

Love Labours Lost Monologues – ActorsNET Audition sides

Male Monologues...

King Ferdinand – Act 1 Scene 1

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors, for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world.
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Berowne, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are armed to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Don Armado Act 1 Scene 2

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, valour! 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.

Berowne – Act 3 scene 1

And I, forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip,
A very beadle to a humorous sigh,
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signor-Junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors – O my little heart!
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I love? I sue? I seek a wife?
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watched that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And among three to love the worst of all –
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!

And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her! Go to, it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

Berowne – Act 4 Scene 3

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

[Advancing]

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears;

You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!

O me, with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a gnat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,

And profound Solomon to tune a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?

And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my liege's? all about the breast:

A caudle, ho!

LONGAVILLE

I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Reads

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

DUMAIN

I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.

Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

[Reads]

On a day--alack the day!--
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.
This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Beronwe, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Act 5 sc 1 – Don Adriano de Armado

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,--but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,--that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Act 5 sc 1 - Costard

COSTARD

O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words.
I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word;
for thou art not so long by the head as
honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier
swallowed than a flap-dragon.

An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst
have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very
remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny
purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an
the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my
bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me!
Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'
ends, as they say

Act V sc 2 - Costard

COSTARD

I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big--

DUMAIN

The Great.

COSTARD

It is, 'Great,' sir:--

Pompey surnamed the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make
my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France,
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander

COSTARD

[To SIR NATHANIEL] O, sir, you have overthrown
Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of
the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds
his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given
to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror,
and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander.

SIR NATHANIEL retires

There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an
honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a
marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good
bowler: but, for Alisander,--alas, you see how
'tis,--a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies
a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Act 1 sc 2 – Don Adriano de Armado and Moth

Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO and MOTH

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH

A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

MOTH

No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTH

By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

Why tough senior? why tough senior?

MOTH

Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

MOTH

And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

Pretty and apt.

MOTH

How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or
I apt, and my saying pretty?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH

Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH

Speak you this in my praise, master?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

In thy condign praise.

MOTH

I will praise an eel with the same praise.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

What, that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH

That an eel is quick.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

MOTH

I am answered, sir.

ACT 3 sc 1 – MOTH

MOTH

No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note--do you note me?--that most are affected to these.

Act 3 Sc 2 – Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel

HOLOFERNES

Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

SIR NATHANIEL

Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

HOLOFERNES

I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preycl princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.

Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

SIR NATHANIEL

A rare talent!

HOLOFERNES

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

SIR NATHANIEL

Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by

you, and their daughters profit very greatly under
you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOLOFERNES

Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall
want no instruction; if their daughters be capable,
I will put it to them: but *vir sapit qui pauca
loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Act 2 sc 1 – Boyet

BOYET

Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

BOYET

Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

BOYET

If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Why, all his behaviors did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Act 1 sc 1 – Constable Dull

Enter DULL with a letter,

DULL

Which is the duke's own person?

BERONWE

This, fellow: what wouldst?

DULL

I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

BERONWE

This is he.

DULL

Signior Arme--Arme--commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

DULL

Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

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Women Monologues

Princess of France Act 5 Scene 2

A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

Rosalind Act 5 Scene 2

Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Beronwe,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Act 2 sc 1 – Berowne and Rosalind

BERONWE

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROSALINE

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BERONWE

I know you did.

ROSALINE

How needless was it then to ask the question!

BERONWE

You must not be so quick.

ROSALINE

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

BERONWE

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

ROSALINE

Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BERONWE

What time o' day?

ROSALINE

The hour that fools should ask.

BERONWE

Now fair befall your mask!

ROSALINE

Fair fall the face it covers!

BERONWE

And send you many lovers!

ROSALINE

Amen, so you be none.

BERONWE

Nay, then will I be gone. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

ROSALINE

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

BERONWE

I would you heard it groan.

ROSALINE

Is the fool sick?

BERONWE

Sick at the heart.

ROSALINE

Alack, let it blood.

BERONWE

Would that do it good?

ROSALINE

My physic says 'ay.'

BERONWE

Will you prick't with your eye?

ROSALINE

No point, with my knife.

BERONWE

Now, God save thy life!

ROSALINE

And yours from long living!

BERONWE

I cannot stay thanksgiving.

Act 2 sc 1 – Ladies in Waiting with Princess

PRINCESS

Lord Longaville is one. Know you the man?

MARIA

I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

PRINCESS

Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

KATHARINE

The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alencon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

ROSALINE

Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Beronwe they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Act 5 Sc 2 - Katharine and Longaville

KATHARINE

What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

LONGAVILLE

I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

KATHARINE

O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

LONGAVILLE

You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

KATHARINE

Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

LONGAVILLE

A calf, fair lady!

KATHARINE

No, a fair lord calf.

LONGAVILLE

Let's part the word.

KATHARINE

No, I'll not be your half
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

LONGAVILLE

Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

KATHARINE

Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

LONGAVILLE

One word in private with you, ere I die.

KATHARINE

Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.

Act 1 sc 2 – Jaquenetta and Don Armado

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

JAQUENETTA

Man?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQUENETTA

That's hereby.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

I know where it is situate.

JAQUENETTA

Lord, how wise you are!

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

I will tell thee wonders.

JAQUENETTA

With that face?

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

I love thee.

JAQUENETTA

So I heard you say.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

And so, farewell.

JAQUENETTA

Fair weather after you!