

The Consolation of Philosophy

Filmed in 2007 by The LATIN QUARTER
Pronunciation: 6th century Latin (Italy)

OUTSIDE PRISON

GAOLER ONE *Iō , ille moritūrus cāseum sūmat.*
Hey, let him eat the cheese. He's about to die.

GAOLER TWO *Custōs erat pater, suusque pater, eiusque etiam pater. Sed mē in lūdum pater mīsit ut librārius vel lūdī magister fierem. Latīnē quidem tam bene scrībere, tam bene legere, tam bene loquī didicī ut mē putārēs Cicerōnem.*
My father was a gaoler, and his father, and so was his father. But my father sent me to school so I could become a bookseller or a schoolmaster. Now Latin I learned to write and read and speak so well that you'd think I was Cicero.

GAOLER ONE *Ita vērō?*
Really?

GAOLER TWO *Sed dīc mihi quanta librīs sit praedae spēs? Fortūnae ergō mē commīsī, et nunc sum custōs.*
But tell me, where's the money in books? I left it to Fortune, and now I'm a gaoler.

INSIDE PRISON

FORTUNA *Ut valēs?*
How are you doing?

BOETHIUS *Ut valeo? Scīlicet bene sē habet.*
How am I doing? Oh things are fine, for sure.

FORTUNA *Tē miserum. Quid flēs? Meministī-ne quanta dōna accēperis mea? Glōriam.*
You poor thing. Why are you weeping? Do you remember all the gifts you have received from me? Fame.

BOETHIUS *Ita est.*
Yes.

FORTUNA *Opēs.*
Wealth.

BOETHIUS *Ita est.*
Yes.

FORTUNA *Potestātem.*
Power.

BOETHIUS *Etiam potestātem.*

And power too.
FORTUNA Etiam honōrēs.
And position.
BOETHIUS Sīc.
Sure.
FORTUNA Multa meī sunt dōna Fortūnae.
Many are the gifts of mine, of Fortune.
BOETHIUS Quam ob rem nunc sunt omnia commūtanda?
But why now must everything change?
FORTUNA Quod ego sum Fortūna.
Because I am Fortune.

OUTSIDE PRISON

GAOLER TWO Mēhercle! Adest alia virgō. Ō amīce, quae virgō tēcum
adest? Illa futuenda!
Good Lord! There's another girl in there. Oi, mate, who's the girl
with you? Give her one for me!

INSIDE PRISON

BOETHIUS Quid mē fiet?
What will become of me?
FORTUNA Hodiē?
Today?
BOETHIUS Hodiē.
Today.
FORTUNA Quid tibi faciam hodiē ut moriāris.
What am I to do with you today? You're going to die.
BOETHIUS Hodiē moriar? O Fortūna, ōrō, dīc quam ob rem mihi
calamitātem īnferās?
Today I die? Fortune, I beg you, tell me why have you got it in for
me?
FORTUNA Quid mē illud interrogās quod ex imperātōre petendum est?
Why do you ask me what should be asked of the emperor?
BOETHIUS (To GAOLERS) Quibus causīs supplicium feram?
For what reasons am I being punished?

OUTSIDE PRISON

BOETHIUS Quō crīmine hīc sum vinctus?
On what charge am I imprisoned here?
GAOLER TWO Nunc illum īnsānum interficiāmus.
Let's kill that idiot now.
GAOLER ONE Etiamnunc edo.
I'm still eating.

INSIDE PRISON

FORTUNA Rēbus secundīs mē deam colēbās. Nōnne, ō homō ingrātissime, vītā dēgīstī beātā?
When things were going well you worshipped me as a goddess.
You're very ungrateful. Have you not lived a happy life?

PHILOSOPHY appears.

PHILOSOPHY Vītā nōn cognōscerēs beātā etiamsī tū fēcissēs.
You would not know a happy life even if you had made it so.

FORTUNA Tē salūtō, soror.
Hello sister.

PHILOSOPHY Cūr nunc ades, ō soror, spoliātrix animōrum?
Why are you here now, sister, you who sap mankind's resolve?

FORTUNA Adsum ut moritūrum cūrem.
I'm here to look after him: he's about to die.

PHILOSOPHY Tū eum ut cūrēs! Quid tibi vīs?
Look after him! What do you mean?

FORTUNA Et tū cūr ipsa ades, o soror, mūsa sapientissima? Ut moritūrum obscūrōs doceās dialogōs tuōs?
And why are you here, sister, so wise a muse? To teach him some obscure dialogues when he's about to die?

PHILOSOPHY Iam nunc abī.
Now go.

FORTUNA Petis ut miserum suprēmō diē relinquam?
You want me to leave the poor fellow on his final day?

PHILOSOPHY Nōn es illī moritūrō adiūtrīx.
You have nothing to offer him in his last moments.

FORTUNA Probātur. Sed cognōscās, ō homō, nunc tē vērō esse dēsertum ā Fortūnā. (*She disappears*)
Okay. But know this, my man, now you have indeed been abandoned by Fortune.

PHILOSOPHY Quid est igitur, ō homō, quod tē in maestitiā lūctumque dēiēcīt?
So what is it, my fellow, that has cast you into such sorrow and grief?

BOETHIUS Imperātor mihi iniūriam innocentī facit.
The emperor does me an injustice. I am innocent.

PHILOSOPHY Nōnne cōnsēsimus esse illōs tibi iniūriam facientēs infēliciōrēs quam ferentem?
Did we not agree that those who do unjust things are less fortunate than those who suffer them?

BOETHIUS Sīc cōnsēsimus.
Yes we did.

PHILOSOPHY Quid ergō flēs?
Then why are you weeping?

BOETHIUS Hodiē moriar.
Today I die.

PHILOSOPHY Ō homō fēlix, iamprīdem cognōvimus quam suprēmus ille
diēs nōn exstinctiōnem, sed commūtātiōnem locī afferat?
Oh, you fortunate man, time and again we have learned how the
last day brings not an end but a move to another place?

FORTUNA (*Reappearing*) Oooh, ecce ego revēnī. O miser, licet tibi flēre.
Cooee, I'm back. You poor thing, cry if you want.

PHILOSOPHY Quam ob rem illam nunc dominam fēcistī tuam? Nōnne
anima tua dēsīderat ē corpore effugere?
Why have you now made her your mistress? Does not your soul
yearn to escape from your body?

BOETHIUS Rēctē dīcis, nōn illa, sed tū, o Philosophia.
You are right, not her, but you, Philosophy.

FORTUNA Tē miserum nōn relinquam.
You poor thing! I'll not leave you.

OUTSIDE PRISON

GAOLER ONE Eāmus.
Let's go.

GAOLER TWO Eho, Boethī, tempus adest ut moriāris.
Hey, Boethius, it's time for you to die.

INSIDE PRISON

PHILOSOPHY Putās-ne, ō homō, Fortūnam tē audīre aut cūrāre flētūs?
Age.
Do you suppose, my fellow, that Fortune listens to you or worries
about your tears? Come.

BOETHIUS Anteā malīs urgēbar, nunc morte.
Then I was pressed by troubles, now by death.

PHILOSOPHY Dēsine iam gemitūs iamque effundere.
Stop groaning now, of all times.

FORTUNA Tē miserrimum!
You poor poor thing.

PHILOSOPHY Quantae nōbīs erant sermōnēs dē vērītate, dē probitāte, dē
corpore animāque; quam ob rem moritūrus adsīs?
How many conversations have we had about truth, about goodness,
about the body and soul; and why you are here, about to die?

BOETHIUS Ignōsce, ō Philosophia. Nam tuī docendī nōn sum oblītus.
Sorry, Philosophy. I have not forgotten your teaching.

PHILOSOPHY Itaque benē sē habet. Nam vērē fēlīx es.
That is just as well. For really you are happy.

FORTUNA Iō, ō vērē fēlīx, ō moritūre, adsunt carnificēs.
Hey, really happy one, you are about to die. Here come your
executioners.

PHILOSOPHY Nōnne cognōvimus quam sit nūlla fēlīcītās vēra nisi in
animā? Boethī?

Did we not discover how true happiness exists only in the soul?

Boethius?

BOETHIUS Sīc cognōvimus.

Yes, we did.

PHILOSOPHY Quam anima hominis probī gaudeat cum fuerit solūta corpore?

And how the soul of a good man rejoices when it is released from the body?

BOETHIUS Rēctē dīcis. (To GAOLER) Cur innocentem trucīdās?

You are right. Why are you killing an innocent man?

GAOLER ONE Iussū imperātōris.

At the command of the emperor.

FORTUNA Clēmēntiam ōrā, imperātōrem veniam ōrā ut vīvās!

Beg for mercy, beg the emperor for forgiveness. Then you'll live.

PHILOSOPHY Nōlī audīre, sīs fortis.

Don't listen. Be brave.

BOETHIUS Difficile est.

It is difficult.

GAOLER TWO Adest-ne nunc amīca tua? Ubi est illa? Illīc?

Is your girlfriend here now? Where is she? Over there?

PHILOSOPHY Probus quīdam afficī malō nōn potest quod perit malum...

A good man cannot be afflicted by evil because evil perishes...

BOETHIUS ...et bonum permanet.

...and good endures.

PHILOSOPHY Ita vērō. Nunc mē sequere.

Exactly. Now follow me.

BOETHIUS Sequor.

I'm coming.

GAOLER TWO Sequor, sequor. Adest-ne ut tē morientem spectet? Prō lūdīs pecūniam pendere dēbet.

I'm coming, I'm coming. Is she here to watch you die? She should cough up to see this sport.

OUTSIDE PRISON DOOR

GAOLER ONE Tandem ille miser dēcessit ē vītā. Quid eius scrīptīs faciāmus?

At last it's over for that poor wretch. What are we to do with his writings?

GAOLER TWO Quis garrulī scrīpta dēsīderat?

Who wants the writings of a chatterbox?

END