

## Rent

# "Would You Light My Candle"

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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's 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 you friend. Would you light my candle?

Roger: Well...

Mimi: Yeah? Ouch!

Roger: Oh the wax...it's...

Mimi: Dripping...I like it between my

Roger: ...Fingers, I figured...oh well, good night.

Roger: 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 had it when I walked in 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: Its 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 16...

Mimi: I'm 19 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: Now and then I like to...

Roger: Uh huh

Mimi: Feel good

Roger: Oh hear it...

Mimi: What's that?

Roger: It's a candy bar wrapper.

Mimi: We could light the candle. Oh what to do with my candle?

Roger: That was my last match.

Mimi: Our eyes'll adjust, thank God for the moon.

Roger: Maybe its 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. Do you wanna dance?

Roger: With you?

Mimi: No, with my father

Roger: I'm Roger

Mimi: They call me, they call me...Mimi

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