Act 3, Scene 5

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

Act 3, Scene 5

Enter Lancelet and Jessica

—Lancelet
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?

—Lancelet
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.

—Lancelet
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.°

—Jessica
I will be saved by my husband. He’s made me a Christian.

—Lancelet
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.¹

Enter Lorenzo

—Jessica
I’ll tell my husband, Lancelet, what you say. Here he comes.

---

¹. {we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money}
—Lorenzo
I will soon grow jealous of you Lancelet, if you corner all my wife’s time.

—Jessica
No, you need not fear that, Lorenzo. Lancelet and I have nothing more to say. 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, Lancelet.

—Lancelet
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.

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

—Lorenzo
Good lord, what a word-kill you are! Then bid them to prepare dinner.

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

—Lorenzo
Very good—cover it.

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

---

2. If some portion of this scene is included, and some portion deleted, then all the dialogue which follows with Lancelet—including Lorenzo’s comments on Lancelet’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. Lancelet was just going (on the out).” Lancelet Exits. In addition, Jessica’s previous line, “I’ll tell my husband, Lancelet, 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}
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.

—Lanceleot
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 prompted by your own hunger and inclinations.  

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.  
His words are spices which he sprinkles out with wisdom to throw it up to go forth and heave

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.

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 is 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 tricksy word > suited (in manner or dress) > that, to make a pun
Defy the matter;} How cheer’sst thou, Jessica? > defies good sense, defies the subject matter
And if on earth he does not relish her\textsuperscript{10} / And if he does not find delight in her
Then there’s no reason for him to seek heaven,
For he’ll find nothing better there, than here.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly woman,
With one god putting up Portia, the other
Would have to add something more—for it seems
None in this poor, rude world is her equal.\textsuperscript{11}

—Lorenzo
And you have in a husband, what he has
In a wife?

—Jessica  Even more so—but you will
Have to ask me all about that yourself.

—Lorenzo
I will, and soon. First let’s go to dinner.

—Jessica
No, let me praise you a little longer,
While I still have a good stomach for it.

—Lorenzo
No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk.
Then, whatever you say, ‘mong other things,
I’ll digest it.

—Jessica
Well then, I’ll dish it out.\textsuperscript{12}

	extit{Exeunt}

\textsuperscript{10} / value her > understand the value of what he has

\textsuperscript{11} {Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.} \textsuperscript{> put up (as part of the wager)}
\textsuperscript{> Has no one who is her equal}
\textit{/ Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And one of them wagered Portia, asking
The other for something of equal worth,
I don’t think a woman in this poor world
Would be accepted as a fair wager. / her equal match}

\textsuperscript{12} / I’ll dish you up / bon appetite