**Adjustment’s Dialogue List**

Ghazal’s dad: Tell the kid to come out now.

Teacher : For what?

One of the Parrents: tell the bastard to come out.

Teacher : This school still has rules.

One of the Parrents: No, here is a jungle.

Teacher: Take your kid out of here.

Ghazal’s dad: He's right, man. What's going on here? Just look at the content of his backpack, Lipstick, Nail polish... are these boys' stuff ?!

Another Parrent: He keeps fighting with other children every day. You are the teacher! Why a boy like him should be in this school?

Ghazal’s dad: Ghazal! what are you doing over there? Come on, let's go. We won't let our children come to this school unless you kick him out.

Teacher: You made a trouble for nothing. Don’t come to school for a few days. to see what will happen. Then I'll come and bring you back.

Mother: Are you feeling cold, my sweetie?

Shahrokh’s Sister: Mom! Where is my nail polish? I lost it.

Mother: Open your eyes. look around carefully. I'm sure you left it on the wall niche.

Shahrokh’s Sister: Damn it, the rain doesn't let up.

Mother: How can you say this? Rain is divine gift of God. Let me make your face beautiful as pretty as the moon. Your Suitor will show up soon.

Father: Come here, I have a word with you. Come on. Show me your hand. The other one. You want to make me lose face ... in front of the villagers? Can't you hear me? Say something. Why are doing this to me?!

Mother: Leave my child alone.

Father: He should talk to me.

Mother: Leave him alone. He is just a child, Mohammad.

Mother: My pretty boy ... your sister has guests, tonight. you should go to your aunts' home. I'll get you tomorrow morning. OK, darling?

Ghazal: Don’t come here anymore. If my father finds out, he will get angry with me. My mom said: I shouldn't talk to you because you are a bad boy. But I believe that you're not bad, Shahrokh.

Ghazal’s Dad: Ghazal! Ghazal ...

Yaser: Look who's here... our sissy boy. How are you little girl? Did you paint your nails? Take it, I want to make her prettier; to brush her cheeks. and pluck her eyebrows. I want to make you look like a pretty bride.

Yaser: You hurt my back. Son of a bitch. Get off me!

Kids: Let him go. Let me go, you son of a bitch.

Teacher: Stop it. Get off him. I said Stop it. I'll make you pay for your behavior. Shahrokh! Shahrokh! Shahrokh!

One of Parrents: Keep your hands close together. Well done. Good girl.

Teacher: ... to protect ourselves ... from the danger of ... microbes.

Teacher: Shut up. Sit.

Shahrokh: Excuse me. May I sit next to the girls?

Teacher: Look at your papers. We ... have learned ... to observe ...

One Of Students: Please repeat!

Teacher: We ... have learned ... to observe ... the cleanliness. Write it down, please. To protect ourselves.