Monologues for Women:

From An Ideal Husband

Mabel Chiltern: Well, Tommy has proposed to me again. Tommy really does nothing but propose to me. He proposed to me last night in the music-room, when I was quite unprotected, as there was an elaborate trio going on. I didn’t dare to make the smallest repartee, I need hardly tell you. If I had, it would have stopped the music at once. Musical people are so absurdly unreasonable. They always want one to be perfectly dumb at the very moment when one is longing to be absolutely deaf.

Then he proposed to me in broad daylight this morning in front of that dreadful statue of Achilles. Really, the things that go on in front of that work of art are quite appalling. The police should interfere.

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From An Ideal Husband

Mrs. Cheveley: Politics are my only pleasure. You see nowadays it is not fashionable to flirt till one is forty, or to be romantic till one is forty-five, so we poor women who are under thirty, or say we are, have nothing open to us but politics or philanthropy. And philanthropy seems to me to have become simply a refuge of people who wish to annoy their fellow creatures. I prefer politics. I think they are more … becoming.

And please, let us not discuss the London season. People are either hunting for husbands, or hiding from them.
**Monologues for Women:**

From *A Man of No Importance*

**Lily:** You’ve met a girl?! Oh, Alfie! Well, that is the power of the nine weeks of ST. Jude for you. Excuse me while I faint. No, while I holler it out the window: Mum, Dad, wherever you are up there: tell Gabriel to blow his mighty horn. My own dear sweet little brother’s in love!

How long has it been
I’ve been down on my knees
Saying rosaries into my sleep?

I’m all ears. Tell me about her, Alf. Say sweet words to me, my sweet angel.

From *An Ideal Husband*

**Lady Chiltern:** Robert, that is all very well for other men, for men who treat life simply as a sordid speculation; but not for Robert, not for you. You are different. All your life you have stood apart from others, You have never let the world soil you. To the world, as to myself, you have been an ideal always.

I know that there are men with horrible secrets in their lives – men who have done some shameful thing and who in some critical moment have to pay for it, by doing some other act of shame. Oh, Robert, don’t tell me you are such as they are! Is there in your life any secret dishonour or disgrace? Tell me, tell me at once.