

POLIXENES

FLORIZEL

And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens and all--
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.

(the CROWD cheers)

SHEPHERD

Take hands, a bargain;
I give my daughter to him.

(the SHEPHERD makes a gesture)

start
↓

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.

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 removes 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 art 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--

SHEPHERD

O, my heart!

POLIXENES

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.

*(exit POLIXENES and many of the COMMUNITY
ENSEMBLE...silence)*

PERDITA

Even here undone!

(to FLORIZEL)

Will't please you, sir,
be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

end