

DEAD PARROT SKETCH

by

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INT. PET SHOP - DAY

Bright and shiny and sexy. A fish tank on one end of the counter, cash register on the other.

MR. PRALINE (18), who looks just like Ali G, buys a parrot in a cage from the OWNER (18), pretty and slim in a sexy dress, and then swaggers out ...

The owner bends over for no reason so we can see her cleavage.

Mr. Praline returns seconds later. The owner hides behind the register. Where we can see down her dress again.

OWNER

Hello, Mr. Praline. Thank you for coming back to my shop.

MR. PRALINE

Check it, I is wishing to makes a complaint!

OWNER

Sorry, we're closing so I can take drugs.

MR. PRALINE

Never mind that, me Julie, Aiie. I is wishing to complain about this parrot, what I did buy from this shop, you hear me now?

OWNER

Oh yes, the parrot. What's wrong with it?

MR. PRALINE

It's dead.

OWNER

No, no, it's resting, look.

MR. PRALINE

All right then I's will wake it up.
(shouts at cage)
Hello, Polly! I've got some nice seeds for you.

The owner hits the cage.

OWNER

There, it moved!

Mr. Praline pulls the parrot out of the cage and screams into its ear.

MR. PRALINE
 Hello Polly!
 (tickles it gently in a
 non-cruel way)
 Polly Parrot, wake up!

He tosses it up in the air and watches it plummet to the floor. Mr. Praline gives a look which says: Now that's what I call a dead parrot.

OWNER
 He's probably pining for the trees.

MR. PRALINE
 Why did he fall flat on its back?

OWNER
 The African Grey prefers kipping on its back.

MR. PRALINE
 It was nailed to its perch.

OWNER
 Well, of course it was nailed there! Otherwise it would have nuzzled up to those bars and VOOM!

Mr. Praline puts the cage down and picks up the parrot.

MR. PRALINE
 Look sexy, this parrot wouldn't "vooom" if I put heroin in it! It's bleeding demised!

MR. PRALINE
 This parrot is dead.

OWNER
 Well, I'd better replace it, then.

MR. PRALINE
 (to camera)
 You's want to get shit done you's got to shoot ya mouth off, aiie!

The owner casts a perfunctory glance behind the counter.

OWNER
 Sorry sir, we're right out of parrots. I've got a budgie.

MR. PRALINE
 Does it talk?

OWNER
 No.

Mr. Praline looks tired.

OWNER
Go to my brother's pet shop in
Staines, he'll replace your parrot.

INT. SIMILAR PET SHOP IN STAINES - DAY

TITLE OVER: A SIMILAR PET SHOP IN STAINES

A sexy DIFFERENT OWNER stands behind the counter.

A sign on the inside of the door: SIMILAR PET SHOPS, Ltd.

Mr. Praline enters with the dead parrot in hand. He spots the different owner ... and stops dead.

The owner tries to act naturally.

MR. PRALINE
Uh, excuse me, this is Staines, is
it?

OWNER
No, it's Croydon.

MR. PRALINE
Fuck.

Mr. Praline strides out and comes back in a second later.

MR. PRALINE
This is Staines!

OWNER
It was a pun. No, no not a pun ...
What's the other thing?

MR. PRALINE
An anagram? It can't be, the
anagram of Staines is iAss-Ten!

(putting an i at the front of a word automatically makes it cool. Ass is sexy and rude. Ten is ... slang for edgy. Like this is really a ten, yeah?)

OWNER
Well, why don't we go back to my
parents' house and do sex? And
drugs?

MR. PRALINE
Aiiie!

CUT TO: