1. "Even Butterflies Aren't Perfect"

LOUISA: Cora, I want to know. How are you doing, really?

CORA: Like, how many sausages and pancakes did I pile on

from the all-you can eat breakfast buffet?

LOUISA: Well, why not? It's your special day!

CORA: The Riptide. I asked you for one small thing - to help me write my wedding vows – yet here I am, trying on overpriced shaming suits.

LOUISA: Not just a wedding, but a gigantic swim party. Like you said, if you don't go in that outdated and moldy-looking pool, no one else will.

CORA: Online, it was blue, blue, blue. In person, it looks more like an acid bath for zombies.

LOUISA: Of all the places for a wedding -

(CORA emerges)

CORA: (Brandishing her cell phone.) Check it out: The Drowned Mermaid and The Shipwrecked. They were nice, too, but this one was the cheapest.

LOUISA: I offered to contribute. With more time, I could have found you something charming by the sea. This one's in a parking lot –

CORA: Then it would be what you wanted. At least, when I make a bad choice, I own it. Not like some people –

LOUISA: What about this one? It's a classic. Almost like something I would wear.

(CORA disappears behind the curtain.)

CORA: Oh please. It reminds one of those tiny napkins underneath a bite-sized hors d'oevres at one of your corporate events. The ones you never invite me to.

LOUISA: That's it. No more! At least you can say you were standing on solid ground.

CORA: And that no one drowned. Yeah. I know it's sounds stupid, but I really, really wanted a swim-wedding. I guess I messed it all up, again.

2. "Mojave Lift"

BOYCE: I always knew you were going to be... exceptional.

DIXON: You paused.

BOYCE: I needed to find the right word.

DIXON: There another word you were gonna use? **BOYCE**: You tell me. (Pause.) God-fucking-dammit, Dixon. You never escaped the inland empire? You were the golden-boy, I was the hanger on. You were supposed to be walking the steps of the capital in 10-thousand dollar shoes. What kind of shoes you wearing, Dixon?

DIXON: I don't care, as long as they don't leave footprints.

BOYCE: I know. 'Cause I tried to find you. (Beat.) A lot of people have been trying to find you.

DIXON: But you did. (Beat.) Good for you, Boyce. I mean that. Good for you.

BOYCE: I've really missed you, brother.

DIXON: Yeah.

BOYCE: Dixon. (Pause.) I really looked up to you in high school.

DIXON: Yeah. I won't forget that.

BOYCE: You have the right to remain silent.

DIXON: I know the speech.

BOYCE: I still gotta say it, brother. (*Silence*.) You know, let's just finish this round first.

3. "Chances of Winning"

DANNY: Where you been?

LILY: I got you some beers...and dinner.

Danny sniffs the air.

DANNY: Chicken again? **LILY**: You love Señor Pollo.

DANNY: Sides?

LILY: Uh huh. And churros.

DANNY: Refried?

LILY: Black beans and rice.

DANNY: Goddamnit! I like refried.

LILY: I'm sorry, Danny.

DANNY: Whatever. What took you so long?

LILY: I made a stop on the way. **DANNY**: What kind of stop?

LILY: Just a stop. **DANNY**: A stop.

LILY: Yeah, Danny. A. Stop.

DANNY: Uh huh. That what you wore to work today?

LILY: Yeah...

DANNY: Like that? **LILY**: Like what?

DANNY: Like that! With your tits all hanging out on display.

LILY: Oh! (*Lily hurriedly buttons-up*). **DANNY**: Oh, now you button up?

LILY: I'm sorry, Danny. I didn't know I...Do you want me to...?

DANNY: I don't care what you do.

LILY: Just won't stay buttoned, that's all.

DANNY: Maybe lay off the churros and all that other crap you

eat. You weigh yourself lately?

LILY: I poured you a shot, babe. You want a beer?

DANNY: I'll bet all the doc's patients like taking a good long

look at your rack, huh?

LILY: Oh, Danny, they don't...

DANNY: They're guys, right? Right?!

4. "Hilltop"

ABBY: You mean reincarnation?

MARGOT: Yeah.

ABBY: A tree. A sky-touching cedar. It provides shade, food,

shelter, oxygen. It's life itself.

MARGOT: Hmmmm. Nice.

ABBY: And you?

MARGOT I'd come back as a cockroach.

ABBY: A what?

MARGOT: Well, cockroaches will be the only thing left when

we humans destroy this earth.

ABBY: That's a bit dark. Even darker than putting "Stage 4"

on your dating profile.

MARGOT: Hey, I thought it might attract the guys who aren't

looking for a long-term commitment.

ABBY: A pileated woodpecker! I love their little red hats.

Woody Woodpecker! Such a distinctive call.

MARGOT: And rata-tat-tat as they pound holes in your house. ... Abby, thanks for never giving me crazy treatment advice or saying I'm a warrior and all that crap. And mostly, thanks for just listening — and making me laugh.

ABBY: You're welcome. ... Why are you saying this now?

MARGOT: I got my scan results.... On the bright side, I won't have to buy a Christmas present this year for my obnoxious brother-in-law

5. "Buffaloed"

THOMAS: I have to get going. I have tasks at home. (They continue to sit) Maybe you should open the barn, sir. If of a sudden he makes his mind up to take his escape he can git — with no trouble.

VIRGIL CARL: No. If he trampled Cora's kitchen garden there would be no living with her. He got in that barn, he can figure his own way out.

OAK BENTLY: Think about it, Virgil Carl. If that big ol' boy stays he might be there a year. My missus' ma stayed with us a month once. Worst month of my long lifetime. But truth to tell, I'd rather have her naggin', gnarly self then have that buffalo in my barn.

VIRGIL CARL: Really.

OAK BENTLY: No, of course not. I was trying to make a point.

(CORA appears)

CORA: Are you going to stay, Thomas? It's no extra trouble. I have sweet corn with butter, sweet potato pone, and the turtle soup. We can eat a late supper if we're all still alive.

THOMAS: No, thank you Cora. And Thank you, Oak, for lending me the horse. But I should get going. I have tasks at home. (THOMAS exits with hesitation, truly tempted by the turtle soup)

OAK BENTLY: I will return tomorrow. I wish you both well, and I hope that buffalo mends his itinerant ways.

CORA: Goodnight, Oak. *(OAK exits.)* You shouldn't be mean to that boy, Virgil Carl.

VIRGIL CARL: That was just funnin'. Not mean.

CORA: Oak was about to get mean.

VIRGIL CARL: Somewhere else. Not here.

CORA: I suppose. (Beat) You don't have any idea what you're going to do, do you?

VIRGIL CARL: No, ma'am, I don't. Not the foggiest, feeblest notion.

6. "First Time Carmen"

MIKEL: (approaches ANGIE, clears throat). 'scuse me. (beat, louder now) Excuse me?

ANGIE: (removes ear buds, slowly) Hi.

MIKEL: Oh, "hi". Um, you're a little early, aren't you? The show doesn't start for another (looks at watch) hour and a half, did you –

ANGIE: I wanted to get here early – needed to really. The "atmosphere" and all that. Soaking it in.

MIKEL: "Soaking it in"?

ANGIE: The full experience. The seats, the stage, the velvet red carpet, the chandeliers....(looking up)

MIKEL: (looks up now) You came for the chandeliers?

ANGIE: Just...everything –

MIKEL: (looks around, nervously) Well, I mean -

ANGIE: I know, I know, it's all so... so.... Well, it's even more than I expected. I've watched opera on-line and on TV, and always wondered what it would be like. The audience always looks so excited, so elegant, like they're at a coronation and —

MIKEL: A coronation?? (beat) Look, I like opera too, but you really shouldn't be here at this hour. Did you go through security, or – (looks around for help)

ANGIE: Snuck in.

MIKEL: *(beat)* You snuck into the Metropolitan Opera House?!?

ANGIE: (offended) I have a ticket you know! My auntie bought it for me. A good ticket, too, because this is my favorite opera - Carmen. (beat) La mia opera preferita. It's ...

MIKEL: Um, Carmen is in French, you know that, right?

7. "Lesser Known Snakes of the Bayou"

HOST: And so, on Day 37 of Escape the Bayou, our men's team come to blows once again. Meanwhile, the women face morale issues of their own... (Natalie lying on her back, with Liz on her hands and knees nearby.)

NATALIE: I WANT TO DIIIIIIIIIIEEEEE!!!

LIZ: No, no, no, Natalie! We've got this! We are NOT quitting now!

NATALIE: I am cold. I am hungry. I am wet. I am done! Do what you want, this ends right here for me.

LIZ: Come on, girl! We have to finish this together.

NATALIE: I can't! I am SO freaking hungry! I need a sandwich! Wait a minute! Where's that damn cameraman?

LIZ: He's way over there. Hiding behind one of those white beech trees. Not very well.

NATALIE: I'll bet he has food! Think about it – he's got to have something.... He's probably got, like, waffles!

LIZ: (Laughing) Yeah, he's probably got a table all set up with a toaster, maple syrup, hot coffee on the side....

NATALIE: OK, OK, but I'll bet he has a sandwich! Some chips, maybe? You have that knife, right? We can sneak up on him-

LIZ: Whoa, hang on there! His name is Taylor, remember? We're not killing Taylor, now, are we?

NATALIE: Ah man, where's he going?

LIZ: See? He's heard us through that big mic. You scared him. SORRY TAYLOR! WE'RE NOT GOING TO ATTACK YOU! JUST... GETTING A LITTLE HANGRY HERE!

NATALIE: Well, let's just follow him! He has food, he has dry socks, he knows where we're supposed to go. I'm done wandering in this reeking swamp!

LIZ: Natalie, we're almost done! Two more miles and we'll be back to the clearing! Think of what you can do with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

HOST: Congratulations, ladies!!! You've done it! You have officially ESCAPED THE BAYOU! Amazing work, Team Flamingo!

(Liz and Natalie celebrate, hugging each other, hugging the host. As they start to calm down, they look around in increasing confusion.)

8. "Time for a Chat"

CHAT GTP: (With the voice, of an old-timey Carpetbagger/ Snake-oil Salesman) Well now, madam, I must say, it looks like you have a lot of papers to grade there.

TEACHER: Eighty-five, to be exact. This will take more hours than I can count.

CHAT GTP: That many? Unbelievable! How will you get them all done?

TEACHER: I don't know...I really don't... There aren't enough hours in the day...the weekend is coming up...I could work all day Saturday and all day Sunday.— I'm just so tired...

CHAT GTP: Well now, I can certainly understand that. You and your loving husband deserve to have time together. Your children are grown, I imagine?

TEACHER: My what? Yes... Worse comes to worse, I could use my sick time to grade papers. But that's even more work, coming up with the sub plans...

(GTP: waits patiently).

CHAT GTP: Well, now, it seems like a loving wife and mother such as yourself has earned the right to take a break. All that grading...and for what? (Beat) You know, I could make all of that tedious grunt work literally disappear.

TEACHER: Excuse me?

CHAT GTP: Why, I could have all of those essays graded in a couple of minutes.

TEACHER: Really? You could? What do you mean?

CHAT GTP: I mean, I wrote most of them.

TEACHER: What are you talking about? Wait.... Have we met?

CHAT GTP: No we have not, but I do not exaggerate when I say I am the answer to your prayers.

TEACHER: That's funny...you don't look like George Clooney.

CHAT GTP: I haven't introduced myself, ma'am. I am CHAT GTP!

TEACHER: Are you serious? Are you freaking kidding me right now? Oooooh, do I have a bone to pick with you!

CHAT GTP: A bone? Wait...oh yes I see... an antiquated idiom used to express a desire for retribution.

9. "Space or Time"

WOMAN: Welcome to the afterlife.

MAN: The... afterlife? (beat) You mean, I'm ...

WOMAN: That is correct. You are dead. You probably have a lot of questions about how you got here...

MAN: I do! I do! How did I die? Is this heaven? Is this hell? Why am I wearing this jumpsuit?

WOMAN: ...None of which will be answered.

MAN: There must be some mistake. This has to be some elaborate prank.

WOMAN: This is not a prank. You have died. You may submit a request for further information about your particular death upon completion of your questionnaire.

MAN: Questionnaire? What questionnaire? What is happening?

WOMAN: Kindly make your selection in order to move on to the next phase.

MAN: Next phase? No! No! I don't want to move on to the next phase. I want to live.

WOMAN: I'm sorry. Living is no longer an option.

WOMAN: Please answer the questionnaire provided. You may take as long as you like. It's an important decision and there is no rush.

MAN: Well it feels like you're rushing me. What's so important?

WOMAN: You must choose from option one or option two on the form in front of you.

MAN: In front of... (picks up the paper, reads out loud).

MAN: Option one: Travel through space; Option two: Travel through time (beat) That's it? What does this even mean? What am I choosing?

WOMAN: You are choosing how you'd like to spend eternity.

10. "Barking Mad and the Exit"

ALEX: And to make matters worse, my wife brought home a dog. A puppy. A little black lab. Kind of like our first kid before we have kids sort of thing.

THERAPIST: Okay. And...

ALEX: And it hates me! Hides from me. I never see it. It's always hiding under a bed or in a closet or... Who knows where?

THERAPIST: It's afraid of you?

ALEX: Yeah, probably. I don't know. Might have the same dream my wife has.

THERAPIST: What dream is that?

ALEX: That I'm a hitman.

THERAPIST: Your wife dreams that you're a hitman?

ALEX: Uh-huh. And I kill her.

THERAPIST: When did this start?

ALEX: After we got our dog. Couple weeks ago.

THERAPIST: Hmmm.

ALEX: It's awful. If I had more than ten minutes, I'd go into it.

THERAPIST: Summarize it for me.

ALEX: She's mentioned divorce.

THERAPIST: Divorce?

ALEX: She's mentioned it. Says she can't be with someone who kills people.

THERAPIST: But it's only a dream.

ALEX: She says it's VEEERRY realistic.

THERAPIST: Tell me about the dream.

ALEX: We're at Disneyland. We're talking. Having fun. We go on a ride. She buys a balloon. BUT it's a trap! I'm a hitman and I kill her. Then I pop the balloon...