

***The Winter's Tale* by William Shakespeare**

A Bonkers Crazy Pants Adaptation for C.A.S.T.

CHARACTERS—in no particular order

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
King Leontes
King Polixenes
Mamillius
Queen Hermione
Paulina
Antigonus
Jailer
Emilia
First Lord
First Servant
Shepherd
Court Officer
Camillo

Act 1

N1: Welcome to *The Winter's Tale*, one of Shakespeare's later plays, published in the 1623. Some people think it's one of Shakespeare's comedies, but even more people are convinced that it is one of his romance plays, a "late pastoral romance"

N2: Other Shakespeare scholars describe the play as a "problem play" because the play has deep psychological drama and then it gets funny and then it gets weird and then it ends well. Kind of. I mean, it's happy. Sort of.

N1: The play is Bonkers Crazy Pants.

N2: Bonkers Crazy Pants?

N1: Yes. Many scholars have referred to it as Bonkers Crazy Pants.

N2: What is "Bonkers Crazy Pants"?

N1: You'll see. *(to the audience)* So will they.

N2: Okay! Let's get into Shakespeare's Bonkers Crazy Pants play *The Winter's Tale*.

SFX: *Fanfare as Narrators move and Players enter*

N1: Imagine the two faraway lands of Sicilia and Bohemia.

N2: King Leontes is the King of Sicilia. And Hermione is the Queen of Sicilia. King Leonates and Queen Hermione have a son and his name is Mamillius.

N1: Then there's King Polixenes. He is King of Bohemia. King Polixenes has a son named Florizell.

N2: Wait. Who's the Queen?

N1: There isn't one in the play.

N2: Oh! Did she (mouths the word) *die*?

N1: No. I mean I don't know. No one knows really. She's mentioned I think, but has no name and never comes onstage.

N2: Got it! King Polixenes and King Leontes have been best friends since childhood. **N1:** Yes and King Polixenes has been visiting King Leontes and Queen Hermione in their kingdom of Sicilia, but now he must return home to his kingdom Bohemia.

N2: Everybody with us, still? 2 kings, best friends, one queen, Sicilia, Bohemia.

N1: In our first scene, King Leontes begs him to stay longer. He refuses politely, but when Queen Hermione asks him, he agrees to stay, but then that's when things start to go wrong. Well, you'll see . . .

SCENE II. A room of state in the same

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO

POLIXENES

No longer stay.

LEONTES

One seven-night longer.

POLIXENES

Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEONTES

We'll part the time between's then; and in that I'll no gainsaying.

POLIXENES

Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours could win me:

To you a charge and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

LEONTES

Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

HERMIONE

I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until

You have drawn oaths from him not to stay.

N1: Wait, wait! I forgot something!

N2: What? I thought this was going well.

N1: Queen Hermione is pregnant.

HERMIONE: What?

N1: Yeah, I forgot. Can we . . .?

A pregnancy bump is brought from backstage and quickly strapped onto Hermione.

N2: Okay! Is there anything else we need?

N1: I don't think so. But, you know . . .

BOTH: Bonkers Crazy Pants.

N1: Take it from your last line, Hermione.

HERMIONE

I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
 You have drawn oaths from him not to stay.
 You, sir,
 Charge him too coldly.
 Tell him, you are sure
 All in Bohemia's well. Say this to him, He's beat from his best
 ward.

LEONTES

Well said, Hermione.

HERMIONE

To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong: But let him say so
 then, and let him go;
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
 (to *POLIXENES*) Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
 The borrow of a week.
 You'll stay?

POLIXENES

No, madam.

HERMIONE

Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES

I may not, verily.

HERMIONE

Verily!
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you? My prisoner? or
 my guest? by your dread 'Verily,' One of them you shall be.

POLIXENES

Your guest, then, madam.

HERMIONE

Not your gaoler [jailer], then,
But your kind hostess.

LEONTES Is he won yet?

HERMIONE

He'll stay my lord.

LEONTES

At my request he would not. Hermione, my dearest, thou
never spokest To better purpose.

HERMIONE Never?

LEONTES Never, but once.

HERMIONE

What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prithee tell me.

-LEONTES

Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter 'I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE

'Tis grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice: The one for ever
earn'd a royal husband; The other for some while a friend.

LEONTES

[*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

N2: Whoa, whoa, whoa. What's going on? Everything seemed fine.

Actors Freeze!

N1: Everything is NOT FINE! Suddenly, and I mean suddenly, Leontes grows insanely jealous of the friendship between his queen, Hermione, and his visiting friend Polixenes.

N2: What? But he wanted him to stay! He asked his wife to help convince him!

N1: Told you. Bonkers Crazy Pants. Hermione hasn't done a thing, BUT HERE WE ARE. Leontes is Up.Set.
Let's pick it up from your next line Leontes!

Actors unfreeze!

LEONTES

I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy.
Mamillius, Art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES

Art thou my calf?

MAMILLIUS Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEONTES

Come, sir page, Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain! Most
dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?--may't be.
Affection, though intention stabs the center!

POLIXENES and HERMIONE notice that LEONTES is Up.Set.

POLIXENES What means Sicilia?

HERMIONE He something seems unsettled.

POLIXENES

(to *LEONTES*) How, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

HERMIONE

You look as if you held a brow of much distraction Are you moved, my
lord?

LEONTES

No, in good earnest.
Mine honest friend, Will you take eggs for money?

MAMILLIUS No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEONTES

You will! why, happy man be's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES

He makes a July's day short as December, And with his varying
childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEONTES

Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

HERMIONE

If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there?

LEONTES

To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.

[ASIDE] How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

Exit POLIXENES, HERMIONE

LEONTES What, Camillo there?

CAMILLO Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.

Exit MAMILLIUS

LEONTES: Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAMILLO

He would not stay at your petitions: made
His business more material.

LEONTES

How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

CAMILLO At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES

At the queen's be't: 'good' should be pertinent But, so it is, it is not.

CAMILLO

Business, my lord! I think most understand Bohemia stays here longer.

LEONTES Ay, but why?

CAMILLO

To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEONTES

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO

Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEONTES Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO No, no, my lord.

LEONTES

It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest,
Camillo, and I hate thee.

CAMILLO Who does infect her?

LEONTES

Why, he that wears her like a medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia.
How I am galled,--mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAMILLO

Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work Maliciously like poison:---

N2 interrupts action!

N2: What?!

N1: In case you missed it, King Leontes just asked his servant Camillo to murder King Polixenes!

N2: I thought they were *best friends*? This is . . .

N1: Bonkers Crazy Pants. And we are just getting started! Camillo, because he's not as unhinged as King Leontes, isn't fully sold yet . . .

LEONTES

This is all:

Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

CAMILLO I'll do't, my lord.

N2: That was fast.

N1: Bonkers Crazy Pants

LEONTES I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.

LEONTES Exit

CAMILLO

O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows.
Happy star, reign now! Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES

POLIXENES

This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp.
Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

CAMILLO Hail, most royal sir!

POLIXENES What is the news i' the court?

CAMILLO

None rare, my lord.

N2: None rare my Lord?! Your best friend has lost his mind and wants to have you poisoned because he thinks you and Hermione like each other!

N1: Bonkers Crazy Pants!

CAMILLO turns and shakes their head at the NARRATORS

N1: Sorry about that! Carry on.

CAMILLO

None rare, my Lord.

POLIXENES

The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region.
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners.

CAMILLO I dare not know, my lord.

N2: (calling out) YES YOU DO!

N1: Shhhhhh . . .

CAMILLO

There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but I cannot name the
disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

POLIXENES

A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.

CAMILLO

Sir, I will tell you;
I am appointed him to murder you.

N2: Told you!

N1: Sorry, sorry. Carry on.

POLIXENES By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO By the king.

POLIXENES For what?

CAMILLO

He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

POLIXENES How should this grow?

CAMILLO

I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!

POLIXENES

I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face.
Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine.
My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.

CAMILLO

It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.

Act 2

SCENE I. A room in LEONTES' palace

N1: So, Camillo and Polixenes escape to Sicilia.

N2: Hermione is unaware that her husband King Leontes has lost his mind and thinks that she's cheating on him with his best friend.

N1: Leontes learns of Camillo and Polixenes departure and, you can imagine how he feels about that . . .
Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS

HERMIONE

Come, sir, now I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

MAMILLIUS Merry or sad shall't be?

HERMIONE As merry as you will.

MAMILLIUS

A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

HERMIONE

Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

MAMILLIUS There was a man—

Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Enter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, FIRST LORD

LEONTES

Was he met there? his train?
Camillo with him?

FIRST LORD

Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

LEONTES

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.

FIRST LORD

By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

LEONTES

I know't too well.
(to *HERMIONE*) Give me the boy.

HERMIONE What is this? sport?

LEONTES

Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
 Away with him! and let her sport herself
 With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
 Has made thee swell thus.

N2: Did he just . . . did you just accuse her of being pregnant
 with Polixenes child? Wow, dude, wow.

N1: He did! That's what happened!

HERMIONE

You, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

LEONTES

You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
 I have said
 She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
 More, she's a traitor and Camillo is
 A federary with her.

HERMIONE

No, by my life.
 Privy to none of this.
 Gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
 You did mistake.

LEONTES

Away with her! to prison!

N2: What?!

N1: I KNOW!

HERMIONE

Who is't that goes with me?
 Beseech your highness,
 My women may be with me; for you see
 My plight requires it.

N2: She's pregnant! That's the plight!

N1: I KNOW!

HERMIONE

Adieu, my lord:

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall.

My women, come; you have leave.

LEONTES Go, do our bidding; hence!

Exit HERMIONE

FIRST LORD

Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

ANTIGONUS

Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

FIRST LORD

For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir,

Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you;

I mean,

In this which you accuse her.

LEONTES Hold your peaces.

FIRST LORD

Good my lord,--

ANTIGONUS

It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:

You are abused and by some putter-on

That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,

I would land-damn him.

LEONTES What! lack I credit?

FIRST LORD

I had rather you did lack than I, my lord.

ANTIGONUS

And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment tried it,

Without more overture.

LEONTES

I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me.
Have I done well?

First Lord

Well done, my lord.

N2: What is happening?

N1: Leontes is sending some of his guys to get the final word on his life from an oracle, Apollo's Temple.

N2: Oh, sure that makes sense.

N1: It does?

N2: No! It's Bonkers Crazy Pants.

LEONTES

Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth:-

ANTIGONUS

[ASIDE]

To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

EXIT.

SCENE II. A prison

N1: Paulina, a strong noblewoman and Queen Hermione's best friend, attempts to visit Hermione in prison.

N2: Paulina learns that the queen has given birth to a baby . . .

N1: Don't tell them!

N2: Oh right, we don't know if it's a boy or a girl yet. Sorry!

N1: Paulina decides to take the baby to Leontes in the hope that the sight of his child will alter his state of mind.

Enter PAULINA, JAILER

PAULINA

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaoler [JAILER]

For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.

PAULINA

Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaoler [JAILER]

I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

PAULINA

Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaoler [JAILER]

So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAULINA

I pray now, call her.

Gaoler [JAILER]

And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

PAULINA Well, be't so, prithee.

JAILER gets EMILIA

PAULINA: Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

N1: Emilia is a lady-in-waiting to Queen Hermione and has just helped her with the birth of her child.

EMILIA

As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath born greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

PAULINA A boy?

EMILIA

A daughter . . .

NARRATORS cheer!

EMILIA

. . . and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says 'My poor
prisoner, I am innocent as you.'

PAULINA

Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st.

EMILIA

Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

PAULINA

Tell her, Emilia.

EMILIA

I'll to the queen: please you, come something
nearer.

Gaoler [JAILER]

Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

PAULINA

You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised, not a party to
The anger of the king nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaoler [JAILER]

I do believe it.

PAULINA

Do not you fear: upon mine honour,
I will stand betwixt you and danger.

EXIT

SCENE III. A room in LEONTES' palace

N1: Paulina brings the baby to the tormented Leontes, who first orders the baby burned.

N2: What?! This is summer camp! Was Shakespeare *okay*? Seriously asking.

N1: Then Leontes orders Antigonus—a nobleman of Sicilia--to take the baby to a deserted place and abandon it.

N2: How is that better?

N1: It's not! News comes that the couriers have returned with the oracle from Apollo.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, FIRST SERVANT

LEONTES

Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness.

FIRST SERVANT My lord?

LEONTES How does the boy?

FIRST SERVANT

He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

LEONTES

To see his nobleness!
Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares.

Exit FIRST SERVANT

[*ASIDE*] Camillo and Polixenes

Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with baby

FIRST SERVANT

You must not enter.

PAULINA

Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
 Than the queen's life?

ANTIGONUS

That's enough.

N1: Did we mention that Antigonus and
 Paulina are married?

N2: No, you we did not.

FIRST SERVANT

Madam, he hath not slept tonight; commanded
 None should come at him.

PAULINA

Not so hot, good sir:
 I come to bring him sleep. I
 Do come with words as medicinal as true,
 Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
 That presses him from sleep.

LEONTES What noise there, ho?

PAULINA

No noise, my lord; but needful conference
 About some gossips for your highness.

ANTIGONUS

I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

LEONTES What, canst not rule her?

PAULINA

He shall not rule me.

N1: Go Paulina!

N2: Nice!

PAULINA

I say, I come
 From your good queen.

LEONTES Good queen!

PAULINA

The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

Laying down the child

LEONTES

Out!
A mankind witch!
Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.

N2: Did he just say the baby *wasn't his*?

N1: Who needs Real Housewives when you have Shakespeare?

LEONTES

Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

PAULINA

It is yours.

LEONTES Once more, take her hence.

PAULINA

A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

LEONTES I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA

I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't.

N1: Another point for Paulina!

N2: Nice!

PAULINA

I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours.

Exit

LEONTES

(to *ANTIGONUS*) Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
 My child? away with't!
 You're liars all.

FIRST LORD

Beseech your highness, give us better credit.

ANTIGONUS

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
 To save the innocent: any thing possible.

LEONTES

It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANTIGONUS I will, my lord.

(to *baby*) Come on, poor babe:
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
 To be thy nurses!

Exit with baby

Enter FIRST SERVANT

FIRST SERVANT

Please your highness, posts
 From those you sent to the oracle are come
 An hour since:
 Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
 Hasting to the court.

LEONTES

Leave me,
 And think upon my bidding.

Exit

Act 3

SCENE II. A court of Justice

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, COURT OFFICER, PAULINA, FIRST LORD

N1: So guess what? Leontes takes Hermione to court!

N2: Wow. He has completely lost it.

ENTER COURT OFFICER, LEONTES

COURT OFFICER

It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter HERMIONE with PAULINA

LEONTES Read the indictment.

OFFICER

[Reads] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

LEONTES You will not own it.

HERMIONE

More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours.
Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEONTES

You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

HERMIONE

Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,

Which I'll lay down.

Your honours all, I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

FIRST LORD

This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollos name, his oracle.

HERMIONE

The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

LEONTES Break up the seals and read.

COURT OFFICER

[Reads] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

HERMIONE Praised!

LEONTES

Hast thou read truth?

COURT OFFICER

Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

N1: See the whole oracle thing becomes important! Hermione is declared innocent!

N2: Oh that's good! Leontes must be happy!

N1: Nope! Leontes pronounces the oracle false, and then . . . well, just watch . . .

LEONTES

There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter FIRST SERVANT

FIRST SERVANT

My lord the king, the king!

LEONTES What is the business?

FIRST SERVANT

O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
 The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
 Of the queen's speed, is gone.

LEONTES How! gone!

FIRST SERVANT

Is dead.

N2: How? What?

N1: Again, it's a bit unclear, but the best way to describe it is: Mamillius dies of a broken heart because his dad is being such an idiot and his mom is in prison and everything is a mess.

N2: Oh. That's sad.

N1: And then it gets worse from there.

N2: How?

LEONTES

Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
 Do strike at my injustice.

HERMIONE swoons

N2: Oh no!

N1: Told you.

PAULINA

This news is mortal to the queen: look down
 And see what death is doing.

LEONTES

Take her hence:
 Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
 I have too much believed mine own suspicion: Beseech you,
 tenderly apply to her
 Some remedies for life.

Exit PAULINA with HERMIONE

N2: She'll be okay, right?

N1: No! Of course she won't! THIS IS SHAKESPEARE!

PAULINA re-enters

PAULINA

O lords,
 When I have said, cry 'woe!' the queen, the queen,
 The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for't
 Not dropp'd down yet.

FIRST LORD

The higher powers forbid!

PAULINA

I say she's dead; I'll swear't.

(to LEONTES) But, O thou tyrant!

Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair

LEONTES

Go on, go on

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

FIRST LORD

Say no more:

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

LEONTES

Prithee, bring me

To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual.
Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows.

EXIT

SCENE III. Bohemia. A desert country near the sea

N2: We are now in Bohemia, just for a little bit.

N1: Antigonus leaves the baby in Bohemia, which is important because the baby is found by a Shepherd!
So the baby is saved!

N2: There's a storm and a ship sinks, but that's not what makes Act 3, scene 3 in Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* special.

N1: Antigonus dies in this scene

N2: How does he die?

N1: Okay, well first this is important he names the baby!

ANTIGONUS

Perdita,
I prithee, call't.

N2: Oh Perdita! That's a nice name.

N1: And then Antigonus is chased by a bear, who then eats him, but what is most remarkable is that right after that Shakespeare wrote his first and only stage direction! Ever! Watch!

ANTIGONUS

I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard!
This is the chase: I am gone for ever.

BEAR SCENE

NARRATORS: Exit, pursued by a bear.

N1: Best Stage Direction Ever!

N2: Also, Bonkers Crazy Pants!

N1: And then the Shephard finds the baby!

ENTER SHEPHARD

SHEPARD:

Mercy on 's, a barne a very pretty barne!
A boy or a child, I wonder?
A pretty one; a very pretty one.

Act 4

N1: Act 4! 16 years have passed!

N2: We are still in Bohmeia, Polixenes is still the King and remember he has a son named Florizell. And guess who Florizell is in love with?

N1: Perdita?

N2: Yep!

N1: The couple are at a sheepshearing feast.

N2: What's a sheepshearing feast?

N1: A feast and then there's some sheepshearing.

N2: Florizell and Perdita declare their love before Polixenes and Camillo.

N1: But Polixenes and Camillo are disguised.

N2: Why?

N1: Because that's what people did back then. They wore disguises. Then King Polixenes orders Florizell never to see Perdita again.

N2: But why?

N1: Because Polixenes thinks that Perdita's father is a lowly shepherd.

N2: Gross. I hate that. It's so classist.

N1: Let's get to the sheepshearing feast, whatever that is!

SCENE IV. The Shepherd's cottage

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

PERDITA

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? Or how Should I, in these my
 borrow'd flaunts, behold
 The sternness of his presence?

FLORIZEL

Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity.

PERDITA

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

FLORIZEL

Thou dearest Perdita,
 With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
 The mirth o' the feast.
 See, your guests approach:
 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised

PERDITA

[To *POLIXENES*] Sir, welcome:
 It is my father's will I should take on me
 The hostess-ship o' the day.
 [To *CAMILLO*] You're welcome, sir.
 Grace and remembrance be to you both,
 And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES

(to *CAMILLO*) This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
 Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
 But smacks of something greater than herself,
 Too noble for this place.

CAMILLO

He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

SFX: MUSIC!

POLIXENES

Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

SHEPHERD

They call him Doricles--

N2: What? Who's Doricles? That's Florizell!

N1: Oops—I forgot about this part. Florizell is also in costume.

A hat is brought out and placed on FLORIZELL.

N1: And he told everyone that his name is “Doricles.”

N2: Why?

N1: I don't know, he's a prince, he got bored, wanted to hang out with shepherds, then he met a girl he liked and then it was too late. I don't know.

N2: So, no one is who they seem? And Perdita doesn't even know who she is? And no one knows she's the daughter of King Leontes

N1: Correct!

SHEPHERD

They call him Doricles;
and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it.

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

Pray you once more,
 Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
 With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
 Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
 Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing
 But what he did being childish?

FLORIZEL

No, good sir;
 He has his health and ampler strength indeed
 Than most have of his age.

POLIXENES

The father, all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

FLORIZEL

I yield all this;
 But 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 No, he must not.

SHEPHERD

Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
 At knowing of thy choice.

FLORIZEL

Come, come, he must not. Mark our contract.

POLIXENES Mark your divorce, young sir--

POLIXENES takes his disguise off!

Whom son I dare not call.

SHEPHERD

O, my heart!

POLIXENES

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.

For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never

I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession.

Exit

PERDITA

Even here undone!

FLORIZEL

(to Perdita) Why look you so upon me?

CAMILLO

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper.

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

FLORIZEL

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo? [is that you, Camillo]

CAMILLO Even he, my lord. *(takes off disguise)*

PERDITA

How often have I told you 'twould be thus!

FLORIZEL

Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I

Am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO Be advised.

. . . marry her,

And with my best endeavors in your absence,

Your disconcerting father strive to qualify,

And bring him up to liking.

FLORIZEL

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

CAMILLO

Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

FLORIZEL

Not any yet.

CAMILLO

Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth.

FLORIZEL

Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

CAMILLO

Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts.

FLORIZEL

My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear our birth.

CAMILLO

I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

PERDITA

Your pardon, sir; for this I'll blush you thanks.

FLORIZEL

My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon!
Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAMILLO

My lord,
Fear none of this:
I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there.

PERDITA

I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

CAMILLO

No remedy.
Have you done there?

FLORIZEL

Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

CAMILLO

Nay, you shall have no hat.

Giving it to PERDITA

CAMILLO: Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

FLORIZEL

O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

CAMILLO

[ASIDE] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

FLORIZEL

Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAMILLO The swifter speed the better.

Exit FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO

Act 5

SCENE I. A room in LEONTES' palace

N1: So now we are back in Sicilia. Paulina convinces Leontes not to remarry.

N2: Wow, that's fast.

N1: Remember—it's been 16 years!

N2: Still. And then it is revealed that Florizell—or Doricles--?

N1: No, he's back to being Florizell now.

N2: Got it—it's revealed that Florizell and Perdita are in Sicilia since King Polixenes will not okay their marriage.

Enter LEONTES, PAULINA

LEONTES

Stars, stars,

And all eyes else dead coals!

Fear thou no wife; I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAULINA

Will you swear

Never to marry but by my free leave?

LEONTES Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAULINA

I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,--if you will, sir,

No remedy, but you will,--give me the office

To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young

As was your former; but she shall be such

As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy

To see her in your arms.

LEONTES

My true Paulina,

We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

PAULINA

Shall be when your first queen's again in breath; Never till then.

Enter FIRST SERVANT

FIRST SERVANT

One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,

Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she

The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access

To your high presence.

LEONTES His princess, say you, with him?

FIRST SERVANT

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

ENTER FLORIZEL AND PERDITA

LEONTES

Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,--goddess!

FLORIZEL

By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother.

LEONTES

O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.

You are married?

FLORIZEL

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

LEONTES

My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

FLORIZEL

She is,
When once she is my wife.

LEONTES

That 'once' I see by your good father's speed Will come on very
slowly. I am sorry,

Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
 Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
 Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
 That you might well enjoy her.

FLORIZEL

Beseech you, sir,
 Remember since you owed no more to time
 Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
 Step forth mine advocate; at your request
 My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEONTES

Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
 Which he counts but a trifle.

PAULINA

Sir, my liege,
 Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
 'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
 Than what you look on now.

LEONTES

I thought of her, Even in these looks I made.
 [To FLORIZEL] But your petition
 Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father.

EXIT

SCENE III. A chapel in PAULINA'S house

N1: So things are starting to wrap up!

N2: They are?

N1: Sure! Everyone is back in Sicilia now—

N2: Everyone!

N1: Yep—Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, King Polixenes, Paulina, everyone . . . and . . .

N2: And?

N1: It's discovered that Perdita is the princess, King Leontes's daughter, and so she and Florizel can get married and . . .

N2: And?

N1: Okay, this is when it gets a little Bonkers Crazy Pants.

N2: Again?

N1: So, Paulina brings everyone into the chapel to show them a statue of Hermione.

N2: Oh, that's nice.

N1: But she won't let anyone touch the statue because the "paint isn't dry" and Leontes comments that the statue looks older than when Hermione was alive and it starts to get weird. Just watch . . .

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA

LEONTES

O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen.
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA

As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

PAULINA reveals HERMIONE standing like a statue

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

LEONTES

Her natural posture!
But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

POLIXENES O, not by much.

PAULINA

So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

LEONTES

As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul.

PERDITA

And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing.
Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began,

Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAULINA

O, patience!

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

LEONTES Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA

No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy

May think anon it moves.

LEONTES

Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already--

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,

Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins

Did verily bear blood?

POLIXENES

Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEONTES

The fixture of her eye has motion in't,

As we are mock'd with art.

PAULINA

I'll draw the curtain:

My lord's almost so far transported that

He'll think anon it lives.

LEONTES

O sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years together! No settled senses
of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness.

Let 't alone.

PAULINA

I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but I could afflict you
farther.

LEONTES

Let no man mock me, For I will kiss her.

PAULINA

Good my lord, forbear:
 The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
 You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
 With oily painting.
 Shall I draw the curtain?

LEONTES

No, not these twenty years.

PERDITA

So long could I
 Stand by, a looker on.

PAULINA

Either forbear,
 Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
 For more amazement. If you can behold it,
 I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
 And take you by the hand; but then you'll think—
 Which I protest against--I am assisted
 By wicked powers.

LEONTES

What you can make her do,
 I am content to look on: what to speak,
 I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
 To make her speak as move.

PAULINA

It is required
 You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
 On: those that think it is unlawful business
 I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES

Proceed:
 No foot shall stir.

PAULINA Music, awake her; strike!

SFX: Music

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
 Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
 I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
 Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him

Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs.

HERMIONE comes down

LEONTES

O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

PAULINA

Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing.
Turn, good lady; Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE

You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces Upon my daughter's
head! Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

N2: What? Is this real? Did Shakespeare really write this?

N1: He sure did. He made a statue come to life so that everyone could live happily ever after! As Paulina says—

PAULINA

Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one.

N1: Which is just a fancy of way of saying “Hey happy people, go have some fun!”

N2: Because everything is Bonkers Crazy Pants!

MUSIC and everyone dances! End of play!