

ACT THREE

SCENE 1

Flourish

Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, PUBLIUS, and POPILIUS LENA with a crowd of people, including ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER

CAESAR

(to the SOOTHSAYER) The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER

Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS

(offering his letter) Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

DECIUS

(offering CAESAR another paper)
Trebonyus doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS

O Caesar, read mine first, for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS

Delay not, Caesar. Read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS

(to ARTEMIDORUS) Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS

(to ARTEMIDORUS)
What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

ACT THREE

SCENE 1

A crowd of people enters, among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER. A trumpet plays. CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others enter.

CAESAR

(to the SOOTHSAYER) March 15th has come.

SOOTHSAYER

Yes, Caesar, but it's not gone yet.

ARTEMIDORUS

(offering his letter) Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

DECIUS

(offering CAESAR another paper) Trebonius wants you to look over his humble petition, at your leisure.

ARTEMIDORUS

Oh, Caesar, read mine first, for my petition affects you more directly. Read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR

Whatever pertains to myself I will deal with last.

ARTEMIDORUS

Don't delay, Caesar. Read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is the man insane?

PUBLIUS

(to ARTEMIDORUS) Stand aside, you.

CASSIUS

(to ARTEMIDORUS) What? Are you pressing your petition on the street? Go to the Capitol.

CAESAR'S party moves aside to the senate house

POPILLIUS

(to CASSIUS) I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

CASSIUS

What enterprise, Popillius?

POPILLIUS

Fare you well.

(approaches CAESAR)

BRUTUS

15 (to CASSIUS) What said Popillius Lena?

CASSIUS

(aside to BRUTUS)

He wished today our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS

Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

CASSIUS

20 Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention
—Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant.

Popillius Lena speaks not of our purposes.
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CASSIUS

25 Trebonius knows his time. For, look you, Brutus.
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt TREBONIUS and ANTONY

DECIUS

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CAESAR goes up to the senate house, the rest following.

POPILLIUS

(to CASSIUS) I hope your endeavor goes well today.

CASSIUS

What endeavor, Popillius?

POPILLIUS

Good luck.

POPILLIUS approaches CAESAR.

BRUTUS

(to CASSIUS) What did Popillius Lena say?

CASSIUS

(speaking so that only BRUTUS can hear) He wished that
our endeavor would go well today. I'm afraid we've
been found out.

BRUTUS

Look, he's approaching Caesar. Keep an eye on him.

CASSIUS

Casca, be quick, because we're worried we might be
stopped. Brutus, what will we do? If our secret's
known, either Caesar or I will die, for I'll kill myself.

BRUTUS

Cassius, stand firm. Popillius Lena wasn't talking
about our plot—for, look, he's smiling, and Caesar's
expression is the same.

CASSIUS

Trebonius knows his cue. See, Brutus, he's pulling
Mark Antony aside.

TREBONIUS and ANTONY exit.

DECIUS

Where's Metellus Cimber? He should go up and offer
his petition to Caesar now.

BRUTUS

He is addressed. Press near and second him.

CINNA

30 Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS

(kneeling)

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
35 An humble heart—

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men
And turn preordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
40 To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools—I mean, sweet words,
Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished.
45 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS

Is there no voice more worthy than my own
50 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother?

BRUTUS

(kneeling) I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

They're speaking to him. Go up there and second his petition.

CINNA

Casca, you'll be the first to raise your hand.

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What problem should I discuss with you first?

METELLUS

(kneeling) Most high, most mighty, and most powerful Caesar, Metellus Cimber kneels before you with a humble heart—

CAESAR

I have to stop you, Cimber. These kneelings and humble courtesies might excite ordinary men, flattering them into turning Roman law into children's games. But don't be so foolish as to think you can sway *me* from what's right by using the tactics that persuade fools—I mean this flattery, low bows, and puppy-like fawning. Your brother has been banished by decree. If you kneel and beg and flatter for him, I'll kick you out of my way like I would a dog. Know that I am not unjust, and I will not grant him a pardon without reason.

METELLUS

Is there no voice worthier than my own to appeal to Caesar to repeal the order that my brother be banished?

BRUTUS

(kneeling) I kiss your hand, but not in flattery, Caesar. I ask you to repeal Publius Cimber's banishment immediately.

CAESAR

55 What, Brutus?

CASSIUS

(kneeling) Pardon, Caesar. Caesar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CAESAR

I could be well moved if I were as you.
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
60 But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks.
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
65 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world. 'Tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
70 Unshaked of motion. And that I am he
Let me a little show it even in this:
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA

(kneeling) O Caesar—

CAESAR

75 Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIVS

(kneeling) Great Caesar—

CAESAR

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA

Speak, hands, for me!

ACT 3, SCENE 1

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CAESAR

What, even you, Brutus?

CASSIUS

(kneeling) Pardon him, Caesar, pardon him. I fall to
your feet to beg you to restore Publius Cimber to cit-
izenship.

CAESAR

I could be convinced if I were like you. If I could beg
others to change their minds, begging would convince
me, too. But I'm as immovable as the northern star,
whose stable and stationary quality has no equal in the
sky. The sky shows countless stars. They're all made
of fire, and each one shines. But only one among all of
them remains in a fixed position. So it is on earth. The
world is full of men, and men are flesh and blood, and
they are capable of reason. Yet out of all of them, I
know only one who is unassailable, who never moves
from his position. To show you that that's me, let me
prove it a little even in this case. I was firm in ordering
that Cimber be banished, and I remain firm in that
decision.

CINNA

(kneeling) Oh, Caesar—

CAESAR

Enough! Would you try to lift Mount Olympus?

DECIVS

(kneeling) Great Caesar—

CAESAR

Haven't I resisted even Brutus, begging from his
knees?

CASCA

Hands, speak for me!

CASCA and the other conspirators stab CAESAR. BRUTUS last

CAESAR

Et tu, Bruté?—Then fall, Caesar.
(*dies*)

CINNA

80 Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Confusion. Exeunt some plebians and senators

BRUTUS

85 People and senators, be not affrighted.
Fly not. Stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS

And Cassius too.

BRUTUS

Where's Publius?

CINNA

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS

90 Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—

BRUTUS

Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer.
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CASCA and the other conspirators stab CAESAR. BRUTUS stabs him last.

CAESAR

And you too, Brutus? In that case, die, Caesar.
(*he dies*)

CINNA

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run and proclaim it in the streets.

CASSIUS

Some should go to the public platforms and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and democracy!"

Confusion. Some citizens and senators exit.

BRUTUS

People and senators, don't be afraid. Don't run away—stay where you are. Only Caesar had to die for his ambition.

CASCA

Go to the platform, Brutus.

DECIUS

And Cassius too.

BRUTUS

Where's Publius?

CINNA

Here. He's completely stunned by this mutiny.

METELLUS

Stand close together, in case someone loyal to Caesar tries to—

BRUTUS

Don't talk about standing together.—Publius, cheer up. We don't intend any harm to you, nor to anyone else. Tell them this, Publius.

CASSIUS

95 And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS

Do so. And let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

*Exit PUBLIUS**Enter TREBONIUS*

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

100 Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS

Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know. 'Tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASSIUS

105 Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS

Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
110 And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords.
Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

CASSIUS

115 Stoop, then, and wash.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CASSIUS

And leave us, Publius, in case the people storming us
should harm you.

BRUTUS

Do so. And let no one suffer for this deed except us,
the perpetrators.

*PUBLIUS exits.**TREBONIUS enters.*

CASSIUS

Where's Antony?

TREBONIUS

He ran to his house, stunned. Men, wives, and chil-
dren stare, cry out, and run in the streets as though it
were doomsday.

BRUTUS

We'll soon find out what fate has in store for us. All we
know is that we'll die sometime, which is all anyone
ever knows, though we try to draw out our days for as
long as possible.

CASSIUS

Why, the man who shortens his life by twenty years
cuts off twenty years of worrying about death.

BRUTUS

So, then, death is a gift, and we are Caesar's friends,
for we've done him a service by shortening his time
spent fearing death. Kneel, Romans, kneel, and let's
wash our hands, up to the elbows, in Caesar's blood
and smear it on our swords. Then we'll go out, even to
the marketplace, and, waving our bloody swords over
our heads, let's cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

CASSIUS

Kneel then, and wash.

*The conspirators smear their hands and swords with
CAESAR'S blood*

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
120 No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS

So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
"The men that gave their country liberty."

DECIUS

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
125 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter ANTONY'S SERVANT

BRUTUS

Soft! Who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

ANTONY'S SERVANT

(kneeling) Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel.
(falls prostrate) Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
130 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest.
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him.
Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

*The conspirators smear their hands and swords with
CAESAR'S blood.*

How many years from now will this heroic scene be
reenacted in countries that don't even exist yet and in
languages not yet known!

BRUTUS

How many times will Caesar bleed again in show,
though he now lies at the base of Pompey's statue, as
worthless as dust!

CASSIUS

As often as it's replayed, our group will be hailed as
the men who gave their country liberty.

DECIUS

Well, should we go out?

CASSIUS

Yes, every man forward. Brutus will lead, and we'll
follow him with the boldest and best hearts of Rome.

ANTONY'S SERVANT enters.

BRUTUS

Wait a minute. Who's that coming? It's a friend of
Antony's.

ANTONY'S SERVANT

(kneeling) Brutus, my master ordered me to kneel like
this. *(he kneels, head bowed low)* He ordered me to
kneel low, and, from the ground, like this, he ordered
me to say: "Brutus is noble, wise, brave, and honest.
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving. Antony
loves Brutus and honors him. Antony feared Caesar,
honored him, and loved him.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

135 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
140 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman.
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
145 He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

ANTONY'S SERVANT*(rising)*

I'll fetch him presently.

*Exit ANTONY'S SERVANT***BRUTUS**

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS

I wish we may. But yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
150 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Enter ANTONY***BRUTUS**

But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
155 —I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.

If Brutus will swear that Antony may come to him safely and be convinced that Caesar deserved to be killed, Mark Antony will love dead Caesar not nearly as much as living Brutus, and with true faith he'll follow the destiny and affairs of noble Brutus through the difficulties of this unprecedented state of affairs." That's what my master, Antony, says.

BRUTUS

Your master is a wise and honorable Roman. I never thought any less of him. Tell him, if he comes here, I'll explain everything to him and, on my word, he'll leave unharmed.

ANTONY'S SERVANT*(getting up)* I'll get him now.*ANTONY'S SERVANT exits.***BRUTUS**

I know that he'll be on our side.

CASSIUS

I hope we can count on him, but I still fear him, and my hunches are usually accurate.

*ANTONY enters.***BRUTUS**

But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Oh, mighty Caesar! Do you lie so low? Have all your conquests, glories, triumphs, achievements, come to so little? Farewell. Gentlemen, I don't know what you intend to do, who else you intend to kill, who else you consider corrupt.

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 160 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die.
 165 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS

O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel—
 170 As by our hands and this our present act
 You see we do—yet see you but our hands
 And this the bleeding business they have done.
 Our hearts you see not. They are pitiful.
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
 175 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony.
 Our arms in strength of malice and our hearts
 Of brothers' temper do receive you in
 180 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS

Only be patient till we have appeased
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 185 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

If it's me, there's no time as good as this hour of Caesar's death, and no weapon better than your swords, covered with the noblest blood in the world. I ask you, if you have a grudge against me, to kill me now, while your stained hands still reek of blood. I could live a thousand years and I wouldn't be as ready to die as I am now. There's no place I'd rather die than here by Caesar, and no manner of death would please me more than being stabbed by you, the masters of this new era.

BRUTUS

Oh, Antony, don't beg us to kill you. Though we seem bloody and cruel right now, with our bloody hands and this deed we've done, you've only seen our hands and their bloody business; you haven't looked into our hearts. They are full of pity for Caesar. But a stronger pity, for the wrongs committed against Rome, drove out our pity for Caesar, as fire drives out fire, and so we killed him. For you, our swords have blunt edges, too dull to harm you, Mark Antony. Our arms, which can be strong and cruel, and our hearts, filled with brotherly love, embrace you with kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS

Your vote will be as strong as anyone's in the reordering of the government.

BRUTUS

But just be patient until we've calmed the masses, who are beside themselves with fear. Then we'll explain to you why I, who loved Caesar even while I stabbed him, have taken this course of action.

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand.

(shakes hands with the conspirators)

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you.

190 —Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand.

—Now, Decius Brutus, yours.—Now yours, Metellus.

—Yours, Cinna.—And, my valiant Casca, yours.

—Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.

—Gentlemen all, alas, what shall I say?

195 My credit now stands on such slippery ground

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer

—That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true.

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

200 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes—

Most noble!—in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

205 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

210 Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,

And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS

215 Mark Antony—

ANTONY

Pardon me, Caius Cassius.

The enemies of Caesar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ANTONY

I don't doubt your wisdom. Each of you, give me your bloody hand. *(he shakes hands with the conspirators)* First, Marcus Brutus, I shake your hand. Next, Caius Cassius, I take your hand. Now, Decius Brutus, yours. Now yours, Metellus. Yours, Cinna. And yours, my brave Casca. Last but not least, yours, good Trebonius. You are all gentlemen—alas, what can I say? Now that I've shaken your hands, you'll take me for either a coward or a flatterer—in either case, my credibility stands on slippery ground. It's true that I loved you, Caesar—nothing could be truer. If your spirit is looking down upon us now, it must hurt you more than even your death to see your Antony making peace—shaking the bloody hands of your enemies—in front of your corpse. If I had as many eyes as you have wounds, and they wept as fast as your wounds stream blood—even that would be more becoming than joining your enemies in friendship. Forgive me, Julius! On this very spot you were hunted down, like a brave deer. And here you fell, where your hunters are now standing. The spot is marked by your death and stained by your blood. Oh world, you were the forest to this deer, and this deer, oh world, was your dear. Now you lie here, stabbed by many princes!

CASSIUS

Mark Antony—

ANTONY

Pardon me, Caius Cassius. Even Caesar's enemies would say the same. From a friend, it's a cool assessment—no more than that.

CASSIUS

I blame you not for praising Caesar so.
 220 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be pricked in number of our friends?
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
 Swayed from the point by looking down on Caesar.
 225 Friends am I with you all and love you all
 Upon this hope: that you shall give me reasons
 Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

Or else were this a savage spectacle!
 Our reasons are so full of good regard
 230 That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
 You should be satisfied.

ANTONY

That's all I seek.
 And am moreover suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the marketplace,
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 235 Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you.
(aside to BRUTUS) You know not what you do.
 Do not consent
 That Antony speak in his funeral.
 240 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

(aside to CASSIUS) By your pardon.
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Caesar's death.

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NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CASSIUS

I don't blame you for praising Caesar like this, but
 what agreement do you intend to reach with us? Will
 you be counted as our friend, or should we proceed
 without depending on you?

ANTONY

I took your hands in friendship, but, indeed, I was dis-
 tracted when I looked down at Caesar. I am friends
 with you all and love you all, on one condition—that
 you prove to me that Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

Without that proof, this would've been a savage
 action! Our reasons are so well considered that even if
 you, Antony, were Caesar's son, you would be satis-
 fied with them.

ANTONY

That's all I ask—and that you let me carry his body to
 the marketplace and, as a friend ought to do, stand on
 the platform and give a proper funeral oration.

BRUTUS

You may, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, may I have a word with you? *(speaking so that
 only BRUTUS can hear)* You don't know what you're
 doing. Don't let Antony speak at his funeral. Don't
 you know how much the people could be affected by
 what he says?

BRUTUS

(speaking so that only CASSIUS can hear) With your per-
 mission, I'll stand on the platform first and explain the
 reason for Caesar's death.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

245 What Antony shall speak, I will protest,
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS

(aside to BRUTUS) I know not what may fall. I like it not.

BRUTUS

250 Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do 't by our permission.
Else shall you not have any hand at all
255 About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

ANTONY

Be it so.
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

260 Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt. Manet ANTONY

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
265 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.

What Antony says, I'll announce, he says only by our permission and by our conviction that Caesar should be honored with all the usual and lawful ceremonies. It'll help us more than hurt us.

CASSIUS

(speaking so that only BRUTUS can hear) I'm worried about the outcome of his speech. I don't like this plan.

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, take Caesar's body. You will not blame us in your funeral speech, but will say all the good you want to about Caesar and that you do it by our permission. Otherwise, you'll have no role at all in his funeral. And you'll speak on the same platform as I do, after I'm done.

ANTONY

So be it. I don't want anything more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

Everyone except ANTONY exits.

ANTONY

Oh, pardon me, you bleeding corpse, for speaking politely and acting mildly with these butchers! You are what's left of the noblest man that ever lived. Pity the hand that shed this valuable blood. Over your wounds—which, like speechless mouths, open their red lips, as though to beg me to speak—I predict that a curse will fall upon the bodies of men.

270 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 275 Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds,
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 280 Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

285 Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

He did receive his letters and is coming.
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
(sees CAESAR's body) O Caesar!—

ANTONY

Thy heart is big. Get thee apart and weep.
 290 Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ate is the Greek
 goddess of discord
 and vengeance.*

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

Fierce civil war will paralyze all of Italy. Blood and destruction will be so common and familiar that mothers will merely smile when their infants are cut to pieces by the hands of war. People's capacity for sympathy will grow tired and weak from the sheer quantity of cruel deeds. And Caesar's ghost, searching for revenge with the goddess Ate by his side, just up from Hell, will cry in the voice of a king, "Havoc!" and unleash the dogs of war. This foul deed will stink up to the sky with men's corpses, which will beg to be buried.

OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT *enters.*

You serve Octavius Caesar, right?

OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Caesar wrote for him to come to Rome.

OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT

He received Caesar's letters, and he is coming. He told me to say to you—*(seeing CAESAR's body)* Oh, Caesar!—

ANTONY

Your heart is big; go ahead and weep. Grief seems to be contagious, for my eyes, seeing the tears in yours, began to fill. Is your master coming?

OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT

He rests tonight within twenty-one miles of Rome.

ANTONY

295 Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.
 Hie hence, and tell him so.—Yet, stay awhile.
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
 Into the marketplace. There shall I try,
 300 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men.
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

Exeunt with CAESAR'S body

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ANTONY

Report back to him fast and tell him what has happened. This is now a Rome in mourning, a dangerous Rome. It's not safe enough for Octavius yet. Hurry away and tell him so. No, wait, stay a minute. Don't go back until I've carried the corpse into the marketplace. There I'll use my speech to test what the people think of these bloody men's cruel action. You'll report back to young Octavius how they respond. Help me here.

They exit with CAESAR'S body.

ACT 3, SCENE 2

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS with the PLEBEIANS

PLEBEIANS

We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

BRUTUS

Then follow me and give me audience, friends.

—Cassius, go you into the other street

And part the numbers.

5 —Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here.

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

I will hear Brutus speak.

ANOTHER PLEBEIAN

I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons

10 When severally we hear them rendered.

Exit CASSIUS with some of the PLEBEIANS

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit

THIRD PLEBEIAN

The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause,
and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor,
and have respect to mine honor that you may believe.

15 Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that
you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,
any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to
Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why
Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: not that I
20 loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.

ACT 3, SCENE 2

*Plebeians = the
common people of
Rome*

BRUTUS and CASSIUS enter with a throng of PLEBEIANS.

PLEBEIANS

We want answers. Give us answers.

BRUTUS

Then follow me and listen to my speech, friends. Cassius, go to the next street and divide the crowd. Let those who will hear me speak stay. Lead those away who will follow you, and we'll explain publicly the reasons for Caesar's death.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

I'll listen to Brutus.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

I'll listen to Cassius, and we will compare their reasons.

CASSIUS exits with some of the PLEBEIANS.

BRUTUS gets up on the platform.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Quiet! Noble Brutus has mounted the platform.

BRUTUS

Be patient until I finish. Romans, countrymen, and friends! Listen to my reasons and be silent so you can hear. Believe me on my honor and keep my honor in mind, so you may believe me. Bewise when you criticize me and keep your minds alert so you can judge me fairly. If there's anyone in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, I say to him that my love for Caesar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demands to know why I rose up against Caesar, this is my answer: it's not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

25 Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than
that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved
me, I weep for him. As he was fortunate, I rejoice at it. As
he was valiant, I honor him. But, as he was ambitious, I slew
30 him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for
his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base
that would be a bondman? If any, speak—for him have I
offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?
If any, speak—for him have I offended. Who is here so vile
that will not love his country? If any, speak—for him have
I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

35 Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar
than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is
enrolled in the Capitol. His glory not extenuated wherein
he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced for which he
suffered death.

Enter Mark ANTONY with CAESAR'S body

40 Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who,
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit
of his dying—a place in the commonwealth—as which of
you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best
lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for
myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

ALL

45 Live, Brutus! Live, live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Bring him with triumph home unto his house!

Would you rather that Caesar were living and we
would all go to our graves as slaves, or that Caesar
were dead and we all lived as free men? I weep for Caesar
in that he was good to me. I rejoice in his good fortune.
I honor him for being brave. But his ambition—for that,
I killed him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune,
honor for his bravery, and death for his ambition. Who here
is so low that he wants to be a slave? If there are any, speak,
for it is he whom I've offended. Who here is so barbarous
that he doesn't want to be a Roman? If there are any, speak,
for it is he whom I've offended. Who here is so vile that he
doesn't love his country? If there are any, speak, for it is
he whom I have offended. I will pause for a reply.

ALL

No one, Brutus, no one.

BRUTUS

Then I have offended no one. I've done no more to
Caesar than you will do to me. The reasons for his death
are recorded in the Capitol. His glory has not been diminished
where he earned it, nor have those offenses for which he was
killed been exaggerated.

ANTONY enters with CAESAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who,
though he had no part in the killing, will benefit from his death—
receiving a share in the commonwealth, as you all will. With
these words I leave. Just as I killed my best friend for the good
of Rome, so will I kill myself when my country requires my death.

ALL

Live, Brutus! Live, live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Let's carry him in triumph to his house!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Give him a statue with his ancestors!

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him be Caesar!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

50 We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

BRUTUS

My countrymen—

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Peace, ho!

BRUTUS

55 Good countrymen, let me depart alone.
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit BRUTUS

FIRST PLEBEIAN

60 Stay, ho! And let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him go up into the public chair.
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
(*ascends the pulpit*)

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Let's build a statue of him, near those of his ancestors!

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him become Caesar!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Caesar's better qualities exist in Brutus, and we will
crown him.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

We'll bring him to his house with shouts and celebra-
tion!

BRUTUS

My countrymen—

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Quiet there!

BRUTUS

Good countrymen, let me leave alone. I want you to
stay here with Antony to pay respects to Caesar's
corpse and listen to Antony's speech about Caesar's
glories, which he gives with our permission. I ask that
none of you leave, except myself, until Antony has fin-
ished.

BRUTUS exits.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Let's stay and hear Mark Antony.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him mount the pulpit. We'll listen to him. Noble
Antony, mount the podium.

ANTONY

For Brutus's sake, I am indebted to you.
(*he steps up into the pulpit*)

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD PLEBEIAN

He says for Brutus' sake

65 He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Nay, that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

70 You gentle Romans—

ALL

Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones.

75 So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

80 For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men—

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me.

But Brutus says he was ambitious,

85 And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

What does he say about Brutus?

THIRD PLEBEIAN

He says that for Brutus's sake he finds himself
indebted to us all.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

He'd better not speak badly of Brutus here.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

That's for sure. We're lucky that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Quiet! Let's hear what Antony has to say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans—

ALL

Quiet there! Let us hear him.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, give me your attention. I have come here to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do is remembered after their deaths, but the good is often buried with them. It might as well be the same with Caesar. The noble Brutus told you that Caesar was ambitious. If that's true, it's a serious fault, and Caesar has paid seriously for it. With the permission of Brutus and the others—for Brutus is an honorable man; they are all honorable men—I have come here to speak at Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, he was faithful and just to me. But Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an honorable man. He brought many captives home to Rome whose ransoms brought wealth to the city.

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept.
 90 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 95 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And, sure, he is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 100 You all did love him once, not without cause.
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! Thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me.
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
 105 And I must pause till it come back to me. (*weeps*)

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

110 Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown.
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Poor soul! His eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Is this the work of an ambitious man? When the poor
 cried, Caesar cried too. Ambition shouldn't be so soft.
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an
 honorable man. You all saw that on the Lupercal feast
 day I offered him a king's crown three times, and he
 refused it three times. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus
 says he was ambitious. And, no question, Brutus is an
 honorable man. I am not here to disprove what Brutus
 has said, but to say what *I* know. You all loved him
 once, and not without reason. Then what reason holds
 you back from mourning him now? Men have become
 brutish beasts and lost their reason! Bear with me. My
 heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must
 pause until it returns to me. (*he weeps*)

FIRST PLEBEIAN

I think there's a lot of sense in what he says.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

If you think about it correctly, Caesar has suffered a
 great wrong.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Has he, sirs? I'm worried there will be someone worse
 to replace him.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Did you hear Antony? Caesar wouldn't take the
 crown. Therefore it's certain that he wasn't ambitious.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

If it turns out he wasn't, certain people are going to get
 it.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Poor man! Antony's eyes are fiery red from crying.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

There isn't a nobler man than Antony in all of Rome.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

115 Now mark him. He begins again to speak.

ANTONY

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
120 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong—
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong. I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
125 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar.
I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
130 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
135 Unto their issue.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony!

ALL

The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends. I must not read it.
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
140 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men.
And, being men, bearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs.
For, if you should—Oh, what would come of it!

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Now listen, he's going to speak again.

ANTONY

Only yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood
against the world. Now he lies there worth nothing,
and no one is so humble as to show him respect. Oh,
sirs, if I stirred your hearts and minds to mutiny and
rage, I would offend Brutus and Cassius, who, you all
know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong. I
would rather wrong the dead, and wrong myself and
you, than wrong such honorable men. But here's a
paper with Caesar's seal on it. I found it in his room—
it's his will. If you could only hear this testament—
which, excuse me, I don't intend to read aloud—you
would kiss dead Caesar's wounds and dip your hand-
kerchiefs in his sacred blood, and beg for a lock of hair
to remember him by. And when you died, you would
mention the handkerchief or the hair in your will,
bequeathing it to your heirs like a rich legacy.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

We want to hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

ALL

The will, the will! We want to hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Be patient, gentle friends, I must not read it. It isn't
proper for you to know how much Caesar loved you.
You aren't wood, you aren't stones—you're men.
And, being men, the contents of Caesar's will would
enrage you. It's better that you don't know you're his
heirs, for if you knew, just imagine what would come
of it!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

145 Read the will. We'll hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
150 Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

They were traitors! "Honorable men"!

ALL

The will! The testament!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

ANTONY

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
155 Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

ALL

Come down.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Descend.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

You shall have leave.

ANTONY *descends from the pulpit*

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

A ring!

Stand round.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

160 Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Read the will. We want to hear it, Antony. You have to read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Will you be patient? Will you wait awhile? I've said too much in telling you of it. I'm afraid that I wrong the honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Caesar.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

They were traitors. "Honorable men!"

ALL

The will! The testament!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

ANTONY

You force me to read the will, then? Then make a circle around Caesar's corpse, and let me show you the man who made this will. Shall I come down? Will you let me?

ALL

Come down.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Descend.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

We'll let you.

ANTONY *descends from the pulpit.*

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Make a circle; stand around him.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Stand away from the hearse. Stand away from the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Make room for Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Nay, press not so upon me. Stand far off.

ALL

Stand back. Room! Bear back.

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle. I remember

165 The first time ever Caesar put it on.

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.

See what a rent the envious Casca made.

170 Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed.

And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no.

175 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

180 Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

185 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

Oh, now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

190 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

(lifts up CAESAR'S mantle)

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ANTONY

No, don't press up against me. Stand further away.

ALL

Stand back. Give him room.

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all know this cloak. I remember the first time Caesar ever put it on. It was a summer's evening; he was in his tent. It was the day he overcame the Nervii warriors. Look, here's where Cassius's dagger pierced it. See the wound that Casca made. Through this hole beloved Brutus stabbed. And when he pulled out his cursed dagger, see how Caesar's blood came with it, as if rushing out a door to see if it was really Brutus who was knocking so rudely. For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel. The gods know how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the most unkind cut of all. For when the noble Caesar saw him stab, he understood his beloved Brutus's ingratitude; it was stronger than the violence of traitors, and it defeated him, bursting his mighty heart. And at the base of Pompey's statue, with his cloak covering his face, which was dripping with blood the whole time, great Caesar fell. Oh, what a fall it was, my countrymen! Then you and I and all of us fell down, while bloody treason triumphed. Oh, now you weep, and I sense that you feel pity. These are gracious tears. But if it overwhelms you to look at Caesar's wounded cloak, how will you feel, kind men, now? Look at this, here is the man—scarred, as you can see, by traitors. (*he lifts up CAESAR'S cloak*)

FIRST PLEBEIAN

O piteous spectacle!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

O noble Caesar!

THIRD PLEBEIAN

O woeful day!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

O traitors, villains!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

O most bloody sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

195 We will be revenged.

ALL

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY

Stay, countrymen.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

We'll hear him. We'll follow him. We'll die with him.

ANTONY

200 Good friends, sweet friends! Let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
205 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
That love my friend. And that they know full well
210 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit nor words nor worth,
Action nor utterance nor the power of speech,

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Oh, what a sad sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Oh, noble Caesar!

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Oh, sad day!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Oh, traitors, villains!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Oh, most bloody sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

We will get revenge.

ALL

Revenge! Let's go after them! Seek! Burn! Set fire!
Kill! Slay! Leave no traitors alive!

ANTONY

Wait, countrymen.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Quiet there! Listen to the noble Antony.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

We'll listen to him, we'll follow him, we'll die with
him.

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends, don't let me stir you up
to such a sudden mutiny. Those who have done this
deed are honorable. I don't know what private
grudges they had that made them do it. They're wise
and honorable, and will no doubt give you reasons for
it. I haven't come to steal your loyalty, friends. I'm no
orator, as Brutus is. I'm only, as you know, a plain,
blunt man who loved his friend, and the men who let
me speak know this well. I have neither cleverness nor
rhetorical skill nor the authority nor gesture nor elo-
quence nor the power of speech to stir men up. I just
speak directly. I tell you what you already know. I
show you sweet Caesar's wounds—poor, speechless

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

mouths!—and make them speak for me. But if I were Brutus and Brutus were me, then I'd stir you up, and install in each of Caesar's wounds the kind of voice that could convince even stones to rise up and mutiny.

215 To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
220 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL

We'll mutiny.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Away, then! Come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, countrymen. Yet hear me speak.

ALL

Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY

225 Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not. I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL

Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY

230 Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal
To every Roman citizen he gives—
To every several man—seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

O royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Hear me with patience.

ALL

We'll mutiny.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

We'll burn Brutus's house.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let's go, then! Come, find the conspirators!

ANTONY

Wait, and listen to me, countrymen.

ALL

Quiet! Wait! Listen to Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Why, friends, you don't even know what you're doing yet. What has Caesar done to deserve your love? Alas, you don't know. I must tell you then. You've forgotten the will I told you about.

ALL

Yes! The will! Let's stay and hear the will!

ANTONY

Here's the will, written under Caesar's seal. To every Roman citizen he gives—to every individual man—seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Oh, royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Listen to me patiently.

ALL

Peace, ho!

ANTONY

235 Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber. He hath left them you
And to your heirs forever—common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
240 Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Never, never.—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Go fetch fire.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

245 Pluck down benches.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

Exeunt PLEBEIANS with CAESAR's body

ANTONY

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot.
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

How now, fellow?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY

250 Where is he?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ALL

Quiet, there!

ANTONY

Also, he's left you all his walkways—in his private
gardens and newly planted orchards—on this side of
the Tiber River. He's left them to you and to your
heirs forever—public pleasures in which you will be
able to stroll and relax. Here was a Caesar! When will
there be another like him?

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Never, never. Let's go! We'll burn his body in the holy
place and use the brands to set the traitors' houses on
fire. Take up the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

We'll start a fire.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

We'll use benches for wood—

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

And windowsills, anything.

Citizens exit with CAESAR's body.

ANTONY

Now, let it work. Trouble, you have begun—take
whatever course you choose!

OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT enters.

What's up, my man?

OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT

Sir, Octavius has already arrived in Rome.

ANTONY

Where is he?

OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY

And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

255

I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY

Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

*Exeunt***NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

ANTONY

I will go straight to visit him. I ask for him, and he
comes. Fortune is happy today and, in this mood, will
give us anything we want.

OCTAVIUS'S SERVANT

I heard Octavius say that Brutus and Cassius have rid-
den like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY

They probably received warning about how much I
stirred up the people. Take me to Octavius.

They exit.

ACT 3, SCENE 3

Enter CINNA THE POET, and after him the PLEBEIANS

CINNA THE POET

I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

5 What is your name?

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Whither are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Where do you dwell?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Answer every man directly.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

10 Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Ay, and wisely.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA THE POET

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell?
Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every
15 man directly and briefly, wisely and truly—wisely I say, I
am a bachelor.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

That's as much as to say they are fools that marry. You'll
bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed, directly.

CINNA THE POET

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

ACT 3, SCENE 3

CINNA THE POET enters, followed by PLEBEIANS.

CINNA THE POET

I dreamed last night that I feasted with Caesar, and
unlucky signs overwhelmed my imagination. I have
no desire to go outside, yet something leads me there.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

What's your name?

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Where are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Where do you live?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Answer all of us, now.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Yes, and be brief.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Yes, and be wise.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Yes, and be truthful, if you know what's good for you.

CINNA THE POET

What's my name? Where am I going? Where do I live?
Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer
every man briefly, wisely, and truthfully—wisely I
say, I am a bachelor.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

You imply that married men are fools. You'll get a
blow from me for that, I think. Go on with what you
were saying—right this instant.

CINNA THE POET

Right this instant, I'm going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

20 As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA THE POET

As a friend.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

For your dwelling—briefly.

CINNA THE POET

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

25 Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA THE POET

Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Tear him to pieces. He's a conspirator.

CINNA THE POET

I am Cinna the poet. I am Cinna the poet.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Tear him for his bad verses! Tear him for his bad verses!

CINNA THE POET

30 I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

It is no matter. His name's Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart and turn him going.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Tear him, tear him!

PLEBEIANS attack CINNA THE POET

ALL

35 Come, brands, ho, firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house and some to Casca's. Some to Ligarius'. Away, go!

Exeunt PLEBEIANS dragging CINNA THE POET

FIRST PLEBEIAN

As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA THE POET

As a friend.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

He answered that question straight.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

As for where you live, tell us quickly—get to the point.

CINNA THE POET

Getting right to the point, I live near the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Tell us your name, sir, truthfully.

CINNA THE POET

Truthfully, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Tear him to pieces. He's a conspirator.

CINNA THE POET

I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Tear him apart for his bad verses, tear him up!

CINNA THE POET

I'm not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

It doesn't matter. His name's Cinna. Pull only his name out of his heart and let him go.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Tear him apart, tear him up!

The PLEBEIANS attack CINNA THE POET.

ALL

Come, firebrands, over here! To Brutus's, to Cassius's, let's burn them all. Some of you go to Decius's house and some to Casca's. Some to Ligarius's. Go!

The PLEBEIANS exit, dragging CINNA THE POET.