

Audition Side: Love's Labour's Lost | Berowne & Rosaline

Note: Sides have been abridged for auditions.

Act 5 Scene 2: Berowne & Rosaline

BEROWNE, *to Rosaline*

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROSALINE

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BEROWNE

I know you did.

ROSALINE

How needless was it then To ask the question.

BEROWNE

You must not be so quick.

ROSALINE

'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

BEROWNE

Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast; 'twill tire.

ROSALINE

Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BEROWNE

What time o' day?

ROSALINE

The hour that fools should ask.

BEROWNE

Now fair befall your mask.

ROSALINE

Fair fall the face it covers.

BEROWNE

And send you many lovers.

ROSALINE

Amen, so you be none.

BEROWNE

Nay, then, will I be gone.

About to leave and returns.

BEROWNE, *to Rosaline*

Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

ROSALINE

Pray you, do my commendations. I would be glad to see it.

BEROWNE

I would you heard it groan.

ROSALINE

Is the fool sick?

BEROWNE

Sick at the heart.

ROSALINE

Alack, let it blood.

BEROWNE

Would that do it good?

ROSALINE

My physic says "ay."

BEROWNE

Will you prick 't with your eye?

ROSALINE

No point, with my knife.

BEROWNE

Now God save thy life.

ROSALINE

And yours from long living.

BEROWNE

I cannot stay thanksgiving.