PORTIA.
Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS.
Portia, what mean you? 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 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.

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

PORTIA.
Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS.
Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

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 offense within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, I charge 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 resort to you; for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.