



## Julius Caesar Audition Sides and Monologues

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*Side 1. Flavius, Murellus, Cobbler, Carpenter*

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, Cobbler, Carpenter, and Other Commoners*

**Flavius**

Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:  
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not  
(Being Mechanical) you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

**Carpenter**

Why Sir, a Carpenter.

**Murellus**

Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?  
What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?  
You sir, what Trade are you?

**Cobbler**

A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use, with a safe  
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad souls.

**Flavius**

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

**Cobbler**

Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet  
if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

**Murellus**

What meanst thou by that? Mend me, thou  
saucy Fellow?

**Cobbler**

Why sir, Cobble you.

**Flavius**

Thou art a Cobbler, art thou?

**Cobbler**

Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Awl: I  
 meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters;  
 but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shoes:  
 when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper  
 men as ever trod upon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon  
 my handy-work.

**Flavius**

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

**Cobbler**

Truly sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself  
 into more work. But indeed sir, we make Holiday  
 to see Caesar, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

**Murellus**

Wherefore rejoyce?  
 What Conquest brings he home?  
 What Tributaries follow him to Rome,  
 To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels?  
 You Blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things:  
 O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
 Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?  
 Have you climbed up to Walls and Battlements,  
 To Towers and Windows? Yea, to Chimney tops,  
 Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sat

**Murellus (cont.)**

The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
 And when you saw his Chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an Universal shout,  
 That Tyber trembled underneath her banks  
 To hear the replication of your sounds,  
 Made in her Concave Shores?  
 And do you now put on your best attire?  
 And do you now cull out a Holiday?  
 And do you now strew Flowers in his way,  
 That comes in Triumph over Pompey's blood?  
 Be gone,  
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

**Flavius**

Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault  
 Assemble all the poore men of your sort;  
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears  
 Into the Channel, till the lowest stream  
 Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all.

*Exit Cobbler, Carpenter, and Other Commoners*

**Flavius (cont.)**

See where their basest mettle be not moved,  
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness:  
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol,  
 This way will I: Disrobe the Images,  
 If you do find them decked with Ceremonies.

**Murellus**

May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercal.

**Flavius**

It is no matter, let no Images

Be hung with Caesar's Trophies: I'll about,

And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing Feathers, plucked from Caesar's wing,

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men,

And keepe vs all in servile fearfulness.

*Side 2 Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna*

*[Brutus on stage]*

*Enter Cassius, Caska, Decius, and Cinna*

**Cassius**

Good morrow Brutus, do we trouble you?

**Brutus**

I have been up this hour, awake all Night:  
Know I these men, that come along with you?

**Cassius**

Yes, every man of them; and no man here  
But honors you: and every one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of your self,  
Which every Noble Roman bears of you.  
This, Decius Brutus.

**Brutus**

He is welcome.

**Cassius**

This, Caska; this, Cinna;

**Brutus**

They are all welcome.  
Give me your hands all over, one by one.

**Cassius**

And let us swear our Resolution.

**Brutus**

No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,  
 The sufferance of our Souls, the times Abuse;  
 If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,  
 And every man hence, to his idle bed:  
 So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,  
 Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these  
 (As I am sure they do) bear fire enough  
 To kindle Cowards, Then Countrymen,  
 What need we any spur, but our own cause  
 To prick vs to redress? What other Bond,  
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
 And will not palter? And what other Oath,  
 Than Honesty to Honesty engaged,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it.  
 Swear Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous  
 Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our Enterprise,

**Cassius**

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

**Caska**

Let us not leave him out.

**Cinna**

No, by no means.

**Caska**

O let us haue him, for his Silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion:  
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his Gravity.

**Brutus**

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

**Cassius**

Then leave him out.

**Caska**

Indeed, he is not fit.

**Decius**

Shall no man else be touched, but only Caesar?

**Cassius**

Decius well urged: I think it is not meet,  
 Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,  
 Should out-live Caesar, And you know, his means.  
 Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

**Brutus**

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
 To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs:  
 Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius:  
 O that we then could come by Caesar's Spirit,  
 And not dismember Caesar! But (alas)  
 Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,  
 Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:  
 Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,  
 Not hew him as a Carcass fit for Hounds:  
 Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.  
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
 We shall be called Purgers, not Murderers.  
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him:



**Brutus (cont.)**

For he can do no more than Caesar's Arm,  
When Caesar's head is off.

**Cassius**

Yet I fear him,  
For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar.

**Brutus**

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:  
If he love Caesar, all that he can do  
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Caesar,  
And that were much he should: for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Clock strikes.*

**Brutus**

Peace, count the Clock.

**Cassius**

The Clock hath stricken three.

**Decius**

'Tis time to part.

*Side 3 Caesar, Calpurnia, Servant*

*Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gown.*

**Caesar**

Nor Heaven, nor Earth,  
Have been at peace to night:  
Thrice hath Calpurnia, in her sleep cried out,  
Help, ho: They murder Caesar. Who's within?

*Enter a Servant*

**Servant**

My Lord.

**Caesar**

Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of Success.

**Servant**

I will my Lord.

*Exit Servant*

*Enter Calpurnia*

**Calpurnia**

What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house today.

**Caesar**

Caesar shall forth; the things that threatened me,  
Ne're looked but on my back: When they shall see  
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

**Calpurnia**

Caesar, I never stood on Ceremonies,  
 Yet now they fright me: There is one within,  
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.  
 A Lioness hath whelped in the streets,  
 And Graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead;  
 Fierce fiery Warriors fight upon the Clouds  
 In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
 The noise of Battle hurtled in the Air:  
 Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan,  
 And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
 O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,  
 And I do fear them.

**Caesar**

What can be avoided  
 Whose end is proposed by the mighty Gods?  
 Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these Predictions  
 Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

**Calpurnia**

When Beggars die, there are no Comets seen,  
 The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes

**Caesar**

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

*Enter Servant*

**Caesar (cont.)**

What say the Augurers?

**Servant**

They would not have you to stir forth today.  
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

**Caesar**

The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:  
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart  
If he should stay at home today for fear:  
No Caesar shall not; Danger knows full well  
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.  
We hear two Lions littered in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible,  
And Caesar shall go forth.

**Calpurnia**

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

**Caesar**

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

*Side 4 Cassius, Brutus*

*Enter Brutus and Cassius*

**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,  
Because I knew the man was 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  
Are much condemned to have an itching Palm,

**Cassius**

I, an itching Palm?  
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,  
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

**Brutus**

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?  
What Villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for Justice? Shall one of us now  
Contaminate our fingers with base Bribes?  
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 your self  
To hedge me in. I am a Soldier, I,  
Older in practice, Abler than yourself  
To make Conditions.

**Brutus**

Go too: you are not Cassius.

**Cassius**

I am.

**Brutus**

I say, you are not.

**Cassius**

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:  
Have mind upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

**Brutus**

Away slight man.

**Cassius**

Is't possible?

**Brutus**

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?

**Brutus**

All this? I more: Fret till your proud heart break.  
 Go show your Slaves how Choleric you are,  
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
 Under your Testie Humour? From this day  
 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,  
 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**

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**

What? durst not 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**

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,  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By Heaven, I had rather Coin my Heart,  
And drop my blood for Drachmas, then to wring  
From the hard hands of Peasants, their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send



**Brutus (cont.)**

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,  
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,  
Dash him to pieces.

**Cassius**

I denied you not.

**Brutus**

You did.

**Cassius**

I did not. He was but a Foole  
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:  
A Friend should bear his Friend's infirmities;  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

**Brutus**

I do not, till 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.

**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. There is my Dagger,  
 And here my naked Breast: Within, a Heart  
 If that thou be'st 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**

Sheath your Dagger:  
 Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:  
 Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.  
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a Lamb  
 That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,  
 Who much enforced, shows a hasty Spark,  
 And straight is cold again.

**Cassius**

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

**Brutus**

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**

O Brutus!

**Brutus**

What's the matter?

**Cassius**

Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me  
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.

*Side 5 Octavius, Mark Antony, Cassius, Brutus*

*Enter Mark Antony and Octavius at one side and Brutus and Cassius at another*

**Octavius**

Mark Antony, shall we give signs of Battle?

**Mark Antony**

No Caesar, we will answer on their Charge.  
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

**Octavius**

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.

**Mark Antony**

In your bad strokes Brutus, you give good words  
Witness the hole you made in Caesars heart,  
Crying long live, Hail Caesar.

**Cassius**

Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;  
But for your words, they rob the Hivla Bees,  
And leave them Honey-lesse.

**Mark Antony**

Not stingless too.

**Brutus**

O yes, and soundless too:

For you have stolen their buzzing Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

**Mark Antony**

Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers  
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar:  
You showed your teeths like Apes,  
And fawned like Hounds,  
And bowed like Bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;  
Whilst damned Cassa, like a Curre, behind  
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**

Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops:  
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  
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

**Brutus**

Caesar, thou canst not die by Traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bringst them with thee.

**Octavius**

So I hope:

I was not born to die on Brutus Sword.

**Brutus**

O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Strain,

Young man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.

**Cassius**

A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honor

Joined with a Masker, and a Reveller.

**Mark Antony**

Old Cassius still.

**Octavius**

Come Antony: away:

Defiance, Traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

*Monologue: Mark 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 interred with their bones,  
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  
(For Brutus is an Honourable man,  
So are they all; all Honourable men)  
Come I to speak in Caesar's Funeral.  
He was my Friend, faithfull, and just to me;  
But Brutus says, he was Ambitious,  
And Brutus is an Honourable man.  
He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,  
Whose Ransoms, did the general Coffers fill:  
Did this in Caesar seem Ambitious?  
When that the poore have cried, Caesar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,  
Yet Brutus says, he was Ambitious:  
And Brutus is an Honourable man.  
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am, to speak what I do know;  
You all did love him once, not without cause,  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?  
O Judgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,  
And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me,  
My heart is in the Coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

*Monologue: Portia*

Is Brutus sick? And is it Physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank Morning? What, is Brutus sick?  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed  
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?  
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Air,  
To add unto his sickness? No my Brutus,  
You have some sick Offence within your mind,  
Which by the Right and Virtue of my place  
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,  
By all your vows of Love, and that great Vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself; your half  
Why you are heavy: and what men to night  
Have had resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.



*Monologue: Brutus*

It must be by his death: and for my part,  
I know no personal cause, to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crowned:  
How that might change his nature, there's the question?  
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,  
And that craves wary walking: Crown him that,  
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
Th'abuse of Greatness, is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of Caesar,  
I have not known, when his Affections swayed  
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
That Lowliness is young Ambition's Ladder,  
Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face:  
But when he once attains the upmost Round,  
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,  
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the Quarrel  
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these, and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a Serpent's egg,  
Which hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous;  
And kill him in the shell.

*Monologue: Cassius*

Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable Graves.  
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.  
The fault (dear Brutus) is not in our Stars,  
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours.  
Write them together: Yours, is as fair a Name:  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:  
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Caesar.  
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed.  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.  
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man?  
When could they say (till now) that talked of Rome,  
That her wide Walks encompassed but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and Room enough  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once, that would haue brooked  
Th'eternal Devil to keep his State in Rome,  
As easily as a King.