

Isaac moves into an alcove surrounded by trees. He looks around to make sure he's alone, then kneels facing the canyon wall. He puts his hands together in a prayer position.

ISAAC

Dear Lord...I know you have better things to do than concern yourself with me. I'm not asking you to actually do anything, only to let me know the path I should take.

TOBY (V.O.)

(profound tone)

You're on the right path, Isaac.

Isaac's eyes widen in awe, then relax as he recognizes the voice. He turns his head to the sight of Toby, panting a few yards behind him. Isaac's face lights up with pleasure.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Though I daresay you could walk a bit slower so I could catch up with you.

(when Isaac rises, turns;
catching his breath--)

Spotted you about a half-mile back. I nearly gave up. I've been trying to reach you for days, my boy. You need to get yourself a phone.

ISAAC

I need to get a job so I can afford a phone. And food. And rent. And... Did I say food?

(sighs)

The Lord works in mysterious ways.

TOBY

(as they begin to walk)

He does indeed. I have something I need to get rid of. Something that may be of use to you.

Toby walks with Isaac, stops to a weathered 1998 Camry parked on the street. Toby pants, catches his breath.

ISAAC

Oh, here's your car. What did you want to give me? Another bag of groceries would be great.

TOBY

I can do one better than that. Give a man a fish, you feed him for a day. Teach him to fish...

ISAAC

A fish would be good. I'll cook it for dinner.

TOBY

Sure. You can drive me to the store.

ISAAC

Me? Drive you?

TOBY

In your new car.

Isaac stares at him in shock.

3 INT. FRONT SEAT OF CAMRY - DAY

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Tears run down Isaac's eyes as he drives. Toby sits in the passenger seat, wearing a sad smile.