

Scene:

This scene takes place at the end of Act IV, scene 1. Shylock has recently been defeated in his court hearing and is feeling broken and demoralised. He has left to discuss his fate with his close friend Tubal. This script portrays Shylock's emotions towards Antonio, Portia, and Jessica and how he feels over the fact that his life is over.

#### Act IV, Scene 2

*Shylock is sitting outside, on the steps of his old house – now owned by the Duke. He has just been defeated in court by his most hated foe and is cradling his head in despair.*

**SHYLOCK** A pound of flesh was my bond, instead mine own assets, are taken from me. *(stands and raises voice)* I cannot believe I have have lost this court case to that dirty Christian Antonio! That filthy, deceitful Balthasar should not have even been there! Ballario was the doctor and he was not present! *(laughs)* Any Jew, attempts to seek the life of any citizen, the party 'gainst which he does challenge, shall seize half his goods. *(Raises voice)* But what if a Christian, was to seek the life, of any citizen! Does he receiveth his bond? If you poison us. . . do we not die? *(raises voice)* Do we not die! Answer me that! The law was on my side Antonio failed to pay backeth his bond. He took my ducats! That pound of flesh was mine! Tis not fair to have found a loophole in the law I want my bond! Antonio signed I want my bond! *(long pause, sits down)* Maybe it is fair, maybe I should have been merciful, we both ge pricked, we both, do bleed. In the end, Antonio, almost gave his life, for his best friend's happiness. I should have taken the ducats.

O my ducats. *(pause)* O my daughter, O my ducats, that devilish, falsehearted foe! He whom took my daughter, and she took my ducats. Loss after loss Tubal. *(small pause and drop head)*, with no revenge! My precious jewels. *(sit)* The thief took so much, and now I must spend so much, to locate my thief. Only now am I feeling the curse upon the Jews. *(stand)* I wish my daughter dead upon my feet with those jewels on her fingers and ducats in her coffin! How dare her! Why must we Jews be treated like this why must this curse upon us Jews strive for such sorrow. Why, O why. My ducats, my dignity, my life, Antonio got closer, closer to taking it every time.

The law, the justice system, has defied me. Antonio, spat on me, abused me in public, called me dog, all because I am Jew? If a Jew wrongs a Christian, what is his modesty? Revenge. But if, thy Christian's, wrong a Jew what should his sufferance be by exemplar, of a Christian? Revenge. If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you wrong us, do we not want revenge. *(raise voice)* The treachery, the evilness in which you teach me, I shalt also execute. I wanted my bond it was only fair! I am human too, therefore no more, nor less important than those Christians. . . *(mumble)* dirty Christians. Antonio, called me dog before he had a cause, spat on me and for those courtesies I lend him this money, I then forgot the stains he had shamed me with, I lent three thousand ducats, free of interest, in exchange for my bond if he doest not repay me. Maybe, I do regret this decision Tubal. . . A pound of flesh was my bond, it was kindness I offered. Instead I recieveth, nothing but my life, gone. I am a broken man, Tubal.