

### Act 3, Scene 5

[This scene was deleted from the full rectified version of the play]

#### Act 3, Scene 5

*Enter Lancelot and Jessica*

—Lancelot

Yes, truly, the sins of the father are to laid upon the children. Therefore, I promise you, I am concerned about you. I was always open with you, and now I'm telling you about my agitation over this matter. You mine as well be of good cheer—for truly, I think you are damned. There is, however, one hope in this that might save you—yet that is but a kind of bastard hope at best.

—Jessica

And what hope is that, pray tell?

—Lancelot

Well, you could partly hope that your father isn't the one who got with your mother, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

—Jessica

That is a bastard kind of hope, indeed! In that case, the sins of my mother would be visited upon me.

—Lancelot

Truly then, I fear you are damned by both father and mother. Like Ulysses traveling the narrow seas, when you shun the monster Scylla (your father), you fall into the whirlpool, Charybdis, (your mother). Well, you are gone both ways.<sup>o</sup> /either way

—Jessica

I will be saved by my husband. He's made me a Christian.

—Lancelot

Truly, more blame now goes on him. There were enough Christians before, as many as could live well with one another. This making of more Christians will only raise the price of hogs. If we all become pork-eaters, shortly we'll not even be able fry up some cheap bacon, for lack of money.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Lorenzo*

—Jessica

I'll tell my husband, Lancelot, what you say. Here he comes.

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1. {we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money}

—Lorenzo

I will soon grow jealous of you Lancelot, if you corner all my wife's time.

—Jessica <sup>2</sup>

No, you need not fear that, Lorenzo. Lancelot and I have nothing more to say. <sup>3</sup> He tells me flat out that there's no mercy for me in heaven because I am a Jew's daughter. And he says that you are not a good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you are only raising the price of pork.

—Lorenzo

I shall explain my actions to the commonwealth; now you explain why the belly of Portia's African servant, has suddenly grown rather large. The Moor is carrying your child, Lancelot.

—Lancelot

Well the Moor's belly, is *more* than reason can explain. But if she is less than an honest woman, she's *more* than I first took her for.

—Lorenzo

How any fool can make a play upon the word! I think his best chance at wit would be to keep silent—such discourses that emerge from his mouth are only commendable in a parrot. Go in, witless one, and bid them prepare for dinner.

—Lancelot

That's done sir. They're already prepared—they all have stomachs.

—Lorenzo

Good lord, what a word-kill <sup>4</sup> you are! Then bid them to *prepare* dinner.

—Lancelot

That is done, too, sir—all we need is a cover for the table.

—Lorenzo

Very good—cover it.

—Lancelot

I cannot cover it [*hand on his own head*]. I know my manners.

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2. If some portion of this scene is included, and some portion deleted, then all the dialogue which follows with Lancelot—including Lorenzo's comments on Lancelot's witless nature—could (or should) be deleted. [3.5.29-64] In this case, Jessica's lines would be: "No, you need not fear that, Lorenzo. Lancelot was just going (on the out)." *Lancelot Exits*. In addition, Jessica's previous line, "I'll tell my husband, Lancelot, what you say" may need to be revised: "If you keep talking that way, I'll tell my husband, . . ."

3. {are out}

4. {wit-snapper}

—Lorenzo

More of this dull-witted quibbling! Are you trying to show the entire wealth of your wit in a few tired puns? Please understand a plain man and his plain meaning: go to your fellow servants, have them cover the table with a cloth, serve the meat on it, and we will come to dinner.

—Lancelet

We shall serve the meat on the table, and it will be covered with cloth—but as for your coming to dinner, sir, that will be prompted by your own hunger and inclinations. <sup>5</sup>

*Exit*

—Lorenzo

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good <<words—but, like an army  
Which fires its weapons in all directions  
He hits the wrong things in all the wrong ways. <sup>6</sup>  
His words are spices which he sprinkles out<sup>o</sup> / amply adds  
Without a wit's hair of discrimination.  
'Here is salt, basil, and what spice is this?—  
I don't know, but I'll add it anyway.'  
And then imagine the appalling taste  
Of every dinner he so promptly serves!<sup>7</sup>  
<Enough to make one go and throw it up.> <sup>8</sup> >> <sup>9</sup>  
How cheer you Jessica? Now, tell me, sweet,  
How do you like Lord Bassanio's new wife?

—Jessica

Beyond all words. It is very fitting  
That Bassanio should live a virtuous life  
For having been blessed by such a lady,  
He will find the joys of heaven on earth.

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5. {let it be as humours and conceits shall govern} You will come to dinner when you are hungry and when you are ready.

6. Add: "He serves a bowl of poor soup, not wisdom; And that's a soup he cannot cook himself. Pay no heed to the spoiled food he serves."

7. / Of his indigestible (/unpalatable) dish, enough

8. / with wisdom to throw it up / to go forth and heave

9. All words contained within the brackets reflect, but do not correspond to the original verse, which reads as follows: {O dear discretion, how his words are suited! > O dear, what lack of discretion, how his words are ill-suited  
The fool hath planted in his memory > The fool has merely remembered  
An army of good words, and I do know > a bunch of words (whose meaning he does not know)  
A many fools that stand in a better place, > one who, of all the fools, is more foolish(ly)  
Garnished like him, that for a tricky word > suited (in manner or dress)> that, to make a pun  
Defy the matter.} How cheer'st thou, Jessica? > defies good sense, defies the subject matter



