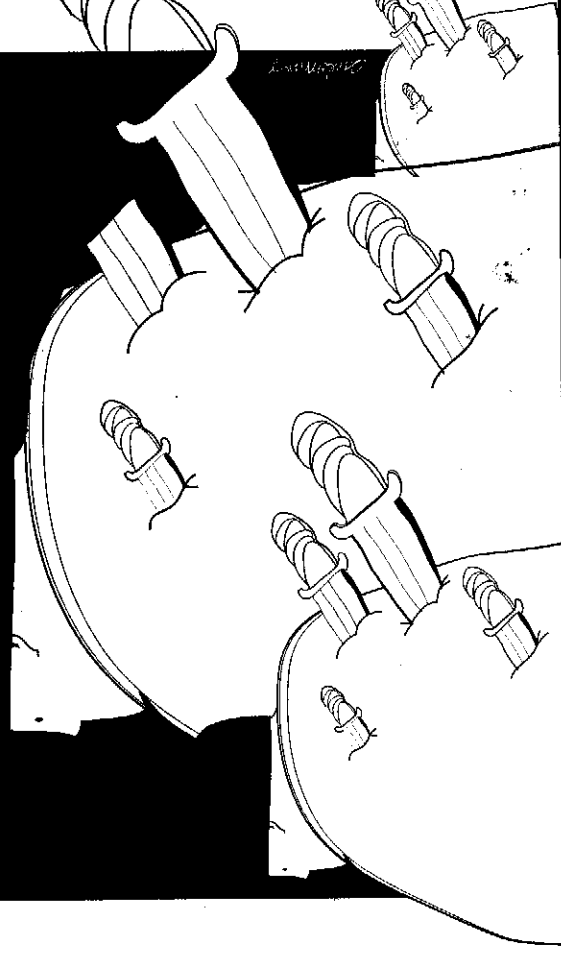


SPARKNOTES

SHAKESPEARE™

# JULIUS CAESAR

THE PLAY PLUS A TRANSLATION ANYONE CAN UNDERSTAND



# ACT ONE

## SCENE 1

*Enter FLAVIUS, MURELLUS, a CARPENTER, a COBBLER, and certain other COMMONERS over the stage*

FLAVIUS

Hence! Home, you idle creatures get you home!  
Is this a holiday? What, know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a laboring day without the sign  
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

CARPENTER

Why, sir, a carpenter.

MURELLUS

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

COBBLER

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

MURELLUS

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

COBBLER

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

MURELLUS

What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade?

COBBLER

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me. Yet, if you be  
out, sir, I can mend you.

MURELLUS

What mean'st thou by that? "Mend" me, thou saucy  
fellow?

# ACT ONE

## SCENE 1

*FLAVIUS and MURELLUS enter and speak to a CARPENTER, a COBBLER, and some other commoners.*

FLAVIUS

Get out of here! Go home, you lazy men. What, is  
today a holiday? Don't you know that working men  
aren't supposed to walk around on a workday without  
wearing their work clothes? You there, speak up.  
What's your occupation?

CARPENTER

I'm a carpenter, sir.

MURELLUS

Where are your leather apron and your ruler? What  
are you doing, wearing your best clothes? And you,  
sir, what's *your* trade?

COBBLER

Well, compared to a fine workman, you might call me  
a mere cobbler.

MURELLUS

But what's your trade? Answer me straightforwardly.

COBBLER

It is a trade, sir, that I practice with a clear conscience.  
I am a mender of worn soles.

MURELLUS

What trade, boy? You insolent rascal, what trade?

COBBLER

Sir, please, don't be angry. But if your soles are worn  
out, I can mend you.

MURELLUS

What do you mean by that? "Mend" me, you imper-  
tinent fellow?!

COBBLER

20 Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no  
 tradesman's matters nor women's matters, but withal I am  
 indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes. When they are in great  
 25 danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon  
 neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?  
 Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER

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

MURELLUS

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?  
 What tributaries follow him to Rome  
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
 35 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 climbed up to walls and battlements,  
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,  
 40 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
 The livelong day with patient expectation  
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.  
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout  
 45 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?

COBBLER

Cobble you, sir.

FLAVIUS

You're a cobbler, are you?

COBBLER

Sir, I make my living using an awl. I stick to my work;  
 I don't meddle in politics or chase women. I'm a sur-  
 geon to old shoes. When they're endangered, I save  
 them. The noblest men who ever walked on leather  
 have walked on my handiwork.

FLAVIUS

But why aren't you in your shop today? Why are you  
 leading these men through the streets?

COBBLER

Well, to wear out their shoes and get myself more  
 work. Seriously, though, we took the day off to see  
 Caesar, sir, and celebrate his triumph.

MURELLUS

Why would you celebrate it? What victory does he  
 bring home? What foreign lands has he conquered  
 and captive foreigners chained to his chariot wheels?  
 You blockheads, you unfeeling men! You hard hearts,  
 you cruel men of Rome, didn't you know Pompey?  
 Many times you climbed up on walls and battlements,  
 towers and windows—even chimney tops—with  
 your babies in your arms, and sat there patiently all  
 day waiting to see great Pompey ride through the  
 streets of Rome. And when you caught a glimpse of  
 his chariot, didn't you shout so loud that the river  
 Tiber shook as it echoed? And now you put on your  
 best clothes? And now you take a holiday?

Caesar has just  
 conquered the  
 sons of his  
 deceased enemy  
 Pompey. He as  
 won in a civil war,  
 not a foreign  
 conquest.

50 And do you now strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone!  
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
55 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS

Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort,  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel till the lowest stream  
60 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

*Exeunt CARPENTER, COBBLER, and all the other commoners*

See whether their basest metal be not moved.  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol.  
This way will I. Disrobe the images  
65 If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

MURELLUS

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. I'll about  
70 And drive away the vulgar from the streets.  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men  
75 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

*Exeunt severally*

# NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

And now you toss flowers in the path of Caesar, who comes in triumph over Pompey's defeated sons? Go home! Run to your houses, fall on your knees, and pray to the gods to spare you the pain that you deserve for such ingratitude.

FLAVIUS

Go, go, good countrymen, and to make up for having done wrong, gather up all the poor men like yourselves, lead them to the Tiber, and weep into the river until it overflows its banks.

*The CARPENTER, COBBLER, and all the commoners exit.*

Well, that ought to move even the most thickheaded of them. There they go, feeling so guilty they're now tongue-tied—they don't have a thing to say. You go down toward the Capitol, and I'll go this way. Undress the statues if they're decorated in honor of Caesar.

MURELLUS

*The feast of Lupercal is an annual celebration to honor the Roman god Lupercus (called Pan in Greek mythology).*

Can we do that? You know it's the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS

It doesn't matter. Make sure that none of the statues are decorated in tribute to Caesar. I'll walk around and force the commoners off the streets. You do the same, wherever the crowds are thick. If we take away Caesar's support, he'll have to come back down to earth; otherwise, he'll fly too high and keep the rest of us in a state of fear and obedience.

*They exit in different directions.*

## ACT 1, SCENE 2

*Flourish*

*Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, dressed for the course, CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, and a SOOTHSAYER in a throng of plebians. After them, MURELLUS and FLAVIUS*

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CASCA

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CALPHURNIA

Here, my lord.

CAESAR

5 Stand you directly in Antonius' way  
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar, my lord.

CAESAR

Forget not in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia, for our elders say  
10 The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY

I shall remember.  
When Caesar says, "do this," it is performed.

CAESAR

Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

*Music*

SOOTHSAYER

Caesar!

## ACT 1, SCENE 2

*A trumpet sounds. CAESAR enters, followed by ANTONY, dressed formally for a foot race, then CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA. A great crowd follows, among them a SOOTHSAYER.*

*A soothsayer is a fortune-teller.*

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CASCA

Quiet! Caesar's talking.

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CALPHURNIA

I'm here, my lord.

CAESAR

Stand right in Antonius's path when he runs the race.  
Antonius!

ANTONY

Yes, Caesar?

CAESAR

Antonius, after you take off, don't forget to touch Calphurnia, because our wise elders say that if you touch an infertile woman during this holy race, she'll be freed from the curse of sterility.

ANTONY

I'll remember. When Caesar says "do this," it is done.

CAESAR

Continue, then, and don't forget to perform all of the rituals.

*A trumpet plays.*

SOOTHSAYER

Caesar!

CAESAR

15 Ha! Who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again.

*Music ceases*

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 turned to hear.

SOOTHSAYER

20 Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

What man is that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me. Let me see his face.

CASSIUS

Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Caesar.

*SOOTHSAYER approaches*

CAESAR

What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER

25 Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass!

*Sennet. Exeunt. Manent BRUTUS and CASSIUS*

CASSIUS

Will you go see the order of the course?

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

CAESAR

Who's calling me?

CASCA

Quiet, everyone! Quiet!

*The trumpet stops playing.*

CAESAR

Who in the crowd is calling me? I hear a voice more  
 piercing than the music of these trumpets calling  
 "Caesar!" Speak. Caesar is listening.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware of March 15th.

CAESAR

Who's that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer tells you to beware of March 15th.

CAESAR

Bring him in front of me. Let me see his face.

CASSIUS

You, fellow, step out of the crowd. This is Caesar  
 you're looking at.

*The SOOTHSAYER approaches.*

CAESAR

What do you have to say to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware of March 15th.

CAESAR

He's insane. Let's leave him. Let's move.

*Trumpets play. Everyone exits except  
 BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

CASSIUS

Are you going to watch the race?

BRUTUS

Not I.

CASSIUS

I pray you, do.

BRUTUS

30 I am not gamesome. I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires.  
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

35 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.

BRUTUS

Cassius,  
Be not deceived. If I have veiled my look,  
40 I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am  
Of late with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors.  
45 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

50 Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

55 No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself  
But by reflection, by some other things.

## NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

Not me.

CASSIUS

Please, come.

BRUTUS

I don't like sports. I'm not competitive like Antony.  
But don't let me keep you from going, Cassius. I'll go  
my own way.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I've been watching you lately. You seem less  
good-natured and affectionate toward me than usual.  
You've been stubborn and unfamiliar with me, your  
friend who loves you.

BRUTUS

Cassius, don't take it badly. If I seem guarded, it's  
only because I'm uneasy with *myself*. Lately I've been  
overwhelmed with private thoughts and inner con-  
flicts, which have affected my behavior. But this  
shouldn't trouble my good friends—and I consider  
you a good friend, Cassius. Don't think anything  
more about my distraction than that poor Brutus, who  
is at war with himself, forgets to show affection  
to others.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I misunderstood your feelings, and therefore  
kept to myself certain thoughts I might have shared.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius. The eye can't see itself, except by reflec-  
tion in other surfaces.

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  
 60 That you might see your shadow. I have heard  
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
 Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus  
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
 Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear.  
 And since you know you cannot see yourself  
 70 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.  
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 75 To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new protester, if you know  
 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard  
 And, after, scandal them, or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 80 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish, and shout within*

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

CASSIUS

That's true. And it's too bad, Brutus, that you don't  
 have any mirrors that could display your hidden excel-  
 lence to yourself. I've heard many of the noblest  
 Romans—next to immortal Caesar—speaking of you,  
 complaining of the tyranny of today's government,  
 and wishing that your eyes were working better.

BRUTUS

What dangers are you trying to lead me into, Cassius,  
 that you want me to look inside myself for something  
 that's not there?

CASSIUS

I'll tell you, good Brutus. And since you know you can  
 see yourself best by reflection, I'll be your mirror and  
 show you, without exaggeration, things inside you  
 that you can't see. And don't be suspicious of me,  
 noble Brutus. If I were your average fool, or if I made  
 my feelings for you worthless by making the same  
 promises of friendship to everybody, or if you'd seen  
 me first flattering men, hugging them tightly, and  
 later slandering them behind their backs, or if you  
 hear that I drunkenly declare friendship at banquets  
 with all the rabble, only then, of course, go ahead and  
 assume I'm dangerous.

*Trumpets play offstage, and then a shout is heard.*

BRUTUS

Why are they shouting? I'm afraid the people have  
 made Caesar their king.

CASSIUS

Really, are you afraid of that? Then I have to assume  
 you don't want him to be king.



## BRUTUS

85 I would not, Cassius. Yet I love him well.  
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
 What is it that you would impart to me?  
 If it be aught toward the general good,  
 Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently,  
 90 For let the gods so speed me as I love  
 The name of honor more than I fear death.

## CASSIUS

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
 As well as I do know your outward favor.  
 Well, honor is the subject of my story.  
 95 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.  
 100 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,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now  
 105 Leap in with me into this angry flood  
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in  
 And bade him follow. So indeed he did.  
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it  
 110 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
 Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"  
 I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
 115 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Caesar. And this man

## NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

## BRUTUS

I don't, Cassius, though I love Caesar very much. But why do you keep me here so long? What do you want to tell me? If it's for the good of all Romans, I'd do it even if it meant my death. Let the gods give me good luck only as long as I love honor more than I fear death.

## CASSIUS

I know this quality in you, Brutus—it's as familiar to me as your face. Indeed, honor is what I want to talk to you about. I don't know what you and other men think of this life, but as for me, I'd rather not live at all than live to worship a man as ordinary as myself. I was born as free as Caesar. So were you. We both have eaten as well, and we can both endure the cold winter as well as he. Once, on a cold and windy day, when the river Tiber was crashing against its banks, Caesar said to me, "Cassius, I dare you to jump into this rough water with me and swim to that point there." As soon as he spoke, though I was fully dressed, I plunged in and called for him to follow. And he did. The water roared, and we fought against it with vigorous arms. And, thanks to our fierce competitiveness, we made progress. But before we reached the end point, Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I will sink!" And just as Aeneas, the hero who founded Rome, emerged from the fires of Troy with his elderly father Anchises on his shoulder, so I emerged from the Tiber carrying the tired Caesar.

Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature and must bend his body  
 120 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake!  
 His coward lips did from their color fly,  
 125 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
 Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan,  
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books—  
 "Alas," it cried, "give me some drink, Titinius,"  
 130 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world  
 And bear the palm alone.

*Shout within. Flourish*

BRUTUS

Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are  
 135 For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.

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 dishonorable graves.  
 140 Men at some time are masters of their fates.  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars  
 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?  
 145 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,

# NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

And this is the man who has now become a god, and  
 I'm a wretched creature who must bow down if Caesar  
 so much as carelessly nods my way. In Spain, Caesar  
 had a fever, and it made him shake. It's true, this so-  
 called "god"—he shook. His cowardly lips turned  
 white, and the same eye whose gaze terrifies the world  
 lost its gleam. I heard him groan—yes, I did—and the  
 same tongue that ordered the Romans to obey him  
 and transcribe his speeches in their books cried, "Give  
 me some water, Titinius," like a sick girl. It astounds  
 me that such a weak man could beat the whole world  
 and carry the trophy of victory alone.

*A shout offstage. Trumpets play.*

BRUTUS

More shouting! I think this applause is for some new  
 honors awarded to Caesar.

CASSIUS

Why, Caesar straddles the narrow world like a giant,  
 and we petty men walk under his huge legs and look  
 forward only to dying dishonorably, as slaves. Men  
 can be masters of their fate. It is not destiny's fault, but  
 our own faults, that we're slaves. "Brutus" and "Cae-  
 sar." What's so special about "Caesar"? Why should  
 that name be proclaimed more than yours? Write  
 them together—yours is just as good a name. Pro-  
 nounce them—it is just as nice to say. Weigh them—  
 it's just as heavy.

"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar."  
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
 150 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was famed with more than with one man?  
 155 When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,  
 That her wide walks encompassed but one man?  
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 160 There was a Brutus once that would have brooked  
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
 As easily as a king.

BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous.  
 What you would work me to, I have some aim.  
 165 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  
 170 I will with patience hear, and find a time  
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:  
 Brutus had rather be a villager  
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
 175 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.

*Enter CAESAR and his train, which includes CASCA*

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

Cast spells with them, and "Brutus" will call up a  
 ghost as well as "Caesar." Now, in the name of all the  
 gods, I ask you what food does Caesar eat that has  
 made him grow so great? Our era should be ashamed!  
 Rome has lost the ability to raise noble men! When  
 was there ever an age, since the beginning of time, that  
 didn't feature more than one famous man? Until now,  
 no one could say that only one man mattered in all of  
 vast Rome. Now, though, in all of Rome, there's room  
 for only one man. You and I have heard our fathers talk  
 of another Brutus—your ancestor—who would've let  
 the devil himself reign in his Roman Republic before  
 he let a king rule.

BRUTUS

I have no doubt that you love me. I'm beginning to  
 understand what you want me to do. What I think  
 about this, and about what's happening here in Rome,  
 I'll tell you later. For now, don't try to persuade me  
 anymore—I ask you as a friend. I'll think over what  
 you've said, I'll listen patiently to whatever else you  
 have to say, and I'll find a good time for us to discuss  
 further such weighty matters. Until then, my noble  
 friend, think about this: I'd rather be a poor villager  
 than call myself a citizen of Rome under the hard con-  
 ditions that this time is likely to put us through.

CASSIUS

I'm glad that my weak words have provoked even this  
 small show of protest from you.

*CAESAR enters with his followers, who include CASCA.*

BRUTUS

The games are done and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS

As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,  
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
 180 What hath proceeded worthy note today.

BRUTUS

I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,  
 The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,  
 And all the rest look like a chidden train.  
 185 Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero  
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes  
 As we have seen him in the Capitol  
 Being crossed in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*During the exchange between CAESAR and ANTONY, BRUTUS  
 pulls CASCA by the sleeve*

CAESAR

190 Antonio.

ANTONY

Caesar.

CAESAR

*(aside to ANTONY)* Let me have men about me that are fat,  
 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep a-nights.  
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.  
 195 He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

ANTONY

*(aside to CAESAR)* Fear him not, Caesar. He's not dangerous.  
 He is a noble Roman and well given.

## NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

The games are done and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS

As they pass by, grab Casca by the sleeve, and he'll tell  
 you if anything important happened today—in his  
 usual sour way.

BRUTUS

I'll do so. But look, Cassius, Caesar looks angry and  
 everyone else looks as if they've been scolded. Cal-  
 phurnia's face is pale, and Cicero's eyes are as red and  
 fiery as they get when senators are arguing with him at  
 the Capitol.

CASSIUS

Casca will tell us what's the matter.

*During the exchange between CAESAR and ANTONY,  
 BRUTUS pulls CASCA by the sleeve.*

CAESAR

Antonio!

ANTONY

Caesar?

CAESAR

*(speaking so that only ANTONY can hear)* I want the men  
 around me to be fat, healthy-looking men who sleep at  
 night. That Cassius over there has a lean and hungry  
 look. He thinks too much. Men like him are dangerous.

ANTONY

*(speaking so that only CAESAR can hear)* Don't be afraid  
 of him, Caesar. He isn't dangerous. He's a noble  
 Roman with a good disposition.

CAESAR

(*aside to ANTONY*) Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.  
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
 200 I do not know the man I should avoid  
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much.  
 He is a great observer, and he looks  
 Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,  
 As thou dost, Antony. He hears no music.  
 205 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
 As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit  
 That could be moved to smile at anything.  
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,  
 210 And therefore are they very dangerous.  
 I rather tell thee what is to be feared  
 Than 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.

*Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his train except CASCA*

CASCA

(*to BRUTUS*)  
 215 You pulled me by the cloak. Would you speak with me?

BRUTUS

Ay, Casca. Tell us what hath chanced today  
 That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA

Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS

I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA

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

CAESAR

(*speaking so that only ANTONY can hear*) I wish he were  
 fatter! But I'm not afraid of him. And yet, if I were  
 capable of fearing anyone, Cassius would be the first  
 man I'd avoid. He reads a lot, he's a keen observer, and  
 he sees the hidden motives in what men do. He doesn't  
 like plays the way you do, Antony. He doesn't listen to  
 music. He rarely smiles, and when he does smile, he  
 does so in a self-mocking way, as if he scorns himself  
 for smiling at all. Men like him will never be comfort-  
 able while someone ranks higher than themselves, and  
 therefore they're very dangerous. I'm telling you what  
 should be feared, not what I fear—because after all, I  
 am Caesar. Come over to my right side, because this  
 ear is deaf, and tell me what you really think of Cassius.

*Trumpets play.*

*CAESAR exits with all his followers except CASCA.*

CASCA

(*to BRUTUS*) You tugged on my cloak. Do you want to  
 speak with me?

BRUTUS

Yes, Casca. Tell us what happened today that put Cae-  
 sar in such a serious mood.

CASCA

But you were with him, weren't you?

BRUTUS

If I were, I wouldn't need to ask you what happened.

CASCA

A crown was offered to him, and he pushed it away  
 with the back of his hand, like this—and then the peo-  
 ple started shouting.

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS

225 They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offered 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 neighbors  
 230 shouted.

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Why, Antony.

BRUTUS

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA

I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it. It was mere  
 foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a  
 235 crown (yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these  
 coronets) and, as I told you, he put it by once—but, for all  
 that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he  
 offered it to him again, then he put it by again—but, to my  
 thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then  
 240 he offered it the third time. He put it the third time by. And  
 still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped  
 their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps  
 and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar  
 refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar—for he  
 245 swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst  
 not laugh for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad  
 air.

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

The same thing.

CASSIUS

They shouted three times. What was the last cry for?

CASCA

For the same thing.

BRUTUS

The crown was offered to him three times?

CASCA

Yes, indeed, it was, and he pushed it away three times,  
 each time more gently than the last; and at each refusal  
 my countrymen shouted.

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Antony.

BRUTUS

Tell us how it happened, noble Casca.

CASCA

I can't explain it. It was all silly and so I paid no atten-  
 tion. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—though  
 it wasn't a real crown, just a small circlet—and, as I  
 told you, he refused it once—though in my opinion he  
 would've liked to have it. Then Antony offered it to  
 him again, and he refused it again (though, in my  
 opinion, he was reluctant to take his hand off it). Then  
 Antony offered it the third time. He refused it the  
 third time, and as he refused it the commoners hooted  
 and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their  
 sweaty hats, and let loose such a great deal of stinking  
 breath because Caesar refused the crown that it nearly  
 choked Caesar, because he fainted and fell down. As  
 for myself, I didn't dare laugh, for fear of opening my  
 lips and inhaling the stinking air.

CASSIUS

But soft, I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?

CASCA

He fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at mouth, and  
was speechless.

250

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. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him  
according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to  
do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

255

BRUTUS

What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common  
herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his  
doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a  
man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a  
word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so  
he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had  
done or said anything 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 stabbed their mothers they would have done no  
less.

260

265

270

BRUTUS

And after that he came thus sad away?

CASCA

Ay.

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

CASSIUS

But wait a minute, please. Did you say Caesar fainted?

CASCA

He fell down in the marketplace and foamed at the  
mouth and was speechless.

BRUTUS

That's very likely. He has epilepsy, a disease where  
you fall down.

CASSIUS

No, Caesar doesn't have epilepsy. You and I, and hon-  
est Casca, we have epilepsy—we've fallen.

CASCA

I don't know what you mean by that, but I'm sure  
Caesar fell down. The rabble applauded and hissed  
him according to whether he pleased them or dis-  
pleased them, just like they do to actors in the theater.  
If they didn't, I'm a liar.

BRUTUS

What did he say when he regained consciousness?

CASCA

Indeed, before he fell down, when he realized the  
commoners were glad he refused the crown, he pulled  
open his robe and offered them his throat to cut. If I'd  
been a common laborer and hadn't taken him up on  
his offer, to hell with me. And so he fainted. When he  
regained consciousness again, he said that if he'd done  
or said anything wrong, he wanted them to know that  
it was all because of his sickness. Three or four women  
near me cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him  
with all their hearts. But never mind them—if Caesar  
had stabbed their mothers, they would've forgiven  
him.

BRUTUS

And after that he came back here looking so serious?

CASCA

Yes.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS

275 To what effect?

CASCA

Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again.  
But those that understood him smiled at one another and  
shook their heads. But, for mine own part, it was Greek to  
me. I could tell you more news too. Murellus and Flavius,  
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 tonight, Casca?

CASCA

No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS

285 Will you dine with me tomorrow?

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.

*Exit CASCA*

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA

Yes, he said something in Greek.

CASSIUS

What did he say?

CASCA

If I told you I understood Greek, I'd be lying. But  
those who understood him smiled at one another and  
shook their heads. As for myself, it was Greek to me.  
I have more news too. Murellus and Flavius have been  
punished for pulling scarves off statues of Caesar.  
There you go. There was even more foolishness, if I  
could only remember it.

CASSIUS

Will you have dinner with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA

No, I have a commitment.

CASSIUS

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA

Yes, if I'm still alive, and you're still sane, and your  
dinner is worth eating.

CASSIUS

Good. I'll expect you.

CASCA

Do so. Farewell to you both.

*CASCA exits.*

BRUTUS

What a stupid man he's become! He was so sharp  
when he was in school.



CASSIUS

So is he now in execution  
 Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
 However he puts on this tardy form.  
 295 This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
 Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
 With better appetite.

BRUTUS

And so it is. For this time I will leave you.  
 Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,  
 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 honorable mettle may be wrought  
 305 From that it is disposed. Therefore it is 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,  
 310 He should not humor 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  
 315 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***NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

CASSIUS

He's still sharp when it comes to carrying out a bold or noble enterprise, though he puts on this show of stupidity. He speaks roughly, but what he says is smart, and his roughness makes other people enjoy listening to him.

BRUTUS

You're right, that's how it is. I'll leave you for now. If you'd like to talk tomorrow, I'll come to your home. Or, if you don't mind, come to my home, and I'll wait for you.

CASSIUS

I'll do so. Until then, think about the well-being of Rome.

*BRUTUS exits.*

Well, Brutus, you're noble. Yet I see that your honorable character can be bent from its usual shape, which proves that good men should stick only to the company of other good men, because who is so firm that he can't be seduced? Caesar resents me, but he loves Brutus. If I were Brutus now and Brutus were me, I wouldn't have let him influence me. Tonight I'll throw through his window a few letters in different handwriting—as if they came from several citizens—all testifying to the great respect Romans have for Brutus, and all alluding to Caesar's unseemly ambition. And after this, let Caesar brace himself, for we'll either dethrone him or suffer even worse than now.

*CASSIUS exits.*

## ACT 1, SCENE 3

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CASCA and CICERO*

CICERO

Good even, Casca. Brought you Caesar home?  
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,  
5 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 threatening clouds,  
But never till tonight, never till now,  
10 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
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 anything more wonderful?

CASCA

15 A common slave—you know him well by sight—  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches joined, and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.  
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—  
20 Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glared upon me and went surly by,  
Without annoying me. And there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw  
25 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

## ACT 1, SCENE 3

*Thunder and lightning. CASCA and CICERO enter.*

CICERO

Good evening, Casca. Did you accompany Caesar home? Why are you breathless, and why are you staring like that?

CASCA

Aren't you disturbed when the earth itself is shaking and swaying as if it were a flimsy thing? Cicero, I've seen storms in which the angry winds split old oak trees, and I've seen the ocean swell, rage, and foam, as if it wanted to reach the storm clouds, but never before tonight, never until now, have I experienced a storm that drops fire. Either there are wars in heaven, or else the world, too insolent toward the gods, provokes them to send destruction.

CICERO

What—have you seen something so strange that it is clearly an omen from the gods?

CASCA

A common slave—you'd know him if you saw him—held up his left hand, which flamed and burned like twenty torches together. And yet his hand was immune to the fire and didn't get burned. Also—I've kept my sword unsheathed since I saw this—in front of the Capitol I met a lion who looked at me and strutted by without bothering to attack me. And there were a hundred spooked women huddled together in fear who swore they saw men on fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit  
 Even at noon-day upon the marketplace,  
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
 30 "These are their reasons. They are natural."  
 For I believe they are portentous things  
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time.  
 But men may construe things after their fashion,  
 35 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
 Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA

He doth, for he did bid Antonius  
 Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

CICERO

Good night then, Casca. This disturbèd sky  
 40 Is not to walk in.

CASCA

Farewell, Cicero.

*Exit CICERO**Enter CASSIUS*

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA

Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

45 Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

And yesterday the night owl sat hooting and shrieking  
 in the marketplace at noon. When all these extraordinary  
 things happen at once, we shouldn't say, "These  
 happenings can be explained rationally. They're nat-  
 ural enough." I think these things are omens of things  
 to come in our country.

CICERO

Indeed, it's a strange time. But men tend to interpret  
 things however suits them and totally miss the actual  
 meaning of the things themselves. Is Caesar visiting  
 the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA

He is, because he told Antonius to tell you he'd be  
 there tomorrow.

CICERO

Good night then, Casca. This bad weather isn't good  
 to walk around in.

CASCA

Farewell, Cicero.

*CICERO exits.**CASSIUS enters.*

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

It's Casca—I know your voice.

CASCA

Your ear is good. Cassius, what a night this is!

CASSIUS

It's a very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Who ever saw the heavens threaten like this?

CASSIUS

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.  
 For my part, I have walked about the streets,  
 Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
 And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,  
 50 Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone.  
 And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open  
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?  
 55 It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
 When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS

You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life  
 That should be in a Roman you do want,  
 60 Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
 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  
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
 65 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,  
 Why old men fool and children calculate,  
 Why all these things change from their ordinance  
 Their natures and preformèd faculties  
 To monstrous quality—why, you shall find  
 70 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits  
 To make them instruments of fear and warning  
 Unto some monstrous state.  
 Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
 Most like this dreadful night,  
 75 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
 As doth the lion in the Capitol—

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

CASSIUS

Those who have known how bad things are here on earth. I have walked around the streets, exposing myself to the perilous night, unbuttoned like this, as you see, Casca, baring my chest to the thunderbolt. When the forked blue lightning seemed to break open the sky, I put myself right where I thought it would hit.

CASCA

But why did you tempt the heavens like that? Mankind's role is to fear and tremble when the almighty gods send warning signals.

CASSIUS

You're acting stupid, Casca, and you lack the quick wits that a Roman should have—or else you don't use them. You go pale, you stare, and you act in awe of the strange disturbance in the heavens. But if you thought about the real reason for all these fires, all these gliding ghosts, for why birds and animals abandon their natural behavior, why old men, fools, and children make predictions, why all sorts of things have departed from the usual course of their natures and become monstrosities, then you'd understand that heaven had them act this way so they would serve as frightening warnings of an unnatural state to come. Right this minute, Casca, I could name a man who's just like this dreadful night. A man who thunders, throws lightning, splits open graves, and roars like the lion in the Capitol.

A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA

80 'Tis Caesar that you mean. Is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS

Let it be who it is. For Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,  
But—woe the while!—our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits.  
85 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow  
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

90 I know where I will wear this dagger then.  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong.  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
95 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
100 That part of tyranny that I do bear  
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.

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

A man no mightier than you or I in ability, yet grown  
as huge and frightening as tonight's strange happen-  
ings.

CASCA

You're talking about Caesar, right, Cassius?

CASSIUS

Let it be who it is. Romans today still have the pow-  
erful bodies of their ancestors, but, unfortunately, we  
don't have their manly spirits, and instead we take  
after our mothers. Our tolerance for slavery and  
oppression shows us to be weak, like women.

CASCA

Indeed, they say that the senators plan to establish  
Caesar as a king tomorrow, and he'll wear his crown at  
sea and on land everywhere except here in Italy.

CASSIUS

I know where I'll wear this dagger, then. I'll kill myself  
to save myself from slavery. In suicide, gods make the  
weak strong. In suicide, gods allow tyrants to be  
defeated. No stony tower, no brass walls, no airless  
dungeon, no iron chains can contain a strong mind.  
But if a man becomes weary of these obstacles, he can  
always kill himself. Let everyone beware: I can shake  
off the tyranny that now oppresses me whenever I  
choose.

*Thunder continues.*

CASCA

So can I. In fact, every imprisoned man holds in his  
own hand the tool to free himself.

CASSIUS

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?  
 105 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf  
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep.  
 He were no lion were not Romans hinds.  
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,  
 110 What rubbish and what offal, when it serves  
 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. Then I know  
 115 My answer must be made. But I am armed,  
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA

You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
 That is no fleering telltale. Hold, my hand.  
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
 120 And I will set this foot of mine as far  
 As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS

There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
 To undergo with me an enterprise  
 125 Of honorable-dangerous consequence.  
 And I do know by this they stay for me  
 In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,  
 There is no stir or walking in the streets,  
 And the complexion of the element  
 130 In favor's like the work we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA***NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

CASSIUS

How can Caesar be a tyrant then? Poor man! I know he  
 wouldn't be a wolf if the Romans didn't act like sheep.  
 He couldn't be a lion if the Romans weren't such easy  
 prey. People who want to start a big fire quickly start  
 with little twigs. Rome becomes complete trash,  
 nothing but rubbish and garbage, when it works to  
 light up the ambitions of someone as worthless as  
 Caesar. But, oh no! What have I said in my grief? I  
 might be speaking to someone who *wants* to be a slave,  
 in which case I'll be held accountable for my words.  
 But I'm armed and I don't care about danger.

CASCA

You're talking to Casca, not to some smiling, two-  
 faced tattletale. Say no more. Shake my hand. If you're  
 joining together to right these wrongs, I'll go as far as  
 any one of you.

CASSIUS

That's a deal. Now let me tell you, Casca, I have  
 already convinced some of the noblest Romans to join  
 me in an honorable but dangerous mission. And I  
 know that by now they're waiting for me on the porch  
 outside Pompey's theater. We're meeting on this fear-  
 ful night because no one is out on the streets. The sky  
 tonight looks bloody, fiery, and terrible, just like the  
 work we have to do.

*CINNA enters.*

CASCA

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

'Tis Cinna. I do know him by his gait.  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

No, it is Casca, one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

CINNA

I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS

140 Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

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,  
145 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.  
150 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA

All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

*Exit CINNA*

CASCA

Hide for a minute—someone's approaching fast.

CASSIUS

It's Cinna. I recognize his walk. He's a friend. Cinna,  
where are you going in such a hurry?

CINNA

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

CASSIUS

No, it's Casca, someone who's going to work with us.  
Aren't the others waiting for me, Cinna?

CINNA

I'm glad Casca is with us. What a fearful night this is!  
Two or three of us have seen strange things.

CASSIUS

Are the others waiting? Tell me.

CINNA

Yes, they are. Oh, Cassius, if you could only convince  
Brutus to join us—

CASSIUS

Don't worry. Good Cinna, take this paper and be sure  
to lay it in the judge's chair where Brutus sits, so he'll  
find it. And throw this one in his window, and attach  
this one with wax to the statue of Brutus's ancestor,  
old Brutus. When you've finished all this, return to  
the porch of Pompey's theater, where you'll find us.  
Are Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA

Everyone's there except Metellus Cimber, and he's  
gone to look for you at your house. Well, I'll hurry and  
put these papers where you told me.

CASSIUS

When you've finished, go back to Pompey's theater.

*CINNA exits.*

155

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.

CASCA

160

Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts,  
And that which would appear offense in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS

165

Him and his worth and our great need of him  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight, and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him.

*Exeunt*

ACT 1, SCENE 3

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

Come on, Casca, you and I will go see Brutus at his house before sunrise. He's three-quarters on our side already, and we'll win him over entirely at this meeting.

CASCA

Oh, the people love him well. Things that would look bad if we did them, Brutus could do and look virtuous—just like an alchemist turns worthless tin to gold.

CASSIUS

Yes, you're absolutely right about how worthy Brutus is and how much we need him. Let's go, because it's already after midnight, and we want him on our side before daylight.

*They exit.*