

For Middle & High School Students: No need to memorize, but feel free to familiarize with the following:

Scene 1: Antigone & Creon

Creon: Where are you going?

Antigone: You know very well where I am going.

Creon: You know that if anyone finds out what you have tried to do, it will be impossible for me to avoid putting you to death. There is a chance that can save you, but only if you give up your crazy pursuit.

Antigone: I must go and bury my brother.

Creon: Even if she did cover him with earth again, the earth would again be removed.

Antigone: I know all that. I know it. But that much, at least I can do. And what a person can do, a person ought to do.

Creon: Why, Antigone, why? For whose sake?

Antigone: I don't know. For nobody. For myself. Stop feeling sorry for me. Stop feeling sorry for me! Do your job. But if you are a human being do it quickly.

Creon: I want to save you Antigone. I want to save her.

Antigone: He is the king, and he is all powerful. But that you cannot do.

Creon: I could have you tortured.

Antigone: Why would you do that? To see me cry? To hear me beg for mercy? Or swear whatever you wish, and then begin over again?

Creon: You listen to me. You have cast me as the villain in this little play of yours, and yourself as the heroine, and you know it, you damned little mischief maker. But don't you drive me too far! If I were one of your preposterous little tyrants, you would be lying in a ditch this minute, with your tongue slit and your body drawn and quartered. Instead I let you go on arguing.

Antigone: Let me go. You are hurting my arm.

Creon: I will not let you go. What fun for you eh? To be able to spit in the face of a king who has all the power in the world. Anyone else want to try? A man who has done his share of killing in his day. Say it! "I will not bury my brother." Please.

Antigone: Now you are squeezing my arm too tightly, it doesn't hurt any more.

Sentries: Sir? Sir?

Sentry2: If we are out of breath

Sentry1: It is not from haste

Sentry2: We have not been running

Sentry1: On the contrary, many a time

Sentry2: We stopped to think and loiter on the way

Sentry1: Saying to ourselves

Sentry2: Why hurry to your doom poor fools?

Sentries: And then we said

Sentry1: Hurry you fools, if Creon hears this from other men, Your heads are as good as off.

Sentry2: Sir? *(the sentries move closer to Creon)* Sir? Sir?

Sentry1: We never did it sir.

Sentry2: Nor saw who did it.

Creon: Good heavens, men, whatever is the matter? It's evidently something strange.

Sentry1: So strange

Sentry2: It's very difficult to tell

Creon: Well out with it, and let's be done with you.

Sentry1: It's this, sir

Sentry2: The corpse.

Sentries: Someone has buried it

Creon: What? Who dared to do it?

Sentries: We don't know sir.