

**ANNE** Oh, that's delicious. I could purr. Having your hair brushed is gloriously sensual, isn't it?

**PETRA** I can think of more sensual things.

**ANNE** *(Giggles, then suddenly serious)* Are you a virgin, Petra?

**PETRA** God forbid.

**ANNE** *(Sudden impulse)* I am.

**PETRA** I know.

**ANNE** *(Astonished and flustered)* How on earth can you tell?

**PETRA** Your skin, something in your eyes.

**ANNE** Can everyone see it?

**PETRA** I wouldn't think so.

**ANNE** Well, that's a relief. *(Giggles)* How old were you when—

**PETRA** Sixteen.

**ANNE** It must have been terrifying, wasn't it? *And* disgusting.

**PETRA** Disgusting? It was more fun than the roly-coaster at the fair.

**ANNE** Henrik says that almost everything that's fun is automatically vicious. It's so depressing.

**PETRA** Oh him! Poor little puppy dog!

**ANNE** *(Suddenly imperious)* Don't you dare talk about your employer's son that way.

**PETRA** Sorry, Ma'am.

**ANNE** I forbid anyone in this house to tease Henrik. *(Giggles again)* Except me. *(ANNE goes to the vanity, studies her reflection in the table-mirror)* It's quite a good body, isn't it?

**PETRA** Nothing wrong there.

**ANNE** Is it as good as yours? *(Laughing, she turns, trying to undo PETRA'S uniform)* Let me see! *(For a moment, PETRA is shocked. Laughing, ANNE continues, PETRA starts laughing too.)* If I was a boy, would I prefer you or me? Tell me, tell me! *(Still laughing and struggling,)* You're a boy! You're a boy!

**PETRA** *(Laughing)* God forbid!