

still go bowling, even with my elbow. Number one thousand, nine hundred and forty-three: I like teaching and am good at teaching. Number two thousand, eight hundred and forty-five: It's quiet and warm in my apartment in the morning and I always can have a cup of tea and look out my window. *(Looks up.)* I mean, that's a blessing! That's an honest-to-goodness blessing!

ILANA. Right.

ANDY. *(Reads.)* Number three thousand, nine hundred and seventy-one: Turkey Jerky. *(Looks up.)* TURKEY JERKY! *(He flips through.)* I'm at seven thousand, nine hundred and four right now. Seven thousand, nine hundred and four blessings counted.

ILANA. You've counted seven thousand blessings. How long did that take?

ANDY. I started when I was twelve. I had a fortune cookie. It said: Count your blessings.

ILANA. You're very literal, aren't you?

ANDY. Sometimes they get repeated, but that's OK, I say. *(He looks back in his book.)* Oh, listen to this one. Number five thousand, eight hundred and forty-eight: *Folding What I Lost* by Ilana Andrews.

ILANA. My book.

ANDY. Yep!

ILANA. My book is one of your blessings.

ANDY. It's my favorite book. One of them, anyway. My favorite origami book. I love that book, oh mister, yes I do. I've only read it about two hundred times! I keep extra copies around just to give it to people who I like. I say: Just read this. You don't even have to fold to like this book.

ILANA. *(Sighs.)* I love that origami book.

ANDY. *(Reads.)* Number one hundred and twenty-six: origami.

ILANA. Origami.

ANDY. Number one hundred and twenty-seven: the way I feel when I am folding. *(Ilana knows what he's talking about for the first time. They look at each other. Then Andy goes back to the book.)* Here's another one about your book. Number five thousand, nine hundred and sixty-two: folding Ilana's models which are the things she's lost in her life and reading her little essays about them. They are like little poems. Folding things I never lost and it makes me think about losing things I never even had. And it is sad, but a good sad, like melancholy. And then I have the next one: Number

five thousand, nine hundred and sixty-three: melancholy. *(Looks up.)* I think I was thinking that melancholy is kind of a blessing, because it's not a serious sadness, it's more like a sweet sadness and it's nice to have some melancholy and read something nice or listen to music or to fold. If I wrote a book, maybe I'd call it *Melancholy Folding* or something. Not that I'd ever write a book, being that I don't write and I don't fold well enough to write a book on it, but I guess I sometimes think about it anyhow, sort of like a harmless fantasy. Boy, I'm talking a lot. I'm sorry. Sometimes I talk and I forget to stop. Sorry. I'll shut up. *(Awkward silence. Andy looks*

*at the bird.)* I can really have done that.  
ILANA. If you can get it down. *(Andy looks around the room. Andy puts his little book on a table. He picks up the ottoman and puts it on the couch.)*

ANDY. It's like making a fort!

ILANA. Nah. A fort.

ANDY. *(Striking the bird.)* Let's see ... let's see ... Scissors?

ILANA. Right over there. *(He gets them.)*

ANDY. Will you spot me?

ILANA. Yeah. *(Andy climbs on the couch and then the ottoman.)*

ANDY. Don't let me fall.

ILANA. I won't. *(Andy puts the string and the bird falls.)*

ANDY. YES! BIG TIME YES! *(He gets down. He puts the ottoman back. He picks up the bird.)* Non-freaking-tastic. *(He looks at her. He smiles like a kid.)* Thank you.

ILANA. It's fine. It's fine. It's ...

ANDY. What?

ILANA. Nothing, I ... *(Forcing herself.)* Thank you for reading my book.

ANDY. I love your book! Thank you for writing it!

ILANA. OK.

ANDY. Can I ask you something?

ILANA. OK.

ANDY. How did you get the idea for it?

ILANA. I don't know. I just did.

ANDY. You "just did." WOW. WOW.

ILANA. I mean ... *(Beat.)* When I was thirteen, I had this sort of medallion of a dragonfly, it was made out of pieces of volcanic glass. It hung in my bedroom window and it was like my favorite thing. But when my family moved, I lost it. I was so upset. I was