

PETRA Who needs a haystack? Anything you've got to show, you can show me right here—that is, if you're in the mood.

FRID *(Taking her into his arms)* When am I not in the mood?

PETRA *(Laughing)* I wouldn't know, would I? I'm just passing through.

FRID I'm in the mood. I'm in it twenty-four hours a day.

(FREDRIKA runs across stage)

PETRA Private here, isn't it? What are they up to?

FRID Oh, them! What are they ever up to? You saw them all at dinner, dressed up like waxworks, jabbering away to prove how clever they are. And never knowing what they miss. Catch one of them having the sense to grab the first pretty girl that comes along—and do her on the soft grass, with the summer night just smiling down. *(Kiss)* Any complaints yet?

PETRA Give me time.

FRID You've a sweet mouth—sweet as honey.