

## **NAP**

**By Jena Newman**

**(Ex. Florence – Day – Stock)**

**(Voice over by JENA as we see a collection of video and still images of this great city)**

Living in another country, for any period of time, enriches your understanding of where you come from. Making sense of the local laws, the social protocol, and personal grooming habits,

**(beat)**

**(Image of Mother severing Dinner. Voices in background with music)**

is like trying gifilte fish for the first time—you can't figure out what it's made of, or why it tastes that way,

**(beat)**

**(Persons Face pan to Close up of food in plate.)**

but in for a dime, in for a quarter.

**(beat)**

**(Italian music begins to play in the background Close-up of Jena, Pan out to see she is reading a art history book in the library.)**

When I was twenty, I was fortunate enough to spend a semester in Florence. Prior to going, I studied the grand history of Florence and its great works of art and architecture.

**(Old footage of visit to Disney World or Holiday vacation.)**

My parents had even taken me to Disney World, where we visited the Italian Pavilion; this was a bazillion times better!

**(beat)**

**(There is a voice over by JENA as we see a collection of video and still images of this great city. I young boy drives by on a Vespa, an old woman is sitting on a stoop. Some folk are at a café in heated discourse. Lovers are walking.)**

In Florence there are two classes of people, the Florentines, those who were born and live there,

**(beat)**

**(A middle-aged couple walks into frame. They are tourist. He is fat. She wears sneaker and a large white hat carrying several shopping bags.)**

and the tourists, who try their darndest to pretend they are Florentine, although this is in vain, as Florentines seldom where cheep pastel colored short sleeved shirts and Dockers and the ever- popular pleather fanny pack.

**(beat)**

**(Jena waking in park like academic setting.)**

In life, if we're lucky, we have one or two great teachers that inspire us, that allow us to rise to our fullest potential, and bring us to our epiphanies.

**(beat)**

**(Jena looking a statue in academic setting.)**

Florence was my great teacher and the people of Florence were like great works of art and literature—

**(beat)**

**(Professor like scholar walk in shot.)**

imparting wisdoms by the way they live their lives.

**(beat)**

**(Shot of people sitting by themselves pans to Jena's window.)**

Through them, I learned what great food is, the joy of conversation, the pleasure of just sitting in a piazza and taking time to look and enjoy the light.

**(beat)**

But, most of all, I learned how to nap.

(beat)

**(In Jena's room shot succession.)**

**a. goldfish in bowl**

I took to napping like a fish takes to water,

(beat)

**b. Bottle of gin**

like an alcoholic to the bottle

(beat)

**c. Mother at front door of home entering with bags.**

like my mom to wholesale.

(beat)

**(Art History images of some people sleeping.)**

The nap is an endangered pleasures at worst, a dying art at best. It takes great skill and precision, constant practice, and

**(Sculpture: Pieta.)**

the right mixture between procrastination and fortitude.

(beat)

**(Video footage down hill skiing from Olympics)**

Ahhh... if it was only an Olympic sport, I would be at the top of my game.

(beat)

**(Day planner)**

For a year and a half, I have been on a rigorous schedule of napping.

**(Noon sun)**

Some people nap at noon, but I get up way to late for that!

**(beat)**

**(Cheap alarm clock 6:00 pm)**

Others, find six o'clock a pleasant time, but these are common people.

**(beat)**

**(Cheap alarm clock 6:00 pm flip back to 4:00 pm)**

The four o'clock nap is for us hard-core nappers,

**(Pan to trashcan in room. Pan past fish, bottle and shopping bag. )**

who choose not to busy the last hours of their day with tasks that they had been putting off since the morning.

**(beat)**

**(Shot of Light on wall getting thinner as blinds are shut.**

**Pan to Jena sleeping. Zoom in to face, cut shots etc.)**

There is no greater feeling than having the afternoon sun streak through a room filled with silence as my head finds its perfect spot of supreme comfort. My eyelids slowly drift downward, and all the events of the day are washed away. Endless opportunities abound...and abound....and. . . . once again.

**(Italian music fades in.)**

I find myself in Florence.

**(Fade to Black.)**