**8. Antony and Cleopatra Act V Scene 2**   Cleopatra: Yesenia Beltran   Iras: Melany Rivera   Charmian: Brenda Morales

**CLEOPATRA**

He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

*Whispers to CHARMIAN*

**IRAS**

Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,

And we are for the dark.

**CLEOPATRA**

Hie thee again:Go put it to the haste.

**CHARMIAN**

Madam, I will.

**CLEOPATRA**

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

In Rome, as well as I mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall

Uplift us to the view; i

**IRAS**

The gods forbid!

**CLEOPATRA**

Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels; Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness

I' the posture of a whore.

**IRAS**

O the good gods!

**CLEOPATRA**

Nay, that's certain.

**IRAS**

I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

**CLEOPATRA**

Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer

Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter CHARMIAN*

Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch

My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go. *Exit IRAS*

Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;

And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave

To play till doomsday. *Exit Charmian*

Bring our crown and all.

Wherefore's this noise?

**CHARMIAN**

Here is a rural fellow

That will not be denied your highness presence:

He brings you figs.

**CLEOPATRA**

Let him come in. *Exit Charmian*

What poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.

*Re-enter Charmian*

**CLEOPATRA**

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,

That kills and pains not?

**CHARMIAN**

Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party

that should desire you to touch him, for his biting

is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or

never recover.

**CLEOPATRA**

Take thou no care

Give me my robe, put on my crown;

*Exit Charmian*

**CLEOPATRA**

I have Immortal longings in me: now no more

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.

*Re-enter IRAS and Charmian with a robe, crown,*

**CLEOPATRA**

Methinks I hear

Antony call; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock

The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men

To excuse their after wrath:

husband, I come:

Now to that name my courage prove my title!

I am fire and air; my other elements

I give to baser life. So; have you done?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?

**CHARMIAN**

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,

The gods themselves do weep!

**CLEOPATRA**

Come, thou mortal wretch,

*To an asp, which she applies to her breast*

poor venomous fool

Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,

That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass

Unpolicied!

**CHARMIAN**

O eastern star!

**CLEOPATRA**

Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

**CHARMIAN**

O, break! O, break!

**CLEOPATRA**

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,--

O Antony!--Nay, I will take thee too.

*Applying another asp to her arm*

What should I stay-- *Dies*

**CHARMIAN**

In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;

And golden Phoebus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it.

Too slow a messenger.

*Applies an asp*

It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.