

EXTRACT

The Death of Caesar

A short play

By

Alex Broun

PLEASE NOTE:

THIS PLAY SCRIPT HAS BEEN DOWNLOADED FROM www.alexbroun.com

BY AGREEING TO THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF www.alexbroun.com AND
PAYING THE DOWNLOAD FEE YOU ARE PERMITTED TO PERFORM THIS PLAY
ROYALTY FREE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD FOR A PERIOD OF **12 MONTHS**
FROM THE DATE OF DOWNLOAD.

IF YOU DO PERFORM THIS PLAY PLEASE VISIT OUR **RECORD A PRODUCTION**
PAGE AND RECORD THE DETAILS OF YOUR PRODUCTION SO YOUR
PRODUCTION CAN BE LISTED AMONGST THE THOUSANDS OF PRODUCTIONS
OF ALEX'S WORK WORLDWIDE EVERY YEAR.

FOR ANY QUERIES PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR ON
abroun@bigpond.net.au

© Alex Broun 2008

Cast

PHILLIP

DEREK

VARIOUS OFFSTAGE VOICES

Setting

Dressing Room

Time

Morning.

The Death of Caesar

Dressing Room, 11am.

Over a tannoy we hear what is happening on the stage above.

CAESAR: (ON LOUDSPEAKER) “ Soothsayer ! The ides of March are come.”

SOOTHSAYER: “Ay, Caesar, but not yet gone.”

ARTEMIDORUS: “Hail Caesar ! Read this schedule.”

DECIUS: “Trebonius doth desire you to read
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.”

LIGHTS COME UP ON **PHILLIP** SITTING AT A DRESSING TABLE, DRESSED
IN BATTLE FATIGUES.

ARTEMIDORUS: “O Caesar, read mine first; for mine’s a suit
That touches Caesar nearer.”

CAESAR: “What touches ourselves shall be last served.”

AS THIS LAST LINE IS HEARD, **PHILLIP** MOUTHS THE WORDS IN MOCK
IMITATION.

ARTEMIDORUS: “Delay not Caesar, read it instantly”

PHILLIP MOCKS AGAIN.

CAESAR: “What ? Is the fellow mad ?”

PUBLIUS: “Sirrah, give place.”

PHILLIP’S MOCK PERFORMANCE GROWS.

CAESAR: “Urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the capitol.”

THE SOUND OF MUSIC AND FOOTSTEPS.

POPILIUS: “I wish your enterprise today may thrive”

THE SCENES CONTINUES UNDER DIALOGUE.

DEREK ENTERS, ALSO DRESSED IN FATIGUES. HE THROWS A COMPUTER
DISC DOWN ON TO HIS TABLE.

PHILLIP MOVES AROUND THE ROOM AS CAESAR, ENTERING THE SENATE.
DEREK WATCHES HIM.

PHILLIP: “Ill met by moonlight proud Titania ?”

DEREK: In your dreams.

PHILLIP: “Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.”

DEREK: I think we already know which suit Caesar prefers.

PHILLIP PRODUCES A KNIFE. HE HOLDS IT UNDER DEREK’S THROAT.

PHILLIP: “Does thou mock me ?”

DEREK: Careful. That’s sharp.

PHILLIP: “The point envenomed too ?
Then venom to thy work.”

DEREK: Phillip. I mean it.

DEREK MOVES AWAY. PAUSE.

DEREK: Aren’t you on soon ?

PHILLIP: “I have but little time.”

DEREK: Then you better get ready.

PHILLIP: “Does though not like my humble dress ?”

DEREK: Pip. Drop it.

PHILLIP PURSUES HIM.

PHILLIP: “I thought I did see you yesternight.”

DEREK: So what ? I saw you too.

PHILLIP: “I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.”

DEREK: What precisely is your problem ?

PHILLIP: “I think that thou art just, and think that thou art not”

DEREK MOVES AWAY.

PHILLIP: “What ? Frighted by false fire.”

DEREK: I’m on again soon.

CAESAR: (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) “Are we all ready ?”

CAESAR AND PHILLIP(JOINING IN): “What is now amiss,
That Caesar and his senate must redress ?”

DEREK: It’s 11am. It’s a kiddie’s matinee. Chill.

PHILLIP ONCE MORE HOLDS THE KNIFE TO DEREK’S THROAT.

PHILLIP: “That someone can smile and smile and still be a villain.”

DEREK: I mean it Pip.

METELLUS (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) AND PHILLIP:
“Most high, most mighty and most puissant Caesar.”

DEREK GRABS THE KNIFE AND THEY WRESTLE. DEREK EVENTUALLY GETS CONTROL AND WRENCHES THE KNIFE FROM PHILLIP’S HAND. OVER THIS WE HEAR:

CAESAR: (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) “Thy brother by decree is banished
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him
I spurn thee like a cur.”

ON THIS LAST LINE, DEREK PLACES THE KNIFE BACK ON HIS TABLE. PHILLIP IS ON THE FLOOR. HE SPEAKS WITH THE NEXT LINE.

METELLUS (ON LOUDSPEAKER) AND PHILLIP:
“Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar’s ear.”

DEREK: This is pathetic.

PHILLIP CRAWLS TO DEREK AND KISSES HIS HAND.

BRUTUS (ON LOUDSPEAKER) AND PHILLIP:
“I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery”

DEREK: Grow up.

PHILLIP CONTINUES TO CRAWL AFTER HIM, CHASING HIM AROUND THE ROOM.

CAESAR (ON LOUDSPEAKER) AND PHILLIP:
“The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks
They are all fire and every one doth shine.”

DEREK: Stop it Phillip.