

ISMENE. He is stronger than we are, Antigone.  
He is the king. And the whole city is with him.  
Thousands and thousands of them, swarming  
through all the streets of Thebes.  
His mob will come running, howling as it  
runs. A thousand arms will seize our arms. A  
thousand breaths will breathe into our faces. Like  
one single pair of eyes, a thousand eyes will stare  
at us. We'll be driven in a tumbrel through their  
hatred, through the smell of them and their cruel,  
roaring laughter. We'll be dragged to the scaffold  
for torture, surrounded by guards with their idiot  
faces all bloated, their animal hands clean-  
washed for the sacrifice, their beefy eyes  
squinting as they stare at us. And we'll know that  
no shrieking and no begging will make them  
understand that we want to live, for they are like  
slaves who do exactly as they've been told,  
without caring about right or wrong. And we  
shall suffer, we shall feel pain rising in us until it  
becomes so unbearable that we know it must  
stop. But it won't stop; it will go on rising and  
rising, like a screaming voice. Oh, I can't, I can't,  
Antigone!