

The warm, inviting voice of a wise, friendly, old man sounds out in the darkness.

LEROY (V.O.)
Pay attention. What is the meaning behind that phrase? Paying attention really isn't about paying anything. In fact, it's about giving...
(pause)

START: BEGINNING CREDITS

LEROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...giving attention to the things that matter most. Really, it's consciousness of the spirit to everything and everyone around us. On the day-to-day, many of us act in a state of almost unconsciousness. Always caught in the hustle-bustle-hurry.

EXT. NYC SUBWAY STAIRWELL - MORNING

Floods of oblivious people rush right past a young mother struggling to carry a baby stroller down the steep subway stairs. A wristwatch ticks each second away.

CUT TO:

LEROY (V.O.)
No time for a smile, handshake or a helping gesture. No way. Not a second. We are numb to those around us, paying no attention to one another.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC STREET - MORNING

A STUDENT turns a crowded street corner, bumps into a hurried BUSINESS WOMAN and quickly apologizes. The disgusted woman shamelessly gestures with her middle-finger.

CUT TO:

INT. NYC SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

Expressionless people inside a jam-packed subway car, avoid any form of acknowledging one another as they stand inches apart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEROY (V.O.)

(pause)

I was as guilty as the next, always rushing from here-to-there. Matter of fact, it was my job. "Under 12 minutes or it's free, that's our guarantee."

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - MORNING

The street light changes from red to green. Without hesitation, a impatient hand slams on the horn to hurry the drivers in front.

LEROY (V.O.)

I was in a hurry, and it was the hurrying that brought my life to a screeching halt.

(pause)

I didn't pay attention.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. LIBERTY HEIGHTS MARKET - MORNING

A pleasant morning at an open-air fresh produce market, a GROCERY STOCKER is busy stocking fresh fruit before the Sunday morning crowds pile in. Red apples, green apples, limes, lemons, and grapefruit - a painters palette full of bright colors in perfect order. A masterpiece.

The Grocery Stocker stacks ripe oranges. The camera pulls back revealing a handwritten grocery sign. It reads, "Valencia Oranges - \$2.99 Per Dozen."

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE UP: ORANGE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY CROSSWALK - DAY

CHLOE, early-thirties, attractive, a "hip-creative-type", stands pregnant on the curb of a bustling city street corner. The crosswalk sign flashes "Don't Walk, Don't Walk". The suns sharp glare reflects off shimmering traffic crawling bumper-to-bumper. Deafening horns honk, tires screech, everybody is in a hurry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A soft Hispanic voice struggling to be heard shouts from the the intersection.

ISABELLA (O.S.)
Fresh ripe oranges, only \$2.99 a
dozen!

Chloe spots ISABELLA, a meek, young Hispanic woman swallowed in a sea of traffic. Isabella pushes a rickety grocery cart full of oranges up and down an island road divider, shouting her plea. Not a soul is listening, except Chloe.

Chloe attempts to step off the curb. Oddly, she cannot move a her legs, not a muscle.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Ripe oranges! Please somebody buy
my oranges!

The crosswalk sign continues flashing "Don't Walk, Don't Walk". Chloe makes another attempt to step off of the curb. Still, her legs remain motionless, stiff, paralyzed, cemented into the street corner. Isabella catches Chloe's eye.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Please, please buy my oranges! I
need to sell these oranges.

Finally Chloe is able to awkwardly throw one foot off the curb and clumsily step into the busy intersection. A noisy, rusted, tow-truck nearly strikes Chloe as she carefully navigates the traffic-congested crosswalk towards Isabella.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND ROAD DIVIDER - DAY

Chloe safely steps onto the island road divider next to Isabella.

CHLOE
I would like to buy your oranges.
One dozen please.

Overjoyed, Isabella places the smooth, flawless, oranges into a plastic sack. As she places the final orange into Chloe's sack she notices an unsightly blemish. The twelfth orange has a large, ugly, brown scar encircled by several smaller pockmarks. Isabella gasps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISABELLA

(meekly)

Oh my, I am so sorry, so sorry.
This orange is no good. Please
forgive. I grab you another. A
better orange. A more beautiful
orange.

Isabella reaches into her shopping cart for another orange. Chloe abruptly stops Isabella, and takes the unsightly orange back.

CHLOE

(kindly)

It is fine. I am sure this orange
is just as perfect as the others on
the inside.

ISABELLA

Oh no. Are you sure? But, this
orange is not beautiful. I have
better. Look, please.

Chloe smiles reassuringly, nods and gratefully hangs onto the blemished orange.

CHLOE

Thank you for the oranges.

Chloe smiles warmly and hands Isabella a twenty-dollar bill. Isabella fumbles through a worn, green fanny-pack for change. Cars pass on both sides of the road divider as Isabella counts out one-dollar bills.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Keep the change. It's yours. I
don't need it.

ISABELLA

(shocked)

What? No. I can't. You gave me
twenty dollars. Oranges are only
\$2.99. Here, take your change
please.

Isabella extends a handful of dollar bills. Chloe refuses.

CHLOE

I insist. Please, keep it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ISABELLA
 (with humility)
 Oh thank you, thank you. Very kind.
 I am grateful for you. Thank you
 for buying my oranges today.

Isabella and Chloe exchange smiles. Isabella's eyes lock on Chloe's pregnant stomach.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 Home is where the heart is.

Chloe is puzzled. Isabella turns away. An alarming car horn sounds out.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY UPTOWN APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

It's 6:00 am. An alarm clock buzz breaks the silence in the simple, urban-chic apartment. Chloe WAKES UP staring at the ceiling, smiling slightly, she silences the blaring alarm. She is beautiful, even at 6:00 am. Chloe wears a low-cut white tank-top revealing a realistic tattoo on the left-side of her chest. Left ventricle, left atrium, right ventricle, right atrium, Chloe's tattoo colorfully illustrates a detailed human heart.

ZACK, handsome, early thirties, lies next to Chloe, messy-haired and motionless. Chloe uses her two index fingers to shape the corners of Zack's mouth into a contrived morning smile. Zack lazily opens his eyes and Chloe squishes his lips together to make a silly face. Chloe laughs as she kisses him on his puckered-up lips. Zack smiles contently.

INT. NEW YORK CITY UPTOWN APARTMENT MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chloe stands barefoot behind an easel still wearing the slept-in tank-top. The sun's early morning rays warm the hardwood floors as Chloe paints on canvas with broad, angular, strokes.

Groggily, Zack enters.

ZACK
 (drowsy)
 What time is it love?

CHLOE
 Time for you to wake-up and go make
 us some breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zack squints his eyes in effort to focus on the wall clock.

ZACK

6:17? Too early for a Sunday morn.

CHLOE

Sorry. Couldn't sleep. I had this dream. It was so real. I wanted to buy oranges from some Hispanic lady standing in the middle of a street. But, I couldn't move my legs.

ZACK

You couldn't walk, or what?

CHLOE

Have you ever had one of those dreams where someone is chasing you but you can't run? You can't get away. No matter how hard you try you can't move your legs. That's exactly what it was like.

Chloe continues to paint.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Every orange was perfect. Except one. The last orange was discolored and scarred. It had a large blemish with a distinct outline. Almost like the orange had a birth mark.

ZACK

A dream about an orange with a birthmark. Weird.

CHLOE

What do you think it means?

ZACK

Hmmm, I think it means...

Zack winks at Chloe

ZACK (CONT'D)

(pause)

....it's time for me to go the market. If we can't sleep. Might as well eat. I'll snag some eggs and turkey bacon. We still have soy milk right? Anything else?

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