

So, this version of the speech that I choose, has a few small alterations for clarity. I like to place Shakespeare's words on the page as the character may think them. I call it thought-verse. A monologue, which may be for an audition, needs to be clear!

Cassius

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, as well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men think of this life;
but, for my single self, I had as lief not be as live to be in awe of such a thing as I myself.
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 "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now leap in with me into this angry flood
and swim to yonder point?"
Upon the word, accoutered as I was, I plungèd in and bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews,
throwing it aside and stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive at the point proposed, Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
So from the waves of Tiber did I the tired Caesar, upon my shoulder, bear.
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.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
and when the fit was on him, I did mark how he did shake.
'Tis true, this god did shake.
I did hear him groan.
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans mark him and write his speeches in their books,
"Alas," it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius" as a sick girl.
Ye gods, it doth amaze me a man of such feeble temper should so get the start of the majestic world
and bear the palm alone.

Iambic pentameter verse.

Cassius speaks to Brutus

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
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 "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plungèd in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive at 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.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake.
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan.
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
"Alas," it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius"
As a sick girl. You gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.