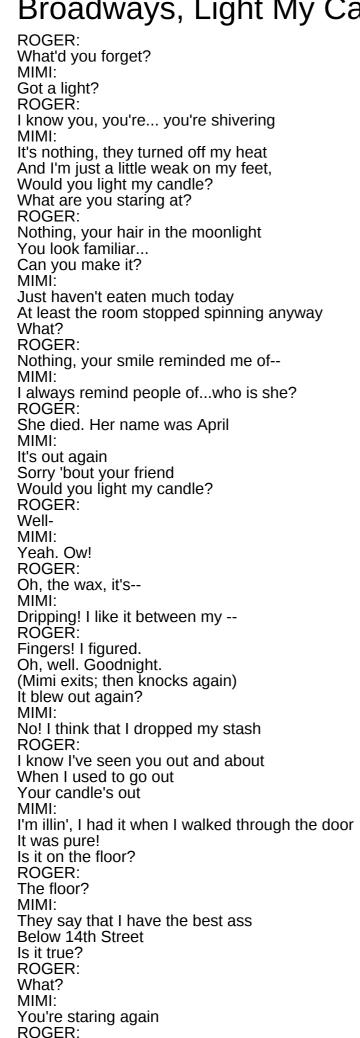
Broadways, Light My Candle



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