

SATELLITES

Ed sits in his chair on the veranda of their holiday home in the Pacific Palisades, California. He and his wife Josephine "Jo" are artists and spent the winter in California with the full intention of working and trying to patch up their marriage. It's not working out. Jo has become bored with the same routine.

Ed: "Why do you always do this? For god's sake woman. I provide you with a roof over your head, a studio to work in, a kitchen that you don't use! All I've ever wanted is some peace. Peace in which to work. You simply don't understand."

Jo stands over Edward

Jo "You want space? I'll give you space. I'm going back to New York. You said you wanted to come to California to work and what have you done? A few simple sketches, that's all. You sit there aimlessly looking out on to the palisades day after day. Not a word to me and then when you want feeding, it's all this!"

Ed looks up at Jo. He's been expecting an outburst for days.

Ed: "It's all what? I don't ask anything of you."

Jo "I stand by you every step of the way. When you paint, you change. I help you sell your canvases to Clancy. Good job I say to you, good job. But you never thank me. You never say let's go out to celebrate. I have to go out on my own otherwise I shall just go crazy!"

Ed bangs his fist on the chair arm.

Edward: "Woman! You should know me by now! I can't deal with the crowds hustling and making money. I don't feel the need to impress. I don't do lunch with people who just want something and not us."

Jo starts to well up. She holds up her right hand and then starts waving a finger in Ed's direction.

Jo: "We are human, Ed. At least I am. You might be more successful than me, but my god it comes at a price! I like to go out, see places, meet people, chat."

Ed places his index finger on his top lip. Jo stands waiting for his answer. Ed sighs, looks up at Jo again and says calmly but with a hard tone...

Ed: "What is there to chat about? Jackson's crap. Motherwell's messy canvas? What?"

Ed pauses and then smiles at Jo, but it is a sarcastically laced smile.

Ed: "Your work? You want me to chat about your work? So, dear wife, what have you done whilst we've been here? I've done plenty, but what have you done?"

Jo: "I've done some canvases but what are they to you?"

There is a silence. Visibly shaken, it dawns on Ed the reality of Jo's inner pain. The silence is broken.

Ed: "You resentful about my success? I support you. We're not short of a penny. We have a good life..."

Jo is enraged and interrupts...

Jo: "NO! NO! There you go again. You don't get it do you Ed?"

Ed: "So, tell me what I am not getting?"

Jo: "You gonna listen this time?"

Ed: "Tell me!"

Jo: "I am just a muse to you. Some skivvy that cooks and cleans..."

Ed: "Cooks? Ha!"

Jo: "Listen! I am just some object of desire in your painting. A whore on the edge of a bed looking out of a window. Some stocking wearing floozy stepping out into the summer. Some usher waiting in the wings of a movie house whilst you watch the silver screen wondering whether your paintings have inspired the filmmaker."

Ed: "What's wrong with that?"

Jo: "What's wrong Ed, is that I am a person. You poke fun out of me and my art and you're still doing it. But now you're cruel."

Ed: "Yer paranoid."

Jo: "Tell me Ed. Is it me in *Evening Wind*? Naked on the bed staring out of the window of that hotel room?"

Ed: "Not that again. You know who it is."

Jo: "You only paint me you told me. I knew you in '21"

Jo starts to cry. She searches for a tissue to dry her tears.

Ed: "Look. Jo. Please stop crying. That happened over thirty years ago."

Jo: "You should have married her. The peace you crave for; well, you could have had it all with her, and I could have gone on to be a successful artist."

Ed: "You are my rock. You know me like no other."

Jo: "But why do you treat me like this. Why don't you ever want to be seen out, you know, artists do get together you know. You never take me out, anywhere!"

Jo looks down at the floor and then stares at Ed.

Ed: "Jo. What's for dinner?"