

Ridiculous 2 Sublime

STORIES, PUNDITRY, MUSINGS, AND OBSERVATIONS OF
CHUCK GOLDSTONE
SPOKESPERSON FOR OUR SPECIES

Just a Small Rant About People in Movie Theaters

I much prefer watching movies at home on a widescreen LCD or LED or cheese-filled or whatever-the-current-technology flat screen TV is these days, because going to the movies has been ruined by the odious schmucks who sit behind me and do not understand that they are not watching on own their widescreens at home, and even more to the point, do not grasp that most of us prefer the dialogue on the screen to theirs. Until last night, I thought it did not get much worse than the benign but annoying older woman (1) whose voice is deep and raspy and in the audio range of a baritone saxophone as a result of six decades of cigarette smoking and (2) whose hearing has declined just enough so what she thinks is a "whisper" registers just a half-decibel below "shouting." For ninety minutes, she explains everything, just after it happened, to her husband who simply wants to snooze. It is like hearing an elderly echo. But last night, we sat a row in front of a stunningly loathsome movie-going jerk. I am not a violent guy and, I admit, the last fight I had was in the fourth grade, and it probably should not even be considered a fight since "fight" suggests that I "fought back," when in fact, I was pummeled by a fifth-grader and the only use of my clenched fist was to protect my face and groin. However, last night was the first time in memory that I actually wanted to smack another human being. Obviously he had seen the movie before, and to impressed his date, and in hopes that his clairvoyance would later that evening get him laid, he would tell her (in a voice loud enough for others to hear) what was about to happened three seconds later ("When they cut back, that guy will be dead of a heart attack"). I am sure that in the opening seconds of Citizen Kane, after the snow globe bursts and the off-camera voice mumbles "Rosebud," this guy blurted, "It's the sled." I do not usually confront people, prudently for my own protection, since those who do not know that you should not use your "outside voice" in a movie theater probably do not know that you should probably not stab or shoot people there either. Further, I noticed that the pitch of the theater put his foot at level of my head. Yet at one point, I turned, and with the tacit approval of those around me, said "Could you please be quiet," a real-time downgrade from the more heartfelt "shut the fuck up, you asshole." But, he did not hear me, because HE WAS TALKING. In the future, if there is a movie I really want to see, I will wait for the DVD. Or if I go to a theater, I will look for that elderly couple and ask if the seats in front of them are free.