



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

A Level Drama and Theatre

H459/41 Deconstructing Texts for Performance

Antigone

Friday 15 June 2018 – Afternoon

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes



No additional material is required for this question paper.



First name										
Last name										
Centre number						Candidate number				

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink. You may use an HB pencil for annotation lines.
- Complete the boxes above with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- 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.
- Do **not** write in the barcodes.

INFORMATION

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

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Answer **all** the questions.

- 1 Explain how you would direct the actors to bring the characters to life in this extract. Annotate the extract to support your answer. **[30]**

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<i>Creon:</i>	Did you tell anyone what you were going to do?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	No.	
<i>Creon:</i>	Did you meet anyone on the way?	5
<i>Antigone:</i>	No.	
<i>Creon:</i>	Are you sure?	
<i>Antigone:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Creon:</i>	Listen, then. Go back to your room, go to bed, and say you're ill and haven't been out since yesterday. Get your nurse to say the same. I'll get rid of those three men.	10
<i>Antigone:</i>	What's the point? They know I'll do it again.	15
	<i>(Silence. They look at each other.)</i>	
<i>Creon:</i>	Why did you try to bury your brother?	20
<i>Antigone:</i>	I had to.	
<i>Creon:</i>	I'd forbidden it.	
<i>Antigone</i>	<i>(quietly):</i> I had to just the same. People who aren't buried wander for ever in search of rest. If my brother had come home tired after a day's hunting I'd have taken off his boots, given him something to eat and got his bed ready. Polynices has done with hunting now. He's going home, to where Mother and Father, and Eteocles too, are waiting for him. He's entitled to some rest.	25
		30
		35
<i>Creon:</i>	He was a rebel and a traitor and you know it.	
<i>Antigone:</i>	He was my brother.	
<i>Creon:</i>	You heard my edict proclaimed at every crossroads? You saw the posters on every wall?	40
<i>Antigone:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Creon:</i>	So you knew what was to become of anyone who dared give him burial?	45
<i>Antigone:</i>	Yes.	

<i>Creon:</i>	Maybe you thought that as the daughter of Oedipus, of Oedipus's pride, you were above the law?	50
<i>Antigone:</i>	No. I didn't think that.	
<i>Creon:</i>	The law is meant especially for you, Antigone – it's meant especially for the daughters of kings!	55
<i>Antigone:</i>	If I'd been a servant girl up to the elbows in dishwater when I heard the edict, I'd have dried my hands and gone out in my apron to bury my brother.	60
<i>Creon:</i>	No, you wouldn't. If you'd been a servant girl you'd have known you'd die for it – so you'd have stayed at home and mourned your brother there. But you thought that because you belonged to the royal family – because you were my niece and my son's fiancé – I wouldn't dare have you put to death whatever you did.	65 70 75
<i>Antigone:</i>	You're wrong. I was sure you would have put me to death. <i>(CREON looks at her, then bursts out suddenly, as if to himself.)</i>	80
<i>Creon:</i>	The pride of Oedipus. You're its living image. And now I see it again in your eyes, I believe you. You thought I would have you put to death, and that struck you, in your vanity, as a very suitable end for you. For your father, too, ordinary human misery – there was no question of happiness! – wasn't enough. In your family, what's human only cramps your style – you have to have a private confrontation with destiny and death. You have to kill your father and sleep with your mother, and then find out about it later on, and drink it all in word by word. Some drink, eh, the words	85 90 95 100

<p>of doom? And how greedily you swig them down if your name's Oedipus – or Antigone. The next thing to do, of course, is to put your own eyes out and trail around with your children, begging. Well, all that's over and done with – times have changed in Thebes. What Thebes needs now is an ordinary king with no fuss. My name's only Creon, thank God. I've got both feet on the ground and both hands in my pockets. I'm not so ambitious as your father was, and all I aim at now I'm king is to try to see the world's a bit more sensibly run. There's nothing very heroic about it – just an everyday job, and, like the rest of them, not always very amusing. But since that's what I'm here for, that's what I'm going to do. And if some scruffy messenger comes down from the mountains tomorrow and tells me he's none too sure about my parentage, I'll just send him packing. I shan't go comparing dates and looking askance at my aunt. Kings have other things to do besides souping up their own woes. (<i>Goes over and takes her by the arm.</i>) Now listen carefully. You may be Antigone, Oedipus's daughter – but you're only twenty. It isn't long since all this would have been sorted out with bread and water and a box on the ears. (<i>Smiling.</i>) Have you put to death! You can't have looked at yourself in the glass, you little sparrow! You're too thin. You want to fatten yourself up a bit and give Haemon a nice sturdy son! You'd do Thebes more good that way than by dying, believe me. Now you go straight back to your room, do</p>	<p>105</p> <p>110</p> <p>115</p> <p>120</p> <p>125</p> <p>130</p> <p>135</p> <p>140</p> <p>145</p> <p>150</p> <p>155</p>
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	as I told you and say nothing. I'll see everyone else keeps quiet. Go along. And don't glare like that. You think I'm a brute, of course, and horribly unpoetic. But, thankful that you are, I'm fond of you. Don't forget it was I gave you your first doll, and not very long ago either!	160 165
	<i>(ANTIGONE doesn't answer. She makes as if to leave. CREON stops her.)</i>	
	Antigone! That's not the way to your room. Where are you going?	170
Antigone	<i>(stopping, and answering him quietly, without bravado):</i> You know very well.	175
	<i>(Silence. Again they stand looking at each other.)</i>	
Creon	<i>(low, as if to himself):</i> What are you playing at?	
Antigone:	I'm not playing.	180
Creon:	Don't you realise that if anyone other than those three louts gets to know what you've tried to do, I shall have to have you killed? If you'll only keep quiet now and give up this foolishness there's a chance I may be able to save you. But in five minutes' time it will be too late. Do you understand?	185 190
Antigone:	They have uncovered my brother's body. I must go and bury him.	
Creon:	You really would make that senseless gesture a third time? There's another set of guards watching over Polynices' body now, and you know very well that even if you did manage to cover it up they'd only uncover it again. What else can you do but scrape more skin off your fingers and get yourself caught again?	195 200 205

Antigone: Nothing else. But at least I
can do that. And one must do
what one can.

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

Dotted lines for writing.

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).

A large area of lined paper for writing. It consists of a vertical solid line on the left side, creating a margin. To the right of this line, there are numerous horizontal dotted lines extending across the width of the page, providing space for writing answers.

A large rectangular area with a vertical solid line on the left side and horizontal dotted lines across the rest of the page, intended for writing answers.



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