

Antigone

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THEBAN CITIZEN: Melodrama is the poison of this town. Without taking notice, it has been inserted, little by little, cunningly, pretending to be discrete, in each and one of our houses. It started by contemplating our way of living, then it seduced us with its entanglements, its villains, its fabricated though hypnotizing beauty... One day it was part of our food, our children's gaze, and finally, tragically, it took over our thoughts.

The situation is alarming. Please, give to my words what's necessary so the urgency to counteract this effect becomes implanted in your minds in the most energetic way.

The bad melodrama that the usual entertainment system and mass media has injected in our veins for years is now putting in danger our eyes, it's making us blind. Our retina miraculously still perceives some colors but our brains don't. Our thought has diminished in two: black and white. Heroes and villains. Qualified or useless ones.

Validated or unknown. One hundred or zero. Yes or no.

Perception has become overstimulation's slave. There's so much urgency to put reality in order that the result is a series of simple –melodramatic- labels to understand the world. As if that made sense.

Adjectives are disappearing. We have to regain complexity, a wider thought. That's the plague that strikes us today. It started as an intangible presence, seemingly inoffensive, even amusing, but it's taking shape and we must stop it. How is it materializing? Where can you spot it? In our justice system, for instance.

Every judicial apparatus should be subject to the people's vote; however, people are poisoned. And the system, blinded in its quest for popularity, is responding to the same simple patterns, those which with a stroke of a pen discredit a complex framework of motivations. I'm not suggesting removing people from the equation. I'm suggesting that we all get vaccinated. To promote forums for discussion compelling us to analyze a body of conflict into its three dimensions, its five. Discussion is not only a capacity, we must turn it into an obligation, even more when, like now, justice is the issue at stake.

I'm asking to represent the State in the present case. Public interest is evident, although it should not be a criteria to make a better process, it's an opportunity to send a clear message about our capacity to understand this phenomenon, make a visible example for the collective, and get a little closer to that fantasy of democracy this government has suggested as the ideal one.

The State has always had one weapon: physical force. It has never declared itself as competent to confront reason, intelligence... no, just the body of the accused. From there, it threatens and punishes. Let's imagine a different system where the rule is the obligation to reason on the basis of truth. That way, when something fails, people will know that the way to confront the State is not only through violence, because we'll be facing a State capable of reasoning.¹

¹ Thoreau, Henry David. *Del Deber a la Desobediencia Civil*. 1849. Cábala, 1980.

Creon King of Thebes, chorus of young Thebans, Theban people, with regard to the case of Antigone, here's my participation proposal: a deliberative forum which will conclude with the decision regarding the future of the above-mentioned. The principles that will govern this space are:

1. The way to achieve justice is debate. There won't be excessive words or superfluous arguments. Before making any decision language should be exhausted, if needed.
2. The fatigue of those concerned will not be criteria for the result.
3. Debate will be public. Every government procedure is of common interest, therefore no conversation should happen behind closed doors.
4. The chorus witnessing this process shall be mainly composed by young people; it's imperative that consciences still thinking about perfection, social idyll, and the living together utopia, listen to this procedure and voice their opinions if they feel like it.
5. Every Theban citizen is committed to the truth.

Creon King of Thebes, you have suggested more than once that our government should transition to a democratic one, agreeing to hear me answers to this genuine

interest of questioning the kind of control that monarchies have established. We are coming out of a war that, although delivered Thebes a victory, has brought to the table the need for renovation. Accept this process and let's take the first step to the forefront as far as the delivery of justice is concerned. To your judgement, Creon King of Thebes, I now surrender.

CREON: I don't like it. I don't like that your proposal to this model of modern justice happens when one of the many involved is me.

THEBAN CITIZEN: But you're always-

CREON: The king is speaking. I don't like it. It makes it look like my weakness is allowing space for change, when actually, strength is required for change. However, you cornered me, and that says something about your intelligence; to refuse is to accept your defamation against this plague in Thebes, to accept is to open the door to chaos. More chaos. Thebes is mourning the fallen soldiers; obviating that of those defeated, there's no deeper nostalgia than after having won a war. People are not prone to polemics, but to certainties. I have so many arguments against. But I have more to defend my position regarding Antigone. If this helps those who are in doubt clarify their thoughts, let's go ahead with this little game of yours.

THEBAN CITIZEN: Thank you, Creon King of Thebes.

CREON: We'll discuss. I promise to listen, to argue until language is exhausted, as you say, but at the end, the decision will be mine, as I am King of Thebes.

THEBAN CITIZEN: After this process, reason should be on your side. And people who listen, will be on the side of reason.

CREON: You're smart and also a woman. I ignore your name, but from now on, we must call you... "Wisdom". I, Creon King of Thebes, baptize you.

Dear Polynices,

How many more messengers will we have to kill to keep the secrecy of our communication? How many soldiers die every day because of us? Why don't we try the peace agreement again? I don't care about the throne.

Tomorrow we'll attack the quadrant where you are. Mobilize as soon as you receive this. Remember to leave people behind, otherwise, my soldiers will suspect.

I think about dad's eyes.

Eteocles.

Dear Eteocles,

Your letter saved me.

When I convened this war I was thinking about dad. I felt that his blindness was defining me, that I had to be as tragic as “The Great Oedipus”. What a jerk. Now the Argives see me as their father and I don’t understand what I’m doing here. Is this how he felt when he decided to stick a fork into his face?

We can’t suggest a treaty. Our town councils would kill us and replace us with some butcher. We need something else. I don’t know what.

A child will offer you water. Kill him immediately.

Today I thought about our sisters.

Polinices.

Dear Polinices,

I killed the boy and saved my life, but I took away its meaning.

I propose to run away.

Together.

Let's abandon the troops.

Confusion will make them withdraw.

We can end this. Accept, Polinices, accept.

Put your men in trenches. This time fire will rain upon you all.

Your brother, Eteocles.

Eteocles,

To run away, you say?

And be remembered just like Oedipus? No, Eteocles. I don't run. If you dream of putting the guns down to end the battle, then we must also go down with them. Let the immobility of our bodies and these letters communicate the world the stupidity of slaughter and only then we'll expect our actions to stop the war forever.

An attack on the seven gates is underway. Someone stole your city plans. I don't have an escape route to offer you. Prepare your men.

If you're willing to die at the hands of your brother, respond soon.

Love,

Polinices.

Polinices,

An old man will ask you to follow him.

Do it.

Take these letters and a weapon with you.

Eteocles.

Eteocles and Polinices meet.

They stare at each other.

They throw the letters down around them.

Each of them pulls a gun.

They shoot each other.

And die.

A Guard comes in.

He observes the bodies.

The letters.

He grabs one from the floor and stares at it.

After a moment, he flips the page 180 degrees.

He observes it in surprise.

He thinks about his illiteracy.

He tosses them away.

WISDOM: Alright, those are the main points to prosecute this. If it works, it can be... an important benchmark. Good. I'm going to introduce the people I'm calling in for the deliberation. Ismene, Eteocles' sister, Polinices' sister and Antigone's sister. Haemon-

CREON: And Oedipus'.

WISDOM: Sorry?

CREON: She's also Oedipus' sister. And daughter. Same for Antigone. Clarity is important, right?

ISMENE: Ismene, daughter of Oedipus and Jocasta. Also sister of Oedipus, Antigone, and the two dead men.

WISDOM: Haemon, who besides being Antigone's partner, is also your closest friend.

HAEMON: Is, or was. I'm not sure. Creon King of Thebes.

CREON: Haemon.

WISDOM: Antigone. And Creon King of Thebes.

CREON: Why are you doing that?

WISDOM: What's going on?

CREON: Antigone, who's apparently now on a campaign with people.

ANTIGONE: Campaign?

CREON: Why are you doing that?

ANTIGONE: Doing what?

CREON: This. People know you, you know that, the daughter of Oedipus... You're taking advantage of it.

WISDOM: Creon King of Thebes...

CREON: What? We're here to discuss, right?

ISMENE: To discuss, not to disqualify like you're in a popularity contest. You're the King! Your position is not at stake.

WISDOM: I'm not done mentioning all who are present.

CREON: Of course you are.

WISDOM: We're missing your guard.

CREON: Oh.

WISDOM: Good. The idea is that conversation will give answers so go ahead, you can start where you wish. Nothing you say shall be censored. *(No one seems to participate.)* Alright, let's go over the facts: the bodies of Eteocles, last King of Thebes and Polinices, were found in the middle of the battlefield; presumably one killed at the hands of the other, leaving no trace to explain this event. Why would two brothers, each one being head of the opposing army, expose themselves to each other this way? What's this symbolic event trying to tell us?

CREON: I'm sorry, you haven't finished presenting the facts.

WISDOM: You can add whatever you want.

CREON: Eteocles-

HAEMON: Your close friend.

CREON:... the last King of Thebes, and yes, Haemon, my close friend; so close he entrusted me with the throne while he was away fighting for this city. You didn't mention that. He was fighting for us, for Thebes. A guy who stood up from the throne to go and fight an army that a traitor –another former prince—had convinced to attack us: Polinices. I'm glad about your silence. You prove the King right.

HAEMON: It's not easy to disagree with you. You've become an artist of punishment.

CREON: You mean the stone-throwing in the communiqué?

HAEMON: Great example, yes.

CREON: Haemon, that was a symbolic act.

HAEMON: Until it became real.

CREON: It wasn't my fault.

ISMENE: It wasn't?

CREON: Did I disobey the decree?

ISMENE: You imposed the punishment.

CREON: To make a point!

WISDOM: This is a public event, I'm going to update the audience. Thebes wants to know what's going on.

ANTIGONE: Thebes knows what's going on.

CREON: They do? Can anyone have other priorities? There's no one less informed than you. Are we still hung up on the false humility, Antigone?

ANTIGONE: Thebes knows what's going on.

WISDOM: Not necessarily. Concerning the brothers' bodies, Creon King of Thebes, decided to-

CREON: Win the war.

WISDOM: Sorry?

CREON: First, I decided to win the war. And I did.

ISMENE: From the comfort of your throne.

CREON: Ismene, I'm glad my victory allows you to be here... speaking.

WISDOM: Having won the war, Creon King of Thebes, decided that Eteocles, last King of Thebes, who died on the battlefield... (**CREON:**... a hero...) shall be buried with honor, (**CREON:** He was the King, for God's sake.) whereas Polinices, (**CREON:** A fucking traitor.) would be left in the open, without a burial.

ANTIGONE: You forget to mention that he also died on the battlefield.

WISDOM: Polinices also died on the battlefield.

CREON: I agree with Antigone, the information is inaccurate. I didn't give the order to leave him there, in the open. I asked my guard to carry the body of the traitor and display it for the whole city to see.

WISDOM: Unburied.

CREON: For the whole city to see.

WISDOM: The penalty for whoever buried Polinices would be death.

CREON: It *is*. Yes.

WISDOM: By stone-throwing.

CREON: Death by stone-throwing, that's what the communiqué said when it was announced. I would have used lapidation, but I wanted you all to understand.

WISDOM: And this stone-throwing has to be done by the people of Thebes.

CREON: Naturally.

WISDOM: We're all aware of that. Please, discuss.

ISMENE: Creon King of Thebes, do you know what happens to a body left in the open?

CREON: Ismene, daughter-sister of Oedipus, I don't know the technicality but I believe I can answer you: firstly, it changes color, that rosy hue of the warrior slowly fades into a sort of pale grey, indifferent, even sinister. Then, well, the skin loses its tension, it takes only a few hours for the most handsome man to look like a premature old man.

WISDOM: Creon, King of Thebes...

CREON: No conversation will be censored... And then, rabid-eyed Ismene, what we all imagine but can't prove: the dogs arrive, that smell of death that humans reject so much is their invitation for a tasty treat. It's true that by then, the body usually has the shit of vultures splattered around, shit produced --what a paradox-- by the birds digesting that same corpse. But dogs are not noble, as you are, they'll eat anything. Finally, well, maggots crawling out the nose, worms playing in the labyrinth of his intestines, woodlice using his rectum as a slide... Did I answer your question, perfect-mouthed Ismene?

ISMENE: You tried, Creon, but-

CREON: King of Thebes.

ISMENE: Creon.

CREON: King of Thebes.

ISMENE: I was talking.

CREON: It's the law. A law superior to what we're doing here, you know that.

WISDOM: He's right.

CREON: You have to call me by my full name, I'm the King. Eteocles, last King of Thebes, baptized me. I could punish you for not doing so.

WISDOM: He's right, Ismene.

ISMENE: A superior law, you say, Creon King of Thebes?

CREON: Yes.

ISMENE: And what would you call burying the death? (**CREON:** A symbol!) A superior law. (**CREON:** A habit.) Something that's beyond you, and which you shouldn't legislate about. (**CREON:** A town custom.) Your opinion is not even important, as much as you are the King; to condition the faith of a town who was forced to follow you, Creon King of Thebes, is to betray it.

CREON: Funny that you talk about betrayal; interesting argument. Very useful for the conversation. Wisdom, I'm gonna ask you some questions. Could you answer me as any other citizen?

WISDOM: That's what I am.

CREON: Do you like war?

WISDOM: No.

CREON: Me neither. Do you know anyone who fought in this recent war? Besides Haemon.

WISDOM: Yes.

CREON: Did you know anyone who died in this recent war?

WISDOM: Yes.

CREON: Me too. For example, Eteocles, last King of Thebes.

ANTIGONE: You also knew Polinices.

CREON: Oh, Antigone, you're here, I thought you'd left... Wisdom, how many people you know that have lost a loved one in this war? Many, me too. And all because of some vile one: Polinices. Haemon, can you answer some questions for me?

HAEMON: You're the King.

CREON: I am, indeed. Tell me, if a man kills another man, how must he be punished?

HAEMON: It depends on the circumstances.

CREON: What criteria is applied on the battlefield?

HAEMON: He must be killed in return.

CREON: A different context: a guy puts a bullet inside another guy's head for... being homosexual. How must he be punished?

HAEMON: With justice.

CREON: You're beating yourself around the bush through generalities. That's okay, it's not even the answer I'm looking for. Let's assume that this man doesn't kill one, but hundreds of people, or even better: thousands, thousands of people under your leadership killed by the initiative of one person, there's no doubt he's guilty. How must he be punished?

HAEMON: You're right, Creon King of Thebes, he must very probably deserve the most radical punishment a human can execute on another; the highlight of justice: death. And that's as far as we can go. No more can be done.

CREON: But we can! It's a matter of thinking outside the box!

HAEMON: There are boxes from which we should not come out.

CREON: What? Haemon, listen to yourself! How old are you? Is there a more conservative sentence? “There are boxes from which we should not come out.” If there’s something useful we can remove from Oedipus’ eyes – if you’ll forgive the pleonasm—former King of Thebes and from Eteocles’ death, last King of Thebes, is the fact that the throne, the government, the ideas... are ours! Finally! And I include you because we’re from the same generation, just like the girls. How can you think we can brandish sentences such as “There are boxes from which we should not come out”? No, Haemon, no. Vanguard! It’s a good thing Eteocles, last King of Thebes, left the throne to me when he left, otherwise...

ANTIGONE: So now vanguard is to become God.

CREON: Look at that. We have here a young lady who’s thinking the right way. That’s the kind of sentence we have to embrace: “Vanguard is to become God.” Good, Antigone, very good!

HAEMON: Creon, King of Thebes, Polinices is already dead. Bury him. Allow him to rest.

CREON: Mmm... No.

WISDOM: King of Thebes, you're arguing your decision, and that's the goal. But please elaborate. Your approach, and most of all, the way you expose it, suggests that your decisions are the product of mere whim, of a tantrum you call vanguard. Is that it? Is that the argument you'd like to leave the chorus of young Thebans with?

CREON: You also argued for the vanguard when you asked me to do this.

WISDOM: But I provided arguments, please do the same.

CREON: Let's see. What do you want me to say?

ISMENE: Why do you enjoy feeling like God? Why do you cling onto being a King without humility? Why is your megalomania so strong that you're looking to decide on the next life? Why won't you allow us to bury our brother? Why are you so insecure that you're even afraid of what a corpse might do to you? Any of these answers is a good place to start, Creon King of Thebes. Do you agree, Wisdom?

WISDOM: Yes...

CREON: Ah, if he wasn't your brother you would see straight. If the dead one was any other Argive, you would spit on him and drop the subject. Tell me Haemon, on the battlefield, do you by chance interrupt the fight to bury the bodies of everyone you kill? No? How come? Not even symbolically? And what about their eternal rest? Oh,

there's no time there. Or is it because you don't know the name that it doesn't matter? But wasn't it something that goes beyond the limits of human rivalry? Wasn't it a matter of Gods? But of course, Polinices is the brother, and you're women –I bring this up because of your natural fragility—and you used to be the princesses and you have always known when to smile, then, of course, Thebes doubts.

ANTIGONE: Had he been, as you say, any other Argive the one lying out there after killing my brother Eteocles, (**CREON:** ... last king of Thebes.) would you have determined to throw stones at anyone who dared touch him? Or would you have let everybody do what they have to do and get on with your government of excess?

CREON: I'm going to ignore the excess part so as not to detract from this lovely party, do you agree Wisdom? About what you ask, dirty-handed Antigone, that thing you said about having ignored him would he had been an unknown savage... Yes. I wouldn't have cared, I wouldn't have bothered writing the statement, making it public, wearing down my people, no... I would've let that go. But Polinices was Theban. Because of him, Haemon, your lover, almost dies. I mention him because it seems you only care about those you know. Let me continue. A moment ago, we agreed that if a man kills another man, he deserves death. And if he kills hundreds? Death, also? No one else feels it's disproportionate? With that reasoning, any crazy person having decided to cut off a head might think: "well, I'd better cut off ten more, after all, the punishment is the same." Does that seem right to you? Since we're talking about justice, don't you think there's something here to review? Now it's me the King of Thebes. My only goal,

I swear before the Gods, is that Thebes becomes the greatest place on earth, that people can forget me because they're concerned about living. We've just ended a war, it would be silly for me to think that's going to happen any time soon, I hope I live enough to contemplate the beginning of that paradise. What do I get to do? Lay the foundations. How? I begin by making sure that no Theban considers betraying us again. And you know what? It's not enough to say it. People have to know there are consequences, no, let me rephrase that, people have to witness the consequences. That's why your brother's corpse is rotting for all to see, that's why this city smells like treason emanating from his guts. And regarding the Gods... Perhaps they're a little bit too stuck in people's heads, I don't feel capable of changing that yet, but I do want everybody to know that what vile Polinices did has an impact all the way up there. Yes, I introduce my hand in death to control life, that's a King's duty, welcome to my world.

HAEMON: The world of dehumanization.

CREON: My dear, to be King is to renounce to be human.

ANTIGONE: My father ripped out his own eyes to be able to see. What awaits for a King who declares having no humanity?

CREON: Your father ripped out his own eyes out of embarrassment. Because when he found out about his atrocity he had to do something to become the victim. And, well,

he was always fond of theatrics. I must say, in spite of the contempt I had for him, I've come to understand him: politics is about grandstanding. Ninety five percent of the time we're administrating people and resources, just like any other farmer, but statesmanship lies in the remaining five percent, in the symbolism of certain acts. There are few opportunities to exercise that muscle, you waste it, you're out of the history.

WISDOM: Creon King of Thebes, I was talking earlier about the need to gain back the complexity of public reasoning. Let this serve to revisit your humanity, not to reaffirm your superiority. You're human, you're stuck with human laws.

CREON: Thanks for the advice.

HAEMON: Creon King of Thebes, are you aware of what is said on the streets between us soldiers that went to war? They despise your decision. They fear you so they say yes, but they despise you.

ANTIGONE: Let's see, you're asking Creon something he can't grant: character complexity. He accepted to be King and has become a child with a scepter who makes the worst decisions. Creon, you think people are stupid. You think you have to be absolute for them to comprehend, that only with harsh punishment they'll understand something is forbidden. You're leading dogs in your head, not people. It's true that masses, in their quest to come to an agreement tend to simplify facts, when groups

contemplate something, it's hard to observe phenomena, we stick with stereotypes. That's true as far as tendency and that's why we turn to leaders, so they won't let us, not so they can get cozy in the paradise of short answers. A leader has to be someone who can see the future, someone who serves while obeying. We don't want just a guy but a far-sighted man, that's the responsibility of the powerful one, he has to be able to imagine the complexity that the masses can't contemplate to improve the lives of individuals and then, and only then, to modify the collective. You're far from that place, you got it all wrong. You exempt yourself from humanity as you wallow in your own farce. You can't stand being unpopular, you need approval, even if extracted with threats.

CREON: I need approval, you say? Are you stupid? There's your twisted modesty again. You think that killing you will make me famous? People will hate me for having to throw stones at their princess. I'll get the approval you mention with the maturity of this government, with the wrinkles of those who will remember how they once had to throw stones at Antigone to understand what justice is. I dare you to renounce immediate pleasure... I don't look down on people, but not everyone is as educated as you broad-conversationed Antigone. Every Theban has to understand me, I'm the King. And to do so, yes, sometimes you have to spare the details.

ANTIGONE: Nice sentence for a King. Creon, you arrived to the throne because you flattered the right people, you're wicked and your motivations are not based on the common good. Here are a few things from someone who actually lived amongst kings.

If you decide to serve a crowd, you lose the possibility of remaining private. Is that fair? Yes, for the governed mass. Get rid of yourself for once and start thinking about what others need, that's why you're here.

CREON: Gunpowder-salivated Antigone, it seems like you haven't been listening to anything I've said. But I trust the chorus to be less confused. Just one last argument against that complexity you defend so much: to advocate for complexity is to go against the law; it's turning down the concept of "legality". If we heard the story that every killer has to tell, they would all be forgiven. That thing about all people having complex motivations and about always having to be empathetic as you want me to be with Polinices is no more than a place of utopian thinking. On the other hand, there's the coexistence and that's pretty simple too, let me explain it to you: coexistence is a club where only a few are allowed in, those who think in some specific way; if anyone has a different opinion, it starts creating problems... yes, he must be separated from the club and if needed, from life. Cleaning is necessary. That's governing. It's true, it sounds hardly democratic, as it usually happens with truth. Can we move on? We haven't yet fulfilled my greatest curiosity, why did Antigone do what she did?

Antigone buries Polinices' body.

The guard unburies it.

Antigone buries Polinices' body.

The guard unburies it.

Antigone buries Polinices' body.

The guard unburies it.

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Antigone buries Polinices' body.

The guard unburies it.

Antigone buries Polinices' body.

The guard unburies it.

Antigone buries Polinices' body.

The guard unburies it and captures Antigone.

CREON: Haemon, what do you think about what your girlfriend did?

HAEMON: It was her brother...

CREON: Are you gonna finish that answer or...?

HAEMON: She did what she thought necessary.

CREON: Polinices killed his comrades, several-

WISDOM: You're being biased.

ISMENE: You already said that.

CREON: Oh, so we forget about the fallen soldiers, so quickly?

ISMENE: It doesn't make any sense-

CREON: I just wanna know.

HAEMON: I can answer.

CREON: Very good, soldier.

HAEMON: Yes, he commanded the Argives and yes, many Thebans died at the hands of his troops. But war is over now. You want me to despise Polinices even more? My hate doesn't supercede death. Besides, if you ask me to identify with someone I would choose a soldier from either side. My interest is in Antigone because my love is in Antigone. Her wishes are my wishes.

CREON: Good answer, Haemon.

WISDOM: Refrain from validating, you cloud the conversation.

CREON: It was an opinion. Ismene, what do you think about what your sister did? Nothing? There's no answer?

ANTIGONE: Ismene, the King's talking to you.

ISMENE: It was a mistake.

CREON: You were always my favorite.

ISMENE: But your punishment will be a complete failure.

CREON: Though never enough to make you queen.

WISDOM: Creon King of-

CREON: I request a Code of Past.

WISDOM: A Code of Past?

CREON: That's what it's called, right?

WISDOM: Yes, yes. Who would you like to take a part in it?

CREON: This couple of beautiful women.

WISDOM: Antigone, Ismene. This is one of the possibilities I suggest for this process.

ISMENE: "Code of Past."

WISDOM: Yes.

ISMENE: What do we have to do?

WISDOM: Someone, in this case the King, requests a Code of Past about a specific moment.

CREON: When Antigone shares her idea with Ismene, please.

ANTIGONE: We have to reenact that moment?

WISDOM: Please.

CREON: Every Theban citizen is committed to the truth.

ISMENE: We know that, don't worry, we're going to perform well.

WISDOM: Thank you.

Antigone and Ismene, in what appears to be their bedrooms.

ANTIGONE: So? Are you coming?

ISMENE: No. And I forbid you to go.

ANTIGONE: Come on, Ismene...

ISMENE: Creon is a crazy fuck.

ANTIGONE: And we have to be the slaves of his craziness?

ISMENE: He's the King.

ANTIGONE: You don't care about the corpse of Polinices.

ISMENE: I didn't say that.

ANTIGONE: Your actions will do.

ISMENE: You're not going.

ANTIGONE: I come from there.

ISMENE: What?

ANTIGONE: From burying him.

ISMENE: You want to die.

ANTIGONE: You're raising the wrong question.

ISMENE: You don't say.

ANTIGONE: But I'm not surprised.

ISMENE: This activism of yours Antigone, to what extent? To get what exactly?

ANTIGONE: Justice.

ISMENE: Justice is a nonstarter! You think you own that concept and you look down on whoever has a different perception.

ANTIGONE: Who am I looking down on? Foolish Creon?

ISMENE: On all Thebes. Yo go and break the King's laws by saying it's a divine mandate and make the rest of Thebans look stupid.

ANTIGONE: I won't ask for permission to give dignity to my family. I'd do the same for you.

ISMENE: As for Polinices? A guy blinded by the throne, in command of an army that would've raped us had they found us... You think of us the same way? Gross. Antigone, this is what we're going to say: we did it together.

ANTIGONE: What?

ISMENE: We both buried him. That will be the truth from now on. Listen to me, I'm not interested in sharing your political glory.

ANTIGONE: Sure.

ISMENE: Shut up! I'm not interested. If we both did it, Creon will have to modify the punishment, he won't dare killing Oedipus' two last daughters, sisters of Eteocles, last King of Thebes. However as popular as he might be, he knows that's too much.

ANTIGONE: Ismene.

ISMENE: This might be your only chance to live.

ANTIGONE: What if he kills you too?

ISMENE: He won't dare. We have to play this card.

ANTIGONE: Behind your words hides the filthiest shit.

ISMENE: What?

ANTIGONE: Since we did it, the punishment should be different... For princesses the law applies differently. No, Ismene. I buried Polinices by myself. I will deal with the consequences.

ISMENE: What if I had agreed to bury him with you?

ANTIGONE: But you didn't.

ISMENE: I do now.

ANTIGONE: No, this action is my own. I'm not interested in sharing it with a coward.

ISMENE: You're not interested in sharing it with anyone. You say that behind my idea there's shit. You're wrong, Antigone. There's love, something you forgot long ago. Right now, the love I have for you. It's fine to spin an imbecile's justice if at the end of the road there's life, yours in this case, since you're innocent. Why fight if not to achieve tranquillity? Your activism has turned into a bottomless pit: after every victory you discovered a new battle. You're addicted. And in your obsession you forgot to enjoy. Now, stubborn as you are, you'll end up dead.

ANTIGONE: I haven't lost sight of love, but we love different things.

CREON: Thank you, that's it for me. Just an innocent question: Antigone, did you know about the punishment for burying Polinices?

ANTIGONE: Yes.

CREON: Antigone, did you know about the punishment for burying Polinices?

WISDOM: Creon King of Thebes.

CREON: Can't I repeat the question?

ANTIGONE: I won't give a different answer.

WISDOM: What do you expect? That she says "no" now?

CREON: If she did, I'd believe her. And I'd have no other choice but to give her an exemplary punishment, nothing more.

HAEMON: How?

ANTIGONE: I knew about the punishment.

WISDOM: She had already said it.

CREON: Every Theban is committed to the truth.

WISDOM: Precisely.

CREON: If she now says she didn't know, I would have to believe her, and spare her life.

WISDOM: Under what principles?

CREON: Fuck! I offer you a way out and I end up kicked down. What do you want?

WISDOM: To discuss the case!

CREON: Bah! Antigone, you knew that if you buried him you'd die, right?

ANTIGONE: Yes.

CREON: You buried him, you die. That's it, we're done here.

HAEMON: Creon, no.

CREON: We'll schedule it for tomorrow, alright?

WISDOM: Antigone, you did this for your brother.

ANTIGONE: Yes, obviously.

WISDOM: Did you know there was someone guarding the body?

ANTIGONE: I guess.

WISDOM: So it was logic to think he would be unburied, right?

HAEMON: Where are you going with that?

WISDOM: Antigone?

ANTIGONE: I guess so.

CREON: It was obvious.

WISDOM: So why did you do it? If you knew you would fail...

CREON: The right question is: who did you want to benefit with your disobedience?

Polinices? No, yourself! She wanted to exhibit herself and hurt my government.

HAEMON: So, she's willing to die just to hurt your government?

CREON: Can you believe it?

WISDOM: Creon King of Thebes, we got your attention back!

CREON: Yes.

WISDOM: Antigone, speak your mind. Please.

ANTIGONE: I'm thinking about the word "duty". I was convinced that burying my brother was my duty, so I did it.

CREON: But you didn't. This handsome fellow stopped it.

ANTIGONE: We must do everything we can.

HAEMON: No. Antigone, you know how I feel about you, I swear before the Gods I hate to contradict you but you're not right here.

ANTIGONE: Haemon.

HAEMON: I'm gonna say it. Because we made a commitment to the truth, because you showed me that if you know something and don't speak out—

ANTIGONE: Speak, Haemon.

CREON: Lucky she gives him permission.

HAEMON: Shut up, Creon. You can't go through life thinking: "We must do what we can." That's a mediocre permit. You did what you could, yes, but from an immediate reaction, without thinking.

ANTIGONE: I had nothing to think.

CREON: Arrogance...

HAEMON: If you wanna bring down a tyrant, amass your hate, wait for the moment, and kill him. You can always do more. If we only react and do our best, we adjust ourselves the weak label and from there, we can't achieve anything.

ANTIGONE: I didn't do it to bring down Creon.

CREON: Weren't you looking for that?

ANTIGONE: You'd love that, but no.

CREON: Tell her she's committed to the truth.

WISDOM: Antigone.

ANTIGONE: I'm Theban and I'm committed to the truth, but be ready to hear it even if it falls short of your expectations. You were not in my mind, Creon, my brother Polinices was. And Eteocles. And my father and my mother. Even you Ismene. My family was in my mind, I responded to them, to a duty higher than you and that was revealed to me as urgent. I knew I was gonna die, yes, but that doesn't mean I wished for it. I also know that my death will bring you the hatred of so many, I'm not naïve, but that doesn't mean my motivation relied on you.

WISDOM: Antigone, you've always been a critic of the system.

ISMENE: So what? She can't think about anything else?

ANTIGONE: Ismene.

ISMENE: I'm defending you.

ANTIGONE: No, you're defending yourself and your passivity. Protest was never in your blood, comfort was. Raising your voice is an exception for you; for some others, to live is to live for the rest.

CREON: I hate family disputes, they stress me out. We just had a war because the brothers had a fight and now this two beauties are heading the same way. I wanna propose a gesture of harmony.

ISMENE: Creon, you're a jerk.

CREON: I love when adversity gives you the opportunity to be generous. Antigone, I'll spare your life.

WISDOM: Creon-

CREON: The King is speaking. This discussion, this democracy approach, all this, is a good idea and I want it to mean something. We have to know how to listen and be capable of modifying. Antigone, I'll spare your life. Yes. I just have one request: admit you were wrong, here, in front of everyone. You already made it clear but it's important that Thebans hear it from you. You were wrong, it happens, it's okay, I forgive you. Tell them you did wrong, then approach Polinices' body, make a gesture that shows respect for all of the fallen Thebans, you spit on him, whatever you want,

and come back to be a part of my Royal Council. Help me govern. Voices like yours are necessary and I want to have them close to make fewer mistakes.

Antigone seems to approach the chorus.

WISDOM: Antigone, don't. There will only be ethical development, if you remain strong.

ISMENE: This is about saving her, stupid, shut up!

CREON: What happened to your impartiality?

HAEMON: You want her to get killed?

WISDOM: Shut up, you don't understand anything! Rosa Parks denied her seat to a white male, she was captured and her case appeal resulted in race equality, we can also make a difference here.

HAEMON: There's no appeal here, she's going to be killed. You're too eager to make history.

WISDOM: History is not in my hands. The King could change his mind.

CREON: I just did!

WISDOM: You suggested political blackmailing.

HAEMON: Antigone, I need you here. I understand what you're going through but there's a lot more you can do by being alive.

ANTIGONE: I'm already dead.

WISDOM: Then help me out. What you did was a peaceful act of civil disobedience, the most valuable act in a town governed by unjust laws.

ISMENE: Antigone, you're not dead. This play is not written. You can survive.

WISDOM: Antigone.

CREON: Shut up woman. I could end this right now.

WISDOM: And they'll see it was because of a lack of control, do as you like.

CREON: Antigone, say you regret it and save your life once and for all, please.

ANTIGONE: You talk about my life like that's the only thing.

ISMENE: It is!

ANTIGONE: For whom?

ISMENE: For me your life is what matters most right now, and you can save it. Do it, please.

ANTIGONE: And why is it what matters most? Because someone told us so. Why do we value time more than dignity? Why is it that no one can consider that a short, although passionate life, is worth more than being an old though oppressed person? Why? Why do we have to domesticate the beasts?

CREON: Why do we have to bury the dead?

ANTIGONE: That's an answer that, at this point, no one is expecting you to have.

CREON: Really? Why don't you tell me once again?

Because I believe it's everybody's doubt. What was the fucking need to bury him in a landscape littered with dead bodies? Why the one I specifically said no to? Why?

Because the Gods intended it? Because you were too afraid your brother could go to hell? I don't buy it. The proportion between your action and its consequence is not

well calculated, I believe. But explain it to us again, because this story about wanting to die for something no one else ever considered does not speak well about your mental health.

ANTIGONE: If the problem is in those who are different because the rest were too afraid, authoritarianism has won. Besides, my goal is not to save myself.

CREON: Alright, alright, fine. But, answer us: how can you justify your persistence in burying him?

ANTIGONE: A man, Creon, is no more than the work he does.

CREON: I fully agree.

ANTIGONE: And whatever he or she does, must always be an existential act. Let me explain this to you: those who behave like this, belong to a club: "The Ethics Club". The lives of the members of this club depend on always being able to take action through motives that define our existence; any difference is not an option, even if it costs your life.

CREON: Vengeful-mouthed Antigone.

ANTIGONE: Burying my brother is an existential act, my spirit is within it, that's why it's above human laws.

CREON: Her spirit is above human laws. Please go on.

ANTIGONE: Whenever the State opposes a law to an action shown as existential, the law is exposed as empty. And do you know when this happens, Creon King of Thebes? When stubbornness becomes an official mandate.

WISDOM: Testing the law is necessary.

CREON: Shut up!

ANTIGONE: But I'm not expecting you to understand any of this. I picture you thinking about my words as a fish trying to hunt a seagull. I'll try to bring the food closer to your mouth: a dead person is someone who has already separated his being from his actions. Right? A lifeless body is only worth it so a level of inferior irrational organic factors do whatever they want with it by taking advantage of the fact that it's now a passive body. The family obligation is to keep the dead from the possibility of being dishonored by the appetite of those agents. When someone is buried, the family marries their relative to the Earth's infinitude and makes him a member of a whole much more powerful than material elements, living creatures, and your fantasies of

dictatorship. For those who don't get it, Creon King of Feces, all of the above can be called: superior law.²

Antigone runs again to bury Polinices' body.

CREON: Can someone please unbury that body? Haemon, why didn't you choose Ismene? She's much smarter. Antigone knows big words but she likes to brag about it, bad habit.

The Guard unburies the body.

WISDOM: If Antigone knows something, she'll say it. Not doing it would be to lower herself to the standards of a crude moral and a lack of ethics against the value of truth.

CREON: You would've loved being Antigone, wouldn't you? It seems you even want her dead so you can take her place. Or you troublemakers are immune to this kind of emotion?

HAEMON: Creon, you're messing it up. Think that-

² Steiner, George. *Antígonas. La travesía de un mito universal por la historia de Occidente*. Translation: Alberto L. Bixio. Gredisa, 1987.

CREON: You know what, Haemon? Quiet. I don't care. I'm done. I accepted this to express my arguments so you understood my reasons. This woman said she wanted to get back complexity of thought, since it was our plague and I accepted it because I agree with her. What have you done? To simplify me! It's my fault, I won't deny it, I have the keys to all the gates of Thebes and if there's an open one, it's because I didn't shut it properly. There's no respect. What a threat to stability allowing anyone to speak their mind; the triumph of anarchy, the debauchery of the opinion, to know or not to know is not important, what matters is to express yourself, saying, publishing, yelling, complaining, insulting; where's the order?

WISDOM: Creon King of Thebes, can I speak?

CREON: Now you kneel with your tone? Don't hide in protocol, I now you're going to attack me.

WISDOM: In a democracy, people have many rights. (**CREON:** In a democracy...) The right to protest, to assemble, to circulate, to give an opinion... But no one has the right not be offended.³

CREON: Good thing I'm the King.

³ Dworkin, Ronald. "El Derecho a la Burla", El País. March 25th 2006.

WISDOM: If you want openness in your government you can't demand that your ideas and sensibilities are protected by the law.

CREON: What are we talking about here?

WISDOM: About important things. About how to govern. About the masses, democracy. We have a group of people gathered and those are the topics we must talk about. Journalists are killed for exposing a specific sector of society, the next day we're all out on the streets demanding freedom of speech, as one and only force. But, but... weeks after, museum exhibitions and plays are cancelled because they are afraid their content may be offensive against the aggressors. You can brag about allowing these conversations happening, Creon King of Thebes, but your symbolic acts will determine Thebans' behavior. And who knows if you'll like it.

CREON: You insist I'm the tyrant. You structure your words to reduce me to a villain, as if I hadn't argued the way you asked me to, as if I hadn't a single point to make. I forbid you to speak about complexity ever again, you're so inconsequential, liar.

WISDOM: That's your point of view, welcome!

CREON: No, you don't give me permission, you hear me? I do what I want. *(He starts to undress.)*

You want complexity? What about a King in his underwear? Do I look more like the tyrant cartoon you want to depict me as? Is this better? What do you think about this? But you wanna hear something? I can still think like this! These legs support a brilliant head.

ANTIGONE: If that were the case you wouldn't have to say it.

CREON: Antigone. Before you are lapidated, I want to invoke the Royal Entertainment.

HAEMON: Creon, what are you doing?

CREON. Creon King of Thebes, soldier. What am I doing? I'm exercising my rights. I can ask every Theban citizen to entertain the king once in a lifetime and if I don't enjoy it, I can sentence him to death.

ISMENE: Don't be absurd, kings don't do that anymore.

CREON: But that law exists, am I right?

WISDOM: Are you sure you want to drown yourself this way?

CREON: Wisdom, remain quiet, we'll get back to your party once my entertainment's done. Antigone, please.

HAEMON: She's already sentenced to death.

CREON: If she refuses I'll have another reason now, written in the ancient laws of Thebes, to kill her.

ISMENE: Another reason to be hated.

ANTIGONE: I'll do it.

ISMENE: Antigone.

ANTIGONE: I'll do it.

CREON: You will?

HAEMON: Antigone, is not necessary.

ANTIGONE: Is your will, right, King of Thebes?

CREON: Yes, it is.

ANTIGONE: Fine. Now?

CREON: Go ahead, yes. Dance for me, woman.

Antigone performs a pantomime act that illustrates the tyranny of a government that dies in the people's hands.

CREON: Very good, very creative. I was not entertained at all, but you obeyed. I won't kill you, not for this.

WISDOM: Antigone, could you, for two minutes, mention all Creon's qualities?

ISMENE: Qualities?

WISDOM: Yes.

HAEMON: Why?

CREON: I like your originality, Wisdom...

WISDOM: The bet is for complexity. And when we disagree, as the King said, we tend to simplify others. Antigone, as the initiator of this process, I demand your cooperation. Please.

Antigone speaks about Creon's qualities.

WISDOM: Thank you. Creon King of Thebes.

CREON: No.

WISDOM: Please.

CREON: Let's see...

Creon speaks superficially of Antigone's qualities, by determining, through the filter of gender, any virtue he manages to articulate.

ANTIGONE: The King of Thebes.

ISMENE: Those were her qualities?

WISDOM: Your misogyny is so in-your-face that you fail to see it.

CREON: You don't like anything.

ISMENE: You're so stupid.

CREON: I'm debating with you as an equal, give me some credit.

WISDOM: That's not worthy of credit!

ANTIGONE: Forget it, he won't get it. Please let's not have this conversation with him. I'm tired of repeating myself, of demonstrating we're as capable as men. I'm sorry I won't be there the day this matter is overcome and ceases being the standard. We don't wonder which one of our eyes is better for showing us the world, the right one or the left one, I hope one day it will be that absurd to ask if the credit belongs to a man or a woman.

HAEMON: This is the person you'll kill, Creon.

CREON: ... King of Thebes! And I don't accept your injury, Haemon, I've offered two exits so she can preserve her life. Be careful how you speak to your king.

ISMENE: Here we go.

CREON: You know what, Ismene? I'm feeling like having another royal entertainment.

ISMENE: No, Creon.

CREON: I'm glad you're willing to obey.

ISMENE: Don't make me, Creon King of Thebes.

CREON: Well, if anyone else wants to take your place, it's fine with me, but I doubt you'll find a volunteer...

The guard performs a dance to entertain Creon, freeing Ismene from her responsibility.

CREON: Even wolves are sickened by tenderness.

HAEMON: Wisdom. I call for a private conversation with Creon, King of Thebes. Creon, let me talk to you, not as a soldier to his king, but as me, Haemon, who's now talking to you, Creon. Leave your rank aside and talk to me, okay?

CREON: Okay.

HAEMON: Why are you doing this?

CREON: Because I believe it's the best for Thebes.

HAEMON: You really think so?

CREON: Yes.

HAEMON: Aren't you doing it because you're afraid to lose what you have gained?

Isn't it a way to make sure Antigone will never demand the throne of you?

CREON: No.

HAEMON: Are you sure?

CREON: I'm afraid she might one day try to remove me, but that's not why I'm doing it.

I'm doing it because I keep my word.

HAEMON: Antigone doesn't want the throne.

CREON: How do you know that?

HAEMON: She lost her whole family because of the throne.

CREON: Then why did she do something that got her closer to it?

HAEMON: Because she made a mistake.

CREON: Let her say it and I'll forgive her.

HAEMON: She won't do it, she's stubborn. But don't hold on to a view like there's no other truth than yours.⁴ Don't be like her, be better.

CREON: I'm not a child anymore. Antigone will die, I'm sorry.

HAEMON: This process has been long and has exposed you more than you thought.

CREON: I wanted all to see I'm willing to have a conversation.

HAEMON: And we're seeing it. But it feels like you're not willing to give anything up from your territory. That's how war works and because you know it, we won, but here, if you concede, you're exalted.

CREON: Haemon, you're no longer the influence you once were for me. Now I'm the king.

HAEMON: And a really good one.

CREON: We're done here.

HAEMON: Creon, I'm asking you this as a personal favor.

⁴ Sofocles. *Antígona*. Translation: Aurelio Espinosa Polit. Mexico: S.I. JUS, 1960, Print.

CREON: Don't do that, Haemon.

HAEMON: I'm doing it.

CREON: You're forcing me to betray our friendship.

HAEMON: I'm asking you not to kill my woman. I'm asking you to let me have the family I always wanted with her.

CREON: Haemon, stop.

HAEMON: Creon, I stayed alive during war because I kept thinking about her.

CREON: I'm getting angry.

HAEMON: If you kill her you'll burden me with a resentment I don't want to carry.

CREON: Now you're threatening me.

HAEMON: I beg you, Creon. I love her.

CREON: You love her? Really? That's how you ask me to save her?

HAEMON: Yes.

CREON: I request a Code of Past.

HAEMON: What do you wanna see?

CREON: Let's verify that love.

HAEMON: Say the word. What do you wanna see? How she received me from war?
How we said goodbye? You wanna see how I wrote her letters? You wanna see us in
bed?

CREON: No. I want to see an ordinary day. At random. In your house. A couple of days
before you left, any afternoon. Antigone and you.

*Antigone and Haemon sitting somewhere in their house. They don't talk, they don't
touch, they don't look at each other.*

CREON: You wanna lecture me about love...

ANTIGONE: Creon, interpreting totality from partiality. Poor Thebes.

HAEMON: You're about to enter history as the dumbest king we've ever had.

CREON: I request another Code of Past. After Haemon came back from war, his first moment with Antigone.

HAEMON: What are you doing?

CREON: That's what I want.

WISDOM: What's the use...?

CREON: I'm just exploiting the resources.

Haemon and a different woman, in the middle of a sexual encounter.

CREON: What's the punishment for breaking a Theban's commitment to truth?

HAEMON: I didn't lie.

CREON: Antigone, anything you wanna say?

ANTIGONE: You want my opinion of what I just saw?

CREON: Please me.

ANTIGONE: I trust Haemon. I love him and that's the way it is. Everything we've done has been to achieve harmony with each other. From that... to war. Creon, love is not a domestic animal, his body doesn't belong to me, the same way mine doesn't belong to him. That's why right now it's my call. Haemon, don't worry, this doesn't hurt what we have. I celebrate your pleasure as you've done with mine. As for you, Creon, you want so bad to humiliate me. Maybe my body, broken by stones, out in the open, will provoke you the same excitement that a violent person gets from assaulting. I'm glad I won't be there to confirm it.

CREON: I have one more question for you. Can you at least admit that your action is somewhat related to your ego?

ANTIGONE: Yes.

CREON: Thank you.

ANTIGONE: When an action is relevant it puts you in front of the eyes of everyone. At that moment, the empty tongues begin talking about narcissism. They guess, poor things, that the main goal is aggrandizement and not the action itself. When someone is committed to what's fair, it's satisfactory to do something about it, and yes, ego is fed like a pig. But I'm sorry to tell you, you stupid king of my dear Thebes, that that is quickly overcome during the course of an honest protest. Those who think protesting

is a form of exhibition are only showing they're jealous of visibility and were it possible, because even their inability is reflected, they would be in the public eye for the pure pleasure of being watched.

CREON: Wisdom, you're dismissed. We're done.

WISDOM: But we haven't-

CREON: No. Right now. I say so. We all enjoyed it, thank you, but it's over. I don't need to hear anything else.

WISDOM: No. This ends with you giving a verdict on Antigone.

CREON: A verdict?

WISDOM: Are you going to change your mind?

ISMENE: Creon King of Thebes, have mercy.

HAEMON: You'll be greater if you forgive her. Challenge expectation, this play is not yet written.

CREON: Prepare the stones. We'll do it tomorrow.

WISDOM: You're an asshole, Creon!

CREON: I won't ignore that.

WISDOM: You bastard tyrant, shitty king!

CREON: Someone please take this poor soul away.

WISDOM: Antigone, it wasn't in vain. I swear. None of this was in vain.

Wisdom leaves.

HAEMON: Antigone, I'll be there. I'll be with you. *(To the guard.)* Don't you dare touch her!

In Antigone's cell. The guard offers her a glass of water.

GUARD: You didn't get any sleep.

ANTIGONE: Neither did you.

GUARD: Well, no.

ANTIGONE: Why would I sleep?

GUARD: That's true.

ANTIGONE: Now you'll be sleepy all day.

GUARD: Yeah. But something weird happens to me: I stretch and it goes away. And when it happens again, I stretch again, and it goes away, again.

ANTIGONE: It's like a superpower.

GUARD: More like a fun fact.

ANTIGONE: Are you the only one in your family to whom it happens?

GUARD: I don't know. My kids are too young...

ANTIGONE: You have kids?

GUARD: Yes. Two. You wanna hear about them?

ANTIGONE: There's nothing in the world I'd like more.

GUARD: Well, I have two kids. One is three years old and the other is a girl, she's only one. I've tried to notice if they have something in common with me, it's normal, right? They're my kids, in the end you want them to have something in common with you. It's not like they're mine, as in forever, they'll know what to do with their lives when the moment comes, but for now, while they're young, you have to think they're yours, only because of the care they require you must think this way. So that's why I'm trying to figure out if they have something in common with me, or with their mom, but this thing I do about stretching whenever I'm sleepy, I haven't noticed it. Just think about it, I'd have to leave them without sleep for a whole night just to ask them to stretch the next day and check if we have that in common or not... so, no. But I noticed other things, for example, the elder makes funny faces, like me. I have particular gestures. Very few people notice it because of the mask, but if you could see my face, ha, you would realize I'm very expressive, maybe that's why they ask me to wear it, to avoid being a distraction with my expressions. So, yeah, kids... the elder also makes faces. See, I tend to do this thing with my mouth, like this, and whenever he's trying to figure something out or if there's something he doesn't like very much, he starts doing the same thing, just like his dad. And don't think I taught him that or whatever, no, all by himself. And then, there's my daughter, the one year old. When I'm nervous, my hands start turning around, like this, I don't know why, it doesn't hurt or anything, but it's still weird, when something unfunny begins happening my hands go like this. You don't perceive it in public, because I've managed to control it over the years, imagine how upset the king would get if I did that whenever I get nervous. No, I'd be

completely numb by now, no, with him I control it. But at home I'm relaxed, when I'm there I'm not thinking about controlling my body, I mean, if I can't be relaxed with my body issues when I'm with my family, then where? So, I was telling you about my daughter, she's a year old and she does exactly the same: when there's something she doesn't like, if we're late on nursing, or if she wants to be held after waking up; with pretty much everything, when I see her, or my wife, she's doing the same with her hands, just like me. It makes me pretty happy, because that's when you think: there's no doubt she's mine. I'm happy but at the same time I'm not, because when that happens it means she's not happy at all or that she needs something she doesn't have, so that doesn't make me happy, I want her to be happy, the same with my son. So maybe we could say it's a contradiction, because I really like what she does with her hands but at the same time I don't. You get it, right? You know, family is a real adventure, it's pure, supreme, maximum love. And also sadness, with family everything is very intense. For example, my kids, just thinking about them... now that they're young, both of them, all the time they're discovering new things, right? Both of them. Together. They love each other, I mean, they're brother and sister. And that's very exciting, yes, very exciting, but at the same time it's a feeling of profound emptiness, not because they love each other, I love that, who wouldn't? I'm thinking about the discovery, which happens all the time. For example, they're six months old and you see how they discover the world, how their eyes open and then close, how they laugh or cry, everything looks so basic but so magical, then you start getting attached to their way of being and you also assume their way of being and you talk to them in a funny manner and everything, right? But then, what happens Antigone?

They grow up. And that thing that used to make you goo-goo is gone, now they're big and see things differently, they start communicating with the world in a different way, and it's okay because it's thrilling and if there's one thing you want in life it is that your family grows up healthy, and along with that feeling comes nostalgia because they stop seeing the world with that innocence they had a week earlier. It's very impressive. They change so fast. Life in general changes fast, and in the way we're only trying to give it a shape to make things easier for them. And then you also have to let them discover all by themselves other difficulties so life can enter directly through their eyes, that's also very important. So, about your question if I'm going to be tired because I didn't get any sleep through the night... well, most probably. But when I get home and spend some time with my monkeys, I'll take a good stretch, as I told you, and it'll go away, and I'll be able to play with them for a while. I don't want to miss a single thing, what if I go to sleep and they grow up? No, I won't risk it. What do you think?

ANTIGONE: Very good.

GUARD: Yeah, I mean... yeah. It's almost time to bring you.

ANTIGONE: I know.

GUARD: Aren't you afraid?

ANTIGONE: I'm not sure. I think our deaths depend on how we live our lives.

GUARD: You've had a good life. And you acted correctly.

ANTIGONE: I like to think I did.

GUARD: You know, I keep thinking about something you said, about dignity. It's like honor. And that's something we all want. But to get it, we need to want something, believe in something, that goes against the government. Or the government against the idea. It's not until you fight against the law that you feel worthy. It's weird. It almost feels like we need to have an unfair government so dignity can exist. But then I think that living with justice... would be a worthy way to live.

ANTIGONE: I agree with every word you just said.

GUARD: Really?

ANTIGONE: Yeah.

GUARD: Well, I'm glad with had a chat.

Creon, in front of Theban citizens.

CREON: Hello Thebans. I like and, I must admit, it reassures me to see you all here. What we're gonna do today is an act that will mark the history of Thebes, probably the history of civilization. That's how big and important this day is. No man can truly be known until he governs. Those in charge of business, enterprises, markets, teams, groups... will understand me in some manner. I'm not saying this to display my superiority but to endorse your trust. Today, Thebes, I'm here to gain your trust.

WISDOM: (*Among the mass.*) Trust you? For what? You end up doing whatever you want.

CREON: It was utopian to believe we would come out of war unscathed. Too much blood has been shed and we all want the same: peace. That peace can only be obtained with order.

WISDOM: You're such a hypocrite!

CREON: Help that woman, please.

WISDOM: Help me with what? Shut me up? Why don't you come and do it? I dare you to walk among your people. Trust us. Jerk!

CREON: History is made out of symbolic acts. Every victory is also a defeat. The benefit: today is Thebes turn to win.

WISDOM: Talk about what happened yesterday! Nothing changed in your head? Are you that inhuman?

CREON: I'll continue.

WISDOM: Yes, continue, you're not saying anything, anyway.

CREON: Death by stone throwing is an unworthy act on this era. It's savage and it demands a violent act from the masses that no longer corresponds to the horizons of reason. This government, as it was shown yesterday, is interested in reason. That's why, assuming my responsibility as King of Thebes, I'd like to communicate a new decree: today's death will be the last death by stone throwing in the history of Thebes.

WISDOM: What kind of decree is that? Who are you kidding? Who are you trying to buy?

CREON: Antigone must die today.

WISDOM: This is your political death, Creon. If you kill Antigone you'll destroy yourself.

CREON: That sounds like a threat.

WISDOM: No, it's a certainty. You have no idea what we're thinking on this side.

CREON: Of course, yes, speak. I'll wait.

WISDOM: You're about to turn Antigone into a symbol, and that's the worst you can do for yourself as king. This symbol will one day be on the flag of the army that will stage you a coup, it will be tattooed on the skin of those who will shout the revolution in your face. Don't be stupid, Creon, don't kill her. Go down in history as a peaceful person. (**CREON:** as a lukewarm, you mean.) Not as a stubborn, intransigent, violent, dictator.

CREON: I'll continue. For those who ask, Antigone will have the proper burial for the daughter of Oedipus ancient King of Thebes and sister of Eteocles former King of Thebes. Her death is not a result of treason, but of disobedience. She's a Theban citizen that always wanted, although through the wrong paths, the best for this city. I'm the first to regret we have to act like this.

WISDOM: Shut up, asshole, you don't regret a thing.

CREON: Antigone and I shared something, we even talked about it, thinking about the way we'd like to die, we both said the same: at the hands of Thebans. Let's honor

Antigone today while we throw those stones, being aware that justice is painful but necessary.

WISDOM: Murderer! You're a murderer!

CREON: Let's throw those stones and be sure that every impact will end up building the dignity of this city. One day, you'll be the envy of all for having lived through this day. Long live Thebes! Distribute the stones.

Every Theban receives a supply of stones. Creon walks to the back to observe the execution.

Antigone appears naked in front of everyone.

She looks at the crowd with serenity.

Everything is silent.

Someone

With force

throws a stone.

Antigone observes.

The stone passes over her head.

It lands near to where Creon is.

Antigone, puzzled, remains in her place.

People start throwing stones at Creon.

The Guard runs to protect him.

With a sign, Creon stops him.

He wants everyone to see him dodging the stones.

CREON: You're so weak! What are you doing? Why me? Are you ashamed because she's a woman? That just speaks of your discrimination! Guard, take her, lock her! Stop. Please, stop. *(They stop throwing stones.)* I'm gonna get closer. If you want me dead, I'll be within your reach. But first allow me to be heard. *(The masses become silent.)* Antigone must die.

CHORUS OF YOUNG THEBANS: Creon King of Thebes, no!

CREON: What? Listen to me. Antigone said something yesterday and she was right. The masses can't think, they just react; it's normal. I'm the King, I've thought about this a lot and this is the best decision. Look at me, I'm lucid. Antigone must die.

CHORUS OF YOUNG THEBANS: Creon King of Thebes, no!

CREON: What?

CHORUS OF YOUNG THEBANS: Antigone must live!

CREON: A moment ago I said this would be a historic day for Thebes, I'm witnessing it. Chorus of young Thebans... I'm an idiot. I underestimated you. Forgive me. Leadership is the hardest thing in this world. I'm here for you, to take care of you, to satisfy you. What do you want me to do?

The Chorus of Young Thebas scream in favor of Antigone's life.

CREON: To save her, you say? To step back in the most difficult decision I've ever made? To save Antigone.

CHORUS OF YOUNG THEBANS: Yes, Creon King of Thebes, yes!

CREON: Guard! Go get Antigone, untie her and bring her here. May my acts validate me in front of you.

The Guard enters.

Antigone's feet are half a foot from the floor.

Creon looks at Thebes' people.

People rush towards him.

He is lapidated.

Antigone was first performed on August 21st 2015, at the Juan Ruiz de Alarcón theatre in Mexico City.

Author and director: David Gaitán.

Antigone: Marianella Villa

Creon: Adrián de Alarcón

Wisdom: Haydée Boetto

Haemon: Alan Uribe Villarruel

Ismene: Ana Zavala

Guard: Guillermo Nava

Chorus of Young Thebans: students in training from different theatre schools.