

Bells

Monty Python

Man: I wish those bloody bells would stop.
Wife: Oh, it's quite nice dear, it's Sunday, it's the church.
Man: What about us atheists? Why should we 'ave to listen to that sectarian turmoil?
Wife: You're a lapsed atheist, dear.
Man: The principle's the same. Bleeding C-of-E. The Mohmedans don't come 'round here wavin' bells at us! We don't get Buddhists playing bagpipes in our bathroom! Or Hindus harmonizing in the hall! The Shintuists don't come here shattering sheet glass in the shithouse, shouting slogans...
Wife: All right, don't practice your alliteration on me.
Man: Anyway, when I get my membership card and blazer badge back from the League of Agnostics, I shall urge the executive to lodge a protest against that religious racket! Pass the butter knife!
Wife: WHAT??
Man: PASS THE BUTTER KNIFE!! THANK YOU! IF ONLY WE HAD SOME KIND OF MISSILE!
Wife: 'OLD ON, I'LL CLOSE THE WINDOW.
(Sound: Window closing, bells get faint, but are still there)
Man: If only we had some kind of missile, we could take the steam out of those bells.
Wife: Well, you could always use the number 14-St. Joseph-the-somewhat- divine-on-the-hill ballistic missile. It's in the attic.
Man: What ballistic missile would this be, then?
(Sound: Bells begin to get increasingly louder)
Wife: I made it for you, it's your birthday present!
Man: Just what I wanted, 'ow nice of you to remember, my pet. 'EAR!
Wife: WHAT?
Man: THOSE BELLS ARE GETTING LOUDER!
Wife: WHAT?
Man: THOSE BELLS ARE GETTING LOUDER!!
Wife: THE BELLS ARE GETTING LOUDER! OOOH, LOOK!
Man: WHAT?
Wife: THE CHURCH, IT'S GETTING CLOSER! ITS COMING DOWN THE 'ILL!
Man: WHAT A LIBERTY!
Wife: IT'S TURNING INTO OUR LANE!
Man: STRAIGHT THROUGH THE LIGHTS, OF COURSE.
Wife: TYPICAL, YOU BETTER GO PUT IT OUT OF IT'S MISERY.
Man: WHERE'S THIS MISSILE, THEN?
Wife: IT'S IN THE AIRING CUPBOARD. PRESS THE BUTTON MARKED CHURCH!
Man: 'OW DO I AIM IT?
Wife: IT AUTOMATICALLY HOMES IN ON THE NEAREST PLACE OF WORSHIP!
Man: THAT'S ST. MARKS!
Wife: IT ISN'T NOW, LOOK!! OH, ITS OP'NING THE GATE.
Man: WHAT? USE THE MEGAPHONE!
Wife: IT'S OP'NING THE GATE!!
Man: I'LL POP UP THE AIRING CUPBOARD.

Wife: 'HURRY UP, ITS TRAMPLING OVER THE AZALIAS!

(Sound: Missile launch, explosion, bells diminish)

Man: Did I 'it it?

Wife: Yes, right up the aisle.

Man: Well I've always said, There's nothing an agnostic
can't do if he really doesn't know whether he believes
in anything or not.