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CREATING A FILM USING DIGITAL MEDIA
AN OVERVIEW OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS
FROM CREATION TO COMPLETION OF A DIGITAL FILM

by

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Creating a Film Using Digital Media, An Overview of the Creative Process from Creation to Completion of a Digital Film

Chairman: Dr. James Kriley

The production and creation of a digital film, Fist Fight of Love, is explored through a yearlong process. Starting with the inspiration gained by 2 previous short films, the author expresses her experiences that have lead to the production and execution of the film from start to finish. Using a proposal as a guideline, the process involved applying and receiving a sabbatical from her school district, taking her daughter and relocating to Seattle. While in Seattle, she immersed herself in learning about film and filming techniques, visiting film festivals and viewing independent films. The process also involved producing a movie by adapting a short story, developing a script, music, set design and learning a digital editing program, Final Cut Express HD. The author discusses the use of camera, special editing effects and the trials and tribulations of filming with a low budget. In addition, the author included her children in helping create the film and integrated what she learned into classes at the alternative school where she is employed.
I wanted to make a movie; I had neither experience, a camera, a script, equipment nor a crew. I knew I wanted to make a movie. I had been intrigued about filmmaking after taking the weeklong class in the summer of 2003, *Media Arts Production in the Schools* with Rick Hughes. My forty-eight second film *Sweet Dreams* inspired and excited me. For *Sweet Dreams*, out of the media provided to us, I chose religious related images along with an aged face and a partially nude torso with a chain in its hand. I imported some of the jpegs into Adobe Photoshop and applied filters to change their appearance and adjusted the hue and saturation of color. I placed the pictures on the editing program timeline to create my first film. *Sweet Dreams* came together like a dream; I produced a daunting forty-eight seconds of contrasting images coupled with sound effects, music and voices. The work provided a strong incentive to do a film for my field project called, *The Red Slip*.

My Grandmother had recently died and I was assigned the task of organizing and cleaning out her house. In the eighty years she had spent accumulating belongs, in the farthest depths of her closet, amongst the grandmotherly clothes of flowers and polyester, I found a red slip. The scarlet undergarment served as inspiration for my film *The Red Slip*, an eight-minute film of images and music presented as a lyrical story of my Grandmother. I filmed the slip floating down the creek which ran next to her house, blowing in the wind through a door of an old building where she and my grandfather used to go dancing and flying about on the Montana prairie where my Grandmother grew up. My film goal was to relay a glimpse of her life at the ranch through a surrealist video. My second film initiated and ignited a fire of interest to pursue my final project which was, of course, creating another film; *Fist Fight of Love*. Again with no camera, script,
equipment, budget and only my 10 year old daughter and I as crew, I began the journey of making *Fist Fight of Love*.

In January 2004, after eleven years of teaching with no significant time off, I applied for a sabbatical from my school district. The sabbatical would allow me half year off with pay to work on my final project. At the time of the sabbatical application I wasn’t sure if I would refine *The Red Slip* or create a completely new film. I felt I needed the time to immerse myself in my project. I was given notice my sabbatical proposal had been approved in February, and I decided to take my break during the coming Fall Semester. I spoke to a childhood friend who lived in Seattle and was starting a business in videography. We set up a plan for my daughter and I to leave Helena, go to Seattle and stay and work for a few months. I felt the move would be beneficial, as I wouldn’t have so many day-to-day tasks distracting me from my work. Seattle also had a burgeoning independent film community, which I believed to be another reason to relocate and immerse myself in the culture. With an idea in hand, I still had to teach school in the spring and complete the Creative Pulse courses in the summer; Seattle seemed like a distant dream.

I left the Creative Pulse in the summer of 2004, exhausted yet inspired. Here is my final project proposal:

"I would like to continue working with videography. I believe it would be a natural compliment to mesh my graphic design and fine arts backgrounds. I found a passion in creating movies while attending the multimedia class and I would like to work on developing another film, perhaps a legacy video about my Grandmother’s life. I found much satisfaction in creating “*The Red Slip*” and I would like to explore the medium of videography further. I have a good solid understanding of photography, computer programs and
visual arts and design. I worked in videography during my field project year, creating a video for a 2nd year Creative Pulse student. I continued to work with digital video and produced my film, *The Red Slip*. I feel I just got a taste of the medium and I am ready to take it further. I will be using both digital stills and digital video and using Final Cut Pro to edit the film. I would like to have my movie completed by the end of January 2005. I will also look into presenting my project at the Myrna Loy Center some time following in the spring of 2005.

*As my proposal, I would:*

- Work with a professional videographer.
- Develop an idea for my own video.
- Create storyboards.
- I would consult with my advisor several times during the next several months to finalize which genre my video ultimately would be.
- Create and present a film to my community in Helena, with possibly returning next summer and presenting the film to the Creative Pulse.

I have received a sabbatical by my school district for the fall semester of this coming school year. I have decided to live in Seattle for four months to work with a professional videographer. Part of the rigor will be moving away from my home to enmesh in the whole process of making movies. I will have four months to plunge myself in my final project without the burden of taking time out to work at a job.

I have twenty-five years experience in graphic design and I think this skill will assist with the polishing of the final product. I have some ideas for a storyline and thanks to the program; I believe I am better prepared to get the thoughts down on paper and translated into a movie. I enjoy working with digital images and expect the work this fall to improve by ability as an artist and a teacher. I also believe that the movie making will be something I can bring back to the classroom and use as a teaching tool. I have been in contact with the Helena Community Television Station and they want to work with my students in the area of broadcasting video. I plan to write a thematic unit for the school to use in future years involving video and video editing. The use of video is a springboard for enlisting all the intelligences listed by Howard Gardner in his book “Frames of Mind.”
videography project will allow me to follow the curriculum guidelines of the school district and implement vocational strands in my teaching. The experience I gain from my final project will enhance my teaching abilities to provide the students with a high quality learning experience in regards to our employment-based program. My hope is to have a finished production to display to the community following my sabbatical.

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As with any creative endeavor, my proposal grew and changed. I was urged to do a documentary, but I resisted, I wanted to paint a film using a narrative story and images. I wasn’t sure what story I would adapt, I had faith a tale would come to me. The class, Narrative Intelligence at the Creative Pulse gave me background for finding an interesting story; I trusted a breakthrough would come to me and moved to Seattle on August 26th.

My daughter and I arrived in Seattle and got settled. She started school, and I began film research and generating ideas. I visited film festivals and film related events to start. While attending some talks sponsored by Women in Film in Seattle, one speaker, a producer Lauren Schuler Donner, offered the best advice she could give for making film:

1) Have a good original idea.
2) Have a complicated story.

3) Let the character want something.

4) Create an investment on the part of the characters.

5) Find a good balance of character development for interest.

6) Pay attention to sound when shooting on location.

I jotted the notes and realized the first five suggestions were the same points that had been relayed to us in the Narrative Intelligence workshop.

I continued visiting various film venues for several weeks, exploring, learning and taking notes. I fought off the urge to stop and go home. After one month, I experienced a feeling of emptiness and hopelessness. I felt as if I wasn’t moving along fast enough. I hadn’t been behind a camera yet, and a story was nowhere in sight. I knew I would never have another chance to totally plunge myself in a project; I began working on how to get out of the slump. I read and did the Artist’s Way by Julia Cameron, again, and started keeping notes of my dreams and ideas. I started walking every morning to organize my thoughts. After a week or so of the routine, I felt more centered, and ideas began to come to me. I toyed with the idea of creating a “mockumentary” about my friend’s struggle to keep her pet chicken in the suburbs of Seattle. I started filming the chicken, Stuart, using a my friends camera, a Sony PD150 camera. I did some experimentation with the shutter speed, and worked at familiarizing myself with the technical aspects of the camera. Stuart was an interesting chicken, and I got some fascinating footage following Stuart around the backyard. However, two days later, out of the blue, my son Troy e-mailed me a short story he had written on a whim entitled Fist
*Fight of Love.* I read the e-mail and laughed out loud. At once, I knew *Fist Fight of Love* was a dark, quirky story I could cultivate in video.

My imagination was piqued and visions flashed in my mind. *Fist Fight of Love* was the right story for my film; it contained the elements I needed for my storyline and was peculiar enough for me to enjoy. *Fist Fight of Love* was a love story, one-sided albeit, but a love story all the same of misleading, unbridled passion, unreciprocated obsession combined with twisted nuances and words. *Fist Fight of Love* was a dark comedy that inspired me to hold fast to my vision of a story, start shooting stills and gathering ideas for the visualization of the project. I filmed the ocean, ships, business fronts in downtown Seattle, and I stopped wherever something applied to my vision of the story and take photographs for stills in my video. I felt a huge relief knowing I had a story and a focus.

I began working, filming a few meetings for my friend’s clients; the Rauschenbusch awards dinner and a speaker for the Women in Business in Seattle. The experience was beneficial yet monotonous. My task was to essentially point, shoot, don’t move the camera, watch the small screen, and listen. This type of work was good experience in setting-up the camera and learning the technical aspects of shooting video, but allowed little space for my creative imagination.

I continued my research, and watched hundreds of trailers, and went to the Northwest Film Forum (NWFF) in Seattle to view independent films. The NWFF is a wonderful resource for filmmakers, and in November hosted a Slovenian Film Festival. I watched two avant garde and rather disturbing films. Both films were done in black and white and the audio had a repetitive thumping. The sound was loud and overdone, and I
felt tortured by the time the film had ended: *note to self; pay attention to the sound.* A major benefit of going to the festival was participating in a panel discussion with the filmmakers. I gained insight listening to them discuss their ideas, work and processes in developing a production.

During the month of November, I had several chances to meet with filmmakers in process of filming documentaries. Two men, filming for the BBC, had been on the road for about two months working on a story about the black box voting issue. One of the people with them had been vocal in speaking out against the current administration and the use of computerized voting. Both men had spent the past week at the Democratic convention documenting protests and logging footage for their documentary. They had a few days layover in Seattle before heading to Canada to hide out until after the election. People involved with the film had been receiving threats from various conservative political groups. I found this type of film offered an exciting element, and if I had a chance to do a film on an issue like black box voting, I would do a documentary for my project. I pondered the option of a documentary, but *Fist Fight of Love* still seemed like the way to go since no current issues seemed within my grasp.

I returned home after three months in Seattle, having been exposed to independent film, new ideas and working as a cameraperson. I spent many hours shooting stills for my project and felt I had a good beginning. I needed a new computer before starting my editing. My computer arrived in December, and the camera ordered through Carl Perkins funds for the school arrived too. All the components for my film were coming together. I still had a month before I officially had to be back in the classroom to work. I believed I would make great strides in the process of creating *Fist Fight of Love* during the month
of December; it was not to be. Christmas was upon me, and I had to repair my dining
room ceiling that had given way to long years of shoddy repairs. During this time I
continued to think about incorporating video production in the school. I stopped by the
community television station to reacquaint myself with a woman I had spoken to in the
spring about having students learn about television production. She was no longer there.
Instead, I was met by an unenthused staff member, who told me the station was too busy
to work with students. I had to take a break from my project, my sabbatical proposal, and
my film. I needed time to get other obligations in my life in order. Two months passed
before I could resume the work on my project.

I started back teaching at the beginning of Spring Semester on January 25. My
days were filled with obligations and the duty of re-entry back in the school. The first
week of February, I designed storyboards for my film using pen, ink and watercolor. I
incorporated a class with students so we could all work on storyboards. Using watercolor,
the students created storyboards for *The Little Mermaid* and I created mine for *Fist Fight
of Love*. I studied styles of storyboards and used my background in art to create a mesh
of drawings that served as a map for my film. I worked in the idea of using words and
their definitions to break up the narrative. Webster’s electronic “Word of the Day”
ironically applied to my film more times than not. I collected the words and definitions,
filling them away each day for future use. I looked for actors to play parts in the film.
Money was always an issue. I couldn’t afford to pay anyone, and scheduling times when
people could work turned into a nightmare. I felt defeated as time moved along rapidly.
I had a camera, but no money. Every person I had in mind either worked or went to
school.
I was laying in bed one night in late February when I had an epiphany to use manikins. My daughter Jacqueline and I created a photomontage on New Year's Eve using twelve inch drawing manikins, wooden statues and Barbies having a party. The photos were hilarious, and we sent them out as e-cards. The more I thought about the manikins and looked at the photos, the more I knew I could make the film work with the statuettes. Before the sun was up the next morning, I ordered a male and female from an art supply catalogue to be used as my leading man and woman. I collected a few more "actors" from various stores until I had eight characters in all. During spring break at the end of March, I started filming the scenes. I designed the sets, painted miniature paintings and used doll furniture to simulate an art gallery. The set design was my passion. I felt as though I was making progress. I truly enjoyed working making everything come together to look like an art gallery; I even found a small hand blown glass bowl so my gallery would have a Chihuly, like every gallery in Seattle. My daughter, Jacqueline, scoured through her toy boxes to find props and helped arrange the sets. Our dining room table was no longer for eating. Instead the table became a workshop where we built various doll-sized rooms. The sets had a modern theme, since I used bold furniture and handmade paper for the walls. It seemed as though whenever I needed a piece of furniture or prop, it came to me in some fashion, always out of the blue, just when I needed it. Friends offered doll furniture for use, and I found miniature dishes and many unique props in thrift stores. I built walls, pasted small doorframes, created pint-sized paintings, and worked with fabrics until I was satisfied with the overall effect. I made three sets, a bedroom, a living room and an art gallery. The most extravagant was
the art gallery with its doll-sized furniture, sculptures and paintings. I even included small bottles of wine and glasses.

When sets were completed, I began filming. I started by getting up at 5:00 a.m. to film so I wouldn’t have any distractions. I posed the manikins, then shot, posed and shot again and again. The end result was action. I worked like a mad woman building the sets and filming that week, sometimes only getting 4 or 5 hours of sleep a night. The storyboards proved to be a valuable organizational tool. I actually followed the storyboards quite closely, and in the end, omitted many of the words and definitions. I felt the story stopped too much with the words and became more effective if the words were at the beginning or end of the chapters.

On April 7th, I began laying the footage and stills on the time line in Final Cut. I had experimented with Final Cut Pro while in Seattle and attended several Final Cut users group meetings; I had limited experience in using the program, so I was basically starting from scratch. While editing my previous movies, I used Adobe Premiere and came across many problems. Digital film editors whom I had spoken with indicated Final Cut was the editing program to use. The one concession I made was to get Final Cut Express HD since I couldn’t afford Final Cut Pro. Final Cut Express worked for my movie.

I soon taught myself to use the program. I applied the knowledge to speed up the film to make the manikins appear to be moving. I applied filters to enhance the piece by adjusting the color tone and sharpness. I had no problem with crashes or losing data as I had the year before. The biggest obstacle was the time I spent refilming. On sections of the footage, the exposure was off and the white balance needed adjustment. In the end, I adjusted the contrast and color in Final Cut. When I became exhausted or began getting

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tired of the film, something would happen. For example, my storyboards disappeared for ten days. I searched everywhere for the storyboards, and was going to start recreating them, when on the day after school got out, I found them in my desk drawer. I had searched the drawer numerous times and the storyboards just weren’t there. I must have needed a break. After the storyboards returned, I continued to work and refine the transitions and film clips for several weeks.

I came to the realization I needed the narration done before I could go any further. My son Troy, the author of the story, agreed to narrate the film. Recording the audio, however, proved to be more difficult than we had thought. We waited as one allergy after another delayed the process. Finally I could wait no longer and Troy narrated despite the allergies. The result was a bit nasally, but satisfactory.

My son, Kyle, created the music for the film. He composed the music for Chapter One and Chapter Three, and he constructed the opening credits. Kyle and I worked together to find the right sound and synchronized the words and images to the music. I felt the music was right for the chapters, and the old Teddy Pendergrast love song added the finishing touch to Chapter Two. I experimented using blue screen and overlaying tracks to include ghosting figures. After everything was done, I spent time doing the “lipstick and rouge” I defined and developed the project by adding transitions or filters for a polished product.

Looking back I have learned so much. I started with a dream and ended with a completed project. I learned to edit film in digital programs, which I will take back to the school and teach my students. I have spent many hours working with my own children and have piqued their interest in the film making process. I will continue to make films
and I would like to enter film festivals in the future. The vast abundance of hard work and time spent producing something on this level has inspired me to continue my education and always keep learning.

I have a very rich and profuse sense of pride in my film. Trying not to become totally sick of the story by overworking was sometimes difficult. Even so, the creation of the movie from an idea to its conception, to its completion was exhilarating. I enjoyed spending time working with Fist Fight of Love as if I were molding clay with my own hands, using my own unique sense of creative muse and stylistic genius. I spent uncounted hours adapting the film, none of which I feel were wasted. I learned how to apply new and interesting techniques each time I sat down to edit the film. Creating a film is an extraordinary task and process. I believe the project was a success. I completed all I had set out to do when I first wrote my proposal at the end of the Summer of 2004. Looking back through entries in my journal I now know that I had spent more than 200 hours working and reworking, re-shooting, editing, cutting scenes, re-establishing narrative structure and flow until the point where I feel as though I have given birth. Film is merely the meandering current of paint upon a canvas; its evolution unfolded before me as I drew out every second with a truly enthused sense of artistic vision.
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Appendix A: Fist Fight of Love  
By Troy Ford

Chapter One – Fist Fight of Love

I knew something special would happen that night, when I first caught your gaze across the room with your arms crossed tight around your breast, as if to question why I hadn’t come over to introduce myself and asked to bed you yet.

I bounded across the room unaware of the others in the room, unknowing bystanders to a clashing of cosmic lust. I approached you, you dropped your hands and formed them into fists with a passion that suggested an illegal fireworks display exploding in your loins, but a logic that you were skating on thin ice in compatibility pond in a little town called reality; population us. Your big round eyes reminded me of the mythical Aphrodite’s ample bosom, and I queried if you would be so kind as to let me bed you. And with the grace of a master ballerina you raised your left fist and passionately thrust it in my general direction grazing my cheek, swelling my eye shut in a prolonged wink showing me the sweet forbidden sting of cupid’s arrow. I reached out to grasp your hand clutched in the throes of desire and squeeze around the firm knuckles that can only be described as 5 mount Olympus’s with the sun setting soft pink hues of love on an unusually sexy night reminding the world that they were going to lose summers warm embrace for the crisp fall optimism where indiscretions die like leaves and give way to the blizzard snows of emotion.

With another flailing hand seemingly gripped around a roll of quarters you struck my kidneys, my internal organs were filled with your burning passion of begging to be had. I was overcome with forbidden delights as I collapsed to the ground. I rolled over savoring every last bit of your violently beautiful touch. I watched you bound out the

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door, as if you were riding clouds like wild stallions trained only for your uniquely sexual ways. I noticed your hair bouncing up and down making smooth waves like rolling hills of white sand on the desert oasis of our fate, beckoning me. I followed on an infinity leash, nothing else on my mind but getting where your femininity was leading me. I came upon your house, which struck me like an ivory castle holding the virginal princess, who is promised to the one that can slay the dragon of morality. I approached the door with the anticipation of young pups about to suckle their new mother. I twisted the knob and realized that if you did not want this as much as I, you surely wouldn’t have let that window be so easy to open from the outside.

XOXOXOXOXO

Chapter Two - Unlawful Entry... Into My Heart

I entered your house thru the back window, taking in everything, the unique perfume smelled of some sort of ether, ammonia... absolutely intoxicating; uniquely you, uniquely us. Before I could even say hello, you seemingly appeared from nowhere, hidden from me, like a young adolescent, tiger cub, just finding out about the pleasures of its body, still nervous, shaking with glorious anticipation, as you finally realize that this is what your whole life has been leading up to. In a room full of deep red satin and cashmere wallpaper... I thought I’d set the mood, so I started to sing my best a cappella styling of Al Green.

I heard you shriek, your sweet siren song with a melody that can only be understood by the one about to succumb to the sumptuous carnal intuition known as the act of making love.
You pounced, nailing me in the back of the head with a blunt object; everything went black. You in the heat of seduction, in that state that doesn’t take no for an answer, where you know what you are about to do might be regretful in the morning, but you just go with it, because you like it and its your birthday anyway. With nothing but a bowling pin and your conscience between you and your destiny; me on the ground, vulnerable to your every little lusty turn of emotion, a forest in love with the fire, crackling snapping, in deep shades of red and yellow, the trees knowing that they can only fight it off for so long before they are, each and everyone, taken over by the undeniable heat and they succumb to the every whim of the blazing beast...chasing the young forest creatures out of their homes much like our “standards” and “sexual morality”... Even Smokey the Bear can do little to prevent these fires of lust from spreading like a wonderful disease making its mark, in the thick musty forests of your pubic region in a country called Pleasure. I would have needed to pinch myself to make sure I wasn’t dreaming, if you hadn’t have been still hitting me with that lucky strike bowling pin. Lucky Strike? Yeah I’ll say.

I awoke to that smell, our smell, so strong, so pungent. It was on a rag lying there next to my face. Some sort of knockout juice, in order to get me where you want me. I struggled for words when I first parted my lips to speak. I spoke short and I spoke true, I spoke with the ferocity of a knight, and with the sophistication of a tried and true politician. And you responded that I should shut the fuck up because the cops are hot on my tail. Not being one to shy away at sexual innuendo, I replied that I am sorry officer but I have a crush on a sexy cop. I could envision you then in a full officer outfit, a joke badge that says Official Private Parts Handler and a smile that says take me, with pants just a little too tight for me to be fooled.
You then walked in the room, I was unable to move, my hands apparently tied behind my back, legs bound to the bed. I got ready to feel the pleasures I have only dreamed of. You asked me why I was here and I retorted with “Because I would like to report a crime, of breaking and entering into my heart.” Then you said “this is no joke, you are the one being charged with unlawful entry” to which I replied, “you may not have given me the key to your heart but you didn’t make the combination hard to figure out. And if you think otherwise, then I plead guilty to the crime of unlawful entry into your heart. Now how ‘bout a trip to love prison, where we can be cell mates.”

XOXOXOXO

Chapter Three - The Soft Spot on the Skull of My Soul

I could see the passionate emotions welling up in your eyes as you realized that you couldn't fight it any longer. I knew as soon as I caught your body trembling, like you had just experienced an electric shock, startling you, but also giving you a little thrill, trying to fight off the urge to electrocute yourself on purpose this time, but like a chubby person who eats too much and goes on a diet; they will gain that weight back, just like everyone who tries it once will always stick the pointy end of a fork into the socket again and again....We will always go back for a taste of that sweet, sweet candy. I know how it feels, you will always love those volts of divinity.

I could tell I had you, perhaps it was a certain way you gripped my neck and shook me so you can show me what it feels like to be lonely... Show me why my naive nature towards life makes you so frustrated.... Show me how evil people can be... giving me a dose of reality, but then at the last moment letting me down before my head caves in....
I could tell that my innocence made you upset with the way people were. How come I couldn't see that you would just hurt me. You told me to sit tight, because if I got up then I would really be in deep shit. I sat back closed my eyes and waited for time to stop, for that moment where out two bodies become one continuous infinite knot of human. I felt like North Korea was testing the new nuclear bomb of love and we were at ground zero enveloped in the heart shaped mushroom cloud, searing our memories into the still, still waters of our mind. Burning the pleasure deep into our skin with a radiation that felt like a cotton candy stand at the carnival, after a fire had been caused by an unfortunate accident with the funnel cake oven, making rivers of melted candy in every color, with all the children screaming with joy swimming in a warm bath of multicolored molten sugar. We are there to see the whole thing, riding in the love boats getting ready to make passionate conjugation in the dark tunnel, in the 4 minutes that is between the beginning and the end of the ride, in the county fair of our life. Under constant scrutiny of the outside world, but casting a two sheets to the wind attitude, to the armies of conformity.

I awaited your return ready to fill your body with a pleasure that can only be described as a brand new litter of little puppies being born inside your body, all furry and new to the world with their warm slippery tongues licking the depths of your soul, and then exploding in a bastion of merriment, releasing every little bit of their new soft fur and happiness and love to every single one of your nerve endings so your soul may be licked forever. Encapsulating you in that feeling of sorrow for the exploded puppies, but the excitement that you never would of thought something like that would feel so good. I could feel my chest heaving waiting for your self to come back in the room, like an ocean
coming in for high tide, drowning all of the unaware beach goers in the salt waters of sultry sin, reminding them that they can play with nature, but if they aren’t careful nature will come roaring in with a knife and hold it at your throat. As I wait a hesitant tributary, tepid with anticipation of letting myself go, with reckless abandon into your gulf, realizing that I am just a small, but extremely integral part of your existence and just as soon as I entered you, your warm salt waters, like a blanket of moist skin that surrounds me, like an obese uncle who smells of fish, only sexier. I remind you that just because I keep you in existence doesn’t mean we are on a first name basis, you lusty body of deep blue sin. I will bring you to the edge of existence where time meets space, and sexy meets romantic.

I am a sailor out to tame you, exploring your body with an oil rig realizing that if you get anymore excited, I will spill all over, leaving my indelible mark on you for the rest of time, feeling fulfilled as a part of you will always be shiny slick with the fluids of my being. I am a whaler on my ship cruising through the deceivingly smooth waters trying to find the monster somewhere below your Atlantic and above your Arctic, braving the frigid sea so I can find a way inside and harpoon the crafty whale of desire.

There is the lighthouse, I am coming back to shore safe from the uncharted areas of temptation feeling fulfilled that I have made it home safe again from the uncertain fate your body holds, ready to count the loot and go to the local speakeasy to brag of my conquests on the ocean of us.

XOXOXOXO
Appendix B: A Sampling of Storyboards from Fist Fight of Love

Opening scene, man walks into doorway and looks around the room. Focus on face, sounds of crowd. Music is playing but fades a bit as narrative starts.

I knew something special would happen that night, when I first caught your gaze across the room with your arms crossed tight around your breast, as if to question why I hadn’t come over to introduce myself and asked to bed you yet.

Close up of woman’s face, tight frame.
I bounded across the room unaware of the others in the room, unknowing bystanders to a clashing of cosmic lust.

Figure runs across the room, left to right, others watching in background, music and narrative

Your big round eyes reminded me of the mythical Aphrodite’s ample bosom, and I queried if you would be so kind as to let me bed you.

Eyes have surprised look, music is upbeat, move one scene to another rapidly

And with the grace of a master ballerina you raised your left fist and passionately thrust it in my general direction grazing my cheek, swelling my eye shut in a prolonged wink showing me the sweet forbidden sting of cupid’s arrow.
I reached out to grasp your hand clutched in the throes of desire and squeeze around the firm knuckles that can only be described as mount Olympus's with the sun setting soft pink hues of love on an unusually sexy night reminding the world that they were going to lose summers warm embrace for the crisp fall optimism where indiscretions die like leaves and give way to the blizzard snows of emotion.

With another flailing hand seemingly gripped around a roll of quarters you struck my kidneys, my internal organs were filled with your burning passion of begging to be had. I was overcome with forbidden delights as I collapsed to the ground.

Jump abruptly to fist hitting side, a loud hitting noise

I rolled over savoring every last bit of your violently beautiful touch.

Music, narrative, soft light, people in background facing the camera. Main character rolling gently and moaning, zoom in
I came upon your house, which struck me like an ivory castle holding the virginal princess, who is promised to the one that can slay the dragon of morality.

I thought I’d set the mood, so I started to sing my best a cap pel la styling of Al Green.

You pounced, nailing me in the back of the head with a blunt object; everything went black.
With nothing but a bowling pin and your conscience between you and your destiny: me on the ground, vulnerable to your every little lusty turn of emotion, a forest in love with the fire, crackling snapping, in deep shades of red and yellow, the trees knowing that they can only fight it off for so long before they are, each and everyone, taken over by the undeniable heat and they succumb to the every whim of the blazing beast... chasing the young forest creatures out of their homes much like our “standards” and “sexual morality”... Even Smokey the Bear can do little to prevent these fires of lust from spreading like a wonderful disease making its mark, in the thick musty forests of your pubic region in a country called Pleasure. I would have needed to pinch myself to make sure I wasn’t dreaming, if you hadn’t have been still hitting me with that lucky strike bowling pin. Lucky Strike? Yeah I’ll say.
I awoke to that smell, our smell, so strong, so pungent. It was on a rag laying there next to my face. Some sort of knockout juice, in order to get me where you want me. I struggled for words when I first parted my lips to speak.

You asked me why I was here and I retorted with “Because I would like to report a crime, of breaking and entering into my heart.” Then you said “this is no joke, you are the one being charged with unlawful entry” to which I replied, “you may not have given me the key to your heart but you didn’t make the combination hard to figure out.

Now how ’bout a trip to love prison, where we can be cell mates.”
I could see the passionate emotions welling up in your eyes as you realized that you couldn't fight it any longer.

... just like everyone who tries it once will always stick the pointy end of a fork into the socket again and again.... We will always go back for a taste of that sweet, sweet candy. I know how it feels, you will always love those volts of divinity.

I could tell I had you, perhaps it was a certain way you gripped my neck and shook me so you can show me what it feels like to be lonely... Show me why my naive nature towards life makes you so frustrated.... Show me how evil people can be... giving me a dose of reality, but then at the last moment letting me down before my head caves in....
You told me to sit tight, because if I got up then I would really be in deep shit. I sat back, closed my eyes and waited for time to stop, for that moment where our two bodies become one continuous infinite knot of human.

I awaited your return ready to fill your body with a pleasure that can only be described as a brand new litter of little puppies being born inside your body.

There is the lighthouse, I am coming back to shore safe from the uncharted areas of temptation, feeling fulfilled that I have made it home safe again from the uncertain fate your body holds, ready to count the loot and go to the local speakeasy to brag of my conquests on the ocean of us.
Appendix C: Stills from Fist Fight of Love

Announcement Card for Presentation

Filming water scenes at Canyon Ferry Lake

Art gallery in the opening scenes.
"I bounded across the room unaware of the others in the room, unknowing bystanders to a clashing of cosmic lust...."

"...arms crossed tight around your breast, as if to question why I hadn't come over to introduce myself and asked to bed you yet.."

"Closing my eye in a prolonged wink"
"With another flailing hand seemingly gripped around a roll of quarters you struck my kidneys, my internal organs were filled with your burning passion of begging to be had...."

"Before I could even say hello, you seemingly appeared from nowhere, hidden from me"

"I followed on an infinity leash, nothing else on my mind but getting where your femininity was leading me...."
“You in the heat of seduction, in that state that doesn’t take no for an answer, where you know what you are about to do might be regretful in the morning, but you just go with it, because you like it and it’s your birthday anyway.”

“...a forest in love with the fire, crackling snapping, in deep shades of red and yellow, the trees knowing that they can only fight it off for so long before they are, each and everyone, taken over by the undeniable heat and they succumb to the every whim of the blazing beast...”

“Even Smokey the Bear can do little to prevent these fires of lust from spreading like a wonderful disease making its mark, in the thick musty forests of your pubic region in a country called Pleasure.”
"I awoke to that smell, our smell, So strong, So pungent...
It was on a rag laying there next to my face... Some sort of knockout juice, in order to get me where you want me..."

"I would have needed to pinch myself to make sure I wasn’t dreaming, if you hadn’t have been still hitting me with that lucky strike bowling pin.... Lucky Strike? Yeah I’ll say."

"You then walked in the room, I was unable to move, my hands apparently tied behind my back... legs bound to the bed, I got ready to feel the pleasures I have only dreamed of"
"I could envision you then in a full officer outfit, a joke badge that says Official Private Parts Handler and a smile that says take me, with pants just a little too tight for me to be fooled."

"I could tell that my innocence made you upset with the way people were. How come I couldn't see that you would just hurt me..."
"I sat back closed my eyes and waited for time to stop, for that moment where our two bodies become one continuous infinite knot of human...."

"Show me why my naive nature towards life makes you so frustrated...."
All the children screaming with joy swimming in a warm bath of multicolored molten sugar.

We are there to see the whole thing, riding in the love boats getting ready to make passionate conjugation in the dark tunnel, in the 4 minutes that is between the beginning and the end of the ride, in the county fair of our life.

Obese Uncle. Photo adjusted in Adobe Photoshop to appear fat, using wood objects to simulate the legs and stomach.
“I felt like North Korea was testing the new nuclear bomb of love and we were at ground zero enveloped in the heart shaped mushroom cloud, searing our memories into the still, still waters of our mind...”

“I am a whaler on my ship cruising through the deceivingly smooth waters trying to find the monster somewhere below your Atlantic and above your Arctic, braving the frigid sea so I can find a way inside and harpoon the crafty whale of desire.”

“Reminding them that they can play with nature, but if they aren’t careful nature will come roaring in with a knife and hold it at your throat...”
Appendix D: Credits

Directed by Jeri Rittel
Produced by Jeri Rittel

Hey you what are you looking at, get back to work productions!

Assistant Producer - Jacqueline Lyla Malatare

Based on a Story by Troy Ford - Fist Fight of Love

Narrated by Troy Ford

Music Composition and Arrangement by Kyle Ford

Photography by Jeri Rittel and Cathy Burggraff

Edited by Jeri Rittel

Set Design by Jeri Rittel and Jacqueline Lyla Malatare

Graduate Chairman - Dr. James Kriley

Inspiration - Lyla S. Rittel and Minnie M. Rittel

Special thanks to all my friends and family, especially my children, for the support and help while I worked on Fist Fight of Love