

ALNM – SIDE – ANNE and PETRA

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, the 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 roller-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, sits, opens the top of her robe and 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?