

# Film Script (2025)

## Scenes from *The Tragical History of D. Faustus*



## **The Tragical History of D. Faustus Film Script**

- [1] Not marching now
- [2] Settle thy Studies
- [3] I, Iohn Faustus
- [4] Now, Faustus, must thou needs
- [5] Where are thou now, Faustus
- [6] Sweete Mephistophilis
- [7] Was this the face
- [8] Learnèd Faustus
- [9] Ah Faustus, now hast thou
- [10] Cut is the branch

### **Film Schedule**

#### **Day 1:**

- [1] Not marching now, [2] Settle thy Studies [3] I, Iohn Faustus [4] Now, Faustus, must thou needs [10] Cut is the branch

#### **Day 2:**

- [5] Where are thou now, Faustus [6] Sweete Mephistophilis [7] Was this the face [9] Ah, Faustus

**Title: Scenes from Christopher Marlowe's *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus***

Voiceover [screen is black]:

**1. Chorus I [table as for section 2]**

Not marching now in fields of *Thracimene*,  
Where *Mars* did mate<sup>1</sup> the Carthaginians;  
Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue,  
In courts of kings where state is ouerturnd;  
Nor in the pompe of proud audacious deedes,  
Intends our Muse to [v]aunt his heauenly verse:  
Onely this (Gentlemen) [Faustus study emerges from the blackness; establishing shot]  
we must performe,  
The forme of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.



To patient Judgements we appeale our plaude,<sup>2</sup>  
And speake for *Faustus* in his infancie. [cut to closeup of candle on table]  
Now is he borne,

[a candle enters frame sideways and lights the first candle]

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<sup>1</sup> oppose - Mars = Rome

<sup>2</sup> Request applause.



his parents base of stocke,  
In *Germany*, within a towne calld *Rhodes*:

[camera pans across....

Of riper yeeres, to *Wertenberg* he went,  
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him vp.  
...and stops on an open bible topped with a cap]



So soone he profites<sup>3</sup> in Diuinitie,  
The fruitfull plot of Scholerisme grac't,<sup>4</sup>  
That shortly he was grac't with Doctors name,<sup>5</sup> Excelling all, whose sweete [disputes delight]  
In heauenly matters of *Theologie*;

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<sup>3</sup> Makes progress

<sup>4</sup> He was an ornament to the rich garden of scholarship.

<sup>5</sup> Soon he himself was graced with the title of DR.



[cut to close up of wax running down the side of the candle in the candleholder, box behind]  
Till swolne with cunning<sup>6</sup> of a self conceit,  
His waxen wings did mount aboue his reach,



And melting [,] heauens conspirde his ouerthrow[;]  
For falling to a deuileish exercise,  
And glutted more with learnings golden gifts,  
He surffets vpon curs[è]d Ne[e]gromancy;  
Nothing so sweete as magicke is to him[,]  
Which he preferres before his chiefest blisse:  
[Faustus enters the frame with a pile of books and sits down]  
And this the man that in his study sits.

<sup>6</sup> knowledge

And melting [,] heauens conspirde his ouerthrow[;]  
 For falling to a deuile exercise,  
 And glutted more with learnings golden gifts,  
 He surffets vpon curs[è]d Ne[e]gromancy;  
 Nothing so sweete as magicke is to him[,]  
 Which he preferres before his chiefest blisse:  
 [Faustus enters the frame with a pile of books and sits down]  
 And this the man that in his study sits.



## 2. Faustus I [table]

[Faustus pours himself some beer, and then drinks. Moves the cap; closes the bible and places it upright next to him. He then moves the pile of books into the place formerly occupied by the Bible. Stair door is open?]

*Faust.* Settle<sup>7</sup> thy studies, Faustus, and beginne  
 To sound the deapth of that thou wilt professe<sup>8</sup>:  
 Hauing commencde<sup>9</sup>, [picks up cap] be a Diuine in shew [puts on cap],  
 Yet leuell<sup>10</sup> at the end of euery Art,  
 And liue and die in *Aristotles* works:  
 Sweete *Anulatikes*[,] tis thou hast rausht me[!] [generally good-humored about logic]  
***Bene disserere est finis logices.***<sup>11</sup>  
 Is, to dispute well, Logickes chiefest end[?]  
 Affords this Art no greater miracle[?]  
 Then reade no more, thou hast attaind the end:  
 A greater subiect fitteth *Faustus* wit[.]

<sup>7</sup> Determine how to continue your studies...line of succession

<sup>8</sup> Teach...’professor’

<sup>9</sup> Received his degree

<sup>10</sup> Aim. Aristotle begins his *Nicomachean Ethics* with the statement that “Every art and every inquiry, and similarly every action and choice, is thought to aim at some good; and for this reason the good has rightly been declared to be that at which all things aim”. For when ye were the servants [slaves] of sinne [*doulo i te tis hamartias*], ye were freed from righteousness. What frute had ye then in those things, whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things *is* death. But now being freed from sinne, and made servants [slaves] unto God [*doulothentes de to theo*], ye have your frute in holiness and the end, everlasting life. For the wages of sinne *is* death: but the gifte of God *is* eternal life.... (Romans 6: 20-23)

<sup>11</sup> To argue well is the end of logic

Bid *Oncaymæon* farewell, *Galen* come:  
Seeing, *ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus.*<sup>12</sup>

Be a physition, *Faustus*; heape vp golde, [thrilled]  
And be eternizde for some wondrous cure[!]

**Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,**<sup>13</sup>

The end of physicke is our bodies health:  
Why, *Faustus*, hast thou not attaинд that end?  
Is not thy common talke sound Aphorismes?<sup>14</sup>  
Are not thy billes<sup>15</sup> hung vp as monuments,  
Whereby whole Citties haue escapt the plague,  
And a thousand desprate maladies beene easde,  
Yet art thou still but *Faustus*, and a man. [bitter]  
Wouldst thou make man to liue eternally?  
Or being dead, raise them to life againe?  
Then this profession were to be esteemd. [annoyed, impatient]  
Physicke, farewell, where is *Justinian*?<sup>16</sup>

[Faustus searches amongst his books on the table, turns and opens the cabinet behind. Closeup of him selecting a book. Long shot again as he returns to his seat, opens the books and reads]]

*Si una eademque res legatus duobus,  
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.*<sup>17</sup>

A pretty case of paltry legacies[!]

*Exhaereditare filium non potest pater, nisi:*<sup>18</sup>

Such is the subiect of the institute,  
And universal body of the Church:  
[Th]is study fittes a mercenary drudge,  
Who aims at nothing but externall trash;<sup>19</sup>

[Too servile] and illiberal<sup>20</sup> for me[.]

When all is done, Diuinitie is best: [with an exhalation of frustration]

*Ieromes* Bible, *Faustus*, view it well. [dark and menacing]

*Stipendium peccati mors est: ha, Stipendium, &c*

The reward of sinne is death: thats hard.

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas:*

If we say that we have no sinne,

We deceive ourselues, and theres no truth in vs.

Why then belike<sup>21</sup> we must sinne,

And so consequently die.

I, we must die an euerlasting death[.]

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*

<sup>12</sup> Where the philosopher leaves off, the physician begins. [Aristotle]

<sup>13</sup> The supreme good of medicine is health. [Aristotle]

<sup>14</sup> Hippocrates was known for his aphorisms.

<sup>15</sup> advertisements

<sup>16</sup> The lawgiver...

<sup>17</sup> If one and the same thing is left by will to two persons. One shall take the thing, and the other the value of the thing, etc.

<sup>18</sup> A father cannot disinherit his son except, etc. [Exheredare filium non potest pater, nisi cum ingratum, immoderatum, aut flagitosum esse convincat]

<sup>19</sup> Trash = dross

<sup>20</sup> Not a 'liberal' but a 'mechanical' *Faust.* art....

<sup>21</sup> May be like = perhaps...perhaps we *must* sin

What wil be shall be?<sup>22</sup> Diuinitie, adieu[.]

[Faustus panting, is enraged. He then looks with longing at the box...looks away if fear, gives in to temptation, opens the box and cries out in rapture:]



*Der Golem, wie er in die Welt kam (1920)*

These Metaphisickes of magicians, [removing manuscripts from box]

And [takes up more manuscripts], Ne[e]gromantike bookes are heauenly;

[Takes up a scroll and advances eagerly to in front of the table. There he unties and unrolls a scroll]

Lines, circles, sceanes, letters, and characters;

I, these are those that *Faustus* most desires.

[clutches scroll to breast, lovingly shields it...cunning looks spreads over his face]

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,

Is promis[è]d to the studious Artizan<sup>23</sup>?

All things that moue betweene the quiet<sup>24</sup> poles

Shal be at my command[:] Emperours<sup>25</sup> and Kings,

Are but obeyd in their seuerall prouinces:

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<sup>22</sup> What is fated to happen, will happen. Predestination.

<sup>23</sup> artist

<sup>24</sup> fixed

<sup>25</sup> Emp'rors

Nor can they raise the winde, or rend the cloudes;  
But his dominion that exceeds in this,  
Stretcheth as farre as doth the minde of man;  
A sound Magician is a mighty god:  
Heere, *Faustus*, trie thy braines to gaine a deitie.

[Faustus, collapses into the chair dazed with visions of glory.  
He grows fearful]

O, *Faustus*, lay that damn[è]d booke aside,  
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soule,  
And heape Gods heauy wrath vpon thy head!  
Reade, reade the scriptures, that [fear] is blasphemy.

[Faustus grows malevolent]

Go forward, *Faustus*, in that famous art  
Wherein all Natures treasury is contain'd:  
Be thou on earth as *Ioue*<sup>26</sup> is in the skie,  
Lord and commaunder of these Elements.

[Faustus jumps up, joyfully seizing the magic scroll.]

How am I glutted with conceit of this?  
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,  
Resolve me of all ambiguities,  
Performe what desperate<sup>27</sup> enterprise I will?  
Ile haue them flye to *India* for gold,  
Ransacke the Ocean for orient pearle,  
And search all corners of the new found world  
For pleasant fruites and princely delicates;  
Ile haue them reade mee straunge philosophie,  
And tell the secrets of all foraigne kings,  
Ile haue them wall all *Iermany* with brasse,  
And make swift *Rhine* circle faire *Wertenberge*;  
Ile haue them fill the publike schooles<sup>28</sup> with skill,  
Wherewith the students shalbe brauely clad<sup>29</sup>:  
Ile leuy souldiers with the coyne they bring, .  
And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our land, :  
And raigne sole king of all our prouinces; :.  
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of warre, ::  
Than was the fiery keele at *Antwarpes* bridge, ::.  
Ile make my seruile spirits to inuent. :::

Philosophy is odious and obscure,  
Both Law and Physicke are for pettie wits;  
Diuinity is basest of the three, [three = anger mouth]

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<sup>26</sup> Christian god

<sup>27</sup> Webster's gives: 'In the popular sense, great in the extreme; as a *desperate* sot or fool.'

<sup>28</sup> universities

<sup>29</sup> Against sumptuary law

Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and [vile:]  
Tis Magicke, Magicke, that hath ravisht mee. [pure joy!]  
And I[,] that haue with Concissyllogismes  
Graueld<sup>30</sup> the Pastors of the Germaine Church,  
And made the flowring pride<sup>31</sup> of *Wertenberge* [Jelgerhuis 2]  
Swarme to my Problemes as the infernall spirits [th'infernal]  
On sweet *Musæus*<sup>32</sup> when he came to hell,  
Will be as cunning as *Agrippa* was, [forefinger to temple st



Whose shadowes made all *Europe* honor him.  
phq                    shc-----x noting]

For, ere I sleepe, Ile trie what I can do,

[close up]

This night Ile coniure, though I die therefore.  
Br. st

blackness

### 3. Voiceover I

A written document lies open on the table. [voiceover]

I, *John Faustus*, of *Wertenberge*, Doctor, by these presents<sup>33</sup>, do give both body and soule to  
*Lucifer* prince of the East, and his minister *Mephæstophilis*, [A pair of red-gloved hands folds  
the document]; and furthermore graunt vnto them that, 24. yeares being expired, the articles  
aboue written inuiolate, full power to fetch or carry said *John Faustus*, body and soule, flesh,

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<sup>30</sup> Made flabbergasted

<sup>31</sup> University students

<sup>32</sup> Poet who descended to hell

<sup>33</sup> A letter of mandate, exhibited *per praesentes*.

bloud, or goods, into their habitation wheresoeuer. [The gloved hands place the document in a wrapper, and slide it into a book]

*By me Iohn Faustus.*

[The hands caress the book cover]

Blackness

#### 4. Faustus II (Faustus's study)

[Faustus, dressed in full gown, with cross around neck, in middle closeup, showing most of ribcage and hands when raised. No objects are visible. The background is the cabinet if books, doors closed. The camera does not move.]

Now Faustus, must thou needs be damnd,  
And canst thou not be sau[è]d.  
What boots it then to thinke of God or heauen?  
Away with such vaine fancies and despair,  
Despaire in God, and trust in Belsabub:



10th Arrtire: Pouynarie.  
This attitude is made by placing the right elbow in the left palm, the fingers resting lightly on the forehead above the nose.  
Pouynarie.  
"To die! to sleep! to sleep? Perchance to dream!"  
*Hamlet*, Act III, Scene I.

Now go not backward: no Faustus, be resolute,  
Why wauerest thou? O something soundeth in mine eares,  
Abiure this Magicke, turne to God againe,  
I and Faustus wil turne to God againe.  
To God? He loues thee not;  
The god thou seruest is thine owne appetite,  
Wherein is fixt the loue of Belsabub:  
To him Ile build an altare and a church, [removes dagger from pocket]  
And offer lukewarme blood [draws dagger] of new borne babes.

My hearts so hardned, I cannot repent,  
Scarse can I name saluation, faith, or heauen,  
But feareful ecchoes thunders [sic] in mine eares,  
Faustus, thou art damnd[!] Then swordes, and kniues, [dagger]  
Poyson, gunnes, halters, and invenomd steele  
Are layde before me to dispatch my selfe;

And long ere this I should haue slaine my self, [turns sharpened edge of dagger inwards]  
Had not sweete pleasure conquerd deepe despaire. [smiles; runs fingertip along the length of the  
blade, touches fingertip to tongue]  
Haue not I made blinde *Homer* sing to me  
Of *Alexanders* love and *Enons* death?  
And hath not he that built the walles of *Thebes*  
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp  
Made musicke with my *Mephistophilis*?  
Why should I dye then, or basely despaire?  
I am resolu'd[.] *Faustus* shall nere repent[.]

### Interlude: blackness

#### 5. Voiceover II

[An altar to Beelsabub, with bloody offerings and knife. Door to stairs is opened.]

Where art thou Faustus: wretch what hast thou done?  
Damnd art thou Faustus, damnd, dispaire and die,  
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice  
Sayes, Faustus come, thine houre is come,

[closeup: Faustus' hand picks up the dagger. Cut to middle shot of Faustus (shot from stage right) – in shirt, earring, rings, loose hair – picking up the dagger and poising to strike. He then grows tender, distressed and self-compassionate. He turns his eyes, then head to the left. Cut to shot from the left, showing opened door]

Ah, stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps, [wait, look up]  
See an Angell hovers ore thy head,  
And with a violl full of precious grace,  
Offers to powre the same into thy soule,  
Then call for mercie and auoyd dispaire.

He turns his eyes, then head to the right. Cut to shot from the right]

Accurs[è]d Faustus, [lays knife on the altar in horror] where is mercie now?  
I do repent, and yet I do dispaire:  
Hell striues with grace for conquest of my breast,  
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

#### 6. Voiceover II

[Turns suddenly, kneels at the altar and speaks, pleadingly: should be shot so that at the end of the scene the crucifix and altar can be brought into focus]

Sweete Mephistophilis, intreate thy Lord  
To pardon my uniust presumption,  
And with my blood againe I wil confirme  
My former vow I made to Lucifer.  
One thing, good servant, let me craue of thee,  
To glut the longings of my hearts desire,  
That I might have unto my paramour

That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,  
Whose sweete imbracings may extinguish cleane  
These thoughts that do diss Wade me from my vow,  
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer. [turns head looks leftish into camera]

### 7. Faustus III

Was this the face that lancht a thousand shippes?  
And burnt the toplesse Towers of Ilium? [skull rises into frame, it is facing Faustus]  
Sweete Helen make me immortall with a kisse: [kisses skull, right hand behind skull] [meimortal]  
Her lips suckes [sic] forth my soule. See where it flies:  
Come Helen, come giue mee my soule againe. [kisses her]  
Here wil I dwel, for heauen is in these lips,  
And all is drosse that is not Helena:  
I will be Paris, and for loue of thee,  
Instede of *Troy* shal *Wertenberge* be sackt,  
And I wil combate with weake Menelaus,  
And weare thy colours on my plum[è]d Crest: 2 fingers  
Yea I wil wound Achillis in the heele. 1 finger br, 1 finger fl. Joined by 2bd finger  
And then returne to Helen for a kisse. [kisses fingers. Looks like he goes to kiss her, stops and stares enchanted, he wheels about, skull shows to camera]  
O thou art fairer then the euening aire, [skull rises continually with each line]  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stares,  
Brighter art thou then flaming Iupiter,  
When he appeard to hapless Semele,  
More louely then the monarke of the skie  
In wanton Arethuses azurde armes,  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour. [skull arm comes down and out of frame. Faustus follows the skull, leaving the camera to focus on the altar, with the crucifix behind. After a moment, music begins to play.]

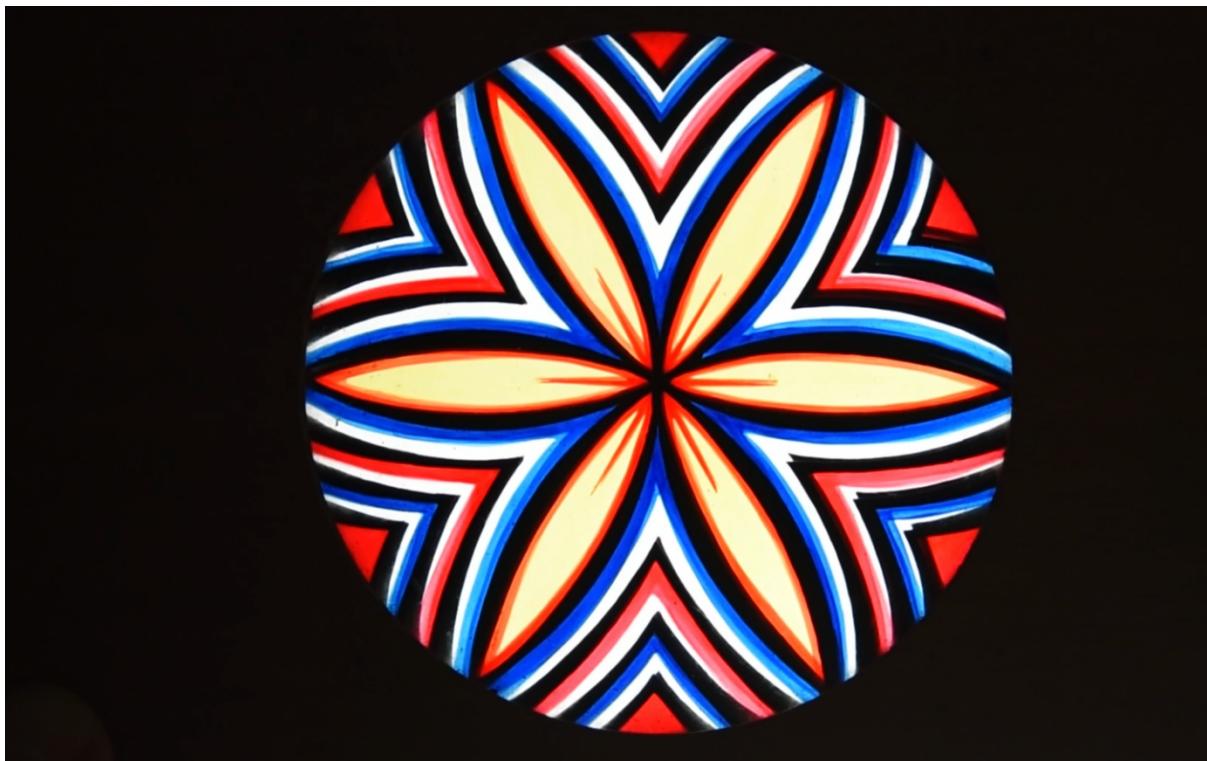
Im meyen, im meyen hört man die hanen kreen, freu dich du schöns brauns megetlein, hilf mir den haber en  
säen, bist mir vil lieber dann der knecht, ich tu dir deine alte recht. Bum, megglein, bum, ich freu mich dein  
ganz um und um, wo ich freundlich zu dir kum, hinderm ofen und um und um, freu dich, du schöns brauns  
megetlein, ich kum, ich kum. Es seinde zwölf monat im ganzen  
langen jare, das sagen uns die weisen ganz und gar für ware, ein jeder hat sein eigne art, einer der zert, der  
ander spart.

[Camera slowly moves down/tilts along the altar cloth. Flower petals begin to fall. The camera comes to rest, and reveals Faustus' gown, cap and cross on the floor, red gloves issuing from the sleeves, with the crown askew on the skull (jaw agape), all bestrewn with flowers] should the chain of the cross intermingle with the crown? Maybe not the gown, just his shirt, or some silk? After the establishing shot, hard cuts to various angles. Maybe no skull, just attire?

blackness

### 8. Chorus II

Iris opens, revealing a pattern of colours. Magic lantern slide starts to turn



**(voiceover):**

Learn[ē]d Faustus,  
To find the secrets of *Astronomy*,  
Grauen in the booke of *Loves* high firmament  
Did mount himselfe to scale *Olympus* top,  
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,  
Drawne by the strength of yoky dragons neckes,  
He now is gone to prooue *Cosmography*[.]  
[He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,  
The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,  
From the bright circle of the hornēd moon  
E'en to the height of Primum Mobile [*Preemum Mawbilee*];  
And, whirling round with this circumference,  
Within the concave compass of the pole,  
From east to west his dragons swiftly glide.]

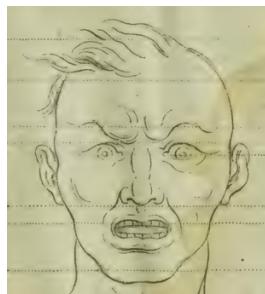
When Faustus had with pleasure tane the view  
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,  
Hee stayd his course, and so return[ē]d home[.] [*Magic lantern slide stands still, fade to darkness or iris*]

Blackness

**9. Faustus IV** Faustus' study. [*altar*]

The clock strikes 11 Focus on crucifix...cut to altar-table in disarray, with magic scrolls, books, trashed altar (candles burnt down), dagger, jawbone, ebony knives, jewels and crowns.

Cut on last stroke of the bell to closeup of Faustus, seated in a chair, wearing jeweled cross, gown, ruff and doctor's cap, clutching his staff, shivering in fear.



Ah, Faustus,  
Now hast thou but one bare hower to liue.  
And then thou must be damnd perpetually!  
Stand stil you ever-moouing spheres of heauen,  
That time may cease, and midnight neuer come;  
Fair Natures eie, rise, rise againe, and make  
Perpetual day; or let this houre be but a yeere,  
A moneth, a weeke, a naturall day,  
That Faustus may repent and saue his soule[!] [pantomime preparing to cast a spell: cut to take in whole figure]

*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi:*

The starres mooue stil, time runs, the clocke will strike,  
The diuel wil come, and Faustus must be damnd.



O, Ile leap vp to my God: who pulles me downe?

See[,] see where Christs blood streames in the firmament[!]  
One drop would saue my soule, halfe a drop, ah, my Christ, [cut to closeup]

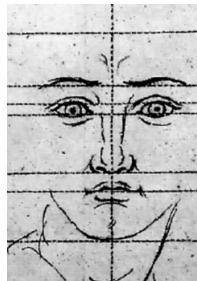
[camera moves back to take in whole figure]

**Grasping (g), Fig. 69, text p. 338:**



The fingers and thumb seizing the garments or tearing the hair (*uncis digitis*).

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,

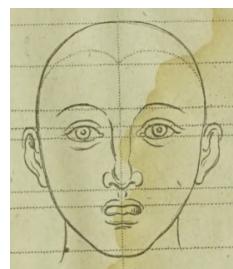


80 Yet will I call on him:



[Faustus sinks down in agony]

Oh spare me Lucifer! –



Where is it now? 'tis gone:  
larger frame to accommodate 'earth gape'!]



[Faustus jumps up, cut to camera



And see where God stretcheth out his arme,  
And bends his irefull browes:



Mountains and hilles, come come, and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heauy wrath of God.  
[looking at God] No no, then wil I headlong runne into the earth:



Earth, gape. O no, it will not harbour me: [to the left]



You starres that raignd at my natiuicie, [address to the left with wand]  
Whose influence hath allotted death and hel,  
Now draw vp Faustus, like a foggy mist,  
Into the intrailes of yon labring cloude[s],  
That, when [they] vomite foorth into the ayre,  
My limbis may issue from [their] smoaky moutheses,  
So that my soule [right hand heart] may but ascend to heaven[!] [address switches to the right]  
**The watch strikes.**



Ah, halfe the houre is past:



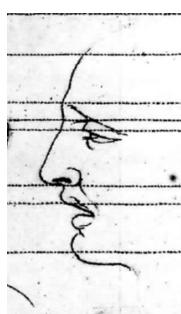
Twill all de past anone:

[sitting]

O God, if thou wilt not haue mercy on my soule $\alpha$ ,  
Yet for Christ's sake, whose bloud hath ransomd me,  
Impose some end to my incessant paine[;]  
Let Faustus liue in hel a thousand yeeres,



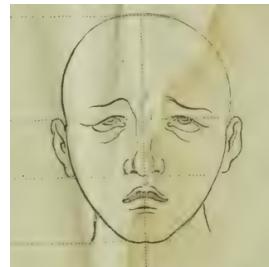
A hundred thousand, and at last be sau'd.



O no end is limited to damn[è]d soules,

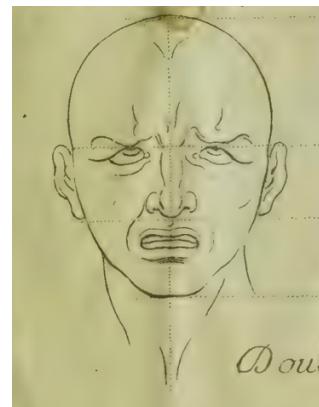
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?  
Or, why is this immortall that thou hast?  
Ah *Pythagoras metem su cossis*, were that true,

This soul should flie from me, and I be changde



Unto some brutish beast:  
Their soules are soone dissolud in elements;  
But mine must liue still to be plagde in hel.

al beasts are happy, for when thy die,



Curs'd be the parents that engendred me;

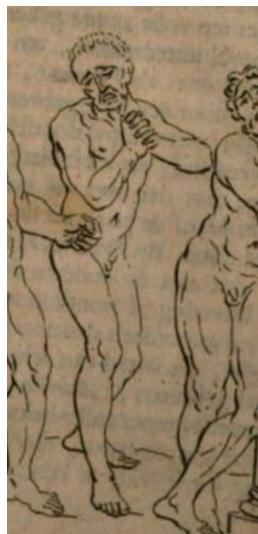
¶ ou



No, Faustus, curse thy selfe,

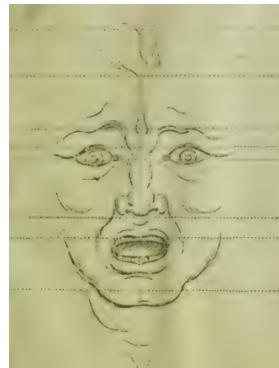
curse Lucifer,





That hath depriud thee  
*The clock striketh twelve.*

of the ioyes of heauen:



O it strikes,  
ayre,  
Or Lucifer wil beare thee quicke to hel:

it strikes! [entering magic circle] Now body turne to

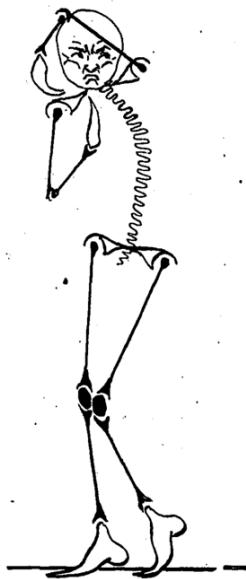




*Thunder and lightning.*

O soule, be changde into little water drops.  
And fal into the ocean, nere be found:

**Enter deuils.**



My God, my God, looke not so fierce on me: [Fiendish hands arise]  
Adders, and Serpents, let me breathe a while:



120 Ugly hell, gape not, come not, Lucifer,  
Ile burne my books, [red-gloved hands grasp his hair] ah, Mephistophilis!

**Exeunt with him.** [Faustus is pulled backwards out of frame].

Hard cut to black in middle of last word

#### 10. Chorus IV

[table as in scene one, same cloth, but different objects. Begin with close up of candle flame, which is blown out midway through the Chorus...then zoom out to entire momento mori with smoking candle]



Cut is the branch that might haue growne ful straight,  
And burn[è]d is Apolloes Laurel bough,

That sometime grew within this learn[è]d man:

*Faustus* [candle is blown out] is gone: [smoke curls upwards, camera moves in on the candle as final image]

regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,  
Onely to wonder at unlawful things,  
Whose deepeness doth intise such forward wits,  
To practice more than heauenly power permits.

**Blackness**

Terminat hora diem,  
Terminat Author opus. [The hour ends the day; the author ends the work.]

**Blackness**

**Scenes from Marlowe's**  
***The Tragical Historie of D. Faustus***

**Text by Christopher Marlowe (1604)**

**Adapted by Jed Wentz**

**Histrions**

Jed Wentz as Faustus  
Laila Cathleen Neuman as Fiendish Hands

**Camera**

Thomas Vorisek

**Voice and Renaissance lute**

Ivo Haun

**Songs by**

Ludwig Senfl, *Im Meyen*  
Anonymous, *Es kommt ein Schiff geladen*

**With thanks to**

Anne Smith  
Kat Carson  
Laila Cathleen Neuman  
Frans & Julia Muller  
Sarah Moine  
Rosaline van der Poel  
Thomas Vorisek  
Kate Brown  
Members of The Dutch Historical Acting Collective  
The Academy of Creative and Performing Arts, Universiteit Leiden

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Thoughts on Faustus' character:

Faustus is a lazy, hedonistic, superficial egotist motivated by a desire for earthly status ('honour') and especially by the fear of his own inescapable death. The latter is so great that he will believe any nonsense (that the afterlife will be spent in Elysium with philosophers even though he has a very devil before him; that 'Helen of Troy' is not a demon, though he has already said to the Emperor that he cannot call up real bodies), and disbelieve his own senses (actually hearing Mephistophilis say that he did not come at Faustus' call because he was compelled to by Faustus' magic, but rather that the demons always come when they detect a vulnerable soul) in order to avoid confronting his own death. Oddly, at the end of the play he longs for death (i.e. oblivion); by then, it is not death he fears, but an afterlife. He is willing to be cruel ('luke-warm blood of new-born babes') in order to sustain his pleasures (his only bulwark against despair), but has within him a sense of untapped kindness (penultimate scene, where he warns the scholars), which only makes him more monstrous: he is not just a raging tiger without heart or thought, motivated by hunger...he could have been a kinder man; except that he couldn't have. From the very first scene, he is settled into an anger against God for being mortal, and he is consequently unable to understand or appreciate divinity as a topic: divinity is the basest of his options because it promises death. He goes through his studies one by one, but already knows he wants magic.

So confused, so muddled, so terrified of death is our hair-brained but academically clever doctor that he runs, eyes wide opened (but seeing only illusions), headlong into the earth (sends himself to hell). This hell is the realization of his own evil ('Curse thyself, curse Lucifer'), and that he must eternally be essentially evil because he could-have-been-but-cannot-be good. Hell is, as Mephistophilis tells him, not a physical place, but the absence of God (goodness). Yet, though he knows this, Faust does, indeed, 'ne'er repent'. The inner pain of admitting he has been wrong is

too great for him to bear. With his final breath he calls not on the Christ above, but on the Mephistophilis within.