

Art By the way, I know it's annoying but mobile phones aren't allowed here. I'm sorry.

Miguel Wait, so this weekend is going to be... some sort of therapy? Was that the big surprise?

Art He doesn't know?

Genevieve I haven't told him yet.

Art You were always a naughty one, you. [*Art slaps Genevieve's knee good naturedly and leaves his hand there.*]

Miguel What... what haven't you told me?

Art What shall we do? Shall we tell him?

Veronica I think it's best.

Miguel Genevieve?

Art [*removing his hand from Genevieve's knee*] Look, the first thing you have to know is that this is, first and foremost, a place to find yourself. You in particular need to get rid of this negative aura you have around you. Now, I've discovered that when there's a process of –

Miguel Sorry Art, I'm gonna to have to be rude here...

Genevieve Miguel please...

Miguel Well, what do you expect?

Genevieve [*warning*] Miguel...

Miguel I didn't go through that whole hassle with the kids so I can come all the way here and listen to this bullshit about –

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 Yes. Sorry, continue.

Art Look Miguel, even if you're a bit sceptical, I assure you that this will be a life-changing experience for you. Trust me Miguel. Trust this wannabe Jesus.

Miguel Okay.

Art We live in a society along with others, and our psyche as individuals is nothing but a manifestation of everyone's collective consciousness. That's why the best way to understand ourselves is by understanding those around us. You see?

Miguel Right...

Art That's why Veronica and I organise these weekends; where various couples can come to discover themselves by... exploring one another. *[There is a pause as everyone looks at Miguel for a reaction.]* Do you understand Miguel?

Miguel Yeah. Basically you want me to bare myself in front of a bunch of strangers. Isn't that what you're saying?

Art Yes. But not just that. *[He looks at Genevieve and they laugh. The doorbell rings.]* Shall I go?

Veronica No, it's fine. *[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... ah... Ver... Ver... Veronica?

Veronica Yes, I am she. You must be Emerson, right?

Emerson I am she... he... he... that's me. *[He giggles nervously.]*

Veronica Come in, come in. Are you alone? *[Emerson enters and Veronica closes the door.]*

Emerson Yes.

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

Art Alone? What do you mean alone?

Emerson No, I meant to say... not alone-alone... I brought someone with me... like I was supposed to. But she's still talking on her phone.

Art Emerson, I hope that you're not trying to pull a fast one on us.

Emerson No, no... of course not.

Art You must have a partner to come here No singles. That's the very first rule.

Emerson Yes, I know...

Art You've already booked and cancelled twice this year. That's not on, buddy.

Emerson Yes, sorry... it's not very easy convincing a girl to come with you for something like this.

Miguel What do you mean 'something like this'?

Emerson But now I managed. She's just making a couple of calls in the car since mobiles aren't allowed.

Art Okay then, we'll wait for her.

Emerson Um... she wanted me to ask...

Art Yes?

Emerson When we switch partners; would we be in separate rooms – or would everyone be in the same place... in front of each other?

Miguel Come again?

Art It's not always the same. It depends on the atmosphere. But I hope that you didn't come here just for –

Miguel Switching partners?

Art Yes, Miguel. But that's just a small part of the things that we do here. The goal of this weekend is for –

Miguel We're going to have sex with other couples? *[There is a pause as he looks at Genevieve.]*

Genevieve Surprise...

Miguel *[panicking]* Have you gone mad?

Genevieve Oh come on Miguel, no need to be so prudish all of a sudden. Isn't that the kind of stuff you like seeing on the internet?

Miguel Yes, but... that's just a fantasy. *[There's a knock at the door and Art goes to open it.]*

Genevieve Yes, and for your fortieth I'm making your fantasy a reality. Do you know how many men would kill for something like this?

Miguel That's not the point Genevieve. You can't just organise something like this without... *[A strong wind is heard as Anya (mid 30s) walks in wearing a backpack and 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 This... this is your partner?

Emerson Yes, of course.

Art You sure?

Emerson Yeah-yeah, definitely.

Art Emerson, I'm not sure if –

Anya It's nice and warm in here. *[She removes her flannel shirt revealing denim shorts and*