

ACT FOUR

SCENE 1

Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS

ANTONY

These many, then, shall die. Their names are pricked.

OCTAVIUS

(to LEPIDUS)

Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I do consent—

OCTAVIUS

Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS

Upon condition Publius shall not live,
5 Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house.
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEPIDUS

10 What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS

Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit LEPIDUS

ANTONY

This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
15 One of the three to share it?

ACT FOUR

SCENE 1

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS enter.

ANTONY

These ones, then, will be assassinated. Their names
are marked.

OCTAVIUS

(to LEPIDUS) Your brother has to die too. Do you agree,
Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I agree—

OCTAVIUS

Put a mark next to his name too, Antony.

LEPIDUS

On the condition that your sister's son, Publius, also
must die, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

He will die. See—I've sealed his fate with this mark
next to his name. But, Lepidus, go to Caesar's house.
Bring his will here, and we'll figure out a way to reduce
his bequests to the people.

LEPIDUS

Will you be here when I return?

OCTAVIUS

Either here or at the Capitol.

LEPIDUS exits.

ANTONY

He's an unremarkable man, fit only to be sent on
errands. Does it really make sense, once we divide the
world into three parts, that he should be one of the
three rulers?

OCTAVIUS

So you thought him.
And took his voice who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY

Octavius, I have seen more days than you.
And though we lay these honors on this man
20 To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way.
And having brought our treasure where we will,
25 Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

OCTAVIUS

You may do your will,
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY

So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
30 I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit,
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so.
35 He must be taught and trained and bid go forth,
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
40 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers. We must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretched.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

OCTAVIUS

You thought it made sense, and you listened to him
about who should be marked to die in these harsh
death sentences.

ANTONY

Octavius, I'm older than you are. And although we're
giving these honors to this man so that he shares some
of the blame for what we're doing, he'll carry these
honors like a jackass carries gold—groaning and
sweating under the load, either led or pushed, as we
direct him. Once he's carried our treasure where we
want it, we'll free him of the load and turn him loose
like a jackass, to shake his ears and graze in the public
pastures.

OCTAVIUS

You can do what you want, but he's an experienced
and honorable soldier.

ANTONY

So is my horse, Octavius, and for that reason I give
him all the hay he wants. But my horse is a creature
that I teach to fight—to turn, to stop, to run in a
straight line. I govern the motion of his body. And in
some ways, Lepidus is just like that. He has to be
taught and trained and told to go forward. He's an
empty man, who pays attention to fashions and tastes
that other men took up and got tired of long ago. Don't
think about Lepidus except as a means to an end. And
now, Octavius, listen to more important things. Bru-
tus and Cassius are raising armies. We have to raise
our own immediately. So, we should combine forces
and organize our allies, pull together our friends, and
stretch our resources as far as they'll go.

45 And let us presently go sit in council
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS

Let us do so. For we are at the stake
And bayed about with many enemies.
50 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

Exeunt

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

Let's immediately organize a council to discuss the best way to find out their secrets and the safest way to confront the threats we're already faced with.

OCTAVIUS

Let's do that, because we're hemmed in by many enemies. And even some of the people who smile at us are in fact plotting against us, I'm afraid.

They exit.

ACT 4, SCENE 2

Drum. Enter BRUTUS with LUCIUS, LUCILLIUS, and the army. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them

BRUTUS

Stand, ho!

LUCILLIUS

Give the word, ho, and stand.

BRUTUS

What now, Lucillius? Is Cassius near?

LUCILLIUS

He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
 5 To do you salutation from his master.

BRUTUS

He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change or by ill officers
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone. But if he be at hand
 10 I shall be satisfied.

PINDARUS

I do not doubt
 But that my noble master will appear
 Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

BRUTUS

He is not doubted.—A word, Lucillius.
(takes LUCILLIUS aside)
 How he received you, let me be resolved.

LUCILLIUS

15 With courtesy and with respect enough.
 But not with such familiar instances
 Nor with such free and friendly conference
 As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS

Thou hast described
 A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucillius,

ACT 4, SCENE 2

A drum plays. BRUTUS, LUCILLIUS, LUCIUS, and SOLDIERS enter. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

BRUTUS

Stop.

LUCILLIUS

Pass on the command to halt!

BRUTUS

What's happening now, Lucillius? Is Cassius nearby?

LUCILLIUS

He's nearby, and Pindarus has come to salute you on
 behalf of his master.

BRUTUS

He sends his greetings through a good man. Your master, Pindarus, either because he's changed his mind or been influenced by bad officers, has made me wish we hadn't done some of the things we did. If he's nearby, I want an explanation.

PINDARUS

I have no doubt that my noble master will prove himself to be what he is: honorable and noble.

BRUTUS

I don't doubt him. Can I have a word with you, Lucillius? *(takes LUCILLIUS aside)* Tell me how Cassius treated you. Put my mind at rest.

LUCILLIUS

He received me with courtesy and sufficient respect, but not with affection, nor with as much open and friendly conversation as he once greeted me.

BRUTUS

You've described a warm friend who's cooling off. Remember this, Lucillius. When a friend starts to get

20 When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle.

Low march within

25 But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCILLIUS

They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered.
The greater part, the horse in general,
30 Are come with Cassius.

BRUTUS

Hark! He is arrived.
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers

CASSIUS

Stand, ho!

BRUTUS

Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

FIRST SOLDIER

Stand!

SECOND SOLDIER

35 Stand!

THIRD SOLDIER

Stand!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

sick of you, he treats you artificially. Plain and simple loyalty doesn't make anyone act phony. But insincere men, like horses who are too lively at the start of a race, make a big show of their spirit.

A low sound of drums and SOLDIERS marching.

But when push comes to shove, they droop like those horses that are all show and slow to a crawl. Is his army approaching?

LUCILLIUS

They plan to spend the night in Sardis. The larger part, the main body of cavalry, are coming with Cassius.

BRUTUS

Look! He's arrived. March to meet him at a dignified pace.

CASSIUS enters with his army.

CASSIUS

Halt.

BRUTUS

Halt! Pass the order along.

FIRST SOLDIER

Halt!

SECOND SOLDIER

Halt!

THIRD SOLDIER

Halt!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Let the gods judge me! Do I mistreat even my enemies? No. So how could I possibly wrong a brother?

CASSIUS

40 Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs.
And when you do them—

BRUTUS

Cassius, be content.
Speak your griefs softly. I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
45 Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away.
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS

Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS

50 Lucillius, do you the like. And let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

*Exeunt***NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

CASSIUS

Brutus, your sober expression is a mask to hide the fact that you've wronged me. And when you do—

BRUTUS

Cassius, calm down. We know each other well, and you can speak your grievances quietly. Let's not argue here in front of both our armies, which ought to see nothing but love between us. Order them to move back. Then, in my tent, you can elaborate on your complaints, and I'll listen.

CASSIUS

Pindarus, order our commanders to lead their charges a little ways away from this ground.

BRUTUS

Lucillius, you do the same, and don't allow anyone to come into our tent until we've finished our conference. Have Lucius and Titinius guard the door.

Everyone except BRUTUS and CASSIUS exits.

ACT 4, SCENE 3

Manent BRUTUS and CASSIUS, now in the tent

CASSIUS

That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
 You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side
 5 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offense should bear his comment.

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 10 Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.

CASSIUS

I "an itching palm!"
 You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS

15 The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS

Chastisement!

BRUTUS

Remember March, the ides of March remember.
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 4, SCENE 3

BRUTUS and CASSIUS remain onstage. They are now in their tent.

CASSIUS

My evidence that you have wronged me is that you condemned and disgraced Lucius Pella for taking bribes here from the Sardinians, and you ignored my letters, where I argued that he was innocent; I know the man.

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write on behalf of such a man.

CASSIUS

In a time like this, it doesn't make sense to criticize every offense.

BRUTUS

I'll tell you, Cassius, you yourself have been called greedy and been accused of giving your positions to undeserving men in exchange for gold.

CASSIUS

Me, "greedy"! You know, if you were anyone other than Brutus, that speech would be your last.

BRUTUS

The name of Cassius gives credit to these corrupt actions, and so they go unpunished.

CASSIUS

Unpunished!

BRUTUS

Remember March, March 15th. Didn't great Caesar bleed for the sake of justice?

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

20 What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
25 And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS

Brutus, bait not me.

I'll not endure it. You forget yourself
30 To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS

Go to. You are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

35 I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

BRUTUS

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

Is 't possible?

BRUTUS

40 Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

CASSIUS

O ye gods, ye gods, must I endure all this?

Who among us stabbed him for any cause but justice?
What—did one of us strike down the most powerful
man in the world in order to support robbers? Should
we now dirty our fingers with lowly bribes and sell the
mighty offices that we hold for whatever money we
can get our hands on? I'd rather be a dog and howl at
the moon than be that kind of Roman.

CASSIUS

Brutus, do not provoke me. I will not take it. You're
forgetting yourself when you back me into a corner.
I'm a soldier, more experienced than you, and better
able to give orders.

BRUTUS

Get lost! You are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you're not.

CASSIUS

Don't provoke me any further or I'll forget to restrain
myself. If you care about your health, you won't push
me any further.

BRUTUS

Leave, you little man.

CASSIUS

Is this possible?

BRUTUS

Listen to me, for I have something to tell you. Am I
required to indulge your rash anger? Does a madman
scare me when he stares at me?

CASSIUS

Oh gods, oh gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS

"All this"? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.
 45 Go show your slaves how choleric you are
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humor? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 50 Though it do split you. For from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

CASSIUS

Is it come to this?

BRUTUS

You say you are a better soldier.
 Let it appear so. Make your vaunting true,
 55 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS

You wrong me every way. You wrong me, Brutus.
 I said an elder soldier, not a better.
 Did I say "better"?

BRUTUS

60 If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS

When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS

Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS

I durst not!

BRUTUS

No.

CASSIUS

65 What, durst not tempt him?

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

"All this"? Yes, and more. Go ahead—rage till your
 proud heart breaks. Show your slaves how mad you
 are, and make your servants tremble. But me—am I
 going to cower at you and your irritable moods? You'll
 have to swallow your own poison till it makes you
 burst before I'm going to respond; from now on, I'll
 make you the butt of my jokes whenever you get sharp
 with me.

CASSIUS

Has it come to this?

BRUTUS

You say you're a better soldier. Show it! Make your
 boasts come true, and I'll be thrilled. I'm always
 happy to hear about brave men.

CASSIUS

You wrong me in every way. You wrong me, Brutus. I
 said an *older* soldier, not a better one. Did I say "bet-
 ter"?

BRUTUS

If you did, I don't care.

CASSIUS

When Caesar was alive, even he wouldn't dare anger
 me like this.

BRUTUS

Oh, be quiet. You wouldn't have dared to tempt him
 so.

CASSIUS

I wouldn't have dared!

BRUTUS

No.

CASSIUS

What? Not dared to tempt him?

BRUTUS

For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS

Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS

70 You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,
75 For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
80 To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
85 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts.
Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS

I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not. He was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
90 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS

I do not, till you practice them on me.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

You wouldn't have dared, out of fear for your life.

CASSIUS

Don't take my love for granted. I might do something
I'll be sorry for.

BRUTUS

You've already done something you should be sorry
for. Your threats don't scare me, Cassius, because I'm
so secure in my honesty and integrity that they pass
me by like a weak breeze. I asked you for a certain
amount of gold, which you wouldn't give me. I myself
can't raise money by unethical means. I'd rather turn
my heart into money and my drops of blood into coins
than use crooked tactics to wring petty cash from the
hardworking hands of peasants. I asked you for gold
to pay my soldiers, and you wouldn't give it to me.
Was that the Caius Cassius that I knew? And would I
have ever done that to you? If I ever get so greedy that
I hoard such petty cash from my friends, may the gods
dash me to pieces with their thunderbolts!

CASSIUS

I didn't refuse you.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I didn't. The man who brought my answer to you was
a fool. You have broken my heart. A friend should put
up with his friend's weaknesses, but you exaggerate
mine.

BRUTUS

I don't until you practice them on me.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world—
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
 Checked like a bondman, all his faults observed,
 Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote
 To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes.
(offers BRUTUS his bared dagger) There is my dagger.
 And here my naked breast. Within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.
 If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
 Strike, as thou didst at Caesar. For I know
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
 O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
 Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark
 And straight is cold again.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CASSIUS

You don't love me.

BRUTUS

I don't like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friend would never see those faults.

BRUTUS

No, a flatterer wouldn't, even if the faults were as huge
 as Mount Olympus.

CASSIUS

Come, Antony and young Octavius! Get your
 revenge on Cassius, because Cassius has grown tired
 of the world. He's hated by someone he loves, defied
 by his brother, rebuked like a servant, all his faults
 observed, catalogued in a notebook, read, and com-
 mitted to memory so they can be thrown in his face.
 Oh, I could weep my soul right out of myself! There's
 my dagger *(he offers BRUTUS his unsheathed dagger)*,
 and here's my bare chest. Inside it is a heart more valu-
 able than Pluto's silver mine and richer than gold. If
 you're a Roman, take my heart out. I, who denied you
 gold, will give you my heart. Strike as you did at Cae-
 sar, for I know even when you hated him the most, you
 still loved him better than you ever loved me.

*Pluto is the god of
 the underworld,
 and Plutus is the
 god of wealth. The
 two are often
 confused or
 combined, as
 they are here.*

BRUTUS

Put away your dagger. Be angry whenever you like,
 it's all right with me. Do whatever you want, and I'll
 say your insults are just a bad mood. Oh, Cassius,
 you're partners with a quiet lamb. My anger is like a
 flint striking—a brief spark, and then I'm cold again.

CASSIUS

Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

BRUTUS

120 When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

CASSIUS and BRUTUS shake hands

CASSIUS

O Brutus!

BRUTUS

What's the matter?

CASSIUS

Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
125 Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS

Yes, Cassius. And from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides and leave you so.

POET

(within) Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between 'em. 'Tis not meet
130 They be alone.

LUCILLIUS

(within) You shall not come to them.

POET

(within) Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter a POET followed by LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CASSIUS

Have I lived this long only to be the butt of a joke
whenever you're angry or frustrated?

BRUTUS

When I said that, I was angry too.

CASSIUS

You admit it, then? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

CASSIUS and BRUTUS shake hands.

CASSIUS

Oh, Brutus!

BRUTUS

What's the matter?

CASSIUS

Do you have enough love for me to be patient when
my bad temper, which I inherited from my mother,
makes me forget how I should behave?

BRUTUS

Yes, Cassius. And from now on, when you get hot
with me, I'll assume it's your mother speaking and
leave it at that.

POET

(offstage) Let me in to see the generals. There's a
grudge between them, and it isn't a good idea for them
to be alone.

LUCILLIUS

(offstage) You can't see them.

POET

(offstage) You'd have to kill me to stop me.

A POET enters, followed by LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS.

CASSIUS

How now? What's the matter?

POET

For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends as two such men should be.
135 For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS

Ha, ha, how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRUTUS

(to POET) Get you hence, sirrah. Saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS

Bear with him, Brutus. 'Tis his fashion.

BRUTUS

I'll know his humor when he knows his time.
140 What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
—Companion, hence!

CASSIUS

Away, away, be gone.

Exit POET

BRUTUS

Lucillius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

CASSIUS

And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
145 Immediately to us.

Exeunt LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS

BRUTUS

(calls off) Lucius, a bowl of wine!

CASSIUS

I did not think you could have been so angry.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CASSIUS

What's this! What's the matter?

POET

You should be ashamed, generals! What do you think
you're doing?
Love each other and be friends, like two such men
should be.
Listen to me, because I'm older than you, surely.

CASSIUS

Ha ha! This man's rhymes are terrible!

BRUTUS

(to POET) Get out of here, you! Get away, you rude fellow!

CASSIUS

Be patient with him, Brutus. That's just how he is.

BRUTUS

I'll humor him when he learns how to behave. What
should we do with all these rhyming fools that follow
us from post to post? Get out of here, my friend.

CASSIUS

Away, away, be gone.

The POET exits.

BRUTUS

Lucillius and Titinius, order the commanders to have
the men camp for the night.

CASSIUS

And return to us immediately, bringing Messala with
you.

LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS exit.

BRUTUS

(calling offstage) Lucius, bring a bowl of wine.

CASSIUS

I didn't think you could even be so angry.

BRUTUS

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS

Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS

150 No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Ha, Portia?

BRUTUS

She is dead.

CASSIUS

How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
155 Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS

Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong—for with her death
That tidings came—with this she fell distract
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

CASSIUS

160 And died so?

BRUTUS

Even so.

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS with wine and tapers

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

Oh Cassius, I'm tired out by many sorrows.

CASSIUS

The Stoics were philosophers who maintained that people should accept suffering without complaining.

You're forgetting your Stoic philosophy if you allow chance misfortunes to upset you.

BRUTUS

No one bears sorrow better than me. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Portia!

BRUTUS

She is dead.

CASSIUS

How did you manage not to kill me when we argued just now? What an irreplaceable and grievous loss! What sickness did she die of?

BRUTUS

She was worried about my absence, and about the fact that young Octavius and Mark Antony have grown so strong—which I found out at the same time as the news of her death. She became full of despair and, when her attendants were away, swallowed burning coals.

CASSIUS

And that's how she died?

BRUTUS

Yes, like that.

CASSIUS

Oh, immortal gods!

LUCIUS enters with wine and candles.

BRUTUS

Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
(drinks)

CASSIUS

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup.
165 I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
(drinks)

*Exit LUCIUS**Enter TITINIUS and MESSALA***BRUTUS**

Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala!
Now sit we close about this taper here
And call in question our necessities.

CASSIUS

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS

No more, I pray you.
170 —Messala, I have here received letters
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS

175 With what addition?

MESSALA

That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**BRUTUS**

Don't talk about her anymore. Give me a bowl of
wine. With this toast I bury all bad feelings between
us, Cassius. (he drinks)

CASSIUS

My heart is thirsty for that noble promise. Fill my cup,
Lucius, until the wine overflows it. I cannot drink too
much of Brutus's love. (he drinks)

*LUCIUS exits.**TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.***BRUTUS**

Come in, Titinius! Welcome, good Messala. Now let's
sit closely around this candle and discuss our needs.

CASSIUS

Portia, are you really gone?

BRUTUS

No more about that, please. Messala, I have received
these letters explaining that young Octavius and
Mark Antony are rushing toward Philippi and bear-
ing down upon us with a mighty power.

MESSALA

I have received letters that say the same.

BRUTUS

And anything else?

MESSALA

That with a series of legal writs, Octavius, Antony,
and Lepidus have put a hundred senators to death.

BRUTUS

Therein our letters do not well agree.
 180 Mine speak of seventy senators that died
 By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

Cicero one?

MESSALA

Cicero is dead,
 And by that order of proscription.
 (to BRUTUS) Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS

185 No, Messala.

MESSALA

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS

Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA

That methinks is strange.

BRUTUS

Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA

No, my lord.

BRUTUS

190 Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MESSALA

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.
 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS

Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.
 With meditating that she must die once,
 195 I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA

Even so great men great losses should endure.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

On that point, our letters don't agree. My letters say
 only seventy senators were killed, one being Cicero.

CASSIUS

Cicero too?

MESSALA

Cicero is dead, by their decree. (to BRUTUS) Have you
 received letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS

No, Messala.

MESSALA

And you haven't heard any news about her in your let-
 ters?

BRUTUS

Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA

I think that's strange.

BRUTUS

Why do you ask? Have you heard something of her in
 your letters?

MESSALA

No, my lord.

BRUTUS

Now, as you're a Roman, tell me the truth.

MESSALA

Then you must take the truth I have to tell like a
 Roman. It's certain that she is dead, and she died in a
 strange way.

BRUTUS

Well, good-bye, Portia. We all must die, Messala.
 Having already thought about the fact that she would
 have to die sometime, I can endure her death now.

MESSALA

That's the way great men ought to endure great losses.

CASSIUS

I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS

Well, to our work alive. What do you think
200 Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us.
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense, whilst we, lying still,
205 Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS

Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution.
210 The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged,
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
215 These people at our back.

CASSIUS

Hear me, good brother—

BRUTUS

Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day.
220 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CASSIUS

I've practiced Stoicism with as much devotion as you,
but I still couldn't bear this news like you do.

BRUTUS

Well, let's move on to our work with the living. What
do you think of marching to Philippi immediately?

CASSIUS

I don't think it's a good idea.

BRUTUS

Why not?

CASSIUS

Here's why: it'd be better for the enemy to come after
us. That way, he'll waste his provisions and tire out his
soldiers, weakening his own capacities, while we,
lying still, are rested, energetic, and nimble.

BRUTUS

Your reasons are good, but I have better reasons for
doing the opposite. The people who live between here
and Philippi are loyal to us only because we force them
to be. We made them contribute to our efforts against
their will. The enemy, marching past them, will add
them to its numbers, then come at us refreshed, newly
reinforced, and full of courage. Thus we must cut him
off from this advantage. If we meet him at Philippi,
these people will be at our backs.

CASSIUS

Listen to me, good brother.

BRUTUS

Begging your pardon, I'll continue what I was saying.
You must also take into account that we've gotten as
much from our friends as they can give. Our regi-
ments are full to the brim; our cause is ready.
The enemy gets larger each day. We, now at our larg-
est, can only decrease. There's a tidal movement in

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
225 On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS

Then, with your will, go on.
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

230 The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

CASSIUS

No more. Good night.
Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.

BRUTUS

Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

My gown.

Exit LUCIUS

235 Farewell, good Messala.—
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night and good repose.

CASSIUS

O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls.
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS with the gown

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

men's affairs. Seizing the highest tide leads on to fortune. If high tide is let to pass, all the rest of the voyage of their lives will be marked by difficulty and misery. It's on such a high tide that we're now floating, and we must take the current when it is offered, or lose our campaign.

CASSIUS

If that's what you want, all right. We'll go forward with you and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

It's now late at night, and actions must accommodate bodily needs, which we'll satisfy with only a short rest. That's all there is to say.

CASSIUS

There's nothing else. Good night. We'll rise and leave early tomorrow.

BRUTUS

Lucius!

LUCIUS enters.

My nightgown.

LUCIUS exits.

Farewell, good Messala. Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius, good night and sleep well.

CASSIUS

Oh my dear brother! This was a bad start to the night. Let's pray that we never come into conflict like that again. Let's not, Brutus.

LUCIUS enters with the nightgown.

BRUTUS

Everything is well.

CASSIUS

240 Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS, MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, everyone.

Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

245 Poor knave, I blame thee not. Thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudio and some other of my men.
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS

Varrus and Claudio!

Enter VARRUS and CLAUDIO

VARRUS

Calls my lord?

BRUTUS

250 I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep.
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRUS

So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

Everything's fine.

CASSIUS

Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS, MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, everyone.

CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA exit.

Give me the gown. Where's your lute?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS

What, are you sleepy? Poor boy, I don't blame you;
you've stayed awake too long. Call Claudio and some
of my other men. I'll have them sleep on cushions in
my tent.

LUCIUS

Varrus and Claudio!

VARRUS and CLAUDIO enter.

VARRUS

Did you call, my lord?

BRUTUS

Sirs, I ask you to sleep in my tent. I might wake you up
in a while to send you on an errand to my brother Cas-
sius.

VARRUS

If you like, we'll stand by and wait to do whatever you
need.

BRUTUS

I will not have it so. Lie down, good sirs.

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

255 —Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

VARRUS and CLAUDIO lie down

LUCIUS

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRUTUS

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

260 And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS

Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

BRUTUS

It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS

It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS

I should not urge thy duty past thy might.

265 I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS

I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS

It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again.

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee.

LUCIUS plays music and sings a song, falling asleep

270 This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Layst thou thy leaden mace upon my boy
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night.

ACT 4, SCENE 3

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

No, please, lie down, good sirs, because I might
change my mind. Look, Lucius, here's the book I was
searching for. I put it in the pocket of my nightgown.

VARRUS and CLAUDIO lie down.

LUCIUS

I was sure that you hadn't given it to me.

BRUTUS

Bear with me, good boy. I've become very forgetful.
Can you stay awake a bit longer and play a few tunes
on your lute?

LUCIUS

Yes, my lord, if you would like.

BRUTUS

I would, my boy. I ask too much of you, but you're
always willing.

LUCIUS

It's my duty, sir.

BRUTUS

I shouldn't make you do more than you're able. I
know that young men look forward to their rest.

LUCIUS

I've already slept, my lord.

BRUTUS

That was good planning, and you'll sleep some more.
I won't keep you very long. If I live through this, I'll
be good to you.

LUCIUS plays music and sings a song, then falls asleep.

This is a sleepy tune. Oh, deadening sleep, have you
taken over my boy who plays music for you? Gentle
boy, good night. I won't trouble you so much as to
wake you. If you were to droop down, you'd break

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.
 275 I'll take it from thee. And, good boy, good night.
 —Let me see, let me see. Is not the leaf turned down
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the GHOST of Caesar

How ill this taper burns!—Ha, who comes here?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
 280 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil
 That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST

285 Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why comest thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Well, then I shall see thee again?

GHOST

Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Exit GHOST

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 —Boy, Lucius!—Varrus!—Claudio!—Sirs, awake!
 —Claudio!

LUCIUS

The strings, my lord, are false.

your instrument, and so I'll take it from you. Good
 night, good boy. Let me see, let me see. Didn't I turn
 down the page where I left off reading? Here it is, I
 think. This candle doesn't give much light.

The GHOST of Caesar enters.

What! Who goes there? I think it's my bad eyesight
 that's making me see this horrible vision. It's coming
 toward me. Are you real? Are you a god, an angel, or
 a devil, that you make my blood turn cold and my hair
 stand up? Tell me what you are.

GHOST

I'm your evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why do you come here?

GHOST

To tell you that you'll see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Then I'll see you again?

GHOST

Yes, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Alright, then I'll see you at Philippi.

The GHOST exits.

Just as you go, I find the courage to talk to you. Evil
 spirit, I want to talk some more. Boy, Lucius! Varrus!
 Claudio! Sirs, awake! Claudio!

LUCIUS

My lord, the strings are out of tune.

BRUTUS

295 He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake.

LUCIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS

My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS

300 Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudio!
(to VARRUS) Fellow thou, awake!

VARRUS

My lord?

CLAUDIO

My lord?

BRUTUS

305 Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VARRUS, CLAUDIO

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS

Ay. Saw you anything?

VARRUS

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIO

Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS

He thinks he's still playing his instrument. Lucius,
wake up!

LUCIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

Were you dreaming, Lucius? Is that why you cried
out?

LUCIUS

My lord, I don't think I cried out.

BRUTUS

Yes, you did. Did you see anything?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Go back to sleep, Lucius. Claudio! (to VARRUS) You
there, wake up!

VARRUS

My lord?

CLAUDIO

My lord?

BRUTUS

Why did you cry out in your sleep?

VARRUS, CLAUDIO

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS

Yes. Did you see anything?

VARRUS

No, my lord, I didn't see anything.

CLAUDIO

Me neither, my lord.

BRUTUS

310 Go and commend me to my brother Cassius.
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

VARRUS, CLAUDIO

It shall be done, my lord.

Exeunt severally

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

Go to my brother Cassius. Order him to advance his
forces first thing, and we'll follow.

VARRUS, CLAUDIO

Yes, my lord.

Everyone exits in different directions.