



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

**Thursday 13 June 2019 – Morning**

**A Level Drama and Theatre**

**H459/41 Deconstructing Texts for Performance**

**Antigone**

**Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes**



No additional material is required for this Question Paper.



Please write clearly in black ink. **Do not write in the barcodes.**

Centre number      Candidate number

First name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Last name \_\_\_\_\_

**INSTRUCTIONS**

- Use black ink. You may use an HB pencil for annotation lines.
- Answer **all** the questions.
- Write your answer to each question in the space provided. If additional space is required, use the lined page(s) at the end of this booklet. The question number(s) must be clearly shown.

**INFORMATION**

- The total mark for this paper is **60**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [ ].
- This document consists of **16** pages.

**2**

Answer **all** the questions.

- 1** As a director, describe and justify your vision for directing this extract to show its significance within the play as a whole, and annotate how you would bring this out. **[30]**

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Creon:	What are you going to do now?	
Antigone	( <i>getting up, like a sleepwalker</i> ): Go to my room.	
Creon:	Don't stay on your own. Go and see Haemon. Get married as soon as you can.	5
Antigone	( <i>intake of breath</i> ): Yes.	
Creon:	You've got your whole life before you. All this talk's beside the point. You still have a future.	10
Antigone:	Yes.	
Creon:	Nothing else matters. And you were going to waste that treasure! I can understand – I'd have done the same when I was twenty. That's why I listened to you so closely. I could hear the distant echo of a young Creon as thin and pale as you, dreaming, like you, of sacrificing everything ... Get married quickly, Antigone, and be happy. Life's not what you think. It's like water – the young let it slip through their fingers without thinking. Shut your hands, Antigone, shut them tight and hold it back. You'll see – it'll turn into something small and hard that you can sit and munch in the sun. People will tell you different, because they need your energy and strength. Don't listen. Don't listen to me when I make my next speech over Eteocles' grave. It won't be the truth. Nothing is true but what is never said. You'll find that out for yourself ... when it's too late.	15 20 25 30 35 40
	Life's a book you enjoy, a child playing round your feet, a tool that fits into your hand, a bench outside your house to rest on in the evening.	45
	( <i>Pause.</i> ) You'll despise me more than ever for saying this, but finding it out, as you'll see, is some sort of consolation for growing old:	50

	life is probably nothing other than happiness.	55
<i>Antigone</i>	( <i>a murmur, staring into space</i> ): Happiness ...	
<i>Creon</i>	( <i>suddenly rather ashamed</i> ): Just a word, eh?	60
<i>Antigone</i>	( <i>softly</i> ): And what will my happiness be like? What kind of a happy woman will Antigone grow into? What base things will she have to do, day after day, in order to snatch her own little scrap of happiness? Tell me – who will she have to lie to? Smile at? Sell herself to? Who will she have to avert her eyes from, and leave to die?	65 70
<i>Creon</i>	( <i>exasperated</i> ): That's enough. You're crazy.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	I won't be quiet! I want to know what I have to do to be happy! Now, right away, because now is when I have to choose. You say life's so wonderful. I want to know what I have to do to live.	75 80
<i>Creon:</i>	Do you love Haemon?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	I love a Haemon who's tough and young ... A Haemon who's demanding and loyal, like me. But if that life of yours, that happiness of yours, are going to pass over him and erode him – if he's not going to turn pale any more when I turn pale – if he won't think I must be dead if I'm five minutes late – if he doesn't feel alone in the world and hate me if I laugh and he doesn't know why – if he's going to become just a conventional spouse and learn to say yes like the rest – then no, I don't love Haemon any more!	85 90 95 100
<i>Creon:</i>	That'll do. You don't know what you're saying.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	I know what I'm saying, all right! It's just that you don't understand. I'm speaking to you from too far away now –	105

	from a country you can't enter any more, with your wrinkles, your wisdom and your belly. 110 (Laughs.) I suddenly see you as you were when you were fifteen! Helpless, but thinking you're important. All life has added are those furrows in 115 your face, that fat around your waist!
Creon	(shaking her): Will you shut up!
Antigone:	Why do you want to shut me up? Because you know I'm right? Don't you think I can see it in your eyes? You know I'm right, but you'll never admit it because you're trying 125 to defend that happiness of yours – like a dog crouching over a bone.
Creon:	Your happiness as well as mine, you fool! 130
Antigone:	You disgust me, all of you, you and your happiness! And your life, that has to be loved at any price. You're like dogs fawning on everyone they 135 come across. With just a little hope left every day – if you don't expect too much. But I want everything, now! And to the full! Or else I decline the 140 offer, lock, stock and barrel! I don't want to be sensible, and satisfied with a scrap – if I behave myself! I want to be sure of having everything, 145 now, this very day, and it has to be as wonderful as it was when I was little. Otherwise I prefer to die.
Creon:	There you go – just like your father! 150
Antigone:	Exactly! Neither of us ever stops asking questions! Right up to the moment when there's not a spark of 155 hope left to stifle. We're the sort who jump right on your precious, lousy hope!
Creon:	If you could see how ugly you look, shouting! 160

<i>Antigone:</i>	Very vulgar, isn't it? Father was only beautiful afterwards – when he knew for certain that he'd killed his father and slept with his mother, and that nothing, now, could save him. He grew suddenly silent. Smiled. He was beautiful. It was all over. He had only to shut his eyes not to see you any more – all you craven candidates for happiness! It's you who are ugly, even the handsomest of you! There's something ugly about the corners of your eyes and mouths. You used the right words for it just now, Creon, when you talked about cooking up plots. You all look like cooks, with your fat faces. Cooks! Scullions!	165
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<i>Creon</i>	<i>(twisting her arm):</i> I order you to be silent!	
<i>Antigone:</i>	You order me, scullion? Do you imagine you can give me orders?	185
<i>Creon:</i>	The ante-room's full of people. They'll hear you. Do you want to destroy yourself?	190
<i>Antigone:</i>	Open the door! Let them hear!	
<i>Creon</i>	<i>(putting his hand over her mouth):</i> Quiet, for God's sake.	195
<i>Antigone</i>	<i>(struggling):</i> Quick! Quick, scullion! Call your guards! <i>The door opens. Enter ISMENE.</i>	
<i>Ismene:</i>	Antigone!	200
<i>Antigone:</i>	You as well? What do you want with me, then?	
<i>Ismene:</i>	Creon! Creon! If you kill her, you'll have to kill me too! <i>(To ANTIGONE.)</i> Forgive me, Antigone. But I am brave now. I'll go with you.	205
<i>Antigone:</i>	Oh no! Not now! I'm on my own now. Don't you think you can just muscle in and die with me now! It'd be too easy!	210

<i>Ismene:</i>	But I don't want to live if you die! I don't want to stay on without you!	
<i>Antigone:</i>	You've chosen life. I've chosen death. Leave me alone, you and your lamentations. What you ought to have done was go this morning, on all fours, in the dark ... grub up the earth with your nails, under the noses of the guards ... be grabbed by them like a thief. That's what you ought to have done!	215 220 225
<i>Ismene:</i>	All right, Antigone – all right! I'll go tomorrow!	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Hear that, Creon? Her too! And how do you know it won't spread to others when they hear me? What are you waiting for? Why don't you call your guards to silence me? Come on now, Creon, be brave – it won't take long! Come on, scullion! You have no choice – get it over with!	230 235
<i>Creon</i>	<i>(sudden shout):</i> Guards! <i>The GUARDS appear immediately.</i> Take her away!	240
<i>Antigone</i>	<i>(crying out: relieved):</i> At last, Creon! At last!	
<i>Binns</i>	<i>(roughly):</i> Come on! This way! <i>The GUARDS seize her and take her off. ISMENE follows, crying out.</i>	245
<i>Ismene:</i>	Antigone! Antigone!	





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A series of 25 horizontal dotted lines spanning the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice.

A series of horizontal dotted lines spanning the width of the page, intended for writing.

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**ADDITIONAL ANSWER SPACE**

If additional space is required, you should use the following lined page(s). The question number(s) must be clearly shown in the margin(s).

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A large area of the page is reserved for writing, featuring a vertical solid line on the left side and horizontal dotted lines extending across the page.



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