

Blithe Spirit – Noel Coward

That's right – rub it in. Anyhow it was only because I love you – the silliest thing I did in my whole life was to love you – you were always unworthy of me.

I sat there, on the other side, just longing for you day after day. I did really – all through your affair with that brassy-looking woman in the South of France I went on loving you and thinking truly of you – then you married Ruth and even then I forgave you and tried to understand because all the time I believed deep inside that you really loved me best... that's why I put myself down for a return visit and had to fill in all those forms and wait about in draughty passages for hours – if only you'd died before you met Ruth everything might have been all right – she's absolutely ruined you – I hadn't been in the house a day before I realised that.

Your books aren't a quarter as good as they used to be either.