

Tranquility of the Mind (an independent film)

Hyowon Kang

From: dangfordlangford@blueshorepublicschools.org

Date: 2017-05-22 14:48 GMT-04:00

Subject: **Fwd: Tranquility of the Mind**

To: JayRonaldParker@blueshorepublicschools.org, billybob@blueshorepublicschools.org

Dear Principal Parker,

We are Dangford Langford and Billy Bob, two aspiring screenwriters and future big names in the film industry. Today we are writing to you to lament the current lack of passion in the young teachers of academia. It is as if they are taught to teach art, yet not to comprehend or mayhaps entertain the possibility of its existence everywhere! We have sought like hyenas in the Savannas for artistic enlightenment through education, but it seems that the Blue Shore public education system has failed us today in that department.

By all this we mean, please please fire Ms. Sandy Ann! It's absolutely unfair that she gave us a D- on our final assignment, although we daresay it was one of the most carefully crafted pieces of artwork released in the 21st century. Said masterful screenplay is attached to this email via the forwarded message. Please overlook the little comments here and there if you plan to look it over and perhaps offer us a publishing deal.

First of all, it is most ridiculous that a woman who can barely settle for a husband should have the authority to 'grade', and thereby decide the value of, our work. She sometimes even pronounces words with French roots incorrectly in class, and I assure you that she most definitely is taking bribes from Paula Pepper. Paula Pepper barely knows how to spell the words 'color', 'gray', or 'center', and yet Ms. Sandy Ann is constantly patting her behind for her 'exquisite prose'!

Secondly, what the heck is a D- (excuse the language, sir)? And why, pray tell, does a D-, which is strictly not an F, warrant us a repeat of the course? It seems like this education system promotes the failure of its students rather than the successes thereof. What does Ms. Sandy Ann, or you yourself, sir, have to gain from our grueling experiences at summer school? Are you aware that the Blue Shore public education system will not let us have air conditioning between 9-10 AM on Tuesdays and Thursdays over the summer for maintenance reasons? Have you ever survived that kind of cruel and unusual punishment yourself, sir? I shudder at the mere idea of it!

Please consider our argument, Principal Parker, and either fire Ms. Sandy Ann or let us skip summer school. Also, please don't call either of our parents, especially Billy Bob's.

Thank you,

Dangford Langford and Billy Bob

----- Forwarded message -----

From: dangfordlangford@blueshorepublicschools.org

Date: 2017-05-20 23:32 GMT-04:00

Subject: **Tranquility of the Mind**

To: JustineSandyAnn@blueshorepublicschools.org, billybob@blueshorepublicschools.org

Dear Ms. Sandy Ann,

Below is our spring assignment. Please give us a good grade this time! And also we know you're taking bribes from Paula Pepper, but we have things to offer too. Billy has a substantial Pez dispenser collection, and some of those things are worth good money. One of them go by \$29.99 on eBay.

So just have that in mind as you grade our project, ok? Blink at either one of us three times after class next Monday if you're interested, we'll stay afterschool.

Best,

Dangford Langford and Billy Bob

----- Attached File -----

Assignment 4: Synthesize a pastiche [*NOUN: an artistic work in a style that imitates that of another work, artist, or period*] of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, in the form of a screenplay with more than two acts. You may consider the following themes:

- Youth
- Love at first sight
- Vendetta

Attach your finished work in the space provided below. You may work with a partner or in a group with up to six members, but a bigger group is recommended for smoother filming.

As always, you may turn in your work a week early for revision. The final deadline is **May 21**, and only those who have not used a single extension this semester may ask for one. Note that the screenplay, as well as the final film, must be **age-appropriate**, as they will be showcased before your parents on parent-teacher conference day.

Tranquility of the Mind

By Billy Bob and Dangford Langford, for Ms. Sandy Ann's Drama Class

[Revised by Ms. S]

[Uh, Ms. Sandy Ann, I think you mean "peer edited", not "revised". If you truly want to be an educator, we ask that you get off your high horse. So here, *OUR REASON WHY WE COULDN'T EDIT AS SUGGESTED's* are by us.]

ACT 1

[↑ *You only have one act.*] [There was only one Jesus Christ, only one Freddie Mercury, only one good movie by the Wachowskis—we could go on.]

Scene One

Everything is dark.

SPOTLIGHT

BOB is sitting in a bench in the middle of a park. There is an ice cream stand to his left, and six children-sized dolls, five of them American Girl dolls that resemble human children and one of them a Costco bear in the shade 'Dark Brown', [← *Why is one of them a bear?*] [Our production team promotes diversity and equality, but sadly, the owner of our local American Girl store did not. They weren't stocked with any non-white dolls, so we turned to the all-inclusive Costco. This script was not sponsored.] form an ominous circle to his right. They dolls are gathered around a satanic symbol on the ground. A cockroach crawls towards the camera and the director (our good friend Justin Randall Timberlake) faintly squeals. [← *Why is this necessary in any way?*] [We need to stress the fact that the film is independent. We have cast a live cockroach for this scene and a lifesize JT cutout.]

Camera zooms in on **BOB**.

BOB (i.e. Billy in a suit and tie and wearing smudged black eyeliner)

[↑ *eyeliner seems out of place*] [They are his dark circles. It builds his character by implying that he suffers from a lot of stress at work and has a negative outlook on life.]

(looking at camera with depression-ridden eyes) I am so tired. It seems that I have never once not been tired in the past five, ten, or simply so many of the years. The government is crumbling. Taxes are soaring through the roof, and the medical bills through the Earth's atmosphere. I don't even remember what it feels like to have a back that doesn't hurt, shoulders that can flatten, or ankles that don't swell every other day...

GROUP OF CHILDREN (i.e. our good friend Justin Randall Timberlake's voiceover of the American girl dolls + Costco Bear)

(unanimously) Oh, it's so much fun being young! Ahahahahaha! I love playing house! Ahahahahaha!

BOB

(sighs) I wish I could be like those children. (stands up abruptly) That's it! That's very much it! Oh, how I wish I was young again, a joyful young boy again! But it is far too late for me... I have had my chances at happiness, as every man once did.

ICE CREAM WOMAN stands up from behind the ice cream stand. Her eyes are sparkling with something that could be interpreted as both curiosity and malice. She raises the ice cream scoop in her right arm.

ICE CREAM WOMAN (i.e. Dangford in drag with puffy hair) [← *Inappropriate casting*] [But nobody else would film with us.]

(in an abnormally high pitched voice [← *Seems unnecessary*] [This is the only voice Dangford Langford can do, save for his Donald Duck impression.]) Did someone say ice cream? (turns to **BOB**) Young man, was it you? Did you want some ice cream?

BOB

Hmm, me? No, I said nothing about ice cream... perhaps those kids over there wanted some. My teeth can't withstand cold things, and I don't want to buy my dentist another Benz.

ICE CREAM WOMAN

No, no, I am quite sure it was you! It was you who called for my ice cream! Why don't you come and take a look at the wide variety of delectable selections that I offer, young man? And then you can talk your nonsense about your teeth, after you have looked.

As **BOB** walks towards the ice cream stand to look at the flavors offered, the camera zooms towards the ice cream display to reveal that the tubs contain no ice cream. They are filled instead with buttons, of all sizes and colors. [*← It doesn't seem like the buttons represent anything. As Chekhov said, 'Remove everything that has no relevance to the story.'*] [*Chekhov was also quoted saying "It is not a matter of old or new forms; a person writes without thinking about any forms, he writes because it flows freely from his soul." The buttons flowed from our soul, therefore the buttons were writ.*]

ICE CREAM WOMAN

You want one, don't you, young man? You want some ice cream now, don't you?

BOB

(suddenly teary-eyed; it is as if the temporality of life has struck him.)

Why, yes! In fact, I most certainly do want some ice cream! Everything comes and goes; I don't have time to worry about my teeth. How much do I pay you, woman? [*← To put it gently, this is the opposite of relatable character development.*] [*It is almost as if your soul isn't plagued by constant doubt, and a slight change of wind does not make your core values shudder! I don't see how this isn't relatable.*]

ICE CREAM WOMAN

(smiles mysteriously)

Nothing at all, young man. You will soon learn—perhaps *recall* is a term more apt—that more often than not, happiness is free.

BOB scoops up a handful of buttons and inhales them like Skittles™. [*←I can't believe that I need to make sure of this, but I hope Billy is not actually eating a handful of buttons in this scene.*] [...Ms. Sandy Ann, what do you think we are? **IMBECILES**? Of course Billy is not eating **ACTUAL** buttons in this scene. We squished individual Skittles™ pieces between two adequately sized buttons to create approximately 500 button-shaped Skittles™.]

The director, our good friend Justin Randall Timberlake, is heard yelling the first millisecond of a “Cut! And that's a wrap!” as the screen fades to black. [*← Two things: 1. The screenplay has to reflect actual filming situations. 2. What the director yells or does not yell cannot be part of the screenplay.*] [*We are merely sorry to observe that the overwhelmingly metaphysical and indie nature of our film went over your head.*]

Scene Two

BOB is walking the park. The ground zooms out to show that the park is in fact a small globe, and **BOB** is now on all fours, racing across the world like a puma in the night, chasing prey. The screen splits in two, where the right side shows the same footage as the left but with the colors inverted. The two screens split into four, and the four into eight, etc., the colors going from regular-inverted-regular-...etc., in a checkerboard pattern.

The entire screen joins together again with a ripple effect, and the children around the Satanic symbol are raising their arms, chanting.

GROUP OF CHILDREN

(unanimously) Joy, oh joy! Ahahahaha! Into the bloodstream, into the lungs, oogly boogly boo! Ahahahaha! Joy, oh joy, oogly boogly boo! Oogly boogly boo!

Their eyes begin glowing bright red in bloodlust. The screen switches back to **BOB**, this time walking upside down on his hands amongst psychedelic colors. The uncensored version of 'LSD' by A\$AP Rocky starts playing in the background. [*← I stressed in the guidelines that the film must be age appropriate.*] [*This is art, and art has no guidelines. Did you even watch Antichrist? That was art, as is our creation. Lars Von Trier would have agreed with us.*]

Suddenly **BOB** trips and falls, closing his eyes. The screen blurs, and the colors come back to normal. **ICE CREAM WOMAN** tip toes out from behind the ice cream stand and takes **BOB**'s wallet and watch. It is revealed that **ICE CREAM WOMAN** was not wearing pants the whole time. [*← This is inappropriate and again unnecessary.*] [*James 4:12 "There is only one lawgiver and judge, he who is able to save and to destroy. But who are you to judge your neighbor?"*] She tip toes back to the stand and shuffles away with the stand.

The screen blurs out completely.

Scene Three

[*↑ Why didn't you add a new act here?*] [*Because sometimes less is more, Ms. Sandy Ann. Just like how you think your family would be happier if you'd only ever had one husband. Sorry for the personal attack, but there. Now it's out. The entire class knows about it, Ms. Sandy Ann. We can hear you when you cry behind the blackboard because your boyfriend left you. I'm very sorry about that by the way, but James didn't seem like a very good man anyway. I'm sure you could do much better if you started wearing nicer clothes.*]

BOB wakes up from the ground on the park. He has slept through the night and it is morning now, and the children have disappeared.

BOB

(hand on forehead) Oh, I have a splitting headache... wait, what's happened to my body??

BOB looks down to realize that he has become a young boy. (This is portrayed by Billy Bob walking on his knees instead of his feet as he did earlier in the film, and also the eyeliner has been erased off in a hasty manner leaving streaks of gray on his cheeks.) A member of the crew, the alter ego of our good friend Justin Randall Timberlake, sneezes. A few people say "bless you". [*← It hurts my fingers to type this at this point. This kind of thing is the definition of redundant and unnecessary. Why, just why did you write this?*] [*To quote the words of Pablo Picasso:*

“Everyone wants to understand art. Why not try to understand the song of a bird? Why does one love the night, flowers, everything around one, without trying to understand them?...If only they would realize above all that an artist works of necessity, that he himself is only a trifling bit of the world, and that no more importance should be attached to him than to plenty of other things which please us in the world, though we can't explain them.” That is all we have to say.]

BOB

Holy BLEEP! (Here, the ‘BLEEP!’ is shouted out by Justin Randall Timberlake in order to override **BOB**’s profanity.) [*← How about editing it out, or leaving it out from the script to begin with?*] [*Imagine watching Slumdog Millionaire, and every time they swore, they said ‘Oh, shucks!’ and ‘Gosh dingus!’.* Authenticity is a thing we are trying to preserve here, Ms. Sandy Ann. The perhaps graphic nature of our screenplay cannot be helped; it describes the raw and the living, and those things are most often graphic. At least we have bleeped it out for your aristocratic viewing pleasure.] I’m actually a child again! The ice cream must have been magical!

(brings his hand to pocket, frowns)

Dang it, my wallet is gone. Someone must have robbed me while I was sleeping. Well, no matter. Little boys don’t carry wallets anyway, perhaps it will be more fitting like this. Now, what to do, what to do? Oh, yes, I should head to the playground and play with the other children!

BOB walks across the park to the nearby playground, where the American Girl dolls and the Costco Bear are huddled around yet another satanic symbol on the ground. Because **BOB** is simply Billy with shoes on his knees, his movements are rather awkward.

BOB

Hello, friends! What are you guys doing? Did the Bitcoin stocks go up? I mean, how is the... sand?

GROUP OF CHILDREN

(unanimously) Hello, friend, who is just as youthful as us! The sand is good, as always. Ahahahaha! We simply love the sand. [*← I’m not entirely sure if you’re doing this on purpose or trying to characterize actual children. Just in case you are confused, actual children do not behave like this.*] [*Hmm, I’m not sure you know what you’re talking about, Ms. Sandy Ann. This is what the children of the 21st century sound like. The internet made them so. This was exactly what George sounded like when we talked to him the other day, anyway.*]

BOB

(Nervous, because this isn’t how he remembers children sounding like, but then again, it is the 21st century. He does not want to be ostracized by the children, and the traumatic memories of being bullied in the second grade start to tighten his stomach. [*← How will you be able to portray this?*] [*Through brilliant acting and subtitles.*] He tries his best to fit in.) Yes, I too enjoy the sand! What game are you guys playing?

GROUP OF CHILDREN

(unanimously) We were just playing house. Ahahaha! It is dreadfully fun! Will you join us?

BOB

I would be delighted to! What role am I playing?

COSTCO BEAR (i.e. Dangford Langford doing his Donald Duck impression)

[↑ *Again, inappropriate casting.*] *[We did entertain the thought of getting George to voice this part, but he was too high on sugar to focus. Also yes, by George we do mean your son. You know how George gets dropped off in front of the school and waits in the playground for you to finish up sometimes? Yeah, we've been giving him Pez candy every evening afterschool. He's hooked on the stuff, and speaks real funny after like twenty of it. We based the children characters of this film on him, for realism.]*

(in a low, husky tone) I'm the father. You can be our pet parrot.

BOB

Okay. (briefly wondering what he should do as a parrot) Squawk, squawk. I like you! I like you!

COSTCO BEAR

Honey? Where the BLEEP is my beer? And won't you BLEEP that annoying parrot up for good this time? I never wanted that feather dispenser thing around in the house, if only you weren't so emotional all the time we could have roasted it for dinner. And then the children would finally know what it feels like to be full.

BOB

(terrified) Um, what?

BLONDE AMERICAN GIRL DOLL (i.e. Billy ventriloquizing)

(crying) The beer, it's always the beer! Can't you look for me first before you look for your drink? And we can't get rid of Zozo, he's all that's holding this family together! You're so awful... (continues to sob)

Dark memories from his childhood start to flash before **BOB**'s eyes. They are in fact flickering across the screen above **BOB**'s head, with poorly edited sparkling effects. [*← Why would you stress that it's 'poorly edited'? The idea is to make sure it is not in fact poorly edited.*] *[Ms. Sandy Ann, have you watched 'The Room'? What makes 'The Room' the greatest movie of all time is the level of horrible every individual aspect of the film is; the terrible acting, nonsensical lines, and the atrocious plot, et cetera. But when put together, there is all of a sudden an irresistible charm to the piece... it mirrors the phenomenon in which broken pieces of a mirror come together to reflect the human experience at its most raw. That is precisely why we stressed the fact that it is poorly edited. The average struggling soul cannot relate to things that are picture perfect.]*

1. His mother, who looks suspiciously like the **ICE CREAM WOMAN** except her wig is spray painted a different color so you know it's not the same person, is crying in the bathroom, drinking a bottle of wine.
2. His father (special cameo from Billy Bob's actual father) is screaming at him, in his right hand a broken bottle of rum and in his other **BOB**'s test scores. The camera is shaky because the director too is scared, by the convincing acting of course. The actual score on the paper is difficult to see because of the sparkling effects but the audience must realize that it is in fact a 20 out of 100, a drama assignment. [*← ...Are you referring to the research project you did on Shakespeare? In which you claimed he wrote 'three' screenplays in his entire lifetime? If that is the case, I hope Billy's father is not actually abusive. I will have to call your family if you do not talk to me about this before next week, Billy.*] *[This screenplay is strictly a work of fiction, Ms. Sandy Ann. We are in fact flattered that our writing was so convincing as to cause you such confusion. However, were this based on any sort of real life experience one of us went through, where we were unfairly judged on our work because it was 'not factual', we would just like to tell you please, please do not call Billy's dad. If you really want to help us just give us a passing*

grade. No matter what you do please don't call Billy's dad. Billy says that his dad promised his mom he would stop going to the bar once he gets a promotion, so please please please don't call him. Thank you.]

3. His mother again, this time bent over the bathroom sink, crying even more fiercely. She is out of wine, and therefore out of the pleasures of life.

4. His mother slips into **BOB**'s bedroom when he is asleep, and plants a kiss on his forehead, whispering "You're the only reason I'm still here, ~~Billy~~ Bob, in this house, in this world, or whatever else." [*← Billy, are you sure your family situation is okay?*] [*There, now you've done it, Ms. Sandy Ann. Billy is crying now.*]

BOB starts to cry like a little baby. The other children stop their game and stare.

GROUP OF CHILDREN

(unanimously) What is wrong, fellow youth?

BOB

(wiping tears from face) I don't want to play anymore! In fact, I don't want to be young anymore!

BOB stands up (by which mean that he gets on his knees, because you understand, he is still a child). He raises his arms towards the sky and looks longingly at the clouds.

BOB

Oh, woe is me! I once thought that my constant tiredness was a result of my adulthood, but now I realize that mentality was a product of my naivety... It was youth! Youth was plaguing me! The will to live and the will to succeed, had I not had those things then I would have been a perfectly content man rotting away in the corner of a dark alley, but no... One's mind never ages as his body changes form, and that is perhaps the form of the Lord's eternal torment for the children of Adam and Eve. Oh how terrible is He, to let his children suffer so! [*← Did you not read the part in the assignment guidelines that said, explicitly, that a viewing of your films will be held before your parents? I don't think they would be too delighted to hear these things.*] [*First of all, our own parents don't care about us enough to come, as you have cleverly and cruelly observed. Secondly, are you suggesting that the other students' parents are MORONS? They know that what our characters say have nothing to do with our own opinions about Jebus Chreebus, etc. We are simply showcasing the opinions of our character 'Bob Billy', and we would be breaking the artist's code if we had to censor the thoughts of our characters in order to please the market.*]

GROUP OF CHILDREN

(all of the dolls raise their arms and chant unanimously) He has reached enlightenment! Oogly Boogly boo!

The satanic symbol on the ground starts lighting up, and the **GROUP OF CHILDREN** disappear amongst animalistic noises. [*← Just what purpose did they serve? Is this supposed to be your take on symbolism? If such is the case, I suggest you retake English Literature 101.*] [*Ms. Sandy Ann, you're just getting a little mean now.*]

BOB

If only I could let go of the passions of youth! Then I would be able to truly revel in the joys of life, of which there is only one: its temporality! For existence is simply continued pain of all sorts, as anything good is bad when it ends... And now, by becoming a child again, I have merely prolonged my sentence. [*← This is very dark.*] [*As is living.*]

Screen fades.

MYSTERIOUS VOICEOVER (i.e. Dangford Langford doing his Donald Duck impression. Note that it is separate from the Costco Bear.)

And so ends yet another tale of a man, or a child, in a tragedy. The pain of enlightenment! But all happy endings—or endings at all, in all technicality—are mere illusions, inventions of the mind, for even after death, tales of life continue. Perhaps one day mankind will triumph over their Lord and Torturer, but alas, today is not that day.

[↑ Are you somehow insinuating that God may be overthrown? [‘You’? Who is ‘you’, Ms. Sandy Ann? This is what MYSTERIOUS VOICEOVER is saying. We, the artists, simply write and perform.]

Ah, the time has come; goodbye to you all.

CREDITS ROLL

Cast Members

Billy Bob: BOB BILLY,
BLONDE AMERICAN GIRL DOLL

Dangford Langford: ICE CREAM WOMAN,
COSTCO BEAR,
MYSTERIOUS VOICEOVER

Cockroach: COCKROACH

Justin Randall Timberlake: GROUP OF CHILDREN
[↑ I don’t know if it’s some sort of joke, but I don’t understand why you are so insistent on the fact that Justin Timberlake is your ‘good friend’ and is actually filming with you.] [You don’t know what lives we lead outside of the classroom.]

George Sandy Ann: ALTER EGO OF JUSTIN RANDALL TIMBERLAKE
[↑ Wait, do you mean my son? How do you know his name?] [See, we were afraid you won’t take it well. But now you know. You should consider taking him to a Disney audition or something, he’s pretty good at improv. First take him to baby rehab or something, though.]

Director

Lifesize Justin Timberlake cardboard cutout (from the 20/20 Experience photoshoot, borrowed from Dangford’s sister).

[↑ *Really?*] [Okay, it was filmed by our 'babysitter', but she was really our bodyguard. Also she is a JT fan, and sounds like a man when singing in the shower.]

Special Effects Director

Billy Bob. All the effects were created using Windows XP Movie Maker.

[Final Comments:

Overall, I see ample room for improvement. The plot is as incoherent as it can get, and virtually none of the requirements noted in the guidelines are met by your piece. I'm not sure why the two of you simply decided to disregard the fact that this is supposed to be a pastiche for Romeo and Juliet, but whatever the case, there is nothing about this writing that suggests any sort of influence from Shakespeare.

Furthermore, the plot is simply hideous. There is nothing fluid about the story, or should I say, I detect no hint of a story at all. What is the summary of this? A man eats buttons, becomes a child, and suddenly learns that life is meaningless and painful? A good screenplay or film must captivate its audience with realism and fantasy, but 'captivated' is not a word I would use for my experience reading this work. In fact, the randomness and lack of structure of it all is somewhat amusing, but probably not in the way you intended.

I think you two were also confused about how a screenplay is meant to be written. You are not supposed to write things like "and the director sneezed faintly in the background" or other notes of that nature IN your screenplay. If those things happen in the midst of filming, then they can be edited out. You should also consider getting some of your classmates to do some of the voiceovers instead of yourselves, as it seems that your vocal chambers are very limited in their creativity.

I am also doubly disturbed by the message you seem to be sending through this piece of writing. You could seek help from the school counselor, or always come talk to me afterschool. It seems as though you are suggesting that life is a form of eternal damnation and any sort of happiness, which can only be achieved through substances, is purely momentary. You are all only in freshmen in high school, so I don't know what causes you to think like this. There is a lot more to life than childhood trauma.

On the topic of childhood trauma, remember to come talk to me afterschool about your father, Billy.

Overall, if this piece is not improved according to my notes by next week, you are most likely to receive a D-.]

[We are very disappointed that you couldn't recognize this gemstone, but such is the fate of many of the greatest artists who are before their time, so we are not surprised. As for your accusation of us 'not meeting the requirements from the guideline', uh, yes we did. First of all, we definitely accomplished the pistachio thing because BOB says things like 'Woe is me' and other antiquated phrases I'm sure Shakespeare used. And also we wrote this entire piece in English instead of, say, Spanish, because we knew Shakespeare wouldn't write in Spanish. And also also, this has everything to do with Romeo and Juliet! Do you truly believe that Romeo and Juliet committed suicide out of some sort of layered misunderstanding and passionate love? We cry nay! They were obviously suffering from the torture that is everyday living, and decided to end it together in a symbolic union. It was all planned on their part. The story is all just a misinterpretation by onlookers.

And the plot is 'hideous', you say? Now we're starting to fear that you are one of those people who think 'The Room' is a BAD movie. It is not. Will you be surprised if we told you that the clunky sequence of events were intentional? They represent the internal struggle every walking human carries, out of rhythm and constantly tumbling forward without a chosen direction.

We were most definitely not confused as to how screenplays WERE written in the past. But we are innovators, Ms. Sandy Ann, as was Steve Jobs and whomever else is also rich. We develop the format for the stories we choose to tell; otherwise, is it truly our story at all?

You also need to stop talking about this Billy's family business. We are both perfectly fine. Billy wants to add that we will only cease being in said fine state if you CALLED HIS PARENTS. He requested I type that with the Caps Lock on, sorry to be loud.

Anyways, as you can see, we refused to change a single word of our screenplay, and will film it the way we intended to. We cannot afford being polluted by the industry.

We are simply saddened that our supposed educator has failed to support our creativity, and has chosen instead to bombard us with unnecessary hatred out of jealousy or whatever else. We just want you to know that it's OK that you can't find a decent man who will stay after discovering that you have a child, but it's just hard having that kind of stuff being taken out on you all the time. You understand. (Please don't give us a D-.)]