

Dialogue Sample from HEIDI

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[HEIDI has been taken from her grandfather in the mountains to the city of Frankfort to be a companion to KLARA SESEMANN, an invalid.]

KLARA

Do they all have names, Heidi?

HEIDI

The goats?

(KLARA nods.)

HEIDI (Continued)

Oh, yes, each and every one. And Peter can rattle them off like you read your Latin words.

KLARA

As you will someday, too, Heidi.

HEIDI

I don't think I shall ever learn to read anything from the professor. But, from you, Klara? You are so patient. Well, it's possible.

KLARA

Tell me about the goats and the Alm.

HEIDI

They have names and they act just like people, too. There's big Turk with his powerful horns. He's a bully. He always butts the others.

(SHE pretends to butt KLARA's chair and KLARA "wheels" away in the game.)

HEIDI (Continued)

And they all run away, except brave, slender Thistlebird who one day called Turk's bluff and butted him right back. Of course, the prettiest, loveliest goats are Schwanli and Barli, Grandfather's goats. And they give the creamiest milk of all the others.

KLARA

Oh, I should love to taste it.

HEIDI

And then there's little, white Snowball who cries and cries.
(SHE bleats like a baby goat.)

KLARA

What is wrong with Snowball? Why does she cry?

HEIDI

(In a bleating voice)
"My old one doesn't come any more. She was sold at Mayenfeld."

KLARA

Her old one?

HEIDI

Her mother.

KLARA

Snowball would be my favorite. She's like you and me, Heidi.

HEIDI

Like us?

KLARA

She has no mother.

HEIDI

Yes, but you have your father.

KLARA

Not very often. He's always away on business.

HEIDI

But I never have my grandfather ... oh, Klara --

(HEIDI begins to cry but KLARA rushes to
distract her.)

KLARA

Oh, Heidi, don't cry, please. The mountains, tell me about your mountains.

HEIDI

Oh, Klara, I'm sorry. You are so brave and kind and never complain about your chair ... but, Klara, if I don't see Grandfather and my mountains soon, I'm sure my heart will

burst ...

KLARA

Oh, Heidi, my dear Heidi ... if you go ... oh, how could I stand
the long days ... ?