

**Audition Side: Love's Labour's Lost |**

*Note: Sides have been abridged for auditions.*

**Act 5 Scene 2: Boyet, Princess, Rosaline, Katherine**

**Context:** *The men have just departed from the women after wearing disguises and swearing their love to the wrong women.*

PRINCESS

Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?

BOYET

Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puffed out.

ROSALINE

Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

PRINCESS

O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout! Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight? Or ever but in vizards show their faces? This pert Berowne was out of count'nance quite.

ROSALINE

They were all in lamentable cases. The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

PRINCESS

Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.

MARIA

Dumaine was at my service, and his sword. "No point," quoth I. My servant straight was mute.

KATHERINE

Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart. And trow you what he called me?

PRINCESS

Qualm, perhaps.

KATHERINE

Yes, in good faith.

PRINCESS

Go, sickness as thou art!

ROSALINE

Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps. But will you hear? The King is my love sworn.

PRINCESS

And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.

KATHERINE

And Longaville was for my service born.

MARIA

Dumaine is mine as sure as bark on tree.

BOYET

Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear. Immediately they will again be here In their own shapes, for it can never be They will digest this harsh indignity.

PRINCESS

Will they return?

BOYET

They will, they will, God knows, And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows. Therefore change favors, and when they repair, Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

PRINCESS

How "blow"? How "blow"? Speak to be understood.

BOYET

Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud. Dismasked, their damask sweet commixture shown, Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

PRINCESS

Avaunt, perplexity!—What shall we do If they return in their own shapes to woo?

ROSALINE

Good madam, if by me you'll be advised, Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised. Let us complain to them what fools were here, Disguised in shapeless gear,

And wonder what they were, and to what end Their shallow shows and prologue vilely  
penned, And their rough carriage so ridiculous, Should be presented at our tent to us.

BOYET

Ladies, withdraw. The gallants are at hand.

PRINCESS

Whip to our tents, as roes runs o'er land.

*The Princess and the Ladies exit.*