**Title:** Julius Caesar: Betrayal and Rhetoric in 15 Minutes

**Cast:** 5 Actors (ages 12–14)

**Doubling Roles:**

* **Actor 1:** Julius Caesar / Soldier
* **Actor 2:** Brutus / Narrator
* **Actor 3:** Cassius / Calpurnia
* **Actor 4:** Mark Antony / Citizen
* **Actor 5:** Casca / Octavius

**Setting:** Ancient Rome. Columns or banners can suggest Rome. Use scrolls, a crown, togas or sashes for characters. Lighting shifts between Forum, Senate, and battlefield scenes.

**[Prologue – Narrator center stage.]**

**NARRATOR (A2):**  
In mighty Rome, where power holds sway,  
A man named Caesar rose one day.  
But ambition breeds fear—and fear, betrayal.  
Let us watch how trust unravels…

*(Lights shift. Crowd cheers offstage.)*

**Scene 1: Caesar Returns Victorious**

**CAESAR (A1):**  
The people cheer me. Am I not Rome’s chosen?

**CALPURNIA (A3):**  
Beware the Ides of March! I dreamt of blood and warnings!

**CAESAR:**  
Cowards die many times before their deaths.

**CASSIUS (A3):**  
Brutus, do you not see? Caesar grows too strong.

**BRUTUS (A2):**  
He is my friend… but Rome must come first.

**CASCA (A5):**  
Then let us strike, before he’s crowned.

**Scene 2: The Assassination**

**CAESAR (A1):**  
The Senate meets—what harm can come?

*(Senators circle him. CASCA strikes first.)*

**CAESAR:**  
Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Caesar!

*(He falls. Silence.)*

**BRUTUS:**  
People of Rome, we freed you from tyranny.

**CASSIUS:**  
We loved Caesar, but we loved Rome more.

**Scene 3: Mark Antony’s Speech**

**MARK ANTONY (A4):**  
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

**CITIZEN (A4):**  
But he was kind to the poor!

**MARK ANTONY:**  
You all did love him once—not without cause.  
Look—his cloak, his wounds! And in his will—he left gold to you all!

**NARRATOR:**  
The crowd turns. Civil war brews. Brutus and Cassius flee.

**Scene 4: The Battlefield**

**BRUTUS (A2):**  
Cassius is dead. Now I, too, must fall on my sword.

**CASSIUS (A3):** *(as ghost)*  
Farewell, Brutus. We did what we thought was right.

**OCTAVIUS (A5):**  
Rome mourns, but order is restored.

**[Epilogue – Narrator center stage.]**

**NARRATOR (A2):**  
Thus falls the noble Brutus, with honor in his heart.  
Beware ambition, but trust wisely, too.  
In Rome, no soul is safe from power’s call.

**[Lights fade. Curtain.]**