

Several of Brutus' and Portia's lines have been cut in this section to construct a monologue for Portia.

Below are two versions of Portia's pleadings to Brutus – one in blank verse, and one in thought verse, the format used in the Shakespeare Out Loud series.

Portia Monologue Act 2 Scene 1

You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd 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 seem'd 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 talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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 six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:

Portia Monologue Act 2 Scene 1

You've ungently, Brutus, stole from my bed;
and yesternight, at supper, you suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
musing and sighing, with your arms across;
and when I ask'd you what the matter was, you stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further;
then you scratch'd your head, and too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insisted;
yet you answer'd 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 seem'd 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 talk, 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.

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 six or seven, who did hide their faces even from darkness.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus; is it excepted I should know no secrets that appertain to you?

Am I yourself but, as it were, in sort or limitation,

to keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, and talk to you sometimes?

Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?

If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

I grant I am a woman; but withal a woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.

I grant I am a woman; but withal a woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex, being so father'd and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.

As you might notice, I try to make this speech sound like heightened, everyday invention. That is why the second version is formatted in thoughts, not rhythm.