

INT. FRONT SEAT, NAVA'S CAR - LATER THAT EVENING

Nava sits in the driver's seat of her 2005 Honda Accord.

She's parked out front of a small-town bar, Owl's Nest. The glowing neon lights from the bar's "OPEN" sign illuminate her face as she stares blankly ahead.

NAVA (V.O.)

And I guess what I'm trying to say
is... I came here... for you.

She pulls the mirror down and applies some lip gloss.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR TOP, OWL'S NEST BAR - CONTINUOUS

A dive bar made lively by a few string lights. It's the kind of place that is made for a couple cheap beers and a one-night stand.

Nava sits next to a tall, dark, and handsome silver haired gentleman, RUSSELL TOLEDO (60'S). Russell is the kind of guy who under the wrinkles, the graying hair, and the unbothered disposition, was once a strapping young man.

RUSSELL

...For me?

Nava nods her head. Russell takes a sip of his drink. So does she.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

And why's that?

Nava stares him down. Their gaze like magnets.

NAVA

Not sure you'll ever know. Just
have to take it at face value.

Russell smiles, coyly.

RUSSELL

So, are you a famous writer now?
Published a book or two? Give me
something here, Nava.

Nava's demeanor changes. The vulnerability behind her honest answer makes her deeply uncomfortable.

NAVA

Um, no. I actually... Well, I don't write anymore. At least not now. I um, I work at a call center. Like, answering phones and stuff. I don't know...

Nava laughs, a nervous laugh. This is coming out as pathetic as she feels.

NAVA (CONT'D)

Let me restart this. Um, no. I haven't written anything recently. I'm trying. But the world isn't always so kind to people with dreams and shallow pockets. So, I just gotta do what I have to do for now, and hope that I love it enough to make it work.

RUSSELL

If you love something, you'll always find a way to make it work.

NAVA

How are you so sure?

RUSSELL

I just am.

They hold a small bit of tension between them, but Nava breaks it by saying-

NAVA

So, how are things with you these days?

RUSSELL

Quiet.

NAVA

That a good thing or a bad thing?

RUSSELL

Jury's still out.

NAVA

Still live in the same cabin?

Russell nods his head.

NAVA (CONT'D)

Such a writer.

Russell laughs.

RUSEELL

I feel like there's some judgement there.

NAVA

No, no. It's very "Walden or Life in The Woods" of you.

RUSSELL

Thoreau? I'd say I'm more of a Emerson guy myself. Didn't pay much attention in my class, did you?

NAVA

I absolutely did. Are we really going to sit here and debate Transcendentalist Literature?

RUSSELL

At this point, I'll take anything. Things have been a little too quiet lately...

NAVA

How so?

RUSSELL

Kira and I... Well, Kira's in Seattle right now.

NAVA

Oh.

RUSSELL

Yeah.

NAVA

I'm sorry.

RUSSELL

No, no. Nothing to be sorry about. Just a little more lonely these days.

Nava nods. Unsure of where to go next. Too afraid to say how she really feels.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

What ever happened to that guy you dated in college? Matthew?

NAVA

Yeah, Matt. Matt Simpson.

Nava gulps down the last of her drink. She flags the bartender for another.

RUSSELL

You know, you were far too smart for him. Kid took one too many knocks to the head playing football.

Nava sighs and nods her head.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Let me guess, your typical growing apart story?

NAVA

Maybe a little bit... Honestly, I'm not sure I ever loved him. I did everything to push him away. I wasn't kind, I cheated...

Nava looks at Russell, a knowing look that lasts only for a brief moment. Both of them look away, unable to acknowledge their affair.

NAVA (CONT'D)

And when he finally had enough I got scared, and I lied, and I told him I was pregnant, and I wasn't...

Russell doesn't say anything.

NAVA (CONT'D)

So, maybe it's not really your typical growing apart story.

RUSEELL

Why'd you do it?

Nava thinks for a moment before speaking.

NAVA

I guess that's something I'm still trying to figure out. Fear, maybe.

RUSSELL

Fear of what?

NAVA

Not being good enough.

RUSSELL

Good enough for what?

Nava shrugs. She reaches into her bag and pulls out her old college essay and hands it to Russell.

He looks at it and chuckles.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

You kept this?

Nava speaks so earnestly, that the sad reality of her truth doesn't sound as harsh.

NAVA

It was the last time I felt really great about myself.

Russell flips through the essay. Scanning and talking.

RUSSELL

Ah, the origin story. I remember assigning this your senior year. You know, I think about your paper a lot. The meaning behind your name. It's Hebrew right?

Nava nods her head.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Anavah... What a great word. Great name. I should give your parents an 'A' too.

Nava gives a small smirk.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Ah, here it is. This passage:
"Humility. A word we often use to shrink ourselves, to remain small in light of our achievements. However, the translation of *Anavah*, the Hebrew word for humility, breathes a new life into the definition. It translates to "occupying your God-given space" neither overestimating, or underestimating yourself. There's a power in this type of humility, for you are allowed to take up space. But in order to do so, you must understand your place in the world first."

Russell looks at Nava.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
That always stuck with me.

He hands her the essay.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
So, I have a question... Do you
understand your place in the world
yet?

NAVA
I'm trying.

RUSSELL
I know.

Russell looks at her, earnestly. He always seemed to understand.

NAVA
So, I have a question for you now.

RUSSELL
What is it?

Nava puts her hand on his.

NAVA
Are we taking your car or mine?