

ANTIGONE AUDITION SIDE: *Antigone*

(*speaking to Creon*) I do know what I am talking about. It is you who can't hear me! I am too far away from you now, talking to you from a kingdom you can't get into, with your preaching, and your politics, and your persuasive logic. I laugh at your smugness, Creon, thinking you can prove me wrong by telling me vile stories about my brothers or alter my purpose with your platitudes about happiness!

I spit on your idea of happiness! I spit on your idea of life – that life must go on, come what may. You and your promise of a humdrum happiness – provided a person doesn't ask too much of life. If life cannot be free and incorruptible – then, Creon, I choose death!

I come from a tribe that asks questions; and we ask them remorsefully, to the bitter end. You have just told me the filthy reasons why you can't bury Polynices. Now tell me why *I* can't bury him.