

# ACT FIVE

## SCENE 1

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army*

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd.  
You said the enemy would not come down  
But keep the hills and upper regions.  
It proves not so. Their battles are at hand.  
5 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY

Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it. They could be content  
To visit other places, and come down  
10 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a MESSENGER*

MESSENGER

Prepare you, generals.  
The enemy comes on in gallant show.  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
15 And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY

Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS

Upon the right hand I. Keep thou the left.

ANTONY

Why do you cross me in this exigent?

# ACT FIVE

## SCENE 1

*OCTAVIUS and ANTONY enter with their army.*

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our prayers have been answered. You said the enemy wouldn't come down but keep to the hills and upper regions. It seems not. Their forces are nearby. They intend to challenge us here at Philippi, responding to our challenge before we've even challenged him.

ANTONY

I know how they think, and I understand why they're doing this. They really wish they were somewhere else, but they want to descend on us, looking fierce so we'll think they're brave. But they aren't.

*A MESSENGER enters.*

MESSENGER

Prepare yourselves, generals. The enemy approaches with great display. They show their bloody heralds of battle, and something must be done immediately.

ANTONY

Octavius, lead your forces slowly out to the left side of the level field.

OCTAVIUS

I'll go to the right side. You stay on the left.

ANTONY

Why are you defying me in this urgent matter?

OCTAVIUS

20 I do not cross you. But I will do so.

*March. Drum.*

*Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army, including LUCILLIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA*

BRUTUS

They stand and would have parley.

CASSIUS

Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

25 Make forth. The generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS

*(to his army)* Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS

Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY

30 In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

Crying "Long live, hail, Caesar!"

CASSIUS

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees

35 And leave them honeyless.

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

OCTAVIUS

I'm not defying you, but it's what I'm going to do.

*The sound of soldiers marching, and a drum. BRUTUS and CASSIUS enter with their army, which includes LUCILLIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*

BRUTUS

They've stopped. They want to talk.

CASSIUS

Stay here, Titinius. We have to go out and talk to them.

OCTAVIUS

Mark Antony, should we give the signal to attack?

ANTONY

No, Octavius Caesar, we'll respond to their charge. Go forward. The generals want to speak with us.

OCTAVIUS

*(to his army)* Don't move until we give the signal.

BRUTUS

Words before fighting. Is that how it is, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words more than fighting, like you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY

Brutus, you give a nice speech along with your evil strokes. Think of the hole you made in Caesar's heart when you cried, "Long live Caesar! Hail Caesar!"

CASSIUS

Antony, we don't yet know what kind of blows you can inflict. But your words are as sweet as honey—you've stolen from the bees and left them with nothing.

ANTONY

Not stingless too?

BRUTUS

Oh, yes, and soundless too.

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY

40 Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers  
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar.  
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,  
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet,  
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind  
45 Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS

Flatterers?—Now, Brutus, thank yourself.  
This tongue had not offended so today  
If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS

50 Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
(*draws his sword*) Look, I draw a sword against conspirators.  
When think you that the sword goes up again?  
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds  
Be well avenged, or till another Caesar  
55 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS

Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS

So I hope.

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS

60 O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

ACT 5, SCENE 1

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

ANTONY

I took their strings too, wouldn't you say?

BRUTUS

Oh, yes, and you've left them silent too, because you  
stole their buzzing, Antony. You very wisely warn us  
before you sting.

ANTONY

Villains, you didn't do even that much when your vile  
daggers struck each other as they hacked up Caesar's  
sides. You smiled like apes and fawned like dogs and  
bowed like servants, kissing Caesar's feet. And all the  
while, damned Casca, like a dog, struck Caesar on the  
neck from behind. Oh, you flatterers!

CASSIUS

Flatterers! Now, Brutus, you have only yourself to  
thank. Antony wouldn't be here to offend us today if  
you'd listened to me earlier.

OCTAVIUS

Come, come, let's remember why we're here. If argu-  
ing makes us sweat, the real trial will turn that water to  
blood. (*he draws his sword*) Look: I draw my sword  
against conspirators. When do you think I'll put it  
away? Never, until Caesar's thirty-three wounds are  
well avenged, or until I too have been killed by you.

BRUTUS

Caesar, you're not going to be killed by a traitor—  
unless you kill yourself..

OCTAVIUS

I hope you're right. I wasn't born to die on your sword.

BRUTUS

If you were the noblest of your family, young man,  
you couldn't die more honorably.

CASSIUS

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,  
Joined with a masker and a reveler!

ANTONY

Old Cassius still.

OCTAVIUS

Come, Antony, away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.  
If you dare fight today, come to the field.  
If not, when you have stomachs.

*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army*

CASSIUS

Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!  
The storm is up and all is on the hazard.

BRUTUS

Ho, Lucillius, hark, a word with you.

LUCILLIUS

*(stands forth)*

My lord?

*BRUTUS and LUCILLIUS converse apart*

CASSIUS

Messala!

MESSALA

*(stands forth)*

What says my general?

CASSIUS

Messala,

This is my birthday, as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.  
Be thou my witness that against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.

CASSIUS

An annoying schoolboy, unworthy of such an honor,  
joined by a masquerader and a partier!

ANTONY

Still the same old Cassius!

OCTAVIUS

Come Antony, let's go. Traitors, we defy you. If you  
dare to fight today, come to the field. If not, come  
when you have the courage.

*OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army exit.*

CASSIUS

Now let the wind blow, waves swell, and ships sink!  
The storm has begun and everything is at stake.

BRUTUS

Lucillius! I'd like a word with you.

LUCILLIUS

*(coming forward)* My lord?

*BRUTUS and LUCILLIUS converse to the side.*

CASSIUS

Messala!

MESSALA

*(coming forward)* What is it, my general?

CASSIUS

Messala, today is my birthday—I was born on this  
very day. Give me your hand, Messala. You'll be my  
witness that I've been forced, as Pompey was, to  
wager all of our freedoms on one battle.

You know that I held Epicurus strong  
 And his opinion. Now I change my mind,  
 And partly credit things that do presage.  
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
 80 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,  
 Who to Philippi here consorted us.  
 This morning are they fled away and gone,  
 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites  
 85 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us  
 As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA

Believe not so.

CASSIUS

I but believe it partly,  
 90 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved  
 To meet all perils very constantly.

BRUTUS

*(returning with LUCILLIUS)* Even so, Lucillius.

CASSIUS

Now, most noble Brutus,  
 The gods today stand friendly that we may,  
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.  
 95 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together.  
 What are you then determinèd to do?

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

You know that I used to believe in Epicurus and his disregard for omens. I've changed my mind now and partly believe in omens. Traveling from Sardis, two mighty eagles fell on our front flag and perched there, eating from the hands of the soldiers who'd accompanied us to Philippi. This morning, they've flown away and in their place are ravens, crows, and kites, flying over our heads and looking down on us, as though we were sickly prey. Their shadows are like a deadly canopy, under which our army lies, ready to die.

MESSALA

Don't believe in this.

CASSIUS

I only partly believe it, for I'm enthusiastic and resolved to meet all dangers without wavering.

BRUTUS

*(returning with LUCILLIUS)* —Right, Lucillius.

CASSIUS

Now, most noble Brutus, the gods are friendly with us today so that we, who want peace, can live on to old age! But since the affairs of men are always uncertain, let's think about the worst that may happen. If we lose this battle, this is the last time we'll speak to each other. If we lose, what do you plan to do?

BRUTUS

100 Even by the rule of that philosophy  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 Which he did give himself (I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 105 The time of life), arming myself with patience  
 To stay the providence of some high powers  
 That govern us below.

CASSIUS

Then if we lose this battle  
 You are contented to be led in triumph  
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS

110 No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,  
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome.  
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
 Must end that work the ides of March begun.  
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
 115 Therefore our everlasting farewell take.  
 Forever and forever farewell, Cassius.  
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile.  
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS

Forever and forever farewell, Brutus.  
 120 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed.  
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS

Why then, lead on. Oh, that a man might know  
 The end of this day's business ere it come!  
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
 125 And then the end is known.—Come, ho! Away!

*Exeunt*

ACT 5, SCENE 1

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

BRUTUS

By the same principle that made me condemn Cato for  
 committing suicide, I plan to be patient and submit to  
 what the gods decide. I don't know why, but I find it  
 cowardly and vile to kill oneself early to prevent pos-  
 sible suffering later on.

CASSIUS

Then if we lose this battle, you'll be willing to be led  
 in chains through the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no. Don't imagine that I'll ever allow  
 myself to return to Rome in chains. My mind is too  
 great for that. But today, the work that March 15<sup>th</sup>  
 began must end, and I don't know if we'll meet again.  
 Therefore, accept my everlasting farewell. Forever  
 and forever, farewell, Cassius! If we meet again, then  
 we'll smile. If not, then this parting was well done.

CASSIUS

Forever and forever, farewell, Brutus! If we meet  
 again, then we'll smile indeed. If not, it's true, this  
 parting was well done.

BRUTUS

Well, lead on. Oh, I wish I could know what will hap-  
 pen today before it happens! But it's enough to know  
 that the day will end, and then the end will be known.  
 Come! Let's go!

*They all exit.*

## ACT 5, SCENE 2

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA*

BRUTUS

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side.

*Low alarum*

Let them set on at once, for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala. Let them all come down.

*Exeunt severally*

## ACT 5, SCENE 2

*Sounds of battle. BRUTUS and MESSALA enter.*

BRUTUS

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these dispatches to  
our forces on the other side.

*Faint sounds of battle.*

They should advance immediately, because I sense  
Octavius's side is a bit fainthearted right now, and a  
sudden push would overthrow him. Ride, ride, Mes-  
sala. Let Cassius's wing mount a surprise attack.

*They exit in opposite directions.*

## ACT 5, SCENE 3

*Alarums**Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS*

CASSIUS

O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
 Myself have to mine own turned enemy.  
 This ensign here of mine was turning back.  
 I slew the coward and did take it from him.  
*(indicates his standard)*

TITINIUS

5 O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,  
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
 Took it too eagerly. His soldiers fell to spoil,  
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

*Enter PINDARUS*

PINDARUS

10 Fly further off, my lord, fly further off.  
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord.  
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS

This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius.  
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

15 Titinius, if thou lovest me,  
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him  
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops  
 And here again, that I may rest assured  
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

## ACT 5, SCENE 3

*Sounds of battle. CASSIUS and TITINIUS enter.*

CASSIUS

Oh, look, Titinius, look! Those villains, our soldiers,  
 flee! I've become an enemy to my own soldiers! This  
 standard-bearer here of mine was running away, so I  
 killed him and took the flag from him. *(points to his  
 flag)*

TITINIUS

Oh, Cassius, Brutus gave the orders too soon. Having  
 an advantage over Octavius, he took it too eagerly, and  
 his soldiers began looting, and now we're surrounded  
 by Antony's men.

*PINDARUS enters.*

PINDARUS

Retreat further, my lord, retreat further. Mark Ant-  
 ony is in your tents, my lord. Therefore you must run,  
 noble Cassius.

CASSIUS

This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius. Are those  
 my tents on fire?

TITINIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

Titinius, if you love me, get on your horse and spur  
 him on until he's brought you to those troops and back  
 again, so that I can find out whether those troops are  
 friends or enemies.



TITINIUS

I will be here again, even with a thought.

*Exit TITINIUS*

CASSIUS

20 Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.  
My sight was ever thick. Regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

*PINDARUS ascends the hill*

This day I breathed first. Time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end.  
25 My life is run his compass.  
(to PINDARUS) Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS

(above) O my lord!

CASSIUS

What news?

PINDARUS

(above) Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur.  
30 Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.  
Now, Titinius. Now some light. Oh, he lights too.  
He's ta'en.

*Shout within*

And, hark! They shout for joy.

CASSIUS

Come down, behold no more.  
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long  
35 To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*PINDARUS returns*

TITINIUS

I'll be back quicker than you can think a thought.

*He exits.*

CASSIUS

Go, Pindarus, climb a little higher on this hill. My  
eyesight has always been bad. Watch Titinius and tell  
me what you see in the field.

*PINDARUS ascends the hill.*

Today was the day I breathed my first breath. Time  
has come round, and I'll end where I began. My life  
has run its circle. (to PINDARUS) What can you see,  
boy?

PINDARUS

(above) Oh, my lord!

CASSIUS

What news?

PINDARUS

(above) Titinius is surrounded by horsemen who are  
quickly approaching him, yet he spurs onward. Now  
they're almost on him. Now, Titinius! Now some dis-  
mount. Oh, he gets down too. He's taken.

*A shout offstage.*

And listen! They shout for joy.

CASSIUS

Come down, look no more. Oh, I'm such a coward for  
living long enough to see my best friend taken before  
my eyes!

*PINDARUS returns.*

Come hither, sirrah.  
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner.  
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
 40 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath.  
 (*gives his sword to PINDARUS*)  
 Now be a free man, and with this good sword  
 That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.  
 Stand not to answer. Here take thou the hilts  
 And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,  
 45 Guide thou the sword.

**PINDARUS** *stabs CASSIUS*

Caesar, thou art revenged,  
 Even with the sword that killed thee.  
 (*dies*)

**PINDARUS**

So I am free. Yet would not so have been,  
 Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,  
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
 50 Where never Roman shall take note of him.

*Exit PINDARUS*

*Enter TITINIUS and MESSALA*

**MESSALA**

It is but change, Titinius, for Octavius  
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

**TITINIUS**

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

**MESSALA**

55 Where did you leave him?

# NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

Come here, boy. I took you prisoner in Parthia, and at that time I made you swear to try to do whatever I ordered you to, except take your own life. Come now, keep your oath. (*gives his sword to PINDARUS*) Now you'll be a free man. Take this good sword, which ran through Caesar's bowels, and plunge it in my chest. Don't hesitate. Here, take the handle, and when my face is covered as it is now, use the sword.

**PINDARUS** *stabs CASSIUS.*

Caesar, you are revenged with the very same sword that killed you. (*he dies*)

**PINDARUS**

So I'm free. But I didn't want to be free like this. Oh, Cassius, I'll run far from this country to where no Romans can find me.

*He exits.*

*TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.*

**MESSALA**

The armies have merely changed places, Titinius, because Octavius has been overthrown by noble Brutus's forces at the very moment that Antony overthrew Cassius's legions.

**TITINIUS**

This news will comfort Cassius.

**MESSALA**

Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS

All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman on this hill.

MESSALA

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA

Is not that he?

TITINIUS

No, this was he, Messala,  
60 But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink tonight,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.  
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone.  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come! Our deeds are done.  
65 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MESSALA

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,  
70 Thou never comest unto a happy birth  
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

TITINIUS

What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA

Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
75 Into his ears. I may say "thrusting" it,  
For piercing steel and darts envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

TITINIUS

On this hill and in despair, with his slave Pindarus.

MESSALA

Isn't that him on the ground?

TITINIUS

He doesn't seem to be alive. Oh, my heart!

MESSALA

Isn't that him?

TITINIUS

No, it *was* him, Messala, but Cassius is no more. Just as the sun's rays turn red when it sets, so Cassius has ended his life in a pool of red blood. The sun of Rome has set! Our day is over. Clouds, dew, and dangers approach. We're finished! He didn't believe I would ever return on my mission, and so he killed himself.

MESSALA

Yes, he killed himself because he thought we'd lost the whole battle. Sadness, which misconstrues reality, gave birth to his errors in thinking—and then destroyed him.

TITINIUS

Pindarus! Where are you, Pindarus?

MESSALA

Look for him, Titinius, while I go to meet the noble Brutus and force him to hear this news. I say "force" because Brutus would rather I stuck sharp blades and poisoned arrows in his ears than fill them with this.

TITINIUS

Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

*Exit MESSALA*

80 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? And did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?  
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!  
85 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.  
*(lays wreath on CASSIUS's head)* Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.  
90 —By your leave, gods, this is a Roman's part.  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.  
*(stabs himself with CASSIUS's sword and dies)*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, young CATO, STRATO,  
VOLUMNIUS, LUCILLIUS, LABIO, and FLAVIO*

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA

Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS

Titinius' face is upward.

CATO

He is slain.

BRUTUS

95 O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.

ACT 5, SCENE 3

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

TITINIUS

Hurry, Messala, and I'll look for Pindarus in the  
meantime.

*MESSALA exits.*

Why did you send me out, brave Cassius? Didn't I  
meet up with your allies? And didn't they place the  
wreath of victory on my brow and order me to give it  
to you? Didn't you hear their shouts? Alas, you mis-  
understood everything! But let me place this wreath  
on your head. Your Brutus ordered me to give it to you,  
and I'll do what he says. *(he lays a wreath on CASSIUS's  
head)* Brutus, come this way and see how much I  
admired Caius Cassius. With your permission, gods,  
this is a Roman's duty. Come, Cassius's sword, and  
strike Titinius's heart. *(he stabs himself with CASSIUS's  
sword and dies.)*

*Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, young CATO,  
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, LUCILLIUS, LABIO, and FLAVIO  
enter.*

BRUTUS

Where is his body, Messala?

MESSALA

Over there, where Titinius mourns it.

BRUTUS

Titinius is lying face-up.

CATO

He's been killed.

BRUTUS

Oh, Julius Caesar, you are still powerful. Your ghost  
walks the earth and turns our swords toward our own  
stomachs.

*Low alarums*

CATO

Brave Titinius!—  
Look whe'er he have not crowned dead Cassius.

BRUTUS

Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
100 —The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.  
—I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
105 —Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body.  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucillius, come.—  
And come, young Cato. Let us to the field.  
—Labio and Flavio, set our battles on.  
110 —'Tis three o'clock, and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

*Exeunt***NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE***Faint sounds of battle.*

CATO

Brave Titinius! Look, he even put the crown on dead  
Cassius!

BRUTUS

Could you have found two Romans as good as these  
two? Good-bye to you, the last of all the Romans.  
Rome will never produce your equal. Friends, I owe  
more tears to this dead man than you will see me shed.  
I will find the time to cry for you, Cassius, I'll find the  
time. Come, then, and send his body to Thasos. We  
won't have his funeral at our camp, because it might  
make us too sad to fight. Lucillius, come. And come,  
young Cato. Let's proceed to the field. Labio and Fla-  
vio, push our armies onward. It is three o'clock, and,  
Romans, before night, we will try our luck in a second  
battle.

*They all exit.*

## ACT 5, SCENE 4

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, CATO, LUCILLIUS, and FLAVIO*

BRUTUS

Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

*Exeunt BRUTUS, MESSALA, and FLAVIO*

CATO

What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?  
I will proclaim my name about the field.  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!  
5 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIUS' SOLDIERS*  
*Fight*

LUCILLIUS

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I!  
Brutus, my country's friend. Know me for Brutus!

*SOLDIERS kill young CATO*

10 O young and noble Cato, art thou down?  
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,  
And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

FIRST SOLDIER

(to LUCILLIUS) Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILLIUS

Only I yield to die.  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.  
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

## ACT 5, SCENE 4

*Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, CATO, LUCILLIUS, and FLAVIO enter.*

BRUTUS

Keep on, countrymen. Oh, keep your heads up, even now!

*BRUTUS, MESSALA, and FLAVIO exit.*

CATO

Who is so low that he wouldn't? Who will advance with me? I will proclaim my name around the field. I am the son of Marcus Cato! An enemy to tyrants and a friend to my country. I am the son of Marcus Cato!

*ANTONY and OCTAVIUS' SOLDIERS enter and fight.*

LUCILLIUS

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus. Brutus, my country's friend. Know that I am Brutus!

*SOLDIERS kill young CATO.*

Oh, young and noble Cato, have you been slain? Why, you die now as bravely as Titinius. And you, being Cato's son, will be honored.

FIRST SOLDIER

(to LUCILLIUS) Surrender or you will die.

LUCILLIUS

I'd rather die. Here is some money for you to kill me immediately. Kill Brutus and be honored by the killing.

## FIRST SOLDIER

15 We must not. A noble prisoner!

*Enter ANTONY*

## SECOND SOLDIER

Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.

## FIRST SOLDIER

I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.  
—Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

## ANTONY

Where is he?

## LUCILLIUS

20 Safe, Antony. Brutus is safe enough.  
I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
25 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

## ANTONY

(to SOLDIERS) This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe.  
Give him all kindness. I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
30 And see whether Brutus be alive or dead.  
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
How everything is chanced.

*Exeunt severally*

## NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

## FIRST SOLDIER

We must not. He is a noble prisoner!

*ANTONY enters.*

## SECOND SOLDIER

Make room! Tell Antony that Brutus has been taken.

## FIRST SOLDIER

I'll tell him the news. Oh, here comes the general—  
Brutus has been caught, Brutus is taken, my lord.

## ANTONY

Where is he?

## LUCILLIUS

He's safe, Antony. I can assure you that no enemy will  
ever take the noble Brutus alive. The gods protect him  
from so great a shame! When you do find him, alive or  
dead, he'll be found on his own terms.

## ANTONY

(to SOLDIERS) This isn't Brutus, friend, but, I assure  
you, he is a valuable prize. Keep this man safe. Be  
kind to him. I would rather have such men as friends  
than enemies. Move on, find out if Brutus is alive or  
dead, then return to Octavius's tent to tell us what  
you've learned.

*They exit in opposite directions.*

## ACT 5, SCENE 5

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS*

BRUTUS

Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS

Statilius showed the torchlight but, my lord,  
He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS

Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word.  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.  
*(whispers to CLITUS)*

CLITUS

What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS

Peace then! No words.

CLITUS

I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

Hark thee, Dardanius.  
*(whispers to DARDANIUS)*

DARDANIUS

Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS

O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS

O Clitus!

CLITUS

*(aside to DARDANIUS)*  
What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS

*(aside to CLITUS)* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

## ACT 5, SCENE 5

BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS  
*enter.*

BRUTUS

Come, last of my friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS

Statilius waved the torchlight at us, but he hasn't  
come back. He's been captured or killed.

BRUTUS

Sit down, Clitus. Killed, most likely—it's become a  
trend. Listen, Clitus. *(he whispers to CLITUS)*

CLITUS

Who, me, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS

Silence, then! Don't give it away.

CLITUS

I'd rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

Listen, Dardanius. *(he whispers to DARDANIUS)*

DARDANIUS

Would I dare do something like that?

CLITUS

Oh Dardanius!

DARDANIUS

Oh Clitus!

CLITUS

*(speaking so that only DARDANIUS can hear)* What  
awful thing did Brutus ask of you?

DARDANIUS

*(speaking so that only CLITUS can hear)* To kill him, Cli-  
tus. Look, he's meditating on what to do.



CLITUS

(aside to DARDANIUS) Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS

15 Come hither, good Volumnius. List a word.

VOLUMNIUS

What says my lord?

BRUTUS

Why this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me  
Two several times by night. At Sardis once,  
And this last night here in Philippi fields.

20

I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS

Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS

Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes.  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit.

*Low alarums*

25

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st that we two went to school together.  
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS

That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

*Alarum still*

CLITUS

30

Fly, fly, my lord. There is no tarrying here.

CLITUS

(speaking so that only DARDANIUS can hear) That noble  
man is so full of grief that it spills out of his eyes.

BRUTUS

Come here, good Volumnius. Listen a minute.

VOLUMNIUS

What is it, my lord?

BRUTUS

Just this, Volumnius. The ghost of Caesar has  
appeared to me at night twice. Once at Sardis and once  
last night, here in Philippi fields. I know that my hour  
has come.

VOLUMNIUS

No, it hasn't, my lord.

BRUTUS

No, I'm sure it has, Volumnius. You see how the world  
goes, Volumnius. Our enemies have driven us to the  
edge of the grave.

*Faint sounds of battle.*

It's nobler to leap in ourselves than dawdle until they  
push us. Good Volumnius, you know that we went to  
school together. For the sake of our old friendship, I  
ask you, hold my sword handle while I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS

That's not a job for a friend, my lord.

*Continued sounds of battle.*

CLITUS

Run, run, my lord. We can't wait here.

## BRUTUS

Farewell to you.—And you.—And you, Volumnius.  
 —Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep.  
 Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
 My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
 35 I found no man but he was true to me.  
 I shall have glory by this losing day  
 More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
 So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue  
 40 Hath almost ended his life's history.  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes. My bones would rest,  
 That have but labored to attain this hour.

*Alarum. Cry within "Fly, fly, fly!"*

## CLITUS

Fly, my lord, fly.

## BRUTUS

Hence. I will follow.

*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.  
 45 Thou art a fellow of a good respect.  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.  
 Hold then my sword and turn away thy face  
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

## STRATO

Give me your hand first.  
 50 *(holds BRUTUS' sword)* Fare you well, my lord.

## NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

## BRUTUS

Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius. Strato,  
 you've slept this whole time. Farewell to you too,  
 Strato. Countrymen, my heart rejoices that in all my  
 life I knew no men who were untrue to me. I'll have  
 glory in this losing day—more than Octavius and  
 Mark Antony will gain by their foul conquest. So fare-  
 well, all, for my tongue has almost finished with its  
 life. I can't see ahead of me. My bones want to rest  
 after helping me up to this hour.

*Sounds of battle. Offstage, someone cries, "Run, run, run!"*

## CLITUS

Run, my lord, run.

## BRUTUS

Go on! I'll follow.

*CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS exit.*

I beg you, Strato, stay by me. You're a man with a good  
 reputation. Your life has had honor in it. Then, hold  
 my sword and turn your face away while I run on it.  
 Will you, Strato?

## STRATO

Give me your hand, first. *(holds BRUTUS' sword)* Fare-  
 well, my lord.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato.

*(runs on his sword)* Caesar, now be still.

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

*(dies)**Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILLIUS, and the army*

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

MESSALA

My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO

55 Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.

The conquerors can but make a fire of him.

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honor by his death.

LUCILLIUS

So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

60 That thou hast proved Lucillius' saying true.

OCTAVIUS

All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

—Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO

Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCTAVIUS

Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA

How died my master, Strato?

STRATO

65 I held the sword and he did run on it.

MESSALA

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato. *(runs on his sword)* Caesar, you can rest now. I didn't kill you half as willingly. *(he dies)**Sounds of battle. Trumpets sound a retreat. OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, and LUCILLIUS enter with the army.*

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

MESSALA

My master's man. Strato, where's your master?

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala. The conquerors can only make a fire of him, because only Brutus triumphed over himself, and no other man gets to triumph in his death.

LUCILLIUS

It's fitting that Brutus be found like this. Thank you, Brutus, for proving my prediction true.

OCTAVIUS

I'll take all who served Brutus into my service. You, will you join with me?

STRATO

Yes, if Messala recommends me to you.

OCTAVIUS

Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA

How did my master die, Strato?

STRATO

I held the sword and he ran on it.

MESSALA

Then take this man into your service, Octavius, for he did the final service to my master.

## ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all.  
 All the conspirators save only he  
 70 Did that they did in envy of great Caesar.  
 He only in a general honest thought  
 And common good to all, made one of them.  
 His life was gentle, and the elements  
 So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
 75 And say to all the world, "This was a man."

## OCTAVIUS

According to his virtue let us use him,  
 With all respect and rites of burial.  
 Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie  
 Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.  
 80 So call the field to rest, and let's away  
 To part the glories of this happy day.

*Exeunt omnes***NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

## ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the rest of  
 the conspirators acted out of jealousy of great Caesar.  
 Only he acted from honesty and for the general good.  
 His life was gentle, and the elements mixed so well in  
 him that Nature might stand up and say to all the  
 world, "This was a man."

## OCTAVIUS

Let's treat him according to his virtue, with all the  
 respect and rituals of burial. His body will lie in my  
 tent tonight, with the honorable observance that suits  
 a soldier. So order the armies to rest, and let's go home  
 to share the glories of this happy day.

*Everyone exits.*