

MAN: Just ignore it. It will stop soon. It does this occasionally. It rings. Just ignore it. What? What do you want? What? The machine picks up.

MAN (V.O.)

Hello. I'm not able to pick up the telephone at the moment but that doesn't necessarily mean I'm out. Please leave a short clearly worded message after the sound and I will call you back at my convenience.

{The machine beeps. A dial tone is heard.}

MAN: (cont'd)

Oh, God. Well, that's it, isn't it? The moment is ruined. Thank you. Thank you life. It's like a cell phone going off in a theatre. God, I hate that. "Hello?" "Hi, what are you doing?" "Oh, I'm at the theatre ruining the moment. How you?" "Oh, I couldn't get out tonight so I thought I'd ruin. the moment by proxy." They didn't have cell phones in 1928, but I'm sure they had something for the ruining of moments. Bugles, or something.

He moves the needle back.

