MRS WHITE MONOLOGUE

I don't want another scandal, do I?
We had a very humiliating confrontation. He had threatened to kill me in public.
It was all over the papers.
And yet he was the one who died. Not me. Not me.
He was found dead at home. Unclothed. But I didn't do it. I'd been out all evening, at the movies.
The Naked Alibi.
But he was my second husband. My first also disappeared.
That was his job — he was an illusionist.
But he never reappeared.
He wasn't a very good illusionist.
In all, I've had just the five husbands.

Husbands should be like Kleenex — soft, strong, and disposable.