

Tel Aviv University
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Cinematic Shakespeare Seminar

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Spec-script of William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* as Adult Cartoon

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Preface

It is commonplace nowadays to pose William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* as a serious play, with profound statements about racism and capitalism, when adapting it for stage or for screen. Given the antisemitism the play's characters express towards Shylock, present-day directors often found it inappropriate to adapt it lightheartedly. Indeed, as John Drakakis highlights in the Arden's introduction to the play, theatrical attitudes to Shylock have "vacillated between perceiving the dramatic character as a source of tragedy, regarding him as a comic villain, or offering a Christian apology for the harsh treatment he receives" (Drakakis, 2). However, I cannot ignore that the play's first quarto was marketed as comedic problem play, which is why I was set to construct my spec-script as a comedy. Two issues I had to consider when I set out to adapt *The Merchant* comedically: which genre is best to evoke comedy for modern audience, and who will be the object of ridicule? My choice of the adult cartoon genre could provide an answer for both questions. My reasons for choosing it were various. This popular genre fundamentally tends to be metafictional, and seeing as Shakespeare's plays are regularly metatheatrical, it feels suited for a modern-day adaptation. Furthermore, *The Merchant* seems to invite contemporary audiences to criticize it for misogyny and antisemitism, but adult cartoons commonly deal with these serious topics in a comical light. If we are to revive humor in *The Merchant* for a modern audience, this seems like the genre to choose for it. As for the butt of the jokes, adult cartoons refrain from isolating one victim; they do not discriminate in their ridicule. The same I aim to produce in this adaptation, making fun of the Christians and the Jews alike.

A challenge I will take on in adapting *The Merchant* is to underscore some of its problematic aspects and to ridicule them. Namely, I shall highlight the racism in the play, and the problematic financial practices that all the play's characters practice. To make these matters stand out more, I will take advantage of our modern sensitivity to other implicit

aspects of the play and make them explicit – viz. sexual suggestiveness, drug use, and homoerotic insinuations between Bassanio and Antonio. For this reason, the play will include some explicit content and conduct.

Jews in Venice were classified as “aliens,” but to defamiliarize the hatred of the Christians towards Shylock the Jew in the play, I chose to retract the religion theme and literally make Shylock an alien to them – a life form of different species. He is the human, and they are the aliens for the human audience. Moreover, I will endeavor to portray the connections and relationships in the play as chiefly advantageous, rather than personal. Particularly, the connection between rich Antonio and financially promiscuous Bassanio will be of sponsorship for sexual benefits, but it will also render Bassanio’s financial indebtedness to his sponsor infinitely highly regarded than any personal bond. Hereafter are the characters as I imagine them, or would have imagined them, for a full-length adaptation:

- Shylock: a calculated, vegetarian loan shark. He is classy and a pacifist, but at the same time he is incensed and hurt by the aliens’ racism.
- Antonio: a depressed and spineless drunkard. A rich interplanetary trader with the body of a slug. He is the sponsor of Bassanio for sexual favors, except he is clearly in love with him.
- Bassanio: a charmante, exploitive and egocentric character. A handsome nobleman who is financially reckless. Antonio sponsors him in return for sexual favors.
- Portia: an unattractive, fluent lady, blindly in love with Bassanio at first, who later sobers up to become a shrewd and self-reliant woman who advocates for herself.
- Nerissa: a young handmaid character with witty speech who is apathetic and not misled by the idea of love.
- Jessica: a character seeking to convert by crossdressing as an alien, which I would make ridiculous and serious at the same time, as a shelter from racism.

Act I, scene 1

Wide shot: a pub interior. A crowd of various bizarre-looking aliens drinking strange types of alcohol. Green smoke from smoking-pipes hangs overhead. Overlapping chatter of several alien languages. Glasses clinking.

The camera cuts to the ringing cash registry and an instrumental version of Pink Floyd's "Money" starts playing. The camera zooms out to view the cashier and customer. The cashier yells in alien language to the kitchen. A robotic arm sets on the counter a plate with a large, wriggling slug, right in front of the camera. The camera follows the customer to the table from the plate's perspective, so the slug is in view, then it continues to a booth at the end of the pub, where three alien men sit next to a pile of empty glasses. The camera focuses on one of the aliens who looks like a slug. It is Antonio, an interstellar, middle-aged merchant, who sits in the middle of the booth, sprawling intoxicated on the wet table. Salarino and Salanio sit languidly to his right.

Antonio [slurring]

In sooth, I know not why I am... so SAD!
It wearies me - you say it wearies you.

Both Salarino and Salanio meet each other's eyes. They shrug. Salarino signals for another drink, which a robotic arm delivers.

Salanio

Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad, and every object
That might make me fear misfortune to my
Ventures, out of doubt, would make me sad.

Salarino elbows an alien who bumped into him and made him spill his glass.

Salarino (while his gaze follows the alien who knocked with him)

I know - Antonio Is sad to think upon
His merchandise.

Antonio waves his glass in dismissal, spilling his liquor.

Antonio [slurring]

Believe me, I am not.
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

He moans and slumps again on the table, staring at his half-spilled glass.

Salanio smirks and gestures for Salarino at the pub's entrance. Salarino smirks too then reaches to point the camera at the door. Enter Bassanio, a handsome, young noble alien and scans the room. Techno version of Salt-N-

Pepa's "Whatta Man" starts playing. Sparks twinkle around him. Salarino turns the camera back at the booth.

Salanio (knowingly)

Why then, you are in love!

Antonio (evasively)

Fie, fie!

Bassanio throws shopping bags on the bench and sits left to Antonio, who immediately straightens and tidies himself. Music stops.

Bassanio (to Salarino and Salanio; with pomp)

Good signiors, you've grown exceeding strange!

Antonio grasps both Bassanio's hands under the table. Bassanio pulls away with a mild expression and passes him a credit card that Antonio places in his pocket without looking away from Bassanio.

Salarino (sarcastically)

Good morrow, my good lords.

He and Salanio stand up to leave. Bassanio picks through his shopping bags.

[To Antonio:] I would have stayed till I had made you merry,
If worthier a friend had not prevented me.
My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio
We two will leave you. Fare ye well.

Bassanio gestures farewell. Exit Salarino and Salanio. Antonio smiles with uninhibition from alcohol.

Antonio

Is that anything now?

Antonio begins to sloppily make-out with Bassanio, then Bassanio breaks away and inspects Antonio.

Bassanio (with superfluous care)

You look... *not well*, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
O, my Antonio, 'tis my love that speaks -
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit... [Groans]
I'll tell thee more of this another time.

Antonio is flushed. He chuckles faintly and draws away.

Antonio

Well... tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you today promised to tell me of?

Bassanio (calculatedly)

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
The camera zooms out to a wide view shot. Staccato music starts playing.

By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance.
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged [voice fades out]

The scene plays in timelapse to show that Bassanio is blabbering lengthily.
The music accelerates. Night turns into day and sunlight begins to flow in.
timelapse stops. Music is staccato again.

[voice fades in] ...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... [voice fades out]

The scene plays in a faster timelapse. The music grows to staccatissimo.
While Bassanio blabbers, Antonio solves a Rubik's Cube. The music becomes
robust as civil war erupts and lasers are zooming, and everyone around
dies. Outside, a monument with flowers is erected. The flowers wilt and new
alien customers flow in.

Timelapse stops. Music is staccato again.

[voice fades in] ...In my schooldays, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more advised watch... [voice fades out]

The scene plays in an even faster timelapse. Fast staccatissimo with pathos
plays. While Bassanio blabbers, Antonio does his taxes. The film's human
writers burst around into protest, waving signs that say "F**k Bassanio!".
They burn the set around the characters. The sky flashes into a green
screen. Spotlights' scaffolds collapse. The director inaudibly negotiates
with the writers, and all shake hands. The set is rebuilt around Antonio
and Bassanio while he speaks.

Timelapse ends. Voice fades in. The camera cuts to a close-up of the two
aliens. Antonio grabs desperately at Bassanio's shirt with misty eyes.

Antonio (shakingly)

I pray you, good Bassanio! Let me know it!
And if it stand, as you yourself *still* do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured:
My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bassanio, startled, nods in agreement and Antonio releases his shirt.

Bassanio

In Belmont is a lady richly left,
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
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, and her sunny eye
Set in her façade like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchis' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her...

The camera begins to zoom out and sunlight begins to move faster as the scene slowly shifts to timelapse again. Ominous music starts playing and the characters hear it; Bassanio raises his hands in concession.

O! My Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them...

The camera slowly zooms back in, and the music stops.

...I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Antonio looks down, tearful. He takes a deep breath and straightens.

Antonio

Thou *knowst* that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum; [pauses; sighs] therefore go forth:
Try what my credit can in Venice do,
That shall be racked even to the uttermost
To furnish thee to Belmont to fair Portia.
Go presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is.

Bassanio kisses Antonio in gratitude and runs to his spaceship that is parked outside. The camera begins to zoom in on Antonio.

And I no question make

Camera zooms back out. Bassanio runs back for his shopping bags, smiling apologetically at the camera. The camera momentarily pans to behind the scenes, showing the director make a "facepalm", then returns to its former perspective. Bassanio exits. Camera slowly zooms in on Antonio.

And I no question make

To have it of my trust... or for my sake.

He gets up to leave. A robotic arm pushes him back to his seat and slaps the check on the table. Antonio groans then fumbles through his pockets.

End scene.

Act I, scene 3

A cloth bag swaps across the camera. Wide shot of Bassanio's nape as he is sitting in a cushioned armchair inside a windowless cell. The camera pans slowly to show his badly lit, confused expression, sitting before a clerk counter with a glass window, veiled by a red curtain on its opposite side. The camera circles back to its former perspective, from the room's entry.

The curtain is pulled to the sides and appears Shylock the Shark. Calm, Italian guitar tune starts playing. Shylock is a tan and thin human with a large, T-shaped nose, a large and tidy beard, and a custom-tailored suit. Light pours from the background, blinding what's behind him, shading his face, and making Bassanio's head just a silhouette. Shylock sits and studies a paper. When he speaks, he has a heavy Italian accent.

Shylock [through speakers]

Three thousand ducats. Well...

Bassanio [staring at Shylock's nose]

Ay, sir, for three months. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock

Three thousand ducats for three months... and Antonio bound..

Bassanio

May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

A headless servant appears behind the window and places a box from "Vivacious Veggies" before Shylock then stands behind him. Shylock puts away the paper so he can eat his eggplant carpaccio.

He tries to cut it with a knife, but it retracts. Shylock turns it to see the label "Act 4 prop". Shylock stands up and bumps into a boom microphone. His head is outside the shot. A short man with headphones around his neck hurries and hands him utensils. We vaguely hear Shylock reprimand the man who runs out of the shot. Shylock sits again to eat.

Shylock

Antonio *is* a good man...

Bassanio

Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylock [while eating, gesturing with his utensils as he speaks]

Ho, no, no, no, no. [swallows] 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 ventures squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men.

He picks up a bottle and a glass from below, pours wine, and rests back.

The man is notwithstanding sufficient. Three thousand ducats:
I *think* I may take his bond. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio [feigning graciousness]

If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock discharges a short, loud laugh and points at his plate, like it explains his amusement.

Shylock

Yes, to smell pork! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you and so following. But I will not eat with you.

A headless servant enters to place another cushioned chair beside Bassanio. Antonio is led into shot and sat in the chair. The servant pulls the cloth bag off his head. Italian guitar music stops. Exit servant. Antonio is drunk and nervous, but he freezes and stares at Shylock's bulbous nose.

Bassanio

This is Signor Antonio.

Shylock turns off the light and speakers. The glass window is now a mirror. Bassanio and Antonio blink, confused. Antonio nudges Bassanio, points at the now-reflective glass, and morphs his slug body into a loan shark, then to a hammer shark. He returns to his shape and they both repress a laugh. An eerie note starts playing. The camera slides forward and goes through the glass. Shylock speaks angrily to his servant, spewing spit.

Shylock

How like a fawning publican he looks.
I hate him for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in this world.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our human 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 race
If I forgive him.

Bassanio [in raised voice]

Shylock, do you hear?

The eerie note stops. The camera quickly retracts to its former perspective. The light and speakers turn on. The window is again transparent. Calm, Italian guitar tune resumes.

Shylock

I am debating of my present store.
[to Antonio, mockingly:] Rest you fair, good signior Antonio,
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Antonio [slurring; staring openly at Shylock's nose]

Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. [To Bassanio:] Is he yet possessed
How much ye would?

Shylock

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Antonio [too loudly]

And for three months!

Shylock

I had forgot, three months, [To Bassanio:] you told me so.
[To Antonio:] Well then, your bond.

His servant scans through a filing cabinet.

Servant [speaking from his stomach, to Antonio]

And let me see - but hear you:
Methoughts you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage!

Antonio [crassly]

[Burps] I do never use it.

Shylock laughs. The tune pauses. He pulls a cigar from his jacket and lights it. Smoke swirls around him. The servant places a form before him.

Shylock [calmly; smokes and waves the cigar as he speaks]

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our kin.
You call me otherworldly, cut-throat shark,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help.

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 say this
With bated breath and whispering humbleness:
'Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last,
You called me dog: and, for these courtesies,
I'll lend you *thus* much moneys.'

Antonio stumbles forward, out of his chair, and spits on the window. Cheery guitar tune starts playing.

Antonio [shouting, slurring]

[Burp] 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?

Nervous Bassanio pulls Antonio's shoulder. Antonio resists the pull.

But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock [laughs calmly and raises his hands in mock concession]

Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained 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.

Music pauses. Bassanio pulls Antonio back to his chair, which tumbles backwards and Antonio struggles to stand. Calm, Italian guitar tune plays.

Bassanio [cautiously and smoothly]

This were kindness.

Shylock [starts filling the bond's form]

This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond, and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Expressed 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 [slurring; falling back into his chair]

Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond;
And fear not, man, I will not forfeit it.

Shylock

Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond.

Shylock passes the bond through a drawer beneath the window.

I'll be with you.

The curtain closes on the window. The tune stops. Antonio takes the bond.

Antonio [cries late and too loudly]

Hie thee, gentle Shark!

Bassanio stands up to leave, mostly pleased, but mildly bothered.

Bassanio

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

Antonio

Come on, [burp] in this there can be no dismay,
My ships fly home a month before the day.

Two headless servants enter the shot and cover Bassanio and Antonio's heads with bags. A bag goes over the camera too and the screen is blank.

End scene.

Act II, scene 2

Strident, high-pitch piano music starts playing. The scene is painted in comic-book style this time, with harsh outlines and bold colors. The camera shows from above the scenery of a dark, old and paved alley. Enter Clown (a.k.a., Lancelet Giobbe). He is an obese alien who has three glazed and side-crossed eyes, a convex back, the skin color pattern of a clown fish, blood-red lips that stretch from ear-to-ear, and an unruly beard. Clown's speech is uncoherent, accompanied with tone digressions, physical twitches, and fits of laughter.

Accompanying him are a fiend and an angel who resemble him. Whenever he speaks to one of them, the camera cuts to be from their perspective, so Clown speaks directly into the camera, and after every camera cut, it returns to its former position. When he speaks to Fiend, the animation has harsh contrast and warm colors stand out; when to Angel, there is more bloom and cool colors grow saturated.

Clown

Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Shark, my master.

The camera draws closer from above.

Fiend Clown [to Clown, speaking enticingly]

Giobbe, Lancelet Giobbe, good Lancelet,
Good Giobbe,
Good Lancelet Giobbe,
Use your legs, take the start, run away.

Angel Clown [to Clown]

My honest friend Lancelet--

Clown [explains to Clown Fiend]

Well, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son, for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to - he had a kind of taste--

Angel Clown [to Clown, interjects]

--Lancelet, budge not.

Fiend Clown giggles maniacally, and Clown nods solemnly before speaking.

Clown

Conscience, you counsel well. Fiend, you counsel well. To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Shark, my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Shark, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. The *fiend* gives the *more friendly* counsel: I will run.

Clown laughs maniacally and ceremonially to the camera. Uplifting music starts playing.

[to Fiend Clown:] fiend, my heels are at your commandment; I will run!

The camera swings and follows Clown's face as he jumps and dances while laughing along with Fiend Clown. Angel Clown vanishes.

In the meantime, a blind alien resembling Clown called Giobbe enters the alley. Beside in age, he only differs in the trimmed beard and opaque sunglasses. He has a basket with a gift ribbon.

Uplifting music stops and the strident piano music resumes. Clown stares emotionally at the old man and shushes Fiend Clown.

Fiend Clown [whispering to Clown]

O, heavens, this is thy true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows thee not. I will try confusions with him. [giggles quietly]

Giobbe

Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Shark's?

Fiend Clown

Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left. Marry, at turning, the very next turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Clown shakes in mute laughter. Giobbe smacks his lips.

Giobbe

By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Lancelet that dwells with him dwell with him?

Clown

[To Fiend Clown, whispering:] Mark me now, now will I raise the waters. [To Giobbe:] Talk you of young Master Lancelet?

Giobbe

No master, sir, but a poor man's son Lancelet, sir.

Fiend Clown rolls in amusement, but the belittling words make Clown hurt.

Clown

But, I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young master Lancelet.

Giobbe

Of Lancelet, sir, an't please your mastership.

Fiend Clown convulses with mute laughter. The strident piano music grows into staccato. Clown twitches more frequently and more palpably.

Clown

Ergo, master Lancelet. Talk not of Master Lancelet, father, for the young gentleman, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Giobbe

Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Fiend mouths "Staff?!" and laughs mutely once more.

Clown [agitatedly whispering, to Fiend]

Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel post, a staff, or a prop?

Clown emphasizes the last instrument by shaking fiend. Fiend Clown brushes Clown aside and moves forward.

Fiend Clown

Do you know me, Father?

Giobbe [solemnly]

Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman! But I pray you tell me, is my boy - God rest his soul - alive, or dead?

Fiend Clown

Do you *not* know me, Father?

Giobbe

Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Clown laughs and steps forward. The strident piano music slows and parses.

Clown

Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes [Clown points at his own three eyes] you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [Kneels] Give me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Giobbe

Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not my boy.

Clown's three eyes well with tears. He laughs unsettlingly.

Clown

Pray *you*, let's have no more *fooling* about it, but give me your blessing. I *am* Lancelet, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Giobbe [adamantly]

I cannot think you are my son.

Clown and Fiend Clown convulse with merriment. Clown's eyes are wetter.

Clown

I know not what I shall think of that. But I am Lancelet, the Shark's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother!

Giobbe [shocked]

Her name is Margery indeed... I'll be sworn, if thou be Lancelet, thou art mine own flesh and blood.

Giobbe's hands fumble for his son and touch Clown's hairy hunched back.

Lord worshipped might he be, what a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my thill-horse, has on his tail.

Clown laughs and stands up.

Clown

It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Giobbe

Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how 'gree you now?

Clown looks grudgingly at the basket, but Fiend Clown interjects.

Fiend Clown

For mine own part, I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground - My master's a very shark. Give him a present? Give him a harpoon! I am famished in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Fiend Clown taps softly Clown's fat belly and they both fight not to laugh.

Father, I am glad you are come. Give me your present 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. To him,
Father, for I am a human if I serve the human any longer.

Enter Bassanio and Gratiano - who convened with the alien nobleman after his and Antonio's meeting with Shylock - deep in conversation, followed by a servant. Gratiano blows green fumes that he smokes from a pipe.

The camera shifts lower into the alley, so we see them enter from Clown's perspective, so Clown, Giobbe, and Fiend Clown are out of frame. The comic-book animation slowly fades into the adult cartoon style that was so far prevailing.

Piano music stops. Light repercuSSION music starts.

Clown [to Bassanio]

God bless your worship.

Bassanio

Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me?

Cut to a wide shot of the alley at about eye level. We now see that Fiend Clown and Giobbe are just slump sock dolls that clown wears on his hands. Clown shoves the fiend sock doll to his pocket.

Clown continues speaking both for his father and himself. When he speaks as Giobbe, his voice gets tired and slow and the doll hunches in groveling manner, and when he speaks as himself, he is respectable, invigorated, and agitated.

Clown [as Giobbe]

Here's my son, sir, a poor boy -

Clown [to Bassanio]

Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Shark's man that would, sir, as my father shall specify -

Clown [as Giobbe]

He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve.

Clown

Indeed the short and long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify -

Clown [as Giobbe]

His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins.

Clown

To be brief, the very truth is that the Shark, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father - being, I hope, an old man - shall ructify unto you -

Clown [as Giobbe]

I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is -

Clown

In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and - though I say it, though old man, yet poor man -

Bassanio and Gratiano laugh. Bassanio raises his hand to stop the overlapping flood of words. Gratiano empties the pipe's ash over his head.

Gratiano [laughing]

One man speaks as both!

Bassanio

What would you?

Clown

Serve you, sir.

Bassanio [haughtily to Clown]

I know thee well. Thou hast obtained thy suit!
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Shark's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Clown extravagantly bows in gratitude.

Clown

The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bassanio laughs with conceit and nods approvingly.

Bassanio

Thou speak'st it well! Go, [giggles] father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and enquire
My lodging out. [To the servant:] Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

The servant bows and exits.

Clown [to Giobbe doll]

If Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Come, father; I'll take my leave of the Shark in the twinkling.

Exit Clown.

Bassanio turns to exit the alley, but Gratiano stalls him.

Gratiano

Signior Bassanio, I have a suit to you.
You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bassanio

[with pomp] Why then, you must.
Bassanio stops then and looks cautiously at the empty pipe he holds.

But hear thee, Gratiano,
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where thou art 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 misconster'd in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.

Gratiano [jabbering and slightly slurring]

Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Gratiano pauses, then relights his smoking pipe, and thrusts it high.
Nay, but I bar tonight; you shall not gauge me
By what we do tonight.

Bassanio [amused]

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;
[waves with dismissal] I have some business.

Gratiano

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

Exit all. End scene.

Act II, scene 3

The scene is set in Jessica's, the daughter of Shylock the Shark, room. Jessica and Clown are conversing while she is modeling prosthetics to make her seem more alien. She smiles approvingly, but Clown stares with raised eyebrows, as they are poorly suited and inappropriate.

There is a pop song playing in an alien language on the sound system.

Jessica

I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so.
Our house is hell and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
And, Lancelet, 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.

Jessica turns to face Clown, who covers his face to hide the tears of laughter escaping his eyes due to her ridiculous appearance.

Clown

Adieu! Tears exhibit my tongue. Most... *beautiful*, most sweet human! If an alien do not play the knave and *get* thee [he emphasizes "get" by smacking her behind then snorts], I am much deceived. But adieu; these foolish drops [a giggle escapes his lips] do something drown my manly spirit. Adieu!

Clown tries to hug Jessica but cannot wrap his arms around her with all the prosthetics. He settles on blowing a kiss and quickly exits.

Outside Jessica's room, we hear a burst of roaring laughter, but Jessica's expression is remorseful, and she places a hand on her breast, touched because she mistakes Clown's amusement for sobbing.

Jessica

Farewell, good Lancelet.
Alack, what heinous sin it is in me
To be ashamed 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 an alien, and thy loving wife.

End scene.

Act III scene 2

Wide shot of the decorated throne room of Belmont, where the three caskets are placed: one golden, one silver, and one lead.

Enter Bassanio with Portia, the heiress of Belmont, on his elbow, accompanied by escorts, Nerissa, and Gratiano. Classical courtroom music accompanies their entry. Portia is a tall alien with elegant posture, protruding backbone vertebrae, saggy flesh and skin, thick, muscular neck, and golden, fist-sized eye that stares ceaselessly at handsome Bassanio with adoration. She is dressed lavishly in clothes adorned with rare metals and salts, and she dons a coronet.

Bassanio leads them into the hall, decidedly looking onwards and not on Portia. When he glances at where Portia's hands grab his finely clothed elbow, his graceful expression momentarily falters. When Portia speaks, her voice is manly, but her articulation is refined.

Portia [to Bassanio, vehemently]

I pray you tarry. Pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear awhile.

She pulls more determinedly on Bassanio's elbow, and he halts.

There's something tells me - [to their escorts:] but it is not
love -

I would not lose you, and, you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.

She winks knowingly at Bassanio but notices his blank expression.

But, lest you should not understand me well -
And yet, a maiden hath no tongue but thought -
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but [she dramatically groans] then I am
forsworn.

So will I never be, so may you miss me.
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. [she grunts frustratedly] Beshrew
your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half yours.
Mine own, I would say: but, if mine, then yours,
And so, *all* yours.

Portia reaches to caress Bassanio's cheek, but he recoils. She is not hurt as she mistakes the rejection for an expression of innocence and attributes it to their crowd. She nods understandingly and frustratedly.

O, these naughty times

Puts bars between the owners and their rights:
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.

Bassanio's expression remains opaque, clearly not following Portia's words. He looks behind the camera and points angrily at his wrist, indicating his impatience. The camera turns to view the director and head of writers roll their eyes at each other and sigh deeply. The director signals to move on.

I speak too long, but 'tis to peise the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bassanio [flatly]

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

Portia raises an eyebrow flirtingly.

Portia [flirtingly]

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

Bassanio [pensively]

None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th'enjoying of my love.

Portia looks at him anxiously and loosens the grip of his elbow.

Portia

Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bassanio turns to her, puts on a warmer face, and discreetly caresses hers.

Bassanio

Promise me life and I'll confess the truth.

Portia grows more passionate again.

Portia

Well then, confess and live!

Bassanio

Confess and love
Had been the very sum of my confession.
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia guides him forth, nodding secretly at Bassanio.

Portia [for all to hear]

Away, then! I am locked in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Portia eyes Nerissa who takes the hint and makes sure no one comes close to the casket-choosing event.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. [Ceremonially] That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him.

Portia discreetly raises her dress at his direction to signify the true meaning of "eye". Bassanio is startled by her brazenness, so he is uncomfortable when he forces a wide grin. Portia lets her dress fall.

He may win,
And what is music then? Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage.

She eyes Bassanio meaningfully, and this time he understands and focuses on the musicians. He approaches the caskets and Portia stands aside.

Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea monster. I stand for sacrifice.
Live thou, I live. With much, *much* more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

The musicians play an upbeat song in the style of romantic 00s pop music.

Musicians

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?

Bassanio slowly steps along the caskets. He draws nearer to the golden one. The camera cuts to a close-up on his face; it is glowing from the gold mirroring in his eyes and shining on his face. He greedily stretches his fingers for the casket. Portia subtly signals to the musicians and the music grows stronger.

Musicians

It is engendered in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Bassanio makes eye contact with distressed Portia, and he regretfully withdraws his hand. The camera cuts back to a wide shot of the hall.

Bassanio (boastfully)

So may the outward shows be least themselves,

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned 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?

The camera cuts to the band, while Bassanio is in the background, out of focus, his words indistinct. His soliloquy is long and eloquent, and the alien musicians grow tired: those who play wind instruments repeatedly moisten their breathing organs and the string players stretch their fingers, when possible.

The camera cuts back to a wide shot, following Bassanio after progressing farther along his soliloquy.

So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Often known to be the dowry
Of a second head, the skull that bred
Them in the sepulchre. Thus, ornament is but
The beauteous scarf veiling an Indian beauty;
In a word, the seeming truth, which cunning
Times put on to entrap the wisest. Therefore,
Then, thou gaudy gold, Hard food
For Midas, I will none of thee;

He walks over to the silver casket as he speaks, his fingers hovering over the casket greedily. The crowd is totally engrossed with his eloquent soliloquy, his good looks, and with the suspense the casket-choosing ritual. Portia anxiously and nearly-blatantly signals to the band.

The camera cuts again to a close-up on the band as it starts playing harder and faster. The musicians playing wind instruments seem woozy while the fingers of those who strum strings begin to crack and bleed. The musicians exchange exasperated and desperate glances as Bassanio goes on in the background. The camera then cuts back to a wide shot and follows Bassanio.

Look

On beauty, and you shall see 'tis purchased
By the weight, which therein works a miracle
In nature, making them lightest that wear most
Of it: so none of thee, thou pale and common
Drudge 'tween men.

Bassanio reaches the lead casket. The camera zooms in on his face: Bassanio seems doubtful and he takes his time before opening it.

Portia gives the musicians a thumbs-up and they sing more lightly.

Musicians

Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it. Ding, dong, bell.

Bassanio [with bravado]

But thou, thou meagre lead,

Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence!
And here choose I; joy be the consequence!

Moved by his words, the crowd holds their breath. Few of Portia's attendants clap their hands quietly at his eloquence.

Bassanio opens the casket, and the music stops. The camera cuts to the band as it groans in exhaustion and relief. Portia is fidgeting anxiously.

Portia [for all to hear]

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
110And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy
O, love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less
For fear I surfeit.

Bassanio searches in the lead casket.

Bassanio [nervously]

What find I here?

[Triumphantly] Fair Portia's counterfeit!

The crowd mumbles in excitement, unsure whether this is the right casket.

Here's the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.
[Reads aloud] *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 pleased 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.

The camera closely follows Bassanio who puffs his chest, strides over to Portia, and tiptoes to kiss her. Their crowd cheers and rushes to them. Portia ardently clutches Bassanio and fastens his lips to hers. At last, he pulls away forcibly, looking slightly put-off, but then smiles at her and their crowd of congratulators.

Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no,
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

Portia forces his head onto hers and makes out with him.

Portia [gushing]

I would not be ambitious in my wish
To wish myself much better, yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
That only to stand high in your account
I might in virtues and friends exceeded account.
But the full sum of me Is sum of something:
To term in gross, is an unlessoned girl.
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed.
[Ceremonially and giddily] Myself, and what is mine, to you
and yours
Is now converted. But now, I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord's. I give them with this ring
Portia hands him a glamorous ring from her finger.
Which, when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love.

Bassanio is late to reply as he admires the ring from up-close, estimating it like a jeweler, then he notices Portia anticipating look.

Bassanio [fawningly]

Madam, you have bereft me of all words.
Nerissa and others in the background laugh so hard at his words that the camera shakes and carelessly shifts to show the film crew caught up in a fit of laughter. Bassanio is angry and the director slowly composes himself and the production crew, then he resumes the scene.

Only my *blood* speaks to you in my veins,
Nerissa cannot help a giggle but quiets herself at Bassanio's glare.

And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Expressed and not expressed. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, 'Bassanio's dead.'

Gratiano tries to push between the two lovers. The camera zooms even closer, barely fitting the three in the frame.

Gratiano [cynical and fawning]

My lord Bassanio, and my *gentle*

He grunts as he tries to detach her hands from Bassanio, so he may get between them - unsuccessfully.

lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For I am sure you can wish none from me;
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bassanio

With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gratiano [smiling]

I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours.
You saw the mistress; I beheld the maid.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too as the matter falls.
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Portia finally let go of Bassanio who steps back in relief. The camera zooms out and follows the lady closely. Portia approaches Nerissa with an uneasy expression. She glances at Gratiano, and smells alcohol on him.

Portia [cringing]

Is this true, Nerissa?

The camera cuts to a close-up on Nerissa, who makes a non-committing gesture and smiles.

Nerissa

Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bassanio [courteously]

Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Their crowd cheers. Portia tries to smile but just bares her teeth. Gratiano suddenly bobs in excitement.

Gratiano

We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats!

Nerissa [mockingly]

What, and stake down?

Gratiano is about to reply wittily when she squeezes his crotch to emphasize the pun, making him squeal. The crowd laughs at the jest, and the intoxicated jest falls silent.

Enter Salarino, breathing hard.

Gratiano

But who comes here? my old friend...!

He stammers, forgetting his name, clearly woozy. Bassanio rolls his eyes. Salanio rushes in right after.

Bassanio

*Salanio and Salarino, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.*

Portia

So do I, my lord.
They are entirely welcome.

Salanio

I thank your honor. For my part, my lady,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But my reason was for it was Signior Antonio...
[To Bassanio:] He commends him to you.

Salarino delivers to Bassanio a small chip. Cautious, Bassanio picks augmented-reality glasses from his pocket, puts them on, and attaches the chip to them. A message is playing on his lenses.

Gratiano [carelessly]

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

Salarino

Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,
Nor well, unless in mind. His letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gratiano waves his hand dismissively.

Gratiano

I know he will be glad of our success:
We are the Jasons; we have won the fleece.

Salarino [judgmentally]

I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Portia notices Bassanio's displeased complexion and intervenes, hanging coquettishly on his elbow.

Portia

There are some shrewd contents in yond same message
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leave, Bassanio, I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same dispatch brings you.

Bassanio

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted senses. Gentle lady,
Bassanio's tone becomes groveling.

When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins - I was a gentleman.
And yet, prized lady, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. But is it true, Salanio?
Bassanio grows anxious. He leaves Portia's side for his Venetian friends.
She looks displeased, and she still awaits to hear the message.

Hath all his ventures failed? What, not one hit,
And not one spacecraft scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salanio

Not one, my lord.

Portia is furious at the revelation and at being ignored. She firmly grabs Bassanio's arm.

Portia

Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bassanio [upset]

Most precious friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing charities; and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour most appears.

Portia

What sum owes he the Shark?

Bassanio freezes at the question and grows more respectful.

Bassanio

For me three thousand ducats.

Portia raises an eyebrow and drops her hand.

Portia

What, no more?

Pay him *six* thousand and deface the bond.
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
Then away onto Earth. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your... true friend along;
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bassanio smiles and thanks Portia, along with his friends, then kisses her.
He connects the chip to another device in his pocket.

Antonio [over a speaker in the device]

*Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors
grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is
forfeit, and, since, in paying it, it is impossible I should
live, all debts are cleared between you and I if I might but
see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if
your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Portia [with subtle mock]

O, love! Dispatch all business and be gone.

Bassanio

Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste. But, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

Appendix – Cuts and Changes

In all cuts from poetic lines, I efforted to preserve the meter of the line.

Act I, scene 1

3-6: I cut these lines to portray Antonio as drunk and depressed instead of m melancholily brooding, and he feels guilty for being such a company to his friends.

7-13, 16-18, 22-39: Antonio's friends originally partake in his melancholic philosophy. I, instead, cut so much of their dialogue to show that they only seek Antonio's company for their own interest. I kept their more practical suggestions and thoughts.

40: to compliment the meter, I changed "no" to "am not".

44: I initially cut the line but decided to keep it because it resembles Shylock's repetitive discourse. Antonio uses the same rationale to negate the same notion.

47-59: I omit these lines to allow for a comic physical response by Antonio to Bassanio's arrival, highlighting the homoerotic aspect of their relationship. While in my version their relationship is that of sponsorship for sexual favors, throughout the would-be adaptation, I would have hinted that they never had sex.

"Fare ye well" from 58 and lines 60-61 were joined with lines 69-70 to be with Salanio and Salarino's departure and allow for better meter.

67: change from present simple to present perfect to fit logically with the changes I made.

62-64, 66, 67-68: I wanted to show that Salanio and Salarino are aware of the two men's relationship and hurry to go away. At the same time, this omission strengthens these characters' indifference that I wish to evoke.

76-85, 86-87, 93-94, 95-99, 101-109: converted Graziano's fool speech into a feigned caring speech by Bassanio, which only takes away from Antonio's confidence, thus substantiating their relationship as based not on love but on profit.

110-112: I wished to show that Antonio is so enthralled with Bassanio (in addition to being intoxicated) that he forgets his good manners and everyone else.

114-118: since I took out Lorenzo and Graziano's entry and departure, these lines were unneeded.

126-130, 144-160: cutting these lines intensifies the overbearing effect of Bassanio's greasy prattle. I joined different parts of his speech to make it seem even more overbearing.

162-164: Portia is not attractive in my version. These lines' omission portrays Bassanio as egocentric and greedy, but also corresponds well with the comical delivering of the scene.

169, 170: in my version, Portia's hair is not golden, but she has a single golden eye.

Act I, scene 3

2-3, 6, 11: I made it implied that Shylock has the details in front of him, on a paper. These lines were therefore superfluous.

17-19: making Antonio an interstellar trader in my version renders these lines redundant.

26: I imagine Bassanio as a smooth-talker, not an aggressor, so I removed this line.

21-23, 27-28: to make Shylock more like a calculated loan shark, I decided to make him more focused and have his speech drift less to other matters.

30-31, 34-35, 38-39: these lines are unnecessary since I retracted the theme of religion. I kept the part about pork because he is vegan in my version.

41, 44, 47: different word choices to shift the discourse from religion.

50-55: I keep Shylock concise here to evoke the sense that he is reluctant to loan anything to Antonio, whom he hates.

67-101: line 76 seems to connect well with the rest of the scene from line 102 – Shylock keeps making Bassanio and Antonio doubt his inclination to lend them money, pointing out Antonio's hypocrisy. Additionally, cutting these lines out contrasts Shylock with Bassanio

from act 1 scene 1, where he talks superfluously about nothing. By omitting 67-101, Shylock still receives many lines, but grounds his speech in crucial matters and events that directly dictate his verdict.

108, 111-112, 116-119: omitted to keep Shylock focused and to reduce talk of Christianity and Judaism for the reason specified above.

148-151: omitted to show that Bassanio is more interested in money than to allow himself to consider that Shylock can be serious about flesh as payment for forfeiture. Line 152 is kept, but now in a sense similar to the opening scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, “Fear me not”—i.e., “Do not doubt me” (*RJ*, I.i.35, 35n).

156-166: the former omission along with presenting Shylock as vegan render these lines redundant.

170-172: keeping Shylock focused and making him reluctant to divulge private matter to a man he trusts not.

173: replaced “Jew” with “Shark” for the sake of the adaptation.

174: because I present Shylock as intrinsically alien to them, line 174 cannot be kept for this adaptation.

Act II, scene 2

Most instances of “Jew” I replaced with “Shark” (see lines 2, 22, 35, etc.).

2-3, 4, 5-11, 12-13, 16-17, 17-18: removed Clown’s commentary and parsing about fiend and consciousness, and instead incorporated a Fiend Clown and Angel Clown hallucination who speak to him.

24-26: it was hard to incorporate these religious lines into my spec-script without aggressive revisioning. I chose to instead omit them.

29-30: removed since I found it uneconomical to have two greetings for Giobbe.

31, 33: I decided to make it so the Fiend notices Giobbe. Therefore, “my” and “me” were respectively changed to “thy” and “thee”.

43: Clown is tautologous enough.

46-48, 49-50, 56-58: Giobbe and Clown’s back-and-forth fixation on “Master” is sufficiently superfluous and comical without these lines.

64: separated this line to give its second clause for Fiend Clown.

99: replaced “halter” with “harpoon” to make a pun on Shylock’s “Shark” title.

105: replaced “Jew” with “human” to show Clown’s hatred for humankind.

106-111, 134: removed for economic reasons.

130-131: removed to have the effect of a flow of speech halted.

147-155: these many lines have allusions to religion or to traditional beliefs that are not my main concern in this work. Furthermore, the erratic line of thought of Clown here is too non-linear to reconstruct or deconstruct into something useful for my spec-script.

159-167, 169, 184-186, 190: decided to be economical with the Venetian characters and their dialogue for this scene, and I found these lines unnecessary.

Act II, scene 3

11: I feel “pagan” is not an appropriate word for my adaptation, given the retraction of Judaism and Christianity as a theme.

11, 21: Exchanged “Christian” for “Alien”.

Act III, scene 2

30-31: these lines seem superfluous.

37-38: I show how she teaches him the “answers for deliverance” rather than have him hint that she does it.

48-50: removed to keep Portia concise, to make it sound more like she is guiding Bassanio to the truth while speaking sophisticatedly.

58-60: the myth feels a bit force-fed here. I tone it down by cutting these lines out.

66: feels very characteristic of theater to have this line, and I aim for cinema, so it is unnecessary.

81-104: here I cut out some lines to accommodate for a reorganization of most of them, so it sounds like Bassanio comments different things about casket made from different material. I identified the lines that seem most fitting for gold and for silver and grouped them together.

115-129: I made Portia unattractive so to show that Bassanio is only interested as a prize, I cut out his words of admiration of her “shadow” and her “substance”.

141-142, 149-150: cut out or trimmed to be more economical and less overbearing.

153-154, 156, 158-159, 160-162, 165, 174: cut out or trimmed to be more economical and less overbearing.

186-188: cut out because they seem redundant, as no one responds to Nerissa.

210-211: Gratiano has already confirmed they are engaged, and therefore these lines can be removed.

219: I decided to have Salarino and Salanio enter then since they have heard in person Shylock’s revenge monologue and can supply the full account of the matters.

225: seems more appropriate to appeal to Portia. Besides, since I switched from Lorenzo to Salarino and Salanio this appeal makes no sense.

227-230: because I made it so Salarino and Salanio came to warn Bassanio about the matter, I cut out most of these lines and made them declare that they came to meet with him.

233-237: decided to have the event more dramatic and not have Salarino and Salanio spill the news right away, before the letter is read.

241-end scene: paper is replaced with other words since it is not delivered on paper, but with advanced technology.

263-265, 267-268, 271-282: not necessary for my adaptation or overbearing. In this part, it attempt to evoke how Bassanio's financial obligation trumps his personal commitment to Portia.

283-289: Because I removed Jessica from this scene, her dialogue is redundant here.

289-295: here I try to give Bassanio more business words rather than intimate.

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