

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

*Note: Sides have been abridged for auditions.*

**Act 1 Scene 2: Armado, Boy (Mote), Dull the Constable, Jaquenetta, Costard**

ARMADO I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humor of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised curtsy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

BOY Hercules, master.

ARMADO Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

BOY Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

ARMADO O, well-knit Samson, strong-jointed Samson; I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Mote?

BOY A woman, master.

ARMADO Of what complexion?

BOY Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

ARMADO Tell me precisely of what complexion.

BOY Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARMADO Is that one of the four complexions?

BOY As I have read, sir, and the best of them too.

ARMADO To have a love of that color, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

BOY It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

ARMADO My love is most immaculate white and red.

BOY Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colors.

ARMADO Define, define, well-educated infant.

BOY My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me.

ARMADO Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetic.

BOY

“ If she be made of white and red,  
Her faults will ne'er be known,  
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,  
And fears by pale white shown.  
Then if she fear, or be to blame,  
By this you shall not know,  
For still her cheeks possess the same  
Which native she doth owe.”

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of  
white and red.

ARMADO I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by  
some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the  
rational hind Costard. She deserves well.

BOY, *aside* To be whipped—and yet a better love than my master.

ARMADO Sing, boy. My spirit grows heavy in love.

BOY Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter Clown (Costard,) Constable (Dull,) and Wench (Jaquenetta.)*

DULL, *to Armado* Sir, the Duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe, and you must  
suffer him to take no delight, nor no penance, but he must fast three days a week. For  
this damsel, I must keep her at the park. She is allowed for the dey-woman. Fare you

well.

ARMADO, *aside* I do betray myself with blushing.— Maid.

JAQUENETTA Man.

ARMADO I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQUENETTA That's hereby.

ARMADO I know where it is situate.

JAQUENETTA Lord, how wise you are.

ARMADO I will tell thee wonders.

JAQUENETTA With that face?

ARMADO I love thee.

JAQUENETTA So I heard you say.

ARMADO And so, farewell.

JAQUENETTA Fair weather after you.

DULL Come, Jaquenetta, away.

*Dull and Jaquenetta exit.*

ARMADO, *to Costard* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offenses ere thou be pardoned.

COSTARD Well, sir, I hope when I do it I shall do it on a full stomach.

ARMADO Thou shalt be heavily punished.

COSTARD I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARMADO, *to Boy* Take away this villain. Shut him up.

BOY Come, you transgressing slave, away.

COSTARD, *to Armado* Let me not be pent up, sir. I will fast being loose.

BOY No, sir, that were fast and loose. Thou shalt to prison.

COSTARD Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

BOY What shall some see?

COSTARD Nay, nothing, Master Mote, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

*Costard and Boy exit.*

ARMADO I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil. There is no evil angel but love, yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not. His disgrace is to be called "boy," but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor; rust, rapier; be still, drum, for your manager is in love. Yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.