

**Satellite of Love**

by

**Julius Galacki**

- 2 PAGE DIALOGUE SAMPLE -

**CAST**

(in order of Appearance)

**CRANACH.....the ex-lover.**

**DENISE.....the wife.**

**BYRON.....the husband.**

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*(Cranach - anachronistically wearing the costume of a 16th century German painter - and Denise - attired in normal, modern clothes - stand at opposite ends of the stage. Each wears a satellite headset, i.e., a strange contraption composed of headphones with a single antenna rising up out of one side. Behind Cranach, there is an easel, paint and Lucas Cranach-like paintings and drawing in process.)*

**CRANACH**

Byron? Byron? What the fuck kind of name is that?? Huh?

**DENISE**

My husband's name, that's what kind.

**CRANACH**

Why doesn't he add "Lord" before it and smoke opium too? .... Pretentious ass.

**DENISE**

Lucas Cranach, you're being--

**CRANACH**

What does he think that it's 1810, for Christ's sakes.

**DENISE**

Cranach!

**CRANACH**

I mean, c'mon – "Byron" - that's the name you choose to replace me?

**DENISE**

I didn't choose him, Lucas. It just happened.

**CRANACH**

Oh, like some kind of accident, with no free will? *(A beat as she doesn't respond.)* He seduced you. And then you left me.

**DENISE**

I'm not going to talk to you when you get this angry.

**CRANACH**

Who's talking? I'm thinking. Can't I think when I'm alone? Is it my fault that you can still pick up my thought waves over our linked satellite headsets?

*(Byron enters in deep poetic thought. He is also dressed anachronistically, as a bohemian poet, circa 1810. He wears his smile heroically.)*

**BYRON**

The rose. The rose. *(To Denise)* My garden of earthly delights.

**CRANACH**

*(To himself.)* Idiot.

**DENISE**

Hi, love.

**BYRON**

Morning moonflower.

**CRANACH**

Oh, what a horse-shit alliteration. He calls himself a poet??