

Rent, La Vie Boheme

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

Restaurant Man:

Oiy 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

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 -
La vie Boheme

All:
La vie Boheme
La vie Boheme
La vie Boheme
La vie Boheme

Mark:
To days of inspiration
Playing hookey, 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 Absolut - 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

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

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

Roger:
Ew

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

Maureen:
And wipe the speakers off before you pack

Joanne:
Yes, Maureen

Maureen:
Well - hurry back

Mr. Grey:
Sisters?

Maureen:
We're close

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

Benny:
Waiter...Waiter...Waiter

All:
La vie Boheme

Collins:
In honor of the death of Bohemia an impromptu salon will
commence immediately following dinner... Maureen Johnson, back from her spectacular one-night

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

Mark:
Mimi Marquez,
clad only in bubble wrap, will perform her famous lawn
chair-handcuff dance to the sounds of iced tea being stirred.

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)
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!!

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!

Mimi:
AZT break

Roger:
You?

Mimi:
Me. You?

Roger:
Mimi