

Side # 1

FATHER:
And an orange-roughy smoothie!

MOTHER:
All sorts of things

FATHER:
All sorts of—

MOTHER:
All sorts of things!

FATHER:
Things!

HEIDI:
Who's going to stay with me?

MOTHER:
Well now, that's an *extra*

FATHER:
Extra

MOTHER:
Extra surprise.

FATHER:
Our neighbor.

HEIDI:
Mrs. Fish?

Father / Mother / Heidi

FATHER:
Our neighbor to the left.

HEIDI:
The ogre?

FATHER:
Mr. Fitzpatrick!

HEIDI:
Mr. Fitzpatrick the ogre?

[MR. FITZPATRICK, *unobserved*, starts very slowly down the stairs one step at a time. First we see his feet, then his long, spotted tail. Then his dirty sleeveless T-shirt. Finally we see he is carrying a book and smoking a cigarette.]

FATHER:
Not ogre, Heidi, *neighbor*.

HEIDI:
The ogre's going to stay with me?

MOTHER:
Mr. Fitzpatrick's not an ogre!

HEIDI:
He has a tail!

FATHER:
Oh goodness.

MOTHER:

For goodness sake!

FATHER:

Mr. Fitzpatrick does not have—

MOTHER:

He doesn't have a tail—

HEIDI:

A tail! He has a tail!

FATHER:

Now look—

[*He produces a rose from his jacket.*]

MOTHER:

Look what your father's brought you—

FATHER:

What I've brought you.

HEIDI:

Where did you get that?

FATHER:

Why, from Mr. Fitzpatrick—

HEIDI:

From the ogre's garden?

MOTHER:

From *Mr. Fitzpatrick's* garden.

FATHER:

On my way back from asking him—

HEIDI:

Did you ask him for that rose?

MOTHER:

No, no—

HEIDI [*high alarm*]:

You didn't ask him?

FATHER:

No, no, I asked—

HEIDI:

You stole the ogre's rose?

MOTHER:

Mr. Fitzpatrick's not an ogre—

FATHER:

Mr. Fitzpatrick's not an ogre—

MOTHER:

He's our neighbor.

FATHER:

He's our neighbor.

MOTHER:
And I'm sure he doesn't mi—

HEIDI:
You stole the ogre's rose and now he's coming over?

[HEIDI runs back and forth. FATHER looks at his watch.]

FATHER [*confidentially to MOTHER*]:
Huzz buzzabuzz buzz buzz

HEIDI:
What are you saying?

FATHER:
Here's Mr. Fitzpatrick now!

[MR. FITZPATRICK arrives at the bottom of the stairs.]

Mr. Fitzpatrick, you've met my wife, Tracy?

[*Long pause.*]

MR. FITZPATRICK:
Enchanted.

FATHER:
And my daughter, Heidi.

[*Another.*]

MR. FITZPATRICK:
Charmed.

[*Awkwardness.*]

FATHER:
You've brought along a book, I see.

HEIDI:
He has a tail!

[MR. FITZPATRICK looks at HEIDI, then at the rose.]

FATHER:
You're noticing the . . . um . . . yes, it is one of your—well, I mean one of many . . . um. Yes. Well, you don't mind?

MOTHER:
My husband, on his way back from asking—

FATHER:
Yes, on my way back, I . . . you don't mind?

[*Infinitely long pause.*]

You see, Heidi—

MOTHER:
Our daughter, Heidi—

FATHER:
Had an idea that