

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY AND DAMNABLE FATE OF

DOCTOR FAUSTUS

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SOUND OF THE WIND

ACROSS THE SCREEN - OCEAN WATERS RUSH

Followed by:

TREE-COVERED MOUNTAINS

FIRE RAGING ACROSS A DESERT VELDT

CLOUDS TEAR ACROSS THE SKY. Although the landscape changes, the clouds are always there...

The face of a REPORTER appears superimposed on the images. She holds a MICROPHONE.

REPORTER
(to CAMERA)

We must perform
The form of FAUSTUS' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWS ON THE SCREEN:

-- a BABY standing in a PLAYPEN, surrounded by TOYS
-- a HANDSOME LAD at PRIZE DAY, laden with AWARDS
-- the same LAD, now FAUSTUS AT COLLEGE, posed, with a bottle of champagne, in his ACADEMIC ROBES
-- FAUSTUS triumphing in debate before A CHEERING AUDIENCE

CUT BACK TO REPORTER:

REPORTER

Faustus was born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes:
Or riper years, to Wittenberg he went
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of Theology --

PULL BACK FROM THE SCREEN

We see that the REPORTER is on a TELEVISION MONITOR in --

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY

Antique, ancient, wood-panelled. Littered with BOOKS, DVDS, STORAGE DISKS, MANUSCRIPTS. Old ELECTRONIC GEAR.

The sound of a clicking mouse.

As the REPORTER speaks, we find DR. JOHN FAUSTUS at his COMPUTER TERMINAL. The screen is covered with files of his work.

He looks at the monitor with irritation as the REPORTER continues.

REPORTER

Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The REPORTER stands in FAUSTUS' STUDY, with a CAMERA CREW, filming a news segment. The PRODUCER watches the monitor.

REPORTER

(to CAMERA)

And this the man that in his study sits.

She extends the microphone to DR. FAUSTUS, who ignores her, apparently -- and showily -- absorbed in his work.

FAUSTUS is handsome, and almost too young for the academic honours that have come his way. Twenty-four, twenty-five at most. He is precocious, eager, brilliant and arrogant. Dressed well in the academic, tweed jacket fashion.

REPORTER

Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess.

CLOSE on the COMPUTER

The ICON that marks the FOLDER "ARISTOTLE".

A PAGE appears on the screen.

AT FAUSTUS - he reads and FROWNS theatrically.

FAUSTUS

Hmmmmmm.

(pause)

“To dispute well is logic’s chiefest end.”
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attained the end.
A greater subject fitteth FAUSTUS’ wit!

With a flourish, he closes the file.

FAUSTUS

Be a physican, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eternised for some wondrous cure.

He and the REPORTER laugh stagily at this.

With the mouse, he clicks on the folder “GALEN/MEDICINE”.
Opens it.

FAUSTUS

(reads from screen)

“The end of physic is our body’s health.”

FAUSTUS sits back, amused by this. He points to all his AWARDS, his PHOTOGRAPHS of himself with grateful and famous patients, his SIGNED TESTIMONIALS from pharmaceutical firms, his PHOTO of himself shaking hands with the PRIME MINISTER, etc.

REPORTER

Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague
And thousand desperate maladies been eased.

FAUSTUS takes a moment to be very, very pleased with himself and his achievements. But he assumes modesty for his audience.

FAUSTUS

Yet I am still but Faustus, and a man.
Could I make men to live eternally
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
(closes the GALEN folder dramatically)
Physic, farewell!

He turns now to the ICON marked “JURISPRUDENCE”. Opens it and scoffs.

FAUSTUS

A pretty case of paltry legacies!

(reads)

“If the same thing is left to two persons, one shall have the thing itself, the other its value...”

He clicks the folder closed, with disgust.

FAUSTUS

The universal body of the law!

Its study fits a mercenary drudge

Who aims at nothing but external trash,

Too servile and illiberal for me.

Pause. Here comes his big dramatic moment. His mouse finds the icon for “BIBLE, THE”. He opens it.

FAUSTUS

When all is done, Divinity is best!

He adopts a pious expression as the CAMERA zooms in for his close up.

Then, ‘CUT’. CREW packs up to leave. REPORTER and PRODUCER shake hands with FAUSTUS. They exit.

Pause.

FAUSTUS goes back to his computer, and sees the open folder. He tries to close it. It won’t close. The ON SCREEN PAGE turns. He shrugs, defeated by the whims of technology.

FAUSTUS

Jerome’s Bible, Faustus, view it well.

(idly reads)

Ha!

(reads aloud)

“The reward of sin is death.”

(thinks this over; uneasy in spite of himself)

That’s hard.

He talks to himself as if he is still being interviewed, meanwhile trying to close the file and reboot the computer.

FAUSTUS

If we say that we have no sin,

We deceive ourselves, and there’s no truth in us.

Why then belike, we must sin

And so consequently die.

Frustrated now that the computer refuses to shut off, he follows the cable through the mess of his office, to turn off the current at the source.

He tunnels under huge piles of dusty papers and books, as he continues talking to himself.

FAUSTUS

I -- we -- must die an everlasting death?
 What doctrine call you this? *Che sera, sera?*
 What will be, will be?
 (finds the PLUG, and PULLS IT)
 Divinity, adieu!

The violence of his movement destabilizes a tower of books. From its top, an ANCIENT, DUSTY, LEATHERBOUND TOME FALLS IN SLOW MOTION - and hits FAUSTUS on the head.

FAUSTUS

Ack!

He struggles out from under the pile of papers, clutching the BOOK.

Looks down at it. An engraved PENTAGRAM on the cover is all that identifies it.

He opens the book. The writing is gibberish. Carrying it over to the blank computer monitor, he holds the BOOK up to it, and reads the reflection.

We see the BOOK is backwards writing. And it can now be read.

Fascinated, FAUSTUS sinks into his chair, reading.

SAME - LATER

A growing pile of dusty books around FAUSTUS. He reads with increasing enthusiasm.

SAME - LATER

Even more books. FAUSTUS reads, wild-eyed.

He sits back, lost in thought.

FAUSTUS

These metaphysics of Magicians
 And necromantic books are heavenly! (CONT.)

FAUSTUS (CONT.)

Lines, circles, letters, characters...

(with increasing excitement)

Ay! These are those that Faustus most desires!

Oh, what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,

Is promised to the studious artisan!

Getting up in his excitement, he continues to study the BOOK, so absorbed, he doesn't hear a knock at the door.

His scout, MRS. WAGNER, enters. Laden down with cleaning equipment, she waves to get his attention. He ignores her. Shrugging, she starts to dust.

FAUSTUS

All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds:
But his dominion that exceeds in THIS

(shakes the BOOK)

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.

He loses himself in a happy dream. His mind, he is sure, stretches into eternity -- and beyond.

FAUSTUS

A sound magician is a mighty god:

Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity!

MMMMWWWWOOORRRRRR. MRS. WAGNER starts the vacuum cleaner.

FAUSTUS

Wagner!

(she shuts off the HOOVER)

Commend me to my dearest friends.

The scientists Valdes and Cornelius.

Request them earnestly to visit me.

MRS. WAGNER

I will, sir.

The hoovering starts again.

FAUSTUS

Their conference will be a greater help to me

Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Carrying the BOOK, he retreats from the noise into the bedroom, little more than a cupboard, off the study.

INT. FAUSTUS' BEDROOM

He shuts the door, and resumes studying the BOOK, reflected now in his bedside mirror.

The contents page: "TO TURN BASE METAL INTO GOLD". "TO WIN THE LOVE OF MAN OR WOMAN". "TO ESCAPE DEATH".

Through a tiny window, sunlight pours into the room. The GOOD ANGEL appears, wreathed in light.

GOOD ANGEL

Oh Faustus, lay that damned book aside
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scriptures! That is blasphemy.

At another tiny window, overgrown with cobwebs and ivy, it is raining outside.

A huge spider crawls in. This is the EVIL ANGEL.

EVIL ANGEL

Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasury is contained:
Be thou on earth, as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.

FAUSTUS ignores them both, continues reading.

INT. CORRIDORS OF THE COLLEGE - DAY

FAUSTUS, still reading, hurries to the SCIENCE LAB.

FAUSTUS

How am I glutt'd with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprises I will?

CUT TO --

INT. SCIENCE LAB

Huge, surreal interior, with line upon line of CAGES HOLDING SCREAMING ANIMALS, and WEIRD SCIENTIFIC DEVICES.

FAUSTUS approaches through two long lines of cages.

FAUSTUS

I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the newfound world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings!

UP AHEAD - VALDES and CORNELIUS, a his and her science team, wearing white lab coats, experiment on a DEAD DOG.

FAUSTUS

Valdes! Sweet Valdes and Cornelius!
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practice magic and concealed arts.
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravished me!

INT. OFFICE OF VALDES AND CORNELIUS

Excited, CORNELIUS loads folders from his COMPUTER onto a DVD.

VALDES

Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canonize us.

CORNELIUS

The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enriched with tongues, well seen in minerals...

VALDES heaps FAUSTUS with various BOOKS, DVDs, CDs, VHS TAPES, etc.

CORNELIUS

...Hath all the principles magic doth require.

VALDES

(confidentially)

The spirits tell me they can dry the sea (CONT.)

VALDEZ (CONT.)

And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks.
Ay, all the wealth our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth!

The SOUND of a DOG HOWLING from the lab.
CORNELIUS shoves the door shut with his foot.

CORNELIUS

(triumphant)

Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want.

Finished burning a DVD, he hands it to FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS

Nothing, Cornelius. Oh, this cheers my soul!
Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove
And have these joys in full possession!

CORNELIUS

Valdes, first let him know the words of art,
And then, all other ceremonies learned
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VALDES

(to FAUSTUS)

First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

FAUSTUS

Then come and dine with me, and after meat
We'll canvas every quiddity thereof;
For ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore.

INT. COLLEGE QUADRANGLE - NIGHT

Dinner has ended, and the QUADRANGLE is abuzz as the gathering spills out and breaks up. The Rector of the College, an OLD MAN, whose experience and wisdom show plainly on his face and in his bearing, says good-bye to his GUESTS, and fellow COLLEGE MEMBERS. SCHOLAR #1, SCHOLAR #2, and SCHOLAR #3 walk away from the group, talking, as MRS. WAGNER crosses with an ARMLOAD OF CHAMPAGNE.

SCHOLAR #1

I wonder what's become of Faustus?

SCHOLAR #2
 (accosts MRS. WAGNER)
 How now, where's the doctor?

MRS. WAGNER
 (indicates the CHAMPAGNE)
 Truly, he's within at dinner with Valdes and
 Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak,
 would inform you.

She hurries away, opening a DOOR onto the Quadrangle.

The SOUND OF A RAUCOUS PARTY emerges. Shouts. Music.
 MANIACAL LAUGHTER.

SPARKS, WHIZZING LIGHTS, COLOURED SMOKE, etc. belch
 from the room, as if CONJURING is taking place inside.

The SCHOLARS look at each other, concerned.

SCHOLAR #1
 (lowers his voice)
 Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that
 damned art for which they two are infamous
 throughout the world!

SCHOLAR #2
 Were he a stranger, and not allied to me,
 yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us
 go and inform the Rector and see if he by his
 grave counsel can reclaim him.

SCHOLAR #3
 Go and try what you can do.

They turn and hurry after the OLD MAN.

INT. STAIRCASE NIGHT

FAUSTUS, drunk, overexcited, returns from the PARTY.
 He holds an armload of DVDs, BOOKS, and CHAMPAGNE.

THUNDER rumbles.

SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER follow him up the stairs.
 And FAUSTUS, excited, can wait no longer. He must begin!

He unlocks the door to his study --

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY NIGHT

LIGHTNING flashes across the QUADRANGLE, outside.

FAUSTUS knocks piles of books aside, makes a SPACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

Goes to the COMPUTER, puts in one of the DVDs that VALDES gave him. The PRINTER belches out page after page of HEXAGRAMS.

As it does, FAUSTUS lights CANDLES around the space.

FAUSTUS

Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's dazzling look,
Leaps from the Antarctic world unto the sky
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath...

FAUSTUS lays the printed pages out in a CIRCLE. Put together in the right way, they form a PRINTED HEXAGRAM

FAUSTUS

Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
(drinks champagne for courage)
Seeing thou has prayed and sacrificed to them.

He surveys the printed HEXAGRAM, straightening it.

OUTSIDE - LIGHTNING flashes, THUNDER rumbles.
FAUSTUS looks up. Puts out the lone light.

Taking a deep breath, and another swig of CHAMPAGNE, he begins to walk slowly, counter-clockwise, inside the PRINTED CIRCLE.

FAUSTUS

Within this circle is Jehovah's name
Forward and backward anagrammatised,
The 'breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise.

He stops, shuts his eyes. Almost falters, but steels himself.

FAUSTUS

Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform.

Collects himself. Takes a final deep breath. Lifts his arms over the circle.

Thunder roars. But FAUSTUS' voice roars up to meet it.

FAUSTUS

(shouting)

*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex
Iehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatici, spiritus, salvete!
Orientis princeps Lucifer, Beelzebub, inferni ardentis
monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut
appareat et surgat Mephistophilis!*

FAUSTUS pauses. Nothing. The thunder roars more loudly still.
And FAUSTUS roars with it.

FAUSTUS

*Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovam, Gehennam, et
consecratum aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque
cruces quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc
surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!*

FAUSTUS sprinkles HOLY WATER on the floor and makes a sign of the cross.

A sudden wind rattles through the room.

A candle blows out.

In the shadow of the dead candle, a movement.

OUT OF THE SHADOW - A hideous and deformed DEVIL appears.

FAUSTUS stares at this apparition with fascination and horror.
Then, with a voice that slightly trembles, he addresses it.

FAUSTUS

I charge thee to return and change thy shape.
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.

THE DEVIL fades back into the shadow and disappears.

FAUSTUS, emboldened by his success, shouts after the apparition.

FAUSTUS

Go, and return an old Franciscan friar!
That holy shape becomes a devil best!

Pause.

Silence.

FAUSTUS looks around him, and at himself, up and down, as if to make sure he's still in one piece.

He laughs as his confidence returns.

FAUSTUS

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?

He luxuriates, now, in his proved power.

FAUSTUS

How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells!

FAUSTUS picks up the BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE, looks around for a glass, but realizes he can't step outside of the circle. Instead, he toasts himself and his achievement with a slug from the bottle.

FAUSTUS

Now, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate
That canst command great Mephistophilis!

MEPHISTOPHILIS enters behind FAUSTUS.

He is handsome. Dark. Young, though older than Faustus -- about thirty. He's dressed as a BIKER PRIEST, with an expensive black leather jacket, and a peace medallion around his neck.

He exudes casual elegance.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

(striking a match)

Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUSTUS jumps, dropping the CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE. He turns and sees MEPHISTOPHILIS, who suavely lights himself a cigarette.

MEPHISTOPHILIS offers FAUSTUS one from the pack.

FAUSTUS, trying to keep his hand steady, reaches for the offered smoke. But then he realizes his hand will have to leave the magic hexagram.

He declines.

MEPHISTOPHILIS smokes. With a gesture, he urges FAUSTUS to speak up.

FAUSTUS

(hurriedly)

I charge thee, wait upon me while I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world!

Pause. MEPHISTOPHILIS frowns.

He stubs out his cigarette, and folds his arms.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

I am servant to great Lucifer
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUSTUS

(aggrieved)

Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPHISTOPHILIS plays idly with a WORLD GLOBE.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

No, I came hither of my own accord.

FAUSTUS

Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee?

MEPHISTOPHILIS grins at this.

FAUSTUS

Speak!

MEPHISTOPHILIS

That was the cause, but yet by accident.
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come unless he use such means (CONT.)

MEPHISTOPHILIS (CONT.)

Whereby he is in danger to be damned:
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.

FAUSTUS feels confident again.

FAUSTUS

So Faustus hath
Already done, and holds this principle,
There is no chief, but only BEELZEBUB,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in Elysium;
But leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Through this speech, the BACK WALL OF THE STUDY dissolves
into a WALL OF CRACKLING FLAME.

FAUSTUS does not notice this.

MEPHISTOPHILIS, expressionless, does.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS

Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

FAUSTUS

How comes it then that he is prince of devils?

MEPHISTOPHILIS looks about for something to drink. The
champagne bottle has rolled out of the hexagram circle. There is
just enough left in it for him to pour himself a glass. He drinks.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

FAUSTUS

And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPHISTOPHILIS can't stand the sight of the fire behind FAUSTUS any more. A wave of his hand, and it dissolves back into the study wall.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are forever damned with Lucifer.

FAUSTUS

(fascinated)

Where are you damned?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

In hell.

Finishing his glass of champagne, he puts it down. Rubs his hand over his eyes, then collects himself.

The light keeps changing on MEPHISTOPHILIS, as if there were still a fire nearby.

FAUSTUS

How comes it then that thou are out of hell?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.

FAUSTUS laughs at this, what he assumes is a sophisticated joke.

MEPHISTOPHILIS looks at him with contempt.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?

The wall behind FAUSTUS again DISSOLVES INTO A WALL OF FLAME. From it can be heard CRACKLING and the CRIES OF THE DAMNED.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Oh, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

FAUSTUS laughs. HELL disappears. FAUSTUS taunts MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUSTUS

What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
 For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
 Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
 And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
 Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
 Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
 By desperate thoughts against God's deity,
 Say I surrender up to him my soul
 So he will spare me four and twenty year...

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FAUSTUS' STUDY

The OLD MAN approaches, pauses at the closed door, listens to
 FAUSTUS' VOICE.

FAUSTUS' VOICE

(through the door)

Letting me live in all voluptuousness,
 Having thee ever to attend on me:
 To give me whatsoever I shall ask...

The door blows open, seemingly by a wind. The OLD MAN pulls back
 into the shadows of the corridor.

THROUGH THE DOOR

we can see FAUSTUS, in his paper circle, talking to thin air.

FAUSTUS

To tell me whatsoever I demand,
 To slay my enemies and aid my friends,
 And always be obedient to my will.

The wind whirls up behind FAUSTUS, as he raises his arm in a
 magical gesture of command.

FAUSTUS

Go! And return to mighty Lucifer!
 And meet me in my study at midnight
 And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

THE VOICE OF MEPHISTOPHILIS

I will, Faustus.

IN THE CORRIDOR

A wind rushes by the OLD MAN, as MEPHISTOPHILIS, invisible, exits.

The door to the study slams shut in the OLD MAN's face.

IN FAUSTUS' STUDY

FAUSTUS picks up the WORLD GLOBE and tosses it, gloating on what he has done.

FAUSTUS

Had I as many souls as there be stars
 I'd give them all for Mephistophilis!
 By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
 And make a bridge through the moving air
 To pass the ocean with a band of men:
 I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore
 And make that country continent to Spain,
 And both contributory to my crown;
 The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
 Nor any potentate of Germany.
 Now that I have obtained what I desire
 I'll live in speculation of this art
 Till Mephistophilis return again.

FAUSTUS tosses the GLOBE too high. It falls with a CRASH.

THE SOUND OF CHURCH BELLS

EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS - GRADUATION DAY

FAUSTUS, in full academic regalia, at the centre of a big crowd:
 UNIVERSITY DIGNITARIES in their academic robes, GRADUATING
 STUDENTS, PARENTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, etc.

FAUSTUS performs his duties, shakes hands with all he comes
 across. Tumult. No one can hear a word he says.

FAUSTUS

(shaking hands with a set of PARENTS)
 Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned
 And canst thou not be saved?
 What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
 Away with such vain fancies and despair --
 Despair in God and trust in Beelzebub.
 Now go not backward, no!
 Faustus, be resolute, why waverest thou?

All line up for a GROUP PHOTOGRAPH. FAUSTUS stands with his STUDENTS.

FAUSTUS

Oh, something sounded in mine ears:
 (mimics GOOD ANGEL)
 “Abjure this magic, turn to God again!”
 Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
 To God? He loves me not.

FLASH!!!! FLASH!!!! PARENTS and PRESS take photographs.

The STUDENTS throw their CAPS in the air.

FAUSTUS shakes hands with TWO PRIESTS.

FAUSTUS

The God I serve is mine own appetite,
 Wherein is fixed the love of Beelzebub.

They don't hear him. They smile and nod.

FAUSTUS

To him I'll build an altar and a church
 And offer lukewarm blood of newborn babes.

The GOOD ANGEL appears in the sky above.

GOOD ANGEL

Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

The EVIL ANGEL, as a spider, slides down a thread, and dangles next to his head.

EVIL ANGEL

Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.

GRADUATION happy pandemonium around him.

FAUSTUS

Contrition, prayer, repentance, what of them?

GOOD ANGEL

Oh, they are means to bring you unto heaven!

EVIL ANGEL

Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
 That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

GOOD ANGEL

Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

EVIL ANGEL

No, Faustus, think of honour and wealth!

FAUSTUS, his face transfixed, pushes aside a celebrating STUDENT, who looks after him with surprise.

FAUSTUS

Of WEALTH!

CRANE UP - FAUSTUS elbows his way through the CELEBRATING THrong.

ON THE STREET

FAUSTUS hurries back to his rooms, past the REPORTER. She speaks, microphone in hand, to the CAMERA.

REPORTER

So, swollen with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings may mount above his reach
Will melting heavens conspire his overthrow?
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And gluttred more with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as MAGIC is to him!

CUT TO --

EXT. THE CLOCK TOWER

The CLOCK shows TWO MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT.

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY

FAUSTUS paces the study as the clock chimes midnight.

FAUSTUS

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe;
Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis!

The clock finishes its chime.

MEPHISTOPHILIS appears.

FAUSTUS

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my services with his soul.

FAUSTUS

Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

MEPHISTOPHILIS comes close, puts his hand on his arm.

FAUSTUS involuntarily shudders and shrinks back.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

MEPHISTOPHILIS makes as if to go.

FAUSTUS hesitates, forces himself to stop MEPHISTOPHILIS by laying his hand on his arm.

FAUSTUS

Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do thy lord.

MEPHISTOPHILIS takes out his cigarette case, and, shrugging, lights himself a cigarette.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUSTUS

Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

MEPHISTOPHILIS laughs at this.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Misery loves company.

FAUSTUS

Why, have you any pain, that torture others?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

As great as have the human souls of men.

MEPHISTOPHILIS is impatient with this line of thought.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul??
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And tell thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

FAUSTUS hesitates. Then takes the plunge.

FAUSTUS

Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

MEPHISTOPHILIS takes a PENKNIFE from FAUSTUS' DESK.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Then, Faustus, stab thy arm courageously,
And bind thy soul that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own,
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUSTUS takes the PENKNIFE and nerves himself.

FAUSTUS

Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee
(stabs his arm with the knife)
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night.
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm
And let it be propitious for my wish!

MEPHISTOPHILIS produces a QUILL PEN and PAPER from one pocket.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUSTUS, reckless, takes them, dips the pen in his own blood, and writes.

FAUSTUS

Ay, so I will.

He dips the pen again. Frowns.

FAUSTUS

But Mephistophilis --
My blood congeals and I can write no more.

MEPHISTOPHILIS, anxious to get the deal done, inspects his arm.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

From his other pocket, he produces a HANDFUL OF GLOWING COALS.

FAUSTUS

What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I might write afresh?
"Faustus gives to thee his soul" -- ah, here it stayed.
Why shouldst I not? Is not my soul my own?
Then write again: "Faustus gives to thee his soul."

MEPHISTOPHILIS listens to this with impatient contempt.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

He waves the coals under FAUSTUS' wound

FAUSTUS

So: now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately.

He writes.

MEPHISTOPHILIS is disgusted with himself.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Oh, what will not I do to obtain his soul?

FAUSTUS

Consummatum est. This bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
"Man, fly!" Whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ.
I see it plain: here in this place is writ
"Man, fly!" Yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPHISTOPHILIS hurries to put an end to this waffling.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

I'll fetch him something to delight his mind.

THE SOUND OF MOTORCYCLES.

FAUSTUS looks up.

A SHOWER OF GOLD falls down on him.

ANGLE ON

TWO HANDSOME YOUNG DEVILS in BLACK LEATHER MOTORCYCLE GEAR appearing on either side of MEPHISTOPHILIS.

They hold an expensive set of clothes, including a BLACK LEATHER JACKET and MOTORCYCLE BOOTS.

With a snap of his fingers, MEPHISTOPHILIS causes the clothes to appear on FAUSTUS.

The TWO DEVILS disappear to the FURTHER ROAR OF MOTORCYCLES.

FAUSTUS

Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal
And to show thee what magic can perform.

FAUSTUS admires his new leather jacket and boots.

FAUSTUS

But may I raise up spirits when I please?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUSTUS hurries to sign the bond.

MEPHISTOPHILIS watches with contempt a creature so easily bought.

FAUSTUS

Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

(CONT.)

FAUSTUS (CONT.)

A deed of gift of body and soul;
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

FAUSTUS

Then hear me read them:

(reads the BOND)

“On these conditions following:

First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance.

Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant and
at his command.

Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring
him whatsoever.

Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house
invisible.

Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus
at all times, in what form or shape soever
he please.

I, John Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents
do give both body and soul to Lucifer,
Prince of the East, and his minister
Mephistophilis, and furthermore grant unto
them, that twenty-four years being expired
the articles above written inviolate, full
power to fetch or carry the said John
Faustus body and soul, flesh, blood, or
goods, into their habitation, wheresoever.
By me, John Faustus.”

Pause.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Pause again.

FAUSTUS

Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on't.

MEPHISTOPHILIS takes the SIGNED BOND.

He tears off a CARBON RECEIPT, and, handing it to FAUSTUS,
carefully pockets the original.

MEPHISTOPHILIS snaps his fingers and the study vanishes --
-- and becomes --

EXT. A ROCKY PRECIPICE IN A DESERT LANDSCAPE

A MILLION STARS shine overhead.

FAUSTUS looks up, amazed.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

FAUSTUS

First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS

Ay, but whereabouts?

MEPHISTOPHILIS sighs at his slowness.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortured and remain forever.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place, for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be;
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

FAUSTUS, throughout this answer, practices his newfound powers.
He finds that with a wave of his hand, he can make a star fall.
He is pleased with himself.

FAUSTUS

Come, I think hell's a fable.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Ay, think so, till experience change thy mind.

FAUSTUS

(surprised)

Why, thinkst thou then that Faustus shall be damned?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

(with exaggerated patience)

Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
(waves the BOND)

Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUSTUS, with a gesture, makes a METEOR SHOWER appear.

He is distracted by this.

FAUSTUS

Ay, and body, too, but what of that?
Thinks thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That after this life there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles, and mere old wives's tales.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary.
For I am damned, and am now in hell.

The DESERT VANISHES, leaving, instead --

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY

FAUSTUS looks around himself in surprise.

FAUSTUS

How, now, in hell?
Nay, if this be hell, I'll willingly be damned.
What, sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?

MEPHISTOPHILIS shakes his head at the stupidity of man.

FAUSTUS cajoles him.

FAUSTUS

But leaving this, let me have a wife,
the fairest maid in Germany, for I am
wanton and lascivious and cannot live
without a wife.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

(humouring him)

Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.

He snaps his fingers, and the TWO DEVILS reappear.
They wheel in the BRIDE OF FAUSTUS on a trolley.

The BRIDE is eight feet tall. A combination sex doll, rock star, and Bride of Frankenstein. She's wrapped in a wedding cake of barbed wire, and carries a papier-mache rolling pin.

She sees FAUSTUS and screams.

FAUSTUS

What sight is this?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

FAUSTUS

(disgusted)

Here's a hot whore, indeed! No, I'll no wife.

MEPHISTOPHILIS snaps his fingers, and the DEVILS wheel the BRIDE away.

Instead, a QUARTET OF BEAUTY QUEENS, in high heels and bathing suits, promenade across the floor.

They are (according to the banners worn across their chests): MS. BERKELEY, MLE. SORBONNE, MISS PRINCETON, MISS OLD HEIDELBERG (in monocle, high-heeled leather boots, and duelling scar).

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy.
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans
And bring them every morning to thy bed.

FAUSTUS' eyes pop at the sight of the BEAUTY QUEENS.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

She whom thine eye shall like thy heart shall have,
Be she chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Sheba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

As MISS OLD HEIDELBERG turns, we see her DEVIL'S TAIL twitch.

The DEVILS quickly move to hide this sight.

One hands an iBOOK COMPUTER to MEPHISTOPHILIS, who distracts FAUSTUS by presenting it to him.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Here, take this book, peruse it well:
 The iterating of these lines brings gold.
 (hands him a PEN DRIVE)
 The framing of this circle on the ground
 Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storm, and lightning:
 (hands him a MEMORY CARD)
 Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
 And men in armour shall appear to thee,
 Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

FAUSTUS

Thanks, Mephistophilis, yet fain would I have
 a book wherein I might behold all spells
 and incantations, that I might raise up spirits
 when I please.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

(turns on iBOOK; points)
 Here they are in this book.

FAUSTUS

Now would I have a book where I might see all
 characters and planets of the heavens that I might
 know their motions and dispositions.

MEPHISTOPHILIS opens that folder.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Here they are, too.

FAUSTUS

Nay, let me have one book more, and then I
 have done, wherein I might see all plants,
 herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth

MEPHISTOPHILIS

(manipulates the keyboard)
 Here they be.

FAUSTUS

Oh, thou art deceived!

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Tut, I warrant thee.

FAUSTUS laughs with delight at the pictures that roll by
 on the laptop screen.

He and MEPHISTOPHILIS bend over it, discussing its wonders.

EXT. QUADRANGLE - DAWN

The OLD MAN emerges from his staircase.
He looks up at the window of FAUSTUS' study.

Lights flash. MUSIC pounds.

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY - DAWN

The DEVILS and the DEVIL BEAUTY QUEENS cavort in the study,
which has been transformed into a DISCOTHEQUE that extends far
beyond its boundaries. Flashing STROBE LIGHTS. A revolving
GLITTER GLOBE.

MUSIC POUNDS LOUDLY.

MEPHISTOPHILIS acts a DJ.

FAUSTUS, wearing a white satin suit, sits, bleary-eyed, on a raised
banquette, watching the action.

In front of him are a platter of half-eaten canapés, a mound of half-
snorted cocaine, and a bottle of half-drunk tequila.

He gets up, sways unsteadily, and staggers out.

The MUSIC screeches to a halt.

THE DISCOTHEQUE vanishes, replaced by the STUDY.

The DEVILS look at MEPHISTOPHILIS.

He shrugs.

EXT. THE COLLEGE GARDEN - SUNRISE

The SUN rises and fills the sky with a rose and turquoise glow.

The MOON and the MORNING STAR still hang low on the horizon.

BIRDS sing. DEW glistens on the green leaves.

FAUSTUS appears. Anguished, he looks at the magnificence
of the morning sky.

FAUSTUS

When I behold the heavens, then I repent
And curse thee, Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.

VOICE OF MEPHISTOPHILIS

Why, Faustus,
Thinkst thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUSTUS looks at his shaking hands. He is disgusted with himself.

FAUSTUS

How provest thou that?

MEPHISTOPHILIS appears on a bench, again lighting a cigarette.
Again, he offers one to FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS shakes his head.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

It was made for man; therefore is man more excellent.

FAUSTUS

If it were made for man, 'twas made for me.
I will renounce this magic and repent.

A rustling from the trees above.

The VOICES OF THE GOOD ANGEL and the BAD ANGEL sound.

VOICE OF GOOD ANGEL

Faustus, repent: yet will God pity thee.

VOICE OF EVIL ANGEL

Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

FAUSTUS

Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me.
Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

TILT UP TO THE TREE

We see the SPIDER'S WEB OF THE EVIL ANGEL.

THE GOOD ANGEL is trapped. Her wings flutter helplessly.

The EVIL ANGEL scuttles across the web toward her.

EVIL ANGEL

(laughing)

Ay, but Faustus never shall repent!

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY - DAY

FAUSTUS sits, depressed. MEPHISTOPHILIS sits next to him.

FAUSTUS

My heart's so hardened, I cannot repent.
 Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
 But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears:
 "Faustus, thou art damned!" Then swords and knives,
 Poison, guns, halters, and envenomed steel
 Are laid before me to dispatch myself,
 And long ere this I should have slain myself
 Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.

MEPHISTOPHILIS waves a hand, and, once again, the STUDY
 VANISHES, leaving --

EXT. A TEMPLE IN ANCIENT GREECE

On the steps, under the massive pillars, MEPHISTOPHILIS and
 FAUSTUS sit. Both wear TOGAS.

FAUSTUS

Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
 Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death,
 And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
 With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
 Made music with my Mephistophilis?
 Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
 I am resolved. Faustus shall not repent.
 Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again
 And argue of divine astrology.
 Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
 Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
 As is the substance of this centric earth?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

As are the elements, such are the spheres,
 Mutually folded in each other's orb;
 And jointly move upon one axletree (CONT.)

MEPHISTOPHILIS (CONT.)

Whose boundary is termed the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feigned, but are erring stars.

ANGLE ON - A GROUP OF LEARNED GREEKS who nod sagely at
MEPHISTOPHILIS' words.

FAUSTUS

Tush, these slender trifles Wagner can decide!
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Tell me, hath every sphere a dominion, or intelligence?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Ay.

Waves his hand again, and ANCIENT GREECE VANISHES, replaced
by --

INT. SPACE STATION

In orbit around SATURN.

Airless, deserted, punctured with holes. Long deserted by its makers.

MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS stare out the cracked picture
window at the huge gas planet below.

FAUSTUS

How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and
the empyreal heaven.

FAUSTUS

Resolve me in this question: why have we not
conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses
all at one time, but in some years we have
more, in some less?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

(yawns)

Unequal motion in relation to the whole.

FAUSTUS is depressed. He knows all of this.

But he can't think of how to ask about what he doesn't know.

FAUSTUS
Well, I am answered.

Pause.

FAUSTUS thinks of a real question.

FAUSTUS
Tell me, who made the world.

MEPHISTOPHILIS
I will not.

FAUSTUS
(coaxes)
Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

BEHIND THEM - THE GIANT PLANET SATURN FILLS THE SCREEN.

MEPHISTOPHILIS
Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

FAUSTUS
Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me
anything?

SATURN VANISHES. They are back in --

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY

MEPHISTOPHILIS
Ay, that is not against our kingdom. But this is.

The BACK WALL OF FAUSTUS' STUDY FALLS AWAY.
THE FIRES OF HELL appear.

MEPHISTOPHILIS
Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art
damned!

FAUSTUS
(bawls out in revenge)
Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world!

MEPHISTOPHILIS
(points at the WALL OF FLAME)
Remember this!

He walks into the FLAMES.

FAUSTUS shouts after him.

FAUSTUS

Ay, go accursed spirit, to ugly hell;
'Tis thou has damned distressed Faustus' soul!

He turns and runs into the bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

INT. FAUSTUS' BEDROOM

FAUSTUS stands, not knowing what to do next.

FAUSTUS

(whispers)
Is't not too late?

The GOOD ANGEL and the EVIL ANGEL appear. The GOOD ANGEL is covered with cobwebs, but intact.

EVIL ANGEL

Too late.

GOOD ANGEL

Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

EVIL ANGEL

If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

GOOD ANGEL

Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

They disappear.

FAUSTUS falls to his knees beside his bed, clutching his hands together in prayer.

FAUSTUS

Ah Christ, my Saviour!
Seek to save distressed FAUSTUS' soul!

A loud knock at the door.

FAUSTUS jumps up.

In walk LUCIFER and BEELZEBUB. They are dressed in beautiful chalk stripe suits, like rich bankers or politicians.

LUCIFER is tanned, elegant, and relaxed: the ultimate in suave experience.

BEELZEBUB is his bodyguard. He keeps one hand in his pocket.

LUCIFER

Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUSTUS

Oh, who art thou that lookst so terrible?

LUCIFER

I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion prince in hell.

FAUSTUS

(terrified)

Oh, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

LUCIFER puts his arm around FAUSTUS' shoulder. He speaks soothingly.

LUCIFER

We come to tell thee thou dost injure us:
Thou callst on Christ, contrary to thy promise.
Thou shouldst not think of God; think of the Devil.

BEELZEBUB hefts whatever weapon it is he has in his pocket.

BEELZEBUB

And of his dam, too.

BEELZEBUB grins. His mouth is full of gold teeth.

Suddenly, LUCIFER and BEELZEBUB look like gangsters.

LUCIFER snaps his fingers.

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY

The THREE appear.

MEPHISTOPHILIS arranges TWO THRONES in front of a SMALL STAGE.

Walls and arches have opened up to reveal an infinity of magnificent rooms.

FAUSTUS gapes at the grandeur of his transformed study.

FAUSTUS

(trembling; subservient)

Nor will I henceforth. Pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God or pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

MEPHISTOPHILIS rolls his eyes.

LUCIFER quells him with a look, and goes back to soothing FAUSTUS.

LUCIFER

Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.
Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some
pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven
Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

FAUSTUS sits on a throne.

FAUSTUS

(fawningly)

That sight will be as pleasing unto me as
paradise was to Adam, the first day of his
creation.

LUCIFER clears his throat, indicating to FAUSTUS that he should not seat himself before his betters.

FAUSTUS jumps up, bows low, as LUCIFER seats himself.

Looking for permission from BEELZEBUB, FAUSTUS receives it, and seats himself gingerly on his own throne.

LUCIFER

Talk not of paradise or creation, but mark this
show; talk of the Devil and nothing else.
Come, away!

MEPHISTOPHILIS pulls the red velvet curtain that covers the stage.

The TWO DEVILS shine lights on it.

BEELZEBUB appears, dressed as THE SIN OF PRIDE.

LUCIFER

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

FAUSTUS

(eager to be pleased)

What art thou, the first?

PRIDE

I am PRIDE. I disdain to have parents. But fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word except the ground were perfumed and covered with cloth of gold!

The curtain closes.

FAUSTUS

Thou art a proud knave indeed!

Curtain opens on BEELZEBUB dressed as COVETOUSNESS.

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the second?

COVETOUSNESS

I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in a leather bag; and might I now obtain my wish, this house, you, and all should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest. Oh, my sweet gold!

Continue as before. The SINS, all played by BEELZEBUB, surround him. FAUSTUS, eager to show his appreciation throughout, never stops laughing and applauding.

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the third?

WRATH

I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother; I am leaped out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce an hour old, and ever since I have run up and down the world with this sword, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight with. I was born in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the fourth?

ENVY

I am Envy. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. Oh that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone; then thou shouldst see how fat I would be! But must thou sit, and I stand?

FAUSTUS

Away, envious rascal! What art thou, the fifth?

GLUTTONY

Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and they have left me but a bare pension: that is thirty meals a day and ten bevvies -- a small trifle to suffice nature. Faustus, wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUSTUS pounds his knee, laughing.

FAUSTUS

No, I'll see thee hanged! Thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

GLUTTONY

Then the Devil choke thee!

LUCIFER, joking, makes as if to choke FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS laughs with nervous appreciation.

FAUSTUS

Choke thyself, glutton! What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH

I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since, and you have done me a great injury to bring me from thence. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

The CURTAIN shuts, and opens again, with BEELZEBUB dressed as a sexy woman -- LECHERY.

FAUSTUS

What are you, mistress minx, the seventh
and the last?

LECHERY

(seductively)

Who, I, sir?

(purrs)

The first letter of my name begins with L --
echery!

His tongue snakes out.

FAUSTUS shouts his approval, gives a standing ovation to the show.

LUCIFER

Now, Faustus, how dost thy like this?

FAUSTUS

Oh, this feeds my soul!

BEELZEBUB quivers with excitement at the word 'soul'.

The TWO DEVILS pack away the props.

LUCIFER takes FAUSTUS aside for a quick word.

LUCIFER

Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

FAUSTUS

Oh, that I might see hell and return again,
how happy were I then!

LUCIFER

Thou shalt. I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime, take this...

He reaches out, and MEPHISTOPHILIS hands him yet another
ELECTRONIC TOY, which he gives to a grateful FAUSTUS.

LUCIFER

...peruse it thoroughly, and thou shalt
turn thyself into any shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS

Great thanks, mighty Lucifer;
This I will keep as chary as my life.

LUCIFER waves a fond finger at FAUSTUS.

LUCIFER
Farewell, Faustus, and think of the devil.

He and BEELZEBUB disappear.

FAUSTUS
Farewell, great Lucifer.

Pause.

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS are now alone.

FAUSTUS, his confidence fully returned, draws himself up to full height and snaps his fingers at MEPHISTOPHILIS.

FAUSTUS
Come, Mephistophilis!

He vanishes.

MEPHISTOPHILIS follows.

EXT. THE CLOCK TOWER

The REPORTER, trench coat on, and microphone in hand, speaks to the CAMERA.

REPORTER
Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's firmament...

A MOTORCYCLE with SIDECAR races in front of her, honking. It drowns out her voice.

REPORTER
(shouts to make herself heard)
Did mount himself to scale Olympus's top...

From the other direction - THE MOTORCYCLE races past.

REPORTER
BEING SEATED IN A CHARIOT BURNING BRIGHT...
(returns to normal voice)
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.

She looks up.

ANGLE UP TO THE SKY ABOVE THE CLOCK TOWER

The MOTORCYCLE and SIDECAR fly across the face of the CLOCK. MEPHISTOPHILIS drives; FAUSTUS, in sidecar, reads the MAP.

AT REPORTER -

She holds onto her hat to keep from being blown in their turbulence, and shouts her last lines.

REPORTER

He now is gone to prove Cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope, and manner of his court,
And take some part of Holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized.

EXT. THE AIRBORNE MOTORCYCLE FLIES OVER THE EARTH

The WORLD curves below.

MEPHISTOPHILIS drives.

FAUSTUS wears a HAWAIIAN SHIRT under his leather jacket, and a BASEBALL CAP that says "VEGAS." Some FUZZY DICE hang from the MIRROR. Piled up in the sidecar around FAUSTUS are his SOUVENIRS of his travels: STUFFED ANIMALS. FAIRGROUND PRIZES. MICKEY MOUSE EARS. A MINI EIFFEL TOWER. SNOW GLOBES.

FAUSTUS flicks through his COLLECTION OF POSTCARDS and WORLD GUIDE BOOKS.

FAUSTUS

Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Passed with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environed round with airy mountaintops;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines,
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
With buildings, fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth and paved with finest brick.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest...

(sighs)

Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time.

He plays idly with a SNOWGLOBE, as MEPHISTOPHILIS lands the MOTORCYCLE inside the WALLS OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, in ROME.

MEPHISTOPHILIS dismounts; FAUSTUS gets up and stretches.

FAUSTUS

Tell me now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Faustus, I have.
This is the goodly palace of the Pope;
And 'cause we are no common guests
I choose his privy chamber for our use.

FAUSTUS

I hope his holiness will bid us welcome..

INT. CORRIDORS OF ST. PETER'S

MEPHISTOPHILIS leads the way, past windows looking out on Rome.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we'll be bold with
his good cheer.

FAUSTUS stops to look out a window past the statues, at the city beneath.

FAUSTUS

I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome.

FAUSTUS tugs at MEPHISTOPHILIS' sleeve.

FAUSTUS

Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Nay, stay, my Faustus. I know you'd see the Pope
And take some part of Holy Peter's Feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars
Whose highest goodness is in belly-cheer.

He produces a CONE of PINK CANDY FLOSS, and hands it to FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS takes it, turns his baseball cap backwards, and nods.

FAUSTUS

Well, I am content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me that I may be invisible, to do what I
please unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

MEPHISTOPHILIS waves his hand. FAUSTUS disappears, leaving only the CANDY FLOSS floating in the air.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

So, Faustus, now do what thou wilt, thou
shalt not be discerned.

He indicates that FAUSTUS should toss the CANDY FLOSS away. FAUSTUS does.

With a flourish, MEPHISTOPHILIS throws open a huge door.

INT. THE POPE'S PRIVATE CHAMBER

Lavish with gold and velvet and marble. A BANQUET takes place. A BUFFET groans with FOOD.

At the table, the POPE sits at the head, on a throne. CARDINALS, BISHOPS, MONKS, and FRIARS are in attendance.

VATICAN SWITZERS mount guard at the door.

FAUSTUS, unseen by all, enters. MEPHISTOPHILIS, dressed as a Vatican servant, enters and stands by the buffet.

THE POPE

(beckons to a CARDINAL)

My lord of Lorraine, will't please you draw near?

FAUSTUS

Fall to, and the Devil choke you.

He vanishes.

The POPE, astonished, looks around for the source of the voice.

THE POPE

How now, who's that which spake? Friars,
look about.

A FRIAR lifts the tablecloth, looks underneath.

FRIAR

Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pause. The POPE clears his throat. Continues.

THE POPE

My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from
the Bishop of Milan.

FAUSTUS reappears and snatches the dish.

FAUSTUS

I thank you, sir.

He vanishes again.

THE POPE

How now, who's that which snatched the meat
from me? Will no man look?

But the GUARDS can find no one. The POPE recovers himself.

THE POPE

My lord, this dish was sent me from the
Cardinal of Florence.

FAUSTUS reappears, grabs the dish, swallows the contents down.

FAUSTUS

You say true, I'll ha't.

And disappears again.

THE POPE

What, again!

(to the CARDINAL)

My lord, I'll drink to your Grace.

FAUSTUS

(reappearing)

I'll pledge your grace.

He snatches the goblet, gargles down the wine, and is gone again.

THE CARDINAL OF LORRAINE

(to the POPE)

My lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of Purgatory come to beg a pardon of your holiness.

THE POPE

It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of the ghost. Once again, my lord, fall to.

The POPE crosses himself, takes up his fork.

FAUSTUS' VOICE

What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

GENERAL CONFUSION.

The POPE crosses himself again.
The others follow suit.

FAUSTUS' VOICE

Well, that's the second time. Aware the third, I give you fair warning.

The POPE crosses himself again.
FAUSTUS appears, hits the POPE over the head with the goblet.
Vanishes.

PANDEMONIUM.

All at the table jump up and run out the door.

Pause. FAUSTUS reappears. He looks bored.

MEPHISTOPHILIS eats an apple he plucks from the mouth of a suckling pig.

FAUSTUS

(discontented)

Come on, Mephistophilis. What shall we do now?

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Nay, I know not. We shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

FAUSTUS

(laughs)

How! Bell, book, and candle, candle, book, and bell.
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!

The doors swing open, and the FRIARS, MONKS, BISHOPS,
CARDINALS and THE POPE process in, in full regalia, holding GOLD
CROSSES, INCENSE CENSERS, MISSALS, BURNING CANDLES, etc.

All chant the RITE OF EXORCISM.

ALL PRIESTS

Cursed be he that stole away His Holiness's meat
from the table -- *maledicat dominus!*
Cursed be he that took away His Holiness's wine --
maledicat dominus!
Cursed be he that struck His Holiness a blow on
the face -- *maledicat dominus!*
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge --
maledicat dominus! Et omnes sancti!
Amen.

MEPHISTOPHILIS hands FAUSTUS a CREAM PIE.

FAUSTUS aims at the CARDINAL OF LORRAINE and lets fly.

The PIE hits the CARDINAL full on the face.

MEPHISTOPHILIS appears by the CARDINAL, hands him a PIE.

The CARDINAL, thinking a MONK was responsible, throws the PIE
at him. The MONK ducks. The PIE hits the BISHOP.

MEPHISTOPHILIS provides PIES FOR ALL.

As the POPE protests, the BISHOPS, CARDINALS, MONKS, and
FRIARS join in a free for all.

A PIE hits the POPE. He joins in the mad melee of pie throwing.

PIE PANDEMONIUM.

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS, laughing, leave unseen.

EXT. THE CLOCK TOWER

The REPORTER continues her report to CAMERA.

REPORTER

Faustus's fame spread forth in every land...

EXT. HILLTOP MANSION - LOS ANGELES

Fantastic view of LOS ANGELES, all the way to the ocean.

FAUSTUS suns himself poolside, drinking a MAI TAI. The DEVIL BATHING BEAUTIES wait on him hand and foot.

The TWO DEVILS pace the background, talking on their CELL PHONES.

MEPHISTOPHILIS' CELL PHONE rings. He answers, hands it to FAUSTUS.

REPORTER'S VOICE

Amongst the rest, the Emperor is one...

EXT. A ROAD IN AN IDYLIC WINTER SNOW STORM

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS, wrapped in furs, ride on BLACK HORSES.

They wave to CHEERING CROWDS OF MANY LANDS.

FAUSTUS wears a BACKPACK filled with his souvenirs.

REPORTER'S VOICE

...Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.

UP AHEAD - A BREAK IN THE SNOWFALL

And the ENORMOUS PALACE OF THE EMPEROR CAROLUS is revealed.

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS ride towards it.

REPORTER'S VOICE

What there he did in trial of his art,
I leave untold, your eyes shall see performed.

CUT TO --

INT. THE EMPEROR'S PALACE

CAMERA CREWS filming the most luxurious and imperial palace imaginable.

The EMPEROR and his PREGNANT EMPRESS hold court from TWO HIGH THRONES, set beneath a GIANT CLOCK.

COURTIERS, NOBLES, SERVANTS abound.

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS ride their HORSES into the great hall.

The COURT applauds as they dismount. LACKEYS run to lead their HORSES away.

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS shrug off their furs into the waiting arms of SERVANTS.

They are dressed like SIEGFRIED AND ROY. Very wealthy, sequined entertainers, accustomed to performing before the highest of the land.

The EMPEROR addresses FAUSTUS.

EMPEROR

Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of your knowledge in the black art -- how that none in my empire, nor in the whole world, can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic.

FAUSTUS bows.

EMPEROR

They say thou has a familiar spirit by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list.

MEPHISTOPHILIS bows.

EMPEROR

This, therefore, is my request: that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported.

The COURT APPLAUDS.

FAUSTUS bows.

A SPOTLIGHT SHINES ON FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS

(in a booming voice)

My gracious sovereign, though I must
confess myself far inferior to the report
men have published, and nothing answerable
to the honour of your Imperial Majesty,
yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto,
I am content to do whatsoever your Majesty
shall command me.

The COURT APPLAUDS again.

The EMPEROR holds up a hand for silence.

EMPEROR

Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

Dramatic pause.

The COURT waits, expectant.

EMPEROR

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors --

The COURT applauds.

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS bow.

EMPEROR

How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne shall,
I fear me, never attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority.

The COURT murmurs “no, no,” and praise for the modesty of
the EMPEROR.

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS bow again.

EMPEROR

Amongst which kings is ALEXANDER THE GREAT!

The COURT applauds this with extra enthusiasm.

EMPEROR

Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams --
As when I hear but mention made of him
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.

The COURT murmurs with sympathy.

It is indeed very sad that their EMPEROR never met ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

The EMPEROR holds his hand up one more time for silence.

EMPEROR

If, therefore, by the cunning of thy art
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below
Where lies entombed this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour...

The COURT buzzes with excitement.

EMPEROR

Both in their right shapes, gestures, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire
And give me cause to praise thee while I live.

Even more APPLAUSE. It dies down, and the COURT waits, expectant, for FAUSTUS' REPLY.

He does not disappoint them.

FAUSTUS

My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish
your request, so far forth as by art and power
of my spirit I am able to perform.

He pauses dramatically.

FAUSTUS

But if it like your Grace, it is not in my
ability to present before your eyes the true
substantial bodies of those deceased princes
which are long since consumed to dust.

Disappointed murmurs from the COURT.
The EMPEROR and EMPRESS look concerned.

FAUSTUS
(in ringing tones)
BUT SUCH SPIRITS AS CAN RESEMBLE
ALEXANDER AND HIS PARAMOUR SHALL
APPEAR BEFORE YOUR GRACE, IN THAT
MANNER THAT THEY BEST LIVED IN, IN
THEIR MOST FLOURISHING ESTATE...!

The COURT laughs, APPLAUDS.

The EMPEROR and EMPRESS beam and applaud.

FAUSTUS
(continues more modestly)
Which I doubt not shall sufficiently content
your Imperial Majesty.

EMPEROR
Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently!

FAUSTUS
(with a dramatic gesture)
Mephistophilis, be gone!

MEPHISTOPHILIS vanishes.

The COURT GASPS.

Pause. All that can be heard is the GIANT CLOCK TICKING.

Then, BEAUTIFUL MUSIC fills the hall.

All look around for its mysterious source.

And MEPHISTOPHILIS reappears, and with a sweeping gesture,
introduces the TWO SPIRITS who materialize in front of him.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT and his paramour, ROXANA.

The EMPRESS, delighted at this, clasps her hands in excitement.

The COURT, amazed, applauds.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT and ROXANA parade up and down
the hall.

The EMPEROR, greatly impressed, rises from his throne, and escorts the EMPRESS down to a place closer to the SPIRITS.

EMPEROR

Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she lived had a wart or mole on her neck. How shall I know whether it be so, or not?

FAUSTUS

(with great showmanship)
Your Highness may boldly go and see.

The EMPEROR hesitates, but the EMPRESS urges him on. He goes to the spirit ROXANA, and pulls back her hair.

He falls back, amazed.

The EMPRESS leads the COURT in APPLAUSE.

EMPEROR

Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes!

FAUSTUS claps his hands, and ALEXANDER THE GREAT and ROXANA pause for one last wave to the COURT.

Then they shimmer, dissolve, and disappear.

WILD APPLAUSE.

The EMPEROR goes to FAUSTUS, embraces him.

EMPEROR

Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me. Expect a bounteous reward!

This is FAUSTUS' apotheosis. But he is not finished yet.

FAUSTUS

My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.

He turns to the EMPRESS, who still giddily applauds him,

FAUSTUS

But it may be, madam, that you take no delight in this.

The EMPEROR and the COURT laugh at this witticism.

FAUSTUS

Therefore, I pray you tell me what is the thing you most desire to have? Be it in the world, it shall be yours. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things that are rare and dainty.

EMPRESS

Thanks, good Master Doctor. And, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires. And were it now summer, as it is January, and the dead time of winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

FAUSTUS

Alas, madam, that's nothing.
(with GESTURE)
Mephistophilis, be gone!

MEPHISTOPHILIS exits with a whoosh, and reappears immediately, holding a PLANT POT and STICK.

He gives the STICK to FAUSTUS, who displays it to the COURT, and then, with many mysterious gestures, sticks it in the dirt of the PLANT POT.

He waves his hand. The STICK bursts into a GRAPEVINE that grows and spills out of the PLANT POT into the hall.

GRAPES appear, growing in cascades down the vine.

As the COURT watches, enthralled, the GRAPES ripen.

More APPLAUSE. The EMPEROR is delighted.

FAUSTUS picks the finest bunch of GRAPES, and, with a flourish, offers them to the EMPRESS.

FAUSTUS

How do you like them, madam?
Be they good?

EMPRESS

Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before!

FAUSTUS

I am glad they content you so, madam.

EMPEROR

(to the EMPRESS)

Come, madam, let us in,
Where you must well reward this learned man
For the great kindness he hath showed to you.

EMPRESS

And so I will, my lord, and whilst I live
Rest beholding for this courtesy.

FAUSTUS

(bowing)

I humbly thank your Majesty.

EMPRESS

Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive
your reward.

FAUSTUS follows the EMPEROR and EMPRESS up the thrones,
where COURTIERS appear, staggering under lavish gifts.

As the CAMERA CREWS film, the COURTIERS heap these upon
FAUSTUS, filling his BACK PACK to overflowing.

Waves and waves of applause. FAUSTUS bows over and over again.

TILT UP TO THE CLOCK ABOVE THE THRONE.

It ticks away. Hands set at 1 o'clock.

As the IMAGE OF THE CLOCK DISSOLVES --

ANOTHER HUGE CLOCK APPEARS IN ITS PLACE.

The REPORTER'S VOICE is heard.

REPORTER'S VOICE

When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course and so returned home...

TILT DOWN - TO REVEAL A SINGLE THRONE UNDER THE CLOCK

FAUSTUS sits there, alone. He has aged twenty years or more.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

The luxury of the palace hall. SOUVENIRS and TREASURES from around the world litter every surface.

This is FAUSTUS' PALACE. Even grander than that of the EMPEROR.

A BANQUET TABLE laden with lavish food and drink indicate that GUESTS are expected.

MEPHISTOPHILIS stands by the door.

The REPORTER, microphone in hand, moves into frame.

REPORTER

Where such as bear his absence but with grief --
I mean his friends and nearest companions --
Did gratulate his safety with kind words.

FAUSTUS inclines his head, and MEPHISTOPHILIS throws open the door.

SCHOLAR #1, SCHOLAR #2, SCHOLAR #3, CORNELIUS, and VALDES enter, exclaim with wonder at the palace as the CAMERA CREW films their reactions.

They investigate the contents of the hall, amazed.

None are older than when we saw them last.

The SCHOLARS, astonished at the change in FAUSTUS, murmur about this among themselves.

FAUSTUS comes down from his throne to greet his guests.

PAN UP TO THE CLOCK - THE HANDS MOVE FAST THROUGH THE HOUR

PAN DOWN TO THE GREAT HALL

The REPORTER continues her broadcast in the FOREGROUND.

Behind her -- FAUSTUS entertains his GUESTS, through a multi-course meal, with his learning and wit. All in SPEEDED-UP MOTION.

REPORTER

And in their conference of what befell,
 Touching his journey through the world and air,
 They put forth questions of astrology,
 Which Faustus answered with such learned skill
 As they admired and wondered at his wit.

FAUSTUS makes a pronouncement; the GUESTS applaud.

MEPHISTOPHILIS passes the port.

The SCHOLARS confer among themselves, goad SCHOLAR #1 to make a request.

SCHOLAR #1

(clears his throat nervously)

Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference
 about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest
 in all the world, we have determined with
 ourselves that Helen of Greece was the
 admirablest lady that ever lived.

SCHOLAR #2

Therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that
 favour as to let us see that peerless dame
 of Greece whom all the world admires for
 majesty...

SCHOLAR #3

...we should think ourselves much beholden unto
 you.

FAUSTUS

Friends.
 For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
 And FAUSTUS' custom is not to deny
 The just requests of those that wish him well,
 You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
 No otherways for pomp and majesty
 Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her
 And brought the spoils to rich...

FAUSTUS' flow of eloquence suddenly fails him. He can't remember what he was going to say.

MEPHISTOPHILIS, passing by, prompts him.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Dardania.

FAUSTUS

And brought the spoils to rich DARDANIA!

SCHOLARS and CORNELIUS and VALDES ooh and aaah.

FAUSTUS gestures to MEPHISTOPHILIS, who goes up to the throne's dais, and pulls a WARDROBE onto CENTRE STAGE.

Music sounds.

FAUSTUS

(to his GUESTS)

Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

All watch.

MEPHISTOPHILIS, dressed as a MAGICIAN, pulls out a TOP HAT, dons it.

With a gesture, he flings open the WARDROBE DOOR.

It is empty.

He shuts the wardrobe, and makes a pass with his hands in front of it.

He opens the wardrobe.

HELEN OF TROY steps from it.

The GUESTS gasp, as MEPHISTOPHILIS helps her down.

Wearing a spangled tutu, she pirouettes. HELEN OF TROY is indeed beautiful.

SCHOLAR #2

Too simple is my wit to tell her praise
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

SCHOLAR #3

No marvel through the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen.

SCHOLAR #1

Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

From his TOP HAT, MEPHISTOPHILIS produces ROSES and WHITE DOVES, which float around HELEN.

As the GUESTS watch, amazed, MEPHISTOPHILIS turns the WARDROBE on its side. It becomes a COFFIN. He helps HELEN into this. Shows her feet extending from one end, her head from the other.

Producing a SAW, MEPHISTOPHILIS SAWS HELEN IN HALF.

He opens the hinged coffin to show the EMPTY SPACE between her two halves.

Puts the halves together again. Waves a hand. Opens the coffin.

And HELEN OF TROY jumps out, whole and more beautiful than ever.

She bows to the GUESTS.

TILT UP TO THE CLOCK - as we hear the 'ooooohs' and 'aaaaaahs' of the GUESTS.

THE CLOCK HANDS MOVE FORWARD.

TILT DOWN TO THE HALL

FAUSTUS says goodbye to his GUESTS.

As they leave, MEPHISTOPHILIS hands them their coats.

CORNELIUS

Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works...

VALDES

...And only paragon of excellence...

CORNELIUS

...Let us depart, and for this glorious deed...

ALL

...Happy and blessed be Faustus evermore.

FAUSTUS

Good friends, farewell; the same I wish to you.

The GUESTS depart.

FAUSTUS looks at the empty hall.

MEPHISTOPHILIS watches him, concerned. He lights a cigarette, smokes, as FAUSTUS walks heavily to his throne.

FAUSTUS, expressionless, sits on the throne.

The only sound is the 'TICK, TICK, TICK' of the clock.

FAUSTUS, restless, can't settle. He gets up from the throne. Goes to where the magic show took place. Picks up a SPANGLE dropped from Helen's tutu, puts it in his pocket.

Tick. Tick. Tick...

He takes a turn, looking at his SOUVENIRS and TREASURES. A huge collection of SNOW SCENES, a TREE of BASEBALL CAPS, CALCULATORS, ANTIQUE ABACUSES, SLIDE RULES, MOBILE PHONES, GLOBAL POSITIONING DEVICES, etc.

Tick. Tick. Tick...

Finally, he can't stand it anymore. Picking up his BACKPACK, he goes to the door.

MEPHISTOPHILIS looks a question.

FAUSTUS

Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Short'ning my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years.

(pause)

Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us make haste
To Wittenberg.

He goes out.

MEPHISTOPHILIS stubs out his cigarette and follows.

EXT. A SUNNY ROAD LEADING FROM THE PALACE

FAUSTUS trudges along it.

It is a bright, sunny day.
The way is lined with a field of wildflowers.

MEPHISTOPHILIS jogs to catch up with FAUSTUS.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

FAUSTUS

Nay, till I am past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

FAUSTUS goes on, leaving MEPHISTOPHILIS behind.
A FOG comes up, hiding the PALACE and MEPHISTOPHILIS
from view.

FAUSTUS trudges on, carrying his backpack.

FARTHER ON THE ROAD

The road now follows a RIVER. FAUSTUS continues on.

UP AHEAD - THE CLOCK TOWER OF WITTENBERG.

It chimes FIVE O'CLOCK.

FAUSTUS stops, looks at the CLOCK.

FAUSTUS

(mutters)

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end,
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts.

He stretches himself out on the grass by the river.

FAUSTUS

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep;
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross,
Then rest thee Faustus, quiet in conceit.

He closes his eyes, dozes. The SOUND OF CICADAS fills the air.
And then - the CLOCK OF WITTENBERG STRIKES SIX.

CHURCH BELLS call worshippers to chapel.

FAUSTUS

(wakes with a start)

What? What!

Sitting up, he sees that he is not alone.
The Rector of his College -- the OLD MAN -- stands there, dressed
for a country walk, staff in hand.

He has been watching FAUSTUS sleep.

For a moment, they stare at each other.

OLD MAN

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
 To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
 By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
 That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
 Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears --
 Tears falling from repentant heaviness
 Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
 The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
 With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins
 As no commiserations may expel
 But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
 Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

FAUSTUS leaps up, confused.

FAUSTUS

Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done?
 Damned art thou, Faustus, damned! Despair and die!

The SOUND OF ROARING MOTORCYCLES.

In the FOREGROUND - the TWO DEVILS ride MOTORCYCLES
 past.

They ROAR away, revealing, MEPHISTOPHILIS now standing
 behind FAUSTUS. He hands FAUSTUS a KNIFE.

FAUSTUS

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
 Says, "Faustus, come! Thine hour is come!"

FAUSTUS rushes at the OLD MAN, KNIFE aimed at his chest.

MEPHISTOPHILIS disappears.

FAUSTUS

And Faustus will come to do thee right!

The OLD MAN wrestles with him. FAUSTUS slips in the mud of
 the bank, falls into the RIVER.

Blubbering, he thrashes around in the weeds.

The OLD MAN comes to the river's edge, retrieves the KNIFE from the weeds, tosses it into the river, and helps FAUSTUS from the mud.

OLD MAN

Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head
And with a vial full of precious grace
Offers to pour the same into thy soul.
Then call for mercy and avoid despair.

FAUSTUS falls on the OLD MAN, sobbing on his shoulder.

OVER THE OLD MAN'S SHOULDER - he sees MEPHISTOPHILIS, in motorcycle leathers, with their MOTORCYCLE and SIDECAR.

MEPHISTOPHILIS, grim, beckons to FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS

(nervously)

Ah, my sweet friend, I feel thy words
To comfort my distressed soul.
Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

FAUSTUS goes to MEPHISTOPHILIS, gets in the sidecar.

OLD MAN watches this. FAUSTUS avoids the OLD MAN'S eye. He takes a helmet from MEPHISTOPHILIS.

OLD MAN

I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

He turns and walks back toward the CHURCH BELLS of Wittenberg.

FAUSTUS

Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent, and yet I do despair.
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast.
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPHISTOPHILIS guns the motorcycle.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord!

They vanish.

EXT. ON THE MOTORCYCLE

It goes so fast, the landscape is a blur.

MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS shout over the roar of the engine.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Revolt, or I'll piecemeal tear thy flesh.

FAUSTUS

Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

The motorcycle screeches to a halt in front of --

EXT. WITTENBERG CHURCH

PARISHIONERS and SCHOLARS, etc. going in to the service.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

The OLD MAN appears, prayer book in hand.

FAUSTUS

(points at him)

Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

The TWO LEATHER CLAD DEVILS appear, advance on the OLD MAN.

OLD MAN

Accursed Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul excludest the grace of heaven
And flies the throne of his tribunal seat.

The DEVILS produce SWITCHBLADES, which they flip open in unison.

The CHURCH BELLS sound. The DEVILS fall back, confused.

OLD MAN

(with contempt)

Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn.
Hence, hell! For hence I fly unto my God.

He goes into the church.

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY

FAUSTUS, feverish, once again cuts his wrist, and with the blood, signs a renewed bond.

MEPHISTOPHILIS takes it, begins to dematerialise.

FAUSTUS

One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee...

MEPHISTOPHILIS reappears.

FAUSTUS

To glut the longing of my heart's desire:
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that I do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

THE BACK WALL OF THE STUDY DISSOLVES INTO THE NIGHT
TIME SKY.

And a NEBULA OF STARS swirls, moves closer and closer, until --

HELEN OF TROY steps from it into the room.

She is dressed in STARS AND SKY.

She walks to FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

They kiss.

HELEN draws FAUSTUS' BREATH into hers.

A WHITE MOTH flies from FAUSTUS' MOUTH, which she catches in one hand.

FAUSTUS

Her lips suck forth my soul -- see where it flies!
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.

She teases him, holding his soul away in her hand, nuzzling his neck.

He laughs, delighted with her pretty ways.

FAUSTUS

Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

He takes her in his arms again.

FAUSTUS

I will be Paris, and for love of thee
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked,
And I will combat with weak Menelaus
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

He sweeps her up in his arms, and carries her through to what is now a PALATIAL BEDROOM.

As they disappear, she opens her hand.

The WHITE MOTH flutters back into the room.

MEPHISTOPHILIS holds an open jar, and catches the MOTH.

He screws down the lid, and observes it fluttering.

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY - LATER - DAY

The room is empty. The windows open. The curtains flutter. A low rumble of thunder.

MRS. WAGNER enters, from the bedroom. She carries a load of dirty sheets. As she goes out, she notices the GLOW OF THE COMPUTER SCREEN.

She stops and reads what's there.

It is THE LAST WILL OF JOHN FAUSTUS.

She gives a little shriek, hurries out of the room.

INT. COLLEGE CLOISTERS

MRS. WAGNER hurries down them, agitated. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING from outside.

She runs into SCHOLAR #1, SCHOLAR #2, and SCHOLAR #3.

MRS. WAGNER

(breathless)

I think my master means to die shortly.
He has made his will and given me his wealth:
His house, his goods, and stores of golden plate,
Besides two thousand ducats ready coined.
I wonder what he means.

The SCHOLARS, concerned, question MRS. WAGNER.
The THUNDER drowns out their words.

CUT TO --

INT. A LIFT

LUCIFER, BEELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS ascend in the lift.

BEELZEBUB adjusts his tie in the lift door reflection.

MEPHISTOPHILIS clears his throat.

LUCIFER

Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend
To view the subjects of our monarchy.

Ding! The doors open.

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY

The THREE emerge into the room.

LUCIFER

Those souls which sin seals the black sons of hell,
'Mongst which as chief, Faustus, we come to thee,
Bringing with us lasting damnation.
To wait upon thy soul. The time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

(turns on a light)

And this gloomy night
Here in this room will wretched Faustus be.

He looks at the computer terminal, reads what's there. Shakes his head, closes the file.

BEELZEBUB

And here we'll stay
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

How should he, but in desperate lunacy?
Fond worldling, now his heart-blood dries with grief;
His conscience kills it, and his labouring brain
Begets a world of idle fantasies
To overreach the devil. But all in vain.
His store of pleasures must be sauced in pain.

VOICES approach.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

He and his servant Wagner are at hand.
See where they come.

LUCIFER makes a sign. The THREE DEVILS disappear.

FAUSTUS and MRS. WAGNER enter.

FAUSTUS

Say, Wagner, thou has perused my will;
How dost thou like it?

MRS. WAGNER

(nervously)

Sir, so wondrous well
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.

The SCHOLARS enter.

WAGNER welcomes them with relief.

SCHOLAR #1 gestures to her not to worry. She goes out.

FAUSTUS goes to the window, shuts it against the rain.

OUT THE WINDOW - THE CLOCK TOWER

The HANDS OF THE CLOCK are at 10:45.

AT FAUSTUS - he freezes at this sight. Then, recovering,
turns back to the SCHOLARS.

FAUSTUS

Welcome, welcome...

SCHOLAR #1

(concerned)

Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are
changed!

FAUSTUS

(groans)

Oh!

SCHOLAR #2

What ails Faustus?

FAUSTUS

Ah, my sweet friends! Had I lived with thee,
then had I lived still, but now must die
eternally.

In the corner of the room, the dim outline of LUCIFER, BEELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS shimmers.

Only FAUSTUS sees.

FAUSTUS

(points)

Look, there, comes he not? Comes he not?

SCHOLAR #1

Oh, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

SCHOLAR #2

Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

SCHOLAR #3

(to other SCHOLARS)

He is not well with being over-solitary.

SCHOLAR #2

If it be so, we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

SCHOLAR #3

(to FAUSTUS)

'Tis but a surfeit, sir. Fear nothing.

FAUSTUS

A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.

SCHOLAR #2

Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember God's mercy is infinite.

BEHIND THEM - THE REPORTER and CREW sneak into the room. WAGNER lets them in, pocketing a tenner.

FAUSTUS notes them.

FAUSTUS

But FAUSTUS' offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, friends, hear with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years.

The SCHOLARS see the TV CREW, and arrange their EXPRESSIONS accordingly.

FAUSTUS

Oh, would that I had never seen Wittenberg,
 never read book! And what wonders I have done,
 all Germany can witness, yea, all the world, yea,
 heaven itself -- heaven, the seat of God, the throne
 of the blessed, the kingdom of joy -- and must
 remain in hell forever. Hell, oh, hell forever!
 Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus,
 being in hell forever?

ANGLE ON THE DEVILS

LUCIFER nods, smiling. BEELZEBUB checks the messages on his mobile. MEPHISTOPHILIS smokes.

SCHOLAR #2

Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUSTUS

On God, whom Faustus hath abjured?
 On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed?
 Oh my God, I would weep, but the devil
 draws in my tears.

He points accusingly at MEPHISTOPHILIS, who, bored, takes another drag on his cigarette.

The SCHOLARS look wonderingly at what seems to them to be an empty corner of the room.

The TV CREW'S MONITOR shows nothing there.

FAUSTUS

Gush forth blood instead of tears,
 yea, life and soul. Oh, he stays my
 tongue! I would lift up my hands,
 but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em!

MEPHISTOPHILIS is disgusted by this obvious lie.

He flicks his cigarette at FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS ducks to avoid it. The SCHOLARS are startled.

SCHOLAR #3

Who, Faustus?

FAUSTUS

Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Oh, friends,
I gave them my soul for my cunning!

SCHOLAR #2

Oh, God forbid!

FAUSTUS

God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath
done it. For the vain pleasure of four-and-
twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy
and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own
blood. The date is expired. This is the time,
and he will fetch me.

The REPORTER thrusts her microphone at FAUSTUS.

REPORTER

Why did not Faustus tell us of this before,
that the divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUSTUS

Oft have I thought to have done so, but the
devil threatened to tear me to pieces if
I named God, to fetch me body and soul
if I once gave ear to divinity.

MEPHISTOPHILIS shakes his head at this grandstanding.
He checks his watch.

LUCIFER puts a soothing hand on his arm. Soon enough.

FAUSTUS watches them with dread.

FAUSTUS

And now 'tis too late. Friends, away, lest you
perish with me.

The SCHOLARS preen before the TELEVISION CREW.

SCHOLAR #2

Oh, what may we do to save Faustus?

FAUSTUS

Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

SCHOLAR #3

(to TV CAMERA)

God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

SCHOLAR #1

(also to TV CAMERA)

Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us
into the next room and pray for him.

FAUSTUS

Ay, pray for me, pray for me! And what noise
soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing
can rescue me.

THE TV CREW packs up, and leaves.

SCHOLAR #1 hurries the others away.

FAUSTUS

Friends, farewell. If I live till morning,
I'll visit you. If not, Faustus is gone to hell!

The SCHOLARS call back as they close the door.

SCHOLARS

Faustus, farewell!

Pause.

The sound of clapping.

MEPHISTOPHILIS walks forward, as he, and the other DEVILS
completely materialize.

He applauds FAUSTUS' performance.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Ay, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven;
Therefore despair. Think only upon hell,
For that must be thy mansion, there to dwell.

FAUSTUS

Oh, thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation
Hath robbed me of eternal happiness.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice.
 'Twas I that, when thou wert on the way to heaven,
 Dammed up thy passage. When thou took'st the book
 To view the Scriptures, then I turned the leaves
 And led thine eye.

LUCIFER checks his own watch, indicates that they must be moving on.

MEPHISTOPHILIS joins the other DEVILS.

MEPHISTOPHILIS

(to FAUSTUS)

What, weep'st thou? 'Tis too late. Despair, farewell!
 Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell.

Kissing his fingers to FAUSTUS, MEPHISTOPHILIS follows LUCIFER and BEELZEBUB into the back wall of the study.

The sound of a lift merges with the roar of motorcycles.

They are gone.

Pause.

FAUSTUS looks around wildly for some way to escape.

The GOOD ANGEL and the BAD ANGEL appear at opposite sides of the room.

GOOD ANGEL

Oh, Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,
 Innumerable joys had followed thee.
 But thou didst love the world.

BAD ANGEL

Gave ear to me,
 And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

GOOD ANGEL

Oh, what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps
 Avail thee now?

BAD ANGEL

Nothing but vex thee more,
 To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

The BACK WALL OF THE STUDY dissolves into a SCENE OF WOODLAND PEACE. Birds call. A breeze ruffles the scene.

GOOD ANGEL

Oh, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end.
Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell or the devil had had no power on thee.
That thou hast lost.

The SOUND OF CRACKLING FLAMES.

GOOD ANGEL

And now, poor soul, must thy good angel leave thee.
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee.

The GOOD ANGEL vanishes.

FLAMES LICK UP, COVERING THE WOODLAND SCENE.

The SCREAMS OF THE DAMNED come from the FIRE.

BAD ANGEL

Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetual torture-house.
There are the Furies tossing damned souls
On burning forks; their bodies boil in lead.
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die. This ever-burning chair
Is for o'er tortured souls to rest them in.
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire
Were gluttons, and loved only delicacies,
And laughed to see the poor starve at their gates.
But yet all these are nothing. Thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

FAUSTUS

Oh, I have seen enough to torture me!

BAD ANGEL

Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all.
He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall.

FAUSTUS rushes at the SPIDER, and tries to crush it.
The BAD ANGEL scuttles away.

BAD ANGEL

And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tumble into confusion.

It vanishes.

The FLAMES and TORTURES OF THE DAMNED fade away,
leaving the study as before.

FAUSTUS is alone.

Pause.

The CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN.

FAUSTUS

Oh, Faustus.

He closes his eyes. He can't go on. He sits, then, unable to settle,
gets up and moves aimlessly around.

The room seems smaller than before.

FAUSTUS

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come!
Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
Oh, run slowly, slowly, horses of the night!

Pause. He shudders.

FAUSTUS

The stars move still; time runs; the clock will strike;
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to heaven! Who pulls me down?
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop.
Ah, my Christ!

He looks around, afraid of being overheard.

FAUSTUS

(whispers)

Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him.

(full voice)

Oh, spare me, Lucifer! (CONT.)

FAUSTUS (CONT.)

Where is it now? 'Tis gone;
 And see, a threat'ning arm, an angry brow.
 Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of God! No?
 No! Then will I headlong run into the earth.
 Gape, earth! Oh, no, it will not harbour me.
 You stars that reigned at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
 Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
 That when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths.
 But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

THE CLOCK STRIKES THE HALF HOUR.

The ROOM shrinks smaller still.

FAUSTUS

Oh, half the hour is past! 'Twill all be past anon.
 Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain.
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.
 No end is limited to damned souls.
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 This soul should fly from me and I be changed
 Into some brutish beast.
 All beasts are happy, for, when they die,
 Their souls are soon dissolved in the elements;
 But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
 Curst be the parents that engendered me!
 No, Faustus, curse thyself! Curse Lucifer,
 That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

THE FLAMES CRACKLE UP THE BACK WALL OF THE STUDY.

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.

The room is now claustrophobically small.

FAUSTUS

It strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
 Oh, soul, be changed into little water drops,
 And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found.

HELL ENTERS THE ROOM.

They surround FAUSTUS with a RING OF BLACK CLOTH.

FAUSTUS

Oh, mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!

The DEVILS wrap him tightly in the BLACK CLOTH.
FAUSTUS claws at it, as it covers his face.

Lifting him, as if he were a coffin, the DEVILS carry FAUSTUS into
HELL.

FAUSTUS twitches and smothers in the black cloth.

FAUSTUS

(frees his mouth; gasping)
Ugly hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Oh, Mephistophilis...!

MEPHISTOPHILIS pulls the cloth back tight over his mouth,
cutting him off.

The room goes up in flames.

And dissolves. And disappears.

CHURCH BELLS RING.

EXT. COLLEGE QUADRANGLE - DAY

FUNERAL PROCESSION. The SCHOLARS walk the COFFIN to
a waiting HEARSE.

INT. FAUSTUS' STUDY

The room is empty.

The COMPUTER TERMINAL glows.

CHURCH BELLS continue.

The DOOR opens. The REPORTER and TV CREW enter, to film
one last segment.

REPORTER

(with microphone; to CAMERA)

Oh, such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin.
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard!

The TV PRODUCER gestures to the REPORTER, points to a corner of the room.

REPORTER

(looking around)

The devils whom Faustus served had torn him thus...

Sees the OLD MAN, who stands at the FIREPLACE in the corner, burning FAUSTUS' MAGIC PAPERS and BOOKS.

The REPORTER and TV CREW creep out the same way they came.

PAUSE.

The fire crackles.

Finished, the OLD MAN goes to the COMPUTER.

ON THE SCREEN - a SMALL FIGURE runs back and forth, shouting silently.

It is FAUSTUS, trapped in the computer. He shouts and shouts, but no one hears.

OLD MAN

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man.

FAUSTUS howls, his face contorted.

ON THE SCREEN - A COMPUTER ERROR MESSAGE:

"YOU HAVE PERFORMED AN ILLEGAL FUNCTION.
THIS PROGRAM WILL NOW BE SHUT DOWN."

The OLD MAN shuts the computer off.

FAUSTUS disappears in mid-scream.

The CHURCH BELLS ring. Wind blows through the open window.

The OLD MAN turns to address us.

OLD MAN

Faustus is gone. Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendish fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

He takes a DVD from the COMPUTER, and pockets it.

He goes out the door, closing it behind him.

THE END