

*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 any imputation 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 sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered 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. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. 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 usance 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 sacred 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**

I am debating of my present store,  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months  
Do you desire?