

## Monologue 2

From: Jonathan Larson, *Rent*

*We begin on Christmas Eve with me, Mark, and my room mate, 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. From here in the loft we can see everything that goes on and I mean EVERYTHING – the junkies, ...the rich folk,...the tourists, ...the city guys. We see and live through the hurt, the successes, the pain – it's life and death here on the streets. But more than that – this is New York. New York baby – so good that they named it twice! (Sees someone) Take her for example, oh and her see – all of them, fresh faced and new to town, won't last five minutes!*