Monologues for Men:

From Lady Windemere’s Fan

Lord Darlington: Oh, now-a-days so many conceited people go about society pretending to be good, that I think it shows rather a sweet and modest disposition to pretend to be bad. Besides, there is this to be said. If you pretend to be good, the world takes you very seriously. If you pretend to be bad, it doesn’t. And who are the people the world takes seriously? All the dull people one can think of, from the Bishops down to the bores.

But I should like you to take me seriously, Lady Windemere, you more than anyone else in life. … I think we might be great friends. Let us be great friends. You may want a friend some day.

From A Woman of No Importance

Gerald: Don’t put it like that, mother. Of course I am sorry to leave you. Why, you are the best mother in the whole world. But it is impossible to live in such a place as Wrockley. You don’t mind it. But I’m ambitious; I want something more than that. I want to have a career. I want to do something that will make you proud of me.

Mother, how changeable you are! You don’t seem to know your own mind for a single moment. Do you really want to force me to give up my one chance in life? It is very strange that when I have had such a wonderful piece of good luck, the one person to put difficulties in my way should be my own mother.
From *A Man of No Importance*

**Alfie:** Mr. William Shakespeare said it best, “O for a muse of fire, that would ascend / The brightest heaven of invention! A kingdom for a stage, princes to act, / And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.” Language like that almost makes you think the man was Irish! When he spoke for his rounded O of a theatre, he spoke for all of us. What is the difference between the Globe and this church social hall? None, We are both infinite.

Feel the magical ring surround us  
Transforming us as we are  
From girl on a bus to princess,  
A lightbulb to a star!

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From *An Ideal Husband*

**Sir Robert Chiltern:** There was your mistake. There was your error. The error all women commit. What can’t you women love us, faults and all? We all have feet of clay, women as well as men; but when we men love women, we love them knowing their weaknesses, their follies, their imperfections, love them all the more for that reason. It is not the perfect, but the imperfect, who have need of love. It is when we are wounded by our own hands, or by the hands of others, that love should come to cures us – else what use is love at all?