

Herb Neufeld and the Diplomatic Parrot

by

Ulla Thomsen

Herb V.O: Herb: V.O: [against loud traffic noise, almost shouting]:

Well, well, here we are again. As you know, dear listener, the Grosse Mantelgasse in Heidelberg is not a really huge road, but when I first opened my eyes this morning and realised that it was not as a result of just too much Alt at the Destille, beloved of myself, such a pretty little bar, that I was lying on the floor with a headache, and then upon opening a querulous (how do you spell that?), eye, I realized to my horror that **[loud traffic noise]**... gosh, it makes one curse doesn't it **[more loud noise]**.. oh, that feels better.. where was I ... yes it was.. my goodness, whats this pretty red and yellow and blue bird sitting on my head?!

Polly: Why are you lying there you silly boy?

Herb: Eh, what?

Polly: Polly

Herb: Your name is ..P-PPolly?

Polly: Oops, here I go again, after all, programming is so important isn't it.. yes.. no doubt about it..

Herb: Eh? Is this true ?

Polly: Unlikely in the annals of Olde Heidelberge

Herb: A talking parrot !

Polly: What do you expect me to do.. sit here and just look at you?

Herb: This must be some kind of wild surrealist fantasy.. I mean.. what would you call it ?

Polly: Oh, try to be logical a moment whatever your name is.. I mean I know I'm impatient but..

Herb: Delerium tremens.. I mean I know I like a drink and all that stuff, but..

Polly: Come now, pull yourself together a moment eh..

Herb: Herb

Polly: Herb.. thats better, isn't it.. well, where was I?

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