

CITIZEN 3: Apparently.

FLAVIUS: Wow, we must be the only high school in the country to offer a shoemaking class.

MARULLUS: So where are you all going?

CITIZEN 2: To see Caesar return and rejoice in his, I mean her triumph.

MARULLUS: Rejoice in her triumph? What did she do? Did she win the big game? No. Did she get a superior rating at a band competition? No. Did she win some kind of prestigious scholarship? No. Did she defeat all of her opponents in the big district chess tournament? Nope, not even something nerdy like that! All she did was kill her rival in the student senate, Pompey. And it's not like she even stabbed the guy herself, the Egyptians did it for her.

*The other actors stand there and stare at MARULLUS for a moment.*

MARULLUS: What? Sorry, I'm doing my best here. I thought that was pretty good for translating the whole thing into modern English in my head, while trying to transposition it into a modern high school setting at the same time. Give me a little credit here.

FLAVIUS: Fine, whatever. (*turning back to the CITIZENS*) All of you, get back to class now! Before we snitch on you! And Marullus, let us go around and stop the other students from going to welcome Caesar back as well, and we should also tear down any homecoming banners we see for her along the way.

*Actors all exit. DAVE and SARAH start to try and discuss what's going on, but are soon cut off as JULIA, ANTONY, MARCIA BRUTUS, CASSIE, CICERO, DECIUS BRUTUS, CASCA and PORTICUS enter. All are wearing tunics and togas, combined with tennis shoes, and a few random school related articles, such as a letterman jacket or something of that nature. ANTONY should be wearing some kind of big Roman helmet, and CASSIE should be wearing a toga that marks her as the villain. Use a black material for her toga, or if you are going for a more homemade look for the play, maybe a toga made out of Darth Vader bedsheets or something of that nature.*

*The actors slowly walk towards center stage in a group, chitchatting about things as they walk.*

JULIA: (*speaking in an over-the-top Southern accent*) Calpurnicus!



CASCA: (*turning towards the group*) Hey everyone! Shut up! Caesar is speaking!

JULIA: (*continuing to speak in the Southern accent*) Thank you Casca, it's about time someone around here shows me the respect I deserve.

*SARAH stands up and walks towards the scene, as DAVE starts to shake his head in disbelief.*

SARAH: Ah, Savannah... Why is Caesar... ah... speaking in a Southern accent?

JULIA: (*turning towards SARAH and continuing to speak in her over-the-top accent*) Because this is Rome.

SARAH: And???

JULIA: Rome is in Georgia!

DAVE: (*trying not to laugh*) Seriously? The first Rome that comes to your mind, is Rome, Georgia???

JULIA: (*back to her regular non-Southern accent*) Well, Dave, if we picked Rome, Indiana, I couldn't showcase my fabulous linguistic talents now could I? There are no Southern Belles in Indiana. That's just silly.

*SARAH looks like she's about to say something, but DAVE jumps up and grabs her by the arm and leads her back to the director's area.*

DAVE: (*aside to SARAH*) Don't worry, it's obvious she really doesn't know the play. Just a few more scenes with her, and then the others stab her, and we're in the clear. We can do this!

SARAH: You're right, you're right. Let's just keep this moving.

*The directors settle down and start watching the actors again. DAVE leans way back in his chair, trying to show off his "cool" calmness to SARAH.*

JULIA: (*returning to her Southern accent*) Calpurnicus? Where are you suga-plum?

*Enter CALPURNICUS, dressed in a Renaissance outfit and carrying a model of the solar system. He has confused his character with the scientist Copernicus.*

*When DAVE sees CALPURNICUS he falls out of his chair in surprise. SARAH jumps out of her chair and STAGEHAND rushes in to help DAVE up.*

CALPURNICUS: Here I am darling, I Copernicus, was off in my laboratory discovering that the sun is indeed the center of our solar system! See I built a model! *(he shows JULIA his model, she seems unimpressed)*

JULIA: *(turning to the directors, ignoring the fact that DAVE is being helped up, and returning to her normal accent again)* Can someone please tell me why Julia would be going out with some kind of science nerd? Seriously, women who have this much power do not date nerds! Oh, are you even listening to me over there?

ANTONY: *(trying to get the scene back on track)* Ah.. ah... ah... Caesar, my lady, look it's a Soothsayer, come to tell you your future!

*SOOTHSAYER stumbles onto the stage, as if pushed by someone from offstage. SOOTHSAYER should be dressed in some crazy, wild-looking outfit, to set him apart from the rest of the cast. The actors chatter to one another again, as JULIA turns toward the SOOTHSAYER.*

SOOTHSAYER: Caesar!

JULIA: *(back to her Southern accent once more)* Who calls? Oh look, now it's some creepy person.

CASCA: Quiet everyone! Caesar is trying to speak to some creepy, crazy person!

JULIA: So what is it you want with me?

SOOTHSAYER: *(getting close to JULIA)* Beware the Ides of March!

JULIA: *(backing up from SOOTHSAYER)* I'm pretty sure March doesn't have eyes. And stay away from me.

MARCIA: The Soothsayer bids you to beware the Ides of March, not the eyes.

JULIA: And just what are the Ides of March?

MARCIA: March fifteenth. He's telling you to beware March fifteenth.

JULIA: Oh, I guess that makes more sense. I wish he'd just said that in the first place. Someone tell him to start making more sense.

DECIUS: You soothsayer fellow, try to make more sense next time you address the great Caesar.

SOOTHSAYER: Beware the Ides of March!

JULIA: He's being creepy again! Let's just go.

*All actors exit, except MARCIA and CASSIE.  
SOOTHSAYER exits in the opposite direction.*

CASSIE: Aren't you going to the game with the rest of the cool crowd?

MARCIA: What? Me? No. I really don't like sports much. I'm not like Antony. But don't let me stop you from going.

CASSIE: You know Marcia Brutus, I've been watching you, and you seem really distant lately. What's up? Boy troubles? Something up between you and Porticus?

MARCIA: Oh no, nothing like that... Things just seem different since Caesar got back from defeating her rival Pompey...

CASSIE: Ah, it's the student senate you worry about. I do too. I've heard many senators complaining lately that Caesar just isn't the same since she came back. And I've heard others mention your name too, Brutus. Saying things like since you are her BFF, you should be the one keeping her from doing something she'll regret.

MARCIA: What are you talking about? I hope you don't think that I would ever turn against my best friend Julia...

CASSIE: What? Who do you think I am? You know me better than that. Would I ever ask you to stab your best friend in the back? *(gives an overly forced laugh at the idea)* Please, give me some credit here would you. I'm your friend too Brutus, you can trust me.

*Sound of trumpets and shouting from offstage.*

MARCIA: What are they all cheering about? Oh I hope they didn't go and make Caesar homecoming queen.

CASSIE: Really? Is that what you are afraid of? I guess you also don't want Caesar to be homecoming queen.

MARCIA: I really don't... You know that this school has a fairness policy, and we don't elect anyone to be homecoming queen. Everyone is equal here, in Rome... Georgia. For the good of all Romans, Caesar should not be made our queen.

CASSIE: You, Marcia Brutus, are a good and honorable young woman. A true Roman! You put Rome... Georgia... and your high school

above all else, even your BFF. You know when we were young, Caesar and I were both down by the river one day, and she dared me to jump in it with her and swim to the other side. I didn't want to do it at first, but I finally agreed and we both jumped in and started swimming. When I got to the other side, I heard her calling for my help behind me. So I turned around and saw that she was struggling, and swam back... out of the kindness of my gentle and forgiving heart and saved her skinny butt. And look at her now! The other people at school treat her like a god, and are thinking of crowning her homecoming queen.

*More trumpets and shouting from offstage.*

MARCIA: There they go again, more cheering. They must be giving her some other awards or something now.

CASSIE: *(as CASSIE says the following she should be doing a good angel bad angel kind of thing with MARCIA, swapping from one side of MARCIA to the other as she speaks)* What is it about Caesar that makes her so popular? Why is she so special? Why does everyone look up to her, and think so highly of her? All you ever hear around here is Caesar this, and Caesar that. What they should be saying is Caesar and Brutus. They should be talking about you as much as they do about her. What's Caesar eating for lunch that makes her so powerful?

MARCIA: Peanut butter... She's probably eating peanut butter, I can't because I'm allergic to it... Definitely not shellfish... That's what's she's allergic to...

CASSIE: Mmmmmm... Caesar is allergic to shellfish you say? That's an interesting bit of information to have...

SARAH: Ah, none of these allergy things are anywhere in the script. Why are you all adding this stuff?

*More trumpets and shouting from offstage.*

CASSIE: Not again! Our school should be ashamed! Rome... Georgia... has lost its ability to raise noble students! When has only one student mattered around this school? In years past we have always celebrated everyone's accomplishments, not just those of one person in particular. In fact if I remember correctly, wasn't it your grandfather all of those years ago when he was a student here, that came up with the idea of the fairness policy? What do you think he would say if he were here today? Would he sit idly by and let the others choose Caesar? No! He would rather see the devil himself run this school, than let a homecoming queen be crowned in Rome... Georgia!

MARCIA: Yeah, yeah. I get what you're saying. And I do think you are starting to make some sense. But I think that's enough for today. Let me think about this a bit, and we can talk to one another again in private someday.

*CASSIE smiles evilly at MARCIA and gives her a pat on the back.*

MARCIA: The game appears to be over, looks like Caesar and the others are coming back.

CASSIE: When they pass by grab Casca, he's a blabbermouth, he'll tell you what happened.

MARCIA: It looks like Caesar is angry. And the others look like she's yelled at them again. Casca looks pale, and Cicero's eyes are red and fiery, like he always looks right after he's finished arguing with someone in the student senate.

*JULIA and the other actors who left with her re-enter the scene, talking among themselves. JULIA looks angry. CALPURNICUS is not with them.*

*As JULIA and ANTONY speak together below, MARCIA should grab CASCA by the sleeve and pull him away from the crowd.*

JULIA: (continuing to speak in her Southern accent) Antony!

ANTONY: Caesar?

JULIA: You know darlin', I've been thinking about our little entourage here, and I think we need to start being more careful of who we let into it. Just look at that Cassie girl over there for example.

*JULIA and ANTONY pause and look at CASSIE who stands by herself to one side doing something embarrassing, like fixing a wedgie she has or something of that nature.*

JULIA: Ewwwww... She really just does not fit in with the rest of us. She's always wearing that black toga. What is she supposed to be, some kind of goth Roman or something? Girls like her are unpopular, and that makes her dangerous.

ANTONY: Don't worry Caesar, she's not that bad. And she's certainly not dangerous. She's a decent and noble Roman. Give her a chance, you never know you might even like her.

JULIA: Oh, don't get me wrong, I am not afraid of her. She's just so nerdy. She's always reading, and she pays way too much attention to what's going on in class. I'm just worried that some of the cute boys, might not be paying as much attention to me as they should be with the likes of her around.

*CALPURNICUS runs onstage carrying his model plus a bunch of souvenirs from the game. Items such as pennants, a football, and maybe a big foam finger.*

CALPURNICUS: Julia! Oh Julia! Where are you? Oh there, you are honey!

JULIA: (to ANTONY) See what I mean. (to everyone) Time to get going, I'm a busy person, we can't be standing around here doing nothing all day.

*JULIA exits, all the actors follow, except MARCIA, CASSIE and CASCA.*

CASCA: What's up Brutus? Why did you pull me aside?

MARCIA: What was going on over there at the game? Why was everyone shouting?

CASCA: But I thought you were there with us?

MARCIA: No I stayed behind.

CASCA: Well, they offered Caesar the homecoming crown, but she refused it. And when she did that the other students started shouting for her to take it.

MARCIA: I heard three sets of shouting. What happened the other two times?

CASCA: Same thing. They offered her the crown three times.

CASSIE: Who offered her the crown?

CASCA: Antony.

CASSIE: Was Cicero there? Did he say or do anything?

CASCA: He was and he said something to the crowd in Greek.

CASSIE: So what did he say?

CASCA: I have no idea. It was all Greek to me!

CASSIE: Want to stop by my place tonight for dinner, Casca? It's Taco Tuesday, and you know how good my mom's tacos are.

CASCA: Sounds great, but I can't, I've already made plans.

CASSIE: How about tomorrow then?

CASCA: Sure, if I'm still alive and you haven't gone crazy yet, and your mom makes something worth eating.

CASSIE: Sounds good. I'll let Mom know you're coming.

CASCA: Alright, see you later.

*CASCA exits.*

MARCIA: He doesn't seem to be the sharpest crayon in the box.

CASSIE: Don't let that fool you. He's smarter than he lets on.

MARCIA: Well I need to get going too. If you want to talk tomorrow let me know, maybe I'll stop by.

CASSIE: Sounds good, I'll text you later. Or send a carrier pigeon or something. I'm still sort of confused as to when exactly this play is taking place.

MARCIA: Me too. See you later.

*MARCIA exits.*

CASSIE: Yes, I will definitely be seeing you later, Brutus. You may be a goodie-two-shoes, but I'm pretty sure I can bend you to my will eventually. I know that Caesar resents me and loves you. If I were you, Brutus, I wouldn't follow Caesar around like you do.

*CASSIE exits.*

SARAH: Well that was interesting. I guess it is sort of working. I can still follow the story for the most part.

DAVE: Yeah, but some of it is pretty silly. Why'd she have to switch it to a high school in Rome, Georgia? It could have just taken place in ancient Rome with modern English. A few of the actors seem a bit confused.

SARAH: And what was up with all the allergy stuff? What I think we need to do is just try and keep it from getting even more confusing as the action starts to pick up.

DAVE: That's for sure.

*The stage lights dim. Thunder sounds and lightning flashes play occasionally until morning and everyone gets to the Senate.*

*CICERO and CASCA enter. CASCA has his sword in hand.*

CICERO: Hey there Casca! What's going on? You look scared, like you saw a ghost or something.

CASCA: Aren't you afraid of this terrible storm? I've seen some bad storms before. Here in Rome... Georgia... we can get some pretty nasty hurricanes from time to time, but nothing like this.

CICERO: What? Do you think it's an omen from the gods or something?

CASCA: Maybe, I saw this lion walking around near the high school. It must've escaped from the zoo over in Atlanta. It didn't attack me or anything, but it still really scared me. I've been walking around with my sword ready ever since I saw it. And then there was a group of frightened cheerleaders, who swear to me that they saw people on fire running through the streets. If these things aren't omens, I don't know what are.

CICERO: Indeed, these are strange times we live in. But you shouldn't get yourself all worked up over these things, even though they may be omens, we don't really know whether or not they are bad omens. Have you talked to Caesar? Will she be coming to school tomorrow?

CASCA: Yeah, I heard her telling Antony that she would be.

CICERO: Good. I'll see you later then. You should head home, Casca. This is not a night to be walking around outside, plus it's pretty late, and your mom is probably worried by now.

CASCA: See you later Cicero.

*CICERO exits as CASSIE enters from the opposite side.*

CASSIE: Who's there?

CASCA: A Roman.

CASSIE: Ah, Casca! I recognize your voice.

CASCA: You must have pretty good hearing to figure out it's me on a night like this.

CASSIE: Why? It's a beautiful night as far as I'm concerned.

CASCA: How could that be? Haven't you noticed the crazy storm going on? Aren't you scared of it? The gods must be angry with us, or something.



CASSIE: There's only one Roman the gods should be angry with tonight...

CASCA: You're speaking about Caesar aren't you?

CASSIE: Let it be known to the entire world that Romans today just don't have the guts that they used to have years ago. Especially if they just give in to her every whim, and allow Caesar to become their homecoming queen.

CASCA: But I hear tomorrow that the student senate is going to make Caesar homecoming queen of everywhere else, except Rome... Georgia...

*DAVE jumps up and stops the scene. The actors onstage stand there confused watching what happens until DAVE sits back down.*

DAVE: Whoa, whoa... OK, stop this! That just does not make any sense.

SARAH: What's wrong?

DAVE: How could her school make her homecoming queen, of everywhere else, except her own school? How is that even possible?

SARAH: Well, I think they are just trying to fit it in with the school theme they have going on.

*JULIA rushes in looking angry.*

JULIA: What's the matter now, Dave?

DAVE: This plot isn't making any sense. How can they make you homecoming queen of everywhere except the city you actually live in? Every school has their own homecoming queen.

JULIA: I'm just that special. I'm the great and powerful Julia Caesar! I killed what's his name. And now everybody loves me.

SARAH: Pompey.

JULIA: Yeah, what she said. Now can we get back to the play, I have a scene coming up, and I've been offstage for far too long. Besides, what are you complaining about anyway, Dave, you're the one who wrote this dumb play in the first place.

*JULIA exits.*

DAVE: (*shouting after JULIA*) I did not write this play, William Shakespeare wrote this play, and it was a lot better before you started changing it!

*DAVE sits back down, frustrated from his exchange with JULIA.*

CASSIE: (*to DAVE*) Are you finished with your outburst? Can we get back to our acting over here?

DAVE: I am one of the directors. I'm allowed to have outbursts! Especially when the actors start changing the play, and it stops making sense!

SARAH: (*talking to the actors, while patting DAVE on the arm to settle him down*) OK everyone, let's just carry on with the show.

CASCA: So why are you out on a night like this anyway?

CASSIE: Actually, I'm going to a super secret meeting, of people who think just like I do about Caesar. We'll probably come up with some kind of secret plan to stab her, or something. Want to join us?

CASCA: I don't know... Depends on who's going to be there. Is Antony going to be there? I can't stand that guy.

CASSIE: No, not Antony. Trust me, we all hate that guy. Look here comes Cinna now.

*CINNA enters.*

CINNA: There you are, Cassie, I've been looking all over for you. Are you coming to the meeting or not? Everyone's starting to wonder.

CASSIE: I was just on my way now, when I ran into good Casca here, I'm trying to get him to join us this evening. Is everyone else at the secret spot waiting?

CINNA: Yep, all except Metellus Cimber, he went out looking for you.

CASCA: So who all is in this secret group of conspirators anyway?

CASSIE: Well there's us, plus Metellus Cimber and Decius Brutus.

CINNA: If only we could convince Marcia Brutus to join us.

CASSIE: Oh don't you worry about Brutus. I've already been working on her, and I'm pretty sure that she's close to joining us. In fact there's something you could do for me on your way back to the secret meeting place.

CASCA: Where is the secret meeting place?

CASSIE: Pompey's theater, at the school. We always try and pick a place that has something to do with Pompey when we do secret conspirator type things...

CASCA: Makes sense.

DAVE: (*from his director's chair*) Sure, it makes sense until you walk around the city telling random people all about all of your conspirator secrets.

CASSIE: (*ignoring DAVE*) So Cinna, I'd like you to take this list of secret messages that I want you to send to Brutus. Go up to a few random senators, and ask to borrow their cell phones, and then text Brutus these messages from different people's phones. That way she'll think everyone is complaining about Caesar. That should get her attention.

CINNA: Sounds like a plan. I'll go take care of this stuff, then meet you at the secret place.

*CINNA exits.*

CASSIE: Come on Casca, let's go stop by Brutus' house on our way to the secret meeting place. She's almost with us already, by tomorrow she'll be totally on our side.

CASCA: Now this is a great plan.

CASSIE: You're right about that Casca, and soon she'll be on the dark side with us! (*laughs evilly*)

*CASSIE and CASCA both exit. SARAH and DAVE get up from their chairs.*

SARAH: We need to set up for Act II. It starts off at Brutus' plantation. Glen, could you help get some plants and things in here as decorations?

*Both directors start setting up for the next scene. STAGEHAND enters with some potted plants. The directors move them around and place them where they want them. They have the following conversation as they work.*

DAVE: I still don't think that Savannah understands that she's about to get stabbed to death. How do you think she's going to react?

SARAH: I'm not really sure. I'd like to think that she'll act like a professional actress would and play the part she needs to in order for the greater work to be successful. It's not actually the Caesar character I'm worried about, it's Cassius. She was pretty rebellious towards you in that last scene. And she sticks around a lot longer than Caesar does. If the other actors start acting like individual prima donnas here, then this whole production could be in trouble.

DAVE: Tell me about it! Who would have ever thought that working with a bunch of student actors could ever be so time consuming and troublesome. It's like they are all starting to see that Savannah is getting her way, so they think to themselves that they could just do the same thing, and get away with it too.

*STAGEHAND finishes carrying in plants, and turns to go backstage.*

*Note: The original production used a scrim as a backdrop on which backgrounds were projected. If you cannot change your background so easily, skip the following.*

SARAH: Oh hey, Glen! Could you please change the background to something a little more appropriate? The next scene should be on Brutus' plantation. Thanks!

*STAGEHAND gives SARAH a signal acknowledging her request. Then leaves. A few second later the background changes to a picture of a Southern plantation from somewhere in the American Southeast. Someplace like Georgia.*

SARAH: No wait! That's not what I meant. Glen! Glen! Can you hear me? Can you hear me back there Glen?

*DAVE stands there next to SARAH shaking his head as this goes on. CASSIE enters and opens her arms in a questioning gesture.*

CASSIE: Uh, Sarah? Dave? Can we get this thing moving? I don't have all night for this play? I have a date later.

*Both directors turn and look towards CASSIE.*

SARAH: Sorry, let's just keep this moving. Julia Caesar, Act II. Action!

*CASSIE exits, as MARCIA enters. Thunder and lightning.*

MARCIA: Lucius? Lucius? Are you around? I can't tell by the position of the stars how close to daybreak it is, and apparently my alarm clock, cell phone, and the little clock on my microwave are all broken as well.

*LUCIUS enters.*

LUCIUS: Did you call me my lady?

MARCIA: My lady? Wait a minute... *(turning towards the directors)* Who is this guy again?

DAVE: He's your servant.

MARCIA: My servant? Am I some kind of rich kid or something?

DAVE: Well, actually you're a Roman senator, but yes in this version you are some kind of rich kid or something. Apparently...

MARCIA: Sweeeet...

*Turning back towards LUCIUS.*

MARCIA: Well Lucius, my trusted and devoted servant, I'm feeling a little hungry, would you make me something to eat?

LUCIUS: Of course my lady.

MARCIA: And make sure it's not peanut butter, I'm allergic.

LUCIUS: Of course my lady.

*LUCIUS exits.*

MARCIA: Now that I am alone, and waiting for my snack that my devoted and trusted servant Lucius is making for me, I guess I should think about this whole Caesar thing a bit more. If what Cassie told me was true, and the people of Rome... Georgia... are all counting on me. If Caesar is crowned homecoming queen, and gains all the power that goes along with it, she may turn evil. But if I do something about it now, it would be in response to some future action of hers. Is that the right thing to do? Should someone be punished for something they might do someday in the future? If she becomes queen, she may abuse the power, and we will be at fault for allowing her to do so. I guess there is only one thing to do. Kill Caesar.

JULIA: *(shouting from offstage in her regular accent)* What? What did you just say?

*DAVE and SARAH look at each other concerned.*

JULIA: (*running on*) Did you just say you want to kill me? What's that supposed to mean?

MARCIA: Ah... ah... It's just a figure of speech.

*JULIA stands there giving MARCIA the evil eye for a while. Then she turns to the directors and gives them the evil eye for a while too.*

JULIA: It better be.

*JULIA exits. LUCIUS enters carrying some pizza bagels, and MARCIA's cell phone.*

LUCIUS: I have returned my lady, and I have brought you some pizza bagels. While I was baking these fine snacks for you, I noticed that you had a new text on your cell phone, so I brought it for you.

*LUCIUS hands MARCIA her cell phone.*

MARCIA: Thank you my trusted and devoted servant, Lucius. Since it is not yet daybreak, why don't you go back to bed. But first, I wonder is tomorrow the Ides of March?

LUCIUS: I'm not sure.

MARCIA: Would you please go and check the calendar.

LUCIUS: Why don't you just check the calendar on your cell phone? You're holding it in your hand.

MARCIA: Because, apparently the day and time on it are broken, so would you please go check a calendar somewhere.

LUCIUS: If it's broken, why don't you just go get a new one? You are a rich kid after all.

MARCIA: Because it's the middle of the night.

LUCIUS: I think Walmarticus is open 24 hours. They sell cell phones there.

MARCIA: That's true, but I still can't go right now, because my dad has the keys to our... uh... chariot... and he's sleeping. And believe me, it's not a good idea to wake up Marcus Junius Brutus the Elder when he's sleeping. Ain't gonna happen! So, go find a calendar somewhere, my devoted and trusted servant, and tell me if tomorrow is the Ides of March.

LUCIUS: (*exhaling loudly*) Fine...

*LUCIUS exits. MARCIA looks up at the night sky a bit.*

MARCIA: What a strange night. The meteors are so bright that I can read my texts by them. Of course the way my cell phone screen lights up helps a lot too.

*Turns on her cell phone. If possible, it should be dark enough to see the phone's glow.*

MARCIA: What's this text here? It's from a number I do not recognize. It says, "Brutus, you're sleeping. Wake up and look at yourself!" What does this mean? Who sent it? What could they be trying to tell me?

*MARCIA strikes a dramatic pose, as LUCIUS enters again.*

LUCIUS: Oh, I see your cell phone is working again. But have no fear, I found a calendar, and yes tomorrow is March 15, the Ides of March.

*Doorbell rings.*

MARCIA: Good, now please go and see who is at the door at this late hour. My devoted and trusted servant.

LUCIUS: Sure, why not.

*LUCIUS exits.*

MARCIA: I haven't had a good night's sleep since Cassie started to turn me against my BFF, Caesar. Once a person makes up their mind to do something terrible, until that moment when they actually do it. Everything just feels like some awful, hideous dream. It's like my subconscious is working against me to try and prevent me from doing it.

*LUCIUS enters.*

LUCIUS: It's your boyfriend's sister, my lady. You know, the creepy goth Roman chick.

MARCIA: Cassie? Here at this time of night? Is she alone?

LUCIUS: Nope. She's got a whole gang of shady looking Romans with her.

MARCIA: Please show them in.

LUCIUS: My lady, are you sure Marcus Junius Brutus the Elder would approve of some kind of weird toga party thing going on in the middle of the night in his house?

MARCIA: Just show them in, I'll take full responsibility.

LUCIUS: Responsibility or not, it ain't you he's gonna have crucified if he finds out.

MARCIA: Just do it, my trusted and devoted servant.

LUCIUS: Fine!

*LUCIUS exits.*

MARCIA: Cassie must have brought the other conspirators. That has to be who's with her. Not even the night can hide a conspiracy such as ours. There is no use trying to find a place to hide. The only thing that we can hide behind at this point are smiles and our friendly personalities.

*Enter CASSIE, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA and METELLUS.*

CASSIE: Brutus my friend. I hope we are not disturbing you so early in the morning.

MARCIA: It's no problem, I was up actually. I've been having trouble sleeping. Do I know everyone who is with you?

CASSIE: Of course you do. They are all admirers of yours: (*points out each conspirator in turn*) Decius, Cinna, Metellus and of course Casca.

MARCIA: You are all welcome here. Make yourselves at home.

CASCA: Thanks Brutus. Are those pizza bagels? Mind if I have some?

MARCIA: Sure, help yourself. Cassie, can I have a word with you?

*MARCIA and CASSIE go off into one corner and whisper in private.*

DECIUS: I think that direction is East. (*pointing towards the east*) That's where the sun will be rising from soon.

CASCA: Nope.

CINNA: No, I think he is right that way is definitely East.



CASCA: Right, but it's still winter. So the sunrise will be more to the Southeast. (*pointing his pizza bagel to the Southeast*) That is where the sun will soon be rising from.

*CASSIE and MARCIA return to the group.*

MARCIA: Everyone give me your hands, one by one.

*All of the conspirators line up and each shakes MARCIA's hand in turn.*

CASSIE: And let us swear an oath to one another.

MARCIA: No, not an oath. If the sad faces of our schoolmates, and our own suffering hearts are not enough to motivate us, then we should break off our conspiracy and...

*Doorbell rings. The conspirators, and directors all stop and look at each other on confusion.*

*Doorbell rings again. The directors both pull out scripts and start frantically looking through them.*

MARCIA: Ah... I'm pretty sure all the conspirators are here... (*stops and counts everyone onstage*) Yep, we're all here.

*Doorbell rings a third time.*

MARCIA: Lucius! Lucius!

*LUCIUS enters.*

LUCIUS: I swear, I can't get any sleep around here. What now?

MARCIA: Lucius, my trusted and devoted servant. Would you please see who is at the door?

LUCIUS: Fine.

*LUCIUS exits. The conspirators, and the directors wait in silence looking towards where LUCIUS just exited.*

JULIA: (*offstage, in her loud over-the-top Southern accent*) Hey there, I'm just here to pay a little visit to my BFF, Marcia Brutus.

LUCIUS: (*offstage*) But it's the middle of the night.

JULIA: (*offstage still*) Why should that matter, suga? She's not busy is she? She wouldn't be involved in some super secret conspirators' meeting or anything like that, now would she? No worries, I'll just show myself in.

*The conspirators all start scrambling and looking for places to hide. They run behind plants and/or furniture on the set and hide behind it. CASCA stops to grab as many pizza bagels as he can carry, but realizes too late that all of the various hiding spots have been taken. He runs around looking for somewhere to hide but the other conspirators keep pushing him away. STAGEHAND enters with an extra plant for CASCA to hide behind, which he does.*

*STAGEHAND exits, shaking his head. JULIA enters, with LUCIUS behind trying to stop her. MARCIA is the only conspirator standing in the open.*

MARCIA: Caesar my good friend! What brings you here so early in the morning? I thought you'd be home getting ready for your visit to the student senate today.

JULIA: *(continuing in her Southern accent)* Oh I just thought maybe we could leave for school a little early, and stop for breakfast on the way.

MARCIA: But Caesar, it's three in the morning. Don't you think that's a little early to be leaving for school?

JULIA: *(Starting to move around the room, looking for hidden people. She finds none.)* Why not? Denny's is open. Come on, I'll treat you to a Grand Slam.

MARCIA: I'm not sure I really want to be eating something just yet. It's still too early for me.

JULIA: What's wrong? Lost your appetite for some reason? Something laying heavy on your conscience?

MARCIA: No. Why would you say that?

JULIA: Oh, just rumors. Nothing important I guess.

MARCIA: Rumors about what? What are you suggesting?

JULIA: Oh nothing, I was just... hey wait a minute. What's today's date?

MARCIA: March 15, I believe.

JULIA: March 15? The eyes of March?

MARCIA: It's pronounced Ides of March.

JULIA: That's it! I need to find that creepy guy. I'll see you at school later.

MARCIA: Bye.

*JULIA exits. After she leaves, all of the hidden conspirators give out a loud audible sigh of relief, then come out of hiding.*

CASSIE: That was close. How did she know to look for us here?

LUCIUS: I'm pretty sure she just listened to you guys from offstage.

CASSIE: Brutus?

MARCIA: Sorry. Lucius, that will be all for now. You may go back to sleep.

LUCIUS: My lady.

*LUCIUS exits.*

CASCA: So what do we do now?

MARCIA: I say we stick to the plan as it is.

CASSIE: What about Cicero? I was thinking we should try and include him.

CINNA: Yes, I agree, we should ask Cicero as well.

METELLUS: Yes! The people of the school trust Cicero. He's a senior after all. With him on our side, people will just assume it was his idea.

MARCIA: No, don't even mention him. He won't go for it. I know him. He never joins in on anything that isn't his idea.

CASCA: Indeed. He won't go for this.

DECIUS: OK well, should we get rid of anyone else besides Caesar?

CASSIE: Decius makes a good point there. Would it be wise to kill Caesar, and then let Mark Antony live? What if something goes wrong, and Antony doesn't just accept what we've done. He might get mad and hunt us all down, or something like that.

MARCIA: No, we cannot kill Antony. It'll seem like we are trying to take over. Caesar needs to die, in order for Rome... Georgia... to live. I wish there was some other way to do this. Caesar's blood needs to spill if we are to stop her, but we need not spill it in anger. Let us sacrifice her to the gods, rather than butcher her like an animal. When we strike, we must strike bold and true, not chop her up like food for the dogs. We should only hold anger in

our hearts long enough to do the deed, and then be remorseful afterwards that we did it.

CASSIE: But I'm still not convinced we should let Antony live, he loves Caesar too much.

MARCIA: Do not worry about Antony, Cassie. If he loves Caesar that much, the only person he could possibly hurt is himself.

DECIUS: I agree, let's not kill Antony. We'll let him live, and he'll probably sit around and laugh with us about the whole thing afterwards.

*A distant clock strikes three.*

CINNA: It's getting late, we should go and get ready for tomorrow.

CASSIE: But how do we know Caesar will even show up at school? It's obvious that she's starting to get suspicious.

DECIUS: Don't worry about that. I'll stop by her house on the way to school and make sure that she goes. I'll just use a little bit of flattery. I'll tell her that all the school was talking about her new toga yesterday, and she won't be able to resist going and showing it off again today.

CASSIE: No, we should all go and bring her to the student senate meeting. She likes it when a crowd of people are waiting for her.

MARCIA: We'll all wait for her in front of the school before the first bell rings. Make sure you are all early, we won't be able to wait for anyone.

METELLUS: We should totally invite Trebonius too. She was one of Pompey's friends. Plus she totally hates Caesar after she was making fun of her for wearing those Greek style sandals the other day.

CASSIE: Oh, those sandals were awful, I remember them. Who'd she think she was Helen of Troy or something?

MARCIA: Good idea Metellus, go to her house now and ask her to stop by my place on the way to school. I'll convince her. She trusts me, I've always been nice to her.

CASSIE: Morning will be here soon. Let's all go and get ready for school. Everyone be careful not to give away our plans. Everyone remember what we have all promised to do tonight, and be ready to prove yourself true Romans in the student senate tomorrow.

MARCIA: And when you get there before school, be sure to act happy and cheerful. Like you are all a part of the Rome... Georgia... High School Drama Club.

*They all shake hands and pat each other on the back, and then everyone exits except MARCIA.*

MARCIA: Lucius! Lucius! Where are you?

*LUCIUS enters.*

LUCIUS: What is it now?

MARCIA: It's starting to get late, would you please start making breakfast? I'm expecting Porticus, so make sure there's enough for the both of us. And no peanut butter. I'm allergic.

LUCIUS: Would bacon and eggs make my lady happy?

MARCIA: I was thinking more like pancakes and sausage. I have a big day ahead of me.

LUCIUS: Whatever.

MARCIA: Thank you, my trusted and devoted...

*LUCIUS starts to exit as PORTICUS enters and passes him.*

LUCIUS: *(as he is exiting)* Here's your boyfriend now.

MARCIA: Oh, good morning honey.

PORTICUS: Hey there, good morning. Are you feeling OK? You look like you've been up all night. And you were acting kind of funny last night when we were having dinner with my folks. You kept stabbing your chicken over and over again, while mumbling about practicing for something or other. Is something on your mind?

MARCIA: Oh no, nothing like that. You're right I haven't been feeling well lately. *(fakes a couple of coughs)*

PORTICUS: Well, why don't you call in sick today? I'll tell you what, I'll skip school too and stay here and order Lucius to make you some chicken soup or something.

MARCIA: Oh, that's sweet of you dear. But I have an important student senate meeting today. A... Very... Important... Student... Senate... Meeting... Today.

PORTICUS: What was that?

MARCIA: Oh nothing. I still need to get ready for school. Why don't you go ahead and I'll catch up later. I'll tell you what, we'll get together tonight after school, and you can order Lucius to make us a romantic dinner.

PORTICUS: Burritos? They're my fave.

MARCIA: Burritos it is! See you later. *(she blows him a kiss)*

PORTICUS: Bye!

*PORTICUS exits. As he does so, the doorbell rings once more.*

*LUCIUS enters leading TREBONIUS in. TREBONIUS is wearing a toga, with a pair of very outlandish sandals. She also has a blanket thrown over her shoulders, and is shivering like she's sick.*

LUCIUS: Oh look my lady, it's yet another one of your weirdo friends.

MARCIA: Thank you Lucius, that will be all.

LUCIUS: Will it? Will it really be all? I've only been up all night long.

MARCIA: Well, it should be. Why don't you head back to bed. Oh! After you finish cooking my breakfast that is.

*LUCIUS smiles and nods at her and then exits.*

TREBONIUS: Such a nice and helpful servant you have there.

MARCIA: Yes, he is quite devoted and trusted. I'm guessing that you spoke with Metellus?

TREBONIUS: I did.

MARCIA: Are you certain you feel up to helping us? You look a bit under the weather this morning.

*TREBONIUS sneezes.*

MARCIA: Jupiter bless you!

TREBONIUS: Thanks. I'll be fine. Especially if I can help you with a common problem that we have.

MARCIA: I knew you'd be willing. I'll tell you what must be done over breakfast. Lucius is making pancakes and sausage.

TREBONIUS: Sounds good.

*MARCIA puts her arm around TREBONIUS' shoulder as they both exit.*

DAVE: (turning to SARAH) Well I think things are getting back on track now.

SARAH: Yeah, I was getting a little worried there when Caesar showed up at the secret conspirators' meeting at Brutus' house. I'm not sure what Savannah was thinking there.

*As they are speaking STAGEHAND enters and hands DAVE a note. Once he does this, STAGEHAND starts changing the set around. Moving off the more "Roman" looking pieces and moving in Renaissance looking laboratory equipment. Things like globes, sextants, piles of scrolls and large beakers.*

DAVE: (looking at the note) Oh no, this can't be good.

SARAH: What does it say?

*DAVE hands SARAH the note. He shakes his head the whole time she reads.*

SARAH: (reading the note) Meanwhile, Back inside Copernicus' laboratory.

DAVE: It's Cal... Calpurnicus!

*CALPURNICUS enters carrying his model of the Solar System, and starts making himself busy with the items in his lab. He's trying his hardest to look like he's doing some kind of experiment, even though he's not quite sure what to do.*

*After a few awkward moments of CALPURNICUS trying to look busy, JULIA storms in.*

JULIA: (in her over the top Southern accent) Calpurnicus sweetie, I need you to do a little ole favor for me. (she stops and gives a huge and obviously fake smile to CALPURNICUS)

CALPURNICUS: Of course my dear, what is it you'd like me to do for you? Something involving science I hope.

JULIA: As a matter of fact it does involve science. See, I do believe that some of the students at school are starting to turn on me a bit. And I am feeling fairly vulnerable because of it. So I thought maybe you could put that wonderful mind of yours to good use for once, and design something that could help protect me...

something like a... oh I don't know... (*drops her Southern accent*)  
A GIANT KILLER ROBOT TO CRUSH MY ENEMIES! (*switches back to her Southern accent and smiles at CALPURNICUS*) Suga plum.

DAVE: Oh dear Lord.

CALPURNICUS: Now you're talking my language! Science! As a matter of fact I just so happen to have the design plans here for a giant steam powered robot. (*starts shuffling through his stack of scrolls looking for the robot plans*) Is ten feet tall enough for you?

SARAH: My mother warned me about joining the Drama Club. She really did. And I should've listened.

JULIA: I would prefer twenty feet, but if ten is all you can give me by first period, it'll have to do.

CALPURNICUS: (*suddenly stopping his search*) First period?!?!? Why to build a robot of that size and power, or any robot at all for that matter, it'll take at least until lunchtime.

JULIA: Curses! Could someone please tell me again why I am dating you?

SARAH: Because the script says so. Remember the script? I have a copy here if you need one. (*holds up script and waves it around*)

JULIA: (*ignoring SARAH*) What good are you if it takes you until lunchtime to build a giant killer robot? That's not fast enough!

CALPURNICUS: I'm sorry sweetums, but I thought building a robot in five hours was pretty good. Amazing in fact considering we're living in the fifteenth century!

DAVE: Actually, only *you're* living in the fifteenth century, Copernicus. She, and all the other characters as a matter of fact, are actually living about fifteen hundred years before you.

JULIA: I guess I'll just have my mom call me in sick today. There's no other way.

*The doorbell rings.*

CALPURNICUS: Oh heavens! What is that noise, surely I have not heard anything like that before in the fifteenth century.

JULIA: (*dropping her Southern accent again*) Can it, nerd! (*turning towards the doorbell sound*) Who is it?

*DECIUS enters.*



CALPURNICUS: Decius! Welcome to my laboratory. Would you like to see my model of the Solar System?

JULIA: (*ignoring CALPURNICUS*) Decius, what are you doing here?

DECIUS: Good morning, Caesar! I was just stopping by, thought I'd walk with you to school today.

JULIA: (*looking at DECIUS suspiciously, and switching back to her Southern accent*) And why would you want to do that today of all days?

DECIUS: Oh no reason in particular. Hey, you know what, I overheard some girls talking about that new toga that you wore to the game the other night.

JULIA: (*suddenly looking interested once more*) Really? What did they say?

DECIUS: They were all jealous of your... hotness... Although they would never admit it to your face I'm sure.

JULIA: Of course not. Come let's walk. You can tell me who it was on the way.

DECIUS: Sounds good.

*DECIUS exits. JULIA stays behind to talk to CALPURNICUS.*

CALPURNICUS: Julia, I don't think you should go. That Soothsayer warned you about it, and now Decius shows up to walk you to school? That's never happened before. Plus there's that creepy storm going on. Something is definitely up.

JULIA: I know. But there are other girls talking about me behind my back. Honor demands that I go!

CALPURNICUS: But what are you going to do for safety?

JULIA: I don't know. Oh wait! That other guy! What's his name. The one who always ogling me. Seems to like me a little too much, if you know who I mean. I think he's some kind of jock or something.

CALPURNICUS: You mean Mark Antony? Your most trusted general?

JULIA: That's the one! Sorry, I almost forgot about him. We haven't really seen much of him onstage.

DAVE: Not yet at least! (*DAVE and SARAH both laugh*)

JULIA: (*ignoring the directors*) Send him a text and let him know what's going on. Tell him to meet me on the way to school, and to be ready for anything.

CALPURNICUS: Got it! Oh wait a moment. What is this texting you speak of?

JULIA: Will you drop the geek bit already. This is important!

*Doorbell rings again.*

CALPURNICUS: It's that infernal dinging once more!

JULIA: Who is it this time?

*DECIUS enters once more, leading in LEPIDUS, MARCIA, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS and CINNA.*

*As all the senators walk in, CALPURNICUS moves to the side of the stage, pulls out his cell phone and starts texting frantically.*

DECIUS: Look who stopped by to also walk you to school.

JULIA: (*walking up to LEPIDUS*) Who are you? We haven't seen you yet in this play.

LEPIDUS: I'm Lepidus. I'm another Roman senator. Apparently there are quite a few of us senators in Rome... Georgia...

JULIA: With that I cannot argue. In fact it may seem to some, that there may in fact be far too many senators in Rome. (*she starts winking at MARCIA*)

MARCIA: Well, it's eight o'clock, time to get going. We don't want to be late for school, or that very important student senate meeting.

TREBONIUS: Yes, we should get a move on it.

CASCA: Anyone want to stop for breakfast on the way?

MARCIA: (*at the same time as JULIA*) NO!

JULIA: (*at the same time as MARCIA*) YES!

*JULIA stops and stares at MARCIA.*

MARCIA: Sorry, my trusted and devoted servant Lucius just cooked Trebonius and I a huge breakfast of pancakes and sausage so we're not hungry.

CASCA: What? After I left? You could have told me I would have wai...

*MARCIA elbows CASCA in the stomach.*

MARCIA: So, maybe next time. Tomorrow perhaps?

*JULIA looks like she's about to say something when the doorbell rings again.*

CALPURNICUS: Ah, I understand now, the bell rings when someone is at the door! What genius scientists invented such a useful instrument? Come in!

*ANTONY enters. He is dressed for battle. With armor, helmet, sword and shield. These items should match the look of your production. So if everything is over the top and funny looking, they should be too. If everything is more modern day school-realistic he could be wearing a football helmet and pads. What is important is that it's obvious he's ready for a fight.*

JULIA: *(suddenly a lot happier)* Ah look, even Antony who stays up all night partying is here to walk me to school. Good morning Antony!

ANTONY: And to you most noble Julia Caesar.

JULIA: *(smiling big)* Now, we can all get going.

*All of the actors exit.*

*DAVE jumps up all happy.*

DAVE: They're on their way!

*SARAH jumps up next to him, happy.*

SARAH: Yay! They're on their way to the Senate!

*Both directors start doing little happy dances. Maybe eventually turning it into a do-si-do kind of thing.*

DAVE AND SARAH: *(singing)* They're on their way! They're on their way! They're on their way to the Senate! They're on their way! They're on their way! They're on their way to the Senate!

*After the directors stop dancing and sit back down, ARTEMIDORUS enters. He moves around looking sneaky. He has a big cloak on that he's using to somewhat cover his identity.*

*ARTEMIDORUS takes his time moving to center stage, constantly looking around, watching out to be sure no one sees him. Once he is sure he is alone, he pulls out a scroll and unravels it.*

ARTEMIDORUS: (reading) “Caesar! Beware of Brutus! Watch out for Cassie! Don’t go near Casca, especially if he’s eating! Don’t take your eyes off Cinna! Trebonius is not to be trusted! Pay attention to everything that Metellus Cimber does! Decius Brutus does not love you! All of these students have one thing in common, and it’s directed towards you. If you are not immortal, then watch your back! Security opens the doors to conspiracy. I pray that the mighty gods will defend you! Oh, and you are invited to my birthday party, 2:30pm this Saturday. Your true friend, Artemidorus.” (no longer reading) I will wait here for Caesar and the others to pass, and then I will hand her this as if it is an invitation to my birthday party. Which it is, but since it is also a warning, she must see it at once. Oh my heart laments that good people are not safe, even here on the streets of Rome... Georgia...

*ARTEMIDORUS exits in the same direction as the others. PORTICUS and LUCIUS enter from the opposite side.*

PORTICUS: Lucius! Lucius! Come here! I need you to run to the school where the student senate is meeting. And to check up on Marcia Brutus. She looked ill this morning, and I want to make sure all is well.

LUCIUS: Seriously? You want me to run all the way to the school and look at her, then run all the way back here?

PORTICUS: Yes, I fear something terrible may be happening today.

LUCIUS: What do you Romans have against your cell phones? You all have them, just call her!

PORTICUS: Please trusted and devoted Lucius, please do this for me.

LUCIUS: Fine! I’ll go check on her. Hey, wait a minute. Shouldn’t you be going to school today, too? You’re not trying to skip class today are you?

PORTICUS: Ah... ah... Wait a minute, did you just hear something?

LUCIUS: No. I didn’t, and quit trying to distract me and answer the question.

PORTICUS: Please listen, I swear I heard something. Some kind of commotion coming from the direction of the school!

LUCIUS: Nope, nothing.

*SOOTHSAYER enters.*

PORTICUS: You there! You're the creepy guy that was trying to tell Caesar something the other day. Where did you come from?

SOOTHSAYER: My house. I'm on my way to school. I'm going to see if I can find Caesar before the student senate meeting begins.

PORTICUS: You have a warning for her don't you? What's going to happen to her today?

SOOTHSAYER: I don't really know for sure. But there are a lot of bad things that I fear may happen to her.

PORTICUS: Then go and find her. You too, Lucius. Find Brutus. I know she has some sort of request that Caesar will not grant. Oh I hope that all goes well.

*LUCIUS and SOOTHSAYER exit towards the other actors, PORTICUS exits opposite.*

SARAH: And now the moment we've all been waiting for. *Julia Caesar*, Act III. Time to set up the Roman Senate scene.

*STAGEHAND enters pushing in a statue of Pompey as well as other columns and props to make the set look as much like the Roman Senate as fits the look of the play. The directors happily help set this scene up.*

*A crowd of Romans enter. Including CITIZENS 1, 2, and 3, ARTEMIDORUS, CICERO and SOOTHSAYER. The crowd stands around chatting for a few moments, before a trumpet sounds.*

*After the trumpet sounds, CAESAR enters, followed by ANTONY, MARCIA, CASSIE, CASCA, DECIUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, METELLUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Feel free to add as many Citizens and Senators as you need to get a fair sized crowd onstage.*

JULIA: (to SOOTHSAYER) The Ides of March have come.

SOOTHSAYER: Yes, Caesar, but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS: (*offering his scroll to JULIA*) Caesar, I have an invitation for you! Please read it now!

JULIA: Ohhh, an invitation to a party?

ARTEMIDORUS: Yes, great Caesar!

JULIA: (*getting excited*) In my favor?!?!

ARTEMIDORUS: No, my lady, to my birthday party. Please read it right now.

JULIA: OK whatever. (*tosses the scroll back to someone behind her*) I'll read it later.

ARTEMIDORUS: But, Caesar, please read it right now!

CASSIE: (*jumping forward between JULIA and ARTEMIDORUS*) Thank you for the invite, we'll make sure Caesar gets it. I'm sure she'll consider going... if she's still alive that is.

JULIA: What was that last part, Cassie?

CASSIE: Oh nothing, Caesar. Just threatening the commoners for you.

JULIA: OK, let's get this meeting started shall we?

*Everyone crowds around JULIA, the conspirators being the closest. JULIA starts talking to people and reading scrolls and other documents people show her in pantomime in front of the statue of Pompey.*

*While this is happening TREBONIUS pulls ANTONY to the front side of the stage, opposite where the directors sit.*

TREBONIUS: Hey Antony!

ANTONY: What's up Trebonius?

TREBONIUS: So yesterday was my birthday, and my parents got me a brand new chariot!

ANTONY: Hey congrats!

TREBONIUS: Want to go check it out?

ANTONY: I shouldn't, I promised Caesar that I'd stay close by today.

TREBONIUS: But you'll love it, it's one of those Judah Ben-Hur specials. Right out of the Circus Maximus. Four horse power!

ANTONY: Four horses! Woah, that's pretty nice. But I still don't know, I am Caesar's most trusted general.

TREBONIUS: I'll let you take it for a spin.

ANTONY: Let's go!

*ANTONY and TREBONIUS exit. The other actors stop pantomiming and start to speak audibly once more.*

METELLUS: Caesar. I have a petition to make.

JULIA: OK, whatever.

METELLUS: *(kneeling in front of JULIA and taking a hold of her toga on the front)* You had my brother, Publius Cimber banished from Rome... Georgia... He has been wasting away these last few months in Athens... Ohio... *(clamors of shock and horror among the crowd)* And I wish you to repeal the banishment and allow him to return home.

JULIA: Phew! That's all? OK, sure whatever.

MARCIA: *(stepping up and kneeling next to METELLUS)* I second his motion Caesar. You should end the banishment of Publius Cimber.

JULIA: Sure, bring him back I don't care.

CASSIE: *(grabbing a hold of JULIA's arm)* How dare you refuse this request? The people demand it!

JULIA: I have no problem with him coming back home. I don't even remember the guy.

DECIUS: *(grabbing hold of JULIA's other arm)* Cassie speaks the truth to great Caesar! Justice can only be served if you let poor Publius Cimber return home.

JULIA: Look, if that's all you guys want then bring him home. And here I was worried you were all going to try and kill me or something.

*The Citizens and non-conspirator Senators mutter among themselves and point to what is going on.*

CINNA: *(grabbing JULIA's toga as well)* I can't believe you keep denying our humble request.

JULIA: I'm not denying your request, I'm granting it.

CASCA: (*pulling out a plush lobster that was hidden somewhere in his toga*)  
Speak, hands, for me!

*CASCA tries to stab JULIA with the lobster.*

JULIA: Hey, stop that!

DAVE: (*standing and looking confused*) What is that? A lobster? Why are they stabbing her with a lobster?!?!?

SARAH: Oh I get it now, that's why they were talking about all of the allergy stuff before. She has a shellfish allergy.

DAVE: Seriously? Death by shellfish? Are any of the actors listening to us at this point?

SARAH: Apparently not.

*The other conspirators also pull out other forms of shellfish, such as plush crabs and lobsters and stab JULIA as well. MARCIA is the last to go.*

JULIA: (*stumbles a bit, and looks like she's about to fall, and then regains her footing and stands up straight*) That was close, luckily you all missed my vital organs.

*The conspirators pull out their shellfish and stab JULIA dramatically once more. MARCIA goes last again.*

JULIA: (*staggers around a bit longer this time before, standing up straight one more*) It's a good thing that I'm a fast healer.

*The conspirators give out an audible sigh, draw their shellfish again, and stab JULIA multiple times each, before MARCIA, very dramatically pulls her plush lobster out once more, and then makes a big show of rubbing it in JULIA's face.*

JULIA: Alas! Who am I to deny a good death scene. (*dramatic pause*)  
Oh no, you know my one weakness – Shellfish!

*JULIA staggers around for a long time, moaning and groaning, falling and getting up. Everyone else, actors and directors are motionless staring at her before she finally falls at the foot of Pompey's statue.*

JULIA: (*arm raised towards MARCIA*) Et tu, Brute? Then fall Caesar.

*JULIA collapses and dies.*



CINNA: Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Go and tell everyone! Cry it in the streets!

CASSIE: Run to the public places and shout out, “Liberty! Freedom! Democracy!”

*Some of the Citizens and Senators run offstage.  
Others stand around looking shocked at what happened.*

DECIUS: Quickly Brutus, talk to the crowd, before we lose them!

*MARCIA steps up and addresses the people who are still onstage.*

MARCIA: People and Senators, don’t be afraid, and don’t run away! We were only here to kill Caesar for her ambition.

*The crowd starts to grumble.*

LEPIDUS: Why did you do that?

CASSIE: You should leave us, good Lepidus, in case the people charge us, so you will not be harmed.

MARCIA: Yes, let only us who did the deed suffer should we be attacked.

*LEPIDUS exits. TREBONIUS enters.*

CASSIE: Where’s Antony?

TREBONIUS: He ran off, stunned, when it happened. Students are running through the halls screaming and shocked, athletes and geeks alike. You can hear the wails of the freshmen, acting as though it were doomsday.

MARCIA: Well, we will soon find out what fate has in store for us.

CASSIE: How many times from now will this scene be reenacted in countries that have yet to be born?

MARCIA: How many times will Caesar bleed again onstage? Even though her body lies right here at the feet of Pompey’s statue?

CASSIE: And as many times as people see this scene, we here today, shall always be remembered as the people who gave Rome liberty!

DECIUS: Well, let’s get going.

CASSIE: Yes Brutus, lead us through the halls!

*The conspirators are about to leave, when  
MESSENGER enters and stops them.*

MESSENGER: Brutus, my lord Antony asked me to speak to you. He wishes to talk with you, but he wants to make sure that you will promise him safety.

MARCIA: Your lord is a good and honorable Roman. I have never thought anything less of him. If he wants to talk, I am willing to, and I promise him that he will be unharmed.

MESSENGER: I'll go get him now then.

*MESSENGER exits.*

MARCIA: I know that Antony will be on our side.

CASSIE: I hope that he will be, but I am afraid that he might not be.

*ANTONY enters.*

MARCIA: Welcome Mark Antony.

ANTONY: Brutus. Cassie. Other people holding lobsters. Tell me, why did you do it? Who else are you planning to murder?

CASSIE: Oh Antony. Do not worry. We don't plan on killing anyone else. We mean the people of Rome... Georgia... no harm. We are only trying to free them!

MARCIA: Just give us a chance to calm the rest of the students, Antony, then I promise you I'll explain everything.

ANTONY: I doubt not your wisdom. Let me shake each of your bloody hands. (*ANTONY shakes each conspirators hand as he names them*) First, I shake yours Marcia Brutus. Next, Cassie, I will shake yours. Then you Decius Brutus. And then Metellus. And Cinna. And yours brave, Casca. And last but not least, my noble Trebonius. Now that I have shaken all of your hands, you must all think of me as a coward, or a flatterer. If Caesar is looking down upon us now, it must hurt her more than ever to see her dear friend Antony shaking hands with her murderers in front of her corpse.

CASSIE: So what is it you want with us, Antony?

ANTONY: I have but one request. To be allowed to speak at Caesar's funeral.

MARCIA: You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIE: (*grabbing MARCIA*) Are you sure about this, Marcia?

MARCIA: Don't worry, I'll speak before him and explain to everyone why we killed Caesar. Everything will be OK.

CASSIE: Fine.

MARCIA: Antony, you shall be allowed to speak at Caesar's funeral so long as you do not say anything bad about us. You can say all the good things you want to about her.

ANTONY: Agreed.

MARCIA: Now take Caesar's body and prepare it for her funeral. We must go now and calm the other students.

*The conspirators raise their lobsters as one, and turn and run off the stage screaming "Liberty!"  
The directors jump up and high five each of the conspirators as they run by.*

ANTONY: (*Kneeling next to JULIA, and placing his hand gently on her corpse. He slowly and dramatically stands as he gives his speech.*) I am sorry dear friend, for speaking so kindly to those butchers in front of you. You are all that is left of the noblest woman that has ever lived. I believe that a curse is about to fall upon us all, as Rome... Georgia... is torn apart by bloody civil war. Blood and destruction will be everywhere! Families will be ripped apart! And the ghost of Caesar will appear from hell itself and shout out "Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war!"

*Pause.*

ANTONY: And now, I must go and get ready. But first I need to call your niece, Octavia Caesar.

*ANTONY pulls out his cell phone and dials a number.  
He places it up to his ears and talks on it as he exits.*

ANTONY: Octavia? Hi it's Antony. How are you doing? You're not going to believe the day I'm having.

*ANTONY exits. DAVE and SARAH stand and applaud as ANTONY walks off.*

DAVE: Well, we're finally back on track.

SARAH: Yep. And just in time for an intermission. Let's take a ten minute break everyone, while we set up for the funeral scene.

*DAVE and SARAH exit. Only JULIA remains onstage.*

*After a short pause. JULIA sits up.*

JULIA: *(in her normal accent)* What the heck was that all about? They actually killed off the main character halfway through the production? Who wrote this crazy play? I have to figure a way out of this predicament that I'm in.

*JULIA stands and walks over to the directors table, and picks up a copy of "Julius Caesar."*

JULIA: First thing I need to do is read this thing. *(she thumbs through the script)* After that, I will combine my newly found literary knowledge with my superior thespian abilities and act my way out of this. They will all rue the day they dared to stab Julia Caesar! They have no idea who they are messing with!

*JULIA laughs maniacally, bows to the audience, then turns around and walks offstage as the curtains close behind her.*

*Curtains close.*

*End of Act I*



**Act II**

*DAVE and SARAH enter from behind curtains. They address the audience.*

SARAH: Well I think everything is just about ready onstage. Are we ready to get going with the second half of the play?

DAVE: I think so. (*calling to backstage*) Glen! Is the funeral scene set up? Everyone in position?

*STAGEHAND sticks his head out of the curtains, and gives the directors a thumbs up. Then disappears behind the curtains once more.*

DAVE: Well I think everything is good to go. Curtains!

*The directors move to their area and sit down.*

SARAH: And now for the continuation of *Julia Caesar*, Act III.

*Curtains open. The stage has been set up with a funeral pyre in the center. JULIA CAESAR lays on top of it, with a blood-stained cloak covering her. The pyre should be tall enough that a person can stand on top of it, behind JULIA's body and be seen over the heads of any other people in the crowd of onlookers onstage. JULIA's body should be high enough to be seen by the audience beyond the onlookers as well. There should also be some Roman columns and other decorations as fits your performance.*

*A crowd of various citizens and senators slowly wander onstage from different directions. Talking in hushed voices in small groups. It should look more random, then staged. They gather around the funeral pyre.*

*TREBONIUS enters near the directors, carrying a script with a pink cover and hearts on it.*

TREBONIUS: Ah, excuse me Dave, Why did you change the scripts?

DAVE: Huh? What? We didn't change the script.

TREBONIUS: Well it just doesn't look like my old script any more.  
(*holds up the pink script trying to show to DAVE*)

DAVE: Sorry, but we really don't have time for this right now. You probably just picked up someone else's script or something.

TREBONIUS: Well, maybe.

DAVE: Sorry, I don't mean to ignore you, but we'll talk about it later.  
We just need to get this scene moving right now. It's the big climatic funeral.

TREBONIUS: OK.

*TREBONIUS turns and walks offstage looking disappointed.*

SARAH: OK, everyone in place? And action!

*MARCIA and CASSIE enter and push their way through the crowd towards the pyre.*

CROWD: (shouted out randomly, not in unison) We want answers! We want to be satisfied! Brutus speak to us! We want answers!

*MARCIA climbs the pyre and stands behind JULIA to address the crowd.*

CITIZEN 1: We want answers! Tell us why you did it Brutus?

*MARCIA raises her arms to quiet the crowd.*

CITIZEN 3: Quiet everyone! Noble Brutus wishes to speak!

MARCIA: Please everyone hold your comments and questions, until I have finished speaking. Romans, classmates and friends! Please listen to my reasons and be silent so that everyone can hear. Believe me when I speak, because I am an honorable woman, and you all know that. If there is anyone here in this crowd today who was a good friend to Caesar, please know that I was her good friend too. In fact we were BFFs, right up until the end.

*JULIA starts snickering, MARCIA ignores her and continues. A few people in the crowd seem to notice JULIA laughing and start to try and point her out, but most of the crowd does not notice.*

MARCIA: If anyone here demands to know why Brutus rose up against Caesar, this is my answer: it's not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome... Georgia... more.

*Dramatic pause.*

MARCIA: Caesar was a good person, who accomplished a lot in her life, but she was ambitious as well. And for that I killed her.

*The crowd starts to murmur.*

*MARCIA raises her hands again to silence them.*

MARCIA: Caesar was trying to become your homecoming queen. I could not allow it. Our fairness policy prevents any one student at our school to gain any kind of honors that would make them seem better than anyone else. That is why we do not have a homecoming queen. Or a prom queen. Or a valedictorian. Or even a class clown or class nerd.

CITIZEN 3: Well, Calpurnicus is kind of like our class nerd.

CITIZEN 1: That's true!

*Most of the crowd nod and voice their agreement.*

MARCIA: As nerdy as Calpurnicus may in fact be, he will not be singled out as the class nerd. Just as Caesar will never be our homecoming queen. If anyone here believes I have done something wrong, then I will punish myself for it. I will eat peanut butter, even though I am allergic.

*JULIA holds up a jar of peanut butter. MARCIA ignores her. This time a few more people in the crowd notice JULIA and start pointing.*

CITIZEN 1: No, don't do it Brutus!

CITIZEN 3: We love you Brutus! Don't eat the peanut butter!

CITIZEN 2: We should make Brutus our homecoming queen!

CITIZEN 1: Yes, yes that's what we should do!

CITIZEN 2: We'll bring her to the homecoming dance with shouts of joy!

*MARCIA holds up her hands to silence the crowd once again. ANTONY enters. He is dressed in a fine tunic and toga.*

MARCIA: My classmates, it is time for me to leave. Antony is here and wishes to say a few words about Caesar as well. Please everyone stay and listen to him. Let me be the only one to leave now. The rest of you stay here with Antony and the body of Caesar, and please no one leave until Antony has finished speaking.

*MARCIA steps down from the pyre and exits. Once she has gone, ANTONY climbs up onto the pyre to address the crowd.*

*The crowd murmurs as ANTHONY climbs the pyre. Some of the people in the crowd pull out the "new*



*pink” scripts and flip to where they are in the play. The directors do not notice this.*

*Once at the top ANTONY stands there in a dramatic pose, waiting for the talking to die down. Once it does, he pauses dramatically a little longer then begins to speak.*

ANTONY: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise her. The evil that people do lives long after they do, but the good is often buried with their bones. So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus has already told you that Caesar was ambitious. If that were true, it was a very grievous fault, and Caesar has paid for it grievously. With the permission of Brutus and the others. Because Brutus is an honorable woman. They are all honorable people. I have come to speak at Caesar's funeral today. She was my friend, always faithful and just to me. But Brutus says she was ambitious. And Brutus is an honorable woman. When Caesar was the star of the school musical, she brought much money to the school's bank account. Was this the work of an ambitious woman? When the poor students who could not afford the latest fashions cried, Caesar cried with them. Surely, ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Yet, Brutus says that she was ambitious. And Brutus is an honorable woman. You all did see that at the homecoming game, three times I offered Caesar the homecoming crown, which she refused three times. Was that ambition? Yet Brutus says it was ambition. and Brutus is an honorable woman. I'm not here to try and disprove what Brutus told you, all I can say is what I know. You all did love Caesar once, and not without cause. What cause is there now that prevents you from mourning for her? Oh what is wrong with the world? Has everyone lost their sense of reason? I'm sorry, you'll all have to bear with me. My heart is there in the coffin with Caesar.

*ANTONY sinks to his knees and begins to weep.*

*Both directors jump to their feet and start to applaud while wiping away tears from their eyes. ANTONY suddenly stands up dramatically and continues.*

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

*ANTONY lifts up JULIA's bloodied cloak for everyone to see.*

ANTONY: You all know this cloak. I remember the first time Caesar put it on. It was a summer's evening. Look here's the place where

Cassie's lobster ran through it. See the wound that Casca made. Through this hole here the well beloved Brutus stabbed. Oh how Caesar loved her. They were BFFs. This was the most unkindest cut of all. For when Caesar saw Brutus stab, it was ingratitude, which is stronger than the arms of any traitor that killed Caesar. It made her mighty heart break.

*ANTONY falls to his knees and weeps again. The crowd also begins to weep, and dry their eyes.*

CITIZEN 1: *(reading from the new script)* Look how passionately Antony weeps.

CITIZEN 2: *(reading from the new script)* Yes, Julia Caesar was the greatest woman who ever lived. She could act, she could sing, she was even on the honor roll.

DAVE: What did that citizen just say?

CITIZEN 3: *(reading from the new script)* Citizen 2, you forgot to mention that she was beautiful, kind and always smelled really good too.

CITIZEN 2: *(reading)* Oh sorry, how could I forget that.

SARAH: Oh no. That's not the right script. What is that? What are they reading?

CITIZEN 2: *(reading)* She was so good in the school's musical last spring. Her voice was like that of an angel's.

CITIZEN 1: *(reading)* And she outdanced everyone else, including, nay, especially Brutus.

DAVE: Trebonius! Trebonius, where did he go? He had one of those scripts! *(jumps up and runs offstage)* Trebonius!

CITIZEN 3: *(reading)* If only she could come back from the dead and perform one last musical number for the good people of Rome... Georgia...

SARAH: *(standing)* Musical number?!?!

CITIZEN 1: Yes, one more musical number would surely be a sign from the gods.

SARAH: Dave! Get in here! I think they're going to start singing or something! Dave!

*JULIA slowly and dramatically sits up. Her face is painted white like a ghost. The crowd gasps and points.*

CITIZEN 2: (pointing to JULIA) Great Caesar's Ghost!

*DAVE comes running onto the stage waving a copy of the new pink version of the script.*

DAVE: I got one! Wait... what did he just...

*DAVE runs face first into one of the Roman columns and "knocks himself out". He lays there on the stage unmoving for the music number. The other actors should dance over and around him, like they're ignoring him. Use his body onstage for comedic effect.*

ANTONY: (standing behind JULIA) Look! Great Caesar's Ghost has returned to perform one last musical number for us! The gods have heard our pleas!

*JULIA stands and raises her arms to the crowd. The crowd cheers. JULIA pulls out a handheld microphone and looks like she is about to start singing. She waits until the crowd settles down. Music plays. Everyone starts moving and swaying to the song. Use music that fits your production.*

JULIA: (singing) She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes...

*Use songs in the Public Domain, or get permission.*

*Turn this song into a big musical number. Since JULIA and ANTONY are on the pyre platform, JULIA could dance down the steps leading up to the platform. The crowd could break out into a staged dance number. ANTONY could stay on top of the platform and dance from there, or move down and dance with JULIA among the crowd. Turn this song and dance into something really fun and upbeat. Be sure to use DAVE laying on the floor to comedic effect. SARAH could try and get to DAVE to help him, but keeps getting blocked by the dancers, she could also eventually give up and just join in the dance number. There are a lot of possibilities. My best advice is to just go for broke and go all out and have fun with the scene. When you are ready to end it, SARAH starts to sing a second song which should be different, yet similar to the first one as she has gotten the two songs confused.*

SARAH: (*singing*) I've been working on the railroad...

*Everyone onstage stops singing and dancing and looks at SARAH.*

JULIA: Sarah! That's the wrong song!

SARAH: Oh! Sorry, we can start again.

JULIA: No, let's just get on with my applause.

*Everyone applauds. JULIA responds by blowing them kisses and waving.*

JULIA: (*in her Southern accent*) Thank you! Thank you everyone!

CITIZEN 3: No, thank you Great Caesar's Ghost!

*When the song finishes JULIA is back on the platform, bowing and blowing kisses to the crowd, who are cheering wildly at her performance. ANTONY stands on the platform too, clapping politely. Once she is ready, ANTONY helps JULIA down again, and covers her once more with the cloak. During this break in the action, SARAH helps DAVE up. Both of the directors go back to their spot. DAVE shows SARAH the new script, which they start looking through.*

ANTONY: (*addressing the crowd*) So what does everyone think? Whose side are you on? Brutus or Caesar?

CITIZEN 1: Caesar is a much better singer than Brutus, even in death!

CITIZEN 2: Yes, we need to support Caesar! Let us go hunt down those nasty conspirators and punish them all!

CITIZEN 3: We must get revenge for Caesar's death!

CROWD: (*not in unison*) REVENGE! Death to Brutus! Caesar should win a Tony Award! Yes a Tony! Tony! Tony! Tony!

*JULIA sits up again and waves graciously to her supporters. Then lays back down.*

CITIZEN 2: Great Caesar's Ghost waved to me!

ANTONY: Yes, we all agree that Caesar deserves a Tony. And once we are finished here, we will take our angry mob here to Broadway and demand one!

*The crowd shouts in agreement.*

ANTONY: But first we must use our angry mob to find and capture the conspirators! Who's with me?

CROWD: We are!

*ANTONY draws his sword and waves it in the air.*

ANTONY: Then go get them!

*The crowd becomes an angry mob and rushes offstage shouting.*

ANGRY MOB: *(shouting as they rush offstage)* Caesar!

ANTONY: Now that's how you stir up an angry mob!

*MESSENGER enters.*

MESSENGER: My Lord Antony, Octavia Caesar has just entered the city.

ANTONY: Excellent! Where is she?

MESSENGER: She and Lepidus have gone to Caesar's Palace. They will meet you there.

ANTONY: Fantastic! Messenger, get my chariot ready. It's time I go to Caesar's Palace. Las Vegas, here I come!

*ANTONY and MESSENGER exit in the direction opposite ANGRY MOB.*

DAVE: I don't think they mean that Caesar's Palace... Oh never mind.

*CINNA THE POET enters followed by the ANGRY MOB.*

CINNA THE POET: Why are you all following me?

CITIZEN 1: Because you're Cinna, and Cinna is one of the conspirators.

CINNA THE POET: Yes, my name just happens to be Cinna, but I'm not the Cinna that helped to kill Caesar. I loved Caesar, in fact I was on my way to her funeral now, to read aloud this poem I just wrote about her. Look there's the other Cinna now!

*CINNA THE POET points across the stage to the other side, where CINNA has just walked on looking lost and confused. The ANGRY MOB is between the two CINNAS.*

CITIZEN 2: Hey, you! Are you Cinna?

CINNA: Me? No, why would you ask?

CITIZEN 3: Hey, I remember you from band. You are Cinna! Get him!

*The ANGRY MOB rushes towards CINNA but stops just short of him when he speaks.*

CINNA: True, my name is Cinna, but I'm not the same Cinna who killed Caesar. That Cinna is over there! (*points to CINNA THE POET*)

*ANGRY MOB turns and rushes towards CINNA THE POET. Stopping just short when he speaks.*

CINNA THE POET: That's not true! You're the Cinna on the Student Senate and the Student Senate are the people that stabbed Caesar!

*The ANGRY MOB turns towards CINNA and rushes towards him once more, and once more stops just short when he speaks.*

CINNA: But you're a new transfer kid who hasn't lived in Rome... Georgia... for very long. Obviously not to be trusted.

*The ANGRY MOB turns and rushes once more towards CINNA THE POET but once again stops short as he speaks.*

CINNA THE POET: You're a corrupt politician!

*The ANGRY MOB rushes towards CINNA.*

CINNA: You're a filthy hippy!

*The ANGRY MOB rushes towards CINNA THE POET.*

CINNA THE POET: You lie all the time and make promises you don't intend to keep!

*The ANGRY MOB rushes towards CINNA.*

CINNA: You write bad poems!

*The ANGRY MOB rushes towards CINNA THE POET. This time they stop about halfway, when JULIA enters and starts walking across the stage.*

CITIZEN 3: (*pointing*) Great Caesar's Ghost!

DAVE: Seriously? Are you just gonna keep showing up throughout the rest of the play as Caesar's Ghost?

JULIA: (*speaking in her Southern accent*) Have no fear gentle angry mob, I have come to sort everything out. What seems to be the problem?

CITIZEN 1: Both of these guys are named Cinna, and we are trying to figure out which one is the one that helped to kill you, so we can grab him and beat him up.

JULIA: Truly, a noble and worthy cause! I will gladly help. Let me see.

*She stops and looks first one way, then the other, then back and forth a few times as if she is trying to figure out which Cinna is which. Until finally she just gives up and throws her arms up in the air.*

JULIA: I don't remember, you better just beat up both of them to be sure.

ANGRY MOB: Yay!

*ANGRY MOB splits in two, and chases both CINNAS off.*

JULIA: Justice has been served!

*JULIA calmly walks offstage.*

SARAH: Well, I was kind of hoping she'd let Cinna the Poet off the hook there.

DAVE: Yeah me too. He's been getting wrongly beat up by that Angry Mob for over five hundred years now.

SARAH: But I guess not.

DAVE: Yeah, I guess not.

SARAH: Well that brings us to Act IV of *Julia Caesar*. (*reading from the new script*) While the good people of the angry mob run around the school beating up Caesar's enemies, Caesar's trusted friends meet secretly at Caesar's Palace.

*If background can be changed, change it to look like Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas. Set out a table with four chairs around it. ANTONY, OCTAVIA, LEPIDUS and CALPURNICUS enter, sit down at the table and start playing poker.*

DAVE: Uh, what's Calpurnicus doing onstage? He's finished, we don't see him for the rest of the play.

SARAH: (*flipping through the new script*) Not according to this new script they're using. He's pretty much with them the rest of the play.

DAVE: (*shaking his head*) Oh brother.

CALPURNICUS: Friends of Caesar. I Copernicus, the great scientist, have traveled here to fabulous Las Vegas... Nevada... to inform you all that I have been hard at work on the thirty-foot tall giant steam-powered killer robot that Caesar asked me to invent so that we could use it to crush her enemies.

ANTONY: Fantastic!

LEPIDUS: Outstanding!

OCTAVIA: Who are you again?

LEPIDUS: I am Lepidus, I am the third member of the triumvirate that takes power of Rome... Georgia... after Caesar's untimely and very tragic death.

DAVE: Does anyone besides Sarah and I even realize that Nevada and Georgia are on opposite sides of the country?

OCTAVIA: (*ignoring DAVE*) Have no fear, Lepidus. History may have forgotten you, unlike Mark Antony and myself, Octavia Caesar, niece and heir of Julia Caesar, but rest assured Antony and I have not forgotten. You are an important and integral part of our new triumvirate.

ANTONY: Yes you are, now please go fetch us some beverages good Lepidus.

OCTAVIA: That's a splendid idea. I'd like a Cherry Coke please.

ANTONY: I'll have one as well.

CALPURNICUS: And I'll have a mead, thank you.

LEPIDUS: What's that?

CALPURNICUS: It's a honey-based fermented beverage.

*The other three just look at CALPURNICUS as if they do not understand.*

CALPURNICUS: What? There are not a lot of beverage choices in the fifteenth century.

ANTONY: You really are taking this Renaissance theme for your character pretty seriously, aren't you?



CALPURNICUS: Of course I am, I want people to remember me and how seriously I took my part, especially considering this is my first acting role ever.

SARAH: And quite possibly your last acting role ever, too.

ANTONY: So what are you waiting for, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS: Alright, I'll go get the beverages... this time.

*LEPIDUS gets up and starts to walk offstage.*

SARAH: Hey Lepidus, would you please bring us a couple of Cokes as well. Thanks!

LEPIDUS: *(looking down at his feet)* Okay.

*LEPIDUS exits.*

ANTONY: He is truly an unremarkable student. Only fit to be sent on errands. If he thinks we plan on splitting the world up into three pieces once we finish this nasty business with Brutus and Cassie, he is sorely mistaken.

OCTAVIA: But Antony, you were the one who insisted that he sit on this Triumvirate of ours. He even helped you come up with the list of people we want to see punished for Caesar's death.

ANTONY: True, but any kind of popularity that he gets out of this will ruin him. He'll walk around the school like he owns it for a time. But he's not that smart, and eventually the other students will grow bored of him, and he'll soon be forgotten.

OCTAVIA: Antony, you can treat him like you want, but he's a good and valiant soldier. We should not forget that. He may prove to be useful in the battles to come.

ANTONY: So will my horse, Octavia, which is why I give him what he asks for. But Lepidus, just like my horse, can be taught to fight the way I want them too. Which is what I am doing.

CALPURNICUS: Perhaps he could be taught to pilot the giant robot? Lepidus that is, not your horse.

ANTONY: That's a great idea! If it works he'll be remembered as the guy who piloted the giant robot that crushed the enemies of the dear sweet, tragically departed Julia Caesar.

OCTAVIA: OK, that works.

*Doorbell rings. The Romans look at each other with looks of puzzlement on their faces as if they have no idea who it could be.*

CALPURNICUS: Have no fear, the bell just signifies that someone is at the door. I shall go and see who it is.

*CALPURNICUS exits to answer the door.*

ANTONY: Who could that be?

OCTAVIA: I have no idea, everyone we trust is already here.

*CALPURNICUS returns, with CASCA following him. When ANTONY and OCTAVIA see CASCA they jump up from the table and draw their swords.*

ANTONY: Casca! What are you doing here?

OCTAVIA: Aren't you supposed to be dead or something?

DAVE: Yep. Yet another character we're not supposed to see again for the rest of the play.

CASCA: Well, see that's the thing. I did some research on my character, and according to Wikipedia, no one is really certain what happens to Casca. So I figured, hey why not write my own ending! After all it's not like everyone else isn't doing that already.

ANTONY: So why are you here?

CASCA: Well, I also read about Shakespeare's play in Wikipedia too. Wikipedia is pretty useful for stuff like that. And I found out how the play is going to end, after reading about that I decided I didn't want to be on Brutus' side anymore. So I figured hey why not go to Antony and Octavia and join their side?

OCTAVIA: So you are here to switch sides?

CASCA: Yep.

ANTONY: You are abandoning Brutus to join us? Why would you do that?

CASCA: You haven't read ahead in your script yet have you?

ANTONY: No I haven't, but by the way you're talking, I'm guessing it's good for me.

CASCA: Yep! At least until the sequel that is.

ANTONY: What sequel?

CASCA: *Antony and Cleopatra.*

ANTONY: I get to meet Cleopatra?!?!?

CASCA: Yep. Keep telling yourself that, at least you get to meet Cleopatra.

ANTONY: OK, I say you can join. What do the rest of you think?

OCTAVIA: Sure why not.

CALPURNICUS: I say yes as well, but only because the history books are not certain what happens to Casca. Otherwise we might be risking a time-travel paradox, and as a famous scientist, I cannot allow that to happen!

ANTONY: OK whatever. Casca, you're in.

CASCA: Great! Now what's the plan to exact revenge on the people who did this evil deed to our dearly departed, tragically lost, sweet kind and lovely leader Caesar?

DAVE: You do all remember that he was the first one to actually stab Caesar, right?

*JULIA enters.*

JULIA: *(in her Southern accent)* Did someone call my name?

OCTAVIA: Great Caesar's Ghost!

DAVE: Are you going to be in every scene?

JULIA: *(ignoring DAVE)* I have come to inform my brave friends that Brutus and Cassie have both fled the city and are raising armies to counterattack with.

ANTONY: We should raise armies of our own, and combine forces and then go out to meet them on the field of battle.

OCTAVIA: Let's do so. I will see you all at the camp.

CALPURNICUS: Until then.

CASCA: Sounds like a plan!

*ANTONY, OCTAVIA, CASCA and CALPURNICUS all exit.*

JULIA: *(dropping the Southern accent)* Excellent, my genius plan is working.

*JULIA exits. Once they are gone, LEPIDUS enters again carrying a tray of drinks.*

LEPIDUS: Where did everyone go?

SARAH: They went off to war.

DAVE: Yeah, to save the city of Rome... Georgia... from the likes of Brutus and Cassius.

LEPIDUS: Oh, and they forgot me?

DAVE: Yep.

SARAH: But hey, thank you for bringing us those drinks!

LEPIDUS: Sure thing.

*LEPIDUS gives the directors their Cokes and then exits.*

*Once he exits, STAGEHAND enters and removes the poker table and chairs. Background changes to an empty battlefield.*

*DAVE and SARAH just sit there enjoying their Cokes and watching STAGEHAND work.*

SARAH: Thanks, Glen!

DAVE: You look thirsty, Glen. Have Lepidus grab you something to drink.

*STAGEHAND gives the directors a disgruntled look and then exits.*

*Sound of drums beating and soldiers marching.*

*MARCIA enters with LUCIUS, PORTICUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER and her army of soldiers. Everyone is prepared for battle with things like swords and helmets, whatever you can find to arm them. JULIA is "hidden" among MARCIA's army. She is pretending to be a soldier. CINNA looks "beat up" with bruises and bandages on. CASSIE'S OFFICER enters from the opposite side and meets them.*

MARCIA: Stand!

PORTICUS: Halt!

*ARMY stops.*

CASSIE'S OFFICER: Hello! I was sent by Cassie to meet you.

MARCIA: Where is Cassie?

CASSIE'S OFFICER: She is close by. I will go and let her know you have arrived.

*CASSIE'S OFFICER exits.*

MARCIA: Porticus!

PORTICUS: Yes Lady Brutus?

MARCIA: Tell me, how did Cassie treat you when I sent you to let her know I was coming?

PORTICUS: She treated me politely. But not very friendly. She didn't offer me anything to eat or drink, even though I got there at suppertime and it was Taco Tuesday, and they were all sitting around enjoying their tacos.

MARCIA: So even though she treated you politely, she didn't offer you a taco?

PORTICUS: Nope.

MARCIA: Interesting. It sounds to me like she is acting like a friend who was once warm and inviting, but is now cooling off.

PORTICUS: Sure, I guess so. Although it's not like she denied me a burrito, it was just a taco.

*Sounds of drums and soldiers marching again. CASSIE, CASSIE'S OFFICER, TREBONIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS and her army enter from the side opposite MARCIA. They are also dressed for battle.*

CASSIE: Halt!

CASSIE'S OFFICER: Halt!

*CASSIE'S ARMY stops.*

MARCIA: Hey Cassie. What's up?

CASSIE: You know what's up. How dare you act like you don't know!

MARCIA: What??? What do you mean?

CASSIE: You wronged me. What you said was unforgivable.

MARCIA: Cassie, if I have done something wrong, then we should not discuss it here like this, in front of our armies. Let's send them away and meet at my tent. And then we can discuss what's wrong privately.

CASSIE: Fine. Centurion, take the army back to camp.

CASSIE'S OFFICER: At once, my lady.

MARCIA: And take my army away as well, Porticus.

PORTICUS: As you command.

JULIA: (*speaking in a deep voice, trying to mask her identity*) Why can't we hear what you two conspirators are talking about?

MARCIA: Who said that? Who spoke?

CASSIE: Having trouble leading your troops Brutus?

JULIA: Yeah, we don't like to follow her orders. She's not trustworthy after she betrayed her BFF Caesar.

MARCIA: Soldiers! Arrest whoever it is that is saying those things!

CASSIE: Ha! You have no sense of control at all!

JULIA: Just like you have no sense of fashion at all Cassie!

CASSIE: I agree, arrest that person now!

*JULIA steps forward and reveals herself to everyone.*

SOLDIER 1: (*pointing*) Great Caesar's Ghost!

*The soldiers of both armies gasp in surprise.*

DAVE: You know, that phrase, "Great Caesar's Ghost" doesn't actually come from Shakespeare, it really comes from the old Superman comics. Perry White used to say it.

JULIA: No one cares, Dave!

SARAH: Actually I found it interesting.

JULIA: (*ignoring the directors*) You are all doomed! Doomed!!  
DOOMED!!!

*JULIA exits while trying to act all ghostly and spooky.*

MARCIA: (*to the soldiers*) Soldiers of Rome, do not fear the ghost of Caesar! She is insane! Don't worry, we have a lot of troops, and



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