

(Looking in a full length mirror lightly undressing after a day. She's picking at her imperfections while speaking.)

This is the 12th night.

The 12th night that his incessant snoring won't echo through the halls.

The 12th night I'll be able to stretch and not have to play contortionist in my own king size bed.

This is the 12th night that I won't arise in the wee hours of the night shivering because, some way, he's managed to not give me enough cover in my own king size bed.

This is the 12th night that my king won't be in my bed! (walks to side table where glass of whiskey is. Sits in chair next to it and sips before she speaks)

I always knew this day would come.

Maybe it would be his high blood pressure. His job was way too stressful.

Or, perhaps he would suddenly fall sick and we'd breathe his last breaths in tandem. I at his bedside. He on his final plane.

Whatever inevitability, never did I think it would end with no demise.

He's yet breathing.

And to think, he's breathing next to a girl younger than our own daughter.

30 years of matrimony! Trampled by a 25 year old.

10,950 nights of marriage.

And this is the 12th night I'll sleep alone. (turns off light on side table)