

STRONGER THAN ARMS

by Danielle Georgiou
and Justin Locklear

an adaptation of
THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES
by Aeschylus

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ΧΩΡΙΚΌ

Χωρικό

CHORIKÓ, or Villager, an honest Theban, witness to the death of the MESSENGER. Played by Celeste Perez.

ΠΎΡΡΟΣ

Πύρρος

PYRRHOS, from the Ancient Greek for “Fire,” youngest child of Creon, sibling of Haemon, zealous in religion, politics, and tradition. Played by Bwalya Chisanga.

ΊΣΜΉΝΗ

Ισμήνη

by

ISMÉNE, a name from the river diety Ismênus, and the eponymous river. Isméne is a sibling to Eteocles and **ANTIGÓNE**. A skeptic, overlooked. Played Mindamora Rocha.

ἌΝΤΙΓΌΝΗ

Ἀντιγόνη

ANTIGÓNE, meaning “in place of one's parents” or “worthy as ones own parents,” sibling of Eteocles and Ismene, betrothed to Haemon (child of Creon). Played by Jenny Ledel.

ΊΕΡΕΙΑ

Ίέρεια

ÍÉREIA, or priestess, “light-keeper” spirit intercessor for the gods, possibly multiple places at once. Played by Anastasia Munoz.

ΞΈΝΟΣ

Ξένος

XÉNOS, or stranger, alien. A villager from a place further from Thebes, perhaps Scythian, of the Chalybes. Played by Rebecca McDonald.

Text in **BOLD** is read by all on stage, at the discretion of the staging.

Whole text in ITALICS is for FORMAL DIALOGUE and PRAYER.

A slash (/) is an interruption, and a single word in *italics* is for emphasis.

Text in ~~strikethrough~~ is ~~the subtext of a fragmented sentence.~~

[It is the day of the siege of Thebes. Eteocles is leading the Theban army against the Argive army. Each side is sending their generals/warriors to lead their men into battle. The city is swarming with preparation as the Argive army begins their assault. All citizens rush to safe places to hide out. The aristocracy holds away in this, a temple?

Sounds of war, and musical score. Lights come up on a large cloth sack, soaked in blood.

CHORIKÓ slowly stirs inside the sack, slowly making their way out, revealing the corpse of a Theban soldier underneath them. CHORIKÓ is an honest Theban citizen who cannot tell a lie.

CHORIKÓ breathes heavily, attempting to overcome nausea, but immediately feels the pang of retching, fetches a nearby pitcher, vomits wildly, sending a shower of vomit through its cracked base.

CHORIKÓ stumbles away from the vomit, only to inspect the pitcher, glance back to the pile, and then to the audience. About to speak, CHORIKÓ hears someone howling in sadness, and then hides the pitcher and attempts to clean themselves of blood and sick.

ISMÉNE and PYRRHOS enter, PYRRHOS has suffered a cut from debris. ISMÉNE dresses it, and then PYRRHOS prepares a place for IÉREIA to appear]

PYRRHOS

*Filled with terror I scream out in grief!
Their forces flood our walls!
They've left their camp!
A massive horde of mounted warriors
is quickly threatening to engulf us all!*

ISMÉNE

*The dust-filled air I see around me
confirms the facts for me—
this voiceless messenger's report
is simple, clear, and true.*

*[kicks cadaver] Horses' hooves
are trampling on my native soil.
My ears can hear the noise
as it flies here and there,
the roar of an unbridled river
crashing down on mountain rocks!*

PYRRHOS

*O all you gods and goddesses, save us!
Raise your shouts high above our city walls
to turn aside this charging deadly tide!*

*[IÉREIA appears in projection/hologram. CHORIKÓ watches the group, still
cleaning stains, now with a water pitcher?]*

*Who will protect us? Which god or goddess
will come to our assistance now?*

*Or should I fall in supplication here
before these statues of my country's gods?*

*O all you blessed ones above,
seated on your thrones,
the moment now has come for us
when we must clutch your images.*

ISMÉNE *[to IÉREIA]*

*Why waste our time in useless wailing?
Do you not hear that noise—
that clashing shields of men?
Has that not reached your ears?*

PYRRHOS *[to IÉREIA]*

*If this is not the time, when shall we use
the sacred robes and garlands in our prayers?*

IÉREIA

*I see the noise—it is no clash
of just a single spear.*

ISMÉNE

*What will you do, O Ares?
Will you let these men betray the land
where you have lived since ancient times?*

PYRRHOS

*O god with the helmet all of gold,
look down, look down upon our city,
which once you loved so well.*

IÉREIA

*Come, all you gods who guard our state,
defenders of our land! Gaze down on us,
a group of young ones pleading
to never be enslaved,
while waves of nodding helmet plumes
driven by blasts from war god Ares
smash on city walls.*

PYRRHOS

*O Father Zeus, **who brings all things to their fulfillment**,
protect us all from enemy hands.
For now the citadel of Cadmus
has Argives all around it, and our fear
of warlike weapons makes us tremble,
for iron bits inside their horses' jaws
are screaming death.*

IÉREIA

*And you, O Pallas, you Zeus-born power who delights in war,
become the saviour of our city!*

2]

*And you, Poseidon, lord of horses, king of the sea,
with that fish-spearing weapon of yours
release us from this fear, and bring us some relief.*

[3]

*You, too, Ares—alas! alas for us!—
preserve the place which carries Cadmus' name
and openly display your kinship to him.*

ALL

*And you, Cypris, first mother of our race,
protect us, for every one of us is born
from your own blood.
We come to you in prayer,
calling to gods to hear our cries!*

ISMÉNE

*O all you gods whose duty is to help,
you guardian gods and goddesses,
defenders of our country's fortresses,
do not betray our city under siege
to armies from a foreign land!*

PYRRHOS [to Iéreia]

*What is happening to our city?
What lies in store? Toward what final end
is god directing us?*

IÉREIA

*Listen, O listen,
as we young disciples stretch our hands
and offer up these righteous prayers!*

[2]

*O dearest spirits above,
**surround our city, rescue us,
and demonstrate your love.***

ISMÉNE

*Consider all those offerings
the people make to you,
and, as you do, defend us here!*

PYRRHOS

*And for my sake remember, too,
our city's sacred sacrificial rites
performed by pious worshippers.*

[Enter ANTIGÓNE carrying object.]

ANTIGÓNE [addresses those on stage and those in the audience]

You there! You insufferable creatures!
I ask you, is this the most useful way
to save our city and encourage our men
when they are being attacked right here?

You fling yourselves at statues of the gods
who guard the city and then scream and howl—
acts which decent people find offensive.
Whether in misfortune or in better days,
I hope I never see a Theban home kept
by such a woman!

When a woman is strong,
her boldness makes them shun our company,
but when she is afraid, she is even worse,
at home and in the town. And now your shrieks
and running around, flying here and there,
have spread a spirit of craven cowardice
among the citizens—the finest way
to help our enemies outside these walls,
while those inside the town are overwhelmed
by their own people.

~~This is what happens~~
~~when you live with women.~~ What goes on
outside the home is the concern of men.
Let us play no part in such affairs.
We should remain inside and not cause trouble.
Are you listening to me or not?
Or am I speaking to the deaf and dumb?

PYRRHOS

Cousin, I was afraid!
I heard the noise of rattling chariots,
grating axle-hubs on spinning wheels,
the screaming coming from the horses' mouths
with harness bits of fire-hot iron.

ANTIGÓNE

That made you flee? When a ship is laboring
in heavy seas, has any sailor ever found
a way to save himself by running off
from stern to prow?

PYRRHOS

*We rushed to the gods—
our ancient images—and put our trust in them,
as deadly hailstones hammered on our gates.
That's when my fear urged me to offer prayers,
asking the blessed ones to hold their shield
high above the city.*

ANTIGÓNE

*You should pray
the wall holds out against those enemy spears.
The gods directed Cadmus in how to build them!*

IÉREIA [correcting]

*Thanks to the gods
the citadel has not been overrun—
the walls are keeping out those hordes of men
attacking you. In such a circumstance
what jealous anger makes you so displeased?*

ANTIGÓNE [diplomatic]

I bear you no ill will for worshipping
whatever higher spirit you may wish.
And as long as you do not discourage
your fellow citizens, you can relax
and stop being so afraid.

ISMÉNE

We heard a strange, confusing noise!
What would the men have us do?
We rushed here to the citadel,
our holiest place of worship.

ANTIGÓNE

If you find out that men are being killed
or suffering from wounds, do not react
with screams of such distress, for food like this
feeds Ares, god of war, with human blood.

ISMÉNE

Wait! I hear horses!

ANTIGÓNE

*What you hear
is clear enough, but you should not respond
to what you hear with this excess.*

PYRRHOS

*A rumble is coming from the ground,
as if those beasts are moving all around us!*

ANTIGÓNE

*My brother, your king, has plans
to deal with them. Is that not sufficient?*

ISMÉNE

The hammering at the gates is getting worse!

ANTIGÓNE

*Why can't you keep quiet!
Do not talk like this within the city.*

IÉREIA

O you divine company of gods,
do not allow our fortress to be seized!

ANTIGÓNE

Such weakness! Keep your mouths shut tight,
and just put up with it!

IÉREIA

*O almighty Zeus,
let your blows fall upon your enemies!*

ANTIGÓNE

O Zeus, what a breed you have created
by giving us these women!

IÉREIA

As sad a breed as men whose city has been overwhelmed.

ANTIGÓNE

How can you speak such ominous words,
while they cling to your sacred statues?

IÉREIA

Their courage is gone, and fear has seized my tongue.

ANTIGÓNE

What I ask of you is easy to provide,
a simple thing to do.

ISMÉNE

Tell us what that is/

ANTIGÓNE [raises hand to interrupt]

Do not speak at all, you wretched weeds!
Do not make your friends so frightened!

PYRRHOS

I will not say a thing/ I only wish...

ANTIGÓNE

and yet!

You cannot hear my words of help,
I will never be louder than your thoughts.
And on top of this, stay away
from statues of the gods, and make your prayers
that the gods fight on our side more forceful.
If you can understand me now, I demand you sing
for victory, that joyful sacred cry,
the holy shout we Greeks by custom raise
to cheer our friends and take away the fear
they have of fighting war.

[ANTIGÓNE signals all to pray, perhaps this is a “joyful sacred cry,”
an uplifting song]

ALL

**And now I speak
to the gods who live in our own city,
those dwelling in the plain, and those who watch our market place,
and to our native streams, the springs of Dirce, the river Isménus—**

ANTIGÓNE

*To all these I swear that if we do succeed
and save the city, we will dye blood red
the altars of the gods with butchered sheep
and offer sacrificial bulls to them.
We will give them trophies,
and the king, my brother will hang
the spear-pierced battle garments of our foes
as spoils of war within gods’ sacred homes
and place the fighting armor by their shrines.
That is the way you should pray to the gods,
without the screaming you enjoy so much
or all that uncontrolled and futile wailing.
Such things will not help our men in battle.
Now go our six heroes in place—
and Eteocles, my brother, as general—to make a stand
as mighty warriors at our city gates,
the six passages through our walls,
before some messenger comes rushing here
or urgent news arrives and dire need
inflames us all.*

[IÉREIA exits and ANTIGÓNE begins to exit. CHORIKÓ, listening intently,
speaks up]

CHORIKÓ

Seven gates.

[A beat. Fully intending to ignore the statement, ANTIGÓNE tries again to exit.
The dialogue is still formal for some, but not as stylized since IÉREIA has left.]

PYRRHOS

Do you dare to speak in the temple?
Here, as suppliant maidens, we are
calling to the gods of Cadmus for —

ISMÉNE [to CHORIKÓ]

What did you say?

ANTIGÓNE [wanting to leave]

Isméne, don't even-

ISMÉNE

What did you say!

[CHORIKÓ points to PYRRHOS, squints in confusion]

ISMÉNE

You can speak! You spoke before,
unasked and unanswering, now,
before the gods, what did you say?

CHORIKÓ [recalls]

Seven.

ISMÉNE [indignant at CHORIKÓ's resistance]

O, as daughter of Oedipus,
whose curse fills all such silence with death,
Pray, Hera, **Pray Hera**

I command you speak aloud,
in full breath and tell me why you say "Seven!"

CHORIKÓ

She said there are six gates. But there are seven.

PYRRHOS

She is always to be named, peasant,
Antigóne knows that there are seven gates,
as would any child would say while playing.

CHORIKÓ

There are seven indeed! And the seventh is under attack.

ISMÉNE

The seventh gate is closed, as ordered by Creon,
our uncle, after Oedipus, our father, was banished.

CHORIKÓ

And that is known well!

ISMÉNE

Yet no one knows of it, save Thebans.
~~It has no bridge, only a door in a wall,~~
and now, impossible to enter.

[to ANTIGÓNE]

Tell Eteocles

we are praying confidently. The favorable signs
he received will come true.

CHORIKÓ

Eteocles knows of the attack and he -

ANTIGÓNE

The king is convinced and needs no new
chaos from inside these walls. Our six heroes,
each will greet an Argive force at the gates.
He has told me of his plans, privileged
as I am to hear the words from his mouth.

ISMÉNE [IN PRIVATE TO ANTIGÓNE]

You speak too assured of his position.
Tell Eteocles we are confident,
but do not trouble him with this theory.

ANTIGÓNE [to the room]

I go!

I will call to him that leads the rough Theban men
who stand at the ready. Upon return,
you will all sing, childlike, to the gods,

and laugh at the screams you let loose before!
I will say that birds spring out at his name,
the river Isménus bellows that we will triumph!

CHORIKÓ

Polynices now attacks the seventh gate!

[A moment. A growing roar of voices/violence is heard]

PYRRHOS [To ISMÉNE and ANTIGÓNE]

Cousin?

INSMÉNE

Be still.

ANTIGÓNE [to ISMÉNE]

Is this known?

ISMÉNE [referencing the cadaver]

This messenger will not elaborate for us,
and now I cannot clear my mind of smoke.
How did you come by this news?

CHORIKÓ

By accident.

PYRRHOS [scoffs]

It would not have been by design.

ISMÉNE

Cousin!

ANTIGÓNE

Did the messenger return? What says Eteocles?

ISMÉNE

He has not spoken once of Polynices
since his brother received bad omens in Argos,
Polynices will not lead men into battle.

CHORIKÓ

I saw the arrival of the messenger, who
gave word of the rushing tide of men.
Leaving their camps and towards our gates,
they appeared like a swelling river!

PYRRHOS

Crowds of men,
Argive shields in groups are moving up
against our walls! What will become of me?

ISMÉNE

And what of Polynices, he was seen by our spy?

CHORIKÓ

Polynices leads the seventh river of men,
waiting secretly to flood the weakest entry.
~~I was taking shelter in a store room, I could not~~
see from where the attacks were coming,
so I watched from the safer shadow of that room.
I heard the messenger arrive with the news,
Polynices leads his men to our weakest gate,
a gate no one thought to convey a siege of troops.
Eteocles was caught surprised for a moment,
and this weakness drew sudden fear out of the
eyes and tongue of the messenger, fearing that
the king was not truly protected by the gods.
Those surrounding them also shrieked out,
fearing that the prophecies of victory
were interpreted without blessings of Apollo.
Eteocles, your brother, proving himself a swift leader,
drew his own sword, and without word, wielded it deeply,
inside the **panicked** youth, securing both sword
and messenger to the ground. Standing, Eteocles
commanded all fears to cease and faces stretched
with panic to even, the gods revealing a boldness
in the new challenge.

[PYRRHOS fights tears of confusion, and prepares a ritual.]

ISMÉNE [regards the cadaver]
Killed for fear?

ANTIGÓNE
He killed fear in doing so, and so shall we
in standing confident for the eyes of the city.

CHORIKÓ
And so he said as well! 'So now, if anyone,
male or female or something in between,
fails to acknowledge my authority,
the vote of sentence shall decide their doom,
and stone of execution, past escape, shall finish all.'

ANTIGÓNE
Where goes Eteocles?

ISMÉNE
Did he send you here?

CHORIKÓ
He ordered the messengers body prepared for burial,
which commenced in spearmen placing his body,
already coiling up, into a sack. I followed, knowing that
wherever this body should rest would be more hidden
than a room where one can easily hear the clash of weapons!

ANTIGÓNE
Villager, where goes Eteocles now?

CHORIKÓ
To the seventh gate! He is dressed in armor, and
loudly he commands those with him to
gather more men, from the villagers seeking
shelter within the walls, to arm and attend the seventh gate.

[ISMÉNE and PYRRHOS return to prayer, IÉRIEA re-appears. ANTIGÓNE
moves to where they can hear/see something outside. CHORIKÓ follows
closely]

ISMÉNE

And so, you gods who guard our city,
let fall upon those men outside our walls
a lethal fate. Let them grow deranged
and cast aside their weapons!
Win glorious honors for yourselves
from all our citizens! On our behalf,
act now to save the city!

PYRRHOS [joining in the prayer]

Stay here, in answer to the prayers we cry,
and shield your splendid thrones!

ANTIGÓNE [aside to CHORIKÓ]

And this is the chaos you have brought.
Go to the men about this room, and
tell them you are to return from where you came.
Your fear will no longer invade this sacred place.

CHORIKOS

I will go, though, I do not invade with fear,
only with news. Only with what I have seen.

ANTIGÓNE

As well, you cannot trust that your simple witness
will be enough. I have the task of silencing these doubts!

CHORIKÓ

If you are afraid, sometimes prayer can help!
Will you pray as your family prays now?
Perhaps your fear is the cause of this distress.

[CHORIKÓ exits. ISMÉNE leads a prayer]

ISMÉNE

Keep/
Keep/
Keep.

[The prayer ends. IÉRIEA exits. The air changes. ANTIGÓNE, consumed by the image of POLYNICES attacking, pours the rest of the ash on the ground. Aristocratic decorum has left the room. These inheritors of power and influence have a moment to investigate their condition. The following dialogue is informal, more modern, more in secret.]

ISMÉNE

You really didn't know that Polynices would be attacking the seventh gate?

ANTIGÓNE

I didn't know he would be fighting at all.

PYRRHOS [internal, addresses the heavens]

Please, Hera, goddess!

ISMÉNE

He was never interested in fighting, becoming a soldier!

ANTIGÓNE

Neither of them had interest, but now that the crown is in question, everyone listens to them like they have brilliant military careers. Eteocles assured me this was going to be a quick — nothing like— What is happening?

ISMÉNE

Do you think we should leave?

PYRRHOS

We can go out through the tunnels? The canal should be / open and passable...

ANTIGÓNE

We aren't leaving, cousin! I'm surprised, that's all. I'm not worried.

PYRRHOS

Are we not in danger if Argos / defeats the Theban armies?

ANTIGÓNE

No, you must stop creating these hypotheticals.

ISMÉNE [referencing the direction of the battle]

They will not retreat, Antigone. Polynices said if he had a chance at the throne, he would take it! He never forgave us for his exile!

ANTIGÓNE

He never understood his exile! There's a difference.

ISMÉNE

Then will he come for the throne? You act like you know what he's thinking!

ANTIGÓNE

Oh shut up! If you even cared, I have been in constant communication with Theophane, and she says that Eteocles mentioned Argos having no chance of defeating us!

ISMÉNE

I don't think our brother's mistress is a reliable source of information.

ANTIGÓNE

Just because you aren't sleeping with him anymore/ doesn't mean you —

PYRRHOS

I can leave if you need the room.

ANTIGÓNE

Yes, thank you.

ISMÉNE [defending PYRRHOS]

You're not— Antigone!

ANTIGÓNE

Or stay! I don't care, I'm just trying to think!

ISMÉNE [warning ANTIGÓNE]

You're marrying Haemon, you can't keep avoiding his family.

PYRRHOS

You say it like we didn't all grow up together.

ISMÉNE

I wasn't saying anything about/ our families...

PYRRHOS

I'm not praying because of my brother.
I'm praying for us all! I'm praying for the city!

ANTIGÓNE

Our city isn't going anywhere! Polynices is boastful and his place is not in battle! He's completely naïve if he thinks he can face our generals.

PYRRHOS

Eteocles was given abundant signs from the gods! Polynices surely knows this, as he received such foul omens from the seer of Argos!

ANTIGÓNE

They're both so simple-minded. **Couldn't they** resolve this another way?

ISMÉNE

Eteocles never once asked our opinion before he banished Polynices, neither of them sought advice from the council! They seem proud of the mess!

ANTIGÓNE

And we will be the ones cleaning up.

PYRRHOS [to the re-appearing IÉRIEA]

Oh mighty Zeus, clear from the sky
This storm of pride and confusion!
Make broad the path between clouds,
and command the brow of Ares,
that he would soothe the wind of war!

ANTIGÓNE [a laughing sigh, aside]

And now with this again!

ISMENE [Secretive. Moving to ANTIGÓNE]

Do not throw your doubt on your cousin. Pyrrhos cries for you. How can you deny such ardent love at a time like this? The gods have given us things we cannot understand, and you act like you have seen everything!

[During the following, PYRRHOS is distracted from prayer and listens]

ANTIGÓNE

I have prayed a prayer today, like all the rest. But I do not tear my clothes and drown my cheeks in praise of my own faith. We will be fine! If the others would relent, they would see that the gods have nothing to do with it! ~~Thebes will never be conquered, and our curse has died with our father.~~ We rule a city, and by our birthright, we will continue after the dust falls, and the sound of joyful laughter will return!

ISMÉNE

How can you look so confident when I know you are drowning in fear?

ANTIGÓNE

I didn't learn it from you.

PYRRHOS [having heard enough]

She learned it from her father.

[beat]

ANTIGÓNE [“there there”]

You can stay silent.

PYRRHOS [returning to formal speech]

Should I not speak, but instead prepare my feet to stand for a lifetime in admiration?

Attending your scorn for my prayers, and preparing the altar of your self-importance?

ANTIGÓNE

You should wait and better understand.

PYRRHOS

The wisdom of the line of Oedipus!
The worthy Antigóne, carved in stone, and kept from the sun! The treasure of Thebes.
Your mighty will follows your hasty whim, as Oedipus did in his own custom.

ISMÉNE

Pyrrhos.

PYRRHOS

I will not ask you to believe as I do, that the gods will guide us, in their answers, signs, and anger. I know you have been tempered by the power of your birthright, but do not rest in the shade of your ignorance. Your father left behind a wicked fear of the gods, who give us love and justice — gifts only to be resented by the stubborn and prideful.

ISMÉNE

We are in danger, there is/ no time to...

ANTIGÓNE

My father carried this cities' heart on his back.

PYRRHOS

Then, during the plague, he watched it starve.

ISMENE

You are both too distraught to make sense.

ANTIGÓNE

Does it require sense to defend from jealousy?

PYRRHOS

Of what quality am I jealous? Tell me where I should find it! ~~Speak to me of how the line of Oedipus should wrap my ambitions in its deserved honor.~~

During the plague, when the shrieks of our city rang against the calm of night, Oedipus clung to his chambers, sending my father, in his place, into the dangers of public unrest. Oedipus raged at the

answers from the gods. He, too, grew allergic to our prayers, and demanded that our people be silent!

ANTIGÓNE

He was heartbroken at their pain!

PYRRHOS

And expressed his sorrow by ignoring the gods?

ANTIGÓNE

How can anyone trust the gods when the world is broken?

PYRRHOS

Broken for who?

ISMÉNE

We will not continue sparring as our city bleeds.
Do you not see why the gods give us this pain?

ANTIGÓNE

The gods give us nothing.

PYRRHOS

They gave you a throne.

ISMÉNE

Relent, Pyrrhos, I will pray with you!

PYRRHOS [to both]

Do not satisfy yourselves by avoiding the gods.

ANTIGÓNE

Do you resent their gifts, if we are undeserving?

PYRRHOS

Does your disdain for the gods come from your power or from your comfort?

ISMÉNE

You are as comfortable, you cannot complain!

PYRRHOS [dramatic exit]

I pray that the gods make me uncomfortable,
I pray that they see fit to test me, and I will
prepare the altar to show my thanks!
Oh Zeus, as you defeat our enemies,
also crush the arrogance in my heart!

[PYRRHOS exits. Enter CHORIKÓ, shaken. The battle sounds worse.]

ANTIGÓNE

Am I arrogant for leading? As I am bold, should I instead cower in
supplication?

ISMÉNE

Pyrrhos should pray that the gods protect the impetuous.

ANTIGÓNE [humorous]

For my sake, as well.

ISMÉNE [“don’t play”]

You will not pray.

ANTIGÓNE

But still burning as bright.

ISMÉNE

Here comes that villager, again, maybe with news of victory!

ANTIGÓNE

For her sake I hope! I don’t wish ill upon her if she brings good news.

[CHORIKÓ has a bloody nose? There’s a fear and realization in her voice.]

CHORIKÓ

Polynices attacks the seventh gate!

ISMÉNE

Did you see him? How assured is he?

ANTIGÓNE

Is he attacking now with soldiers, or guiding them from a distant post?

CHORIKÓ

I returned to a place where I could hide, but now there are soldiers and others hurling jagged rocks and pelting citizens from every side! I heard a voice ringing above the drumming, And several of us turned our necks though the crevices to watch as the voice grew louder. It was most certainly Polynices, addressing the Thebans standing in guard of the seventh gate. He endeavors to scale our battlements and then proclaim that he is king of Thebes, and raise a cry of triumph when he has seized the city. He prays to meet and kill Eteocles in the fight, or to pay him back with exile.

ANTIGÓNE

Nothing will come of this, his boasting feeds the fears of men, but this alone. His body is starved of experience, and his mind unfit to chart the tides of war.

CHORIKÓ

He doesn't need to understand a battle, when the powers of three Argive kings surround him! They secured a sword in his hand, and a brand new circular shield, with shapes made of hammered gold in the figure of Justice, with a message, to read from what the letters say: "This man is led back in glory, and he will have his land, and will roam free in his ancestral home!"

ISMÉNE [To Antigóne]

This does not resemble what Eteocles speaks! He did not tell you the truth, and perhaps he was surprised as well to hear that Polynices charges at the gate!

CHORIKÓ

*Indeed! His face spoke much which he did not form into words,
perhaps he was too proud to admit his inexperience!*

ANTIGÓNE [to CHORIKÓ]

No, there is more reason to discover in Polynices.
Eteocles treats each moment with cunning.
There is no need why he should lie — his
generals surround him as well, protected from
any attack which Polynices can devise.

[ISMÉNE leads ANTIGÓNE away to speak in private]

ISMÉNE

Why are you taking this personally?

ANTIGÓNE

No one should say that he is unprepared!

ISMÉNE

~~To protect his reputation?~~ Why now? The siege is falling down around us!

ANTIGÓNE

When she was speaking about him, she made him out to sound dishonest!

ISMÉNE

For what reason? He clearly didn't send word of what was happening. He
doesn't care! He is dishonest!

ANTIGÓNE [It's all too much]

The generals will sort it out! They know more about it than our brothers do.

[A telemega rings, CHORIKÓ answers, quietly, as XÉNOS appears on the
other side of the stage, making the phone call. CHORIKÓ calls out]

CHORIKÓ

Someone is calling from outside the gates!

ISMÉNE [to Antigóne]

Leave it to me.

ANTIGÓNE

And do what instead? We will be the first to know any news from outside.

[ISMÉNE stands in front of the telemega. XÉNOS is stern, assertive, swift]

ISMÉNE

Who is it?

XÉNOS

In Thebes, I am called Xénos.

ISMÉNE

A stranger. How clever.

XÉNOS

I understand that all names in Thebes should be clever.

ISMÉNE

This is not time for the defeated Sphinx to re-emerge, why do you visit us in such a crisis? We don't need anything!

XÉNOS

I call because of what I need, your highness. The siege is bleeding over the countryside, and my camp is overrun. I was here at the request of the King, and I demand that I am protected until I can return home.

ANTIGONE [listening]

What do they say about the war?

ISMÉNE

Nothing about the war, apart from wanting protection from it.

ANTIGONE

They cannot make demands when we don't know their business.

ISMÉNE

On what business do you attend the King?

XÉNOS

I'm not safe outside the gates, will you please let me in?

ISMÉNE

There is a battle raging at each gate, and the king is now engaged, he cannot vouch for you.

XÉNOS

I am not a threat. I was here to do business with the King, no more than that, and at his wish, I will not name the nature of our business.

ANTIGÓNE

What is it?

ISMÉNE

A stranger with a secret.

XÉNOS

A guest who wishes to be kept safe!

ISMÉNE

I am not interested in a riddle. If you cannot be honest with me, then I will not entertain this any longer.

[to ANTIGONE]

Here on business with the king, secret business which cannot be spoke of.

ANTIGÓNE

Nonsense. Tell them who we are.

ISMÉNE

Stranger, we are the family of the king, privileged to know whatever secrets you keep for him.

XÉNOS

In exchange, I ask the privilege to be brought through the gates.

ISMÉNE

How can you expect to make bargains with me? Where are you from?

XÉNOS

I live in the plains, far to the east.

ANTIGÓNE

We've been there, towards Chalcis

XÉNOS

Beyond Greece. Further than your kings have traveled.

ISMÉNE

And you bring your business here to my brother.

XÉNOS

And to your father before him!

ISMÉNE

And to our father...

[to ANTIGÓNE]

It could be nothing.

XÉNOS

I came to know Thebes at a time of great pain, during the plague. We grew close to your father, and knew your mother. You no doubt remember visitors from the east during that time?

ISMÉNE

I am not interested in being taught my own history. I will see that you are kept in the company of the Theban troops, away from the fighting.

XÉNOS

You will not shelter me inside the city walls?

ISMÉNE

We are besieged, I won't explain further!

ANTIGÓNE

If they've traveled this far, they should know where to hide.

CHORIKÓ

There is a place near the river!

ISMÉNE

We will pray for your safety, stranger, and when the air is quiet once again,
Eteocles will throw the gates open for you!

XÉNOS

Your brother may not have that chance. I just moved past the seventh gate,
where a crowd gathers to watch him fight!

ANTIGÓNE

What about Eteocles?

ISMÉNE

He is fighting! He is joining the men in battle!

[ANTIGÓNE steps in to speak]

ANTIGÓNE

Stranger! Did you see him fighting? Are there troops of men around him?

XÉNOS

No, I did not see him, **now is the moment before the fight, when the
generals brag. They spoke** of the gods, and paradise, the haughty
promises of glory and the rest of those seductive songs of bloodshed.

ANTIGÓNE

Do you mock them, now? The generals who the king has appointed?

XÉNOS [can't hide it]

Mock them? No!!

ANTIGÓNE

How dare you ask for charity when you disparage the weight of this day!

XÉNOS

It isn't charity when I ask for what I am owed, and I cannot understand how
this day marks any achievement beyond watching the dial spin once more!

ISMÉNE

We are under siege, and the crown of Thebes is in question!

ANTIGÓNE

Not in question, but under attack! Eteocles will arise the victor!

XÉNOS

For now, at least, I am sure he will. Praise to his powerful reign!

ANTIGÓNE

You claim not to threaten us, but your omens speak different.

XÉNOS

I must go to a safer place - I cannot remain here much longer.

ANTIGÓNE [to ISMÉNE]

There is deceit in this. They warn us of the future when today is only begun?

XÉNOS

Nothing changes, daughter of Oedipus. The first Theban war will not teach you anything.

ISMÉNE

What do you mean the first Theban war?

XÉNOS

There will be another. As long as men can grow until their fists harden, fear will burn away their memory, and anger will echo unheeded in their speeches of righteousness.

[Maybe this takes a second to hit]

ANTIGÓNE

You could not have known our father!

XÉNOS

How could I not?

ANTIGÓNE

Was he so thoughtless? His speeches full of false anger?

ISMÉNE [it's happening again]
Come away.

ANTIGÓNE

Answer me! Was my father so poor in leading his people? Are we so unfit to rule? Should we step aside to let invaders steal our city?

XÉNOS

You require so much from someone you before offered so little.

ISMÉNE [to ANTIGÓNE]

They will do nothing but antagonize you!

XÉNOS

Is Oedipus truly remembered for his excellence in ruling?

ANTIGÓNE

The crown of Thebes is a test for all kings, and in the face of his curse, he brought glory to our city!

ISMÉNE

The gods provide the right men to lead our people!

XÉNOS

The gods provided Oedipus?

ISMÉNE

You know the trials of his rule, there could not have been a better king.

XÉNOS

What other kings have served you?

ISMÉNE

You speak of a king, he is served by his subjects!

XÉNOS

Pardon my mistake! ~~In my current danger,~~ I have forgotten your customs.

ANTIGÓNE

Why then persist in injuring us when you should flee to shelter?

XÉNOS

Truly, I am mesmerized by your vigilance! It strikes my imagination like the burning phoenix!

ISMÉNE

Your faithless words have stolen our patience, be gone and may the gods bless you!

XÉNOS

I thank you! And if blessings are what you see in this city, if the bounty of your *gods* are found in the bodies of men, I pray you never grow sight beyond these walls, or else you will see the scars of their glory across the backs of all the world!

ANTIGÓNE

There will no more of this hissing poison!
It is clear that your business with our kings
caused this foul contempt! Are your people
so weak that they must cling to our cruel power?

XÉNOS [

Daughter of kings, this will be my most savored moment.
~~I wonder if this will be the first time someone tells you this.~~
I do not come to your kings for their power,
if that is what they are believed to possess.
I come to Thebes for its blindness. The walls of
Cadmus have lured you inside, and you close
the gates behind you. You will never again
see the gifts of the world around you,
until the day that your city consumes itself.
What is your inheritance but the promises of your kings!
These are not real! What they shout to their soldiers
is the same as their childhood fantasies,
shaking mountains apart with lightning-bolts,
planting the power of their lies into your dreams!
O if only the gods would give those men
the very things they keep imagining
in those sacrilegious boasts they utter.
Then they would surely die in misery,
completely overwhelmed! Children,

I am a merchant of weapons,
strong metal blades which men use
to carve their sweating promises
into the most delicate parchment.
When a man says he is powerful,
it is edge of my spears which make him so.
If it is the gods who made them kings,
I have fooled them into thinking they
are strong enough to wear the crown.

[XÉNOS disappears. PYRRHOS enters in a panic.]

PYRRHOS

O, all this madness brought on by the gods,
this great abomination, my family,
the race of Cadmus, so full of tears!
[to the gods] What country will you change for ours,
what finer stretch of ground, if once you hand our enemies
this fertile soil!

ISMÉNE

What have you seen, cousin,
that snares your eyes in turmoil?

PYRRHOS [a kind of vertigo]

I'm falling!

[ANTIGÓNE breaks into a run towards the door or something]

ISMÉNE

Speak to us, cousin, what news do you have?

PYRRHOS

Eteocles is dead. Polynices will be king!

[Fits of denial, shock, and confusion]

ISMÉNE

This cannot be true.

[no one responds]

ISMÉNE [looking for support]

This is not true.

ANTIGÓNE

Can someone go look - can someone go make sure?

PYRRHOS

Why would you believe I am uncertain?

ANTIGÓNE

Someone go out and find if Eteocles has died!

[ISMÉNE begins to exit. CHORIKÓ volunteers, waves her back, then exits]

ANTIGÓNE

What happens now?

ISMÉNE [in a rapid fog]

Happens now.

ANTIGÓNE

What happens to us? What should we do!?

PYRRHOS

We must leave!

ANTIGÓNE

We will be... we are still his family!

ISMÉNE

We are only his sisters.

ANTIGÓNE

We rule by birthright.

ISMÉNE

He has a wife, and daughters, and the other kings, and their wives, their daughters!

ANTIGÓNE [also a question]
He will protect us!

ISMÉNE
He killed Eteocles.

ANTIGÓNE [wait!]
There is nothing that threatens us! We did not banish him!

PYRRHOS
The kings of Argos will not care.

ANTIGÓNE
We are not against them! He will tell them so!

ISMÉNE
He killed Eteocles!

ANTIGÓNE
What should we fear?

PYRRHOS
His soldiers will rush into the city like burning oil.

ISMÉNE
We can still escape!

PYRRHOS
And go where? The city will be ransacked, all our families thrown out of the gates! What will we have that we can return to?

ANTIGÓNE
The stories they tell of the ancient wars. Can that happen here?

ISMÉNE
We are still the same.

ANTIGÓNE
But we have learned! We tell the ancient stories! We have seen the words of our forefathers! I need to breathe.

PYRRHOS

Oh gods, we are not perfect in our prayers,
but in earnest fear we raise our solemn cry!
We see the scenes of legendary days
playing out before us! What will happen to us?

ISMÉNE

If the stories are true, we will be taken.

ANTIGÓNE

Taken where?

ISMÉNE [Discovering]

I don't know. Not — anywhere. Do you remember what happened in the stories? Of the cities that fell before us?

ANTIGÓNE

Did it actually happen like we were told?

PYRRHOS

Those stories feel more real than these events today.

ANTIGÓNE

I can still hear them in my memory.

[The following is the recounting of the stories told of war. A floating state.
PYRRHOS sets up a ritual. At some point CHORIKÓS re-enters.]

PYRRHOS

*They will tear our homes apart,
Our bodies led out as captive slaves,
the young and the old — alas, such grief! —
hauled off like horses pulled by the hair,
while enemy soldiers rip at our clothes.
We that survive, now lost, abandon the town
with howls of pain and mingled screams,
while the desolate city calls out in grief
“How I fear for your wretched fate!”*

ISMÉNE

*It is a brutal day when our youth
is plucked unripe before those nuptial rites that
tradition demands, and to cross
the hateful thresholds of our owners' homes.*

ANTIGÓNE

*The rumbling moves across the city.
A towering iron ring now makes its way
against the citadel. Our men collapse
beneath the spears of men. Young mothers,
red with blood, cry for the infant child
they have just suckled at the breast,
while their own friends are chased and raped.*

ISMÉNE

*Young slaves now face misfortunes never
known before, in a joyful soldier's bed,
for when the enemy has seized the town
they must expect this nightly ritual—*

PYRRHOS [as or before IÉREIA appears]

Do you hear us!

IÉREIA

*I bring your cries to our toiling gods,
who weep for your present agony.
We must know, when the wind brings
famine, that the gods shall feed us again.*

ANTIGÓNE

This is the answer of the gods!

PYRRHOS

*But where could this word have been when we asked?
We brought our own tears to your eyes!*

IÉREIA

*I cannot show you the meaning to your pain,
and in giving your tears, you pleased the gods!*

But this is not our whole understanding, as the men who ignore us cannot know the ways in which they condemn you to their own suffering.

ANTIGÓNE

By their indiscretion, we are condemned!?

ISMÉNE

What can we say then? Those men who *die* enjoy a better fate than we who will be captured!

ISMÉNE [Furious with IÉREIA, as IERÉIA disappears]

We don't want to become slaves, we don't want to be stolen, raped, used up!

CHORIKÓS [genuine]

For whom do you speak?

ANTIGÓNE

Fuck! You again? Why do you ask for whom?

CHORIKÓS

I am confused. Why do you fear the men of Argos? Do you believe these Argive kings are less honorable than our own? Would the daughters of Polynices fear our heroes of Thebes?

ANTIGÓNE

Of course they would not. Our forces are not wicked, but just and merciful!

CHORIKÓS

And so is the rule of Thebes?

ISMÉNE [more diplomatic]

If our people in Thebes and this land are in peril, we will protect them!

CHORIKÓ

So these battles are for our *protection*.

ANTIGÓNE

What else do you want?

CHORIKÓ

We never prayed for subjugation. We never wished upon ourselves slavery and violence. We, our daughters, our mothers, we've never acquiesced to death at the hands of men outside Thebes. We screamed, we tore our skin, we set our hair aflame, we burnt our eyes, we mourned to a depth of agony that Oedipus would tremble.

ANTIGÓNE

No longer speak of my father.

CHORIKÓS

I speak of the father of our children.

ANTIGÓNE[Disoriented]

Your ambitions are clear. You want /to appear...

CHORIKÓS

I *want* to live. I want to *survive* the existence of men. I want to *know* for whom you *speak*!

ANTIGÓNE

Of course I speak for all here! None of us should be harmed for the wages of men!

CHORIKÓS

And what of those, who today, in near ritual of season, wear the scars of those same men — who, through rage, boredom, and god-given right have stolen our silent peace? Why do you say “we do not want to become slaves”, when you *cannot* become one. You wear the shroud with morbid hunger.

ANTIGÓNE

You can never know how ruthlessly a king would curse the gods who deny them a prize like me.

CHORIKÓS

I see my ignorance! Am I not a *prize*? Should I wish for the *honor* of conquest? Would you respect the man who betrays your innocence for his apparent good taste?

You will never become a slave. You will become a shrine of men's hatred. You will be maintained with oil, burnished by the hair of your servants.

The king will ask the gods for you to appear in the dreams of their enemies, as a testament to their own power. They will make songs to praise your beauty, twisting the ears of other bellowing men, their heads swinging about in rage.

ANTIGÓNE

But even as you say this, you must see that we are both at risk! I do not wish for us to quarrel when *night* falls on us all!

CHORIKÓS

But for some, the lamp burns until morning. We have lived here in the dark. We have learned to grow our crops in the thick shadows cast by hollow temples. For whom do you speak? Do you speak for your people? Your blood? Your lineage? The same as mine, save the rumored blessing of a god.

ISMÉNE

It is not simple as you claim.

CHORIKÓS

I cannot care.

ANTIGÓNE

I will not deny my birthright!

CHORIKÓS

And mine, I *cannot* deny. Are you so protected that you have only learned of the great conquests of Oedipus, and not the ones in secret? When he would slip into the villages and claim dominion over our breath? Our *dreams*? *This has been my birthright, nursing the accidental children of accidental kings.*

[beat. Shifts feet to exit, then CHORIKÓ remembers the news.]

Polynices has indeed defeated your brother Eteocles. He sits now in his brother's chamber. His men stand at the ready outside the walls. He will soon meet in council with Creon, to discuss the details of this transfer of power. He would like to meet with you first, his sisters, if you will attend him.

[The sisters look at each other]

ISMÉNE

This sounds better than I feared.

ANTIGÓNE

And yet, I am still in pain.

CHORIKÓS [simple, deliberate]

You may learn, at the hands mercy of others, you will be in pain forever.

[CHORIKÓ exits. A moment.]

ISMÉNE

Should we go to him?

ANTIGÓNE

Pray, gods.

ISMÉNE

I will go to him, but will he be honest?

[PYRRHOS stands apart, nodding in thought. Going over what all has been said. The following is informal and quick]

ISMÉNE

Do you think it's a trick? a test?

ANTIGÓNE

How do I look?

ISMÉNE

We can convince him we were impartial. We can say/ we wanted to —

ANTIGÓNE

I should clean up first.

ISMÉNE

You look fine.

ANTIGÓNE

I'm a mess.

ISMÉNE

So are we!

ANTIGÓNE

I will bring him a gift!

ISMÉNE

Why do we — he wants to know our mind.

ANTIGÓNE

Yes exactly! I will go find something to give him, something which will speak more deeply of our allegiance, something from our childhood!

ISMÉNE

You can do that later!

ANTIGÓNE

I will just be a moment!

[ANTIGÓNE exits. ISMÉNE considers what they will say to POLYNICES.]

PYRRHOS

I understand now. We are the spoils.

ISMÉNE

Cousin?

PYRRHOS

Even before there was a war. We were only waiting. Waiting to grow up, to be married off - I don't know why I believed different. And even now, we must give gifts, to be hospitable to those who would destroy us. We are the spoils of war, and if we aren't worth enough, we are cast aside!

ISMÉNE

You shouldn't worry! We will meet with Polynices!

PYRRHOS

And then what!?

ISMÉNE
Cousin!

PYRRHOS
How could something new come out of your meeting?

ISMÉNE [thinking of anything to help]
You can pray for that!

PYRRHOS [almost a laugh]
But how long will I be able to pray before these men stop believing?

ISMÉNE
It shouldn't matter!

PYRRHOS
~~You don't get it,~~ Ismene! If men will not be governed by the gods, then the gods are being used by men to govern us!

ISMÉNE
How can you feel this way, with such fear for the gods!?

PYRRHOS
Perhaps my prayers were soaked in pride, not knowing my place.

ISMÉNE
Then, how should we pray when they throw us into chaos?

PYRRHOS
We stop praying. We let it go. We die!

ISMÉNE
I can't listen to this!

PYRRHOS
Then I will leave! Enjoy the silence which so plagued your father! If the gods call to you, refuse their gifts! Escape! Go wherever you wish! It is what the men would do!

[PYRRHOS exits. ISMÉNE is alone, perhaps watched by the chorus]

ISMÉNE

I cannot escape blessings from the gods. Even in their evil qualities,
I see them as challenges — our family's interpretation.
O why do I view the curse of my father with such affection?
His legacy is prideful ignorance, a disease in humor,
yet I see it with such reverence. It is our tradition.

These kings are not concerned with their subjects. But instead,
they quarrel with their fate, with the gods, so that they can die, believing
they are immortal in *glory*. What is glory but a restful bed for a villain?

Will a man ever serve the gods, knowing he will not be remembered?
Does he dare be forgotten? I do not need parades of men,
chanting my name. I act in kindness, this worship is meaningless.
For those I love, I would crush the very *gods* and tell *no one*.

What wouldn't I do to defeat our curse? Our brother Polynices,
may throw us into painful servitude, taking away our bodies, while
telling us it is the will of the gods. How freshly hollow this sounds.
What is *my* will? What is my wish?

[ISMÉNE crosses to the altar, where Oedipus is buried, and begins to
unearth it. ISMÉNE is becoming more and more assertive in her plan.]

I wish to stop Polynices, and, I will. If the curse of Oedipus was passed on, in
blood, to his sons, perhaps a daughter, in blood, can end it. I demand that
tomorrow be filled with a mundane peace, and no boastful conquest writhing
in our people's memory.

O, is this relief? My choice is made. My resolve to enact this tragedy
has been sharpened. None will blunt its edge in what they say.
I will do it, and save the rest. And if I perish as well, it will be a most perfect
end, as it will be kept secret that this *king* was killed by his sister. Or *better*, to
protect his memory, it will be said that it was some other man, in battle,
and *he* shall be remembered.

Father, you were wise in despising yourself and seeking destruction.
Any man, foolish enough to believe his words to be the will of the gods,
should die.

[ISMÉNE begins to exit, but then, seeing something we don't, backs up in disbelief, as ANTIGÓNE enters, covered in blood. She is coming out of shock. Discovering emotions again.]

ANTIGÓNE

~~Sister, our city is safe.~~

ISMÉNE

~~Where have you come from?~~

ANTIGÓNE

~~Both of the sons of Oedipus are dead.~~

ISMÉNE

~~This blood is from our brother?~~

ANTIGÓNE

Please do not hate me.

[the air is electric]

I went to see Polynices.

ISMÉNE

Why didn't you wait for me?

ANTIGÓNE

I thought to go by first, to see if he was angry with me.

ISMÉNE

What did he say?

ANTIGÓNE

I saw him standing alone, with a cloth in his hand, bandaging his wounds. He was aching. I discovered I had no instinct to help, no desire to *heal* him. My hands were solid fists at my sides. I looked at him, who was once a simple youth, and I only saw another man who would be king. I tried to remember it was Polynices, but I thought — No. I don't care. If he were vile, if he were kind, it wouldn't matter. His armor looked strange. His sword and shield still hot from the sun. He wanted to change everything.

ISMÉNE

What is this blood?

ANTIGÓNE [sees the blood for the first time]

Would you ever hate me?

ISMÉNE

Sister, tell me whose is this blood?

ANTIGÓNE

It is his. Polynices. I opened his neck like a fruit with my hands,
and he drowned.

ISMÉNE [Speechless. Thinking of the door]

Did — did anyone—

ANTIGÓNE [aside]

But what will we say?

ISMÉNE [still in shock]

Both kings are dead.

ANTIGÓNE

I should have waited, what will we say?

ISMÉNE

All is well, the city is safe!

ANTIGÓNE

But I have killed our brother! What will we say!?

ISMÉNE

To whom?

ANTIGÓNE

To Creon! The guards! To the kings of Argos!?

ISMÉNE [relieved]

Nothing.

ANTIGÓNE

But they will suspect it was me! Or you!!

[ISMÉNE smiles]

ISMÉNE

You and I, mere woman? We killed a mighty king? A warrior? A god?

[ANTIGÓNE is lost, but sobering up]

Come with me. If we must speak, we will cry out in sorrow, that these brothers have died. One died in battle, and the other died, broken by combat, in the arms of his sisters.

ANTIGÓNE

We will cry.

ISMÉNE

We will bring our grief, in prayer, to the gods. We will mourn at their burial and daily shriek out how dearly we loved them, —

ANTIGÓNE

— and how tender was their love for us.

ISMÉNE

What blessings of fate!

ANTIGÓNE

Surely an end to our curse!

[ANTIGÓNE softly mimes slicing open the neck of POLYNICES. ISMÉNE begins to worry again, while ANTIGÓNE grows in excitement for their deceit.]

ISMÉNE

A deadly thing to talk about.

ANTIGÓNE

A deadly sight to see.

ISMÉNE
Alas, such pain!

ANTIGÓNE
Alas, so many troubles!

ISMÉNE
For our own home and land.

ANTIGÓNE
And most of all, for me.

ISMÉNE [will it ever end?]
And more, as well, for me.

ANTIGÓNE
O how I mourn your suffering, my king!

ISMÉNE
Alas for both of you, most pitiful of men!

ANTIGÓNE
Both gripped by ruinous illusions!

ISMÉNE
As we, alone, can see what the gods have done.

[ANTIGÓNE cries in ecstasy and confusion]

ANTIGÓNE
Where shall we put them in the earth?

ISMÉNE
Wherever they get most respect.

ANTIGÓNE
More cause for grief! Alas! For they must lie beside their father.

~~the end~~