

SURESH. No it didn't.

ILANA. Yes it does. Yes it does, see, you have this intense vision but you don't understand why you're folding what you are. How you made their heads. The way their heads turned away.

SURESH. It's better to give a bird something to do.

ILANA. It meant something. You wouldn't have done it if it didn't mean anything.

SURESH. For you.

ILANA. Yes, for me. For that man. For everyone who was there watching you fold those birds and not speaking, not saying anything. When you fold paper, Suresh, people watch. They can't take their eyes off of you. And then when you fold something like those birds ... it touches people.

SURESH. You're so stupid.

ILANA. Why? Why am I so stupid?

SURESH. Kids fold doves. They go there at the epicenter and fold doves. For *peace*. Or whatever.

ILANA. Yeah. And you unfolded them and folded these ravens.

SURESH. So, they've already been folded as something else, they have weird creases in wrong places. It gives them a wrinkled texture. They look old or something.

ILANA. They looked more than old. They looked ... Distraught. They looked heartbroken.

SURESH. (*Angry.*) They looked hungry, OK? Not distraught, not sad, just fucking hungry.

ILANA. OK OK ...

SURESH. I tried to fold the stupid things to make them look hungry.

ILANA. Why?

SURESH. I don't know why! Because the birds have nothing to eat. There's nothing there to eat, nothing there to feed them or, what, I don't know. I don't know, it's stupid, it's fucking retarded. I'm so sick of this origami shit.

ILANA. Why? Why are you so angry?

SURESH. This is the stupidest shit in the world. Doves. And paper cranes. And a whole conference and everything, all just for origami. What a waste of time.

ILANA. It's not a waste of time.

SURESH. Whatever. Like you even fold anyhow. I've never seen you fold a single thing. Supposed to be your apprentice or some-

thing, and what have you even taught me or shown me? Nothing. Don't talk to me about how awesome origami is if you can't even fold one piece of stupid paper. (*They are silent for a moment. Suresh stares out the window. Long beat. Ilana watches him as he stares out the window.*) My mom got hit by a car. That's how she died.

ILANA. I know.

SURESH. Those kids fold doves as if it means anything. It doesn't mean anything. And I'm at the epicenter today and I fold some stupid birds and everyone acts like I did something profound or meaningful, but it's not, it's not profound, it doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean anything except that I know how to fold paper. Fuck all this. I'm serious. Fuck all this. (*Ilana picks up a square piece of folding paper from the bed, looks at it.*)

ILANA. Look at this. Look at this paper. It has no memory, it's just flat. But fold it, even once, and suddenly it remembers something. And then with each fold, another memory, another experience and they build up to make something complicated. The paper must forget that it was ever flat, ever a simple square. It probably can't remember it's still in one piece. Probably feels like too many things have happened to it. It's all twisted into something so far from what it used to be. I guess it could unfold and become flat again. But it would never be what it was. When it was untouched. Folds leave scars.

SURESH. Show me your fist. (*Ilana puts her fist in Suresh's hand around it.*) Tomorrow, we should check out the fish.

ILANA. We should. (*He holds her fist.*)

SURESH. Your heart's not beating. (*Ilana starts squeezing her fist like a heart, like Suresh did. Suresh takes her fist in both hands. He holds her fist and then kisses it. He looks at her and leans in and kisses her.*) I'm sorry.

ILANA. No ...

SURESH. I just ... I don't know.

ILANA. It's OK. (*Beat. They look at each other.*)

SURESH. Can I kiss you again?

ILANA. I don't know. No.

SURESH. Why not?

ILANA. You don't want to kiss me.

SURESH. Yeah I do. (*He kisses her again.*) This city is crazy. (*He tries to kiss her again. But she backs away. She takes his face in her hands and she kisses his forehead.*) I'm sorry ... I ...