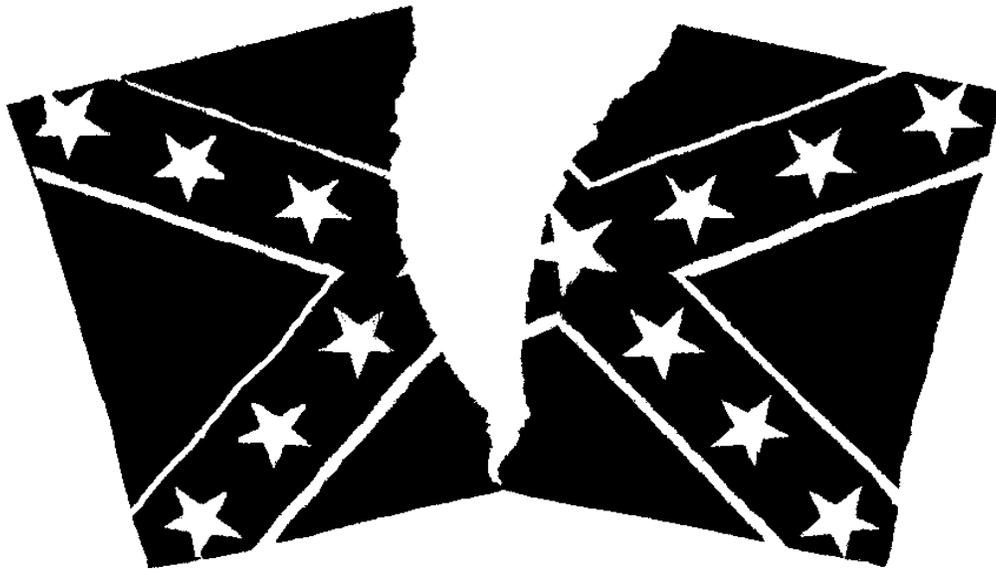


PERUSAL SCRIPT
Acts I & II

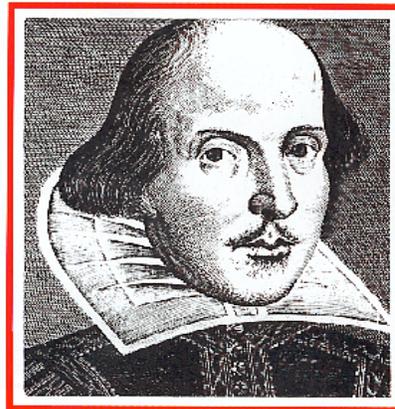
JULIUS CAESAR



CONFEDERATE CONSPIRACY

by
William Shakespeare

As adapted by
C. Michael Perry



Newport, Maine

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JULIUS CAESAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

(32M 9F)

- MARCUS BRUTUS.** Conspirator.(M) [*Suicide in act 5*]
CAIUS CASSIUS. Conspirator.(M) [*Older than BRUTUS. Dies in act 5*]
CASCA. Conspirator.(M) [*Dies offstage in act 3*] (Becomes SOLDIER for Brutus)
DECIUS BRUTUS. Conspirator.(M)[*Dies offstage in act 3*] (Becomes SOLDIER for Brutus)
METELLUS CIMBER. Conspirator.(M)[*Dies offstage in act 3*] (Becomes SOLDIER for Brutus)
CINNA. Conspirator.(M)[*Dies offstage in act 3*] (Becomes SOLDIER for Brutus)
TREBONIUS. Conspirator.(M)[*Dies offstage in act 3*] (Becomes SOLDIER for Brutus)
LIGARIUS. Conspirator. (F)[*Dies offstage in act 3*] (Becomes SOLDIER for Antony)
MARCUS ANTONIUS. Senator, Triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.(M)
OCTAVIUS CAESAR. Senator, Triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.(M)
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS. Senator, Triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.(M)
CICERO. Female Senator.(F) (Becomes SOLDIER for Antony)
PUBLIUS. Female Senator.(F) (Becomes SOLDIER for Antony)
POPILIUS LENA. Female Senator. Sympathizes with Conspirators.(F) (Becomes SOLDIER for Antony)
JULIUS CAESAR.(M) [*Dies in act 3. Returns as GHOST in Act 4*]
PORTIA. Wife of Marcus Brutus.(F) [*Dies off stage in act 4*]
CALPURNIA. Wife of Julius Caesar.(F)
LUCILIUS. Friend and Soldier of Brutus and Cassius. (Becomes Commander)(M)
MESSALA. Friend and Soldier of Brutus and Cassius. (Becomes Commander)(M)
YOUNG CATO. Young Soldier of Brutus and Cassius.(M)
VOLUMNIUS. Large Friend and Soldier of Marcus Brutus and Cassius.(M)
LUCIUS. Young Servant and Arms Bearer of Marcus Brutus. (Must play Guitar)(M)
TITINIUS. Slave and Soldier of Brutus and Cassius. (Becomes Commander)(M) [*Kills CASSIUS and commits Suicide act 5*]
STRATO. Servant and Soldier of Brutus.(M)
VARRO. Servant(Slave) of Brutus.(M) (Could be female)
CLAUDIUS. Servant(Slave) of Brutus.(M) (Could be female)
PINDARUS. Servant (Slave) to Cassius.(M)
A SOOTHSAYER. (F) (A Voodoo Priestess)
ARTEMIDORUS. Sophist of Cnidos. (F)
FLAVIUS. Overseer. (M)(Later ANTONY’S Guard)
MARULLUS. Overseer. (M)(Later ANTONY’S Guard)
CITIZEN ONE. Slave. Becomes Soldier to ANTONY.(M)
CITIZEN TWO. Slave. Becomes Soldier to ANTONY.(M)
CITIZEN THREE. Slave. Becomes Soldier to ANTONY.(M)
CITIZEN FOUR. Slave. Becomes Soldier to ANTONY.(M)
SERVANT/SLAVE to CAESAR and later ANTONY. Becomes Soldier for ANTONY(M)
CITIZEN FIVE. Slave.(F)
TWO GUARDS for ANTONY.(Flavius, Marullus)
ANTONY’S SOLDIERS. numbering 4 or 6 in addition to above. (M)
BRUTUS’ SOLDIERS. (CASCA,DECIUS BRUTUS,METELLUS CIMBER,CINNA,TREBONIUS.)

Extras as desired.

BRUTUS' ARMY (16)

Brutus, Cassius, Lucilius, Messala, Young Cato, Lucius, Titinius, Strato, Varro, Claudius, Pindarus, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Cinna, Trebonius

ANTONY'S ARMY (20)

Antony, Octavius, Lepidus, Flavius, Marullus, Cicero, Ligarius, Publius, Poplius, Citizen One, Citizen Two, Citizen Three, Citizen Four, Servant, Soldier 1, Soldier 2, Soldier 3, Soldier 4, Soldier 5, Soldier 6

Costume Notes:

CITIZENS are dressed simply in rough peasant and slave type clothes.

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, SENATORS & CONSPIRATORS are dressed in suits of the day. (Double Breasted Greatcoats)

MARK ANTONY, CAESAR, OCTAVIUS, LEPIDUS and all SOLDIERS are dressed in Confederate Uniforms

PORTIA, CALPURNIA, ARTEMIDORUS, CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPLIUS are dressed in Hoop skirts.

BRUTUS, CASSIUS are later dressed in Confederate Uniforms

SOOTHSAYER is dressed as a voodoo Priestess

SLAVES/SOLDIERS are dressed in pieces of uniforms, never quite complete.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES:

The play was set in the South of the Confederacy in and around the year of 1863. The central set was the exterior of a plantation house which was used for crowd scenes and for the Senate Meeting. BRUTUS' gardens rolled in SR with an additional fly unit center. CAESAR's home rolled in SL. There were also flies for BRUTUS's tent and ANTONY's tent. BRUTUS's tent had a scrim reveal built in for the appearance of the GHOST of CAESAR. There was also a ramp-like pinnacle that was pushed out for ANTONY to survey the battle and for CASSIUS's suicide. There is a stage diagram at the end of the script.

LUCIUS should have a pleasant voice and be able to play the guitar. I chose "Shenandoah" for him to sing because it is well known and easy to learn and it is also evocative of the era -- and, when played slowly, it is haunting and "Sleepy" as BRUTUS mentions. We also used other music and songs from the Civil War era as background and scene change and it proved extremely effective. You might try the CD's of "The Civil War" and "Gettysburg". If you contact ASCAP or BMI and pay a small fee you will be able to use the music, as recorded on the CD's, with little problem.

In editing the script, I have tried to remove the archaic terms and leave the passages that would work in the new time period. However, I left as many of Shakespeare's words and lines and meters as untouched as possible. The original folio act/scene/line numbers are still in place although there are many missing. This was done to be able to compare the present text with the original. Or you might ask you Instrumental Music Department to play live, backstage.

In changing the time period, I was also able to incorporate many more women in the script. Women were starting to assert themselves during this time period so I took advantage of that. As for the likenesses to historical figures, this is what first drew me to the period as a possibility for a setting. There are rumors that Stonewall Jackson, who was killed in battle, died by "friendly fire". I have patterned CAESAR after him.

MARCUS BRUTUS could be General Bragg. MARCUS ANTONIUS could be Robert E. Lee. Other comparisons could be drawn between the characters depending on how far and deep you wish to pursue it.

The complexities of politics are many and varied and this version of “Julius Caesar” gives new insight into what was also a troubled time in the United States as well as in Rome. The government was falling apart and secession was in the air. The factions of the power-hungry military were many in both eras. There were the Roman Citizens/Southern Aristocracy and the Slaves. (If possible, many actors and actresses could be of African-American descent.) This made a truly exciting production. Some of the audience members said that they understood the play better in this time period. They also commented about the similarity between the two eras.

Have fun --
C. Michael Perry

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

1/1 A Plantation front in Georgia. Early Morning.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS reproach a group of CITIZENS(SLAVES) for their fickleness in cheering Julius Caesar; they are sent back to work; CITIZENS(SLAVES) exit. FLAVIUS and MARULLUS exit to remove offerings from Caesar's statues.

1/2 The Plantation front in Georgia. Later that morning.

JULIUS CAESAR enters, with MARCUS ANTONIUS, CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CICERO, MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd follows, among them a SOOTHSAYER; CAESAR, CALPURNIA, and MARCUS ANTONIUS speak; the SOOTHSAYER gives CAESAR a warning; all exit, except BRUTUS and CASSIUS. CASSIUS sounds out MARCUS BRUTUS on his loyalty to Caesar; CASSIUS praises the old Roman virtues; CASSIUS and BRUTUS hear the crowd shout several times. JULIUS CAESAR and his TRAIN enter, with MARCUS ANTONIUS and CASCA; CAESAR remarks that CASSIUS looks dangerous; CAESAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, and TRAIN exit. CASCA tells MARCUS BRUTUS and CASSIUS that Marcus Antonius offered the crown to Caesar several times, but that it was refused; CASCA also says that Flavius and Marullus have been silenced for tampering with the statues; CASCA exits; BRUTUS speaks, then exits; CASSIUS plots to involve Brutus in the conspiracy.

1/3 The Plantation Front in Georgia. Night.

CASCA meets CICERO during a storm and describes a number of unnatural phenomena; CICERO exits. CASSIUS enters and speaks against Julius Caesar; CASCA says that the Senate intends to crown Caesar, and agrees to join the conspiracy. CINNA enters; CASSIUS arranges a meeting of the conspirators; he gives CINNA an anonymous letter for Marcus Brutus; CINNA exits; CASSIUS and CASCA exit on their way to Brutus'.

ACT TWO

2/1 Brutus' Gardens and Quarters near the Plantation in Georgia. Early Morning

MARCUS BRUTUS enters and speaks; LUCIUS enters, then exits; BRUTUS soliloquizes on killing Caesar for the general good. LUCIUS enters with a candle and a letter, then exits; MARCUS BRUTUS reads the letter; LUCIUS enters and announces visitors, then exits; BRUTUS speaks. CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS enter and speak; MARCUS BRUTUS agrees to join them, but argues against killing Marcus Antonius; all exit, except BRUTUS. PORTIA enters; she expresses her concern and loyalty, then exits.

LUCIUS and LIGARIUS enter; LIGARIUS says he wants to follow MARCUS BRUTUS.

2/2 Caesar's Quarters near the plantation. Almost Dawn.

The storm continues; JULIUS CAESAR speaks to a SERVANT; the SERVANT exits; CALPURNIA enters; she begs CAESAR to remain at home; the SERVANT re-enters to report an unfavorable augury; CAESAR says he will not go to the Capitol. DECIUS BRUTUS enters; he convinces JULIUS CAESAR to go to the Capitol. PUBLIUS, MARCUS BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA enter; JULIUS CAESAR welcomes them; MARCUS ANTONIUS enters; all exit -- CAESAR, PUBLIUS, and the conspirators on their way to the Capitol.

2/3 Before the gardens of Marcus Brutus. Morning.

PORTIA asks LUCIUS to go to the Capitol for news; the SOOTHSAYER enters, speaks to PORTIA, then exits; PORTIA sends LUCIUS to the Capitol with a message for Brutus.

ACT THREE

Outside the Plantation house. Morning. the Senate sitting.

ARTEMIDORUS enters with a letter, warning about the conspiracy, that he intends to hand to Julius Caesar.

A crowd of people, among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER, await Julius Caesar; CAESAR, MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, TREBONIUS, CINNA, MARCUS ANTONIUS, AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, POPILIUS LENA, PUBLIUS, and others enter; CAESAR and the SOOTHSAYER speak; CAESAR rejects ARTEMIDORUS' letter; CAESAR and the others enter the Capitol. POPILIUS LENA wishes the conspirators luck; MARCUS ANTONIUS and TREBONIUS exit; METELLUS CIMBER, MARCUS BRUTUS and CASSIUS plead for a pardon for CIMBER's banished brother; JULIUS CAESAR denies the request; CASCA and the conspirators stab CAESAR; BRUTUS stabs CAESAR, CAESAR reproaches BRUTUS, then dies. MARCUS BRUTUS calms the Senate; TREBONIUS enters and speaks; the conspirators decide to announce Rome's liberation in the marketplace. A SERVANT enters and says that Marcus Antonius wishes to speak to the conspirators; MARCUS BRUTUS grants a safe-conduct; the SERVANT exits; CASSIUS expresses his suspicions of Marcus Antonius. MARCUS ANTONIUS enters; he mourns the death of Julius Caesar, but greets the others as friends; MARCUS BRUTUS grants MARCUS ANTONIUS permission to speak at Caesar's funeral, despite the objections of CASSIUS; all exit, except MARCUS ANTONIUS, who soliloquizes on the havoc that will follow the assassination. MARCUS BRUTUS enters, with aroused CITIZENS; BRUTUS addresses them, explaining that Caesar died so Romans could remain free; BRUTUS is cheered by the crowd. MARCUS ANTONIUS enters with the body of Caesar; MARCUS BRUTUS exits. MARCUS ANTONIUS praises Caesar; he displays Caesar's wounds; he reveals Caesar's bequest to the CITIZENS of Rome; he incites the crowd to violence against the conspirators; the CITIZENS exit with the body, to rampage through the city. A SERVANT enters to say that Octavius Caesar has arrived in Rome.

ACT FOUR

4/1 In a Tent on the Field of Battle near Phillippi (Tennessee). Early Morning.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, OCTAVIUS CAESAR, and AEMILIUS LEPIDUS draw up a list of Romans who are to die. MARCUS ANTONIUS suggests they reduce the size of Caesar's bequests; AEMILIUS LEPIDUS exits; MARCUS ANTONIUS criticizes AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIUS CAESAR defends him. ANTONY remains.

4/2 Before and in Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis(Georgia).

MARCUS BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and the ARMY enter; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them; BRUTUS speaks of differences between himself and Cassius. CASSIUS and his POWERS enter; CASSIUS claims he has been wronged by MARCUS BRUTUS; BRUTUS suggests they discuss it in private.

They enter the tent and CASSIUS says MARCUS BRUTUS disregards him; BRUTUS accuses CASSIUS of venality; the quarrel becomes wide-ranging, but eventually is resolved. MARCUS BRUTUS tells CASSIUS that Portia has killed herself. LUCIUS enters with wine; BRUTUS and CASSIUS drink; LUCIUS exits. TITINIUS and MESSALA enter; MARCUS BRUTUS says Octavius Caesar and Marcus Antonius are marching to Philippi; MESSALA says the triumvirate have executed a hundred senators; BRUTUS decides to march to Philippi; CASSIUS, TITINIUS and MESSALA exit. LUCIUS enters; he and MARCUS BRUTUS speak; VARRO and CLAUDIUS enter and go to sleep; LUCIUS sings, then falls asleep. The GHOST OF CAESAR enters; it speaks to MARCUS BRUTUS, then exits; BRUTUS wakes the others, who heard nothing. MARCUS BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart; CASSIUS ponders ill omens; BRUTUS takes his leave of CASSIUS.

ACT FIVE

5/1 The plains of Philippi(Tennessee).

OCTAVIUS CAESAR and MARCUS ANTONIUS speak;

5/2 The plains of Philippi(Tennessee). The field of battle.

The Battle where the ARMY of BRUTUS is beaten and scattered.

5/3 The plains of Philippi(Tennessee). Another part of the field.

CASSIUS and PINDARUS enter. PINDARUS sees Titinius captured; PINDARUS helps CASSIUS commit suicide; PINDARUS exits. TITINIUS and MESSALA enter and find Cassius dead; MESSALA exits to tell Marcus Brutus; TITINIUS kills himself. MESSALA, MARCUS BRUTUS, YOUNG CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS enter; BRUTUS mourns Cassius and Titinius.

5/4 The plains of Philippi(Tennessee). Another part of the field.

MARCUS ANTONIUS enters and identifies LUCILIUS.

5/5 The plains of Philippi(Tennessee). Another part of the field.

MARCUS BRUTUS, VARRO, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS enter; BRUTUS whispers first to CLAUDIUS, then to VARRO; they refuse to kill him; VOLUMNIUS then refuses; BRUTUS bids them farewell, and tells them to flee; CLAUDIUS, VARRO and VOLUMNIUS exit. MARCUS BRUTUS persuades STRATO to hold his sword; BRUTUS runs onto the sword and dies. OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and some SOLDIERS enter; OCTAVIUS CAESAR promises employment to Brutus' followers; MARCUS ANTONIUS praises Brutus.

JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I -- The Southern States -- Civil War Era. A Plantation Frontage in Georgia. Early Morning. Enter the Overseers, FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, to certain COMMONERS/SLAVES(CITIZENS 1-5) some carrying bundles and others resting from their trades around the stage.

FLAVIUS.

Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home: 1/1/1
Is this a holiday? What trade art thou?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS.

Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? -
You, sir, what trade are you?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you 1/1/10
would say, a cobbler.

MARULLUS.

But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

SECOND CITIZEN.

A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience;
which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

FLAVIUS.

But wherefore are not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more
work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar, and
to rejoice in his triumph. 1/1/30

MARULLUS.

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation, 1/1/40

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? 1/1/50

Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
[Exeunt all the COMMONERS.]

FLAVIUS.

See, whe'r their basest metal be not moved! 1/1/60
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

MARULLUS.

May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS.

It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. 1/1/70
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II-- The Plantation Frontage. A great crowd waiting, among them a SOOTHSAYER. FLOURISH.
Enter CAESAR; MARCUS ANTONIUS, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO,
BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA.

[Music Flourish.]

SOOTHSAYER.

Caesar!

JULIUS CAESAR.

Ha! who calls?

CASCA.

Bid every noise be still:- peace yet again!

[Music ceases.]

JULIUS CAESAR.

Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry "Caesar." Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER.

Beware the ides of March.

JULIUS CAESAR.

What man is that?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Set him before me; let me see his face.

1/2/20

CASSIUS.

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR.

What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER.

Beware the ides of March.

JULIUS CAESAR.

He is a dreamer; let us leave him:- pass.

[Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.]

CASSIUS.

Will you go see the order of the course?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Not I.

CASSIUS.

I pray you, do.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

1/2/30

I'll leave you.

CASSIUS.

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cassius,

Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference, 1/2/40
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,-
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,-
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS.

1/2/50

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection from some other thing.

CASSIUS.

'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,-
Except immortal Caesar,- speaking of Brutus, 1/2/60
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS.

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of. 1/2/70
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

[Flourish and shout.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king. 1/2/80

CASSIUS.

Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.-
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th'other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS.

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 1/2/90
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.-
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 1/2/100

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 1/2/110

Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
and this man Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world, 1/2/130
And bear the palm alone.

[Flourish and shout.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Another general shout!

CASSIUS.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 1/2/140
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Caesar: what should be in that Caesar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th'eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 1/2/160
As easily as a king.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 1/2/170
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS.

I am glad

That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

[CROWD sounds]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

The games are done, and Caesar is returning. 1/2/180

[Enter CAESAR and his TRAIN.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senator.

CASSIUS.

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Antonius,- 1/2/190

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;

JULIUS CAESAR.

Would he were fatter!- but I fear him not:
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous. 1/2/210

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Then what I fear,- for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt CAESAR and all his TRAIN but CASCA.]

CASCA.

Would you speak with me?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA.

Why, you were with him, were you not?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA.

Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, 1/2/220
he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the
people fell a-shouting.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

What was the second noise for?

CASCA.

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS.

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA.

Why, for that too.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Was the crown offer'd him thrice

CASCA.

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time
gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest
neighbours shouted. 1/2/230

CASSIUS.

Who offer'd him the crown?

CASCA.

I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;-
yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these
coronets;- and, as I told you, he put it by once:
then he put it by again: he put it the third time
by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and
clapp'd their chopp'd hands, because Caesar refused the
crown, it had almost choked Caesar; for he swounded,
and fell down at it.

CASSIUS.

What, did Caesar swound?

CASCA.

He fell down, and foam'd at mouth, and 1/2/250
was speechless.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

'Tis very like;- he hath the falling-sickness.

CASSIUS.

No, Caesar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

CASCA.

I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar
fell down.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA.

When he came to himself again, he said, if he had
done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to
think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I
stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all
their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if
Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no
less. 1/2/270

MARCUS BRUTUS.

And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA.

Ay.

CASSIUS.

Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA.

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS.

To what effect?

CASCA.

Nay, an I tell you that, but, for mine own part, it was Greek
to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, 1/2/280
for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence.
Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could
remember it.

CASSIUS.

Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA.

No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS.

Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA.

Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth
the eating.

CASSIUS.

Good; I will expect you.

CASCA.

Do so: farewell, both. 1/2/290

[Exit.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS.

So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise.
This rudeness is a source to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, 1/2/300
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS.

I will do so:- till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.]

Well Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, 1/2/310
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.]

SCENE III-- The Plantation Frontage. Night. Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

CICERO.

Good even, Casca: 1/3/1

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA.

Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have *rived* the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th'ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 1/3/10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO.

Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

CASCA.

A common slave- you know him well by sight-
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd;
and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons,- they are natural;" 1/3/30
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO.

Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA.

He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO.

Good night, then, Casca: this disturb-ed sky

Is not to walk in. 1/3/40

CASCA.

Farewell, Cicero.

[Exit CICERO. Enter CASSIUS.]

CASSIUS.

Who's there?

CASCA.

A Roman.

CASSIUS.

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA.

Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS.

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA.

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS.

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,

1/3/60

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol,-

A man no mightier than thyself or me

CASCA.

'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

1/3/80

CASSIUS.

Let it be who it is;

CASCA.

they say the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Caesar as a king;

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS.

I know where I will wear this dagger, then;

1/3/90

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
That part of tyranny that I do bear 1/3/100
I can shake off at pleasure.

[Thunder still.]

CASCA.

So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS.

And why should Caesar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves 1/3/110
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman:

CASCA.

You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand;
And I will set this foot of mine as far 1/3/120
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS.

There's a bargain made.

CASCA.

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS.

'Tis Cinna,- I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

[Enter CINNA.]

Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA.

To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS.

No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA.

Yes, you are.-

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party-

CASSIUS.

Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA.

All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house.

1/3/150

[Exit CINNA.]

CASSIUS

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

[Exeunt.]

Searching the window for a flint, I found

[Gives him the letter.]

This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

2/1/40

LUCIUS.

I know not, sir.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS.

I will, sir.

[Exit.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

[Opens the letter and reads.]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"-

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"-

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

2/1/50

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!"- Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

[Enter LUCIUS.]

LUCIUS.

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[Knock within.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

2/1/60

[Exit LUCIUS.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:

The Genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

[Dawn is approaching faintly. Enter LUCIUS with the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA,
DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.]

CASSIUS.

I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

MARCUS BRUTUS

I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS.

Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you-
This is Trebonius.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS.

This, Decius Brutus.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

He is welcome too.

CASSIUS.

This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

They are all welcome.-
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS.

Shall I entreat a word? 2/1/100

[They whisper.]

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

CASCA.

No.

CINNA.

O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA.

You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS.

And let us swear our resolution.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,-
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.

Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th'insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath;

2/1/130

2/1/140

CASSIUS.

But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA.

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA.

No, by no means.

METELLUS CIMBER.

O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

2/1/150

CASSIUS.

Then leave him out.

CASCA.

Indeed he is not fit.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

CASSIUS.

Decius, well urged:- I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,

Should outlive Caesar:

2/1/160

Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,-

For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:

Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

2/1/180

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

For he can do no more than Caesar's arm

When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS.

Yet I fear him;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar-

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Caesar, all that he can do

Is to himself,- take thought, and die for Caesar:

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TREBONIUS.

There is no fear in him; let him not die;

2/1/190

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes seven.]

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS.

But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Caesar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late;

And the persuasion of his augurers,

2/1/200

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, - being then most flattered.

Let me work;

2/1/210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS.

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

CINNA.

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

METELLUS CIMBER.

Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

2/1/220

CASSIUS.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but BRUTUS. Enter PORTIA.]

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

PORTIA.

Nor for yours neither. Y' have ungently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing and sighing, with your arms across;

2/1/240

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks:

I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 2/1/250
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA.

Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Why, so I do.- Good Portia, go to bed. 2/1/260

PORTIA.

Is Brutus sick,- and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,-
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 2/1/270
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you,

[she kneels]

- for here have been

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA.

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 2/1/280
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,-
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 2/1/290

PORTIA.

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed,- Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em:

[Knock.]

MARCUS BRUTUS

Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the characters of my sad brows:-

[Exit PORTIA. Enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.]

LUCIUS.

Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 2/1/310

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.-
Boy, stand aside.- Caius Ligarius,- how!

LIGARIUS.

Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

LIGARIUS.

I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS.

By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

2/1/320

MARCUS BRUTUS.

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS.

But are not some whole that we must make sick?

MARCUS BRUTUS.

That must we also.

[Exeunt with PORTIA looking on]

SCENE II -- A hall in Caesar's quarters. Thunder and lightning. In the darkness CALPURNIA cries out "Help Ho! They murder Caesar" and etc. After a moment, enter JULIUS CAESAR, in his nightgown.

JULIUS CAESAR.

2/2/1

Who's within?

[Enter a SERVANT.]

SERVANT.

My lord?

JULIUS CAESAR.

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT.

I will, my lord.

[Exit]

JULIUS CAESAR

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight:

[Enter CALPURNIA distraught and horrified.]

CALPURNIA.

What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day

JULIUS CAESAR.

Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me 2/2/10
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA.

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them!

JULIUS CAESAR.

What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPURNIA.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen; 2/2/30
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Cowards die many time before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

[Enter SERVANT.]

What say the *augurers*?

SERVANT.

They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 2/2/40

JULIUS CAESAR.

The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA.

Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

2/2/50

JULIUS CAESAR.

Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

[Enter DECIUS.]

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

JULIUS CAESAR.

And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day,- tell them so, Decius.

2/2/60

CALPURNIA.

Say he is sick.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

2/2/70

JULIUS CAESAR.

The cause is in my will,- I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,-
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents 2/2/80
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and recognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 2/2/90

JULIUS CAESAR.

And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS BRUTUS.

I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now,- the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper, 2/2/100
"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

JULIUS CAESAR.

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.-
Give me my robe, for I will go:-

[Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.]

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS.

Good morrow, Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Welcome, Publius.-

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?- 2/2/110

Good morrow, Casca.- Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.-
What is't o'clock?

DECIUS BRUTUS.

Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

[Enter MARCUS ANTONIUS.]

JULIUS CAESAR.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.- Good morrow, Antony.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

So to most noble Caesar.

JULIUS CAESAR.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.-
Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Now, Cinna:- now, Metellus:- what, Trebonius! 2/2/120
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS.

Caesar, I will:-

[Exeunt as the lights fade.]

SCENE III -- Brutus' Gardens. PORTIA runs to the side and calls to LUCIUS.

PORTIA.

I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house; 2/4/1
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS.

To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA.

I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.-
[aside] O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!-

Art thou here yet? 2/4/10

LUCIUS.

Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

PORTIA.

Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

LUCIUS.

I hear none, madam.

PORTIA.

Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS.

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 2/4/20

[Enter the SOOTHSAYER. PORTIA & LUCIUS startled]

PORTIA.

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER.

Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA.

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER.

That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 2/4/30

PORTIA.

Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

SOOTHSAYER.

None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you.- Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

[Exit.]

PORTIA.

I must go in.- [aside] Aye me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 2/4/40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!-
Sure, the boy heard me.- Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant.- O, I grow faint.-
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[Exeunt severally.]

39 more pages in acts 3, 4, 5