

NOTES ON SELECTED MONOLOGUES FROM 'LAST GAS' BY JOHN CARIANI:

All characters are to be interpreted to be talking at a camera/interviewer for the duration of the monologue. Each monologue has their character name attached to them (as referenced in the play), but should be approached *devoid* of **gender**. Lines with [brackets] are things inferred by the character, but not said out loud.

NAT

Yeah! I'm all right! I'm ... more'n all right! Haven't felt this all right in a long time. 'Cause I got somethin' to feel all right about in this world. And I want you to meet her. Lurene Legassey is her name. Well, Lu. Soloway. Is her name now. She's visitin' town and you're gonna meet her tomorrow. She's comin' by tomorrow afternoon. We're gonna have more fun like we did tonight. 'Cause she loves me, you know. She does, always has. And I love her. Oh, yeah! I do! Much as any man ever loved a woman! So much that ... well, I'm thinkin' that I might need to go see her right now and show her just how much I love her. 'Cause we just had such a fun time tonight, and I was bein' a gentleman after all the fun we had, but I'm not feelin' like bein' much of a gentleman right now, if you know what I mean, So I think I might just need to go finish what we started earlier in the evenin'.

CHERRY-TRACY

Well, got some unfortunate activity goin' on: Fatality on Route 11. Black Ice. Dark night. Moose. Massachusetts plates. Those jeezless people aren't qualified to be here, in my book. Moose are comin' out from a long winter, and they don't know to look for 'em. Next thing they know, their spiffy little car's goin' right under moose. Take the top of their vehicle off and their head right with it. And they never see it comin', 'Cause it gets dark up here. People from away don't understand that. One of the last places in the country where it gets dark like this. Read it in my National Geographic. If the Pilgrims landed, say, just a few miles west of here right now, it'd be as dark here at night as it was in 16-when-ever-they -landed-20. True Dark, they call it (*Beat.*) Funny thing, darkness: It's not there, but you can't see through it. You ever think about that? Only way you can see what's goin' on in it is if you shine a light. But ... by the time you shine a light ... well. You only see the leftovers of what was goin' on in it. 'Cause it's not dark anymore. Makes you wonder what you're missin' out on, In all the True Dark we got up here.

LURENE

Needed to do my thing? I needed to do my thing with you! School was hard! I needed you to help me get through it! That was the plan! You'd come down and help me ... and then ... I was gonna take you places, remember? (*Little beat.*) But you didn't come down and help me. You didn't do anything. You never showed up, never called, never returned my calls. You just ... disappeared. And that ... wasn't easy to forgive. But I did it. I figured out how to do that. But ... I couldn't forget. And it's not ... forgive and remember, right? So ... how 'bout ... I forget now. It's forgotten, okay? And forgiven. 'Cause you are still [*just the greatest thing*] ... For some reason, I could never stop hoping that you and me -- I always hoped that we'd [*figure out a way to be together*] ...