Charles*: Blithe Spirit*

Ruth, Elvira Are you there? I know damn well you’re there. I just wanted to let you know that I’m going away, so there’s no point in your hanging around any longer.. I’m going a long way away -Somewhere where I don’t believe you’ll be able to follow – in spite of what Elvira said, I don’t think Spirits can travel over water. Is that clear my darlings? In one of your more acid moments, Ruth, you said I had been hag ridden all my life! How right you were. But I’m free now, Ruth dear.. Not only of Mother and Elvira, and Miss Winthrop Lewellyn, but free of you too. And I should like to take this farewell opportunity to say, I’m enjoying it immensely.

BlackStache: Peter and the Starcatchers

“Perchance you think a treasure trunk sans treasure has put my piratical BVDs in a twist? How wrong you are. Yes, I’d hoped to be hip-deep in diamonds, but they’re a poor substitute for what I really crave: a bona fide hero to help me feel whole. For without a hero, what am I? Half a villain; a pirate in part; ruthless, but toothless. And then I saw you, and I thought, “Maybe? Can it be? Is he the one I’ve waited for? Would he, for example, give up something precious for the sake of the daughter he loves?” But alas, he gives up sand. Now, let’s see: hero with treasure, very good. Hero with no treasure…. doable. No hero and a trunk full o’ sand? Not s’much. NOW, WHERE’S MY TREASURE?!?”

Cecily: *The importance of Being Earnest*

You silly boy! Why, we have been engaged for the last three months. It will be exactly three months on Thursday. Ever since dear Uncle Jack first confessed to us that he had a younger brother who was very wicked and bad, you of course have formed the chief topic of conversation between myself and Miss Prism. And of course a man who is much talked about is always very attractive. One feels there must be something in him, after all. I daresay it was foolish of me, but I fell in love with you, Ernest. The engagement was actually settled on the 14th of February last. Worn out by your entire ignorance of my existence, I determined to end the matter one way or the other, and after a long struggle with myself I accepted you under this dear old tree here.

LADY BRACKNELL: The Importance of Being Earnest

Well, I must say, Algernon, that I think it is high time that Mr. Bunbury made up his mind whether he was going to live or die. This shilly-shallying with the question is absurd. Nor do I in any way approve of the modern sympathy with invalids. I consider it morbid. Illness of any kind is hardly a thing to be encouraged in others. Health is the primary duty of life. I am always telling that to your poor uncle, but he never seems to take much notice . . . as far as any improvement in his ailment goes. Well, Algernon, of course if you are obliged to be beside the bedside of Mr. Bunbury, I have nothing more to say. But I would be much obliged if you would ask Mr. Bunbury, from me, to be kind enough not to have a relapse on Saturday, for I rely on you to arrange my music for me. It is my last reception, and one wants something that will encourage conversation, particularly at the end of the season when every one has practically said whatever they had to say, which, in most cases, was probably not much.