

**8:00 AM**

*A middle-age INMATE wearing tan prison overalls is in a solitary cell. He has had relatively no contact with anyone in nearly eight years. He sits on a cot facing the rear of the room. A young WARDEN enters.*

WARDEN:

Hi. Good morning. I am going to be assisting you today. I have a new pair of overalls for you. They're clean. If you want to change into those.

It's protocol that I tell you the... Itinerary: I've given you the overalls... Next, you have the right to a final visit with family and or loved ones. Following, you will be given your final meal of choice. You then have the option of taking last rites with a priest, or a minister before the—

INMATE:

Buzz.

WARDEN:

The execution begins. Is there anyone I should contact, anyone who you want to see before—

INMATE:

No.

WARDEN:

Are you sure?

INMATE:

Yes.

WARDEN:

Alright then. You have about six hours before we begin... Do you know now what you would like to eat, I can get that under way.

INMATE:

Live organs.

WARDEN:

What?

*INMATE turns to face WARDEN.*

INMATE:

An orange.

WARDEN:

That's all that you want?

INMATE:

Yea.

WARDEN:

Alright then.

*INMATE turns back to face the wall. WARDEN exits the cell.*

**11:30 AM**

*INMATE is standing in the middle of the cell at rise. WARDEN enters with a large orange on a white plate on a plastic tray.*

WARDEN:

An orange.

INMATE:

Thank you.

WARDEN:  
Why an orange?

INMATE:  
I thought this room could use a little color.

WARDEN:  
What?

INMATE:  
The walls are so... Bleak. And everything is gray. Even this, I remember when this was orange...

*INMATE refers to the overalls.*

INMATE:  
Now it's this lifeless, this manila color. I miss the orange ones. I miss orange. So I asked for the color orange.

WARDEN:  
That isn't the color though, that is the fruit.

INMATE:  
It may be a fruit, but it still has the color. It still has orange. An orange is still orange.

*INMATE offers a piece of the orange to WARDEN.*

WARDEN:  
Well I guess.

INMATE:  
I guess.. that's kind of how it is though, isn't it?

WARDEN:  
How what is?

INMATE:  
This.

WARDEN:  
Execution?

INMATE:  
Yeah.

WARDEN:  
I'm not following you.

INMATE:

When you get here, not you, me. When I get here... I am not a person anymore, am I? I am not orange. I'm just fruit. I mean I lose, no, everyone else, all of you lose the ability to see me as anything but fruit. You don't see the orange. But I still am. I am orange, I am man.

WARDEN:

What's your point?