

Act IV, Scene 1

[Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.]

Antony.

Then all these people will die, because their names are on our list.

Octavius.

Your brother must die too; do you agree, Lepidus?

Lepidus.

I agree--

Octavius.

Mark his name, Antony.

Lepidus.

On the condition that Publius will not live, who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony.

He will not live; look, with a mark I condemn him. But, Lepidus, go to Caesar's house; Bring the will here, and we will decide how to cut down the amount that must be paid out.

Lepidus.

What? Will you still be here when I return?

Octavius.

Either here or at the Capitol.

[Exit Lepidus.]

Antony.

This is a small unexceptional man, suitable to be sent on errands; is it appropriate, with the world divided in three parts, that he should be one of the three to share it?

Octavius.

That's what you thought of him, but you still accepted his vote as to who should be marked for death in our dark sentencing and listing of the condemned.

Antony.

Octavius, I have been alive longer than you, and even though we give these honors to this man to keep ourselves from carrying many burdens of slander, he will only carry them the way a donkey carries gold, to groan and sweat under the business, either led or driven, while we point the way; And after bringing our treasure where we want it to be, then we take down his load, and send him off (Like the unloaded donkey) to shake his ears and graze in the field.

Octavius.

You can do what you want; But he's an experienced and brave soldier.

Antony.

So is my horse, Octavius, and because of that I give him food. It is a creature that I teach to fight, to turn, to stop, to run straight ahead, his physical motion controlled by my spirit; And to some degree Lepidus is like that: He must be taught, and trained, and told to go forward; An empty-spirited fellow; one who feeds on objects, arts, and imitations, which, when they are out of date and put away by other men, he then makes his own fashion. Do not talk about him except as a tool. And now, Octavius, Listen to great news. Brutus and Cassius are gathering forces; we must immediately raise an army; Therefore let's add to our allies, bring our good friends in, stretch our supplies, and let's immediately have a meeting, to discuss how secret matters may best be uncovered, and open dangers most successfully dealt with.

Octavius.

Let us do so; for we are like a bear tied to a post, surrounded by many enemies like barking dogs, and I am afraid that some people who smile have in their hearts millions of mischiefs.

[Exit.]

Act IV, Scene 2: *Camp near Sardis, in front of Brutus' tent. A drum plays.*

Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and the army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Brutus.

Stand ho!

Lucilius.

Give the word ho! and stand.

Brutus.

What is it now, Lucilius? Is Cassius nearby?

Lucilius.

He is here, and Pindarus has come to bring you a greeting from his master.

Brutus.

Pindarus, I don't know if it is because Cassius has changed, or because of bad officers, but he has recently given me good reason to wish things that are done to be undone; but if he is here I will get a satisfactory explanation.

Pindarus.

He is. They intend to stay tonight in Sardis. Most of them, all of the cavalry, have come with Cassius.

[Enter Cassius and his soldiers.]

Brutus.

Look, he has arrived. Walk slowly forward to meet him.

Cassius.

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus.

How so?

Cassius.

Brutus, you know what I am talking about, so don't play like --

Brutus.

Cassius, calm down, speak about your complaints quietly; We do not need to fight in front of our soldiers. Come into my tent and I will listen to what you have to say.

Cassius.

Pindarus, ask our commanders to lead their soldiers back a little from this spot.

Brutus.

Lucius, you do the same, and let no one come to our tent until we have had our meeting. Let Lucilius and Titinius guard our door.

[Exit. Brutus and Cassius withdraw into Brutus' tent, while Lucilius and Titinius mount guard outside.]

Act IV, Scene 3

Cassius.

Here is the evidence that you have done something wrong to me: You have condemned and disgraced Lucius Pella for taking bribes from the Sardiens here, and when I tried to defend him with this letter, you ignored it.

Brutus.

You did something wrong to yourself by writing in circumstances like that.

Cassius.

So what if he took bribes? We don't have time to deal with every little thing!

Brutus.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself are severely criticized for having an itching palm, selling and marketing your positions for money to people who don't deserve the position.

Cassius.

Me, an itching palm? You better be glad you are my friend, Brutus, because if you were anyone else I swear by the gods that this speech would be your last.

Brutus.

The name Cassius makes this corruption seem honorable, and as a result punishment hides his head.

Cassius.

Punishment?

Brutus.

Remember March, remember the Ides of March: Didn't great Julius bleed for the sake of justice? What villain touched his body, who stabbed him for a reason other than justice? What? Should one of us, who struck the most powerful man in the whole world, now contaminate our fingers with dishonorable bribes? I would rather be a dog, and howl at the moon, than be a Roman like that.

Cassius.

Brutus, do not provoke me, I will not put up with it. You forget who you are when you try to put restrictions on me. I am a soldier, I, more experienced, better able than you to make decisions about how things should be managed.

Brutus.

Give it up; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius.

I am.

Brutus.

I say that you are not.

Cassius.

Don't push me, or I shall forget myself; Think about your health; don't provoke me anymore.

Brutus.

Get away, little man!

Cassius.

Are you serious?

Brutus.

Is your anger supposed to scare me? Should I be frightened when a madman glares?

Cassius.

Do you really expect me to put up with all of this?

Brutus.

All this? Oh yeah. Rant and rave until your proud heart breaks; Go show your slaves how temperamental you are, and make your servants tremble. Do I have to budge? Do I have to defer to you? Do I have to stand and duck under your testy moods? By the gods, you will swallow the poison of your bad temper even if it makes you spit; because, from now on, I will make you a joke, yes, a subject of laughter, when you are irritable.

Cassius.

Has it come to this?

Brutus.

You say that you are a better soldier than I am: Prove it. Show me who's better.

Cassius.

You do me wrong in every way; you do me wrong, Brutus: I said an older soldier, not a better one. Did I say "better"?

Brutus.

Um, yeah.

Cassius.

When Caesar lived, he did not dare talk to me like this.

Brutus.

Well, you did not dare bother him as much as you bother me.

Cassius.

I did not dare?

Brutus.

No. For fear of your life you did not dare.

Cassius.

Do not presume too much on my good will, I may do something that I will be sorry for.

Brutus.

You have done something you should be sorry for. I sent a message to you asking for certain amounts of gold, which you denied me; I am not about to take money from my soldiers. By heaven, I would rather make coins out of my heart and give my blood for money than do that. I sent to you for gold to pay my soldiers, which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius? Would I have answered Cassius like that? If I ever become as greedy as that, someone needs to kill me.

Cassius.

I did not deny you.

Brutus.

You did.

Cassius.

I did not. The messenger made a mistake. I would never do something like that to you. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, take revenge only on Cassius, for Cassius is tired of the world; Hated by someone he loves, defied by his brother, criticized like a criminal. O, I could weep my spirit from my eyes! There is my dagger, and here is my bare chest; inside, a heart more precious than Pluto's mine, more valuable than gold: If you are really a Roman, take it. I, who denied you gold, will give my heart: Strike like you struck Caesar; for I know, when you hated him the most, you loved him better than you ever loved Cassius.

Brutus.

Quit being so dramatic. Sheathe your dagger. Be angry whenever you want, it will have free reign; Do what you want, your insults will be disregarded as caused by your bad temper.

Cassius.

Am I nothing but a joke to you?

Brutus.

Cassius, from now on, when you are too serious with me, I will think that your mother is scolding you, and leave it at that.

[Brutus and Cassius step out of the tent.]

Brutus.

Lucilius and Titinius, instruct the commanders to get ready to make camp with their men tonight.

Cassius.

And come back to us, and bring Messala with you. Right away.

[Exit Lucilius and Titinius.]

Brutus. *[To Lucius within.]*

Lucius, bring a bowl of wine!

[Brutus and Cassius go back into the tent.]

Cassius.

I did not think that you would be so angry.

Brutus.

Oh Cassius, I have many reasons to be upset. Portia is dead.

Cassius.

What? Portia?

Brutus.

She is dead. She was so worried about me and that Octavius and Antony were getting too powerful. While her attendants were away she swallowed coals.

Cassius.

She killed herself by swallowing coals?

Brutus.

I don't want to talk about her anymore. Give me a bowl of wine. In this I bury all unhappiness.

[Brutus drinks.]

[Cassius drinks. Exit Lucius. Enter Titinius and Messala.]

Brutus.

Messala, I have received letters saying that young Octavius and Mark Antony are coming down on us with a mighty army, turning their path quickly toward Philippi.

Messala.

I also have letters that say basically the same thing.

Brutus.

What else?

Messala.

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus have killed one hundred senators. They had a list of people they were sentencing to death.

Cassius.

Was Cicero on that list?

Messala.

Cicero is dead, and it's because of that list of the condemned.

Brutus.

What do you think of marching to Philippi immediately?

Cassius.

I do not think it's a good idea.

Brutus.

Why?

Cassius.

It is this: It is better that the enemy look for us; That way he will waste his supplies, wear out his soldiers, harming himself, while we, staying put, are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

Brutus.

That won't work. They have an alliance with the people of Philippi and will be able to build up even more supplies while looking for us. We will cut him off from this advantage if we face him at Philippi, before they can restock.

Cassius.

Listen to me, good friend.

Brutus.

The enemy grows every day; We have to do something now while we have the chance.

Cassius.

Then as you wish go ahead; We'll go along also, and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus.

It is getting late and we all need our sleep. Anything else?

Cassius.

Nothing else. Good night. Early tomorrow we will get up, and leave.

Brutus.

Farewell, good Messala. Goodnight, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,

Cassius.

Are we okay?

Brutus.

Everything is fine now.

Cassius.

Goodnight, my lord.

Brutus.

Goodnight, good brother.

Titinius, Messala.

Goodnight, Lord Brutus.

Brutus.

Farewell each of you.

[Enter the Ghost of Caesar.]

How poorly this candle burns! Ha! Who is it? I think it is the weakness of my eyes that creates this terrible apparition. It is coming up to me. Are you any thing? Are you a god, an angel, or a devil, you who makes my blood cold, and my hair stand on end? Tell me what you are.

Ghost.

Your evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus.

Why have you come?

Ghost.

To tell you that you will see me at Philippi.

Brutus.

Well; then I will see you again?

Ghost.

Yes, at Philippi.

Brutus.

Then I will see you at Philippi.

[Exit Ghost.]

Now that I have found my courage you disappear. Evil spirit, I want to have more conversation with you. Boy, Lucius! Varrus! Claudio! Gentlemen, wake up! Claudio!

Lucius.

My lord?

Varrus.

My lord?

Claudio.

My lord?

Brutus.

Yes. Did you see anything?

Varrus.

No, my lord. I did not see anything.

Claudio.

Neither did I, my lord.

Brutus.

Go and bring a message from me to my brother Cassius; Ask him to set out with his troops before I do, and we will follow.

Both.

It will be done, my lord.

[Exit.]