



Secondary Vocational School of Economics "Prof. Dr. D. Tabakov"
Sliven, Bulgaria

DRAMA BASED ON LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE

SECOND EPISODE OF SOPHOCLE'S ANTIGONE

BULGARIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE LESSON

VIDEO SCRIPT

Chorus: What a miracle, heaven! I'm asking myself now
How to say that it is not Antigone, seeing she is herself!
Unfortunate!
Oh, a child of Edipe miserable,
What is that? And whether they bring you now,
Ignored the royal heavy law,
Caught in a mad act?

The guard is leading Antigone.

Guard: (Points at Antigone). Here is the one who did it! We caught her
In the very act of burying him. Where is Creon?

Chorus: Just coming from the house.

Creon is entering.

Creon: What has happened? Why do you say I'm coming in time?

Guard: O King,
A man should never be too sure of anything:
I would have sworn
That you'd not see me here again: your anger
Frightened me so, and the things you threatened me with;
No dice-throwing this time: I was only too glad to come!
Here is this woman. She is the guilty one:
We found her trying to bury him.
Take her, then; question her; judge her as you will.

Creon: Why have you brought her here?

Guard: She was burying him, I tell you!



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Creon: (Severely). Is this the truth?

Guard: I saw her with my own eyes to sprinkle dust.
After those terrible threats of yours King.

Creon: (Slowly, dangerously.)
You with your head hanging. Do you confess this thing?

Antigone: I do. I deny nothing.

Creon: (To the guard). You may go.
(To Antigone)
Tell me briefly:
Had you heard my proclamation touching this matter?

Antigone: It was public. Could I help hearing it?

Creon: And yet you dared defy the law.

Antigone: It was not God's proclamation. That final Justice
That rules the world below makes no such laws.
Your edict, King, was strong,
But all your strength is weakness itself against
The immortal unrecorded laws of God.
They are not merely now: they were, and shall be,
Operative for ever, beyond man utterly.
I knew I must die, even without your decree:
I am only mortal. And if I must die
Now, before it is my time to die,
Surely this is no hardship: can anyone
Living, as I live, with evil all about me,
Think Death less than a friend? This death of mine
Is of no importance; but if I had left my brother
Lying in death unburied, I should have suffered.
Now I do not.
Think me a fool, if you like; but it may well be
That a fool convicts me of folly.

Chorus: Like father, like daughter: both headstrong, deaf to reason!
She has never learned to yield



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Creon: The inflexible heart breaks first, the toughest iron
Cracks first, and the wildest horses bend their necks
At the pull of the smallest curb.
Pride? In a slave?
This girl is guilty of a double insolence,
Breaking the given laws and boasting of it.
Who is the man here,
She or I, if this crime goes unpunished?

Antigone: What more do you want than my death?

Creon: Nothing.
That gives me everything.

Antigone: Then I beg you: kill me.
This talking is a great weariness: your words
Are distasteful to me, and I am sure that mine
Seem so to you.
I should have praise and honor for what I have done.
All these men here would praise me
Were their lips not frozen shut with fear of you.
Ah the good fortune of kings,
Licensed to say and do whatever they please!

Creon: You are alone here in that opinion.

Antigone: No, they are with me. But they keep their tongues in leash.

Creon: Maybe. But you are guilty, and they are not.

Antigone: There is no guilt in reverence for the dead.

Creon: And the fallen in the battle
was he not your brother too?

Antigone: My brother too.

Creon: And you insult his memory?

Antigone: (Softly). The dead man would not say that I insult it.



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Creon: He would: for you honor a traitor as much as him.

Antigone: His own brother, traitor or not, and equal in blood.

Creon: He made war on his country. The other one defended it.

Antigone: Nevertheless, there are honors due all the dead.

Creon: But not the same for the wicked as for the just.

Antigone: Which of us can say what the gods hold wicked?

Creon: An enemy is an enemy, even dead.

Antigone: It is may nature to join in love, not hate.

Creon: (Finally losing patience). For love? Go join them, then; if you must have your love, Find it in hell!