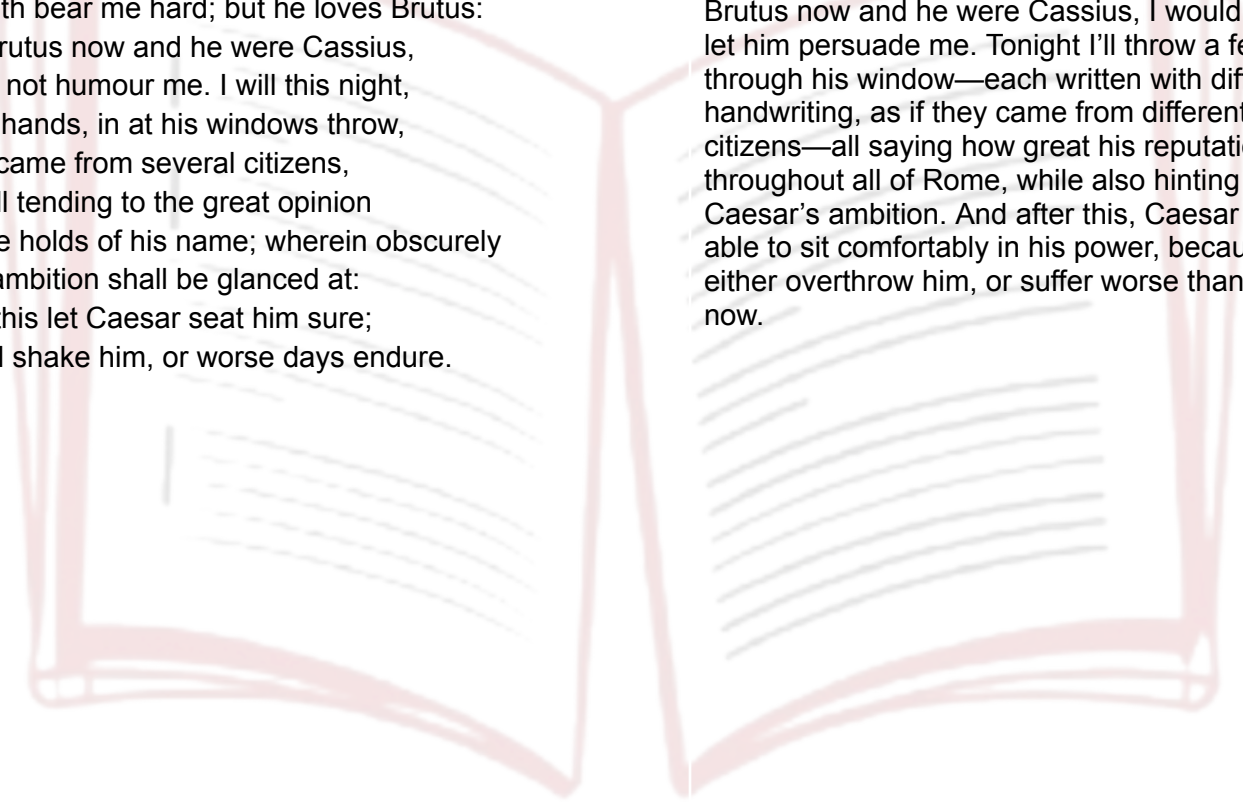


CASSIUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

CASSIUS

Well, Brutus, you're noble. Yet I see that your honorable nature can be turned from its usual inclination. Therefore, it's better for noble men to spend time only with other noble men, because who is so firm that he can't be seduced? Caesar doesn't like me, but he loves Brutus. If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius, I wouldn't have let him persuade me. Tonight I'll throw a few letters through his window—each written with different handwriting, as if they came from different citizens—all saying how great his reputation is throughout all of Rome, while also hinting at Caesar's ambition. And after this, Caesar won't be able to sit comfortably in his power, because we'll either overthrow him, or suffer worse than we do now.



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