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Caesar Must Die

By Paolo Taviani

CAESAR MUST DIE:

Run far away, Brutus.

Run away.

Trebonius, help me die.

And I'm supposed to do a
thing like that? Never.

- Take this sword.

- No, Brutus.

I'd rather kill myself.

Please, stay.

I know you are a courageous man.

Take this sword.

Turn your head away,
help me die.

Can you do it'?

Give me your hand.

- Farewell, my master.

- Farewell, Strato.

Cesar, now you can find peace.

I'm killing myself with twice
as much rage than when I killed you.

We defeated you, Brutus.

But you were the noblest

Roman of all the conspirators.

You believed, with

courage and resolution,

that your task should be carried out
in order to honor freedom.

Nature was generous with him.

He lived a great life.

Great in the heart as

well as in the mind.

Thus we can proclaim to Rome

and the whole world:

"This is a man".

- Let's go!

- Faster!

Come on!

Let's go!

Come on, let's go!

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SIX MONTHS BEFORE

- Good day to everyone.

- Good day!

I'm pleased to see this many of you.

Do you know why we are here?

Today we are inaugurating the
theatrical workshop for the next season.

As management, we will try our best
to give full support to this initiative.

Obviously, only to the

extent of your belief,

your commitment and your passion,

like in the previous editions.

I will give the floor to Fabio Cavalli

who will present the project.

The play we will be performing

on the boards this year

is Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar".

It's about a great Roman general that,

after turning Rome into

a great and powerful city,

gives in the temptation

of becoming a tyrant,

and for that reason is

eliminated by his political partners.

Subjects we will be facing

with the help of our artistic director,

Cosimo Rega, who has

been supervising the

company from the

inside for many years.

As far as I'm concerned, we can start
preparing for the auditions next week.

Therefore, those of you that wish

to be part of the company,

must simply make the usual request.

Good day.

Juan Bonetti.

I need you to tell me your name,

surname, date and place of birth,

your father's name and your residence.

In two different ways.

In the first,

you are at the border post.

You are leaving your wife
who is over there on the platform.
You want to say
goodbye to her, to cry with her.
You are required to
give us your particulars.
The second is in the same situation.
Only this time we force you
to give us your particulars.
- The first time you'll be crying and
the second you'll be pissed off. - OK.
You may start.
Goodbye, my love.
Juan Dario Bonetti.
Born 16 September 1971.
Buenos Aires, Argentina.
Father, Felice Bonetti.
Juan Dario Bonetti!
Born 16 September 1971!
Buenos Aires, Argentina!
Father, Felice Bonetti!
Ligorio Leonardo, born in Manduria,
in Magna Grecia street.
Son of Piety Ligorio.
My name is Atri Ivan.
Born in Catania...
My name is Atri Ivan!
Born in Catania!
Resident in Adrano,
Rosario Majorana.
Born in Palermo, 21 January 1970.
Resident in Milan,
Oh. my God!
Well, my name is Gallo Vincenzo.
I was born in Lentini, 11 march 1978.
I live in Frankfurt...
a small town in the Syracuse region.
My father's name is Gallo Angelo.
Silvano Giacomo.
Born in Naples.
Resident in Rome.
Yes, I'll repeat it to you,
don't worry.
Letizia Roberto,

born in Rome, 28 September 1969.

Resident in 4 Cimabue street.

My father is Letizia Domenico.

Wait...

Letizia Roberto.

Do you understand?

Yes, what do you want?

What?

Go fuck yourself!

Giovanni Arcuri, born in Rome,

Resident in Rome,

Vittorio Parrella,

born in Italy, Imperia,

Resident in Amsterdam.

R. J. H. Fortuynstraat, Netherlands!

Bastards!

Pasquale Crapetti.

Son of Giuseppe. Born in Naples.

Naples, Pianura.

Wait.

I'm Pasquale Crapetti!

Born in Naples, 8 may 1948!

My name is Franco Carosone,

I'm from Cava dei Tirreni.

Son of late Giuseppe

and late Senatore Giuseppina.

Understand? Is it OK?

Do you like it or not?

All of you will work

in Julius Caesar...

This is how the

main roles will be distributed.

Giovanni Arcuri as Julius Caesar.

Cosimo Rega as Cassius.

Sasa Striano as Brutus.

Antonio Frasca as Mark Antony.

Juan Bonetti as Decius.

And as Lucius, the musician,

Enzo Gallo who can play the harmonica.

Do you have it with you? - Yes.

SENTENCE:

DRUG TRAFFICKING

SENTENCE:

ORGANIZED CRIME:

SENTENCE:

MURDER:

SENTENCE:

VARIOUS CRIMES:

SENTENCE:

DRUG TRAFFICKING

SENTENCE:

ORGANIZED CRIME:

Close the curtains, please.

Excellent.

As you know. the theater is
still being renovated.

But I think that this room will be
appropriate for our rehearsals.

You already read your parts,
now you must start reciting them.

Julius Caesar, Act I, Scene 11.

Ah, please speak in your dialect.

- Apulian. - Calabrian.

- Roman. - Neapolitan.

Excellent.

We have Julius Caesar in the street
and the soothsayer coming towards him,
because he needs to speak to him,
plead for something.

Caruso, you are the soothsayer, go.

Caesar!

Caesar!

Excuse me, but in Neapolitan
we also say Caesar, like in Italian.

- Say Caesar then!

- I'm 'ere. Who wants me?

Speaking in dialect is OK,
but don't be vulgar.

It's not a vulgar dialect.
It's a dialect. but the
characters speaking it are noble.
- I'm here. Who's looking for me?
- A bit less.
- I'm here. Who's looking for me?
- Silence, all of you.
Let him approach.
Excuse me, but I don't have a dialect.
I'm a citizen of the world.
Do you want to see America?
Let's go to New Zealand.
Maori. All Blacks haka dance.
Well done.
That's enough, thank you.
Let him approach and let him speak.
Caesar is available for everybody.
Caesar!
Caesar!
In your glory and your splendor,
beware the ides of March.
- What does he want from me?
- He's a magician, a soothsayer.
Bring him over,
I want to look him in the eyes
Come out, comrade.
Emerge from the flock.
That thing you said,
tell it to my face now.
Fabio, in my town the soothsayers
are all a little bit crazy.
- Can I do it this way?
- Yes.
Caesar, in your splendor
and your glory,
the ides of March
tell you a story.
Take him away, but treat him
compassionately. Don't kill him.
At this point,
Caesar walks away with his escort.
Cassius and Brutus remain
alone and isolated.
They say some essential

things at the beginning of the play.
What was it, Brutus?
I've been watching you for a while.
I'm digging and digging... But where's
that old fondness towards your friend?
Have you forgotten me or am I mistaken?
What was it, Brutus?
What?
I've been watching you for a while.
I'm digging and digging...
But where's
that old fondness towards your friend?
Have you forgotten me?
Maybe I'm mistaken?
What are you saying, Cassius?
Poor Brutus has put on a gloomy face
because...
Because in his soul a fierce war broke
out between the heart and the mind.
Look me in the eye.
You can see the field and the battle...
that's going on inside me.
Listen to your true friend.
Find the strength.
Look yourself in the mirror,
and you'll see the soul of a noble man.
A man that all the Romans need.
What are you trying to say?
Cassius, are you trying
to get me into trouble?
Trust me, my gentle friend,
like I trust you.
Don't trust him.
Look where trusting people got me.
Caesar!
Look!
Listen!
The people are presenting Caesar...
The kingly crown!
You are afraid of him.
What should I think?
That even you don't want...
No, I don't!
Even if I hold Caesar very dear..

Look! Look what
he's doing! What a fake!
Anthony is offering him the
crown in front the entire nation!
And he refuses it!
Look, he's pushing it away
with the back of his hand!
Look! Anthony is offering
him the crown again. Three times!
Striano, you shouldn't
look out the window.
Brutus doesn't want to see.
You must find a different position.
You choose.
I found it.
OK.
Go ahead, Cassius.
Caesar is uncertain.
Should he take it or not?
He can't wait to put it on his head.
Rome... a city with no shame.
You too, my dear Naples,
have become a city with no shame.
Excuse me, Fabio, but it seems
to me as though this Shakespeare
has lived on the streets of my city.
Our fathers used to tell us:
"It's better to have a devil rather
than a king as the head of Rome. "
I know you are a true friend.
I have no doubts.
And it seems clear that what you
think and plan involves me too.
I must think about it.
But don't forget this:
"Brutus will rather clean pigsties
than bow his head to a tyrant. "
Look out, Caesar and Anthony are coming.
- Anthony.
- Here I am.
I don't like that Cassius.
I want rounded people around me
that eat and drink.
That one has a pale face, he's wearing

himself out. He studies too much.
Don't you worry,
he's a good guy.
Talk into my right ear.
I can't hear anything on this side.
His family is noble,
you have nothing to fear.
Maybe, but I don't like his face.
I don't like worn out faces.
I have to go now.
Come to my house tomorrow night,
we have to talk again.
I'll be waiting.
Agreed?
Just wait for us.
Meanwhile you, Brutus,
think about the world.
- We have visitors.
- It's Fabio.
Stalls disassembled,
access platforms, electric cables...
Roberto, it's a mess here.
When are you going to finish?
We are rehearsing all around Rebibbia
an that's OK.
But if the stage is not ready,
we'll never perform.
- First you say one thing,
and then another.
- We're not slaves, you know.
Speak with the emperor.
Maybe a woman will sit here.
Lucius!
- Want to rehearse with me?
- Now? - Yes.
- Just us two?
- Yes.
No, you stay in bed.
- Lying down?
- Yes, just like in the scene.
Lying down with your eyes closed.
- Close your eyes.
- Close them? - Yes.
Lucius, wake up.

I'd also like a bit of
this sweet sleeping disease.
Wake up, Lucius!
- Should I wake up now?
- Yes, yes.
- Yes, my master.
- Go look what day it
is on the calendar.
He must die.
If he stays alive,
Caesar will fuck us all.
If it were only me,
I wouldn't care.
But he'll fuck the whole of Rome.
I was very fond of him, it's true,
but if he can put a crown on his head,
he's no longer Caesar.
He becomes, he becomes...
becomes...
he becomes a poi-son-ous snake.
No. If I get this line wrong,
I'm in trouble.
I understand what Shakespeare
is trying to say,
but how can I convey it to the public?
I'll restart.
We saw him at work
yesterday in the forum.
He's looking for a
throne to make his nest
He has risen step by step,
humble and respectful,
because humbleness and respectfulness
are the weapons of ambition.
Now that he's near the top,
he won't certainly turn back.
Look at him
he's become swollen-headed!
Instead of doing his time seriously.
He's playing the clown.
He despises the world he left below, and
he's reaching for the clouds in the sky.
Give him time.
Give him a crown,

and if the serpent is
still inside the egg,
up there it will hatch,
and intoxicate the whole of Rome.
Caesar must die now.
The ides of March have come.
They are approaching.
Go and meet them.
Move it!

THE CONSPIRACY:

Excuse us if we interrupted your rest.
I couldn't sleep tonight.
- Welcome to all of you.
- Wait here, friends.
I must pass a message to Brutus.
Guys, do you see that?
The storm has passed.
That's the east.
The sun rises over there.
- At least I think so.
- No, you're mistaken.
He's right, those pale stripes
on the clouds precede the dawn.
At this time of year
the sun rises over
there, in the direction
of Capitoline Hill.
The east is over there.
- Do you have a problem with me?
- No, you say your lines well.
But think about these four fools
that are about to kill their leader.
And what do they do?
They debate over where the sun rises.
I'm OK with that.
We're all a bit foolish.
The conspirators too.
And thank goodness for that,
because the character resembles me more.
Let's shake hands, one by one.
We are confirming our pact with an oath.
No, no oaths.
If we are true men,

a look in the eye is enough.
Pain and anger inside our hearts,
the shame of this infamous era,
is enough to risk our lives.
If it's not,
why are we wasting this night.
If we're not ready,
let's go to sleep.
The tyrant will arrange
our lives tomorrow.
Therefore, no oaths.
We'll leave the oaths
to priests, cowards,
the old bootlickers,
the infamous bastards,
the nobodies and all the
tricked and happy cuckolds.
Our task is so great that
no infamy can stop it.
Yes, but who else
will end up like Caesar'?
Metellus is right. Caesar's right hand
man must end up like Caesar.
We all know what Anthony does.
He's a cunning deceiver.
He'll ruin us all.
Same destiny for Anthony and Caesar.
Justice is not a slaughterhouse.
We are the executors of justice,
not butchers.
That's how the people should see us.
We rebelled against the ideas,
against the spirit of Caesar.
This is not a murder,
it's a sacrifice.
If only I could tear
out the tyrant's spirit
without cutting open his chest.
If only...
What is it, Sasa?
You can't remember the lines?
He knows. The character
of Brutus is inside of him
I learned them by heart too,

but it's difficult.
Difficult?
But why'?'
Was there no domineering
Caesar's back at our place?
Betrayals, murders...
It seems that he doesn't
want to remember today.
- Sasa, what's going on?
- What do you want'? It's my business!
My business.
Fabio, I'm sorry.
I really am.
It's this line that I have to say:
"if only I could tear out Caesar's
spirit without cutting open his chest. "
I saw my friend's face
right before my eyes.
We were selling contraband
cigarettes together.
We were across the
street from each other.
That night it was his
turn to silence a traitor.
Suddenly he came in front of me
and told me exactly what Brutus says.
The words were different,
but identical at the same time.
They arrived to the mouths
of the neighbourhood.
They all said he was a nobody.
All of them.
And I joined the chorus.
- I feel bad about it now.
- How did it end?
Should we continue tomorrow?
We'll continue tomorrow.
I want to continue.
Without cutting open his chest.
I'm afraid of Anthony too.
We know how fond he is of Caesar.
I said no, Cassius!
Caesar's right hand can do nothing,
once that Caesar's head falls off.

Let him live so he
can go back to his binges,
games and parties.
Long live his life.
He'll soon laugh about it.
Silence.
Count the hours.
- It's four o'clock.
- It's time to go.
We salute you, Brutus, but be careful.
- Goodbye.
- Caesar has become
superstitious lately.
After many bad omens
and signs in the sky,
he might decide not to
show up in the senate tomorrow.
Leave that to me.
I know how to flatter him.
The fox is caught with a snare
and a man with kind words.
I'll bring him to the senate on time.
Comrades, we separate here.
Hey, man!
Are you asleep?
Sleep, Lucius.
You're better off this way.
And I thought secondary
school was boring.
- Our Julius Caesar
was a great man!
- A genius, even according
to Shakespeare.
Giovanni, let's work.
Let's not waste time.
What time, Fabio?
I've been behind these
walls for twenty years,
and you're telling me
"not to waste time"!
I kiss your hands.
- Are you ready for a
stroll to the senate?
- Well done, Decius.

You've come at the right time.
Take this message
to the venerable senators:
"Caesar will not be
present at today's sitting. "
- Are you feeling unwell?
- Talk into my other ear.
Not at all!
Caesar doesn't hide behind lies.
It's not that I can't go.
Let's just say that I don't want to.

Tell them this:

Caesar doesn't want to come. "
Glorious Caesar,
you must give me a motive.
If not, the senators will mock me.
A motive?
My word is enough!
Decius, Decius, Decius...
Since I'm fond of you,
I'll reveal a secret to you.
Last night my wife had a dream.
On one of my statues
a hundred wounds appeared.
A hundred mouths spurting blood.
She was on her knees
begging me not to leave home.
I'm staying.
Caesar, that's a good dream
which foresees the opposite
Rome is a leech feeding on your blood.
The more it drinks
the stronger it becomes.
Bigger.
That's the right interpretation,
dear wife.
I have some other good news for you.
Fresh from this morning.
The senate has issued a decree
for awarding you the crown.
If you're not there,
the senators could change their mind.
"The sitting is postponed

until Caesar's wife has a good dream. "

You must excuse me for speaking to you so openly, but I speak as a friend.

As a friend?

As a liar. As an ares-licker.

As a shameless man.

He's really good at playing a schemer.

What the fuck are you saying?

That's the wrong line!

You're so good at it. You're doing it so well with this face of yours.

That's not in the script.

Caesar doesn't say that.

He would if he knew you.

But I'm not acting now, Juan.

- What's going on?

- Their business.

I'm telling you what I had on my mind for years.

I know you.

You always talked behind my back.

- And they know you too.

- Yes, them...

- But they don't know who you are.

- Why, what do you know? Say it!

Decius would tell it to your good ear, but I'll say it to your face!

Don't come closer. I don't want to be bitten by a poisonous snake.

- Me a snake? Say it again!

- Come outside and I'll tell you.

Gianni! Juan!

What are you doing?

Fabio,

make them stop or we'll be ruined.

They'll close us down, and I don't want to abandon this project because of them.

Let's start.

You must excuse me for speaking so openly.

They should call us "the guardians of the ceiling", not prisoners.

We're on our beds, looking upwards, almost the entire day.

If they put you on the top bunk, you
can see the ceiling. You watch it...
you touch it, you speak to it.
Francesco, my son, I'm trying
to see your face on the ceiling.
I can't do it today, but I'm trying.
I'm trying...
I don't know what I'll do if I don't?
Get a single cell tomorrow morning.
It's my right.
Everybody has diarrhea today.
Five beds, five diarrheas.
I want to confess.
I want to speak.
- Ave, Caesar!
- Ave, Caesar!
Caesar, watch out for Brutus.
Don't lose Cassius from your sight.
Stay away from Decius,
don't trust Casca.
All will betray you.
If you're not immortal,
be careful.
Read this paper.
Read it!
Caesar, my plea concerns you closely.
Read it, glorious Caesar!
Those that concern us closely
are the last ones we read.
No! Caesar, read it!
Glorious Caesar, read it!
- Who's that? Is he mad?
- Yes, he is.
Ave, Caesar!
Caesar!
Mighty Caesar!
I, Metellus Cimber,
put my humble heart at your feet.
Metellus Cimber, I'm warning you,
I don't like being flattered.
His brother was sentenced
and exiled as a traitor.
If you're still crawling
and whining for him,

I'll kick you like a dog.
Caesar never wronged anybody.
Keep that in mind.
I kiss your hand, Caesar,
but I won't whine.
His brother's sentence
is a matter of grave concern
- What are you saying, Brutus?
- Forgive, Caesar.
Forgive, Caesar.
Cassius is kneeling at your feet,
listen to him.
I would've certainly been moved,
If I were like you.
The skies are painted with thousands
of sparks, but only one holds its place.
Thus is the world swarming with people.
And in this herd,
I know but one that holds his place.
And I am he.
And now I'll show it to you.
Metellus, I refuse
to revoke your brother's sentence,
and I'll remain
constant by confirming it.
Caesar, listen to us.
Mighty Caesar, be careful.
Be careful.
Wasn't it enough for you
that Brutus knelt in vain?
Sword, speak for me!
You too, Brutus, my son...
Don't run!
Freedom!
Death to tyranny!
- Shout it on the streets!
- Run to the public rostrums

and shout:

independence, redemption!"
Don't run!
The ambition has paid its dues!
Let's bow down. Let's dip
and wash our hands with blood.

How many centuries hence
will this glorious scene of ours
be acted over'?

In kingdoms not yet born,
in languages not yet invented.
And how many times must Caesar
bleed on stage?
Like here, today,
in this prison of ours
lying on this stone,
no worthier than the dust.
Is that Anthony?
It's Anthony.
Mighty Caesar,
you lay on the ground.
Your conquests, glory and triumphs
are reduced to this.
Peace be with you.
Gentlemen, I don't know your intentions
or if more blood should
be spilled besides his.
If it needs to be done, do it now.
The hour and
the occasion are fit for me.
To die beside him, by the hand
of true men. Honorable men.
Anthony, nobody here wants your death.
And these hands
welcome you as a brother.
I doubt not of your wisdom, Brutus.
- Give me your bloody hand.
- Anthony!
In the new, just government,
your vote will be as worthy as ours.
Agreed?
Yes.
I only ask of you to allow me to
take Caesar's body to the forum.
I would also like
to say a few words in his memory.
- Shall we go?
- Listen to what they're saying.
It's recreation time
for the first block,

those below must go back inside.

- Let them finish the scene..

- Anthony, I'll be the first to speak,
and I'll explain the reasons
behind Caesars death.

Then it will be your turn.

And you will say that we granted
you the permission for the eulogy.

I'm not asking for more.

I like Anthony,
he's easy-going.

You think so?

He's a son of a bitch!

- We'll go before you to the forum.

- What forum'? Inside, to your cells!

Wait a minute.

He said he was easy-going.

Let's hear what they say.

Forgive me,
pile of blood and bones,
for being meek in front
of these infamous butchers.

Forgive me.

You know what awaits them.

Woe to their hands that I shook!

Like dogs. your people will bring
swords, blood, war
and vengeance to these lands.

- There's Brutus!

- Let him speak!

Come!

Come!

Cowardly assassins!

- We want to know!

- Let him speak!

- Let Brutus speak!

- Listen! - Silence!

- Brutus is going to speak..

- Listen to me

and judge me with your wisdom.

If there are some of Caesar's
friends among you,

I say that Brutus' love for
Caesar was no less than yours.

If this friend of his asks me:
Why did you rebel
against Caesar, Brutus?";
Here's my answer.
Not because I loved Caesar less,
but because I loved Rome more.
Would you rather have Caesar alive
and all of us dead and enslaved,
or Caesar dead
and all of us alive and free?
Caesar loved me,
and because of that I weep for him.
Fortune smiled at him,
and I'm glad for that.
He was courageous,
and I honor that.
But he was ambitious,
and for that I killed him.
Is there anyone here so vile
that he doesn't love his country?
If there is, speak now.
Because it is him that I offended.
- I'm waiting for a reply.
- Nobody, Brutus!
Nobody, Brutus! Nobody!
Nobody!
Nobody!
Then, I have offended none.
Anthony will speak now.
We gave him permission
to give a eulogy to Caesar.
Listen to him, I beg of you.
For my sake too.
Before I leave you,
I want to tell you that,
as I killed my best friend
for the good of Rome,
I'm keeping the same dagger for myself,
for when it shall please
my country to need my death
- No. Brutus! Live!
- Live, Brutus!
Brutus, live!
- You must live!

- Brutus, live!
Look out!
Anthony is coming.
- Let's listen to Anthony!
- Friends! Romans!
I came to bury Caesar,
not to praise him.
Noble Brutus said
that Caesar was ambitious.
If it were so,
it was a grave fault.
And Caesar atoned for
it with his punishment.
That's what Brutus says.
And Brutus and his
friends are honorable men.
Caesar was a friend that was just to me.
Faithful.
When he saw a poor man cry.
Caesar wept.
Ambition should have a tougher surface.
Yet Brutus says Caesar was ambitious.
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all saw when I thrice
offered him the kingly crown.
He refused it all three times.
Is that ambition?
Yet Brutus says Caesar was ambitious.
And Brutus, as we all know,
is an honorable man.
I'm not speaking to
disprove what Brutus said.
I'm speaking to tell you what I know.
Here's a parchment
with the seal of Caesar.
His will.
If only you could read it,
but I'm not authorized
to read it to you.
- Read the will!
- We want to hear!
Patience, friends.
It would be better if you didn't
know how Caesar loved you.

But it would be even
better if you didn't
know that Caesar
nominated you his heirs.
If you knew,
you would set the world on fire.
I overshot myself telling you this,
and I don't want to wrong
the honorable men that stabbed Caesar.
What honorable men?
They're traitors!
You want to compel me to read it'?'
But first, let me show
you the one that wrote it.
If you have any tears.
Prepare to shed them all now.
To every Roman citizen
Caesar leaves 75 drachmas,
his gardens on this side of Tiber,
his private arbours.
To you and to your heirs.
We'll bum the body
of Caesar in a holy place!
And with brands we'll bum
the houses of the traitors!
We will rebel!
The revolt is in progress.
What must be, will be.
What a mess!
I, Brutus that is, together
with Cassius had to escape.
They gathered an entire army.
They weren't short on money.
- And the crowd? - They burned down
the houses of all the conspirators.
A massacre.
In those times, you couldn't
live a happy life in Rome.
Like in my country, Nigeria.
Cheer up!
Put that down and let in some air.
It stinks in here.
Pizzetto, take this.
He's here.

Octavius.
Guys, this is Octavius.
His name is Maurilio.
Come, get up on the stage.
He arrived to Rebibbia
just a few days ago.
He looks just like the young emperor.
Just if...
Pizzetto, the costume.
Just if you had a bit more hair.
Octavius, Julius Caesar's beloved son.
Adopted son.
He arrives in Rome after
his father's murder,
and decides to avenge him.
He joins forces with Anthony
against Brutus' and Cassius' army.
They gather a mighty army
and depart for Greece,
where, in the plain of Philippi,
the final battle will take place.
Are we really going to do the battle?
Yes, the battle,
but beware cause I'll break you.
Cosimo, don't frighten him.
Besides, the one that comes
to a bad end is Cassius, right?
- Anthony, come and try on your cloak.
- Not today. I'm not in the mood.
- What's wrong? - Leave him alone,
he's not in the mood today.
Can't you see? He just had a visit.
Leave him alone.
Fabio, which one is Brutus'
tent that we need to assemble?
The orange one.
- That one?
- Exactly. Then there's the white one...
How strangely this candle burns.
Who are you who approaches behind me?
Are you a god, an angel
or a devil that freezes
the blood in my veins?
- Speak, who are you?

- Your evil demon, Brutus.
- Why are you here? - To tell
you that you'll see me again tomorrow,
on the plain of Philippi.
- I'll see you again tomorrow, Caesar.
Yes, in the battle.
Who is it?
My harmonica!
I lost my harmonica!
Go back to sleep.
Nothing happened.
Go back to sleep.
Nothing happened.
It was me.
I was having a dream.
Keep watch!
Keep watch!
Yes, now!
Wind, start blowing,
sea, rise in swells
and unleash the tempest.
- Everything has its destiny.
- Yes, Cassius.
Today the work the ides of March
begun, will be accomplished.
I don't know if we'll see
each other again, my brother.
Farewell forever, Cassius.
If we do see each other again,
we'll smile together about this moment.
Farewell forever.
If we do see each other again,
we'll smile together about this parting.
If only I could know now
how this day is going to end.
The evening will come,
and the ending will be known.
Hurry, Metellus!
Hurry!
- To the legions!
- To the legions, comrades!
Let them march compact
against Octavius' wing.
There the enemy front is weakened,

and a sudden assault will smite them.
- To the victory, for freedom!
Men, stay compact,
the victory is in our hands!
- For freedom!
- For freedom!
- For freedom!
- For freedom!
Comrades,
Brutus resists and then attacks,
Octavius' wing routs,
but we're exhausted,
our side is yielding to Anthony.
Cassius is counter-attacking over there.
Resist, fight, resist!
Orders to cover Cassius' retreat!

Brutus' orders:

"Cover the retreat of Cassius!"
Defend your encampments
to your last breath!
Retreat orderly, comrades!
Comrades, leave no enemies alive!
Titinius is surrounded
by Anthony's cavalry!
To your shields, comrades!
To the shields!
- To the shields! - Where are you
running to, cowardly beasts?
You must fear Cassius' wrath
more than the enemy's.
Come back and fight, bastards.
It's not over!
The field is lost!
The field is lost!
The sun of Rome has set.
Our day is over!
Comrades,
glory to the sacrifice of the fallen!
Glory to the fallen!
Glory to the fallen!
Glory to the fallen!
Silence.
I ask for silence

for our farewell.
I risked all the freedom in one battle,
and I lost.
In a day like the one today,
I breathed for the first time.
Now that my time is done,
I'll end it without remorse,
to go back there...
where everything begun.
Cassius has taken his life!
Glory to Cassius!
Are you still so
strong, Julius Caesar?
Your shadow roams
the plain of Philippi,
and turns our
weapons against ourselves.
Trebonius, help me die.
And I'm supposed to
do a thing like that?
Never, Brutus.
Metellus, you do it.
What, Brutus?
Are you really asking this of me?
Never ever!
Never!
- Take this sword.
- No, Brutus.
I'd rather kill myself.
Decius, my comrade.
My time has come.
No, it's not true, Brutus.
It is.
On the edge of the abyss,
it's more dignifying if we throw
ourselves in with our own hands,
than to let them throw us in.
Do you remember when
we went to school together?
We were sitting at the same desk.
Please.
No.
Let's escape, Brutus.
Let's save ourselves.

Strato, no.
Please, stay.
Take this sword
and tum your head away.
Help me die.
Can you do it'?'
Give me your hand.
Farewell, my master.
Farewell, Strato.
Ever since I became acquainted with art,
this cell turned into a prison.
Cosimo Rega has published
a book "Sumino
'O Falco" Autobiography
of a life convict
Salvatore Striano after sewing his
sentence has become an actor.
Giovanni Arcuri has published
a book "Liberi dentro"