

**ITHACA SHAKESPEARE COMPANY  
SUMMER 2022 AUDITION SIDES**

**JULIUS CAESAR and ANTONY & CLEOPATRA**

**CASSIUS (persuading Brutus to kill Caesar)**

I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Caesar; but this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body  
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
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 some time are masters of their fates;  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

**BRUTUS (addressing the crowd at Caesar's funeral)**

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

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**MARK ANTONY (to Cleopatra, after he has fled a battle to follow her)**

O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?  
Thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after. Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who  
With half the bulk o' the world played as I pleased,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror, and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*[sees Cleopatra crying]*

Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;  
Even this repays me. Love, I am full of lead.  
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows  
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.  
I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,  
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night.  
Fill our bowls once more,  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

**ENOBARBUS (to Antony after learning that Antony's wife has died)**

Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to  
take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth –  
comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to  
make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a  
cut, and the case to be lamented. This grief is crowned with consolation; your  
old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an onion  
that should water this sorrow.

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**CLEOPATRA (to Antony after he says he needs to return to Rome)**

I know by that same eye there's some good news.

What, says the married woman you may go?

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here.

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

O, never was there queen so mightily betrayed!

Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia?

Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell and go. When you sued staying,

Then was the time for words. No going then;

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor

But was a race of heaven. They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turned the greatest liar.

**CLEOPATRA (when Antony dies)**

Noblest of men, wilt die?

Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

The crown o' the earth doth melt,

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.

I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony;

O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm

Crested the world.

Think you there was, or might be, such a man

As this I dream'd of?

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**TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA**

**SILVIA**

You have your wish; my will is even this:  
That presently you hie you home to bed.  
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery,  
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,  
And by and by intend to chide myself  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

**JULIA**

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'ed stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,  
And so by many winding nooks he strays  
With willing sport to the wild ocean.  
Then let me go and hinder not my course  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

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**VALENTINE**

And why not death rather than living torment?  
To die is to be banish'd from myself;  
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her  
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!  
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
Unless it be to think that she is by  
And feed upon the shadow of perfection  
Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon;  
She is my essence, and I leave to be,  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.  
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:  
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

**PROTEUS**

Already have I been false to Valentine  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer:  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think how I have been forsworn  
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:  
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

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Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.  
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,  
And give some evening music to her ear.

**LAUNCE**

I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel; which is much in a bare Christian.

*Pulling out a paper*

Here is the cate-log of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

**SPEED**

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

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**DUKE**

Why, Phaeton,--for thou art Merops' son,--  
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car  
And with thy daring folly burn the world?  
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?  
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!  
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,  
And think my patience, more than thy desert,  
Is privilege for thy departure hence:  
Thank me for this more than for all the favours  
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.  
But if thou linger in my territories  
Longer than swiftest expedition  
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love  
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.  
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;  
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.