

**Antony & Cleopatra Auditions - WOMEN
I-2, 1**

CHARMIAN: Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?

ALEXAS: Soothsayer!

Soothsayer: Your will?

CHARMIAN: Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTHSAYER: In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

ALEXAS: Show him your hand.

CHARMIAN: Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTHSAYER: I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN: Pray, then, foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER: You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN: He means in flesh.

IRAS: No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHARMIAN: Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS: Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHARMIAN: Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married
to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all.

SOOTHSAYER: You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN: O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

SOOTHSAYER: If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

CHARMIAN: Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEXAS: You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

CHARMIAN: Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS: We'll know all our fortunes.

III-4, 10

OCTAVIA: O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

III-4, 28

OCTAVIA: Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

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.