**Group Scenes: Cinna the Poet**

**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.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN** What is your name?

**SECOND PLEBEIAN** Whither are you going?

**THIRD PLEBEIAN** Where do you dwell?

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN** Are you a married man or a bachelor?

**SECOND PLEBEIAN** Answer every man directly.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN** Ay, and briefly.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN** Ay, and wisely.

**THIRD 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.

**SECOND 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.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN** As a friend or an enemy?

**CINNA** As a friend.

**SECOND PLEBEIAN** That matter is answered directly.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN** For your dwelling—briefly.

**CINNA** Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

**THIRD PLEBEIAN** Your name, sir, truly.

**CINNA** Truly, my name is Cinna.

**FIRST PLEBEIAN** Tear him to pieces! He’s a conspirator.

**CINNA** I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet!

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN** Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses!

**CINNA** I am not Cinna the conspirator.

**FOURTH PLEBEIAN** It is no matter. His name’s Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

**THIRD 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!