

The Merchant of Venice

Draft 2 for TNT theatre Paul Stebbings 2014 Dec.

Act I	Act II	Act III	Act IV	Act V
<u>1. Venice. A street.</u>	<u>1. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.</u>	<u>1. Venice. A street.</u>	<u>1. Venice. A court of justice.</u>	<u>1. Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S house.</u>
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house.

8. Venice. A
street.

9. Belmont.
A room in
PORTIA'S
house.

Act I, Scene 1

Venice. A street.

[Enter ANTONIO and Gratiano]

- **Antonio.** In truth, I know not why I am so sad:
- It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
- But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
- What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
- I am to learn;
- And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
- That I have much ado to know myself.
-
- **Gratiano:** Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
- Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth as you
- The better part of my affections would

- Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
- Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
- Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
- And every object that might make me fear
- Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
- Would make me sad.
- My wind cooling my broth
- Would blow me to a fever, when I thought
- What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
- Should I go to church
- And see the holy edifice of stone,
- And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
- Which touching but my gentle ship's side,
- Would scatter all her spices on the waves,
- Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
- Which, in a word, were even now worth this,
- And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
- To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
- That such a thing be chanced would make me sad?
- But tell not me; I know, Antonio
- Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
- **Antonio.** Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
- My ventures are not in one ship trusted,

- Nor to one place;
 - Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
 - **Gratiano** Why, then you are in love.
 - **Antonio.** Fie, fie!
 - **Gratiano:** . Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
 - Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
 - For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
 - Because you are not sad.
 -
 - [Enter BASSANIO)
 - **Gratiano** Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
 - I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
 - If a worthier friend had not prevented me.
 - **Antonio.** Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 - **GRATIANO** Good morrow, my good lord.
 - **Bassanio.** Good signior , when shall we laugh? say, when?
 - You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
- You look not well, Signior Antonio;
- You have too much respect upon the world:
 - They lose it that do buy it with much care:
 - Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

- **Antonio.** I hold the world but as the world,
Bassanio;
- A stage where every man must play a part,
- And mine a sad one.
- **GRATIANO:** Let me play the fool:
- With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
- And let my liver rather heat with wine
- Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
- Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
- Sit like his grandad cut in stone cold marble?
- Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
- By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
- I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
- And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!
- Sir, fish not, with this melancholy bait.
- Come, good Bassanio . Fare ye well awhile:
- I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
- **Bassanio:** Well, we will leave you then till dinner-
time:
- Dear Gratiano never lets me speak.
- **GRATIANO** Well, keep me company but two
years more,
- Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

- **Antonio.** Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
- **Gratiano:** Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
- In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible. *

[Exeunt GRATIANO]

- **Antonio.** Is that any thing now?
- **Bassanio.** Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
- than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two
- grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you
- shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you
- have them, they are not worth the search.
- **Antonio.** Well, tell me now what lady is the same
- To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
- That you to-day promised to tell me of?
- **Bassanio.** 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
- How much I have disabled mine estate,
- By something showing a more swelling port
- Than my faint means would grant success:
- ; but my chief care
- Is to come fairly free from the great debts
- Wherein my time something too prodigal
- Hath left me bound. To you, Antonio,
- I owe the most, in money and in love,

- And from your love I ask permission
 - To unburden all my plots and purposes
 - How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
 - **Antonio.** I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
 - And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
 - Within the eye of honour, be assured,
 - My purse, my person, my extremest means,
 - Lie all unlock'd to you.
 - **Bassanio.** In Belmont is a lady richly left;
 - And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
 - Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
 - I did receive fair speechless messages of..love?
 - Her name is Portia, ..Portia.. ah Portia!
 - But the wide world is not ignorant of her worth,
 - For the four winds blow in from every coast
 - Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
 - Hang around her head like a golden fleece;
 - And many Jasons come to claim her hand.
 - O my Antonio, had I but the means
 - To hold a rival place with all of them,
- I should questionless be fortunate!
- **Antonio.** Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;

- Neither have I money nor commodity
- To raise a goodly sum: therefore go forth;
- Try what my credit can in Venice do:
- That shall be borrow'd, even to the utmost,
- To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
- Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
- Where money is, and I no question make
- To have it of my trust or for my sake. m

[Exeunt]

Act one
scene two

**Belmont. A room in
PORTIA'S house.**

[Enter PORTIA and NERISSA]

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is awearry of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries

were in
the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and
yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that eat
too much as they that starve with nothing

Portia. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were
good to

do, chapels had been churches and poor men's
cottages princes' palaces.

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot
temper leaps

o'er a cold command: I can easier teach twenty what
were good to

be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching.

But this reasoning is not in the fashion to
choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may
neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I
dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed
by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard,
Nerissa, that I cannot choose one husband nor refuse
none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men
at their

death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest

them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia. Ay, that's a beast indeed, for he doth nothing but

talk of his horse;

Nerissa. Then there is the County Palatine.

Portia. He doth nothing but frown,

' he hears merry tales and smiles not:

I fear he will prove a weeping

philosopher when he grows old, being so full of

tedious sadness in his youth. I had rather be

married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth

than to either of these. God defend me from these

two!

Nerissa. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the

young baron
of England?

Portia. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands

not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? And how oddly he is dressed!

.

Nerissa. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony?

Portia. Not at all in the morning, when he is sober, and Even less in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast!

Nerissa. If he should choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of wine on the false casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any

thing, Nerissa, before I'll be married to a sponge.

Oh I pray God grant them all a fair departure.

Nerissa. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a

Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

Nerissa. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish

eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of

thy praise.

[Enter a Moroccan Servant]

How now! what news?

Moroccan Servant.

I am a forerunner come from the Prince of Morocco, who brings word

the prince my master will be here to-night to seek your hand.

Portia. If I could bid him welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other beasts farewell, I should be glad of his approach.

Sirrah, go before. Come, Nerissa.

While we shut the gates upon one would-be husband,

another knocks upon my the door.

[Exeunt]

Act I, Scene 3

Venice. A public place.

[Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK]

- **Shylock.** Three thousand ducats; well.
- **Bassanio.** Ay, sir, for three months.
- **Shylock.** For three months; well.
- **Bassanio.** For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
- **Shylock.** Antonio shall become bound; well.
- **Bassanio.** May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I
- know your answer?
- **Shylock.** Three thousand ducats for three months
- and Antonio bound.
- **Bassanio.** Your answer to that.
- **Shylock.** Antonio is a good man.
- **Bassanio.** Have you heard anything to the contrary?
- **Shylock.** Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a
- good man is to have you understand me that he is

of

- sufficient wealth. But that wealth is in question. He
- hath a ship bound to Tripolis, another to the
- Indies; I understand moreover, upon the Rialto, he
- hath a third boat at Mexico, a fourth for England, and
- other ventures he hath, scattered abroad. But ships
- are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats
- and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I
- mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters,
- winds and rocks. But Antonio is, despite all this,
- sufficient value. Three thousand ducats; I think I may
- take his bond.
- **Bassanio.** Be assured you may.
- **Shylock.** I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured,
- I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?
- **Bassanio.** If it please you to dine with us.
- **Shylock.** Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which
- your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I
- will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you,
- walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat

- with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What
- news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

[Enter ANTONIO]

- **Bassanio.** This is Signior Antonio.
- **Shylock.** [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
- I hate him for he is a Christian,
- But more for that in low simplicity
- He lends out money gratis and brings down
- The rate of interest here with us in Venice.
- If I can catch him once upon the hip,
- I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
- He hates our Jewish nation, and he rails,
- Even there where merchants most do congregate,
- On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
- Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
- If I forgive him!
- **Bassanio.** Shylock, do you hear?
- **Shylock.**
- Three thousand ducats

But soft! how many months

- Do you desire?
- [*To ANTONIO*]
- Rest you fair, good signior;

- Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
- **Antonio.** Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
- By taking nor by giving of excess,
- Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
- I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
- How much he would have?
- **Shylock.** Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
- **Antonio.** And for three months.
- **Shylock.** I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
- Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
- Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
- Upon advantage.
- **Antonio.** I do never use it.
- **Shylock.** And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
- Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
- Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—
- **Antonio.** Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
- **Shylock.** Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
- In the Rialto you have sneered at me
- About my moneys and my rates of interest:

- Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
- For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
- You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
- And spit upon my Jewish cheek,
- And all for use of that which is mine own.
- Well then, it now appears you need my help:
- ; you come to me, and you say
- 'Shylock, we would have money:' you say so;
- You, that did void your spit upon my beard
- And kick me as you strike a stranger dog!
- Yet my money is your wish
- What should I say to you? Should I not say
- 'Hath a dog money? is it possible
- A dog can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
- Shall I bend low and
- With whispering humbleness, Say this;
- 'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
- another time
- You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
- I'll lend you thus much money?
- **Antonio.** I am as like to call thee so again,
- To spit on thee again, to kick thee too.
- If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not me

- As to thy friends;
- But lend it rather to thine enemy,
- Who, if I break, thou mayst with better face
- Exact the penalty.
- **Shylock.** Why, look you, how you storm!
- I would be friends with you and have your love,
- Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
- Supply your present wants and take no interest
- for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
- This is kindness I offer.
- **Bassanio.** This were kindness.
- **Shylock.** This kindness will I show.
- Go with me to the law, seal me there
- Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
- If you repay me not on such a day,
- In such a place, such sum or sums as are
- Express'd in the document, let the penalty
- Be one pound
- Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
- In what part of your body pleases me.
- **Antonio.** Content, i' faith: I'll sign such a bond
- And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
- **Bassanio.** You shall not sign to such a bond for me:

- I'll rather live in poverty,
- **Antonio.** Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
- Within these two months, that's a month before
- This bond expires, I do expect return
- Of thrice three times three thousand ducats.
- **Shylock.** O father Abram, what these Christians are,
- Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
- The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
- If he should break his word, what should I gain
- By the exaction of the penalty?
- A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
- Is not so valuable, profitable neither,
- As flesh of sheep, beefs, or goats. I say,
- To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
- If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
- And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
- **Antonio.** Yes Shylock, I will sign for this bond.
 - **Shylock.** Then meet me straight at the law's office;
 - Give him direction for this merry bond,
 - And I will go now and purse the ducats,
 - I will be with you.
- **Antonio.** Hie thee, gentle Jew.

- *[Exit Shylock]*
- The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
- **Bassanio.** I like not fair terms and a devil's mind.
- **Antonio.** Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
- My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt]

Act II, Scene 1

Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO;
PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending

- **Prince of Morocco.** Mislake me not for my complexion,
- The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
- To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
- Thou art the fairest creature northward born,
- Now let us make incision for your love,
- To prove whose blood is reddest, yours or mine.
- I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
- Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love I swear
- The best-regarded virgins of our clime
- Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,

- Except to steal your heart , my gentle queen.
-
- **Portia.** In terms of choice I am not solely led
- By simple stare of a maiden's eyes;
- Besides, the lottery of my destiny
- Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
- Yourself, renowned prince, then stand as fair
- As any man I have look'd on yet
- Who claims my love.
- **Prince of Morocco.** Even for that I thank you:
- Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
- To try my fortune. By this scimitar
- That slew the Sultan Solyman,
- I'd pluck young sucking-cubs from the she-bear,
- Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
- Outstare the sternest eyes that look,
- To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
- I play at dice
- And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
- Miss that which one less noble may attain,
- Your love, then I must die with grieving.
- **Portia.** You must take your chance,
- And either not attempt to choose at all

- Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
- Never to speak to lady afterward
- In way of marriage:
- **Prince of Morocco.** Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.
- **Portia.** Go. Discover
- The several caskets to this noble prince.
- Now make your choice.
- **Prince of Morocco.** The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
- 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'
- The second, silver, which this promise carries,
- 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
- This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
- 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
- How shall I know if I do choose the right?
- **Portia.** The one of them contains my picture, prince:
- If you choose that, then I am your wife.
- **Prince of Morocco.** Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
- I will survey the inscriptions back again.

- What says this leaden casket?
- 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.' *Shut up!*
- Must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead? Cheap lead?
- Men that hazard all
- Do it in hope of great advantage:
- I'll then not give nor hazard aught for lead.
- What says the silver with her virgin hue?
- 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
- As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
- As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
- In love I do deserve her.
- What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
- Let's see once more this saying graved in gold
- 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
- Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
- And never so rich a jewel
- Was set in less than gold.
- Deliver me the key:
- Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
- **Portia.** There, take it, prince; and if my portrait lie there,

- Then I am yours.

[He unlocks the golden casket]

- **Prince of Morocco.** O hell! what have we here?
- A carrion Death!
-
- **Carrion Death.** All that glitters is not gold;
- Often have you heard that told:
- Many a man his life hath sold
- But my outside to behold:
- Gilded tombs do worms enfold.
- Fare you well; your suit is cold.
-
- **Prince of Morocco.** Cold, indeed; and love's labour's lost:
- Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
- Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
- To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets]

- **Portia.** A gentle riddance. So Morocco go.
- Let all of his persuasion lose me so.
- [Exeunt]

Act II, Scene 2

Venice. A street.

- **Gratiano.** Signior Bassanio!
- **Bassanio.** Gratiano!
- **Gratiano.** I have a suit to you.
- **Bassanio.** You have obtain'd it.
- **Gratiano.** You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
- **Bassanio.** Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;
- Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
- Parts that become thee happily enough
- And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
- But where thou art not known, why, there they show
- Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
- To allay with some cold drops of modesty
- Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behavior
- I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
- And lose my hopes.
- **Gratiano.** Signior Bassanio, hear me:
- If I do not put on a sober habit,
- Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
- Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

- Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
- And sigh and say 'amen,'
- Never trust me more.
- **Bassanio.** Well, we shall see your bearing.
- **Gratiano.** Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
- By what we do to-night in Venice.
- **Bassanio.** No, that were pity:
- I would entreat you rather to put on
- Your boldest suit of laughter, for we have friends
- That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
- I have some serious business. (He hands Gratiano a carnival mask)

[Exeunt]

Act II, Scene 3

**The same. A room in
SHYLOCK'S house.**

[Enter JESSICA and Servant who is playing with a cat]

- **Jessica.** Ho servant,
- Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
- Do rob it of some taste of tediousness.
- Here is a ducat for thee: Go to

- Lorenzo, you know him well,
- Give him this letter; do it secretly;
- And so farewell: I would not have my father
- See me in talk with thee.
- **Servant.** Adieu!
- **Jessica.** Farewell, good servant.
- **Servant.** Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did
- not play the thief and get thee, I am much deceived.
- *[Exit servant]*
- **Jessica.** Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
- To be ashamed to be my father's child!
- But though I am a daughter to his blood,
- I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
- If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
- Become a Christian and thy loving wife.

[Exit]

Act II, Scene 4

The same. A street.

[Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, masked]

- **Lorenzo.** 'Tis now four o'clock: we have but two

hours

- To disguise us and return.
- **Gratiano.** We have made good preparation.
- *[Enter Servant, with a letter]*
- Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
- **Lorenzo.** I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
- And whiter than the paper it writ on
- Is the fair hand that writ.
- **Gratiano.** Love-news, in faith.
- **Servant:** By your leave, sir.
- **Lorenzo.** Whither goest thou?
- **Servant:** Marry, sir, to bid my master the
- Jew to sup to-night with my Lord Bassanio
- **Lorenzo.** Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
- I will not fail her; speak it privately.
- Go, gentlemen,
- *[Exit Launcelot]*
- Will you prepare you for this masque tonight?
- **Gratiano:** Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
- **Lorenzo** 'Tis good we do so.
- **Gratiano.** Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
- **Lorenzo.** I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
- How I shall take her from Shylock's house,

- What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
- What page's suit she hath in readiness.
- If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
- It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
- And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
- Unless she do it under this excuse,
- That she is daughter to a faithless Jew.

[Exeunt]

Act II, Scene 5

The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house.

[Enter SHYLOCK and servant]

- **Shylock.** Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
- The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
- What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
- As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
- And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
- Why, Jessica, I say!
- **Servant:** Why, Jessica!
- **Shylock.** Who bids thee call?
- **Servant:** Who bids thee call?

- **Shylock:** I do not bid thee call.
- **Servant:** Your worship was wont to tell me that
- I could do nothing without bidding.

[Enter Jessica]

- **Jessica.** Call you? what is your will?
- **Shylock.** I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
- There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
- I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
- But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
- The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
- Look to my house. I am right hate to go:
- There is some ill a-brewing towards my self,
- For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
- **Servant:** I beseech you, sir, go:
- Bassanio doth expect your reproach.
- **Shylock.** So do I his.
- **Servant:** An they have plotted together,
- That you shall see a masque; for it is carnival.
- **Shylock.** What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
- Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
- And the vile squealing of the foolish clowns
- Clamber not you up to the window then,
- Nor thrust your head into the public street

- To gaze on Christian fools with masked faces,
- But stop my house's ears, I mean my windows:
- Let not the sound of shallow laughter enter
- My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
- I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
- But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
- Say I will come.
- **Servant:** I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at
- window, for all this, There will come a Christian
- boy, will be worth a Jewess' eye.

[Exit]

- **Shylock.** What says that foolish Christian, ha?
- **Jessica.** His words were 'Farewell mistress;' nothing else.
- **Shylock.** Well, Jessica, go in;
- Perhaps I will return quite suddenly:
- Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
- Fast bind, fast find;
- A proverb never stale in m the careful mind.

[Exit]

- **Jessica.** Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
- I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[Exit]

Act II, Scene 6

The same.

[Enter LORENZO]

- **Lorenzo.** Sweet friends, tonight we play the thieves for wives,
- Approach;
- Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

[Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes]

- **Jessica.** Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
- Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
- **Lorenzo.** Lorenzo, and thy love.
- **Jessica.** Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
- For who love I so much? And now who knows
- But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
- **Lorenzo.** Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
- **Jessica.** Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
- I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
- For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
- But love is blind and lovers cannot see
- The pretty follies that themselves commit;
- For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

- To see me thus transformed to a boy.
- **Lorenzo.** Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.
- **Jessica.** What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
- They in themselves, good-sooth, are too too light.
- Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
- And I should be obscured.
- **Lorenzo.** So are you, sweet,
- Even in the lovely disguise of a boy.
- But come at once;
- For the close night doth play the runaway,
- And we are waited for at Bassanio's feast.
- **Jessica.** I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
- With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit above]

- **Gratiano.** Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.
- **Lorenzo.** Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
- For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
- And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
- And true she is, as she hath proved herself,
- And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
- Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

- *[Enter JESSICA, below]*
- What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
- Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exeunt with Jessica]

SHYLOCK: 'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

Act II, Scene 8 (seven
and eight are cut)

Venice. A street.

Act II, Scene 9

**Belmont. A room in
PORTIA'S house.**

[Enter NERISSA with a Servitor]

- **Nerissa.** Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
- The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
- And comes to his lover's test presently.
- *[Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON,]*
- PORTIA, and their trains]
- **Portia.** Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
- If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
- Straight shall our wedding be solemnized:
- But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
- You must be gone from here immediately.
- **Prince of Arragon.** I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
- First, never to unfold to any one
- Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
- Of the right casket, never in my life

- To woo a maid in way of marriage: Lastly,
- If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
- Immediately to leave you and be gone.
- **Portia.** To these injunctions every one doth swear
- That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
- **Prince of Arragon.** And so have I address'd me.
Fortune now
- To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
- 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
- You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
- What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
- 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
- What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
- By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
- I will not choose what many men desire,
- Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
- Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
- 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
- And well said too; for who shall win good fortune
- Without the stamp of merit?
- 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

- I will assume that I deserve fair Portia. Give me a key for this,
- And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket]

- **Portia.** Too long a pause for that which you find there.
- **Prince of Arragon.** What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
- How much unlike art thou to Portia!
- Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
- Is that my prize? Do I deserve no better?
- **Portia.** To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
- And of opposed natures.
- **Prince of Arragon.** What is here?
- *[Reads]*
- Oh foolish man you chose amiss.
- Some there be that shadows kiss;
- Such have but a shadow's bliss:
- Take what wife you will to bed,
- I will ever be your head:
- So be gone: you are sped.
-
- Still more fool I shall appear
- By the time I linger here

- With one fool's head I came to woo,
- But I go away with two.
- Sweet, adieu.
- [Exeunt Arragon and train]
- **Portia.** Thus hath the candle burnt the moth.
- O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
- They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
- **Nerissa.** The ancient saying is no heresy,
- Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
- But see my lady!
- **Portia.** What should I see?
- **Servant.** Madam, there is arrived at your gate
- A young Venetian, one that comes before
- To signify the approaching of his lord;
- Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
- So likely an ambassador of love:
- A day in April never came so sweet,
- To show how costly summer was at hand,
- As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
- **Portia.** No more, I pray thee:
- Sweet Nerissa; for I long to see
- Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
 - **Nerissa.** Bassanio.

- **Portia.** Bassanio
- **Nerissa.** Lord Love.
- **Portia:** Lord Love.
- **Nerissa and Portia:** If thy will it be!

[Exeunt]

ACT THREE
scene1

Scene – Venice the Rialto banking counters.

Dumb show of news coming in of the ships, ships being checked off and owners being paid.

[Enter Gratiano]

- **Gratiano:** Now, what news on the Rialto?
- **Banker:** Why, yet it is said there uncheck'd that Antonio hath
- a ship of rich cargo wrecked on the narrow seas;
- the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very
- dangerous flat and fatal, where the bones of many
- a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip
- Report be an honest woman of her word.
- O, good Antonio, honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough

- to keep his name company!—
- **Gratiano.** Come, the full stop.
- *Servant enters from docks, whispers to banker.*
- **Banker.** Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath
- lost a ship. Would it might prove the end of his losses.
- **Gratiano.** Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my
- prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.
- *[Enter SHYLOCK]*
- How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?
- **Shylock.** You know, none so well, none so well as you, of my
- daughter's flight.
- **Gratiano:** That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor
- that made the wings she flew withal. And Shylock,
- for your own part, knew the bird was
- full grown; and then it is the nature of them all
- to leave the nest.
- **Shylock.** She is damned for it.
- **Gratiano** That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

- **Shylock.** My own flesh and blood to rebel!
- **Banker:** Out upon it, old crow!
- **Shylock.** I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.
- **Gratiano:** There is more difference between thy flesh and hers
- than between coal and ivory; more between your bloods
- than there is between red wine and white. But
- tell us, do you hear of Antonio's loss at sea?
- **Shylock.** There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a
- prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the
- Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon
- To market; let him look to his bond: he was wont to
- call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was
- wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy – without interest!;
- let him look to his bond.
- **Banker:** Why, I am sure, if he cannot repay this debt,
- thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?
- **Shylock.** To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else,
- it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and

- hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses,
- mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, blocked my
- bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine
- enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath
- not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs,
- dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with
- the same food, hurt with the same weapons,
- subject
- to the same diseases, healed by the same means,
- warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as
- a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed?
- if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison
- us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not
- revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will
- resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian,
- what is his taking? Revenge. If a Christian
- wrong a Jew, what should he give by
- Christian example? Why, revenge. The wrong you
- teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard.
- **Gratiano.** This cannot be matched,
- Unless the devil himself turn Jew.

- [He exits.]

[Enter TUBAL]

Banker: Here comes another of the tribe:

Gratiano: A third cannot be matched,
unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Gratiano and Banker]

- **Shylock.** How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou
- found my daughter?
- **Tubal.** I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.
- **Shylock.** Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone,
cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse
- never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it
- till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other
- precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter
- were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear!
- would she were dead at my foot, and the ducats in
- her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know
- not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon
- loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to
- find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge:

- nor no in luck stirring but what lights on my
- shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears
- but of my shedding.
- **Tubal.** Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio,
as I
- heard in Genoa,—
- **Shylock.** What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?
- **Tubal.** Hath a cargo shipwrecked cast, coming
from Tripolis.
- **Shylock.** I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't
true?
- **Tubal.** I spoke with some of the sailors that
escaped the wreck.
- **Shylock.** I thank thee, good Tubal: good news,
good news!
- ha, ha! where? in Genoa?
- **Tubal.** Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard,
in one
- night eighty ducats.
- **Shylock.** Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall
never see my
- gold again: eighty ducats at a sitting! Eighty
golden ducats!
- **Tubal.** There come several of Antonio's creditors
- to Venice, they swear Antonio cannot choose but
break.

- **Shylock.** I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture
- him: I am glad of it.
- **Tubal.** One of them showed me a ring that he had of your
- daughter for a monkey.
- **Shylock.** Out upon her! Thou torture me, Tubal: it was my
- pearl ; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor:
- I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.
- **Tubal.** But Antonio is certainly ruined.
- **Shylock.** Nay, that's true, that's very true.
- . I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit his bond; for, were
- he out of Venice, I can make what business I
- will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue;
- go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[Exeunt]

(A dumbshow and split stage illustrates Jessica's dice game

and laughing loss of ducats and ring swap for a monkey)

Act III, Scene 2

**Belmont. A room in
PORTIA'S house.**

[Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA,
and Attendants]

- **Portia.** I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
- Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
- I lose your company: therefore do wait awhile.
- There's something tells me, but it is not love,
- I would not lose you;
- I would detain you here some month or two
- Before you gamble for me. I could teach you
- How to choose right, but then I break my word;
- So will I never do: so may you miss me;
- But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
- That I had my father trick'd. Oh your eyes,
- They have looked at me and divided me;
- One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
- And so all yours. O, these naughty times
- Put bars between the owners and their rights!
- And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
- Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
- I speak too long; but 'tis to lengthen time,

- To stay you from this cruel selection.
- **Bassanio.** Let me choose
- For as I am, I live in torture.
- **Portia.** Torture, Bassanio, torture? then confess
- What treason there is mingled with your love.
- **Bassanio.** None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
- Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
- **Portia.** Ay, but I fear you speak under torture
- Where men enforced do speak anything.
- **Bassanio.** Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
- **Portia.** Well then, confess and live.
- **Bassanio.** 'Confess' and 'love'
- Had been the very sum of my confession:
- O happy torment, when my torturer
- Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
- But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
- **Portia.** Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
- If you do love me, you will find me out.
- Nerissa dearest friend pray stand aloof.
- Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
-
- *[Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself]*

-
- **Bassanio.** So may the outward show be least in truth
- The world is still deceived with ornament.
- In law, a plea so tainted and corrupt,
- Can, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
- Obscure the proof of evil. In religion,
- What damned error, but some sober brow
- Will bless it and approve it with a text,
- Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
- How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
- As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their face
- The look of Hercules and mighty Mars;
- Look on beauty,
- That ornament is but the guiled shore
- To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
- Veiling an savage beauty; in a word,
- The seeming truth which cunning times put on
- To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
- I will none of thee; And silver why I'll
- Nor none of thee, thou common coin that steals
- 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou humble lead,
- Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
- And here choose I; joy be the consequence!

- **Portia.** *[Aside]* O love,
- Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy,
- In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.
- I feel too much thy blessing: make it less!
-
- **Bassanio.** What find I here?
- *[Opening the leaden casket]*
- Fair Portia's portrait! Oh what demi-god
- Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
- Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
- Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
- Parted with sugar breath
- Here in her hair
- The painter plays the spider and hath woven
- A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
- Faster than flies in cobwebs; but her eyes,—
- How could he see to paint them?
- Yet look, how far
- The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
- In underprizing it, so far this shadow
- Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
- The continent and summary of my fortune.
- *[Reads]*

- You that choose not by the view,
- Chance as fair and choose as true!
- If you be well pleased with this
- To hold your fortune for your bliss,
- Turn you where your lady is
- And claim her with a loving kiss.
-
- **Portia.**
- Myself and what is mine to you and yours
- Is now converted: but now I was the lord
- Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
- Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,
- This house, these servants and this same myself
- Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
- Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
- Let it presage the ruin of your love.
- .
- **Bassanio.** Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
- Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
- .Telling when this ring
- Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
- O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!
- **Nerissa.** My lord and lady, it is now my time,

- That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
- To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!
- (See parallel rather cheeky wooing of G & N during this scene).
- **Gratiano.** My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
- I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
- And when your honours mean to solemnize
- The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
- Even at that time I may be married too.
- **Bassanio.** With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife
- **Gratiano.** I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
- My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
- You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
- You loved, I loved.
- I got a promise of this fair one here
- To have her love, provided that your fortune
- Achieved her mistress.
- **Portia.** Is this true, Nerissa?
- **Nerissa.** Madam, it is so.
- **Bassanio.** And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
- **Gratiano.** Yes, faith, my lord.
- **Bassanio.** Our feast shall be much honour'd in

your marriage.

- **Gratiano.** We'll bet with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
- **Nerissa.** What, and stake down?
- **Gratiano.** No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

(They freeze in poses of parallel love –
ANTONIO appears above or in spotlight).

ANTONIO:

- Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all
- miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is
- very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since
- in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all
- debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but
- see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your
- pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come,
- let not my letter. (makes to tear it up then gives it to messenger)
- **Bassanio:**
 - But who comes here? A messenger?
 - *[Enter, a Messenger]*
 - from Venice]
 -

- Messenger: . Signior Antonio
- Commends him to you.

[Gives Bassanio a letter]

- **Bassanio.** Ere I ope his letter,
- I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
- **Messenger** Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
- Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
- Will show you his state.
- **Gratiano.** I know he will be glad of our success;
- We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
- **Messenger** . I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
- **Portia.** There are some cruel contents in yon same paper,
- That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
- Some dear friend dead;
- What, worse and worse!
-
- **Bassanio.** O sweet Portia,
- Here are a few of the cruelest words
- That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
- When I did first impart my love to you,
- I freely told you, all the wealth I had
- Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;

- And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
- Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
- How much I was a braggart. When I told you
- My state was nothing, I should then have told you
- That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
- I have endebedted myself to my friend,
- Then bound my friend to his great enemy.
- Here is a letter, lady;
- The paper as the body of my friend,
- And every word in it a gaping wound,
- Issuing life-blood. But is it true, oh fate
- Have all his ventures fail'd? Not one hit home?
- From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
- From Lisbon, Araby and India?
- And not one boat escaped the dreadful touch
- Of merchant-marring rocks?
- **Messenger** Not one, my lord.
-
- **Gratiano.** (Seizing letter)
- Besides, it should appear, that if he had
- The present money to repay the Jew,
- He would not take it. Never did I know
- A creature, that did bear the shape of man,

- So keen and greedy to destroy a man:
- When I was with him I have heard him swear
- That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
- Than twenty times the value of the sum
- That he did owe him.
- **Portia.** Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
- **Bassanio.** The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
- Than any that draws breath in Italy.
- **Portia.** What sum owes he the Jew?
- **Bassanio.** For me three thousand ducats.
- **Portia.** What, no more?
- Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
- Double six thousand, and then treble that,
- Before a friend of this description
- Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
- First go with me to church and call me wife,
- And then away to Venice to your friend;
- For never shall you lie by Portia's side
- With an unquiet soul.
- My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
- Will live as widows or as virgins. Come!
- For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
- **Bassanio.** Since I have your good leave to go

away,

- I will make haste: but, till I come again,
- No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
- No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[Exeunt]

Act III, Scene 3

Venice. A street.

[Enter SHYLOCK, Gratiano, ANTONIO, and Gaoler]

- **Shylock.** Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
- This is the fool that lent out money free of interest
- Gaoler, look to him.
- **Antonio.** Hear me yet, good Shylock.
- **Shylock.** I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
- I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
- Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
- But, since I am a dog, beware my bite:
- The duke shall grant me justice.
- **Antonio.** I pray thee, hear me speak.
- **Shylock.** I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
- I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

- I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
- To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
- To Christian whines and pleas. Follow me not;
- I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [Exit]
- **Gratiano** It is the most impenetrable dog
- That ever kept with men.
- **Antonio.** Let him alone:
- I'll follow him no more with useless prayers.
- He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
- I oft deliver'd from his debt
- Many that have begged aid from me;
- Therefore he hates me.
- **Gratiano:** I am sure the duke
- Will never grant this penalty to hold.
- **Antonio.** The duke cannot deny the course of law:
- For the business that strangers have
- With us in Venice, if it be denied,
- Will so deny the justice of his state;
- Since that the trade and profit of the city
- Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
- These griefs and losses have so weakened me,
- That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
- To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

- Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
- To see me pay his debt, more then I care not!

[Exeunt]

Act III, Scene 4

Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

- **Nerissa.** Ho Servant, ho Balthasar
- Hear these things.
- I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
- To live in prayer and meditation ,
- Until her husband and my lord's return:
- There is a monastery two miles off;
- And there will we abide.
- **Servant:** Madam, with all my heart;
 - I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
- **Portia.**
- Now, Servant
- Take this same letter,
- And use thou all the endeavour of a man
- In speed to Padua: see thou render this
- Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
- And, look, what notes and garments he doth give

thee,

- Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
- Unto the common ferry
- Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
- But get thee gone:
- **Balthasar.** Madam, I go with all obedient speed.*[Exit]*
- **Portia:** We shall be there before him.

Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand

- That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
- Before they think of us.
- **Nerissa.** Shall they see us?
- **Portia.** They shall, Nerissa; but in such a disguise,
- That they shall think we are endowed
- With that we lack.
- **Nerissa.** Why, shall we turn to men?
- **Portia.** Fie, what a question's that,
- If thou wert near a rude interpreter!
- But come, and therefore haste away,
- For we must travel twenty miles to-day.

[Exeunt]

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INTERVAL

Act IV, Scene 1

**Venice. A court of
justice.**

[Enter the DUKE, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, others]

- **Duke.** What, is Antonio here?
- **Antonio.** Ready, so please your grace.
- **Duke.** I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
- A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
- incapable of pity, void and empty
- From any drop of mercy.
- **Antonio.** I have heard
- Your grace hath taken great pains to change
- His rigorous course; but since he stands unmoved
- And that no lawful means can carry me
- Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
- My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
- To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
- The very tyranny and rage of his.
- **Duke.** Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
- **Salerio.** He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

[Enter SHYLOCK]

- **Duke.** Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
- That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
- To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
- Thou'lt show thy mercy and pity more strange
- Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
- And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
- Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
- Thou wilt not only waive this penalty
- But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
- Forgive a little of the poor man's debt;
- We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
- **Shylock.** I have informed your grace of what I purpose;
- And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
- To have the pound of flesh which is my bond:
- If you deny it, let the danger light
- Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
- You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
- A weight of useless flesh than to receive
- Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
- But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
- What if my house be troubled with a rat
- And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
- To have it killed? What, are you answer'd yet?

- Some men there are love not a roasted pig;
- Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
- And others, when the bagpipe sings it's note,
- Cannot contain their urine:
- So for your answer:
- As there is no firm reason to be given,
- Why he cannot abide a roasted pig;
- Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
- Why he, a little bagpipe.
- So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
- More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
- I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
- A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
- **Bassanio.** This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
- To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
- **Shylock.** I am not bound to please thee with my answers.
- **Bassanio.** Do all men kill the things they do not love?
- **Shylock.** Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
- **Bassanio.** Every offence is not a hate at first.
- **Shylock.** What, Sir, wouldst thou have a snake sting thee twice?
- **Antonio.** I pray you, think you question with the

Jew:

- You may as well go stand upon the beach
- And bid the ocean drop its usual height;
- You may as well use question with the wolf
- Why he hath made the sheep bleat for the lamb;
- You may as well do anything most hard,
- As seek to soften
- His hard Jewish heart: therefore, I do beg you,
- Make no more offers,
- Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.
-
- **Bassanio.** For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
- **Shylock.**
- Were thy coin in six parts and every part a ducat,
- I would not take them; I will have my bond.
- **Duke.** How shalt thou hope for mercy, offering none?
- **Shylock.** What judgment shall I fear, doing no wrong?
- You have among you many a purchased slave,
- Which, like your horses and your dogs and mules,
- You use in cruel and in slavish ways,
- Because you bought them: shall I say to you,

- Let them be free, marry them to your child?
- Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
- Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
- Be season'd with your food? You will answer : No
- 'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
- The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
- Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
- If you deny me, fie upon your law!
- There will be no force in the laws of Venice.
- I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
- **Duke.** Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
- Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
- Whom I have sent for to determine this,
- Come here to-day.
- **Bassanio:** My lord, here waits without
- A messenger with letters from the doctor,
- New come from Padua.
- **Duke.** Bring us the letter; call the messenger.
- **Bassanio.** Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
- The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
- Before thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
- **Antonio.** I am a ready for death: the weakest kind of fruit

- Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me
- You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
- Than to live and write mine epitaph upon my grave

[Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk]

- **Duke.** Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
- **Nerissa.** From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

[Presenting a letter]

- **Bassanio.** Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
- **Shylock.** To cut the my bond from that bankrupt there.
- **Bassanio** Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
- Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
- No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
- Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
- **Shylock.** No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
- **Bassanio** O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog!
- for thy desires
- Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.
- **Shylock.** Till thou canst shout the seal from off my bond,

- Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
- Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
- To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
- **Duke.** This letter from Bellario doth commend
- A young and learned doctor to our court.
- Where is he?
- **Nerissa.** He attendeth here hard by,
- To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
- **Duke.** With all my heart.
- Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
- Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
- **Nerissa.** [*Reads letter*]
- Your grace
- shall understand that at the receipt of
- your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that
- your messenger came, in loving visitation was with
- me a young doctor of Rome; his name is
- Balthasar. I
- acquainted him with the cause in controversy
- between
- the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er
- many books together: he is furnished with my
- opinion; to fill up my place. I beseech you,
- let his lack of years be no cause for doubt;

- for I never knew so young a body with so
- old a head. I leave him to your gracious
- acceptance.
- **Duke.** You hear the learn'd lawyer , what he writes:
- And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
- *[Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws]*
- Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?
- **Portia.** I did, my lord.
- **Duke.** You are welcome: take your place.
- Are you acquainted with the argument
- That holds this present question in the court?
- **Portia.** I am informed thoroughly of the case.
- Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
- **Duke.** Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
- **Portia.** Is your name Shylock? *(To Antonio at first?)*
- **Shylock.** Shylock is my name.
- **Portia.** Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
- Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
- Cannot find fault, so Shylock may proceed.
- You stand within his danger, do you not?
- **Antonio.** Ay, so he says.
- **Portia.** Do you confess the bloody bond?

- **Antonio.** I do.
- **Portia.** Then must the Jew be merciful.
- **Shylock.** On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
- **Portia.** The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
- It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
- Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
- It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
- 'Tis greatest in the greatest: it becomes
- The throned monarch better than his crown;
- Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
- But mercy is above this crowned sway;
- It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
- It is an attribute to God himself;
- And earthly power doth then show likest God's
- When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
- Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
- That, in the course of justice, none of us
- Would see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
- And that same prayer doth teach us all to offer
- The act of mercy. I have spoke thus much
- To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
- Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
- Must give sentence against the merchant there.

- **Shylock.** My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
- The penalty and the flesh of my bond.
- **Portia.** Is he not able to repay the money?
- **Bassanio.** Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
- Yea, twice the sum: if that were not enough,
- I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
- On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
- If this will not suffice, I beseech you,
- Stretch once the law to your authority:
- To do a great right, do a little wrong,
- And curb this cruel devil of his will.
- **Portia.** It must not be; there is no power in Venice
- Can alter a law established:
- 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
- And many an error by the this example
- Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
- **Shylock.** A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
- O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
- **Portia.** I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
- **Shylock.** Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
- **Portia.** Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd

thee.

- **Shylock.** An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
- Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
- No, not for Venice.
- **Portia.** Why, this bond is broken;
- And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
- A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
- Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
- Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
- **Shylock.** When it is paid according to the letter.
- It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
- You know the law, your exposition
- Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
- Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
- There is no power in the tongue of man
- To alter me: I stay here for my bond.
- **Antonio.** Most heartily I do beseech the court
- To give the judgment.
- **Portia.** Why then, thus it is:
- You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
- **Shylock.** O noble judge! O excellent young man!
- **Portia.** For the intent and purpose of the law
- Doth justify the penalty,

- Which here it seems is due upon the bond.
- **Shylock.** 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
- How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
- **Portia.** Therefore lay bare your bosom.
- **Shylock.** Ay, his breast:
- So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
- 'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.
- **Portia.** It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
- The flesh?
- **Shylock.** I have them ready.
- **Portia.** Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
- To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
- **Shylock.** Is it so nominated in the bond?
- **Portia.** It is not so express'd: but what of that?
- 'Twere good you do so much for charity.
- **Shylock.** I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
- **Portia.** You, merchant, have you any thing to say?
- **Antonio.** But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
- Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
- Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
- For by this Fortune shows herself more kind
- Than is her custom: it is still her use
- To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

- To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
- Old age in poverty; from which lingering
- misery doth she doth spare me by this cut.
- Commend me to your honourable wife:
- Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
- Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
- And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
- Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
- Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
- And he repents not that he pays your debt;
- For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
- I'll pay it presently with all my heart.
- **Bassanio.** Antonio, I am married to a wife
- Which is as dear to me as life itself;
- But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
- Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
- I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
- Here to this devil, to deliver you.
- **Portia.** Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
- If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
- 'Tis well you offer it behind her back.
- **Shylock.** There be a Christian husband!. I have a daughter;

- Would any of my Jewish blood
- Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
- *[Aside]*
- We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
- **Portia.** A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
- The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
- **Shylock.** Most rightful judge!
- **Portia.** And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
- The law allows it, and the court awards it.
- **Shylock.** Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
- **Portia.** Tarry a little; there is something else.
- This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
- The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
- Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
- But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
- One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
- Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
- Unto the state of Venice.
- **Bassanio.** O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
- **Shylock.** Is that the law?

- **Portia.** Thyself shalt see the act:
- For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
- Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
- **Bassanio** O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
- **Shylock.** I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
- And let the Christian go.
- **Bassanio.** Here is the money.
- **Portia.** Soft!
- The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
- He shall have nothing but the penalty.
- **Bassanio.** O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
- **Portia.** Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
- Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
- But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
- Or less than a pound, if the scale do turn
- But in the balance of a hair,
- You die and all your goods are confiscate.
- **Gratiano.** A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
- Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
- **Portia.** Why doth the Jew pause? take thy penalty.
- **Shylock.** Give me my ducats, and let me go.
- **Bassanio.** I have it ready for thee; here it is.

- **Portia.** He hath refused it in the open court:
- He shall have merely justice and his bond.
- **Bassanio** A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
- I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
- **Shylock.** Shall I not have barely my principal?
- **Portia.** Thou shalt have nothing but the penalty,
- To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
- **Shylock.** Why, then the devil give him good of it!
- I'll stay no longer.
- **Portia.** Tarry , Jew:
- The law hath yet another hold on you.
- It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
- If it be proved against an alien
- That
- He seek the life of any citizen,
- The party 'gainst the which he doth conspire
- Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
- Comes to the Venetian state;
- And the offender's life lies in the mercy
- Of the duke.
- In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
- For it appears,
- Thou hast contrived against the very life

- Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
- The punishment formerly by me spoken
- Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.
- **Bassanio** Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
- And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
- Thou hast not left the value of a rope;
- Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's expense
- **Duke.** That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
- I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
- For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
- The other half comes to the Venetian state.
- **Portia.** Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.
- **Shylock.** Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
- You take my house when you do take the prop
- That doth sustain my house; you take my life
- When you do take the means whereby I live.
- **Portia.** What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
- **Bassanio** A hanging rope; nothing else, for God's sake.
- **Antonio.** So please my lord the duke and all the court

- To leave the fine at one half of his goods,
- I am content; so he will let me have
- The other half to go
- Upon his death, unto the gentleman
- That lately stole his daughter:
- One more thing I'll have, that, for this favour,
- He must straight be baptised a Christian;
- **Duke.** He shall do this, or else I do take back
- The pardon that I late pronounced here.
- **Portia.** Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
- **Shylock.** I am content.
- **Portia.** Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
- **Shylock.** I pray you, give me leave to go from here;
- I am not well: send the deed after me,
- And I will sign it.
- **Duke.** Get thee gone, but do it.
- **Bassanio** In christening shalt thou have two god-fathers:
- Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
- To drag thee to the gallows, not the church.

[Exit SHYLOCK]

- **Duke.** Sir, I invite you home with me to dinner.

- **Portia.** I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
- I must away this night toward Padua.
- **Duke.** I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
- Antonio, reward this gentleman,
- For, to my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt Duke and his train]

- **Bassanio.** Most worthy lawyer, I and my friend
- Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
- Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
- Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
- We freely give you for your courteous pains
- **Antonio.** And stand indebted, over and above,
- In love and service to you evermore.
- **Portia.** He is well paid that is well satisfied;
- And I, delivering you, am satisfied
- And therein do account myself well paid:
- My mind was never yet so mercenary.
- I pray you, know me when we meet again:
- I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
- **Bassanio.** Dear sir, of force I must attempt you persuade:
- Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
- Not as a fee: I pray you, pardon me.
- **Portia.** You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

- *[To BASSANIO]*
- Well, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
- Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
- And you in love shall not deny me this.
- **Bassanio.** This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
- I will not shame myself to give you this.
- **Portia.** I will have nothing else but only this;
- And now methinks I have a mind to it.
- **Bassanio.** There's more depends on this than on the value.
- The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
- And find it out by proclamation:
- Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
- **Portia.** I see, sir, you are liberal in offers
- You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
- You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
- **Bassanio.** Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
- And when she put it on, she made me vow
- That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.
- **Portia.** That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
- An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
- And know how well I have deserved the ring,

- She would not hold out enemy for ever,
- For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exeunt Portia and Nerissa]

- **Antonio.** My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
- Let his deservings and my love withal
- Be valued against your wife's commandment.
- **Bassanio.** Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
- Give him the ring away! make haste.
- *[Exit Gratiano]*
- Come, you and I will home
- And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.

[Exeunt]

Act IV, Scene 2

The same. A street.

[Enter PORTIA and NERISSA]

- **Portia.** Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
- And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
- And be a day before our husbands home:

[Enter GRATIANO]

- **Gratiano.** Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en

- My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
- Hath sent you here this ring.
- **Portia.**
- His ring I do accept most thankfully:
- And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
- I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
- **Gratiano.** That will I do.
- **Nerissa.** Sir, I would speak with you.
- *[Aside to PORTIA]*
- I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
- Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
- **Portia.** *[Aside to NERISSA]* Thou mayst, I am sure.
- We shall have old swearing
- That they did give the rings away to men;
- But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
- *[Aloud]*
- Away! make haste: thou knowest where I will tarry.
- **Nerissa.** Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[Exeunt]

Act V, Scene 1

Belmont. Avenue to

PORTIA'S house.

[Enter LORENZO – masked and with lute and JESSICA]

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees

Lorenzo. In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice

As far as Belmont.

Jessica. In such a night

Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith

And ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo. In such a night

Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,

Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica: How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Lorenzo: Here will we sit and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears:

[Music plays:] Soft stillness and the night

*Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.*

Lorenzo: Come, ho! and wake nodding sleep with a hymn!

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

[Music]

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

[Jessica watches Shylock on plinth.]

Lorenzo. The reason is, your soul is silenced:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with the harmony of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Hell itself:
Let no such man be trusted. Make me music.

(Jessica is weeping but her back is turned to Lorenzo – she

takes his mask to hide her tears and pretends to be happy).

Jessica. I would out-sing them all, did no body come;

(Perhaps she sings a Jewish lament)

• But, hark, I hear the footing of a man. (She flees – Lorenzo

turns to the man)

[Enter Servant]

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Servant . A friend.

Lorenzo. A friend! what friend?

Servant . I that am Lady Portia's man; and I bring word

My mistress will before the break of day

Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about

By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays

For happy wedding days.

Is master Bassanio yet return'd?

Lorenzo. He is not.

But go we in, I pray thee, let us prepare

Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

[Portia's laughter offstage.]

Lorenzo. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

[Enter Portia.]

Dear lady, welcome home.

Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are they return'd?

Lorenzo. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

Portia. Go in, Nerissa;

Give order to my servants that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence;

Nor you, Lorenzo; nor Jessica that was a Jew.

(Lorenzo exits with Nerisaaa)

[A trumpet sounds]

PORTIA: My husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.

[Fanfare. Enter Bassanio and Antonio.]

Portia. You are welcome home, my lord.

Bassanio. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Portia. You should in all sense be much bound to him.

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Antonio. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Portia. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

Gratiano. [*To NERISSA*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Portia. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me, engraved

For all the world with the meanest poem:

'Love me, and leave me not.'

Nerissa. What talk you of mean poesy or small value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your hour of death

And that it should lie with you in your grave:

Yet gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gratiano. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Nerissa. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gratiano. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk,

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Portia. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift:
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for all the wealth
That the wide world owns. Now, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bassanio. *[Aside]* Why, I were best to cut my left hand
off

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too

Portia. What ring gave you my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Nerissa. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bassanio. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nothing would be accepted but the ring,
You would lessen the strength of your anger

Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Even he that did preserve the very life
Of Antonio . What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much insult me. Pardon me, good lady;
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy lawyer.

Portia. Let not that lawyer e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like a hawk
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is still mine own,
I'll have that lawyer for my bedfellow.

Nerissa. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me away from thy protection.

Gratiano. Well, do you so.

Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome.

Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Portia. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself!

Bassanio. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break promise unto thee.

Portia. Then you shall be his bond. Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Antonio. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bassanio. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Portia. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay in bed with me.

Nerissa. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie in bed with me.

Gratiano.

What, are we cheated ere we have deserved it?

Portia. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your cargoes
Are richly come to harbour suddenly and safely

.Antonio. I am amazed and dumb.

Bassanio. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gratiano. Were you the clerk that was to bed my wife?

Nerissa. Ay, but this clerk had never means to do it!

Bassanio. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow:

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Antonio. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;

For here I read for certain that my ships

Are safely come to road.

Portia. It is almost morning,

Let us go in;

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gratiano. Let it be so: the first answer

That my Nerissa shall give is this

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or go to bed now, even though 'tis day:

(Picks up Nerissa and exits).

Bassanio: Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing

So sore as keeping safe sweet Portia's ring. [Exeunt]

(All sing Dowland: "Come again" which morphs into a Jewish lament—

Antonio and Shylock are lit stage right and left as the lovers dance and

sing backlit -a ghostly dance. Antonio excluded steps to edge of

stage and falls to knees dropping a ring f from his finger into the water.

Shylock appears, with a rope around his neck at the end of which is

a stone. He staggers to the edge the stage and speaks before ending

his own life):

Shylock. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:

You take my house when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life

When you do take the means whereby I live.

(The lightly mocking):

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

A hanging rope; nothing else, for God's sake. (Dies).

End

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