

Florizel jumps on a chair, making a proclamation to the whole group.

FLORIZEL (CONT'D)

That were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than this ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love.

Florizel produces an engagement ring and gets on one knee.
The crowd cheers. Perdita gasps.

The Shepherd, giddy, comes forward.

SHEPHERD

But, my daughter
Say you the like to him?

PERDITA

I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By th'pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

SHEPHERD

Take hands, a bargain;
I give my daughter to him. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

The shepherd brings them together. Perdita's friends squeal and start to set up a wedding-- ohmygod, they're going to get married right now!

This is getting too carried away. Polixene interrupts:

POLIXENES

Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.
Have you a father?

FLORIZEL

I have. But what of him?

POLIXENES

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL

He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES

Methinks a father
Is at the wedding of his son a guest
That best becomes the table.

(MORE)

POLIXENES (CONT'D)

You offer him a wrong
Something unfilial.

FLORIZEL

For some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

POLIXENES

Let him know't.

FLORIZEL

He must not!
(to Shepherd)
Mark our contract.

Polixenes rips off his disguise, revealing himself to be the King. Everyone gasps, bows, and the music immediately stops.

POLIXENES

Mark your divorce, young sir,
Whom son I dare not call. Thou are too base
To be acknowledged.
(to Shepherd)
Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week.
(to Perdita)
And thou, fresh piece
of excellent witchcraft, whom of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with--

The shepherd collapses to his knees.

SHEPHERD

O, my heart!

POLIXENES

(to Perdita)
I'll have thy beauty scratched with briars and made
More homely than thy state.
(to Florizel)
For thee, fond boy,
we'll bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin.
Mark thou my words.

Polixenes storms off.

Awkward silence. The guests start to collect themselves and leave. The old shepherd is led out, still in shock.

Perdita is livid.