

## Side 12 Archer and Aimwell

Archer: Well, Tom, nicely shot! I find you 're a marksman.

Aimwell: [Dreamily] A marksman! who could fail to spot a swan among the ravens?

Archer: Oh, no. Aimwell!

Aimwell: Aimwell! call me Romeo, Claudio, Demetrius, Antony, Cassidy, Travolta! O Archie! I read her thousands in her looks, she looked like Ceres in her harvest: corn, wine and oil, milk and honey, gardens, groves, and purling streams played on her plenteous face.

Archer: Her face! her pocketbook, you mean; the corn, wine and oil lie there. In short, she has ten thousand dollars.

Aimwell: Why, her hair is like...

Archer: [Bored] Silk.

Aimwell: And her teeth, they're like...

Archer: [Deadpan] Pearls.

Aimwell: [Sighing] And her eyes—

Archer: Are demi-cannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their battery. [Starts to head out.]

Aimwell: [Indignant.] Pray excuse me, my passion must have vent.

Archer: Passion! what a plague, do you imagine romance will find us a wife?

Aimwell: What do I hear? Soft Orpheus play, and fair Eurydice sing!

Archer: Psha! damn your raptures. You say, there's another lady very handsome there?

Aimwell: Yes, faith.

Archer: Well, then, I'll be in love with her directly.

Aimwell: Can't you give me a bill upon Cherry in the meantime?

Archer: No, no, friend, all her corn, wine and oil, is engrossed to my market. And once more I warn you, to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul of me, by this light I will sink your battleship!