Antony & Cleopatra Auditions - OCTAVIUS
I-4, 1

OCTAVIUS: You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more man-like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

LEPIDUS: I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness.

OCTAVIUS: You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it's not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,--
Yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.

II, 2 29

OCTAVIUS: Welcome to Rome.

ANTONY: Thank you.

OCTAVIUS: Sit.

ANTONY: Sit, sir.

OCTAVIUS: Nay, then.

ANTONY: I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

OCTAVIUS: I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

ANTONY: My being in Egypt, Caesar,

What was't to you?

OCTAVIUS: No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

ANTONY: How intend you, practised?

OCTAVIUS: You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

ANTONY: You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours?
Of this my letters before did satisfy you.

If you'll patch a quarrel, it must not be with this.

OCTAVIUS: You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

ANTONY: Not so, not so.

OCTAVIUS: I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANTONY: Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning.

OCTAVIUS: You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEPIDUS: Soft, Caesar!

ANTONY: No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Caesar,
The article of my oath.

OCTAVIUS: To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.

ANTONY: Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up

From mine own knowledge.

III-6, 40

OCTAVIA: Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar!

OCTAVIUS: That ever I should call thee castaway!

OCTAVIA: You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

OCTAVIUS: Why have you stol'n upon us thus! You come not
Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our lovwe should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

OCTAVIA: Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

OCTAVIUS: Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

OCTAVIA: Do not say so, my lord.

OCTAVIUS: I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

OCTAVIA: My lord, in Athens.

OCTAVIUS: No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war; he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Herod of Jewry;
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

OCTAVIA: Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

OCTAVIUS: Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

IV-1, 1

OCTAVIUS: He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Caesar to Antony: let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight: And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

IV-1, 35

OCTAVIUS: O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,--that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.

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