

#### Side 4 Cherry and Archer

Cherry: What a rogue is my father! My father! I deny it. My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her good nature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest, and debauch his daughter into the bargain—by a valet too!

Re-enter Archer.

Archer: What valet, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation?

Cherry: Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Archer: I hope so, for, I 'm sure, you did not think of me.

Cherry: Supposin' I had?

Archer: Why, then, you 're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

Cherry: Love to me, friend? [Aside] He's a pretty fellow! I like his hair. [Aloud, flirting.] You see, sir, I have the credit to be entrusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his valet; I hope, sir, you ain't affronted?

Archer: I ain't. Prithee, instruct me, I would fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cherry: Why, did you never make love to anybody before?

Archer: Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, madam: my addresses have been always confined to people within my own sphere, I never aspired so high before.

Cherry: [Aside.] What can I think of this man? What's your name, sir?

Archer: [Aside.] Name! egad, I have forgot it.—[Aloud.] Uhh...Martin!

Cherry: Where were you born?

Archer: [Struggling to remember his cover story] In St Martin's Parish...

Cherry: What was your father?

Archer: St. Martin's Parish!