

RENT: THE MUSICAL

Book, Music, Lyrics by Jonathan Larson
may he be friggen worshiped!

I, obviously own nothing. And I didn't write out the scrip.
Yeah, yeah... You know the deal. It's from [here](#).

(The audience enters in the theatre to discover a stage bare of curtains. At stage left looms a metal sculpture intended to represent: [a] a totem pole/Christmas tree that stands in an abandoned lot, [b] a wood burning stove with a snaky chimney that is at the center of MARK and ROGER's loft apartment, and [c] in Act II, a church steeple. On stage the five-musician band performs under a wooden platform surrounded by railing. The wooden platform has a staircase on the upstage side. Downstage left is a black, waist-high rail fence. Once the audience is in the theatre, CREW and BAND MEMBERS move about informally onstage in preparation for Act I).

ROGER DAVIS, carrying an electric guitar, enters upstage left and crosses to a guitar amp sitting on a chair at center stage. He casually plugs his guitar into the amp and adjusts levels, then crosses downstage and sits on the table.

After a few chords, the COMPANY, led by MARK COHEN, enters from all directions and fills the stage. MARK sets up a small tripod and a 16mm movie camera downstage center, aimed upstage. He addresses the audience.)

INTRO

MARK

We begin on Christmas Eve with me, Mark, and my roommate, Roger. We live in an industrial loft on the corner of 11th street and Avenue B, the top floor of what was once a music publishing factory. Old rock 'n' roll posters hang on the walls. They have Roger's picture advertising gigs at CBGB's and the Pyramid Club. We have an illegal wood burning stove; its exhaust pipe crawls up to a skylight. All of our electrical appliances are plugged into one thick extension cord which snakes its way out a window. Outside, a small tent city has sprung up in the lot next to our building. Inside, we are freezing because we have no heat.

(He turns the camera to ROGER)

Smile!

TUNE UP #1

MARK

December 24th, Nine PM
Eastern Standard Time
From here on in
I shoot without a script
See if anything comes of it
Instead of my old shit
First shot -- Roger
Tuning the Fender guitar
He hasn't played in a year

ROGER

This won't tune

MARK

So we hear
He's just coming back
From half a year of withdrawal

ROGER

Are you talking to me?

MARK

Not at all
Are you ready? Hold that focus -- steady
Tell the folks at home what you're doing Roger ...

ROGER

I'm writing one great song --

MARK

The phone rings.

ROGER

Saved!

MARK

We screen
Zoom in on the answering machine!

(An actor places a telephone on a chair and we see MARK'S MOM in a special light.)

VOICE MAIL #1

ROGER & MARK'S OUTGOING MESSAGE

"Speak" ... ("Beeeeeep!")

MOM

That was a very loud beep
I don't even know if this is working
Mark -- Mark -- are you there
Are you screening your calls --
It's mom
We wanted to call and say we love you
And we'll miss you tomorrow
Cindy and the kids are here -- send their love
Oh, I hope you like the hot plate
Just don't leave it on, dear
When you leave the house
Oh, and Mark
We're sorry to hear that Maureen dumped you
I say c'est la vie
So let her be a lesbian...
There are other fishies in the sea
... Love Mom!

(Lights fade on MOM and answering machine.)

TUNE UP #2

MARK

Tell the folks at home what you're doing Roger

ROGER

I'm writing one great song

MARK

The phone rings

ROGER

Yesss!

MARK
We screen

ROGER & MARK'S ANSWERING MACHINE
"Speak" ... ("Beeeeeep!")

(Lights fade up on the street: the front-door area of MARK and ROGER's building. Nearby is a battered public pay phone. TOM COLLINS stands at the phone.)

COLLINS
"Chestnuts roasting -"

ROGER & MARK
(as MARK picks up the phone)
Collins!

COLLINS
I'm downstairs

MARK
Hey!

COLLINS
Roger picked up the phone?

MARK
No, it's me

COLLINS
Throw down the key

(MARK pulls out a small leather pouch and drops it off the apron downstage center as if from a window; a weighted leather pouch plops down from "upstairs." COLLINS catches it.)

MARK
A wild night is now pre-ordained

(Two THUGS appear from above, with clubs. They are obviously close to attacking COLLINS, who says back into the phone...)

COLLINS
I may be detained

(THUGS mime beating and kicking COLLINS, who falls to the ground as lights on him fade)

MARK

What does he mean...?

(Phone rings again)

What do you mean "detained"?

(Lights come up on BENNY, who's on a cellular phone.)

BENNY

Ho ho ho

MARK & ROGER

Benny! Shit

BENNY

Dudes, I'm on my way

MARK & ROGER

Great! Fuck

BENNY

I need the rent

MARK

What rent?

BENNY

This past year's rent which I let slide

MARK

Let slide? You said we were 'golden'

ROGER

When you bought the building

MARK

When we were roommates

ROGER

Remember - you lived here!?

BENNY

How could I forget?

You, me, Collins and Maureen

How is the drama queen?

MARK

She's performing tonight

BENNY

I know

Still her production manager?

MARK

Two days ago I was bumped

BENNY

You still dating her?

MARK

Last month I was dumped

ROGER

She's in love

BENNY

She's got a new man?

MARK

Well -- no

BENNY

What's his name?

BOTH

Joanne

BENNY

Rent, my amigos, is due

Or I will have to evict you

Be there in a few

(ROGER defiantly picks out Musetta's theme from Puccini's La Boheme on the electric guitar. The fuse blows on the amp)

MARK

The power blows

RENT

(The COMPANY bursts into a flurry of movemen. Then everyone except MARK and ROGER freezes in a group upstage)

MARK

How do you document real life

When real life is getting more

Like fiction each day

Headlines -- bread-lines
Blow my mind
And now this deadline
"Eviction -- or pay"
Rent!

ROGER
How do you write a song
When the chords sound wrong
Though they once sounded right and rare
When the notes are sour
Where is the power
You once had to ignite the air

MARK
And we're hungry and frozen

ROGER
Some life that we've chosen

TOGETHER
How we gonna pay
How we gonna pay
How we gonna pay
Last year's rent

MARK
We light candles

ROGER
How do you start a fire
When there's nothing to burn
And it feels like something's stuck in your flue

MARK
How can you generate heat
When you can't feel your feet

BOTH
And they're turning blue!

MARK
You light up a mean blaze

(ROGER grabs one of his own posters)

ROGER
With posters-

(MARK grabs old manuscripts)

MARK

And screenplays

ROGER & MARK

How we gonna pay

How we gonna pay

How we gonna pay

Last year's rent

(Lights go down on the loft and go up on JOANNE JEFFERSON, who's at the pay phone)

JOANNE

(On phone)

Don't screen, Maureen

It's me -- Joanne

Your substitute production manager

Hey hey hey! (Did you eat?)

Don't change the subject Maureen

But darling -- you haven't eaten all day

You won't throw up

You won't throw up

The digital delay ---

Didn't blow up (exactly)

There may have been one teeny tiny spark

You're not calling Mark

COLLINS

How do you stay on your feet

When on every street

It's 'trick or treat'

(And tonight it's 'trick')

'Welcome back to town'

Oh, I should lie down

Everything's brown

And uh -- oh

I feel sick

MARK

(At the window)

Where is he?

COLLINS

Getting dizzy

(He collapses.)

MARK & ROGER

How we gonna pay
How we gonna pay
How we gonna pay
Last year's rent

(MARK and ROGER stoke the fire. Crosscut to BENNY's Range Rover)

BENNY
(On cellular phone)
Alison baby -- you sound sad
I don't believe those two after everything I've done
Ever since our wedding I'm dirt -- They'll see
I can help them all out in the long run

(Three locales: JOANNE at the pay phone, MARK and ROGER in their loft, and COLLINS on the ground. The following is sung simultaneously)

BENNY
Forces are gathering
Forces are gathering
Can't turn away
Forces are gathering

COLLINS
Ughhhhh--
Ughhhhh--
Ughhhhh-- I can't think
Ughhhhh--
Ughhhhh--
Ughhhhh-- I need a drink

MARK (reading from a script page)
"The music ignites the night with passionate fire"

JOANNE
Maureen -- I'm not a theatre person

ROGER
"The narration crackles and pops with incendiary wit"

JOANNE
Could never be a theatre person

MARK
Zoom in as they burn the past to the ground

JOANNE (realizing she's been cut off)
Hello?

MARK & ROGER
And feel the heat of the future's glow

JOANNE
Hello?

(The phone rings in the loft. MARK picks it up)

MARK
(On phone)
Hello? Maureen?
--Your equipment won't work?
Okay, all right, I'll go!

MARK & HALF THE COMPANY
How do you leave the past behind
When it keeps finding ways to get to your heart
It reaches way down deep and tears you inside out
Till you're torn apart
Rent!

ROGER & OTHER HALF OF COMPANY
How can you connect in an age
Where strangers, landlords, lovers
Your own blood cells betray

ALL
What binds the fabric together
When the raging, shifting winds of change
Keep ripping away

BENNY
Draw a line in the sand
And then make a stand

ROGER
Use your camera to spar

MARK
Use your guitar

ALL
When they act tough - you call their bluff

MARK & ROGER
We're not gonna pay

MARK & ROGER W/HALF THE COMPANY
We're not gonna pay

MARK & ROGER W/OTHER HALF OF COMPANY

We're not gonna pay

ALL

Last year's rent

This year's rent

Next year's rent

Rent rent rent rent rent

We're not gonna pay rent

ROGER & MARK

'Cause everything is rent

YOU OKAY HONEY? (The street)

(The street in front of the pay phone. A HOMELESS MAN appears above on the right. Across the stage, ANGEL DUMOTT SCHUNARD is seated on the Christmas tree sculpture, with a plastic pickle tub balanced like a drum between his knees)

A HOMELESS MAN

Christmas bells are ringing

Christmas bells are ringing

Christmas bells are ringing

Somewhere else!

Not here

(The HOMELESS MAN exits. ANGEL gets a good beat going on the tub, but is interrupted by a moan. He starts to drum again and sees COLLINS limp to downstage-left proscenium)

ANGEL

You okay honey?

COLLINS

I'm afraid so

ANGEL

They get any money?

COLLINS

No

Had none to get

But they purloined my coat

Well you missed a sleeve! - Thanks

ANGEL
Hell, it's Christmas Eve
I'm Angel

COLLINS
Angel..? Indeed
An angel of the first degree
Friends call me Collins - Tom Collins
Nice tree..

ANGEL
Let's get a band-aid for your knee
I'll change, there's a "Life Support" meeting at nine-thirty
Yes this body provides a comfortable home
For the Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

COLLINS
As does mine

ANGEL
We'll get along fine
Get you a coat, have a bite
Make a night I'm flush

COLLINS
My friends are waiting

ANGEL
You're cute when you blush
The more the merri ho ho ho
And I do not take no

(ANGEL and COLLINS walk off stage right.)

TUNE UP #3 (The loft)

(Lights come up on loft)

ROGER
Where are you going?

MARK
Maureen calls.

ROGER

You're such a sucker!

MARK

I don't suppose you'd like to see her show in the lot tonight?

(ROGER shrugs)

Or come to dinner?

ROGER

Zoom in on my empty wallet

MARK

Touche. Take your AZT

Close on Roger

His girlfriend April

Left a note saying "We've got AIDS"

Before slitting her wrists in the bathroom

I'll check up on you later - Change your mind. You have to get out of the house.

(He exits)

ROGER

I'm writing one great song before I.

ONE SONG GLORY

One song

Glory

One song

Before I go

Glory

One song to leave behind

Find one song

One last refrain

Glory

From the pretty boy front man

Who wasted opportunity

One song

He had the world at his feet

Glory

In the eyes of a young girl

A young girl

Find glory

Beyond the cheap colored lights

One song

Before the sun sets

Glory - on another empty life

Time flies - time dies
Glory - One blaze of glory
One blaze of glory - glory
Find
Glory
In a song that rings true
Truth like a blazing fire
An eternal flame
Find
One song
A song about love
Glory
From the soul of a young man
A young man
Find
The one song
Before the virus takes hold
Glory
Like a sunset
One song
To redeem this empty life
Time flies
And then - no need to endure anymore
Time dies
(ROGER is interrupted by a sharp knock on the door. It is MIMI
MARQUEZ, a beautiful stranger from downstairs)
The door

(ROGER crosses to the door)

LIGHT MY CANDLE

ROGER
What'd you forget?

(MIMI enters, holding a candle and looking for a match; her electricity is
down, too)

MIMI
Got a light?

ROGER
I know you? You're
You're shivering

MIMI

It's nothing
They turned off my heat
And I'm just a little
Weak on my feet
Would you light my candle?
What are you staring at?

ROGER
Nothing
Your hair in the moonlight
You look familiar
(He lights her candle. MIMI starts to leave, but stumbles)
Can you make it?

MIMI
Just haven't eaten much today
At least the room stopped spinning
Anyway, What?

ROGER
Nothing
Your smile reminded me of

MIMI
I always remind people of who is she?

ROGER
She died, Her name was April

(MIMI discreetly blows out the candle)

MIMI
It's out again
Sorry about your friend
Would you light my candle?

(ROGER lights the candle. They linger, awkwardly)

ROGER
Well-

MIMI
Yeah. Ow!

ROGER
Oh, the wax it's --

MIMI
Dripping! I like it -- between my --

ROGER

Fingers. I figured...

Oh, well. Goodnight

(MIMI exits. ROGER heads back toward his guitar on the table. There is another knock, which he answers)

It blew out again?

MIMI

No - I think that I dropped my stash

ROGER

I know I've seen you out and about

When I used to go out

Your candle's out

MIMI

I'm illin'

I had it when I walked in the door

It was pure

Is it on the floor?

ROGER

The floor?

(MIMI gets down on all fours and starts searching the floor for her stash. She lookss back at ROGER, who is staring at her again)

MIMI

They say I have the best ass below 14th street

Is it true?

ROGER

What?

MIMI

You're staring again

ROGER

Oh no

I mean you do - have a nice-

I mean , You look familiar

MIMI

Like your dead girlfriend?

ROGER

Only when you smile

But I'm sure I've seen you somewhere else

MIMI

Do you go to the Cat Scratch Club?
That's where I work - I dance - help me look

ROGER

Yes!
They used to tie you up-

MIMI

It's a living

(MIMI douses the flame again)

ROGER

I didn't recognize you
Without the handcuffs

MIMI

We could light the candle
Oh won't you light the candle?

(ROGER lights it again.)

ROGER

Why don't you forget that stuff
You look like you're sixteen

MIMI

I'm nineteen but I'm old for my age
I'm just born to be bad

ROGER

I once was born to be bad
I used to shiver like that

MIMI

I have no heat - I told you

ROGER

I used to sweat

MIMI

I got a cold

ROGER

Uh huh
I used to be a junkie

MIMI

But now and then I like to

ROGER

Uh huh

MIMI

Feel good

ROGER

Here it - um

(ROGER stoops and picks up a small object: MIMI's stash)

MIMI

What's that?

ROGER

It's a candy bar wrapper

(ROGER puts it behind his back and into his pocket)

MIMI

We could light the candle

(ROGER discreetly blows out the candle)

MIMI

What'd you do with my candle?

ROGER

That was my last match

MIMI

Our eyes'll adjust, thank God for the moon

ROGER

Maybe it's not the moon at all

I hear Spike Lee's shooting down the street

MIMI

Bah humbug ... Bah humbug

(MIMI places her hand under his, pretending to do it by accident)

ROGER

Cold hands

MIMI

Yours too
Big. Like my father's
You wanna dance?

ROGER
With you?

MIMI
No -- with my father

ROGER
I'm Roger

MIMI
They call me
They call me Mimi

(They come extremely close to a kiss. MIMI reaches into his pocket, nabs the stash, waves it in front of his face, and makes a sexy exit)

VOICE MAIL #2

(JOANNE's loft. In blackout another phone rings. We see MAUREEN in silhouette)

MAUREEN
Hi. You've reached Maureen and Joanne. Leave a message and don't forget "Over the Moon" -- My performance, protesting the eviction of the Homeless (and artists) from the Eleventh Street Lot. Tonight at midnight in the lot between A and B. Party at Life Cafe to follow (BEEP)

MR. JEFFERSON
Well, Joanne -- We're off
I tried you at the office
And they said you're stage managing or something

MRS. JEFFERSON
Remind her that those unwed mothers in Harlem
Need her legal help too

MR. JEFFERSON
Call Daisy for our itinerary or Alfred at Pound Ridge
Or Eileen at the state department in a pinch
We'll be at the spa for new year's
Unless the senator changes his mind

MRS. JEFFERSON
The hearings

MR. JEFFERSON
Oh yes Kitten
Mummy's confirmation hearing begins on the tenth
We'll need you alone - by the sixth

MRS. JEFFERSON
Harold!

MR. JEFFERSON
You hear that?
It's three weeks away
And she's already nervous

MRS. JEFFERSON
I am not!

MR. JEFFERSON
For Mummy's sake, Kitten
No Doc Martens this time and wear a dress
Oh, and Kitten -- have a merry

MRS. JEFFERSON
And a bra

TODAY 4 U (The loft)

(MARK and ROGER's loft)

MARK
Enter Tom Collins, computer genius, teacher, vagabond anarchist, who ran
naked through the Parthenon

(COLLINS carries ANGEL's pickle tub, now filled with provisions)

MARK & COLLINS
Bustelo - Marlboro
Banana by the bunch
A box of Captain Crunch will taste so good

COLLINS
And firewood

MARK

Look - it's Santa Claus

COLLINS

Hold your applause

ROGER

Oh hi

COLLINS

'Oh hi' after seven months?

ROGER

Sorry

COLLINS

This boy could use some Stoli

COLLINS, MARK & ROGER

Oh holy night

ROGER

You struck gold at MIT?

COLLINS

They expelled me for my theory of Actual Reality

Which I'll soon impart

To the couch potatoes at New York University

Still haven't left the house?

ROGER

I was waiting for you, don't you know?

COLLINS

Well, tonight's the night

Come to the Life Cafe after Maureen's show

ROGER

No flow

COLLINS

Gentlemen, our benefactor on this Christmas Eve

Whose charity is only matched by talent, I believe

A new member of the Alphabet City avant-garde

Angel Dumott Schunard!

(ANGEL sashays in. He's gorgeously done up in Santa drag, with a fan of twenty-dollar bills in each hand)

ANGEL

Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me

COLLINS

And you should hear her beat!

MARK

You earned this on the street?

ANGEL

It was my lucky day today on Avenue A
When a lady in a limousine drove my way
She said, "Dahling be a dear haven't slept in a year
I need your help to make my neighbor's yappy dog disappear"
"This Akita-Evita just won't shut up
I believe if you play non-stop that pup
Will breathe its very last high-strung breath
I'm certain that cur will bark itself to death"
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me
We agreed on a fee - A thousand dollar guarantee
Tax-free - and a bonus if I trim her tree
Now who could foretell that it would go so well
But sure as I am here that dog is now in doggy hell
After an hour - Evita - in all her glory
On the window ledge of that 23rd story
Like Thelma & Louise did when they got the blues
Swan dove into the courtyard of the Gracie Mews
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me

(ANGEL does a fabulous drum and dance solo)

Then back to the street where I met my sweet
Where he was moaning and groaning on the cold concrete
The nurse took him home for some mercurochrome
And I dressed his wounds and got him back on his feet
Sing it!
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me

YOU'LL SEE

(BENNY enters)

BENNY

Joy to the world
Hey, you bum yeah, you, move over
Get your ass off that range rover

MARK

That attitude toward the homeless is just what
Maureen is protesting tonight.
(Holding camera up to BENNY)
Close up: Benjamin Coffin the third, our ex-roommate who married Alison
Grey, of the Westport Greys - then bought the building and the lot next door
from his father-in-law in hopes of starting a cyber-studio

BENNY

Maureen is protesting
Losing her performance space
Not my attitude

ROGER

What happened to Benny
What happened to his heart
And the ideals he once pursued?

BENNY

The owner of that lot next door
Has a right to do with it as he pleases

COLLINS

Happy birthday, Jesus!

BENNY

The rent

MARK

You're wasting your time

ROGER

We're broke

MARK

And you broke your word - this is absurd

BENNY

There is one way you won't have to pay

ROGER

I knew it!

BENNY

Next door, the home of Cyberarts, you see
And now that the block is re-zoned
Our dream can become a reality
You'll see boys
You'll see boys
A state of the art, digital, virtual interactive studio
I'll forego your rent and on paper guarantee
That you can stay here for free
If you do me one small favor

MARK

What?

BENNY

Convince Maureen to cancel her protest

MARK

Why not just get an injunction or call the cops

BENNY

I did, and they're on stand by
But my investors would rather
I handle this quietly

ROGER

You can't quietly wipe out an entire tent city
Then watch 'It's a Wonderful Life' on TV!

BENNY

You want to produce films and write songs?
You need somewhere to do it!
It's what we used to dream about
Think twice before you pooh-pooh it
You'll see boys
You'll see boys
You'll see - the beauty of a studio
That lets us do our work and get paid
With condos on the top
Whose rent keeps open our shop
Just stop the protest
And you'll have it made
You'll see - or you'll pack

(BENNY exits)

ANGEL

That boy could use some prozac

ROGER
Or heavy drugs

MARK
Or group hugs

COLLINS
Which reminds me
We have a detour to make tonight
Anyone who wants to can come along

ANGEL
Life support's a group for people coping with life
You don't have to stay too long

MARK
First I've got a protest to save

ANGEL
Roger?

ROGER
I'm not much company you'll find

MARK
Behave

ANGEL
He'll catch up later - He's just got other things on his mind
You'll see boys

MARK & COLLINS
We'll see boys

ROGER
Let it be boys!

COLLINS
I like boys

ANGEL
Boys like me

ALL
We'll see

TANGO: MAUREEN

(The lot. JOANNE is reexamining the cable connections for the umpteenth time)

MARK

And so into the abyss...The lot. Where a small stage is partially set up

JOANNE

(playing with some wires)

"Line in"...

I went to Harvard for this?

MARK

Close on Mark's nose dive

JOANNE

"Line out"...

MARK

Will he get out of here alive...?

(JOANNE notices MARK approaching)

JOANNE

Mark?

MARK

Hi

JOANNE

I told her not to call you

MARK

That's Maureen

But can I help since I'm here

JOANNE

I hired an engineer

MARK

Great!

Well, nice to have met you

JOANNE

Wait!

She's three hours late

The samples won't delay

But the cable

MARK
There's another way
Say something - anything

JOANNE (into the mike)
Test - one, two three

MARK
Anything but that

JOANNE
This is weird

MARK
It's weird

JOANNE
Very weird

MARK
Fuckin' weird

JOANNE
I'm so mad
That I don't know what to do
Fighting with microphones
Freezing down to my bones
And to top it all off
I'm with you

MARK
Feel like going insane?
Got a fire in your brain?
And you're thinking of drinking gasoline?

JOANNE
As a matter of fact

MARK
Honey, I know this act
It's called the 'Tango Maureen'
The Tango Maureen
It's a dark, dizzy merry-go-round
As she keeps you dangling

JOANNE
You're wrong

MARK

Your heart she is mangling

JOANNE

It's different with me

MARK

And you toss and you turn

'Cause her cold eyes can burn

Yet you yearn and you churn and rebound

JOANNE

I think I know what you mean

BOTH

The Tango Maureen

MARK

Has she ever pouted her lips

And called you 'Pookie'

JOANNE

Never

MARK

Have you ever doubted a kiss or two?

JOANNE

This is spooky

Did you swoon when she walked through the door?

MARK

Every time - so be cautious

JOANNE

Did she moon over other boys?

MARK

More than moon

JOANNE

I'm getting nauseous

(They begin to dance, with MARK leading)

MARK

Where'd you learn to tango?

JOANNE

With the French Ambassador's daughter in her dorm room at Miss Porter's

And you?

MARK

With Nanette Himmelfarb. The Rabbi's daughter at the Scarsdale Jewish
Community Center

(They switch, and JOANNE leads)

It's hard to do this backwards

JOANNE

You should try it in heels!
She cheated

MARK

She cheated

JOANNE

Maureen cheated

MARK

Fuckin' cheated

JOANNE

I'm defeated
I should give up right now

MARK

Gotta look on the bright side
With all of your might

JOANNE

I'd fall for her still anyhow

BOTH

When you're dancing her dance
You don't stand a chance
Her grip of romance
Make you fall

MARK

So you think, 'Might as well'

JOANNE

"Dance a tango to hell"

BOTH

At least I'll have tangoed at all
The Tango Maureen

Gotta dance till your diva is through
You pretend to believe her
Cause in the end you can't leave her
But the end it will come
Still you have to play dumb
Till you're glum and you bum
And turn blue

MARK

Why do we love when she's mean?

JOANNE

And she can be so obscene

MARK

Try the mike

JOANNE

My Maureen (reverb: een, een, een...)

MARK

Patched

JOANNE

Thanks

MARK

You know I feel great now!

JOANNE

I feel lousy

(The pay phone rings. MARK hands it to JOANNE)

Honey, we're... (pause) Pookie?!

You never call me Pookie...

Forget it, we're patched

(She hangs up, looks at MARK)

BOTH

The Tango Maureen

LIFE SUPPORT

(ANGEL and COLLINS attend an AIDS Life Support group. PAUL, the support leader, sits on the downstage railing above. GORDON, one of the members of the group, is standing downstage left, facing the audience. As the members enter, they introduce themselves and form a

semicircle. Note: The names of the support group members should change every night and should honor actual friends of the company who have died of AIDS)

STEVE

Steve

GORDON

Gordon

ALI

Ali

PAM

Pam

SUE

Sue

ANGEL

Hi, I'm Angel

COLLINS

Tom. Collins

PAUL

I'm Paul. Let's begin

ALL

There's only us

There's only this..

(MARK blusters in noisily)

MARK

Sorry ... Excuse me ... oops

PAUL

And you are?

MARK

Oh - I'm not

I'm just here to

I don't have

I'm here with

Um - Mark

Mark - I'm Mark

Well - this is quite an operation

PAUL
Sit down Mark
We'll continue the affirmation

ALL
Forget regret or life is yours to miss

GORDON
Excuse me Paul - I'm having a problem with this
This credo - My T-cells are low
I regret that news, okay?

PAUL
Alright
But Gordon - How do you feel today?

GORDON
What do you mean?

PAUL
How do you feel today?

GORDON
Okay

PAUL
Is that all?

GORDON
Best I've felt all year

PAUL
Then why choose fear?

GORDON
I'm a New Yorker
Fear's my life
Look - I find some of what you teach suspect
Because I'm used to relying on intellect
But I try to open up to what I don't know

GORDON & ROGER (who sings from his loft)
Because reason says I should have died
Three years ago

ALL
No other road
No other way
No day but today

OUT TONIGHT (Mimi's apartment)

MIMI

What's the time?

Well it's gotta be close to midnight

My body's talking to me

It says, "Time for danger"

It says "I wanna commit a crime

Wanna be the cause of a fight

Wanna put on a tight skirt and flirt

With a stranger"

I've had a knack from way back

At breaking the rules once I learn the games

Get up - life's too quick

I know someplace sick

Where this chick'll dance in the flames

We don't need any money

I always get in for free

You can get in too

If you get in with me

Let's go out tonight

I have to go out tonight

You wanna play?

Let's run away

We won't be back before it's Christmas day

Take me out tonight (meow)

When I get a wink from the doorman

Do you know how lucky you'll be?

That you're on line with the feline of Avenue B

Let's go out tonight

I have to go out tonight

You wanna prowl

Be my night owl?

Well take my hand we're gonna howl

Out tonight

In the evening I've got to roam

Can't sleep in the city of neon and chrome

Feels too damn much like home

When the Spanish babies cry

So let's find a bar

So dark we forget who we are

And all the scars from the
Nevers and maybes die

Let's go out tonight
Have to go out tonight
You're sweet
Wanna hit the street?
Wanna wail at the moon like a cat in heat?
Just take me out tonight

(MIMI makes her way to ROGER's door and ends the song in front of him.)

Please take me out tonight
Don't forsake me - out tonight
I'll let you make me - out tonight
Tonight - tonight - tonight

ANOTHER DAY

(The loft - MIMI plants a huge kiss on ROGER, who recoils)

ROGER
Who do you think you are?
Barging in on me and my guitar
Little girl hey
The door is that way
You better go you know
The fire's out anyway
Take your powder take your candle
Your sweet whisper
I just can't handle
Well take your hair in the moonlight
Your brown eyes goodbye, goodnight
I should tell you I should tell you
I should tell you I should no!
Another time another place
Our temperature would climb
There'd be a long embrace
We'd do another dance
It'd be another play
Looking for romance?
Come back another day
Another day

MIMI

The heart may freeze or it can burn
The pain will ease if I can learn
There is no future
There is no past
I live this moment as my last
There's only us
There's only this
Forget regret
Or life is yours to miss
No other road
No other way
No day but today

ROGER

Excuse me if I'm off track
But if you're so wise
Then tell me why do you need smack?
Take your needle
Take your fancy prayer
And don't forget
Get the moonlight out of your hair
Long ago you might've lit up my heart
But the fire's dead ain't never ever gonna start
Another time another place
The words would only rhyme
We'd be in outer space
It'd be another song
We'd sing another way
You wanna prove me wrong?
Come back another day
Another day

MIMI

There's only yes
Only tonight
We must let go
To know what's right
No other course
No other way
No day but today

(Lights slowly fade up on the Life Support group)

MIMI & OTHERS

I can't control
My destiny
I trust my soul
My only goal is just
To be

There's only now
There's only here
Give in to love
Or live in fear
No other path
No other way
No day but today

ROGER

Control your temper
She doesn't see
Who says that there's a soul?
Just let me be
Who do you think you are?
Barging in on me and my guitar
Little girl, hey
The door is that way
The fire's out anyway

ALL

No day but today
No day but today
No day but today
No day but today
No day but today

ROGER

Take your powder, take your candle
Take your brown eyes, your pretty smile, your silhouette
Another time, another place
Another rhyme, a warm embrace
Another dance, another way
Another chance, another day

(MIMI and the Life Support group members exit. One person, STEVE,
remains at stage right, above)

WILL I?

(Various locations)

STEVE

Will I lose my dignity
Will someone care
Will I wake tomorrow
From this nightmare?

GROUP #1

Will I lose my dignity
Will someone care
Will I wake tomorrow
From this nightmare?

GROUP #2

Will I lose my dignity
Will someone care
Will I wake tomorrow
From this nightmare?

GROUP #3

Will I lose my dignity
Will someone care
Will I wake tomorrow
From this nightmare?

GROUP #4

Will I lose my dignity
Will someone care
Will I wake tomorrow
From this nightmare?

(ROGER puts on his jacket and exits the loft)

ON THE STREET

THREE HOMELESS PEOPLE

Christmas bells are ringing
Christmas bells are ringing
Christmas bells are ringing
Out of town
Santa Fe

SQUEEGEEMAN

Honest living, man

(He recoils as though he's almost been run over by a car)

Feliz Navidad

(Three POLICE OFFICERS, in full riot gear, enter and approach
sleeping BLANKET PERSON - The FIRST OFFICER pokes her with a
nightstick)

HOMELESS PERSON

Evening, officers

(Without answering, the FIRST OFFICER raises his nightstick again)

MARK (pointing his camera)

Smile for Ted Koppel, Officer Martin

(The FIRST OFFICER lowers his stick)

HOMELESS PERSON

And a Merry Christmas to your family

POLICE OFFICERS

Right

(The POLICE OFFICERS stride offstage. MARK continues to film
BLANKET PERSON)

BLANKET PERSON (To MARK)

Who the fuck do you think you are?

I don't need no goddamn help

From some bleeding heart cameraman

My life's not for you to

Make a name for yourself on

ANGEL

Easy, sugar, easy

He was just trying to

BLANKET PERSON

Just trying to use me to kill his guilt

It's not that kind of movie, honey

Let's go this lot is full of

Motherfucking artists

Hey artist

You gotta dollar?

I thought not

(BLANKET PERSON crosses to downstage left with another
HOMELESS PERSON)

SANTA FE

(The Street)

ANGEL
New York City

MARK
Uh huh

ANGEL
Center of the universe

COLLINS
Sing it girl-

ANGEL
Times are shitty
But I'm pretty sure they can't get worse

MARK
I hear you

ANGEL
It's a comfort to know
When you're singing the hit-the-road blues
That anywhere else you could possibly go
After New York would be a pleasure cruise

COLLINS
Now you're talking
Well, I'm thwarted by a metaphysic puzzle
And I'm sick of grading papers that I know
And I'm shouting in my sleep, I need a muzzle
All this misery pays no salary, so
Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Oh sunny Santa Fe would be nice
Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
And leave this to the roaches and mice

COLLINS
Oh-oh

ALL
Oh

ANGEL
You teach?

COLLINS
I teach , Computer Age Philosophy
But my students would rather watch TV

ANGEL
America

ALL
America

COLLINS
You're a sensitive aesthete
Brush the sauce onto the meat
You could make the menu sparkle with rhyme
You could drum a gentle drum
I could seat guests as they come
Chatting not about Heidegger, but wine
(with HOMELESS PEOPLE in the shadows)
Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Our labors would reap financial gains

ALL
Gains, gains, gains

COLLINS
We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
And save from devastation our brains

HOMELESS
Save our brains

ALL
We'll pack up all our junk and fly so far away
Devote ourselves to projects that sell
We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe
Forget this cold Bohemian hell
Oh

ALL
Oh

COLLINS
Do you know the way to Santa Fe?
You know, tumbleweeds...prairie dogs...
Yeah

I'LL COVER YOU

MARK

I'll meet you at the show
I'll try and convince Roger to go
(MARK exits)

ANGEL
Alone at last

COLLINS
He'll be back, I guarantee

ANGEL
I've been hearing violins all night

COLLINS
Anything to do with me? Are we a thing?

ANGEL
Darling... we're everything!

Live in my house
I'll be your shelter
Just pay me back
With one thousand kisses
Be my lover I'll cover you

COLLINS
Open your door
I'll be your tenant
Don't got much baggage
To lay at your feet
But sweet kisses I've got to spare
I'll be there- I'll cover you

BOTH
I think they meant it
When they said you can't buy love
Now I know you can rent it
A new lease you are, my love,
On life be my life

(They do a short dance)

Just slip me on
I'll be your tenant
Wherever whatever I'll be your coat

ANGEL
You'll be my king
And I'll be your castle

COLLINS

No you'll be my queen
And I'll be your moat

BOTH

I think they meant it
When they said you can't buy love
Now I know you can rent it
A new lease you are, my love,
On life all my life

I've longed to discover
Something as true as this is

COLLINS

So with a thousand sweet kisses
I'll cover you
With a thousand sweet kisses
I'll cover you

ANGEL

If you're cold
And you're lonely
You've got one nickel only
With a thousand sweet kisses
I'll cover you
With a thousand sweet kisses
I'll cover you

COLLINS

When you're worn out
And tired
When your heart has expired

BOTH

Oh lover I'll cover you
Oh lover I'll cover you

WE'RE OKAY

JOANNE

(on cellular phone)
Steve Joanne
The Murget case?
A dismissal

Good work counselor

(The pay phone rings. JOANNE answers it and begins a conversation with MAUREEN simultaneously juggling two other calls on her cellular phone)

We're okay

Honeybear wait!

I'm on the other phone

Yes, I have the cowbell

We're okay

(into cellular phone)

So tell them we'll sue

But a settlement will do

Sexual harassment and civil rights too

Steve, you're great

(into pay phone)

No you cut the paper plate

Didja cheat on Mark a lot would you say?

We're okay

Honey hold on

(into cellular phone)

Steve, hold on

(JOANNE presses the call-waiting button on the cellular phone)

Hello?

Dad - yes

I beeped you

Maureen is coming to Mother's hearing

We're okay

(into pay phone)

Honeybear - what?

Newt's lesbian sister

I'll tell them

(into cellular phone)

You heard?

(into pay phone)

They heard

We're okay

(into cellular phone)

And to you dad

(JOANNE presses the call-waiting as she speaks into the pay phone)

Yes - Jill is there?

(into cellular phone)

Steve gotta-

(into pay phone)

Jill with the short black hair?

The Calvin Klein model?

(into cellular phone)

Steve, gotta go

(into pay phone)

The model who lives in Penthouse A?

We're
We're okay
I'm on my way

CHRISTMAS BELLS (Various locations, St. Marks Place)

FIVE HOMELESS PEOPLE

Christmas bells are ringing
Christmas bells are ringing
Christmas bells are singing
On TV - at Saks

SQUEEGEEMAN

Honest living, honest living
Honest living, honest living
Honest living, honest living

ALL FIVE HOMELESS

Can't you spare a dime or two
Here but for the grace of God go you
You'll be merry
I'll be merry
Tho merry ain't in my vocabulary
No sleighbells
No Santa Claus
No yule log
No tinsel
No holly
No hearth
No

SOLOIST

Rudolph the red nosed reindeer

ALL FIVE

Rudolph the red nosed reindeer
No room at the Holiday Inn oh no

(A few flakes of snow begin to descend)

And it's beginning to snow

(The stage suddenly explodes with life. The scene is St. Mark's Place on
Christmas Eve -- an open-air bazaar of color, noise, and movement)

VENDORS

Hats, bats, shoes, booze
Mountain bikes, potpourri
Leather bags, girlie mags
Forty-fives, AZT

VENDOR #1
No one's buying
Feel like crying

ALL
No room at the Holiday Inn, oh no
And it's beginning to snow

(Lights up on one woman, who is showing off a collection of stolen coats
to COLLINS and ANGEL)

VENDOR #2
How about a fur
In perfect shape
Owned by an MBA from uptown
I got a tweed
Broken in by a greedy
Broker who went broke
And then broke down

COLLINS
You don't have to do this

ANGEL
Hush your mouth, it's Christmas

COLLINS
I do not deserve you, Angel

COLLINS
Give-give
All you do
Is give
Give me some way to show
How much you've touched me so

ANGEL
Wait--what's on the floor?
Let's see some more
No-no-no
Kiss me - it's beginning to snow

(Lights focus on MARK and ROGER on right above)

MARK

She said, "Would you light my candle?"

And she put on a pout

And she wanted you

To take her out tonight?

ROGER

Right

MARK

She got you out!

ROGER

She was more than okay

But I pushed her away

It was bad I got mad

And I had to get her out of my sight

MARK

Wait, wait, wait you said she was sweet

ROGER

Let's go eat - I'll just get fat

It's the one vice left when you're dead meat

(MIMI has entered looking furtively for THE MAN)

There - that's her

MARK

Maureen?

ROGER

Mimi

MARK

Whoa

ROGER

I should go

MARK

Hey - it's beginning to snow

(The POLICE OFFICERS, in riot gear, enter above)

POLICE OFFICERS

I'm dreaming of a white, right Christmas

(POLICE OFFICERS exit)

MIMI & JUNKIES

Follow the man follow the man
With his pockets full of the jam
Follow the man follow the man
Help me out, daddy
If you can
Got any D man?

THE MAN

I'm cool

MIMI & JUNKIES

Got any C man?

THE MAN

I'm cool

MIMI & JUNKIES

Got any X?
Any smack?
Any horse?
Any jugie boogie boy?
Any blow?

(ROGER pulls MIMI aside)

ROGER

Hey

MIMI

Hey

ROGER

I just want to say
I'm sorry for the way

MIMI

Forget it

ROGER

I blew up
Can I make it up to you?

MIMI

How?

ROGER

Dinner party?

MIMI
That'll do

THE MAN
Hey lover boy cutie pie
You steal my client you die

ROGER
You didn't miss me- you won't miss her
You'll never lack for customers

JUNKIES
I'm willin'
I'm illin'
I gotta get my sickness off
Gotta run, gotta ride
Gotta gun, gotta hide - gotta go

THE MAN
And it's beginning to snow

BENNY
(entering, talking on his cellular phone)
Wish me luck, Alison
The protest is on

COAT VENDOR
L.L Bean
Geoffrey Beene
Burburry zip out
Lining

JUNKIES
Got any C man?
Got any D man?
Got any B man?
Got any crack?
Got any X?

SQUEEGEEMAN
Honest living-

ROGER
Mark, this is Mimi

MARK/MIMI
Hi

ROGER

She'll be dining (with us)

COAT VENDOR
Here's a new arrival

THE MAN
That is an ounce

VENDORS
Hats, dats, bats

COLLINS
That's my coat!

COAT VENDOR
We give discounts

MARK
I think we've met

ANGEL
Let's get a better one

COLLINS
It's a sham

MIMI
That's what he said

THE MAN
I said it's a gram!

COLLINS
But she's a thief!

ANGEL
But she brought us together

BENNY
Which investor is coming??

COLLINS
I'll take the leather

BENNY
Your father? Damn!

(The following is sung simultaneously)

HOMELESS & VENDORS

Christmas bells are swinging
Christmas bells are ringing
Christmas bells are singing
In my dreams - next year
Once you donate you can go
Celebrate in Tuckahoe
You'll feel cheery
I'll feel cheery
Tho' I don't really know that theory
No bathrobe
No steuben glass
No cappucino makers
No pearls, no diamonds
No 'Chestnuts roasting on an open fire'
Chestnuts roasting on an open fire
No room at the Holiday Inn, oh no-

POLICE OFFICERS

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know
Jingle bells prison cells
Fa la la la fa la la la
You have the right to remain
Silent night holy night
Fall on your knees oh night divine
You'll do some time
Fa la la la la
Fa la la la la

JUNKIES

Got any C man?
Got any D man?
Got any B man?
Got any X? Crack?
I'm willin' I'm illin'
Gotta get my sickness off
C-D help me
Follow the man follow the man
Follow the man
Jugie boogie jugie boogie
Follow the man follow the man
Any crack any X any jugie boogie boy
Any blow any X any jugie boogie boy
Got any D man, got any C man
Got any crack any X- any jugie boogie?

COAT VENDOR

Twenty-five

ANGEL
Fifteen

COAT VENDOR
Twenty-five

ANGEL
Fifteen

COAT VENDOR
No way
Twenty-four

ANGEL
Fifteen

COAT VENDOR
Twenty-four

ANGEL
Fifteen

COAT VENDOR
Not today
Twenty-three

ANGEL
Fifteen

COAT VENDOR
Twenty-three

ANGEL
Fifteen
It's old

COAT VENDOR
Twenty-two

ANGEL
Fifteen

COAT VENDOR
Twenty-one

ANGEL
Fifteen

COAT VENDOR
Seventeen

ANGEL
Fifteen

COAT VENDOR
Fifteen

ANGEL & COAT VENDOR
Sold!

MARK & ROGER
Let's
Go
To
The lot Maureen's performing

MIMI
Who's Maureen?

ROGER
His ex

MARK
But I am over her

ROGER
Let's not hold hands yet

MIMI
Is that a warning?

ALL THREE
He/You/I
Just
Need(s)
To take it slow
I should tell you I should tell you
I should tell you I should tell you
I should tell you I

ALL
And it's beginning to
And it's beginning to
And it's beginning to

(Lights blackout and a blinding headlight comes through the door. As it reaches downstage, the lights come up and reveal MAUREEN)

MAUREEN

Joanne, which way to the stage?

ALL

Snow

(Blackout)

OVER THE MOON (The Lot)

MARK

Maureen's performance

MAUREEN (in front of a microphone)

Last night I had a dream. I found myself in a desert called Cyberland

It was hot. My canteen had sprung a leak and I was thirsty

Out of the abyss walked a cow Elsie

I asked if she had anything to drink

She said, "I'm forbidden to produce milk

In Cyberland, we only drink Diet Coke

She said, "Only thing to do is jump over the moon"

"They've closed everything real down ... like barns, troughs, performance spaces

And replaced it all with lies and rules and virtual life

But there is a way out

BACKUPS

Leap of faith, leap of faith

Leap of faith, leap of faith

MAUREEN

"Only thing to do is jump over the moon"

I gotta get out of here! It's like I'm being tied

to the hood of a yellow rental truck, being packed

in with fertilizer and fuel oil, pushed over a cliff

by a suicidal Mickey Mouse! I've gotta find a way

MAUREEN

"To jump over the moon

Only thing to do is jump over the moon"

BACKUPS

Leap of faith, etc

MAUREEN

Then a little bulldog entered. His name (we have learned) was Benny
And although he once had principles,
He abandoned them to live as a lap dog to a wealthy daughter of the
revolution

"That's bull," he said

"Ever since the cat took up the fiddle, that cow's been jumpy
And the dish and the spoon were evicted from the table and eloped ...
She's had trouble with that milk and the moon ever since
Maybe it's a female thing

'Cause who'd want to leave Cyberland anyway?...

Walls ain't so bad

The dish and the spoon for instance

They were down on their luck - knocked on my doghouse door

I said, "Not in my backyard, utensils! Go back to China!"

"The only way out is up," Elsie whispered to me

"A leap of faith. Still thirsty?" she asked

Parched. "Have some milk"

I lowered myself beneath her and held my mouth to her swollen udder

And sucked the sweetest milk I'd ever tasted

(MAUREEN makes a slurping, sucking sound)

"Climb on board," she said

And as a harvest moon rose over Cyberland,

We reared back and sprang into a gallop

Leaping out of orbit

I awoke singing

BACKUPS

Leap of faith, etc

MAUREEN

Only thing to do

Only thing to do is jump

Only thing to do is jump over the moon

Only thing to do is jump over the moon

Over the moon over the

Mooooooooo

Mooooooooo

Mooooooooo

Mooooooooo

Moo with me

(MAUREEN encourages the audience to moo with her. She says,

"C'mon, sir, moo with me," etc. The audience responds. When the

"moos" reach a crescendo, she cuts them off with a big sweep of her
arms)

Thank you

(Blackout)

LA VIE BOHEME (Life Cafe)

(Downstage right, the PRINCIPALS have lined up and are waiting to be seated. A large table is situated down center. Down and to the right, BENNY and MR. GREY are seated at a smaller table. The RESTAURANT MAN tries to shoo our friends out)

RESTAURANT MAN

No please no
Not tonight please no
Mister can't you go
Not tonight can't have a scene

ROGER

What?

RESTAURANT MAN

Go, please go;
You - Hello, sir
I said, "No"
Important customer

MARK

What am I just a blur?

RESTAURANT MAN

You sit all night you never buy

MARK

That's a lie that's a lie
I had a tea the other day

RESTAURANT MAN

You couldn't pay

MARK

Oh yeah

COLLINS

Benjamin Coffin III - here?

RESTAURANT MAN

Oh no

ALL

Wine and beer!

MAUREEN

The enemy of Avenue A
We'll stay

(They sit)

RESTAURANT MAN
Oy vey!

COLLINS
What brings the mogul in his own mind to the Life Cafe?

BENNY
I would like to propose a toast
To Maureen's noble try
It went well

MAUREEN
Go to hell

BENNY
Was the yuppie scum stomped
Not counting the homeless
How many tickets weren't comped

ROGER
Why did Muffy-

BENNY
Alison

ROGER
Miss the show?

BENNY
There was a death in the family
If you must know

ANGEL
Who died?

BENNY
Our Akita

BENNY, MARK, ANGEL, COLLINS
Evita

BENNY
Mimi I'm surprised
A bright and charming girl like you

Hangs out with these slackers
(Who don't adhere to deals)
They make fun yet I'm the one
Attempting to do some good
Or do you really want a neighborhood
Where people piss on your stoop every night?
Bohemia, Bohemia's
A fallacy in your head
This is Calcutta
Bohemia is dead

(The BOHEMIANS immediately begin to enact a mock funeral, with
MARK delivering the "eulogy")

MARK
Dearly beloved we gather here to say our goodbyes

COLLINS & ROGER
Dies irae dies illa
Kyrie eleison
Yitgadal v' yitkadash, etc.

MARK
Here she lies
No one knew her worth
The late great daughter of mother earth
On this night when we celebrate the birth
In that little town of Bethlehem
We raise our glass- you bet your ass to-
(MAUREEN flashes hers)
La vie Boheme

ALL
La vie Boheme
La vie Boheme
La vie Boheme
La vie Boheme

MARK
To days of inspiration
Playing hookie, making something out of nothing
The need to express
To communicate,
To going against the grain,
Going insane
Going mad

To loving tension, no pension
To more than one dimension,

To starving for attention,
Hating convention, hating pretension
Not to mention of course,
Hating dear old mom and dad

To riding your bike,
Midday past the three- piece suits
To fruits to no absolutes
To Absolute- to choice
To the Village Voice
To any passing fad
To being an us-for once-, instead of a them -

ALL
La vie Boheme
La vie Boheme

(JOANNE enters)

MAUREEN
Is the equipment in a pyramid?

JOANNE
It is, Maureen

MAUREEN
The mixer doesn't have a case
Don't give me that face

(MAUREEN smacks JOANNE's ass as she exits. MR. GREY reacts)

MR. GREY
Ahhem

MAUREEN
Hey Mister- she's my sister

RESTAURANT MAN
So that's five miso soup, four seaweed salad
Three soy burger dinner, two tofu dog platter
And one pasta with meatless balls

A BOY
Ugh

COLLINS
It tastes the same

MIMI

If you close your eyes

RESTAURANT MAN
And thirteen orders of fries
Is that it here?

ALL
Wine and beer!

MIMI & ANGEL
To hand-crafted beers made in local breweries
To yoga, to yogurt, to rice and beans and cheese
To leather, to dildos, to curry vindaloo
To huevos rancheros and Maya Angelou

MAUREEN & COLLINS
Emotion, devotion, to causing a commotion
Creation, vacation

MARK
Mucho masturbation

MAUREEN & COLLINS
Compassion, to fashion, to passion when it's new

COLLINS
To Sontag

ANGEL
To Sondheim

FOUR PEOPLE
To anything taboo

COLLINS & ROGER
Ginsberg, Dylan, Cunningham and Cage

COLLINS
Lenny Bruce

ROGER
Langston Hughes

MAUREEN
To the stage

PERSON #1
To Uta

PERSON #2

To Buddha

PERSON #3

Pablo Neruda, too

MARK & MIMI

Why Dorothy and Toto went over the rainbow

To blow off Auntie Em

ALL

La vie Boheme

(JOANNE returns)

MAUREEN

And wipe the speakers off before you pack

JOANNE

Yes, Maureen

MAUREEN

Well - hurry back

(MAUREEN and JOANNE kiss)

MR. GREY

Sisters?

MAUREEN

We're close

(ANGEL jumps on top of COLLINS, who's on the table. They kiss)

ANGEL, COLLINS, MAUREEN, MARK, MR. GREY

Brothers!

MARK, ANGEL, MIMI & THREE OTHERS

Bisexuals, trisexuals, homo sapiens,

Carcinogens, hallucinogens, men, Pee Wee Herman

German wine, turpentine, Gertrude Stein

Antonioni, Bertolucci, Kurosawa

Carmina Burana

ALL

To apathy, to entropy, to empathy, ecstasy

Vaclav Havel - The Sex Pistols, 8BC,

To no shame - never playing the Fame Game

COLLINS
To marijuana

ALL
To sodomy,
It's between God and me
To S & M

(MR. GREY walks out)

BENNY
Waiter...Waiter...Waiter

ALL
La vie Boheme

COLLINS
In honor of the death of Bohemia an impromptu salon will commence
immediately following dinner
Mimi Marquez, clad only in bubble wrap, will perform her famous lawn
chair-handcuff dance to the sounds of iced tea being stirred

ROGER
Mark Cohen will preview his new documentary about his inability to hold an
erection on high holy days

(ROGER picks up an electric guitar and starts to tune it)

MARK
Maureen Johnson, back from her spectacular one-night engagement at the
eleventh street lot,
Will sing native american tribal chants backwards through her vocoder,
While accompanying herself on the electric cello
Which she has never studied

(At this point, JOANNE has entered and seen MAUREEN playfully kiss
MARK. JOANNE exits. BENNY pulls MIMI aside)

BENNY
Your new boyfriend doesn't know about us?

MIMI
There's nothing to know

BENNY
Don't you think that we should discuss-

MIMI
It was three months ago

BENNY

He doesn't act like he's with you

MIMI

We're taking it slow

BENNY

Where is he now?

MIMI

He's right - hmm

BENNY

Uh huh

MIMI

Where'd he go?

MARK

Roger will attempt to write a bittersweet, evocative song
(ROGER picks up a guitar and plays Musetta's Theme)
That doesn't remind us of "Musetta's Waltz"

COLLINS

Angel Dumott Schunard will now model the latest fall fashions from Paris
While accompanying herself on the 10 gallon plastic pickle tub

ANGEL

And Collins will recount his exploits as an anarchist
Including the successful reprogramming of the M.I.T. virtual reality equipment
To self-destruct, as it broadcast the words:

ALL

"Actual reality -- Act Up -- Fight AIDS"

BENNY

Check!

(BENNY exits. Lights on MIMI and ROGER)

MIMI

Excuse me did I do something wrong?
I get invited then ignored all night long

ROGER

I've been trying I'm not lying
No one's perfect I've got baggage

MIMI

Life's too short, babe, time is flying
I'm looking for baggage that goes with mine

ROGER

I should tell, you-

MIMI

I've got baggage too

ROGER

I should tell you

MIMI

I got baggage, too

ROGER

I should tell you

BOTH

Baggage - wine

OTHERS

And beer!

(Several beepers sound. Each turns off his or her beeper)

MIMI

AZT break

(MIMI, ROGER, ANGEL, and COLLINS take pills)

ROGER

You?

MIMI

Me , You?

ROGER

Mimi

(They hold hands and stare into each other's eyes lovingly. The rest of the company freezes)

I SHOULD TELL YOU

ROGER

I should tell you I'm disaster
I forget how to begin it

MIMI
Let's just make this part go faster
I have yet to be in it
I should tell you

ROGER
I should tell you

MIMI
I should tell you

ROGER
I should tell you

MIMI
I should tell I blew the candle out
Just to get back in

ROGER
I'd forgotten how to smile
Until your candle burned my skin

MIMI
I should tell you

ROGER
I should tell you

MIMI
I should tell you

BOTH
I should tell
Well, here we go
Now we-

MIMI
Oh no

ROGER
I know this something is
Here goes

MIMI
Here goes

ROGER
Guess so
It's starting to
Who knows?

MIMI
Who knows

BOTH
Who knows where
Who goes there
Who knows
Here goes

Trusting desire starting to learn
Walking through fire without a burn
Clinging a shoulder, a leap begins
Stinging and older, asleep on pins
So here we go
Now we

ROGER
Oh no

MIMI
I know

ROGER
Oh no

BOTH
Who knows where who goes there
Here goes here goes
Here goes here goes
Here goes here goes

LA VIE BOHEME B

(ROGER and MIMI exit. JOANNE reenters, obviously steamed)

MAUREEN
Are we packed?

JOANNE
Yes and by next week
I want you to be

MAUREEN
Pookie?

JOANNE
And you should see
They've padlocked your building
And they're rioting on Avenue B
Benny called the cops

MAUREEN
That fuck

JOANNE
They don't know what they're doing
The cops are sweeping the lot
But no one's leaving
They're just sitting there, mooing!

ALL
Yeah!!!
(Pandemonium erupts in the restaurant)
To dance

A GIRL
No way to make a living, masochism, pain, perfection
Muscle spasms, chiropractors, short careers, eating disorders

ALL
Film

MARK
Adventure, tedium, no family, boring locations,
Dark rooms, perfect faces, egos, money, Hollywood and sleaze

ALL
Music

ANGEL
Food of love, emotion, mathematics, isolation,
Rhythm, feeling, power, harmony, and heavy competition

ALL
Anarchy

COLLINS & MAUREEN
Revolution, justice, screaming for solutions,
Forcing changes, risk, and danger
Making noise and making pleas

ALL

To faggots, lezzies, dykes, cross dressers too

MAUREEN

To me

MARK

To me

COLLINS & ANGEL

To me

ALL

To you, and you and you, you and you
To people living with, living with, living with
Not dying from disease
Let he among us without sin
Be the first to condemn
La vie Boheme
La vie Boheme
La vie Boheme

MARK

Anyone out of the mainstream
Is anyone in the mainstream?
Anyone alivewith a sex drive

OTHERS

La vie boheme
La vie boheme
La vie boheme

MARK

Tear down the wall
Aren't we all?
The opposite of war isn't peace
It's creation

ALL

La vie Boheme

MARK

The riot continues. The Christmas tree goes up in flames. The snow dances.
Oblivious, Mimi and Roger share a small, lovely kiss

ALL

Viva la vie Boheme

Act II

(The COMPANY enters from all directions and forms a line across the front of the stage)

SEASONS OF LOVE

COMPANY

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred moments so dear
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes
How do you measure - measure a year?

In daylights - In sunsets
In midnights - In cups of coffee
In inches - In miles
In laughter - In strife

In Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes
How do you measure a year in the life?

How about love?
How about love?
How about love?
Measure in love

Seasons of love
Seasons of love

SOLOIST #1

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes
Five hundred twenty-five thousand
Journeys to plan
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes
How do you measure the life
Of a woman or a man?

SOLOIST #2

In truths that she learned
Or in times that he cried
In bridges he burned
Or the way that she died

ALL

It's time now - to sing out
Tho' the story never ends
Let's celebrate

Remember a year in the life of friends

Remember the love
Remember the love
Remember the love
Measure in love

SOLOIST #1
Measure, measure your life in love

Seasons of love
Seasons of love

HAPPY NEW YEAR

(New Year's Eve. The scene opens on the street outside the apartment.
one table, lying on its end, serves as the door)

MARK (carrying mock door)
Pan to the padlocked door. New Year's Rocking Eve. The
breaking-back-into-the-building party

(ROGER and MIMI try in vain to pry a padlock from the door. They
appear to be happy)

MIMI
How long till next year?

ROGER
Three and half minutes

MIMI
I'm giving up my vices
I'm going back - back to school
Eviction or not
This week's been so hot
That long as I've got you
I know I'll be cool

I couldn't crack the love code, dear
'Til you made the lock on my heart explode
It's gonna be a happy new year
A happy new year

(MARK enters the scene)

MARK

Coast is clear
You're supposed to be working
That's for midnight
Where are they?
There isn't much time

MIMI
Maybe they're dressing
I mean what does one wear that's apropos
For a party that's also a crime

(MAUREEN enters wearing a skintight "cat burgualr" suit and carrying
a bag of potato chips)

MAUREEN
Chips, anyone?

MARK
You can take the girl out of Hicksville
But you can't take the Hicksville out of the girl

MAUREEN
My riot got you on TV
I deserve a royalty

MIMI
Be nice you two
Or no god awful champagne

(MAUREEN takes out a cellular phone and dials)

MAUREEN
Don't mind if I do
No luck?

ROGER
Bolted plywood, padlocked with a chain
A total dead end

MAUREEN
Just like my ex-girlfriend
(on cellular phone)
Honey...?
I know you're there
Please pick up the phone
Are you okay?
It's not funny
It's not fair
How can I atone?

Are you okay?
I lose control
But I can learn to behave
Give me one more chance
Let me be your slave

I'll kiss your Doc Martens
Let me kiss your Doc Martens
Your every wish I will obey

(JOANNE enters)

JOANNE
That might be okay
Down girl
Heel...stay
I did a bit of research
With my friends at legal aid
Technically, you're squatters
There's hope
But just in case
(JOANNE whips out)

MARK & JOANNE
Rope

MARK (pointing off)
We can hoist a line-

JOANNE
To the fire escape

MARK
And tie off at

MARK & JOANNE
That bench

MAUREEN
I can't take them as chums

JOANNE
Start hoisting...wench

(All three cross upstage and attempt to throw up the length of rope over a plank. ROGER and MIMI are laughing and holding each other)

ROGER
I think I should be laughing

Yet I forget
Forget how to begin
I'm feeling something inside
And yet I still can't decide
If I should hide
Or make a wide open grin
Last week I wanted just to disappear
My life was dust
But now it just may be a happy new year
A happy new year

(COLLINS enters with ANGEL. COLLINS, dressed in black and wearing sunglasses, carries a bottle of champagne. ANGEL wears a plastic dress and blonde wig: a small blowtorch is slung over his shoulder)

COLLINS
Bond - James Bond

ANGEL
And Pussy Galore - in person

MIMI
Pussy you came prepared

ANGEL
I was a boy scout once
And a brownie
'Til some brat got scared

COLLINS (to MIMI)
Aha! Moneypenny -- my martini!

MIMI
Will bad champagne do?

ROGER
That's shaken - not stirred

COLLINS
Pussy - the bolts

(COLLINS takes a swig of champagne as ANGEL grabs the blowtorch)

ANGEL
Just say the word!

(ANGEL turns on the blowtorch)

MIMI

Two minutes left to execute our plan

COLLINS

Where's everyone else?

ROGER

Playing Spiderman

MARK

Ironic close up: tight

On the phone machine's red light

Once the Boho boys are gone

The power mysteriously comes on

VOICE MAIL #3

(Lights up on MRS. COHEN, who's standing on a chair and holding up a phone)

MRS. COHEN

Mark, it's the wicked witch of the west your mother

Happy new year from Scarsdale

We're all impressed that the riot footage

Made the nightly news

Even your father says Mazeltov

Honey- call him

Love, Mom

(MRS. COHEN, stepping off the chair, passes the phone to ALEXI DARLING)

ALEXI DARLING (on the chair)

Mark Cohen

Alexi Darling from Buzzline

MARK

Oh, that show's so sleazy

ALEXI DARLING

Your footage on the riots: A-one

Feature segment network dealtime

I'm sending you a contract

Ker-ching ker-ching

Marky give us a call 970-4301

Or at home try 863-6754

Or - my cell phone at 919-763-0090

Or - you can e-mail me

At Darling Alexi Newscom dot net
Or -- you can page me at-
(Beeeeeep!)

HAPPY NEW YEAR B

MAUREEN
I think we need an agent

MARK
We?

JOANNE
That's selling out

MARK
But it's nice to dream

MAUREEN
Yeah it's network TV
And it's all thanks to me

MARK
Somehow I think I smell
The whiff of a scheme

JOANNE
Me too

MAUREEN
We can plan another protest

JOANNE
We?

MAUREEN
This time you can shoot from the start (to MARK)
You'll direct (to JOANNE)
Starring me

(Lights shift back to downstairs)

ALL
5, 4, 3... Open sesame!!
(The door falls away, revealing MARK, JOANNE, and MAUREEN)
Happy new year
Happy new year

Happy new...

BENNY (entering)

I see that you've beaten me to the punch

ROGER

How did you know we'd be here?

BENNY

I had a hunch

MARK

You're not mad?

BENNY

I'm here to end this war

It's a shame you went and destroyed the door

MIMI

Why all the sudden the big about face

BENNY

The credit is yours

You made a good case

ROGER

What case?

BENNY

Mimi came to see me

And she had much to say

MIMI

That's not how you put it at all yesterday

BENNY

I couldn't stop thinking about the whole mess

Mark you want to get this on film

MARK (picking up his camera)

I guess

BENNY

I regret the unlucky circumstances

Of the past seven days

ROGER

Circumstance? You padlocked our door

BENNY

And it's with great pleasure
On behalf of CyberArts
That I hand you this key
(BENNY hands him the key)

ANGEL

Golf claps
(They oblige)

MARK

I have no juice in my battery

BENNY

Reshoot

ROGER

I see this is a photo opportunity

MAUREEN

The benevolent god
Ushers the poor artists back to their flat
Were you planning on taking down the barbed wire
From the lot, too?

ROGER

Anything but that

BENNY

Clearing the lot was a safety concern
We break ground this month
But you can return

MAUREEN

That's why you're here with people you hate
Instead of with Muffy at Muffy's estate

BENNY

I'd honestly rather be with you tonight than in Westport

ROGER

Spare us old sport, the soundbite

BENNY

Mimi since your was are so seductive

MIMI

You came on to me

BENNY

Persuade him not to be so counterproductive

ROGER

Liar

BENNY

Why not tell them what you wore to my place?

MIMI

I was on my way to work

BENNY

Black leather and lace

My desk was a mess

I think I'm still sore

MIMI

Cause I kicked him and told him I wasn't his whore

BENNY

Does your boyfriend know

Who your last boyfriend was?

ROGER

I'm not her boyfriend

I don't care what she does

ANGEL

People! Is this any way to start a new year?

Have compassion

Benny just lost his cat

BENNY

My dog- but I appreciate that

ANGEL

My cat had a fall

And I went through hell

BENNY

It's like losing a

How did you know that she fell?

COLLINS

(Hands BENNY a glass of champagne)

Champagne?

BENNY

Don't mind if I do
To dogs!

ALL BUT BENNY
No, Benny- To you!

ANGEL
Let's make a resolution

MIMI
I'll drink to that

COLLINS
Let's always stay friends

JOANNE
Tho' we may have our disputes

MAUREEN
This family tree's got deep roots

MARK
Friendship is thicker than blood

ROGER
That depends

MIMI
Depends on trust

ROGER
Depends on true devotion

JOANNE
Depends on love

MARK (to ROGER)
Depends on not denying emotion

ROGER
Perhaps

ALL
It's gonna be a happy new year

ROGER
I guess

ALL

It's gonna be a happy new year

ROGER
You're right

(ANGEL brings ROGER and MIMI together. ANGEL and others move away from MIMI and ROGER)

ANGEL
It's gonna be a happy new year

ROGER & MIMI
I'm sorry

ROGER
Coming?

MIMI
In a minute I'm fine go

(ROGER kisses MIMI and exits. THE MAN appears)

THE MAN
Well, well, well. What have we here?
(He walks over to MIMI and holds out a small plastic bag of white powder)
It's gonna be a happy new year
There, there...etc.

(Fade out)

TAKE ME OR LEAVE ME (Any location and Joanne's loft)

MARK
Valentine's Day. Pan across the empty lot. Roger's down at Mimi's, where he's been for almost two months now - although he keeps talking about selling his guitar and heading out of town... Still jealous of Benny... God knows where Collins and Angel are... Could be that new Shanty Town near the river or a suite at the Plaza... Maureen and Joanne are rehearsing...

JOANNE
I said once more from the top

MAUREEN
I said NO!

MARK

That is, if they're speaking this week. Me? I'm here. Nowhere

(Lights up on the scene)

JOANNE

The line is 'Cyber Arts and its corporate sponsor, Grey Communications, would like to mitigate the Christmas Eve riots.' What is so difficult...?

MAUREEN

It just doesn't roll off my tongue. I like my version.!

JOANNE

You - dressed as a ground hog. To protest the ground breaking!

MAUREEN

It's a METAPHOR!

JOANNE

Well, it's less than brilliant!

MAUREEN

That's it, Ms. Ivy League!

JOANNE

What?

MAUREEN

Ever since New Year's, I haven't said boo. I let you direct, I didn't pierce my nipples because it grossed you out! I didn't sta and dance at the Clit Club that night, 'cause you wanted to go home

JOANNE

You were flirting with the woman in rubber

MAUREEN

That's what this is about!?! There will always be women in rubber, flirting with me... Gimme a break

Every single day

I walk down the street

I hear people say,

"Baby's so sweet"

Ever since puberty

Everybody stares at me

Boys - girls

I can't can't help it baby

So be kind

Don't lose your mind

Just remember that I'm your baby

Take me for what I am
Who I was meant to be
And if you give a damn
Take me baby or leave me
Take me baby or leave me

A tiger in a cage
Can never see the sun
This diva needs her stage
Baby - let's have fun!
You are the one I choose
Folks'd kill to fill your shoes
You love the limelight too, baby
So be mine
Or don't waste my time
Cryin' -- "Honeybear -- are you still my baby?"

Take me for what I am
Who I was meant to be
And if you give a damn
Take me baby or leave me

No way can I be what I'm not
But hey don't you want your girl hot!
Don't fight don't lose your head
Cause every night who's in your bed?
Who's in your bed, baby?
(Pouts in JOANNE's direction)
Kiss, Pookie

JOANNE
It won't work
I look before I leap
I love margins and discipline
I make lists in my sleep
Baby what's my sin?
Never quit I follow through
I hate mess but I love you
What to do
With my impromptu baby?
So be wise
This girl satisfies
You've got a prize
But don't compromise