

ANDY. I'm sorry for intruding.
ILANA. Sorry you got wet.
ANDY. Water's water. It doesn't hurt any. Rain is sacred, that's what I say. All water is holy water.
ILANA. Yeah?
ANDY. Why not? WOW, that is just a huge bird. What is that? Is that a composite?
ILANA. Yeah. There's five pieces in there.
ANDY. It looks so alive! So eagle-like!
ILANA. It's a hawk.
ANDY. A hawk! Pouncing! *Pouncing on its prey!*
ILANA. Well, it's been GREAT talking to you, but ...
ANDY. It's just so well crafted. Really phenomenal. And I love what it does to the room! *(Ilana looks around the room and then at the bird.)*
ILANA. You like it?
ANDY. I love it.
ILANA. Well, if you can get it down, you can have it.
ANDY. The hawk? Are you serious?
ILANA. I can't get it down. And I'm sick of it.
ANDY. How'd you get it up?
ILANA. My ex-husband put it up there.
ANDY. Oh.
ILANA. Yeah.
ANDY. I'm sorry.
ILANA. Don't be. Do you want the bird?
ANDY. I love it! WOW! An Ilana Andrews Original! Where's your ladder?
ILANA. I don't have a ladder. If I had a ladder, I could get it down myself. *(Andy looks around the room.)*
ANDY. OK: If I put that ottoman on top of the couch, I think I could reach it and snip off the line. You think?
ILANA. You'll have to take off your shoes. You're going to have to dry off.
ANDY. Shoes off! *(Andy pulls his shoes off. Ilana takes a roll of paper towels and hands it to him.)*
ILANA. Here. Take as much as you need.
ANDY. Oh, wow. Thanks ... *(Andy takes a lot of paper towels, mops himself up, head to toe.)* This place is great. Just great. *(He points to a Chinese take-out box.)* Hey did you do that? That's great.

ILANA. Those are take-out boxes.
ANDY. Oh.
ILANA. Yeah, that's Szechuan beef.
ANDY. It's just that there's so many. I thought it was conceptual.
ILANA. I haven't been out in a while.
ANDY. So you've been ordering in. Chinese food. That's great. I don't like it. Allergic. MSG.
ILANA. I'm getting tired of it myself.
ANDY. Yeah, you look tired.
ILANA. Thanks. Well, I am.
ANDY. It happens, you know. People get tired. I drink tea.
ILANA. You drink tea.
ANDY. When I get tired. It relaxes and energizes me AT THE SAME TIME. Great stuff, tea. Do you have any?
ILANA. Tea? Yeah, I have tea.
ANDY. Oh, then you should drink some.
ILANA. Um. OK. Yeah.
ANDY. Are you going to make some?
ILANA. I guess. Do you ... uh ... do you want some?
ANDY. I'd love some tea. Thank you. *(He hands the large soaked wad of paper towels to Ilana. She takes it awkwardly and goes to a little kitchenette, fills two mugs with water and then puts them in the microwave. Andy looks up at the bird.)* Oh, she's a beauty. And you're a genius.
ILANA. I'm not and you don't know me.
ANDY. I know your work. I took your class on the scaled koi.
ILANA. It's a fish. Anyone can fold that.
ANDY. I can't. Still can't.
ILANA. I must not have been a very good teacher.
ANDY. You were. You were a great teacher. I know, because I'm a teacher. Calculus. High school. Heights High. *(Fist in the air, like a school cheer.)* Heights Hiiiigh!
ILANA. I have Lemon Zinger.
ANDY. Oh, that's fine. I'm a big fan of the Zingers. And by the way ... regardless. I'm sorry about your, um, the divorce. It's just difficult to be with someone and then to not be with them.
ILANA. Have you been married?
ANDY. No, never.
ILANA. Then you don't really know, do you?
ANDY. I guess not.

ILANA. No. You don't.
 ANDY. It's just that ... we heard about it at A.O. A.O. - that's "American Origami."
 ILANA. I got it.
 ANDY. And then your mail got returned to us. And you never answered email and your cell phone got disconnected ... and we got sort of worried for a second there.
 ILANA. Who was worried?
 ANDY. Well, I was. I mean ... I pretty much do everything anyhow.
 ILANA. You don't even know me.
 ANDY. I'm just saying I was worried.
 ILANA. Don't worry about me.
 ANDY. OK, I won't.
 ILANA. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!
 ANDY. OK I WON'T.
 ILANA. I am FINE. I'm fine, OK? FINE. I AM FINE.
 ANDY. OK.
 ILANA. Don't worry about me.
 ANDY. I won't.
 ILANA. I'm fine.
 ANDY. Yep.
 ILANA. You want sugar or honey?
 ANDY. Honey.
 ILANA. I don't have honey.
 ANDY. Sugar.
 ILANA. I have enough problems, I don't need the treasurer for American Origami hunting me down to give me a *brochure*.
 ANDY. It wasn't just the brochure, why I came over.
 ILANA. What else?
 ANDY. Your, um ... A.O. dues? Yearly dues? They were due December first.
 ILANA. Are you kidding me?
 ANDY. It's no big deal! It's only twenty-five dollars!
 ILANA. You came over here because I'm late on my membership dues?
 ANDY. I already paid it.
 ILANA. *You* paid my dues?
 ANDY. It wasn't a big deal! I didn't want to bother you, but, like I said, I was worried ...

ILANA. DON'T PAY MY FUCKING DUES!
 ANDY. OK! (*Ilana storms to her purse and goes to her wallet.*)
 ILANA. Twenty-five bucks? Fine. Here. Here's twenty-five bucks for AMERICAN ORIGAMI. You guys must be doing GREAT if you're shaking people down for twenty-five bucks ... (*No cash in her wallet.*) I don't have any cash. Can I write you a check?
 ANDY. Ilana, please, don't worry about it! I shouldn't even have brought it up!
 ILANA. But you did.
 ANDY. Please, just forget I said anything. (*Ilana goes to get the tea.*)
 ILANA. Unbelievable. I crawl into a hole for two months, and the only person who notices is the treasurer from American Origami. If I dropped dead tomorrow, my gravestone would read: "She owed twenty-five dollars in dues." (*She goes to him and hands him the cup.*) Here's your Lemon Zinger.
 ANDY. Thank you. This is very nice. (*Ilana goes back to her cup. She's pent up.*)
 ILANA. My dog ran off.
 ANDY. Oh ... I'm sorry.
 ILANA. I lost my dog.
 ANDY. That's tough.
 ILANA. Yeah, it's tough.
 ANDY. Have you checked the pound?
 ILANA. Shut up.
 ANDY. OK. (*They drink their tea.*)
 ILANA. He had three legs.
 ANDY. Really?
 ILANA. Yeah.
 ANDY. It's sad when dogs only have three legs.
 ILANA. He could barely walk across the kitchen floor for the past two years and then one morning he's gone. Poof. Disappeared.
 ANDY. Ah. (*They drink.*) Lemony. (*They drink.*) I count my blessings.
 ILANA. That's great. Good for you.
 ANDY. No, I literally count my blessings. I keep them in here. (*Andy goes into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small book, with a rubber band around it.*) When I think of one, I number it and add it to the list.
 ILANA. You're kidding me.
 ANDY. It's just something I do. (*He opens it, reads.*) Number one: my health. (*Looks up.*) That's pretty basic. (*Reads.*) Number 2: I can