

SCENE 1. INT. IN A FRONT ROOM. NIGHT TIME.

The room is lit by the main light bulb but also the T.V. The walls are painted a coffee colour. The room is minimalist with nothing but a T.V, a red settee and Creme curtains.

There is a man sat on the settee with his pet cat watching T.V.

The man is stroking the cat and watching T.V.

SETTEE: The man sitting on the settee  
stroking a cat watching T.V...

SETTEE: it isn't me.. I am a settee

SETTEE: I could have been the man, the  
cat or the T.V. However, this is my  
poem.

SETTEE: I choose to be the settee.  
Such is the power of a poet.

man is still sat on the settee stroking his cat.