

Audition Pack

Ascham 2026 Senior
Production

Julius Caesar

By William Shakespeare

Directed By Malcom Frawley



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Production

For current years 9, 10 and 11
Auditions

12th and 13th of November after school

CallBacks 14th of November

2026 info below

Rehearsals

Tuesdays 4.30pm – 6.30pm

Thursdays 4.00pm - 6.30pm

Sundays 10am – 2pm)

Shows

Thursday 14th May 7pm

Friday 15th May 7pm

Saturday 16th May 7pm

Sunday 17th May 2pm

Julius Caesar

By William Shakespeare

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Contact - darcy.fisher@ascham.nsw.edu.au

Roles

PRINCIPLES

CAESAR – the victim, a complex mix – alternately vain & humble

ANTONY – the hero of the story, loyal but gullible

BRUTUS – the conflicted villain

CASSIUS – the political brains behind the plot, manipulative

SUPPORTING

CASCA – hardy, animated, somewhat melodramatic

ARTEMIDORUS - fearful

OCTAVIUS – noble

TINTINIUS –

SMALL

SOOTHSAYER - elderly

CICERO – elderly

CINNA –

METELLUS CIMBER –

CITIZENS 1 – 4

MESSALA – upright

PINDARUS –

CLITUS,

DARDANIUS,

VOLUMNIUS,

MALE ROLES - Boys, please Skip to page 6 for audition material

CALPURNIA – no nonsense, concern for Caesar escalating to afraid

PORTIA – intelligent, compassionate

– the ‘wives’ of Caesar & Brutus,

doubling with

Various Servants (several of whom have lines)

LUCIUS (also plays CALPURNIA) – would be great if musical with woodwinds, even recorder

First round November 12 + 13

Callbacks November 14 (year 10 Callbacks on the 19th)

Held in E5 in groups of 4

Boys to audition individually

High



The females will be dressed to, more or less, their station in life. The higher up the food chain, the longer the frock.

There is no Gender Switches costume or acting wise. It is just in this version, the females are the ones in power

Mid.



Low.



Wives
(men play men, they just happen to be wives).



JULIUS CAESAR – AUDITION SCENE

PLEASE PREPARE TO BE SWITCHED BETWEEN CHARACTERS – CASSIUS, CASCA, BRUTUS, CINNA. NB/ YOU DON'T NEED TO LEARN THIS SCENE. BUT BE FAMILIAR WITH IT. MAKE SOME CHOICES ABOUT HOW YOU MIGHT PLAY EACH CHARACTER.

CASSIUS

But what of Cicero? shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA

O, let us have him, for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion And buy men's voices to commend our deeds: It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands; Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear, But all be buried in his gravity.

BRUTUS

O, name him not: For he will never follow any thing That other men begin.

CASSIUS

Then leave him out.

CASCA

Indeed he is not fit.

CINNA

Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

Cinna, well urged: I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar, Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means, If he improve them, may well stretch so far As to annoy us all: which to prevent, Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, To cut the head off and then hack the limbs. But, alas, Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; This shall make Our purpose necessary and not envious: Which so appearing to the common eyes, We shall be called purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him; For he can do no more than Caesar's arm When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear him; For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar--

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him: If he love Caesar, all that he can do is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar: And that were much he should.

CINNA

There is no fear in him; let him not die; For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
Clock strikes

BRUTUS

Peace! count the clock.

CASSIUS

The clock hath stricken three.

CINNA

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet, Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no; For he is superstitious grown of late.

CASCA

Never fear that: if he be so resolved, I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear That unicorns may be betrayed with trees, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils and men with flatterers; But when I tell him he hates flatterers, He says he does, being then most flattered. Let me work; For I can give his humour the true bent, And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

CASSIUS

The morning comes upon us: we'll leave you, Brutus. And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember What you have said, and show yourselves true Roman

CallBacks - Monologues

You do not need to memorise these. Just be familiar enough to read if requested

CAESAR

The cause is in my will: I will not come; That is enough to satisfy the senate. But for your private satisfaction, I will let you know: Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home: She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts, Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it: And these does she apply for warnings, and portents, And evils imminent; and on her knee Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Caesar answered it. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest-- For Brutus is an honourable man; Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And, sure, he is an honourable man.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, To cut the head off and then hack the limbs. We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar; And in the spirit of men there is no blood: O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But, alas, Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds: And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, Stir up their servants to an act of rage, And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make Our purpose necessary and not envious: Which so appearing to the common eyes, We shall be called purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him; For he can do no more than Caesar's arm When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, As well as I do know your outward favour. I was born free as Caesar; so were you: We both have fed as well, and we can both Endure the winter's cold as well as he: For once, upon a raw and gusty day, The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word, I plunged in and bade him follow; so indeed he did. The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it With lusty sinews, throwing it aside And stemming it with hearts of controversy; But 'ere we could arrive the point proposed, Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!' I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor, Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber Did I the tired Caesar. And this man Is now become a god, and Cassius is A wretched creature and must bend his body, If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

Boys - please familiarise with the following for your audition. You will be reading for Portia

BRUTUS

Portia, wherefore rise you now? It is not for your health thus to commit Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus, Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper, You suddenly arose, and walked about, Musing and sighing, with your arms across, And when I asked you what the matter was, You stared upon me with ungentle looks; I urged you further; then you scratched your head, And too impatiently stamped with your foot; Yet I insisted, yet you answered not, But, with an angry wafture of your hand, Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did; Fearing to strengthen that impatience Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal Hoping it was but an effect of humour, Which sometime hath his hour with every man. It will not let you eat, nor sleep, And could it work so much upon your shape As it hath much prevailed on your condition, I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical To walk unbraced and suck up the humours Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick, And will he steal out of his wholesome bed, To dare the vile contagion of the night And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; You have some sick offence within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, I charm you, by my once-commended beauty, By all your vows of love and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, yourself, your half, Why you are heavy, and what men to-night Have had to resort to you: for here have been Some who did hide their faces Even from darkness.