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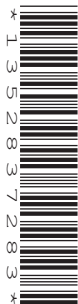
Thursday 13 June 2024 – Morning

A Level Drama and Theatre

H459/41 Deconstructing Texts for Performance

Antigone

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes



No extra materials are needed.



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

Centre number

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Candidate number

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First name(s)

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Last name

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INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink. You can use an HB pencil, but only for annotation lines.
- Write your answer to each question in the space provided. If you need extra space use the lined pages at the end of this booklet. The question numbers must be clearly shown.
- Answer **all** the questions.

INFORMATION

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

ADVICE

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

- [30]**

[illegible]

<i>Ismene:</i>	Don't you feel well?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	It's nothing. Just a bit tired. (<i>Smiling.</i>) That comes of getting up so early.	
<i>Ismene:</i>	I couldn't sleep either.	5
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>smiling</i>): But you must, or you won't be so pretty in the morning.	
<i>Ismene:</i>	Don't make fun.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	I'm not. It's a comfort to me this morning, your being pretty. Do you remember how miserable it used to make me when I was little? How I used to daub you with mud and put worms down	10
	your neck? And once I tied you to a tree and cut off your hair! (<i>Stroking ISMENE's hair.</i>) Such beautiful hair ... How easy it must be not to have foolish	15
	thoughts, with all these lovely sleek locks hanging round your head!	20
<i>Ismene</i>	(<i>abruptly</i>): Why have you changed the subject?	25
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>gently, still stroking ISMENE's hair</i>): I haven't ...	
<i>Ismene:</i>	Listen, Antigone. I've been thinking ...	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Yes ...?	30
<i>Ismene:</i>	Turning it over in my mind all night ... You're mad.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	That's right.	
<i>Ismene:</i>	We can't do it!	
	<i>Pause.</i>	35
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>in her usual quiet voice</i>): Why not?	
<i>Ismene:</i>	They'll kill us!	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Of course they will. Everyone has his part to play. Creon has to have us put to death, and we have to go and bury our brother. That's how the cast-list was drawn up. What can we do about it?	40
		45
<i>Ismene:</i>	I don't want to die!	
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>quietly</i>): I'd have preferred not to.	
<i>Ismene:</i>	Listen. I'm older than you, and	

	not so impulsive. You do the first thing that comes into your head, never mind whether it's sensible or stupid. But I'm more level-headed. I think.	50
<i>Antigone:</i>	Sometimes it's best not to think too much.	55
<i>Ismene:</i>	I disagree. It's a horrible business, of course, and I feel sorry for Polynices too. But I do see Creon's point of view.	60
<i>Antigone:</i>	I don't want to see it.	
<i>Ismene:</i>	He's the king. He has to set an example.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	But I'm not the king, and I don't! Antigone, self-willed little beast, does the first thing that comes into her head! So then she's stood in the corner or locked up in the dark. And serve her right! She should do as she's told!	65
<i>Ismene:</i>	That's right! Scowl! Glare! Hold forth without letting anyone else get a word in edgeways! But listen to what I say. I'm right more often than you are.	70
<i>Antigone:</i>	I don't want to be right!	75
<i>Ismene:</i>	At least try to understand!	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Understand! You've always been on at me about that, all of you, ever since I was little. I was supposed to understand I mustn't play with water – beautiful, cool, elusive water – because it made the floor wet. Or with earth, because it dirtied my clothes. I was supposed to understand you mustn't eat your cake before you've finished your bread and butter, or give all your pocket-money away to a beggar, or run in the wind till you drop, or drink when you're hot, or go swimming just when you feel like it. Understand, understand, always understand! I don't want to understand! I can do that when I'm old. (<i>Softly.</i>) If I ever am.	80
<i>Ismene:</i>	He's the king, Antigone. He's stronger than we are. And everyone agrees with him. The	85
		90
		95
		100

streets of Thebes are full of them.

Antigone: I'm not listening.

Ismene: They'll hiss and boo. They'll 105
seize us in their thousand arms,
surround us with their thousand
faces and their one expression,
spit at us. And we'll have to
ride in the tumbril through their 110
hatred, through their smell and
their laughter to our execution.
The guards will be waiting
there, with their stupid faces all
red from their stiff collars, their 115
great clean hypocrites' hands,
their loutish stare. You can
shout till you're hoarse, trying
to explain – they'll do exactly as
they're told, slavishly, without 120
knowing or caring whether
it's right or wrong. And the
suffering, have you thought of
that? We'll have to suffer, feel
the pain increasing, mounting 125
up till it's no longer bearable.
It has to stop, but it goes on,
climbing higher and higher like
an ear-splitting shriek ... I can't!
I can't! 130

Antigone: That's what thinking does for you!

Ismene: Haven't you thought about it?

Antigone: Yes, of course.

Ismene: But I'm not brave. 135

Antigone (*quietly*): Neither am I. What's that got to do with it?

Pause.

Ismene: Don't you want to live then?

Antigone (*low*): Not want to live ... (*Lower 140*
still if that's possible.) Who used
to be up first in the morning just
to feel the chill air on her bare
skin? Who used to go to bed
last, and then only when she 145
was ready to drop, just so as to
live a little bit more of the night?
Who used to cry, as a child,
because there were so many
insects and plants in the fields 150
that it was impossible to collect
them all?

<i>Ismene</i>	(<i>suddenly drawn to her</i>): Antigone ... my pet ...	
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>pulling herself together, crying out</i>): No! Leave me alone! Now's not the time to be whimpering and putting our arms round one another! You say you've thought things over? And you've come to the conclusion that it's too much – to have the whole city howling for your blood, the pain, the fear of dying?	155 160 165
<i>Ismene</i>	(<i>hanging her head low</i>): Yes.	
<i>Antigone</i> :	Excuses! You can make use of them if you like.	
<i>Ismene</i>	(<i>throwing herself at ANTIGONE</i>): Antigone! Please! It's all right for men to die for their ideas. But you're a girl.	170
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>through clenched teeth</i>): Only a girl! The tears I've shed because of it!	175
<i>Ismene</i> :	Your happiness is within your grasp – you've only to stretch out your hand and take it ... You're engaged, you're young, you're beautiful ...	180
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>dully</i>): No – not beautiful.	
<i>Ismene</i> :	Yes, in your own way! You know very well it's you the boys turn to look at in the street, you the little girls stare at speechless till you disappear round the corner ...	185
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>faint smile</i>): Boys in the street ... Little girls ...	
	<i>Pause.</i>	190
<i>Ismene</i> :	And Haemon? What about Haemon, Antigone?	
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>expressionless</i>): I'll be talking to him. I'll soon settle him.	
<i>Ismene</i> :	You're out of your mind.	195
<i>Antigone</i>	(<i>smiling</i>): You've always said that about everything I've ever done ... Go back to bed, Ismene. It's getting light – look! – and there's nothing I can do. My dead brother's surrounded by guards now, just as if he'd	200

	managed to make himself king. Go back to bed. You're pale from lack of sleep.	205
<i>Ismene:</i>	Aren't you coming?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	I don't feel like sleeping. But I promise I'll stay here until you wake up. Nurse will bring me something to eat. You go now – you can hardly keep your eyes open.	210
<i>Ismene:</i>	You will let me talk to you again? Try to make you see ...?	
<i>Antigone</i>	<i>(with a tinge of weariness):</i> Yes, yes ... I'll let you talk to me. I'll let you all talk to me. Go to bed now, please, or you won't be so pretty tomorrow.	215
	<i>She smiles sadly as she watches ISMENE go, then, suddenly weary, collapses on a chair. Pause.</i>	220
	Poor Ismene!	
	<i>Enter NURSE.</i>	225
<i>Nurse:</i>	Here's a nice cup of coffee and some toast, my pigeon. Eat it all up now.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	I'm not very hungry.	
<i>Nurse:</i>	I buttered the toast with my own hands, just the way you like it!	230
<i>Antigone:</i>	Thank you, Nan ... I'll just sip some coffee ...	
	<i>Pause.</i>	
<i>Nurse:</i>	You're not well, my love. Where does it hurt?	235
<i>Antigone:</i>	Nowhere, Nan. But cuddle me and keep me warm just the same, like you used to when I was ill ... Dear old Nan – stronger than fever or nightmares, stronger than the shadow of the wardrobe, grinning and changing shape on the wall. Stronger than all the insects gnawing away at something in the dark. Stronger than the dark itself, full of crazy shrieks that no one listens to. Stronger than death. Hold my hand, like when you used to come and sit by my bed.	240 245 250

<i>Nurse:</i>	What's the matter, my little dove?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Nothing, Nan. Just that I'm still a bit small for it all.	255
<i>Nurse:</i>	A bit small for what, my sparrow?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Nothing. Anyway, you're here. I'm holding the rough hand that's always kept me safe from everything. Perhaps it will keep me safe still.	260
<i>Nurse:</i>	What can I do for you, my turtle dove?	265

- [30]**

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This image shows a blank sheet of white paper designed for writing. It features a series of evenly spaced horizontal blue lines across its entire width. A single vertical red line runs down the left side, creating a narrow margin. The paper is otherwise completely empty, with no text or markings.

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