





FADE IN

INT A DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

BART CUMMINGS, 10, and his little brother TEDDY, 5, lie awake in their bunk beds with the lights out. In the distance outside, the faint SOUND OF FIRE ENGINES grows louder.

Teddy begins to look frightened. Bart leans over the top bunk.

BART

They're coming through the window, Teddy. They're going to take you away.

Teddy pulls the covers over his face. The SIRENS grow louder.

BART

(continued)

You can't fool 'em with a blanket. They'll go under it.

TEDDY

Stop it, Bart.

BART

Red hats and skeletons.  
Bloody hands and fire hoses.

Teddy cries loudly at the height of the Sirens. The Fire Engines pass, then fade out.

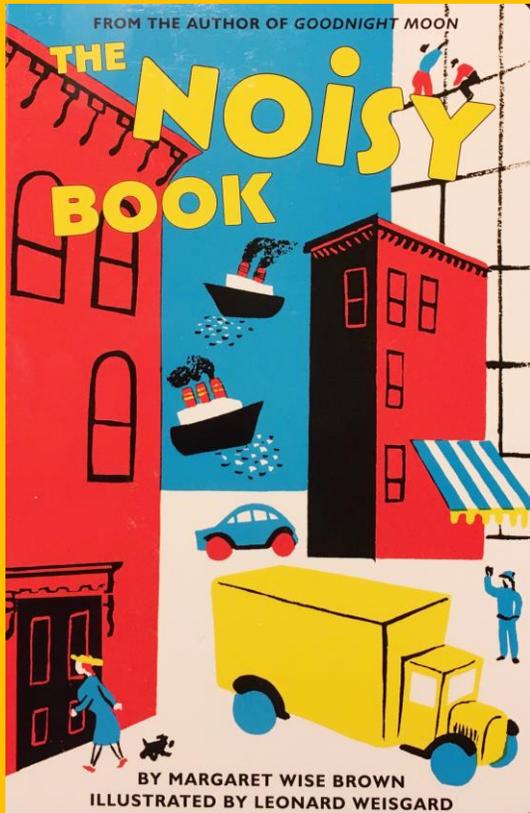
BART

(continued)

You were lucky. Wrong house.

CUT TO:

A young child's world is made up of sensations and feelings



Then he heard the little noises

*Bzzzzzz bzzzzzz*

a bee

*Swishhhh swishhh*

car wheels

*Chirp chirp*

a bird

*Meoww meoww*

a pussycat

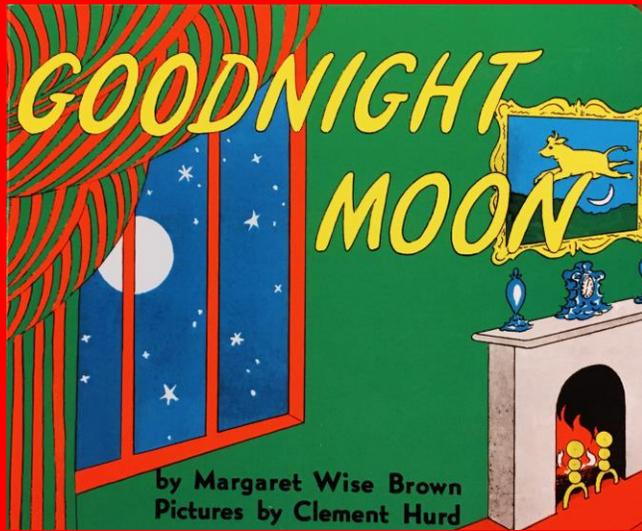
*Patter patter patter patter*

people's feet

*Flippity flap flap flap*

an awning in the wind





Goodnight room Goodnight moon  
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon  
Goodnight light and the red balloon  
Goodnight bears Goodnight chairs  
Goodnight kittens and goodnight mittens  
Goodnight clocks and goodnight socks  
Good night little house  
And goodnight mouse  
Goodnight comb and goodnight brush  
Goodnight nobody Goodnight mush  
And goodnight to the old lady whispering  
"hush"  
Goodnight stars Goodnight air  
Goodnight noises everywhere



away—trading scows, and such things; and long black streaks—rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep screaming; or jumbled up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by-and-by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag there in a swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way; and you see the mist curl up off of the water, and the east reddens up, and the river, and you make out a log cabin in the edge of the woods, away on the bank on t'other side of the river, being a wood-yard, likely, and piled by them cheats so you can throw a dog through it anywheres; then the nice breeze springs up, and comes fanning you from over there, so cool and fresh, and sweet to smell, on account of the woods and the flowers; but sometimes not that way, because they've left dead fish laying around, gars, and such, and they do get pretty rank; and next you've got the full day, and everything smiling in the sun, and the song-birds just going it!

A young child's world is made up of sensations and feelings

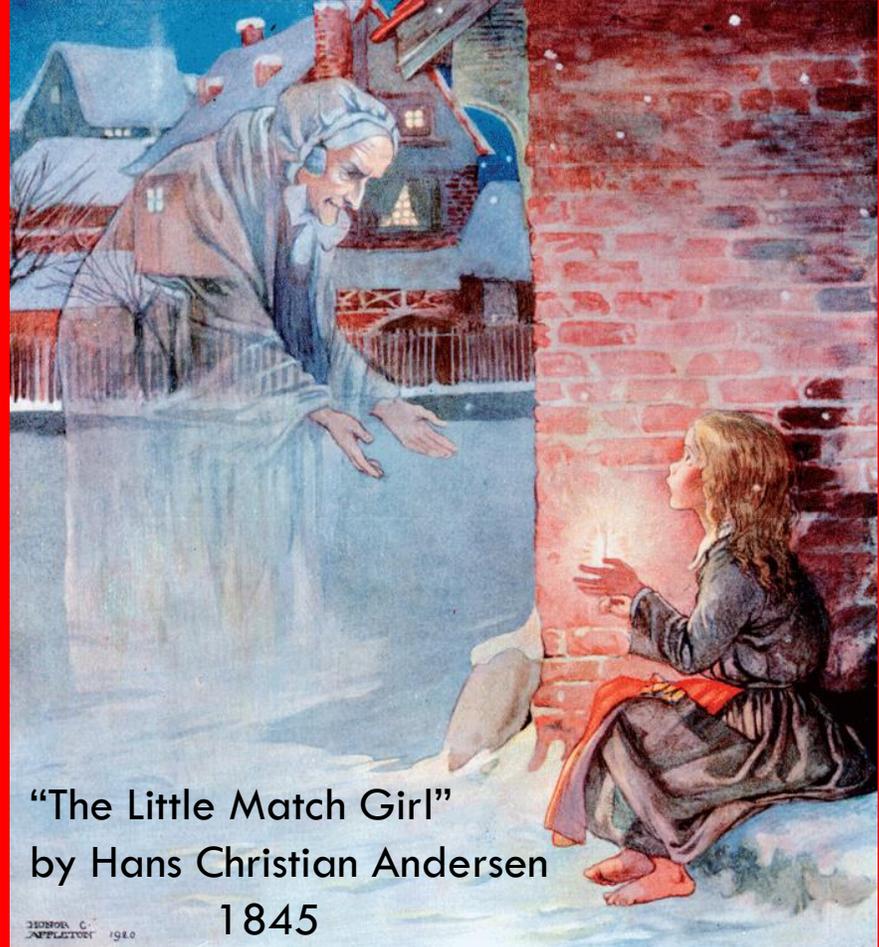
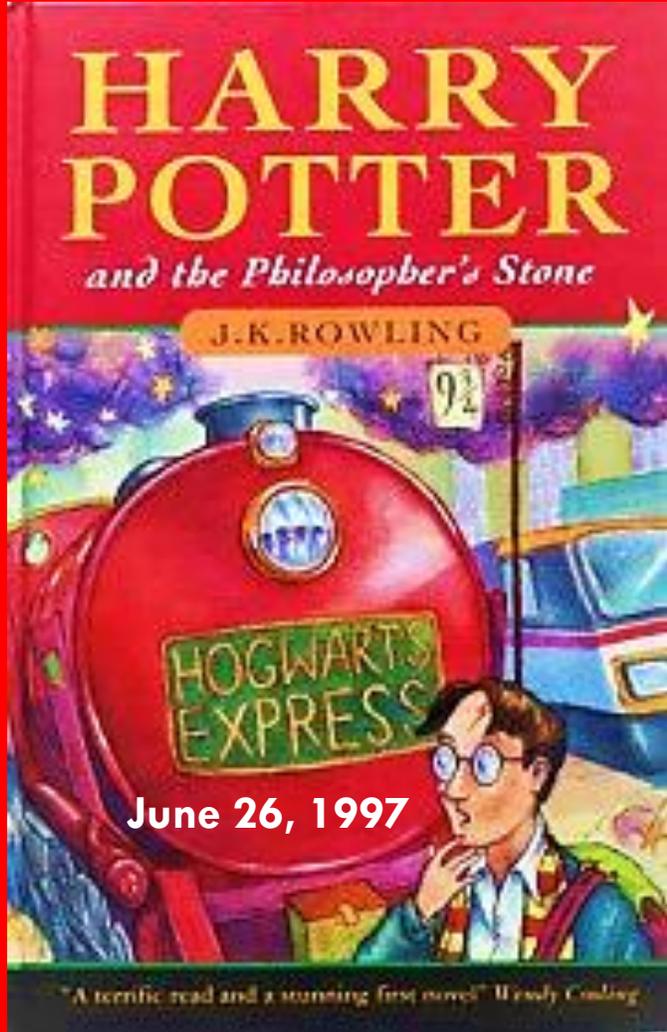
Little distinction between the possible and impossible

and grew – and grew until the ceiling hung with vines and the walls became the world all around



That very night in Max's room a forest grew

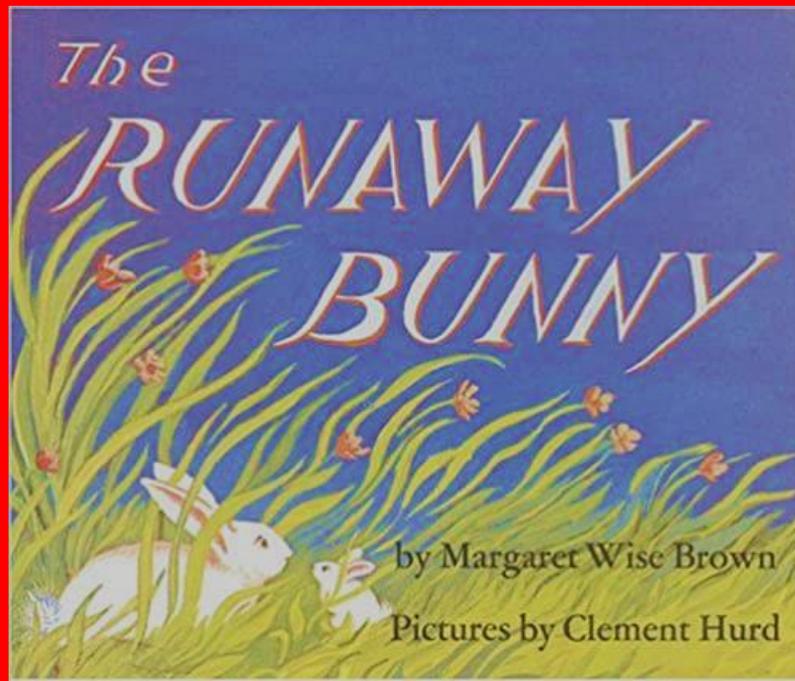




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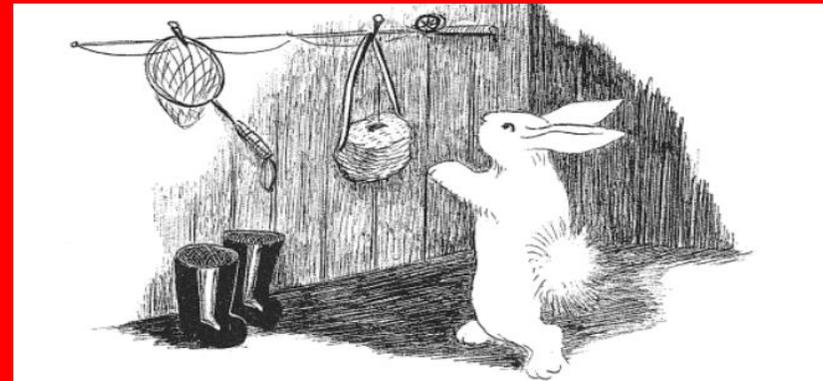
Restlessness and the strong desire to explore the world and test its limits



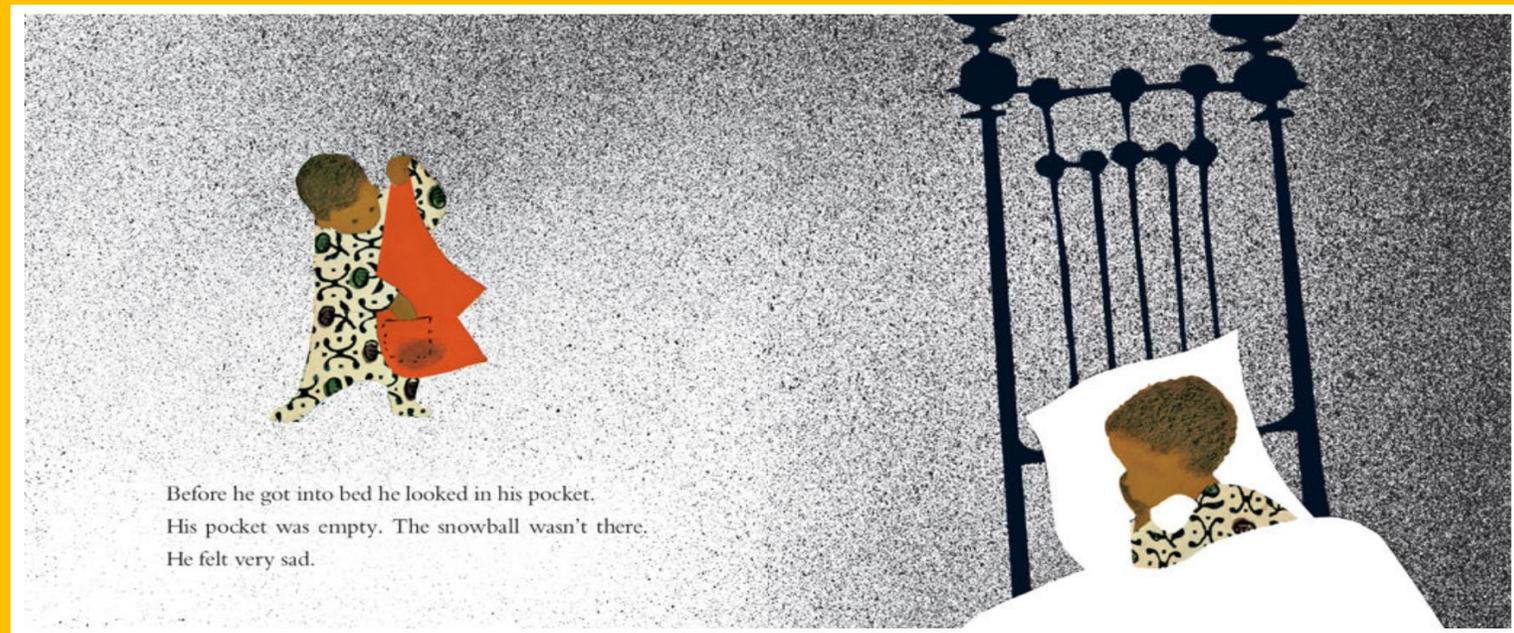
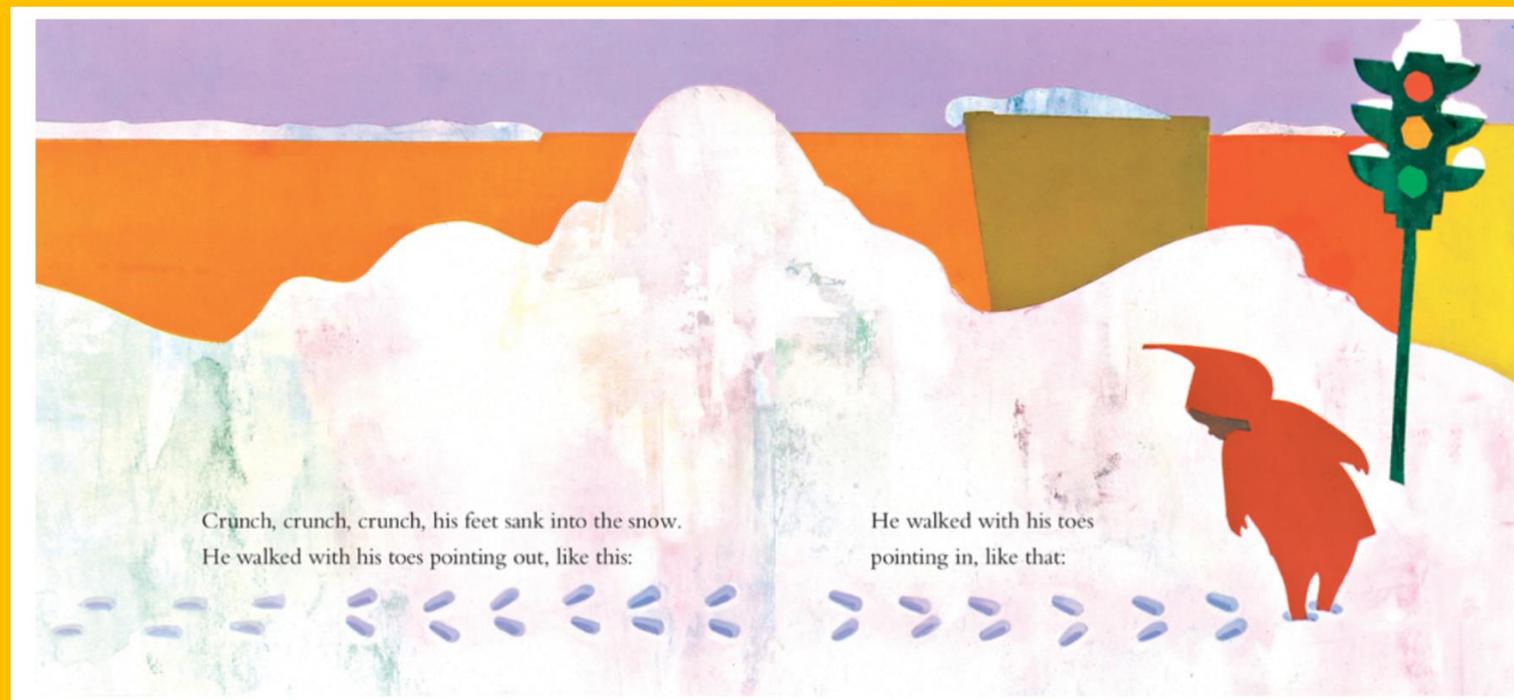
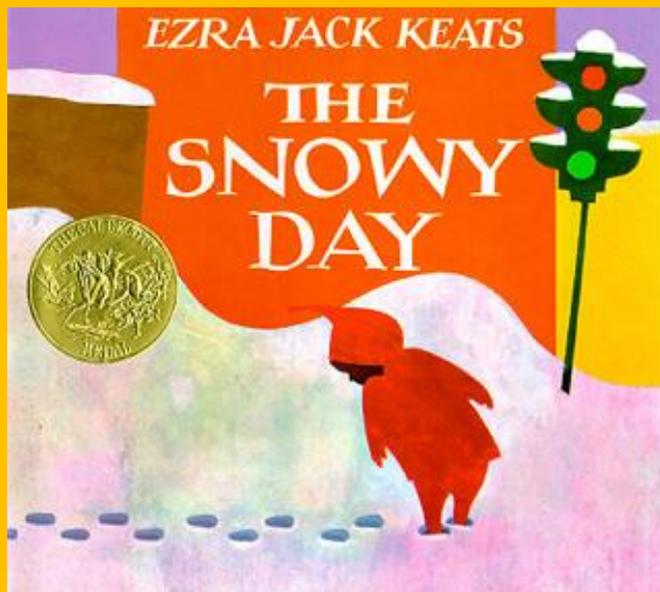
Once there was a little bunny who wanted to run away.  
So he said to his mother, "I am running away."  
"If you run away," said his mother, "I will run after you.  
For you are my little bunny."



"If you run after me," said the little bunny,  
"I will become a fish in a trout stream  
and I will swim away from you."



"If you become a fish in a trout stream," said his mother,  
"I will become a fisherman and I will fish for you."



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Restlessness and the strong desire to explore the world and test its limits

The illusion of personal power and importance



till Max said "BE STILL!"  
and tamed them with the magic trick



of staring into all their yellow eyes without blinking once  
and they were frightened and called him the most wild thing of all

I felt good and all washed clean of sin for the first time I had ever felt so in my life, and I knowed I could pray now. But I didn't do it straight off, but laid the paper down and set there thinking—thinking how good it was all this happened so, and how near I come to being lost and going to hell. And went on thinking. And got to thinking over our trip down the river; and I see Jim before me, all the time, in the day, and in the night-time, sometimes moonlight, sometimes storms, and we a floating along, talking, and singing, and laughing. But somehow I couldn't seem to strike no places to harden me against him, but only the other kind. I'd see him standing my watch on top of his'n, stead of calling me, so I could go on sleeping; and see him how glad he was when I come back out of the fog; and when I come to him again in the swamp, up there where the feud was; and such-like times; and would always call me honey, and pet me, and do everything he could think of for me, and how good he always was; and at last I struck the time I saved him by telling the men we had small-pox aboard, and he was so grateful, and said I was the best friend old Jim ever had in the world, and the *only* one he's got now; and then I happened to look around, and see that paper.



THINKING.

It was a close place. I took it up, and held it in my hand. I was a trembling, because I'd got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:

“All right, then, I'll *go* to hell”—and tore it up.

It was awful thoughts, and awful words, but they was said. And I let them stay said; and never thought no more about reforming. I shoved the whole thing out of my head; and said I would take up wickedness again, which was in my line, being brung up to it, and the other warn't. And for a starter, I would go to work and steal Jim out of slavery again; and if I could think up anything worse, I would do that, too; because as long as I was in, and in for good, I might as well go the whole hog.

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Restlessness and the strong desire to explore the world and test its limits

The illusion of personal power and importance

Strongly-felt emotions and an inability to articulate them

Why run away from home... when you can drive.

JOSH  
and  
S.A.M.

JOSH: RICKY GROSSMAN / S.A.M.: JACOB COLEMAN / THE LEGITIMATE...  
MUSIC BY: JONAS MAYER / COSTUME DESIGNER: JONAS MAYER / EDITOR: JONAS MAYER / EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: JONAS MAYER / PRODUCED BY: JONAS MAYER / WRITTEN BY: JONAS MAYER / DIRECTED BY: JONAS MAYER

AT THEATERS THIS SUMMER.

Strongly-felt emotions and an inability to articulate them

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# Fear and Wonderment in a Limitless World

## Writing from a Child's Point of View

Frank Deese