

BLINDSIGHTED

Opening - Oedipus & Antigone Arrival

Oedipus and Antigone come walking in, they have a moment of rest.

Antigone: Sit

Present Oedipus: Don't touch me.

Antigone: Sit.

Present Oedipus: Go away. Leave me.

(Antigone takes off bag, takes out flask and offers drink)

Antigone: Drink

(He refuses)

Antigone: Drink *(puts drink in his hand and he drinks thirstily)*

Present Oedipus: Go away.

(Antigone takes out food and offers it)

Antigone: Eat

(He refuses)

Antigone: Eat *(puts food in his hand and he eats)*

Present Oedipus: Leave me.

Antigone: No

(Antigone takes book out)

Antigone: Now remember.

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Present Oedipus: No.

Antigone: Remember.

Present Oedipus: I refuse.

Antigone: Remember.

Present Oedipus: You are spoiling my comfortable darkness. Forcing me to see again. We must not meet.

Choral Lead: Oe-di-pus. (*once*)

Antigone: Tell me. I need the truth.

Present Oedipus: The truth? What truth? There are many truths.

Antigone: There are not. Give me the truth. Let it come up. Let it live. Tell me father. Tell me father. Tell me brother.

Present Oedipus: Write.

The Plagued City

Choral Lead: Oe-di-pus (*continued and followed by chorus*)

Present Oedipus: Write. It began with the plague . . . slaughtering everything . . .

Chorus: Oe-di-pus

Choral Lead: Solver of Riddles.
 Saviour of our City.
 Help us! Help Us!

 Solver of Riddles.

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Saviour of our City.
Help us!

Chorus: Help Us!

First Cycle

Chorus: Help us
our lungs scorch
we gulp for breath
there's no air
mothers stagger to and fro
like madwomen between their children beds

Oedipus: (*public face*) I will help, of course I will help. The government will help. Thebes will be great again. We can do this. I will never betray the trust and faith that you have placed in me. Have faith. Go back to your homes, endure, endure for a little longer. Have faith in me, trust in me, everything will be come to good.

Chorus: We have faith in you, we trust in you, everything will come to good.

Oedipus: (*private*)

It surrounds me
fear
I stand in it
this plague slaughtering everything that lives
no matter what
men - trees - flies
no matter
medicine is useless
prayers are useless
our lungs scorch
we gulp for breath
there's no air

Present Oedipus:

Choral Lead:

Present Oedipus:

Choral Lead:

Solver of Riddles.

Solver of Riddles.

Saviour of our City.

Saviour of our City.

Help us!

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Chorus: Help Us!

Third Cycle

Chorus: Help us
 still our lungs scorch
 still eyes come bulging out
 the farmers all dead
 still we gulp for breath
 still every lump stabs and burns
 the workers all dead
 still there's no air
 still coughs shatter us
 the children all dead
 still mothers stagger to and fro
 still fathers with roasting eyes stoke their son's bodies in the flames
 the plague owns everything

Oedipus: (*public face*) Listen to me, listen to me - Silence. I demand silence. I know that you suffer. I share in your pain. This is my city, you are my people and I watch you dying. I will never abandon you. I am doing all I can. Everything in my power. I have sent Creon, brother to the queen, has been sent to the Oracle to find us an answer. The gods will decide whether we prosper or remain in sorrow. It is now in the hands of the gods.

Chorus: The Oracle, the Oracle, the Oracle . . .

Antigone: What did the Oracle say?

The Oracle

Chorus: Tell us, tell us, tell us . . .

Oracle: Change the way you look at things - And the things you look at change. Post. (*or another inspirational quote*)

Chorus: Ping. Repeat post. Like. Share. Comment etc.

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Oracle: A picture of a basket of puppies. Post.

Chorus: Ping. *Repeat post.* Like. Share. Comment etc.

Oracle: The murder of king Laius must be atoned for. Post.

Chorus: Ping. *Repeat post.* Like. Share. Comment etc.

Oracle: Putin & Trump are officially in a relationship. Post.

Chorus: Ping. *Repeat post.* Like. Share. Comment etc.

Oracle: The murder of king Laius must be atoned for, the murderer must be banished, King Laius must be avenged. Post.

Chorus: Ping. *Repeat post.* Like. Share. Comment etc.

Oracle: A picture from a 10th birthday party. Post.

Chorus: Ping. *Repeat post.* Like. Share. Comment. Happy Birthday dear Antigone etc.

Oracle: The murder of king Laius must be atoned for, the murderer must be banished, King Laius must be avenged not until then shall we see the sun clear and the air pure and the plague finished. Post

Chorus: Ping. *Repeat post.* Like. Share. Comment etc.

Present Oedipus: The murder of king Laius must be atoned for, the murderer must be banished, King Laius must be avenged not until then shall we see the sun clear and the air pure and the plague finished

Chorus: We need to find someone who knows. Do you know? etc.

Tiresias

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Chorus: Do you know?

Tiresias Chorus: Yes.

Tiresias 1: Are you ready?

Chorus: Uhhhhh... Yes.

Chorus: Do you know?

Tiresias Chorus: Yes.

Tiresias 2: Are you ready?

Chorus: Uhhhhh... Yes.

Chorus: Do you know?

Tiresias Chorus: Yes.

Tiresias 3: Are you ready?

Chorus: Uhhhhh... *reacts to information*

Antigone: Go on. Let it climb. Let it come up.

Past & Present Oedipus: Tiresias, do you know?

Oedipus: Do you know?

Tiresias: Yes. Are you ready?

Oedipus: Speak plainly to me Tiresias. My ear is not afraid of the truth whatever it is. Who murdered King Laius?

Tiresias:

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Oedipus: Say it.

Tiresias: I will say nothing.

Oedipus: Say it.

Tiresias (inc. chorus): I refuse

Oedipus: I command you to speak.

Tiresias: You will pray you were deaf.

Oedipus: This whole nation is sick, speak, you can cure it.

Tiresias: You are the murderer of King Laius; whose murderer you seek.

Oedipus: Do you hear yourself? You are blind in mind and ears as well as in your eyes.

Tiresias: You are a poor man Oedipus; you have your eyes but see not where you are in sin.

Oedipus: Do you imagine that you can talk like this and live to laugh about it after? This is a conspiracy!

Present Oedipus: Conspiracy!

Tiresias: Conspiracy is no hurt to you, Oedipus, but you are to yourself.

Oedipus: Your life is one long night so that you cannot hurt me or any other who sees the light.

Tiresias: You see nothing that you don't want to see. Stay in your comfortable darkness, trouble me no more.

Present Oedipus: . . . comfortable darkness, trouble me no more.

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Chorus: Let it climb

Let it come up

Let it come up

Let it climb

Let it live

Open the gate

Open the gate

Let it live

Tear the blood

Open its mouth

Let it cry

You You You You

You You You You

Jocasta

Antigone: Tell me about her

Tell me about my mother.

Let it come up.

Remember her.

Present Oedipus: Open the gate.

Jocasta: I don't believe in Oracles...

Present Oedipus: Open the gate.

Jocasta: My previous husband Laius and I were given a prophecy as I carried my First son in my womb.

Oracle: It is your fate that you should die victim at the hands of your own son. Post.

Laius: Ping. It is your fate that you should die victim at the hands of your own son.

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Jocasta: Laius believed it. The king believed it.

Jocasta: He was a king's son he was a man's shape...he was perfect
 Not something monstrous, some repulsive accident of wrong limbs and
 jumbled organs
 Not some freakish half living blood clot....
 His eyes were perfect, feet perfect fingers perfect
 He lay there in the huge darkness like a new bright weapon.
 He was the warrant of the Gods, he was their latest attempt to walk on the
 earth and to live...

Present Oedipus: He only had to live ...

Jocasta: He only had to live ...

(taking of the child from Jocasta)

Jocasta: As for the child it was not 3 days old when he cast it out by other
 hands not his with riveted ankles to perish on the empty mountainside

Jocasta: And what came of all of this prophecy.....he was killed by
 robbers...not by his son.

(as she describes this we see the killing by robbers)

Jocasta: I no longer believe in prophecy.
 The father for all his fears was killed not by his son.
 Yet such were the oracles warnings.
 Why should you then heed them for a moment.
 It's just information. It's not the truth.
 So leave the dead alone. Stop these diggings into the past, bringing my
 dead husband back to show our wounds

Antigone: Go on ...

Jocasta: He was killed by robbers at a place 'where three roads meet -
echoed by Present Oedipus'. Leave him alone. Leave the dead alone. Hell

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cannot be opened safely. What can come out of it. Only more pain and more misfortune

Present Oedipus: . . . at a place where three roads meet.

Chorus: Where three roads meet, where three roads meet, where three roads meet.

Jocasta: What's the matter.

Oedipus: Did you not say that Laius was killed at a place where three roads meet.

Jocasta: that was the story.

Chorus/Oedipus: Oh god what wilt thou do to me....Tell me what ..what was Laius like when he died...how old

Jocasta: Tall, silver frosted hair, about your build. At the end of middle age.

Chorus/Oedipus: How many people were with him ?

Jocasta: I don't know

Chorus/Oedipus: HOW MANY?

Jocasta: I wasn't there. Some say he had all his servants, some say there was only one. The information is unclear. The facts aren't clear.

Oedipus: Am I self-cursed.

Chorus: Self-cursed!

Jocasta: How cursed? May I not hear what weighs so heavily on your heart.

Oedipus: You shall if things are as I see them, you are the first to whom I would tell my story.

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I too when I was younger, received a prophecy. It told me:

Oracle: It is your fate that you will lie with your mother and show to day light an accursed breed which men should not endure, and with your own hands you will murder the father that begot you.

Present Oedipus: you must marry your mother and become the parent of a misbegotten brood, an offence to all humanity and you will kill your father.

Oedipus: So I fled my home at Corinth and my journey brought me to where three roads meet. And there, I killed a man and his servant.

Laius killing

Oedipus: If the blood of Laius ran in this strangers veins, is there more wretched mortal than I. More hated by god and man. It is I who no stranger no citizen must take to his house. I to whom none may speak. The murder of King Laius must be atoned for. The murderer must be banished. King Laius must be avenged. Not until then shall you see the sun clear and the air pure and the plague finished.

Jocasta: Even if you did kill him . . . prophecies mean nothing. My prophesy did not come true. My son didn't kill his father. My son died and in turn his father died. You are not my son.

(she kisses him the chorus amplify it)

Oedipus and Antigone

Antigone: No, no more.

Oedipus: You wanted to hear this, you're going to listen.

Antigone: No stop.

Oedipus: Then a messenger arrived.

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Antigone: I don't want to know.

Oedipus: You wanted to know.

Antigone: I wanted to know. Now I don't.

Oedipus: You wanted to know, now you don't?

Oedipus: (*echoed by chorus*) I want to say.

Antigone: No.

Oedipus: Then a messenger arrived.

Messenger: I bring news of your father King Polybus.

Chorus: He's dead.

Messenger: He died peacefully in his sleep, smiling.

Chorus: Sorry for your loss.

Antigone: That's not how it happened?

Oedipus: That is how I remember it.

Oedipus: They wanted me to return to Corinth, but I was still afraid. My mother was still alive.

Antigone: The prophecy.

Oracle: It is your fate that you will lie with your mother and show to day light an accursed breed which men should not endure, and with your own hands you will murder the father that begot you.

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Messenger: But they are not of your blood, they are not your real parents.

Antigone: Stop. That's not how it happened. That's not what was spoken.

Oedipus: No not like that, like this.

Messenger: King Oedipus. You have nothing to fear. They were not your blood parents. I found you on a hillside and took you to Corinth where the King and Queen adopted you as their own.

Oedipus: Who am I? You found me?

Messenger: You are digging too deep.

Oedipus: Tell me. I need the truth.

Messenger: What truth? There are many truths.

Oedipus: No. The truth is as it is, let it come out as it is. Speak or I shall torture you till you speak.

Messenger: You were given to me, a baby with riveted bloody ankles.

Oedipus: Given? By who?

Messenger: A shepherd.

Oedipus: Who was he?

Messenger: I swore never to speak.

Oedipus: I shall burn it out of you.

Messenger: You would destroy a man for one little fact?

Oedipus: I am not a madman, speak.

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Messenger: He was Laius' man.

Oedipus: Who was its father?

Messenger: Laius.

Oedipus: Who was its mother?

Messenger: Its mother was Your wife.

Chorus: Where is that wife? No wife of mine.

Anger Sequence & Jocasta Sequence

Chorus: What can I call you now. What shall I call you? You are my son. Shall I call you my son. I lost you, I Found you. Speak to me.

Present Oedipus: You are making all my pains useless.

Present & Past Oedipus: You are spoiling my comfortable darkness.

Present Oedipus: Forcing me to see again. Go away. We must not meet.

Chorus: You were my husband. You are my son . You killed my husband. I bore your sons. Nothing can be blamed. Everything that has happened is here. There is no road away from it.

Present Oedipus: No more words mother. Wife, let there be no more words between us two.

He blinds himself.

Oedipus: Children *children brothers children sisters children brothers children sisters*

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Present Oedipus: It's alright. I have found the murderer and look I've punished him I have corrected all of the mistakes.

Present & Past Oedipus: I wonder which god I have finally pleased.

I have forced him to pay the debt

and his marriage - I've found the darkness for it.

I've found the night it deserves.

All is well

My father has been paid what he was owed

Oedipus: Now cast me out, drive me away, disown me, spit on me, abuse me.

Chorus: You should be stabbed, you should be smashed under a rock, you should be burned alive, there should be animals ripping you to pieces. you need to be born again, suffer for everything again and die again over and over life time after lifetime.

We abandon you, we abandon you, we abandon you.

Present Oedipus: You people of Thebes crushed under this plague.

Past & Present Oedipus: I am going away.

Oedipus: I am taking my curse off of you. Now you will see the sun clear and the air pure and the plague finished.

Present Oedipus: Fate is the master of everything

it is vain to fight against fate

from the beginning to the end the road is laid down

human scheming is futile

worries are futile

prayers are futile

sometimes a man wins

sometimes he loses

who decides whether he loses or wins

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it has all been decided long ago elsewhere
it is destiny
not a single man can alter it
all he can do is let it happen

Antigone: I'm here

Present Oedipus: Go away, leave me alone, don't touch me

Chorus: show us
show us
a simple riddle
a childish riddle
what has four legs at dawn
two legs at noon three legs at dusk
'I will find the answer' is that an answer?
show us

Antigone: I'm here