

OFF TO NOWHERE

Screenplay by

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Based on a story by

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Registered with
WGA, East

FADE IN:

ON CANVAS

As a brush enters frame to dab green onto the painting. We begin tight, seeing the texture of the strokes and hearing the scratch of the bristles, then slowly pull back. Over this, credits.

Eventually, we see a jungle canopy, illuminated in moonlight. A dark, empty road winds through the trees. We begin to hear the ocean, the blast of a ship's horn in the distance.

Never having seen beyond the painting, or who is painting it, we:

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DUSK

A winter sky looms over the house. Crows roost in the magnolia out front. A festive snowman illuminates the grass of the lawn next door. A figure is moving slowly up the walk.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DOORWAY - DUSK

A young woman stands on the threshold. This is WILLA, early twenties, blonde and slight, the wardrobe of an artist.

She is holding a Christmas present, fiddling with the ribbons and bow. Her hands are shaking.

At last, she rings the bell and waits. The door opens to reveal her BOYFRIEND, rugged and gorgeous, but traditional somehow. He smiles and dramatically swings the door wide for her. She touches his cheek, but doesn't mean it. They move inside. The door closes.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DOORWAY - NIGHT

Willa opens the door and steps outside alone. In her arms is another Christmas gift, this one opened, the paper hanging off. She pauses to collect herself, as if considering going back inside, then fishes something out of the box and shakes it.

ON SNOW GLOBE

Flakes of plastic snow swirl around a miniature scene of the Tower Bridge and a wreathed Big Ben.

Willa returns the globe to the box and takes out a cassette tape. The home-made cover features a series of black-and-white images of she and her boyfriend goofing and kissing in a photo booth. She removes the cover and drops it in the box, taking only the tape in its clear case.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Willa closes the box and bends down, leaving it on the stoop. She walks toward us, flipping the tape over in her hands and losing her balance a bit on a short flight of stairs that leads to the curb. The lawn in front of the house is immaculate.

She reaches her car and opens the creaking driver's door. She is about to get in when the house is suddenly bathed in angelic white light. The structure is completely outlined in twinkling Christmas lights.

As Willa looks at the house through welling tears, the lights streak and blur. We hear the tape being inserted into a car stereo, off-screen, followed by the bells and syrupy strings of a Christmas carol.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - STREET - NIGHT

Willa's car moans from the curb and heads off into the cold night. The song fades.

BLACK

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A PROFESSOR stands at the front of a vast college lecture hall. Her talk is generating little excitement.

PROFESSOR
Essentially, Kozol is wondering when we're going to wake up. That means you, Mr. Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson? Yesss, hello. Good morning, you're in class.

Willa sits in the back row with STACY, girlish and doe-eyed. Stacy is puzzling through something in her mind. After a moment:

STACY
A snow globe?

Willa nods.

WILLA
From when he was in London.

STACY
And what was on the tape? I mean,
that takes some effort, right? To
make a tape?

Willa nods and half-smiles, picking at the corner of her
textbook. Stacy watches her.

STACY (CONT'D)
(beat)
But why did you...?

WILLA
I don't know. I should know.

Two FOOTBALL PLAYERS in the row in front of them are
whispering. One of them is wearing a Led Zeppelin T-shirt
featuring a winged man.

PLAYER ONE
What are you a stoner now?

PLAYER TWO
No, dude. I'm telling you, it's a
whole body thing. Get rid of the
gluten. You'll see.

Stacy reaches a hand across to touch Willa's.

STACY
(excited)
I know what you should do. You
should come on this church trip I'm
going on.

Willa is skeptical.

STACY (CONT'D)
To Costa Rica. Come on.

WILLA
(hesitates)
Me and church...

STACY
I know, I know. But this is a good
time for you to go.

WILLA
With what money?

STACY

You write a letter and give it to everyone you know. Your family is huge -- I mean, how many cousins do you have?! And you empty your bank account.

WILLA

That's not much.

STACY

Easy, peasy. You have to get out of your own head, Wills. You have to stop thinking about his icy snow globes.

Stacy winks at her.

Willa turns to face the Professor, who is now flipping through a slide-show on the white board.

PROFESSOR

These kids aren't in some foreign country, folks. These kids are in public schools in Chicago, St. Louis, in New York, Cincinnati, even in D.C. God bless the U.S.A.

ON SLIDES

Which feature black-and-white portraits of underprivileged children. There are a few moments of black between each slide. We watch several portraits then, in the black space:

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

ON WILLA

Her face looking into camera, sullen as the children's had been.

She is lying on her back, looking up at the branches of skeletal trees swaying in the sunlight. She smiles lightly in the warmth.

An introductory photography book is spilling out of the bag she is using as a pillow. She brings an old, manual camera to her eye and snaps a picture of the trees. A voice is heard off-screen.

Willa sits up to see an ELDERLY MAN placing flowers on a nearby gravestone. Unaware of Willa, he is speaking to the stone in a matter-of-fact voice, as though it is something he does every day. We cannot make out the words.

As the man turns to go, he spots Willa observing him. Willa quickly wipes away a tear, embarrassed that she's been caught, and waves politely. The man raises his cane and touches it to his hat in greeting, then shuffles off.

A flock of starlings erupts from the underbrush and Willa watches it twist and flow into the sun.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. WILLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Willa's clunker sits in the driveway of a suburban home that clearly resides on the other side of the tracks from her boyfriend's. A Christmas tree can be seen in the front window of the living room.

EXT. WILLA'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Willa is coming down the back porch. At the bottom, she robotically takes a photograph of the rusted bicycles beneath. She walks to a hulking swing-set that stands in an overgrown section of the lawn.

She raises her camera to shoot the back of the house, then slowly lowers it. Her FATHER can be seen sitting at one end of the house, in a room flickering with television light. And her MOTHER can be seen leaning in the kitchen, watching another set mounted under the cabinets. Willa takes this in.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLA'S HOUSE - ON WINDOW - DAY

In the reflection of the sliding glass door, we see Willa approaching from the yard. She comes up the steps and catches sight of her face in the glass.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUS - ON WINDOW - DAY

Willa is staring out the dusty window. The trees of her backyard dissolve into a landscape of tropical forest.

EXT. BUS - DAY

The bus approaches from a distance and turns into the driveway of a camp, passing a welcome sign that features the Costa Rican flag and a large cross.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

The driveway ends at a small campus of concrete buildings. The camp is a flurry of activity and a contingent of CAMPERS and administrators has gathered to greet the new arrivals.

Stacy steps off the bus, followed by Willa. They immediately notice JAMES, early thirties, who is addressing the campers. He is shirtless, bronzed, with a ragged beard and a knife on his belt.

JAMES

Can't tell you how happy we are to have you here, guys. Seriously. First thing: pick a color behind me and head to the bunks.

From a row of baskets set up on a folding table, they each select a small plastic bag filled with colored powder: Stacy chooses green, Willa red.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We're meeting on the field behind the chapel at six. Around here, that means when the sun is about yay-high. Bring your color with you and don't be late. Trust me.

As they pass behind James, Stacy bites her lip at Willa.

INT. CAMP - BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Stacy is emptying her backpack as Willa fiddles with her chunky, orange watch.

WILLA

It's one hour, right?

STACY

One hour behind.

Their room is spare: not a trace of plastic or metal and the beach visible through many spaces in the walls. There is a single candle on a table between the beds.

Stacy has packed an impressive number of belongings into her bag and Willa watches as she unpacks a camera, a portable CD player, some magazines, a stack of batteries rolled-up in a sock, loose CD's rolled-up in another. Atop all this, she drops a beautiful Bible. The growing pile on Stacy's bed makes Willa smile.

EXT. CAMP - BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Willa emerges from the house. She watches younger children run through the camp, older ones grouped in two's and three's talking. She gazes into the dense jungle and listens to the unfamiliar bird song. She breathes deep.

Stacy exits the house and stands on the stoop a moment, watching Willa in her trance. She approaches and puts her arm through Willa's.

WILLA
It smells like a garden.

STACY
(happy)
A flower garden.
(beat)
And...grilled chicken. I can't
live much longer on two granola
bars.

EXT. CAMP - FIELD - DUSK

The entire population of the camp is milling around on the grass, waiting. Deep in the crowd, Willa and Stacy open their plastic bags.

James is standing on a woodpile at the perimeter.

JAMES
Okay. You ready? You guys know
what to do?

The campers cheer. He lowers a pair of goggles from his forehead.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Let's do this. Five, four, three,
two...one!

As one, the campers toss handfuls of their powder into the air, creating a pastel mushroom cloud. Stacy screams and throws an arc of green into the mix. Willa is about to launch hers, but is awestruck by the storm of color drifting over her head.

The scene descends into a chaos of joy. Campers rub the chalk in each other's hair. They dance. The boys tear off their shirts. Stacy presses a green handprint in the center of Willa's face.

James climbs halfway down the woodpile and is handed a bucket. With all his strength, he sweeps the contents into the air and we see a sky of white descend onto the campers like snow.

EXT. CAMP - DINING HALL - NIGHT

Through the open windows, we see that the campers have been gathered in candlelight. Many are swaying as James plays a hymn on an acoustic guitar.

INT. CAMP - DINING HALL - NIGHT

The youngest children are seated near the front, quite a few still dusted with color. COUNSELORS and STAFF stand in the back.

Willa ducks in quietly and grabs a seat next to Stacy on a table.

WILLA

What'd I miss?

STACY

James gave us a little bio and thanked everybody for being here. He's an interesting dude.
(raises eyebrows)
Sort of mysterious...

Stacy watches James with a look not altogether holy, while there is something else in Willa's eyes.

James finishes his song and lets the hum of the strings die to silence. He walks to a makeshift pulpit.

JAMES

If you'll open your Bibles, there's a couple of verses I want you to think on this evening. The first is from Ephesians, chapter four.

Willa takes up her Bible. Its cover is beaten, its pages marked with notes. Photos of her family spill out and she hurries to stuff them back in and follow along with the reading.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Do not let the sun go down while you are still angry, and do not give the devil a foothold. He who has been stealing must steal no longer, but must work, doing something useful with his own hands, that he may have something to share with those in need."

(looking up)

Now, I'm not going to tell you what to think about that. But I want to say one thing about work.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Tomorrow we're going to meet with a local congregation here to repair roofs that were damaged in the storms last month. Loving God is not just reading the words. It is living the words. It is doing.

(taps the cover of the Bible)

This is just the instruction manual.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

A dirt road cuts through a village of wooden homes with corrugated metal roofs. A modest church stands at the end of the lane, in front of which CHILDREN are playing soccer with a beach ball.

Several campers are pulling tools from the bed of a pickup truck as another truck arrives. James is coordinating.

INT. VILLAGE - HOME - DAY

The sky is visible through the damaged ceiling of the room. Campers are working with the VILLAGERS to remove palm branches and lay down new sections of roofing.

Stacy and Willa are using rollers to paint the interior walls when a WOMAN from the village approaches them.

WOMAN

Cafe?

Willa turns to Stacy, who nods.

WILLA

Si. Si. Gracias.

They place their rollers in trays and follow the woman outside.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

At an outdoor cooking station, the woman hands them each a cup.

WOMAN

Han estado trabajando duro.

She takes a pot from the fire and strains the grounds as she pours them coffee. Willa takes a sip and her eyes widen.

WILLA
Oh, wow. That is strong. And
good. Bueno!

The woman laughs.

WOMAN
No gringo cafe.

She turns to offer coffee to another volunteer. James rushes by with lumber over his shoulder.

JAMES
(pointing)
Atlanta in the house. You ladies
working hard?

STACY
Very.

She and Willa toast.

STACY (CONT'D)
To him.

EXT. VILLAGE - LATER

Willa and Stacy are resting their backs against an ancient piece of farming machinery, enjoying their coffee.

STACY
I think I'm getting high.

WILLA
It tastes like steak and potatoes.

STACY
What are you talking about?

WILLA
It doesn't taste like meat to you?
Like a meal?

A BOY is cautiously watching them from behind the trunk of a palm. About two years old, he is wearing only a pair of worn, American running shorts.

STACY
Ohh. Look at his cute little
belly.

WILLA
(to child)
You want some? Come here. You can
have some.

The child ducks behind the tree.

STACY
He isn't allowed to drink coffee!

WILLA
(to child)
Is that right? Does your momma let
you drink coffee? Come here.

The child creeps toward them.

STACY
Don't give him coffee.

WILLA
What's your name? Como te llamas?
Soy Willa.

Willa extends her cup toward him and he points at it.

WILLA (CONT'D)
Si. Cafe. Mmm. Bueno, no?

She offers it to him, but he continues pointing. Finally, he touches her watch and quickly pulls his hand away.

WILLA (CONT'D)
My watch?

Willa puts down her coffee and begins to demonstrate the features of her watch.

WILLA (CONT'D)
That's the time, right there. And
it has the date. And the day. And
if you press this button...

The watch beeps and the boy's eyes light up.

WILLA (CONT'D)
Beep. It turns the light on.

She presses the button again.

BOY
(excited)
Beep!

STACY
Great. You taught him his first
English word.

The boy reaches toward the watch.

WILLA
Press right here.

He presses the button and mimics the sound.

BOY
Beep!

JAMES (O.S.)
Hey, guys!

Willa looks back to the house they were painting and sees James standing outside.

JAMES (CONT'D)
These walls aren't gonna paint themselves, Atlanta.

STACY
(to child)
We gotta go little dude.

BOY
(concerned)
Beep?

WILLA
We have to go work. We're painting the house.

They get up and walk toward the house, the child following.

EXT. CAMP - CLIMBING TOWER - DUSK

Still covered in paint, Willa is reaching the top of a wooden structure. She pulls herself up onto the platform and dangles her legs over the edge. Remnants of the color festival drift across the lawn below.

She removes a small pack from her back and unclips a water bottle from her waist. Sweating and out of breath, she drinks greedily.

She slides back on the platform and leans against the railing, taking a notebook and her Bible from her pack. She catches a glimpse of the magnificent sun lowering onto a canopy of green, the ocean in the distance.

WILLA
My God.

After a few moments, there is a thumping and scraping from below. Someone is climbing the tower.

Willa peers over the edge and sees James coming toward her.

JAMES
(startled)
Oh. Sorry. I didn't know anyone
was up there.

He hangs from the wall with little effort.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Do you want me to go?

WILLA
No, you can come up.

She watches him climb. Making use of a minimal number of holds, he reaches the top and immediately turns to look at the sun.

JAMES
It's going to be a good one.

WILLA
Beautiful. Want some water?

She holds the bottle out to him.

JAMES
Sure.
(drinks)
Muchas gracias.
(beat)
So, how are you doing? Like it
here?

WILLA
I love it.

JAMES
Mmm-hmm. Tell me one thing you
don't love.

WILLA
The mosquitoes.

JAMES
Wooh, yeah. They like you don't
they?

WILLA
I'm being slowly eaten alive,
but...
(more serious)
...I still like it here.

JAMES
Here in Costa Rica or here at the
camp?

WILLA

I've never been out of the U.S., so this is pretty amazing. And, back home, it's kind of...

(beat)

...I think my parents might hate each other and my boyfriend might be my ex-boyfriend. From here, all that stuff seems like somebody else's life. Like my watch stopped or something.

JAMES

That's...good, right?

Willa takes a moment with this.

WILLA

(beat)

I know I came here sort of looking for something. I just wish I knew what it was. I shouldn't be unhappy, I know that, but...

She looks at him, considering whether to continue.

WILLA (CONT'D)

I don't have what you have. That thing you and Stacy have when you talk about God.

She picks up her Bible.

WILLA (CONT'D)

No matter how much I read, it never makes any more sense to me. All I have is more questions. Was I really born sinful? A sinful baby? That makes zero sense to me. And are the dead really going to be raised like zombies someday?

(beat)

Who knows? I don't want to see that. My grandfather...?

JAMES

You have questions? Welcome to the club. That cross around your neck is your membership card.

(beat)

If you had answers, then I'd be worried.

James regards the Bible.

JAMES (CONT'D)

But the condition of their Bible says a lot about a person.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Yours says you've been twisted and shaken and dropped and you're trying. A person can't do much more.

He motions to her water bottle and she hands it to him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(drinking)

Want to know how I got here? I was in middle school, right? In Oregon -- that's where I'm from. Our teacher told us that a real rock band was coming to play at our school. Right in our gym, in the middle of the day. We were into all the typical stuff -- Zeppelin, AC/DC, Metallica -- and that's what we were expecting. We couldn't believe it. Zeppelin was going to rock our dodgeball court.

Willa laughs.

WILLA

Doubtful.

JAMES

Right? So, the day comes and we file down to the gym and there's this table in the hall of all the swag. Posters, autographed pictures, shirts, everything. I bought a bandana with the band's name on it: Freedom Groove.

Willa smirks and shakes her head.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'd never heard of them either. But this was the real deal. These guys were selling shirts!
(motioning to horizon)
Oh, look at that.

The sun is beginning to disappear behind darkening trees.

JAMES (CONT'D)

So, they come out on the stage and they can play! I mean, they were good. But all of a sudden, I hear my buddy say: "What the fuck?" And I start paying attention to the lyrics. "It's Jesus shit," my friend says.

WILLA

(laughs)

Awesome. They brought a Christian band to your school without telling you? That is hilarious. Bait and switch.

JAMES

Man, we were pissed. But then I started really listening to the lyrics and watching them -- they were as committed as Plant and Page.

(shaking his head)

These guys rocked and it was no act. It lit a spark, I guess.

WILLA

Exactly what the school board wanted.

JAMES

I was still a little pain in the ass, but...

He searches for the words.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Something had started for me.

(turns to her)

And here I am.

(beat)

Blabbing about my teens.

WILLA

Well, I've never seen Freedom Groove, so...

JAMES

Freedom Groove was my thing. I was lucky that it happened when I was fourteen. But you'll find your thing.

(picks up her Bible)

And it doesn't have to be in here, you know? Not everything is.

He looks out at the setting sun.

JAMES (CONT'D)

That's not in there.

He pauses, seeming to forget she's there.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Anyway, we should get to dinner. You ready to go?

WILLA
 (smiles)
 I'm good. Let's go.

James begins the climb down and Willa stands to watch.

WILLA (CONT'D)
 (looking down at him)
 Careful. Don't let the devil get a
 foothold.

EXT. CAMP - REC HALL - NIGHT

Music is spilling out into the night. One YOUNG CAMPER is
 throwing up outside as a counselor comforts him.

INT. CAMP - REC HALL - NIGHT

A group of campers has formed a makeshift band and is
 performing at the front of the hall. Willa and Stacy sit in
 the back, gawking at James, who is strumming his guitar.

He makes eye contact with Willa and she looks away. When she
 looks back, he is still looking at her and she realizes he
 has, instead, been looking through her, lost in the music.
 Her smile fades and she watches his ecstasy.

EXT. VILLAGE - MORNING

Work continues in the village. A MAN is guiding a small herd
 of cattle down the center of the road.

Stacy is standing at the fire as the woman from the previous
 day pours coffee into her water bottle.

STACY
 Yeah, fill 'er up!

WOMAN
 Tranquilo. No podra dormir esta
 noche.

EXT. VILLAGE - HOME - MORNING

In front of a repaired and painted house, Willa is sitting on
 her full backpack. The boy is kneeling on the dirt before
 her and they have taken up their game with her watch.

BOY
 (presses button)
 Beep.

STACY (O.S.)

Willa!

Screwing the cap on her bottle, Stacy is heading toward James and another boy, DANNY, who are waiting at the main road. A local bus is arriving behind them.

STACY (CONT'D)

We gotta go.

WILLA

(to boy)

I have to go now.

She tries to stand but the boy's grip on her watch is strong. He continues to press the buttons.

BOY

(not looking up)

Beep.

Willa sits back down.

BOY (CONT'D)

Beep.

Something in Willa shifts. She unstraps her watch and puts it on the boy's wrist. Even at the smallest hole on the band, it is falling off. She pushes it up his arm until it becomes snug.

WILLA

Beep-beep for you.

Stacy and the boys are boarding the bus.

STACY

Willa! Come on!

Willa kneels beside the boy. His attention remains on the watch. She pats his belly and leans in to kiss his cheek.

WILLA

(whispering)

Today is my birthday.

Willa stands and watches the boy play with her watch. After a moment, she turns to go, wiping the back of her hand across her eyes.

INT. BUS - DAY

The four campers are sitting in the back of the overcrowded bus. The other PASSENGERS are all locals except for a pair of clean-cut MISSIONARIES, who have been speaking with Danny.

Danny leans toward James and shouts over the rumble of the engine. He motions toward the missionaries with his thumb.

DANNY

He says they have a shower in their camp...

STACY

With hot water?!

There is a tremendous shattering at the front of the bus and the brakes shriek. The passengers all lurch forward.

When the bus has stopped, the DRIVER stands from his seat. The windshield has been obliterated. Shaking fragments of glass from his hair, he bends down and picks up a mutilated parrot. Blood drips from the beak as if draining the feathers of their coloring. The driver opens the bus door, tosses the bird outside, takes his seat, and starts driving again.

At the back of the bus, they sit in shocked silence.

DANNY

What the hell?

One of the missionaries starts them all laughing and the ice is broken. Still shaken, Stacy pulls out her portable CD player and puts on the headphones. She rolls her eyes at Willa, who is perhaps laughing the hardest.

EXT. FERRY DOCK - DUSK

The bus pulls away, revealing the four campers standing by the terminal. They stretch and adjust their packs.

James is speaking with an OFFICIAL. He looks at his watch, then follows the man to a ticket window.

EXT. PORT TOWN - MARKET - DUSK

There is no sign of the dock as the four campers idle in town. James is napping on a bench, hat over his face and a can of beer on the ground beneath him. Danny and Stacy are taking turns throwing rocks at a wooden post across the street.

Two horses in a field next to the market have come up to the fence, where Willa is petting them.

ON WILLA

As she watches each of them devour an apple. When the closer horse has finished, he snorts and nods his muzzle at her.

She pats him on the face, then keeps her hand there a long moment, stroking the hair. She looks into the horse's dark eye and sees herself reflected. She carefully leans forward and rests her forehead between the animal's eyes.

James rouses and takes a look at his watch. He winces.

JAMES
(getting up)
Damn it, Danny. I told you not to
let me sleep!

He grabs his pack and runs out of frame. The others panic and quickly follow.

EXT. PORT TOWN - STREET - ON WILLA - DUSK

Willla is running. At first, the pack on her back is interfering with her balance. But eventually, she finds her rhythm. Her breathing becomes less labored and she gains control.

She cannot see it, but the jostling of her pack has torn the plastic bag within and she is leaving a wake of red powder behind her in the air.

EXT. FERRY - TOP DECK - NIGHT

Willla and Stacy stand at the rail. The sea is rough. Before them is a void of black.

STACY
That is scary. I've never seen
anything that dark.

WILLA
(unafraid)
Anything could be out there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOCK - CANTINA - NIGHT

The ferry blasts its horn as it backs away from the dock. At this time of night, the dock-side bar is all but deserted. James and Danny are moving amongst the PASSENGERS who have just disembarked with them, asking questions.

Stacy pours herself some water from a pitcher and sits at one of the many picnic tables under the straw roof. A bug light in the corner punctuates the night with occasional zaps.

STACY
 (exhausted)
 We're going to get stuck here.

WILLA
 They'll find us a ride.

Willa moves to the unattended bar. On the shelves beside, there are framed pictures of the proprietor and his children, trophies from local tournaments, newspaper clippings, comics. She scans a bulletin board of photos, most featuring college students like herself dancing here and toasting drinks with the locals.

In an alcove at the end of the bar, there is a lending library filled with battered travel books, Costa Rican literature, and volumes left behind by fellow travelers: Camus, Nietzsche, Faulkner, Whitman.

Willa slings off her pack and digs out her Bible. She removes the photographs from the pages, kisses the cover, and gently adds it to the shelf.

EXT. DOCK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

James and Danny are in the bed of a pickup, arranging their packs and pulling out jackets. Danny offers Stacy a hand up.

A local YOUNG MAN is leaning on the open passenger door, rolling a cigarette. Stacy's added weight shakes the truck and he drops half of the tobacco. He curses under his breath.

Willa speaks with another man, ARI, who appears to live on the road. A fork has been bent around his bicep.

WILLA
 (removing her pack)
 I like your armband.

ARI
 (loading the truck)
 Yeah? It's from my mother's collection. Shh. She doesn't know.
 (motions to the young man)
 He has the spoon.

WILLA
 Very cool.
 (beat)
 Thanks for giving us a ride.

ARI
 I've been all over the world, but Montezuma is my home.
 (MORE)

ARI (CONT'D)
 Mostly because of him, I suppose.
 Where's yours?

WILLA
 My what?

ARI
 Your home?

Ari helps Willa into the truck and slams the tailgate. Willa takes a seat across from James and slings her arms over the side of the truck. She speaks so that only Ari can hear her.

WILLA
 I don't know yet.

ARI
 (beat)
 You, I like.

Ari gets into the cab and starts the engine. As the truck pulls away, James nods at Willa as if to ask if she's all set. She is.

EXT. MONTEZUMA - TRUCK - NIGHT

From the bed of the truck, Willa watches as the young man in the cab slides over to Ari and shares his cigarette. Ari puts his arm around him.

Leaning on Danny, Stacy catches Willa's eye and the two share a quiet look. Willa lets her hair down and shakes it loose into the wind. She tucks her bangs behind her ears and smiles at her friends.

EXT. MONTEZUMA - JUNGLE - NIGHT

The trees are shimmering in the moonlight. It is the scene that was being painted during the open. As we pull back, higher and higher, we see the road, then the truck. It is tiny in the vast landscape, but its headlights are bright and clearly light the way.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END