

AUDITION SIDE 1

PORTIA, NERISSA

- PORTIA: By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary 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 surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean.
- PORTIA: Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.
- NERISSA: They would be better, if well follow'd.
- 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. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose who I would nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?
- NERISSA: Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lott'ry 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 you 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 colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.
- NERISSA: How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?
- PORTIA: God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but he – he is every man in no man. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.
- 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? How oddly he is suited!
- NERISSA: How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

PORTIA: Very vilely in the morning when he is sober; and most vilely 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. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NERISSA: If he should offer to choose, and 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 Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NERISSA: You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

PORTIA: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them 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, so he was call'd.

NERISSA: True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA: I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

[TEXT ALERT to NERISSA]

How now! what news?

NERISSA: The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here to-night.

PORTIA: If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach.
Come, Nerissa, go before.
Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer,
Another knocks at the door.

Exeunt

AUDITION SIDE 2

PORTIA, BASSANIO

PORTIA: I pray you tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore forebear awhile.
There's something tells me – but it is not love –
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality.

BASSANIO: Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

PORTIA: Upon the rack, Bassanio? Then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASSANIO: None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love;
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love.

PORTIA: Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
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.

BASSANIO: So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show 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?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence.
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

BASSANIO: *[opening the leaden casket]* What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit!

Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.
'You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.'
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.

Kiss, and cameras stop rolling. Back behind the scenes.

PORTIA: Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted.
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours – my lord's. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASSANIO: When this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

AUDITION SIDE 3 PORTIA, SHYLOCK, ANTONIO, DUKE OF VENICE

PORTIA: A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.
The court awards it and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK: Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare.

PORTIA: Tarry a little; there is something else.
The bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh'.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of European blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

SHYLOCK: Is that the law?

PORTIA: Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

SHYLOCK: I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Venitian go.

BASSANIO: Here is the money.

PORTIA: Soft! The Brit shall have all justice. Soft! No haste.
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
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 tak'st more
Or less than just a pound – be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair –
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Why doth the Brit pause? Take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK: Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASSANIO: I have it ready for thee; here it is.

PORTIA: He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

SHYLOCK: Shall I not have merely my principal?

PORTIA: Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be so taken at thy peril, Brit.

SHYLOCK: Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

PORTIA: Tarry, Brit.
 The law hath yet another hold on you.
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
 If it be prov'd against an alien
 That by direct or indirect attempts
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
 For it appears by manifest proceeding
 That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contrived against the very life
 Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

DUKE: That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

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?

ANTONIO: So please my lord the Duke and all the court
 To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it
 Upon his death unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter –
 Two things provided more: that, for this favour,
 He presently become European;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE: He shall do this, or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

PORTIA: Art thou contented, Brit? What dost thou say?

SHYLOCK: I am content.

As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a log'd 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, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTONIO: I pray you, think you question with the Brit.
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well do any thing most hard
And speak to soften that – then which that's harder? –
His English heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement, and the Brit his will.

BASSANIO: For your three thousand Euro here is six.

SHYLOCK: If every Euro in six thousand Euro
Were in six parts, and every part a Euro,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE: How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHYLOCK: What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
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 is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement; 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.

AUDITION SIDE 5

JESSICA

JESSICA: I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so.
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Did rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a Euro for thee;
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.
Give him this letter; do it secretly.
And so farewell. I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUNCELOT: Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Adieu! these foolish drops do something drown my
manly spirit; adieu!

JESSICA: Farewell, good Launcelot.
Exit LAUNCELOT

Alack, what heinous sin it is in me
To be asham'd 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 Italian and thy loving wife.

AUDITION SIDE 6

LAUNCELOT GOBBO

LAUNCELOT: Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this cur my master. The fiend
is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me 'Gobbo, good Launcelot Gobbo',
use your legs, take the start, run away'. My conscience says 'No; take heed,
honest Launcelot, take heed, honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn
running with thy heels'. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. 'Via!'
says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend. 'For the heavens, rouse up a brave mind'
says the fiend 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my
heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest
man's son' or rather 'an honest woman's son'; for indeed my father did
something smack, he had a kind of taste – well, my conscience says 'Launcelot,
budge not'. 'Budge' says the fiend. 'Budge not' says my conscience.
'Conscience,' say I 'you counsel well.' 'Fiend,' say I 'you counsel well.' To be rul'd
by my conscience, I should stay with my master, who is a kind of devil; and, to
run away from him, I should be ruled by the fiend, who is the devil himself.
Certainly the Brit is the very devil incarnation. The fiend gives the more friendly
counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.
Well, well; as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run
some ground.... to one master Bassanio; if I serve not him, I will run as far as
God has any ground. O rare fortune! Here comes the man.

AUDITION SIDE 7 JESSICA, LORENZO, STEPHANO, LAUNCELOT

LORENZO: The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Brit,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA: In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd 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: I would out-night you, did no body come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO

LORENZO: Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

STEPHANO: Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont.

LORENZO: Who comes with her?

STEPHANO: None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

LORENZO: He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT

LAUNCELOT: Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

LORENZO: Who calls?

LAUNCELOT: Sola! Did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo! Sola, sola!

LORENZO: Leave holloaing, man. Here!

LAUNCELOT: Sola! Where, where?

LORENZO: Here!

LAUNCELOT: Tell him there's a post come from my master with his horn full of good
news; my master will be here ere morning.

Exit

LORENZO: Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter – why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand.

Exit Stephano

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears.

AUDITION SIDE 8

MOROCCO

MOROCCO: Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey th' inscriptions ...
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath'.
Must give – for what? For lead? Hazard for lead!
This casket threatens; men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages.
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor 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 then, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve? Why, that's the lady!
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see one more, this saying grav'd in gold:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire'.
Why, that's the lady! All the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold.

Deliver me the key;

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

He opens the golden casket.

O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.
 'All that glisters 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 infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgement old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd.
 Fare you well, your suit is cold.'

Cold indeed, and labour lost,
Then farewell, heat, and welcome, frost.
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.

Exit with his train and a flourish of coronets.

AUDITION SIDE 9

ARRAGON

ARRAGON:

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,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
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 go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice.
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

He opens the silver casket

What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?
[reads] 'The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgement is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive iwis
Silver'd o'er, and so was this.
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, I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

Exit with his train

AUDITION SIDE 10

ANTONIO, BASSANIO

- ANTONIO: Well; tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd 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 continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
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 assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
- 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.
Her name is Portia – nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That 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 present sum; therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont to fair Portia.
Go presently to inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.

AUDITION SIDE 11

SHYLOCK, ANTONIO, (BASSANIO)

ANTONIO: Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHYLOCK: Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances;
Still I have borne it with a patient shrug,
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my British gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help;
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys'. You say so –
You that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand Euro?' Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this:
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

ANTONIO: I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends – for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend? –
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he 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 doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

BASSANIO: This were kindness.

SHYLOCK: This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond, and, I in merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, each sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO: Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Cur.

BASSANIO: You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

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 the value of this bond.

SHYLOCK: *[Aside]* O what these Europeans are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, 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 seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK: Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the Euros straight,
See to my house, left in fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I'll be with you.

Exit SHYLOCK

BASSANIO: I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO: Come on; in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.

Exeunt

AUDITION SIDE 12

SALERIO, (SOLANIO)

SALERIO: Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Message alert

[SOLANIO] The villain Brit with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALERIO: He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Message alert

[SOLANIO] I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Brit did utter in the streets.

[SHYLOCK] 'My daughter! O my Money! O my daughter!
Fled with an Italian! O my Italian Euros!
Justice! the law! My money and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of Euro,
Of double Euro, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels – two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! Find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her and the money.'

SALERIO: Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

[Message alert]

[SOLANIO] Marry, well remember'd;
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wished in silence that it were not his.

SALERIO: You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

[Message alert]

[SOLANIO] A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

SALERIO: I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

AUDITION SIDE 13

SALERIO, SHYLOCK

SALERIO: *Receives a text.* Now, what news on the rialto?

[READS]: Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas -

It is true, he hath lost a ship.
I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Enter SHYLOCK

How now, Shylock? What news among the merchants?

SHYLOCK: You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALERIO: That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was flidge; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHYLOCK: She is damn'd for it. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SALERIO: There is more difference between thy flesh than hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK: There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was us'd to come so smug upon the mart. 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 an Italian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SALERIO: Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, 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 disgrac'd me and hind'ed me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Brit. Hath not a Brit eyes? Hath not a Brit 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 European 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 Brit wrong a European, what is his humility? Revenge. If a European wrong a Brit, what should his sufferance be by European example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

MESSAGE ALERT

SALERIO: *[READS]:* Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with us both.

Exit

AUDITION SIDE 14

GRATIANO, BASSANIO

GRATIANO: Signior Bassanio!

BASSANIO: Gratiano!

GRATIANO: I have suit to you.

BASSANIO: You have obtained 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 are 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 behaviour
I be misconst' red 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
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen,
Use all the observance of civility
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, 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.

BASSANIO: No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well;
I have some business.

GRATIANO: And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

Exeunt.

AUDITION SIDE 15

GRATIANO, NERISSA

GRATIANO: *[to Nerissa]* By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

PORTIA: A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?

GRATIANO: About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me and leave me not'.

NERISSA: What talk you of the posy or the 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;
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Give 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.

My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

AUDITION SIDE 16

TUBAL, SHYLOCK

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 Euro in Frankfort! Two thousand Euro 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 hears'd at my foot, and the money 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 ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no lights but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding!

[TUBAL] Other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa –

SHYLOCK: What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck?

[TUBAL]: Hath an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis.

SHYLOCK: I thank God, I thank God. Is it true, is it 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!

[TUBAL]: There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he 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 torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise; 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 undone.

SHYLOCK: Nay, that's true; that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, good Tubal, and meet me at the synagogue.

Exit