**Acting Company Scenes: Cinna the Poet**

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| **Cinna** | I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar, |
|  | And things unluckily charge my fantasy. |
|  | I have no will to wander forth of doors, |
|  | Yet something leads me forth. |
| **1st Plebeian:** | What is your name? |
| **2nd Plebeian:** | Whither are you going? |
| **3rd Plebeian:** | Where do you dwell? |
| **4th Plebeian:** | Are you a married man or a bachelor? |
| **2nd Plebeian:** | Answer every man directly. |
| **1st Plebeian:** | Ay, and briefly. |
| **4th Plebeian:** | Ay, and wisely. |
| **3rd Plebeian:** | Ay, and truly, you were best. |
| **Cinna:** | What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor. |
| **2nd Plebeian:** | That’s as much as to say they are fools that marry. You’ll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed directly. |
| **Cinna:** | Directly, I am going to Caesar’s funeral. |
| **1st Plebeian:** | As a friend or an enemy? |
| **Cinna:** | As a friend. |
| **2nd Plebeian:** | That matter is answered directly. |
| **4th Plebeian:** | For your dwelling—briefly. |
| **Cinna:** | Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol. |
| **3rd Plebeian:** | Your name, sir, truly. |
| **Cinna:** | Truly, my name is Cinna. |
| **1st Plebeian:** | Tear him to pieces! He’s a conspirator. |
| **Cinna:** | I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet! |
| **4th Plebeian:** | Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses! |
| **Cinna:** | I am not Cinna the conspirator. |
| **4th Plebeian:** | It is no matter. His name’s Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going. |
| **3rd Plebeian:** | Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho, firebrands! To Brutus’, to Cassius’, burn all! Some to Decius’ house, and some to Casca’s, some to Ligarius’. Away, go! |