

MARK opening monologue

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. It's the top floor of what was once a music publishing factory. Old rock and 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 it's freezing because we have no heat.

(HE turns the camera to ROGER)

Smile!