

**Art** By the way, naf li haġa antipatka, imma hawnhekk m’humieħ allowed il-mobiles. Ħu naqra paċenzja.

**Miguel** Stenna, ġifieri dil-weekend ha tkun... xi forma ta’ terapija? Din kienet is-sorpriza?

**Art** Ma jafx?

**Genevieve** I haven’t told him yet.

**Art** Imma minn dejjem kont makakka int. [*Art slaps Genevieve’s knee good naturedly and leaves his hand there.*]

**Miguel** What... what haven’t you told me?

**Art** X’nagħmlu? Ngħidulu?

**Veronica** Naħseb aħjar.

**Miguel** Genevieve?

**Art** [*removing his hand from Genevieve’s knee*] Ara, l-ewwel haġa li trid tkun taf hi li this is, first and foremost, a place to find yourself. Fil-każ tiegħek in particular, hemm bżonn li you get rid of this negative aura. Issa, jiena sibt li meta jkun hemm proċess ta’ –

**Miguel** Sorry Art, ha jkolli nkun pastaż...

**Genevieve** Miguel please...

**Miguel** U mhux vera jew?

**Genevieve** [*warning*] Miguel...

**Miguel** Ma qadtx naqla dil-hassle kollha bit-tfal biex nitla Għawdex u noqgħod nisma dal-bullshit fuq kif –

**Genevieve** [*suddenly enraged*] Miguel, for god’s sake, shut up! [*awkward silence*] I organised this especially for your birthday. Now are you going to listen to him or do we need to have words?

**Miguel** No...

**Genevieve** Are you sure?

**Miguel** Ijja. Sorry, kompli.

**Art** Ara Miguel, anke jekk int daqsxejn xettiku, nassigurak li this will be a life-changing experience for you. Trust me Miguel. Afda f’Ġesú li jridha.

**Miguel** Okay.

**Art** Aħna ngħixu f’soċjetà flimkien ma nies oħrajn u s-psyche tagħna bħala individwi m’hija xejn hlief manifestation tal-collective consciousness ta’ kulhadd. Allura l-aqwa mod biex aħna nifmu lilna nfusna, huwa billi nifmu lil dawk ta’ madwarna. Sewwa?

**Miguel** Sewwa...

**Art** Għalhekk, Veronica u jien norganizzaw dawn il-weekends fejn diversi koppji jkunu jistgħu jiġu biex jiskopru lilhom infushom billi... ‘jesploraw’ lil xulxin. *[There is a pause as everyone looks at Miguel for a reaction.]* Fhimtni Miguel?

**Miguel** Fhimtek. Bażikament ha jkolli noqgħod nikxef sormi quddiem in-nies. Hux hekk qed tghid?

**Art** Insomma... mhux sormok biss. *[He looks at Genevieve and they laugh. The doorbell rings.]* Immur jien?

**Veronica** Le, orrajt. *[Veronica moves to the door and opens it. A fierce gust of wind is heard as Emerson, an awkward-looking man wearing glasses, a fedora and orange trousers (early 30s), is revealed holding an old, worn overnight bag. He’s a lifelong nerd trying to look cool. He’s also clearly uncomfortable.]* Hello.

**Emerson** Hello... em... Ver... Ver... Veronica?

**Veronica** Iva, jien hi. Naħseb int Emerson, hux?

**Emerson** Jien hi... hu... hu... jien hu. *[He giggles nervously.]*

**Veronica** Għaddi, għaddi. Waħdek? *[Emerson enters and Veronica closes the door.]*

**Emerson** Iva.

**Veronica** Em... *[Art walks up to the door, alarmed.]*

**Art** Waħdek? X’iġifieri waħdek?

**Emerson** Le, ridt ngħid... mhux waħdi-waħdi... ġibt lil xi ħadd miegħi... kif suppost. Imma għada qed titkellem fuq il-mobile.

**Art** Emerson, nispera li mhux qed ttipprova tghaddina biż-żmien.

**Emerson** Le, le... ma tarax.

**Art** Irid ikollok partner biex tiġi hawn. No singles. Dik hija l-ewwel regola.

**Emerson** Iva, naf...

**Art** Diġà kont ikkanċellajt darbtejn dis-sena. That’s not on, sieħbi.

**Emerson** Iva, sorry... ma tantx hu faċli biex tikkonvinċi tfajla biex tiġi miegħek għal xi haġa hekk.

**Miguel** X’iġifieri ‘xi haġa hekk’?

**Emerson** Imma issa rnexxieli. Kemm qed tagħmel xi telefonati fil-karozza peress li l-mobiles m’humieqx permessi.

**Art** Okay mela, nistennewha.

**Emerson** Em... riditni nsaqsik...

**Art** Iva?

**Emerson** Meta nisswiċċjaw il-partners; inkunu fil-kmamar għalina, jew kulhadd fl-istess post... quddiem xulxin?

**Miguel** X'inhu?

**Art** Mhux dejjem l-istess. Tiddipendi fuq l-atmosfera. Imma nispera li ma qadtux tigu hawn biss għal –

**Miguel** Nisswiċċjaw il-partners?

**Art** Iva, Miguel. Imma dik hija parti żgħira biss mill-affarijiet li nagħmlu hawnhekk. L-għan ta' din il-weekend hu –

**Miguel** Ha nagħmlu s-sess ma koppji oħra? *[There is a pause as he looks at Genevieve.]*

**Genevieve** Surprise...

**Miguel** *[panicking]* Mela qed tiġġennen?

**Genevieve** U ajma Miguel, no need to be so prudish f'daqqa waħda. Mhux that's the stuff li toqgħod tara fuq l-internet?

**Miguel** Iva, imma... dak sempliċi fantasija. *[There's a knock at the door and Art goes to open it.]*

**Genevieve** Yes, and for your fortieth qed nagħmillek il-fantasija realtà. Do you know how many men would kill for something like this?

**Miguel** M'għandux x'jaqsam Genevieve. Ma tistgħax taqbad u torganizza xi haġa hekk mingħajr ma... *[A strong wind is heard as Anya (mid 30s) walks in wearing a backpack, a long flannel shirt that goes down further than her shorts. Her hair is in a braid and she's wearing sunglasses but it's clear that she's breathtakingly beautiful. She speaks in a Slavic accent.]*

**Anya** Thanks. Whoo, it's so windy today! Too much. Hello, I'm Anya. *[Everyone except Emerson stares at her dumbfounded.]*

**Art** Hello...

**Anya** This place is so nice. My god, look at that piano. *[She drops her backpack, removes her sunglasses, and goes to the piano.]* I love it.

**Art** Din hi... din hi l-partner tiegħek?

**Emerson** Iva, mela.

**Art** Żgur?

**Emerson** Mela, mela, żgur.

**Art** Emerson, m'inix ċert jekk –

**Anya** It's nice and warm in here. *[She removes her flannel shirt revealing denim shorts and a cropped top.]* This is much better.