

ILANA. My job is to devise a crease pattern for this mesh netting so that it unfolds precisely around the heart.  
SURESH. You gonna account for the heartbeat?  
ILANA. Let's hope so.  
SURESH. I mean, the heart is always pumping. *(Suresh squeezes his fist and twists it in a hard rhythm, as if it were a beating heart.)*  
ILANA. Yes, the heart is always beating, and so we're talking about some serious crease patterns. It's a matter of predictability.  
SURESH. Predictability how?  
ILANA. *(She gets a piece of paper.)* Well, for example, if I'm going to fold this ... *(She almost folds the paper, but then stops.)*  
SURESH. Yeah? What?  
ILANA. Nothing, look, why don't you fold something?  
SURESH. No, but show me what you were going to show me.  
ILANA. Later. I want to see you fold something.  
SURESH. But how are you gonna do it?  
ILANA. I'm going to figure it out.  
SURESH. How?  
ILANA. I just will.  
SURESH. Word. *(He holds his fist out for a fist bump.)*  
ILANA. What?  
SURESH. Hit it. Come on, now. Fist bump. *(She awkwardly fist bumps him.)* That's what I'm talking about. It's like our hearts bumping. Heart bump. BaDump BaDump. *(He wanders around her apartment, looking at her models. He picks up a rabbit origami piece from a shelf.)*  
ILANA. So ... Andy said you have like a senior project.  
SURESH. Who's Andy?  
ILANA. "Fro Dog."  
SURESH. Fro Dizzle.  
ILANA. He said you might want to, you know, study origami. I guess. Although I really don't know what you'd want to do here.  
SURESH. This place is crazy.  
ILANA. Yeah. It's crazy.  
SURESH. What is this, a rabbit?  
ILANA. Yeah.  
SURESH. It don't look like a rabbit.  
ILANA. Well, it's a rabbit.  
SURESH. It looks like a dog.  
ILANA. It's a rabbit, OK?

SURESH. I could fold a better rabbit than this one.  
ILANA. Then do it. *(Suresh's phone rings. He checks it and then silences it.)*  
SURESH. All I'm saying is that if you gonna be designing a mesh heart to get pumped into someone's chest, you better work on your rabbits first.  
ILANA. Thanks for the advice.  
SURESH. Do you really think this rabbit is good?  
ILANA. No, OK? That rabbit is not good. It's flawed. It lacks a rabbit essence. But we're not going to fold brilliant pieces of origami every time we sit down. We mess around with a model, we play with it, we test crease patterns, and after a few tries if we're lucky, we come out with a model that satisfies our aesthetic standards. OK? So, yeah, that rabbit sucks. So what? It's a sketching.  
SURESH. Yeah, a sketching of a dog.  
ILANA. *(Frustrated.)* It's NOT A DOG, it's a RABBIT! *(Suresh looks at her, and then goes back to studying the rabbit.)* You don't do sketchings, do you?  
SURESH. Huh?  
ILANA. You don't have to try and "figure out" a model. You just do it, isn't that right? You just see something and know how to fold it.  
SURESH. I dunno.  
ILANA. Look, I saw your models.  
SURESH. The ones Fro Dog brought over?  
ILANA. Yeah. These. Do you understand how good these are? *(Suresh shrugs.)*  
SURESH. They're not that good.  
ILANA. Yes, they are. You're very good. Will you fold something right now?  
SURESH. I don't feel like it.  
ILANA. Why are you even here?  
SURESH. Fro Dog.  
ILANA. Fro Dog WHAT?  
SURESH. He told me to come. He was really excited and everything, I guess that, you know ... You're like his hero or something. He told me to come. Fro Dog's my boy, you know? So I come.  
ILANA. What are you talking about?  
SURESH. Fro Dog said your dog ran off.  
ILANA. He told you that?

SURESH. Yeah, he was talking about it. He seemed real concerned about you and everything. Because your divorce and that your dog ran off and you're living in this place and not answering your phone and all that.

ILANA. OK, that's enough. Everyone knows a little too much about me these days.

SURESH. You check the pound? For the dog?

ILANA. Yes I checked the pound! I checked every pound every day for a month. Of course I checked the stupid pound.

SURESH. So where'd he go?

ILANA. I don't know.

SURESH. Usually you gotta keep a dog tied up.

ILANA. Oh my God ... Look, my dog was twelve years old. He had three legs, no teeth and no ears either. Wherever he ran off to, he's not alive any more. Some animals, I guess they want to die alone.

SURESH. How come he didn't have any ears?

ILANA. His previous owner cut them off with hedge clippers.

SURESH. Why?

ILANA. I don't know, because his previous owner was an abusive piece of shit. He's going to rot in hell. You traumatize a dog, you rot in hell. Simple as that.

SURESH. What about a cat?

ILANA. Fuck cats. Look, are you going to fold something or not? Because if you don't want to be here, then just leave.

SURESH. You miss him?

ILANA. My dog?

SURESH. Yeah.

ILANA. What do you think?

SURESH. I guess you must miss him.

ILANA. I do.

SURESH. Fro Dog said you got a divorce because the dog ran off.

ILANA. Fro Dog talks too much.

SURESH. Word.

ILANA. Why do you talk like that?

SURESH. Talk like what?

ILANA. The way you speak. It's incongruous.

SURESH. I talk the way I talk.

ILANA. But you talk the way you talk for a reason.

SURESH. Why do *you* talk like *that*?

ILANA. I'm just asking —

SURESH. You think I should sound Indian or something?

ILANA. Not at all.

SURESH. Then how should I sound then?

ILANA. Any way you like.

SURESH. OK, then, so this is how I like.

ILANA. Why don't you just cool it with the attitude?

SURESH. Why don't you just suck my dick?

ILANA. EXCUSE ME?!

SURESH. Talking about, *why you talk black like that?* Racist.

ILANA. Fuck you.

SURESH. I don't have to talk any way I don't want to talk, bitch.

ILANA. Did you just call me a bitch?

SURESH. Yeah, bitch, I called you a bitch.

ILANA. GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY STUDIO!

SURESH. Fine!

ILANA. Leave! *(Suresh's phone starts ringing.)*

SURESH. You gotta relax. *(Phone still rings.)*

ILANA. Just get out of here. *(Phone rings. Suresh looks at it.)*

SURESH. I gotta take this.

ILANA. Take it outside! I'm serious ... *(He answers it. Everything about his voice and manner changes. He turns away from Ilana, not wanting her to see or hear this.)*

SURESH. Hi Dad. What's wro...? Where's Rahel? Dad, just ... *(Beat.)* Go into the freezer. There's some chicken in a ziplock. Just take it out and put it in the sink. *(Beat.)* I'm taking care of it, OK? *(Beat.)* I know you're hungry. I know. In the freezer. The SINK. No nothings going to happen it's going to defrost. I'm coming home now. We'll eat. OK? OK. Bye Dad. *(He hangs up.)* I gotta go. *(They look at each other.)* I'm sorry I told you to suck my dick. That shit is disrespectful. *(Ilana doesn't know what to say to him.)* I'm out. *(He starts to leave.)*

ILANA. You cook?

SURESH. Huh?

ILANA. You're cooking dinner tonight?

SURESH. I cook dinner every night. How many times you gonna have to sketch out that mesh heart before it's ready.

ILANA. As many times as it takes.

SURESH. What if it doesn't work?

ILANA. I don't know. I hope it does.