



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

**Wednesday 14 June 2023 – 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.

- [illegible]

<i>Antigone:</i>	Just rest your hand on my cheek – like this. ( <i>She keeps her eyes closed for a moment.</i> ) There, I'm not afraid any more. Not of the wicked ogre, nor of the bogey man, nor of the Pied Piper. ( <i>Pause. Change of tone.</i> ) Nurse, you know Floss ... ?	5
<i>Nurse:</i>	Don't talk to me about that blessed dog. Pawmarks over everything. Oughtn't to be allowed in the house.	10
<i>Antigone:</i>	Promise you won't grumble at her any more. Even if she leaves pawmarks everywhere.	15
<i>Nurse:</i>	You mean I'm to let her ruin everything and not say a word?	20
<i>Antigone:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Nurse:</i>	No, that's too much – !	
<i>Antigone:</i>	You're quite fond of her really. And you enjoy polishing and scrubbing – you wouldn't like it if everything was always spick and span ...	25
<i>Nurse:</i>	What if she wets my carpets?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Promise not to scold her even then. Please, Nan.	30
<i>Nurse:</i>	You know how to get round people, don't you?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	And I want you to talk to her too.	
<i>Nurse</i>	( <i>shrugging</i> ): Talk to brute beasts!	35
<i>Antigone:</i>	Not as if she's a brute beast! As I do ... As if she were a real person.	
<i>Nurse:</i>	Play the fool like that at my age? But why?	40
<i>Antigone</i>	( <i>gently</i> ): Well, if for some reason or other I couldn't talk to her myself any more.	
<i>Nurse</i>	( <i>not understanding</i> ): What do you mean? Why not?	45
<i>Antigone</i>	( <i>first looking away, then in a harsher voice</i> ): But if she's too miserable ... if she keeps waiting with her nose glued	50

to the door like when I go out  
without her – then perhaps it  
would be best to have her put  
to sleep.

*Nurse:* Have Floss put to sleep? 55  
Whatever's the matter with  
you this morning?

*Enter HAEMON.*

*Antigone:* Here's Haemon. Leave us,  
Nan. And don't forget what 60  
you promised.

*Exit NURSE.*

*Antigone* (*running over to HAEMON*):  
Forgive me for quarrelling  
yesterday evening, Haemon. 65  
And for everything. It was my  
fault. Please forgive me.

*Haemon:* You know I'd forgiven you  
as soon as you'd gone out  
and slammed the door! The 70  
perfume you were wearing  
was still in the air, and I'd  
forgiven you already. (*He  
takes her in his arms, smiles,  
looks at her.*) Who did you 75  
steal it from, that scent?

*Antigone:* Ismene.

*Haemon:* And the lipstick, the powder,  
the pretty dress?

*Antigone:* Ismene. 80

*Haemon:* And what was it all in aid of?

*Antigone:* I'll tell you presently. (*She  
nestles closer to him*). Oh, my  
darling, how stupid I've been!  
A whole beautiful evening 85  
wasted.

*Haemon:* There'll be others.

*Antigone:* Will there?

*Haemon:* Other quarrels too.  
Happiness is full of them. 90

*Antigone:* Happiness ... Listen,  
Haemon.

*Haemon:* Yes, Antigone.

*Antigone:* Don't laugh this morning. Be  
serious. 95

*Haemon:* I am serious.

*Antigone:* And hold me tight. Tighter  
than ever before. Give me all  
your strength.

<i>Haemon:</i>	There ... All my strength ...	100
<i>Antigone:</i>	Ah ... ( <i>They remain silent for a moment.</i> ) Haemon, you know the little boy we would have had ...?	
<i>Haemon:</i>	Yes.	105
<i>Antigone:</i>	You know I'd have shielded him against everything?	
<i>Haemon:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	I'd have held him so tight he'd never have been afraid – not of the creeping dark, nor of the unmoving sun, nor of the shadows. He'd have had an unkempt, skinny little mother, but one who was safer than all the real mothers put together, with their real bosoms and their nice big aprons! You believe me, don't you?	110 115 120
<i>Haemon:</i>	Yes, my love.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	And you do believe you'd have had a real wife?	
<i>Haemon</i>	( <i>holding her</i> ): I've got one already.	125
<i>Antigone:</i>	Oh Haemon, you did love me that evening, didn't you?	
<i>Haemon</i>	( <i>gently</i> ): Which evening?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	You are sure, aren't you, that when you came and found me at the dance, you didn't pick the wrong girl? You're sure you've never regretted it, never thought – even deep down, even once – that you ought really to have asked Ismene?	130 135
<i>Haemon:</i>	Don't be silly!	
<i>Antigone:</i>	You do love me, don't you? Your arms don't lie, nor the smell of you, nor this heavenly warmth, nor the confidence that fills me when I lean my head on your shoulder?	140 145
<i>Haemon:</i>	Yes, Antigone. I love you.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	I'm so dark and thin. Ismene's pink and gold like an apricot.	
<i>Haemon</i>	( <i>low</i> ): Antigone ...	

<i>Antigone:</i>	Oh, I'm making myself blush. But this morning I must know. When you think how I'm going to be yours, do you feel a great void growing inside you, as if something were dying?	150     155
<i>Haemon:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	So do I. And I want you to know I'd have been proud to be your wife, the one whose shoulder you'd have patted absent-mindedly as you sat down in the evening, as if you were patting something that was truly yours. ( <i>She moves away from him and speaks in a different tone of voice.</i> ) So. Now two things. And when you've heard them you must go away without asking any questions. Even if they seem strange. Even if they give you pain.	160     165    170
<i>Haemon:</i>	But what can they be?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Promise you'll go without even a backward glance. If you love me, promise. ( <i>She looks at his shocked, pitiful expression.</i> ) It's the last foolishness you'll have to forgive me.	175    180
	<i>Pause.</i>	
<i>Haemon:</i>	I promise.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Thank you. Well, to go back to yesterday first. You asked me just now why I was wearing Ismene's dress, her perfume and make-up. Well, I was a fool – I wasn't sure it was me you really wanted, and I was trying to make you want me by being more like the other girls.	185     190
<i>Haemon:</i>	So that was it!	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Yes. And you laughed, and we quarrelled. My bad temper got the better of me and I flounced off. ( <i>Pause. Lower.</i> ) But I really came to see you yesterday evening so that you might make love	195     200

to me – so that I might be  
your wife already. Before ...  
(*He draws back and is about  
to speak, but she cries out.*) 205

You promised not to ask!  
(*Humbly.*) Please ... (*Turning  
away; harshly.*) Anyway,  
let me explain. I wanted to  
become your wife because 210  
that's how I love you ... And  
because – forgive me for  
hurting you, my darling –  
because I can never marry  
you. 215

*He is dumbfounded. She runs  
over to the window and cries  
out.*

Haemon, you promised! Go  
now. If you speak, or take one 220  
step towards me I'll jump out  
this window. I swear it on the  
head of the son we had in our  
dreams. The only son I'll ever  
have. Go now, quickly. You'll 225  
understand tomorrow. Soon.  
(*She sounds so despairing  
that HAEMON does as she  
says.*) That's right, Haemon,  
leave me. It's the only thing 230  
you can do now to show that  
you love me.

HAEMON *has gone.*  
ANTIGONE *stands still, with  
her back to the audience,  
then shuts the window and 235  
goes and sits on a little  
chair in the middle of the  
stage. When she speaks she  
sounds strangely at peace.* 240

There, Antigone. Now  
Haemon's over and done  
with.

*Enter ISMENE.*

*Ismene* (*calling*): Oh, you're still here! 245

*Antigone* (*not moving*): Why aren't you  
asleep?

*Ismene*: I couldn't sleep. I was so  
afraid you might go and bury  
him, even in the light. (*Close.*) 250  
Antigone ... little sister ...  
here we all are – Haemon,  
Nurse, me ... Floss ... We

*Ismene:* Antigone!  
As soon as ISMENE  
disappears, CREON and his  
PAGE enter through another  
door.



- [30]**

[illegible]











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