

Broadways, Light My Candle

ROGER:

What'd you forget?

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...

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:

It's out again

Sorry 'bout your friend

Would you light my candle?

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; then knocks again)

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 through the door

It was pure!

Is it on the floor?

ROGER:

The floor?

MIMI:

They say that 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...
ROGER:
I didn't recognize you without the handcuffs
MIMI:
We could light the candle
Oh won't you light the candle
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...
MIMI:
What's that?
ROGER:
It's a candy bar wrapper...
MIMI:
We could light the candle
Oh what'd you do with my candle?
ROGER:
That was my last match
MIMI:
Our eyes will 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
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