

Hello, I wish to register a complaint. Hello, miss?
What do you mean, "miss"?
Oh, sorry. I have a cold. I wish to make a complaint.
Sorry, we're closed for lunch.
Never mind that, my lad! I wish to complain about this parrot that I purchased not half an hour ago from this very boutique!
Oh, yeah. That's the Norwegian Blue. What's wrong with it?
I'll tell you what's wrong with it: it's dead. That's what's wrong with it.
No, no, it's resting.
Look, my lad, I know a dead parrot when I see one, and I'm looking at one right now.
No, no, sir, it's not dead. It's resting.
Resting?
Yeah. Remarkable bird, the Norwegian Blue. Beautiful plumage, innit?
The plumage don't enter into it. It's stone dead.
No! It's resting!
Alright, then. If it's resting, I'll wake it up. HELLO, POLLY! I'VE GOT A NICE CUTTLEFISH FOR YOU WHEN YOU WAKE UP, POLLY PARROT!
There! He moved!
No, he didn't! That was you pushing the cage!
I did not!
Yes, you did! HELLO, POLLY! POLLY! POLLY PARROT, WAKE UP! POLLY! Now that's what I call a dead parrot.
No, no. It's stunned.
Look, my lad, I've had just about enough of this! That parrot is definitely deceased, and when I bought it not half an hour ago, you assured me that its lack of movement was due to it being tired and shagged out after a long squawk.
It's probably pining for the fjords.
PINING FOR THE FJORDS?! What kind of talk is that? Look, why did it fall flat on its back the moment I got it home?
The Norwegian Blue prefers kipping on its back! It's a beautiful bird. Lovely plumage.