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## Scene 1

*Lights up.*

JOHN and KATE's sitting room where there is evidence of children toys, laundry etc scattered about.

It is evening time and JOHN is sitting at the table reading with a few open books in front of him.

KATE enters with a full laundry basket and proceeds to hang the children's clothing onto a clothes horse.

KATE: Are you going to your meeting tonight or not?

JOHN: Yes, yes, just finishing this poem. Listen.  
*(Reads tenderly.)* 'Strange that the urgent will in me,  
to set my mouth on hers in kisses,  
And so softly to bring together two strange sparks,  
beget another life from our lives.'

KATE: *(Sarcastically.)* Yes dear. Very nice. Written by a man of course. Sparks he says, never heard it called that before.

JOHN: *(Exasperated.)* Nice! Is that all you can say. Nice!  
I'll have you know it's one of the loveliest poems ever written as far as I'm concerned. It's called *Rose of all the World*. Just listen carefully to this bit. 'The innermost fire of my own dim soul out-spinning and whirling in blossom of flames and being upon me.'

KATE: Well, yes I suppose so, but a bit over the top innit? Sounds like he's got the hots. *(Pause.)* And I bet that