

## THE TEMPEST

The clinking of Artisans at work. The flair of aristocrats alighting from ornate carriages in fashionable silks. The rapid fire hustle of merchants on the Via Veneto. Leonardo's Last Supper. The excited tavern talk of New World discoveries. Such was the stuff of life in Renaissance Italy, and no city better exemplified the liberal culture and prosperity of the times than the Milan of 1604, home of the Sforzas, and La Scala, birthplace of painters and explorers alike.

Such was your world in all its glory, a fiefdom of high art and culture that you had nurtured from the time you took your first steps into the political arena. Today, you are the much revered Duke of Milan, during whose tenure the city's liberal arts have flourished to the point where Milan is now considered the preeminent capital of Renaissance Europe. You are Prospero, Patron of the Arts, unequaled scholar of all that is magic, equitable mayor of a proud citizenry, and the embodiment of all that is just and merciful. Your reputation for wisdom is known far and wide.

Or so it seemed, before your wicked brother, Antonio, traitor par excellence, began to insinuate himself in political circles, bent on marring your good name in the interest of self-promotion. Always the expert manipulator, he even succeeded in joining forces with your archenemy, the cruel and spineless King Alonso of Naples, and enlisting his support to usurp your very throne. It was only a matter of time before the Neapolitan army crept through the gates of Milan under the cover of night, and abducted you and your three year old daughter Miranda, whisking you away to the weather-beaten shores of the Mediterranean. In Milan, your treacherous brother took up your dukeship as if it was his, and turned the tide of opinion against you, with lies, innuendo and propaganda. By the grace of a few supporters, your lives were spared, your fates left to twist in the uncertain winds of the Atlantic where you and your daughter were ultimately set adrift in a small boat with a small ration of food and water. Miranda, only a child of three, exiled with you to gamble with the forces of nature!

Where will the current take you? Will the winds and beasts of the ocean show you mercy, or crush your makeshift raft to smithereens? Will your knowledge of the occult right the wrongs that set you adrift on the open sea?

1. For two months you tossed upon the seas,  
Without even a sail to catch the breeze,  
In a rotten carcass of a boat,  
With some food and water you'd been set afloat,  
To watch poor Miranda in harm's way  
Gave you the strength to weather the spray,  
Twas Gonzalo who saved you from an end more tragic,  
By packing aboard your books of magic,  
Through storms these tomes you did consult.,  
Refining your mastery of the occult,  
And as you tamed the waves and ocean beasts  
Upon land one day your eyes did feast,  
It was none too soon for a landmark,  
Nipping at your keel was a giant shark,  
You docked your barc in a green Lagoon  
West of here you are marooned,  
A drive down Madonna should do the trick,  
All the way to Dalidio's entrance into the thick.  
Right and left and right you'll go,  
To picnic near a gazebo,  
Your survival now is stored,  
In the place where you are moored.
  
2. The island upon which you've run aground,  
Is a vision in wonder of sight and sound,  
Wild virgin forests that stir with song,  
And waterfalls that cascade along,  
Nymphs playfully smirk at their newfound guests,  
Exotic birds chant their welcomes from starry nests,  
Your magic now has found its source,  
Master of this island you'll be in due course.  
You find yourselves beckoned by a meek little voice,  
That lures you north to a downtown choice,  
The plea is heard louder at Higuera and Marsh,  
Through an urban jungle the cry becomes harsh.

3. As master of this exotic isle,  
You've now enlisted your rank and file,  
By freeing little Ariel,  
His gratitude you did impel,  
Indebted to serve your every need,  
One task of vengeance she must heed,  
For King Alonso's ship has now set sail,  
It's time to concoct a hurricane gale,  
Your traitor brother is on deck,  
What perfect timing for a shipwreck,  
To your shores the ship will be blown,  
From Antonio you'll reclaim you throne,  
Do not veer far from your mission,  
On Chorro for Amanda you must audition,  
In order to right your brother's wrong,  
In your bag you will find the song.
  
4. The ship was morrooned just off the coast,  
Of a foggy sea outpost,  
West on the One to where water's in sight,  
To where you'll quickly Embarc on the right,  
Alonso's son Ferdinand,  
Had made it separately onto land,  
With his ship now run aground,  
Alonso thought his son had drowned,  
Gonzalo tried to counsel his grief,  
But the King remained in disbelief,  
The nobles encamped upon a rock,  
Where of their predicament they took stock,  
Of the island Gonzalo waxed poetic,  
The end result proved quite pathetic.
  
5. When Miranda and you sailed to this coast,  
You met a savage who was your host,  
He saved you when your boat capsized,  
But he was barbaric and uncivilized,  
This witches' son displayed such features,

Of one of God's more deformed creatures,  
To the isle's charms you were introduced,  
To a beast of burden he was reduced,  
You tried your best to domesticate,  
This apish undisciplined ingrate,  
When he veered from your dictates,  
You would quickly render him prostrate,  
Your spells caused him to cramp and itch,  
Suffering painfully at every twitch,  
What could you do with this wild half-man,  
Who claimed to be Caliban?  
You must now enlist him in your search,  
Lest Alonso leaves you in the lurch,  
Caliban sits with friends inside a cage,  
Built in Bud Davis' old age,  
There he weaves his web of trickery,  
A typical Ateles Geoffroyi.

6. Oppressed for years by Prospero's yoke,  
Caliban's ready to go for broke,  
Jaded by his servitude,  
He seeks a nobler interlude,  
Though Prospero treated him as his own,  
To airs of grandeur he has grown,  
He once tried to have his way,  
With nubile Miranda in the hay,  
Prospero caught him in the act,  
And for weeks rendered him hump-backed,  
As the wedding bells draw near,  
One last dance he seeks to clear,  
Where the two lovers plan to be married,  
Around three nymphs this chance is buried,  
Where four lie separately in grace,  
At the corners of the church's base.  
If they're together keep your distance,  
At another team's insistence.

7. Caliban flails in resentment,  
Against Prospero's hedgehogs that torment him,  
As punishment for his insolence,  
Hobgoblins have set up residence,  
But while carrying wood in the dark forest,  
Two of Alonso's crew draw interest,  
Trunculo, the court jester,  
Sees Caliban as a beast to pester,  
Caliban's choices are quite simple,  
He should seek his freedom in another Temple,  
Stung with a rebel's ambition,  
To Marcia and Fritz he must petition,  
Dressed in correct attire,  
Honkers and dogface they will require:

" No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,  
Nor scrape trencher nor wash dish,  
' Ban, ban' Caliban,  
Has a new master: Get a new man!  
Freedom, hey-day! Hey-day, freedom!"

At 98 Main playback their retort,  
With the letters you import.

8. With the drunken Stephano at their helm,  
They plot to take over Prospero's realm,  
By imbibing celestial liquor,  
Caliban's defection is made much quicker,  
Ariel overhears their plans for a coup,  
With his master he must rendezvous,  
No need to rush, they shall delay,  
For more wine they must foray,  
The vineyard upon which their plot they gamble,  
Is in the letters you must unscramble,  
Among so many there are to choose,  
For a map your bag peruse.

9. Ariel tells Prospero of the plan,  
 To sea and sand you must caravan,  
 It's time to put thy nose to stone,  
 Lest they usurp a second throne,  
 For if Stephano obtains your books occult,  
 Caliban might succeed in his revolt,  
 At the turnout which offers a view,  
 Fires and camping you cannot do,  
 From the third rock from this sign,  
 Walk twenty paces in western line  
 Prospero's cell lies in sands below,  
 And basks in the moon's glorious glow,  
 To quell these drunkards' murderous designs,  
 All that's left is to follow the signs,  
 Unleash your hedgehogs in their mirth,  
 Lest your books they first unearth.

10. Prospero arrives in the nick of time,  
 To sick his spirits most sublime,  
 Upon the hides of his home's intruders,  
 Mincemeat's soon made of greedy looters,  
 Lobsters soon metamorphosized,  
 And Stephano's troop was immobilized,  
 By nasty pinches and convulsions,  
 That soon quickened their expulsion,  
 The conniving nobles the same fate face,  
 On a southerly course you must now race,  
 With some help from a magic potion,  
 You send them now in circular motion.  
 With a little help from page 311,  
 With numerology their souls replevin:

A Y S 5. 6 3 5 1 5  
 2 2 1 1 1 2

11. South a mile or two from this locale,  
Is the place for high morale,  
Conservatively from where many now rest,  
Ariel flutters to a party nest,  
But when she gets to this abode,

One last fairy prayer is owed:

" Where the bee sucks there suck I,  
In a cowslips bell I lie,  
There I couch when owls do cry,  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After summer merrily,  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

**HOTLINE: Main (805) 995 -2105**  
**Aux (310) 779 - 3057**  
**Aux (415) 518 - 3587**

## LITTLE CLUES

### 1. In shark

'Twill be Prospero's flag that is unfurled,  
As Master of this brave new world.  
But if respect must be paid to thee,  
Then 'tis only at the expense of your charity,  
A promontory leads to the scene,  
Space 127 will lead you upstream,  
Where within steps a pitiful fairy longs to be free,  
From where it was trapped in the bark of a tree,  
Pulling a string can surely unhook,  
The prisoner that hangs over the brook.

### 2. On fairy in tree

I'm Ariel and indebted to thee,  
From the tree bark you set me free,  
Too delicate was I to carry the ax,  
So imprisoned I was by Sycorax,  
A wicked witch who gave birth to a beast,  
Who roams this island just northeast,  
For one year in your service I shall enroll,  
Thank you for your **heart and soul**.



Song :sung to the tune in the tape of "Gilliagan's Island")  
In bag

Just sit right back and you'll hear the tale,  
The tale of a fateful trip,  
That started from an Italian port,  
Aboard a noble ship,  
Antonio, the wicked duke of Milan,  
Alonso, a tyrant cruel,  
With a court jester they set sail that day,  
For a New World tour, a New World Tour,  
Our magic made the weather rough,  
The royal brig was tossed,  
Thanks to Prospero's tempest,  
The *Napoli* would be lost,  
The *Napoli* would be lost,  
The ship's aground on the shore of our exotic magic isle,  
With Caliban, and Ariel too,  
Sebastian and Gonzalo,  
A drunk sailor,  
Miranda and Ferdinand,  
Here on Prospero's isle.

So this is the tale of our castaways,  
They'll be punished for their crimes,  
Prospero their little necks will wring,  
It's a rally time,  
Prospero and Ariel too,  
Will do their very best,  
To make the nobles uncomfortable,  
Sprites and hedgehogs will do the rest,  
No throne, no silks, no carriages,  
Just an eager one-man jury,  
Like Caliban who grew so  
Primitive as can be.

There may be time to make amends,  
That's just Prospero's style,  
But for seven stranded castaways,  
It won't be for a long, long while.

3a. From Sandra at Art & Sol

If Alonso's boat you're to maroon,  
With the makings of your clever typhoon,  
And spare the lives of the sailing crew,  
Call forth a blue dragon who will help them through,  
He hangs in this place as a secondparter,  
Take him with you, you'll not have to barter.

3b. In dragon at Art and Sol; gives photo of Morro Rock

While Gonzalo proceeds to rhapsodize,  
Ariel must be sent to supervise,  
For what plots may be hatched among these men,  
Whose greed for power may strike again?  
In a crevice is the crew,  
From which they have this very view

4. In boat in crevice

Ariel watched as a plot unhatched,  
Wherein King and counselor would be dispatched,  
In their sleep they snored in peace,  
While your bro and Sebastian shot the breeze,  
Antonio soon Sebastian does persuade,  
That his brother Alonso be waylaid,  
By killing Gonzalo and the King,  
The line of succession the throne would bring,  
As they drew their swords on the sleepers to slay,  
Ariel arrives to save the day,  
In their ears did whisper she:  
" If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber and beware.,"  
With royalty up and alert,  
'Twas lions now they pretend to avert,  
They'd feel safer if they were tame,  
Much like Caliban became,  
Paddocked in a public place,  
A mighty Tasc you must now face,  
Down the 41 East show your machismo,

Past Santa Rosa, and a right after Pismo.

5. Under Russell Bud Davis plaque

While Ferdinand explored the wilderness,  
With Miranda he found bliss,  
She was so taken by surprise,  
'Twas the first young man upon which she laid eyes,  
Though in a sprightly meadow their lust grew,  
Prospero made him prove his love was true,  
By chopping and logging piles of wood,  
He bid farewell to his bachelor hood,  
Touched by this commitment of the heart,  
Prospero saw that they'd never part,  
With the blessing of island fairies,  
Best wishes from Juno, Iris and sweet Ceres,  
A marriage ceremony was consecrated,  
Their contract of love celebrated,  
Caliban was hard-bitten,  
For with Miranda he was smitten,  
To avoid his disruptive wrath,  
Take Morro Road north to a Spanish path,  
To the left and soon between two malls  
Prospero's cathedral does enthrall.

6. In puzzle pieces at base of nymphs

Miranda's choice was Ferdinand,  
Despairing Caliban would not be herr mann,  
At a haven on the main,  
Is where the ruffian should seek to reign,  
Just across from where grain is stored,  
Wide open stands freedom's door.

7. ( not a true 2-parter; both a&b are supplied at the same time by Marcia and Fritz)

- a. ARCIERO - letters on 7 different chocolates at Herrmann's
- b. Video received from Marcia and Fritz

Caliban: Jay

Stephano: Marc

Trunculo: Chip

Ariel: Laura

Scene: A forest

Stephano stumbles through the bush with a bottle in hand singing drunkenly. He sits on Caliban, wearing a large blanket under which Trunculo is hidden.

Stephano: The master , the swabber, the boatswain and me,  
The gunner and his mate,  
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate,  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor go hang!  
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a sailor might scratch her where'er she did itch,  
Then to sea boys and let her go hang!

Caliban: Do not torment me! Oh!

Stephano: What's the matter ? Have we devils here? This is, I dare say, some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it an ague! I'll recover him and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor, who shall soundly pay for him! He's in a fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if he hath never drunk wine before,  
It will go near to remove the fit.

Trinculo: Stephano!

Stephano: I should know that voice, be he is drowned! This is a devil! Four legs

and two voices! A most delicate monster!

Trinculo: Stephano!

Stephano: If thou beest Trunculo, come forth! I'll pull thee by thy lesser legs!  
If

any be Trunculo's legs, these are they! How camest thou to be the seige of this moon-calf?

Trunculo: I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke! I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm.

Caliban: These be fine things, if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him!

Trunculo; (looking at the empty bottle) Oh Stephano hath thou not more of this?

Stephano: **'Tis in a lion's mouth my wine is hid!**

Trinculo: But reveal not this secret cache to this perfidious and drunken monster! He will rob thee of thy bottle when god's asleep!

Stephano: Not if he swears allegiance, o, Trunculo!

Come, swear to that! Kiss thy book, and I will show thee the hiding place of more celestial liquor saved from the ship!

Caliban (kissing Stephano's foot): I swear myself thy subject! I'll show thee the best springs! I'll pluck thee berries! A plague upon my tyrant! I'll bear him no

more sticks but follow thee! Thy wondrous man!

Trinculo: A most ridiculous monster! To make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Caliban: As I told thee, I am the subject of a tyrant, a sorcerer that hath cheated me of the island!

Ariel (appears, invisible to the others): Thou liest!

Caliban (to Trunculo): I do not lie, thy jesting monkey!

Trinculo: I said nothing, thou most ignorant monster and deboshed fish!

Stephano: Trinculo, if you trouble him any more, I will supplant some of your teeth!

Caliban: My lord, I will show you the cell of my wicked master, where thou may knockst a nail in his head.

Ariel: Thou liest. Thou canst not!

Caliban: What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch! I do beseech his greatness! Give him blows!

Stephano: (hits Trunculo) Trunculo, keep a good tongue in your head, if you prove a mutineer, the next tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity!

Trunculo: Why? What did I? I did nothing!

Stephano: Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel: Thou liest.

Stephano; Do I so? Take that. (Beats Trinculo)

Caliban: When my master be asleep, first seize his books , and then thou maty brain him, or batter his skull with a log. That most deeply to consider is the beauty of his daughter!

Ariel: Thou foul and wretched creature!

Caliban: How he mocks me!

Stephano: Stop, Trunculo or I shall make a stock-fish of thee.

Trunculo: But I said nothing.

Stephano: We must kill this man, his daughter and I will be king and queen . save our graces . . and Trunculo and thysself shall be viceroys!

Caliban: But where, great lord, may we fetcheth more of thy divine liquor?

Stephano: **In a lion's mouth** my friends. .

Trunculo; But where be such a mouth upoun this isle?

Stephano: **In a fountain left of a vineyard. In a fountain**, my good fellows.

Ariel: Of this evil plot I'll tell my master, Amongst drunken sailors, I'll be the faster!

## 8. In bottle in lion's mouth at vineyard

Having drunk the celestial liquor,  
 Caliban's betrayal is much quicker,  
 Soon Prospero's cell is revealed,  
 To be in seacliffs well-concealed,  
 Down the 46 West these three cavort,  
 To find the locale of Prospero's fort,  
 Take a right on a Cambrian trail,  
 North on the One you should now sail,  
 A liberal turn on a castle road,  
 Will send them soon to your abode,  
 Where Stephano's cabal presently rifles,  
 Through your occult books and other trifles,  
 Looking for your source of magic,  
 To lead your isle to an end quite tragic,  
 A quick turn down a scenic route,  
 Pass Kendall and Stafford if in doubt,  
 A rock tavern that is quite lunar,  
 Signals your arrival all the sooner,  
 A regal inn foretells a bridge,

Before which you'll park on an ocean ridge.

9. In book

CAYUCOS is printed on the binding  
Numerology table sets forth the key on p. 311

10. Under lobster on water wheel at Schooner's

With Prospero's books secure,  
The dukeship Antonio does abjure,  
For no one deigns to challenge the power,                   1  
Of Prospero's magic in its finest hour,

For forgiveness Alonso pleads,  
And to compassion Prospero cedes,  
With his dukeship newly restored,  
Caliban finds the courage to call him lord,

"O brave new world!" Miranda cries,  
And Ariel begins to rhapsodize,  
As she served her master well,                                   2  
Hark! She hears great freedom's bell,

At Studio Drive three four eight eight,  
Is a place to immigrate  
Where spirits, fairies and nymphs do dwell,  
To years of servitude she says Farewell!

**by**

**Prospero**



## JULIUS CAESAR

### VIDEO

#### Cast:

Caesar: Marc

Marc Antony: Karl

#### Conspirators

Bruta: Laura

Cassius: Jay

Cinna: Lisa

Casca: Sharon

Trebonius: Mike

Metallus Cimber: Jim

Decius: Chip

In a forum, pillars, fountains; actors wear togas and laurel wreaths on their heads

ACT I: A group of conspirators await Caesar

Bruta: We are the faction. O conspiracy. Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night, when evils are most free? And yet we must now kill unearth and kill tyranny's seed, so that all Roman citizens be freed. The rally caesar must meet his fate, and from the rallycon Romana we shall liberate all hosts and players from this yoke, that our sport may thrive without this choke.

Cinna: But are we ready to draw his blood for Rome, who citizenry hath lately

carried his dead weight upon its shoulders proclaiming his heroism in the making of almost ten road rallies?

Metallus Cimber: Yes, but their memory cannot be so short as to forget the agony of those hellish expeditions!

Cassius: The cliffs, the ponds of muck, the trees they were forced upon pain of death to climb to the heavens, the clue left on an uncertain branch!

Decius: . . the humiliation of dance and song . .

Casca: the spiders, the bumper-to-bumper traffic of chariots, the chariot insurance and clues that were never planted . .

Cinna: . . and the rat infested hovels and ramshackle quarters he hath promised were palatial accomodations! Lie, lies , lies!!!

Trebonius: But we were hosts, as guilty as he!

Metallus Cimber: Yes, and don't you remember the treachery, the tyranny of this would-be rally dictator of Rome?

Trebonius: (Flashback)

In his apartment, he looks aghast at a cluesheet that Caesar altered.

Trebonius: My poetry! What have you done to my poetry?

Caesar: Rhyme, damn it. I commanded you to rhyme.

Trebonius: What have you made of my rough drafts?

Caesar: Party confetti, o poet laureate. Now get to work.

( Caesar cracks a whip.Trebonius looks very angry.)

Trebonius: Oh, I remember!

Brutus: And do you remember, dearest Casca?

Casca: (Flashback)

Casca ( holding a set of crutches) This will be a really funny video. As the ambulance chasing lawyer, Larry Caesar Parker, you should pretend like you've hit me or something so that you can get a huge settlement. What should we do?

Caesar: How about this? Caesar brings her head down on his knee and accidentally breaks her nose.

(Cut) to:

Casca: (lying down, holding a pack of ice on her nose) I said pretend!

Casca: Oh, I remember!

Brutus: And Decius, dear, do you remember?

Decius: (Flashback)

Decius: (on phone looking very concerned)

So, Caesar, where's my wife, Bruta? What have you done with her? It's three o'clock in the morning and she's not home. I know you're doing the rally in Orange County and all, but I hardly ever see her!

Caesar: ( on phone ) I'm sorry, o Decius, but we have been whipping ourselves into a frenzy with rally work, pumping out cluesheets around the clock . .

Decius: Oh, yeah, O.k. I understand. So it's just work, hunh? Can I talk to her?

Caesar: O, certainly. Bruta, it's for you. ( Camera angle expands to Caesar passing phone to her, where she lies, apparently naked, in bed next to Caesar.)

Bruta: Hello. I'm sorry, do I know you?

Decius: Oh, I remember!

Brutus: And, Cinna, you have not forgotten, have you?

Cinna: (Flashback)

Caesar: So here's the invitation list. What do you think?

Cinna: ( looking at list and getting angry) You're inviting who????

Caesar: Just the usual cast of questionable characters. And six of your ex-boyfriends. They're all really looking forward to it.

Cinna (lets out a thin gasp of hysteria. Her hair possibly on end. Chloe comes to the rescue)

Cinna: Oh, I remember.( Looks longingly at a blade)

Brutus: What about you, Metallus Cimber. You were never even a host.

Metallus Cimber: That was sort of the problem.

Metallus Cimber: (Flashback)

Sitting in front of a desk as if being interviewed. A silhouette is seen in the foreground, smoking a cigarette, while Metallus is nervously sitting in a chair in the foreground.

Metallus Cimber: I know I can be a rally host. I promise, o, Caesar, I'll be a great one. I can write, and hide clues, and I'm a great dj for any party. Please, please.

Caesar(silhouette): Hand me your application.

Metallus Cimber: O sure, o rallymaster.

Caesar (perusing application): Can you rhyme???

Metallus Cimber: Rhyme? rhyme? Sure. Uhm. Roses are red, violets are blue, I love rallies, and they're really fun.

Caesar: (Sets fire to the application, as M.C. squirms.) ( He then leaves). He turns around. But we do have a role for you . .[ cut to Jim on the mechanical horse]

Metallus Cimber: (very pained) I could've been a contender! I could've been a contender!

Metallus Cimber: O, do I remember!

Brutus: And what about you, brave Cassius?

Scene: rally team getting into a car; Cassius is carrying a styrofoam cup of boiling hot coffee. Close-up of coffee. He gets into the back seat, holding it in front of him as Caesar steps into the front passenger seat.

Caesar: All ready on the western front? Let us go and discover cluesites. Oh, what fun, what fun!

Close-up of seat being thrown back. Side- closeup as seat is going back and Cassius is holding cup in seat's way. A scream is heard. Shot to Cassius covered in coffee, the styrofoam cup upside down on his crotch, Cassius hyperventilating at a high note in apparent agony.

Cassius: Oh, I remember.

Decius: What about you,Bruta? Did the dictator not oppress you in a similar way?

Brutus: Oh, yes, most underhanded was he.

(Flashback - my apartment)

Bruta: I will never, never, never do another road rally again. Mark my words.

Caesar: But who will I ever get to plan one with me in the Central Coast area. Come on, you and Decius should be on board for this one. We can do one again together, one happy family.

Bruta: Not in a million years. Not even if hell freezes over. Not for a million dollars. I'd rather stick needles in my eyes.

Caesar: O well. There goes the tenth anniversary. (feigning sadness)

Bruta: Getting on the Jeopardy show. Now that's what I need to be thinking about.

Caesar: I know. Like knowing who the title character was in The Scarlet Letter. Or that Polonius was Ophelia's father in Hamlet.

Bruta: Yep. I sure could improve upon that literature category. A little knowledge of Shakespeare couldn't hurt.

Caesar (acts as though he's been hit by a revelation). What about doing a road rally around . . . (whispers in her ear).

Bruta: (her eyes light up); Oh my God!! You're right. What a cool idea.

Allright, you've persuaded me! And it will be sooo easy!!

Bruta: (looking livid) Oh, in the name of Rallycon Romana, do I remember. Nothing could be fresher in my memory than to be tricked into slavery!! Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius: Let us swear our resolution. What say we??  
All chant " I remember."

Caesar walks in, nonchalant and oblivious: " Greetings, my good senators. What rally nightmare is in the works today? What wondrous race should we chart for the plebian masses this day? The ides of March are here and gone. What worries should there be of a conspiracy? "

Metallus Cimber: The Ides have come, but are not gone, o, Rally Caesar!

Casca (crying out): Speak, hands, for me!!

The conspirators are upon him, each stabbing him with their blade. Caesar convulses dramatically at each stab, bleeding as he goes.

Bruta takes the last stab. Caesar, still standing whirls about after this stab, and cries, et tu, Bruta!

Bruta: Oh, and one more for Newport 91.

Decius: What about the O.J. Simpson cluerun?

Bruta: Oh, how apropos.

They both stab him several times.

And then he dies.

Cinna: Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Act 2: A speech to the crowds. Crowds are heard in front of a podium.

Bruta gives a speech.

Romans, countrymen and lovers! Hear for me my cause and be silent so you may hear.. If then that any rallier demand why Bruta rose up against Caesar, this is my answer: that Bruta's love for Caesar was no less than his. Not that I loved the Rally less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather that the Rally was living, and die all rally slaves, than that Rally Caesar were dead, to live all free men. As Caesar loved me. I weep for him, the poor, balding, chubby bastard; as he was fortunate, I cannot help to wonder why; as he was valiant, I honour him for pulling the wings off of helpless flies, and subjugating his teams to dishonor in countless quests of embarrassment; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. If any speak, for him have I offended? Who is so vile that will not love his country? I pause now for a reply.

All (chorus); None, Bruta, none. The rally bastard deserved it!!

Single voices: Live, Bruta, live!! Bring her with triumph home unto her house!

She can stay with me!! No, with me! Give her a statue with her ancestors!

Let her be Caesar!!!

Enter Marc Antony, pulling Caesar's bloodied body.



a (Caesar tries to get up, but M.A. pushes him down with his foot, and loud fart is heard)  
His body will now become a carcass of our Natural History,  
Another museum piece upon which to reminisce,  
Of a glorious time that we will miss,  
But then I shall not do Bruta and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men,  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar,  
It is his will, that bequeaths a rich legacy.

Citizen 1: Read the will.

Citizen 2: They were villains! Murderers!

(Pointing to Caesar's stabs)

You all know this mantle, but look in this place  
Ran Cassius' dagger through,  
See what a rent the envious Casca made,  
But here is the unkindest cut of all,  
For Bruta, with this lethal stab,  
(pointing to Caesar's crotch)  
Ingratitude, more stronger than a traitor's arms,  
Vanquished him.  
Nothing's worse for public derision,  
Than a clumsy circumcision,  
(Caesar: "you're telling me")  
Was it because Bruta of late,  
Had clueruns that weren't first rate?  
And in the will, under Caesar's seal,

To every Roman gives,  
75 Party animals.  
And further doth proclaim,  
That victory here shall take wing,  
Hark! And hear the ravens sing.  
For Cassius and Bruta will find dark weather,  
Traitors are always just birds of a feather.

The Crowd is enraged.

Citizen 3: Most noble Rally Caesar! We'll avenge his death!



Citizen 4: Burn down the houses of Cassius and Bruta!  
Pluck down benches, forms, windows!!