

BLIND MAN: Hello! Lovely day isn't it? Is this the church sale?

MAN: Yes it is, welcome! Nice sunglasses, and beautiful dog!

BM: Thanks! I'd be pretty screwed without him! I'm as blind as a bat.

MAN: I'm sorry to hear that.

BM: It's ok. Bats are blind, right?

MAN: Sorry, I don't care.

BM: Oh. I think they are, so if you ever want to use that fact on a gameshow... Well... I know this one that's about bats and nothing else... It's made by the same company that did the capital city gameshow... The ratings are pretty good, it's a completely new style of radio.

MAN: This country is getting weirder and weirder. My friend is a physicist, and apparently there are other universes out there with people called 'Captain Mental' and 'Simon Wiedemann' in them! (Pronounced Simon Videman). Both universes are going through complete chaos, though the former is arguably worse. So be happy with what we have, I guess.

BM: Simon Videman? Sounds like a joke name...

MAN: That's what I keep saying. Anyway! Would you like to know the stuff me and my fellow priests are selling?

BM: Sure!

MAN: I mean... What do you want? We're selling pretty much everything!

BM: Cakes?

MAN: No problem! What kind?

BM: Chocolate...

MAN: What size?

BM: Medium.

MAN: And shape?

BM: Boat...

MAN: Ahem. That will be... £6.66...

BM: That's... very Satanic...

MAN: That has been pointed out, by other people wanting medium sized chocolate boat cakes. It's just that we aim to make exactly one pound profit from all of our products, slash, groups of products for the sake of simplicity. By pure coincidence, medium sized chocolate boat cakes cost £5.66 to make...

BM: Huh...

MAN: Is there anything else you'd like to buy?

BM: How abooout.....

MAN: Anything in the world?

BM: I'd really love five hundred and sixty six penny sweets...

MAN: Let me see... That would be... £6.66.

BM: That's £6.66 as well?

MAN: Again, just how the pricing system works. Anyway, the real number of the beast is actually 616. So we're both fine.

BM: You got that fact from QI? (A British panel show, that is - Simon).

MAN: That's the one.

BM: Cool. Also, I'd love twelve biscuits...

MAN: That would be £13...

BM: Thirteen?

MAN: This is a VERY Satanic church sale, isn't it? But it's pure coincidence, I assure you! Ha!

BM: You know what? Five hundred and sixty six penny sweets isn't enough. May I have another five hundred and sixteen?

MAN: (Nervous) No problem. That will be... That will be... £6.16...

BM: What kind of church sale is this??

MAN: I'm so sorry.

BM: I'm mean you've done 666, 616 and 13... Are there any other evil numbers I should know about?

MAN: No, I think that's it...

BM: I guess the number of two beasts would be... Let me think... One thousand, two

hundred and thirty two...

MAN: You've got me there...

BM: Anyway. How about another one thousand one hundred and thirty two penny sweets?

MAN: That would be... Oh no...

BM: What?

MAN: I'm sorry... but that would be £12.32...

BM: Well, well, well. Two numbers of the beast...

MAN: Please forgive me. I'm not evil. Would you like to try buying something other than penny sweets?

BM: I have a bit of a sweet tooth...

MAN: You don't say. How about something a little healthier? Maybe some music? We have a huge CD collection, here...

BM: Do you have any Iron Maiden?

MAN: Sure do.

BM: You don't have their 'Number of the Beast' album, do you?

MAN: I DO have that, BUT that's ok. Want to know why it's ok?

BM: Why?

MAN: Because it's not in favour of the devil. It says how scary he is. Plus they're wrong. They say the number of the beast is 666, and we both know its 616. If we had some Norwegian black metal, that would be a different story. THAT'S evil.

BM: So you have no black metal?

MAN: Let's see, let's see. Nope. None whatsoever.

BM: I guess that's something.

MAN: So, you have your chocolate boat cake; what is it? One thousand, six hundred and ninety eight penny sweets? And your Iron Maiden album. Is there anything ELSE you're interested in purchasing? May I recommend eleven more penny sweets? That would be £1.11. One hundred and eleven is a very holy number...

BM: Sure. Why not?

MAN: Wow. You have one thousand, seven hundred and nine penny sweets to get through. Up for the challenge?

BM: I really don't think that's a good idea. I went blind because of diabetes.

MAN: What are you going to do with them, then?

BM: Just sniff them. Maybe rub some on my face.

MAN: I suppose they DO smell pretty good...

BM: I also want to throw them at people...

MAN: How, if you can't see?

BM: That's why I bought so many of them.

MAN: Still, how will you know if you hit people or not?

BM: They usually say 'Ow!'

MAN: You must throw them pretty hard?

BM: Full force.

MAN: Awesome. Is there anything ELSE you'd like to buy?

BM: No, that's it. It's going to be quite an evening.

MAN: May I ask what you're planning to do with your cake?

BM: THIS!

MAN: You just threw cake in my eye!

BM: Yes. Good day. Come on, Rover.

MAN: Hey... Are you... James?

BM: Ummmm... No! Sorry, got to go!

MAN: I love your podcast!

BM: No. Not me. Please no mention.

MAN: Have a great day!

BM: Oh no.

MAN: I'm not going to tell people you assaulted me!

BM: (Nervously) Bye!...