

POLIXENES

My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves!

WHIP PAN BACK:

37 EXT. THE SHEPARD'S HOME IN BOHEMIA - DAY

37

Florizel, dressed as a shepherd, next to Perdita by a snack table. Finally, a moment alone. Florizel's true identity is a secret they keep from everyone else in the village.

FLORIZEL

These unusual weeds to each part of you
Does give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora.
This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PERDITA

Sir, my gracious lord, your high self,
You have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked up.

FLORIZEL

I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

PERDITA

Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father by some accident
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the fates!
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say?

FLORIZEL

The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them.
Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

PERDITA

O, but sir,
Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power of the king.