

ON BLACK:

OVERTURE: Theme music begins, simple at first, building in scale and complexity, culminating on:

EXT EARTH FROM ORBIT

Mother EARTH lying full and luminous against the backdrop of space. The crescendo of music falls to silence. A meteor flickers across the globe, disappearing into the atmosphere.

EXT FARM LAND - SUNSET

A red sun hangs low over a brown horizon of DEAD FARM LAND and thorny weeds, steady chorus of insects filling the air.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - CONT

Perched on a decrepit wood fence, two crows caw at a tattered SCARE CROW at the center of a small SQUASH PATCH. Dropping onto the motley vegetables, a streak flashes in the sky above them, the ground exploding, clamoring the birds into the air.

Insects now silent, smoke and dirt settle to reveal a short scar cutting through the crop. As the circadian sounds resume, the two crows realight on the fence, keeping their distance from the scarecrow now tilted ominously towards them.

As the sun creeps below the horizon a long shadow stretches over the patch, falling into a knee-deep smoking CRATER.

FADE OUT:

O.S. SFX of insects continues

FADE IN:

EXT SQUASH PATCH - SUNRISE

Early morning light spills across dried crops. The crows are gone but the chorus of insects

continues. The trace of the meteor's impact is now covered by a new growth of young green WEEDS.

EXT FARM HOUSE - MORNING

An old FARM HOUSE stands alone in the golden field, sun-bleached vintage pickup decaying on a dirt driveway. A screen door opens and a man buttoning his overalls steps onto a creaking, partially-constructed porch. Mumbling, he descends the stairs and disappears behind the house. The sound of a motor coughs to life as a rusted red TRACTOR rolls into view.

EXT FARM LAND - MORNING

ELIAH JAKOBS, late 40's, heavysset, softly-built man with red, sun-wrinkled face and unevenly cut grey-streaked hair bounces behind the wheel.

ELIAH

Just a few chores around the farm today, Red. Maybe even a trip to town if you're up for it. You hang in there. Soon enough all these troubles gonna pack up and go the way they came. Just you wait.

Elijah's tractor rattles on across dead farmland.

FADE TO:

EXT FARM LAND - AFTERNOON

Tractor in the distance, Elijah hefts up a collapsed part of a decrepit wood fence, stabilizing it with loose planks.

ELIAH

That's good fence. A few sticks is all you need and you're good as new. Don't need no money to make you work. Just good honest work.

Gathering the remaining planks under his arm, he continues down the length of the rickety property fence, testing it occasionally with a good shake.

On the other side runs a parallel fence, seven feet high, made of steel and wire. Beyond it, acres of lush green farmland as far as the eye can see, sounds of insects replaced by the mechanical chatter of sprinklers. Mounted to the fence, a large billboard advertises 'Green Valley Growers, Homogenizing the World since 1984.'

EXT FARM LAND - AFTERNOON

Elijah crawls on hands and knees dropping seeds one at a time into the ground, brushing them over with dirt, watering them with a hose dragged behind him. Crows caw in the distance.

Spying a figure silhouetted against the horizon, Elijah bounds to his feet, dropping the hose, the water flooding his seeds.

ELIAH

Go on! You get away from here!

Running to his truck, he fumbles out a double-barrel SHOTGUN from the passenger seat, pops it open, fishes in the glove box separating red shells from road flares, chewing tobacco, flasks, inhalers, and a tangle of lures and weights. Fumbling a shell in one chamber, he slams the barrel closed, takes careful aims at the figure, and fires. CLICK.

ELIAH

Shoot! Shoot!

Finger on the other trigger. Aims again. Fires. BOOM! The blast echoes across the field.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - CONTINUOUS

The scarecrow explodes with buckshot, spinning around its stake, scattering cawing crows into the air. Elijah bounds up out of breath.

ELIAH

Bet that woke you up old boy. No more sleeping on the job for you.

Setting the gun down, he yanks the tattered scarecrow back to a vertical position, it's faded overalls nearly identical to his own. He scoops a moth-eaten hat from the ground, dusts it off, plops it down on the limp flour sack head.

ELIAH

Just need a little help getting back on your feet. All these birds and bugs eatin' the place up, I'd be tired too. But we gotta' keep an eye on Lulu. Don't want nothin' eaten' her up, no sir.

Wiping his head with a dirty handkerchief, he threads between large colorful squash to the center of the patch, stopping before an immense, bloated squash big as a small boulder. Grooming stray weeds around her he stumbles into the small crater now covered by a thick patch of green weeds. Ripping out the cluster, he crushes them in his large calloused hands.

ELIAH

If it ain't birds, it's gophers'n weeds. Ain't there nothin' in this world that's got a mind to help?

The sound of insects grows.

FADE OUT:

O.S. SFX of insects continues

FADE IN:

EXT FARM LAND - DAY

Clouds drift across a wide blue sky, plowing shadows across the golden field. Sounds of chopping echo across the expanse.

EXT FARM HOUSE - DAY

Chopping the last of a pile of fencing timber, Eliah pries more wood from the unfinished porch. Noticing a cloud of dust as a car speeds up his driveway, he waits for it AXE in hand.

A large black 4x4 PICKUP truck skids to a stop in front of the house. The tinted passenger window rolls down. CIMARRON T. Gibbs juts his gaunt, buzz cut, 70-year old head out to peer through the dust at the side of the truck.

CIMARRON

Jeezus in Hell, Carlyle! Ain't even three days old and you're already driving it to the grave.

CARLYLE Gibbs, late 30's, sticks his mullet-cut, ace-bandaged face out the driver-side window to confirm the damage.

CARLYLE

Oh c'mon dad. It's a four by. It's built for off-roadin'.

CIMARRON

Off-roadin' my ass! We're still on a road, you dummy. I didn't give you twenty-thousand dollars just to make a new truck dirty.

Turning to face his son, Cimarron notices Eliah, axe firmly clenched, next to Carlyle's head obliviously jutting out the window.

CIMARRON

Eliah! Don't you do nothing stupid. A little rock-salt buck shot is one thing, but don't you go doin' no good with that axe. Carlyle, get your damn head back in the car!

Yanking him back inside, Carlyle's cap is knocked to the ground. Cimarron scowls out the driver's window at Eliah.

CIMARRON

Consortium's withdrawing their offer, Eli. I just talked to Macy down at the Tax Assessors office and he says they're foreclosing within the month. Soon as the bank takes over, this is gonna be just one more Green Valley holding.

ELIAH

Not gonna' lose the farm, Cimarron.

CIMARRON

How's that Eli? You growin' some miracle in here? Look at this mess. Can't even take care of yourself without everyone helpin' you out.

ELIAH

That ain't true! It's you and your boy makin' all this trouble. Well, no more. I got Lulu now. She's gonna fix everything right up.

CIMARRON

Lulu? Lulu? You go and get yourself a lawyer? You know damn well there ain't a thing you can prove...

CARLYLE

Shit pop, retard's just talkin' about his squash. Been namin' them since we were kids.

CIMARRON

Christ Eli, you talkin' about the fair!? That ain't going to make a rat's ass difference all the back tax you owe. What's the prize this year, a thousand dollars? Ain't a drop in the bucket.

CARLYLE

Besides, been twenty years since anyone beat a Green Valley Grower. And it sure as hell ain't gonna be a dumb handicap.

CIMARRON

Carlyle, why don't you shut your hole. Ain't you done enough damage already?

(TO ELIAH)

You should've sold the farm when you had the chance, Eli. Hell, your daddy should've sold it when he had the chance. Biggest mistake he ever made letting it go to you. Mighta' been worth something then. Ain't worth a bug's fart now.

ELIAH

Don't you say nothing bad 'bout my daddy, Cimarron T. Gibbs!

CIMARRON

All right Eli. Didn't mean no harm.

CARLYLE

Shit Eli, biggest mistake your pop ever made was squirtin' out you.

CIMARRON

Now don't you rile him up again.

CARLYLE

Aw, I'm just having some fun. What's he gonna do this time...?

The axe slams down on the roof above Carlyle's head, denting hard into the metal.

CARLYLE

What the...You crazy son of a...!!

The axe crashes down again as Carlyle hunches as low as he can trying to wrench the truck in gear.

ELIAH

Don't you talk about my daddy...!!

CARLYLE

Crazy son of a...!

CIMARRON

Eli...Carlyle...Goddamnit!!

Kicking the truck into gear, they fishtail into a donut and bound down the road in a cloud of dust, horn blaring. Eliah looks down at the Green Valley Farms hat run over in the dirt, then back to the dismantled porch.

ELIAH

God rewards honest hard work,  
Lulu. That's what they told me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT COUNTY ROAD - DAY

A two-lane black-top cuts through a sea of fenced-in farmland. Billboards advertising fast food chains, roadside attractions, farm equipment and a drive-in line the road. Two semis hauling Green Valley Growers trailers blow by a pattering red tractor in a cloud of dust and diesel.

EXT DOWNTOWN - DAY

An old CORNER MARKET sits across the street from a brand new 24-7 service station/food-mart/franchise. Behind the food-mart, Green Valley Grower trailers are parked in a large green field with banners advertising the 45th Annual County Fair. Eliah pulls the tractor in front of the old market.

INT MARKET - DAY

CHUCK Henry, greying 50-year old store owner, and ALYSA Barnsworth, gum-chewing 20-year old clerk, stare from behind the counter at a crowd of activity across the street.

ALYSA

I hear they're going to put in one of those fun parks for kids. You know, with a room of plastic balls for jumping on and all. Probably put in a slide too. Or maybe one of those mechanical clowns.

CHUCK

Mechanical clown, huh?

Elijah enters the store, barely distracting them.

CHUCK

Howdy Elijah.

Elijah shuffles up to the counter, eyes lowered. Chuck disengages himself as Alysa blows her gum.

CHUCK

Your usual then?

Elijah nods sheepishly.

CHUCK

Well girl, don't just stand there making bubbles. We have a customer.

ALYSA

A customer, huh? You hear that Eli? You're a customer now.

Popping one more bubble, she turns, grabs a basket and disappears down the aisles. Elijah fidgets, fingering a lollipop display on the counter. Handwritten note reads: "Free Lollies for KIDS. ONE per customer please".

CHUCK

Oh, go on Eliah. You know you can always take one. Doesn't matter anyhow. A free lolly pop just doesn't carry the same attraction these days as a mechanical clown.

Chuck discards the sign and watches a station wagon pull in across the street, unloading a pile of kids. Alysa returns, dropping the full basket on the counter, goes back to her post. As Chuck bags the groceries, Alysa watches Eliah from the corner of her eye, smacking her gum as Eli sucks on a LOLLIPOP. Chuck hands the bags to Eliah.

CHUCK

Haven't seen you around in a while Eli. Everything all right? You know, we'd sure hate to ever see the farm leave the family and all, knowin' how hard your momma and dad worked that land, but maybe a change would do you some good. God knows time's ripe for it, all the new things croppin' up round here.

Elijah turns towards the door.

CHUCK

Well, Fair's next week. I hear you got a real catch this year. Seems like just yesterday your daddy won with that big old pumpkin of his. Probably the last time anyone beat Green Valley. Heck, you just keep on trying, Eli. Remember what your daddy always said...

Elijah disappears out the door.

ALYSA

Hey Eli! You be careful with that lolly now. There's gum in it.

Chuck looks at her.

ALYSA

I don't want him to swallow it.

EXT FARM HOUSE - LATER

The tractor is parked half behind the house.

INT FARM HOUSE kitchen - CONTINUOUS

Wood-paneled kitchen cluttered with stacks of folded bags, collapsed boxes, empty cans. Eliah adds the bags to the pile, three boxes of oatmeal to a dozen in the pantry, a handful of oranges in an old refrigerator. He peels an ORANGE over the sink, throwing the rinds out the open window.

ELIAH

Me and Lulu doin' fine on our own.  
Don't need nobodies help. No sir.

Popping the first orange slice in his mouth he notices something waving in the wind just outside the window. Gathering his slices he goes out the kitchen door.

EXT BACK OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Beneath the window, sprouting from a thick cover of old orange rinds is an unusual, tall green stalk of a weed.

ELIAH

Look at you, funny little sprout.

Eliah bends down giving it a short tug. It doesn't budge. Yanking again, the weed loosens from the soil revealing a longer root snaking further through the yard. Dropping shiny orange wedges in the dirt behind him, he stomps across the ground, unraveling an enormous root system all the way back to the Squash Patch.

ELIAH

No you don't. Not my baby!

Attacking the weeds in a rage, he kicks up a cloud of dirt tracing the roots back to the

crater. Yanking them out, he balls the giant mass of tubular webbing in his hands.

ELIAH

Ain't no bank, no Gibb, no weed  
gonna take this farm away from me!

Leaning against the old wood fence to catch his breath, they both fall crashing to the ground.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT FARM LAND - MORNING

The sound of insects pervades the morning. Golden light illuminates a rash of green intruding on the yellow field.

EXT FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Encroaching green patches surround the house.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - CONTINUOUS

Boots stand in front of the Squash Patch rampant with 3-foot-high green stalks, the dented axe hanging from Eliah's hand.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - LATER

Eliah hauls a bundle of weeds from the patch having cut a clearing 10 feet around it, tall weeds extending into the surrounding field. Wiping sweat from the back of his sun-burned neck he tosses two shriveled squash into the crater.

ELIAH

Go rest with mamma and pappa now.

Down at his feet he sees a new sprout already peeking from the exposed crater. Amidst the noise of insects a crow caws.

EXT FARM HOUSE - DAY

Noises from the house. Eliah knocks open the kitchen door, carrying two stacked apple CRATES of sloshing containers.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - CONTINUOUS

Trudging across dirt and weeds, he drops the crates by the fence, pulls out a CONTAINER, uncaps it, sniffs it, and empties it on the outlying weeds. He pulls out another.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - LATER

Pesticide and herbicide bottles lie strewn amongst the weeds, insects droning on in the wavering heat. Eliah drains the last bottle into the saturated ground. Wiping his running eyes and nose, wet hands on stained overalls, he steps over the muddy moat to the dry center of the patch, plops down under the scarecrow, leans against Lulu and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT SQUASH PATCH - NIGHT

A full moon drapes blue light across the patch, NIGHT silent but for the sound of snoring. Not a single insect is heard.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - MORNING

Weeds as high and as far as the eye can see surround the Squash Patch. The silence is broken by sudden rustling.

ELIAH

Wha...!? No! NO!!

Eliah lifts his head over a 6-foot wall of green. Forcing his way to the tractor, he stands on a wheel to see weeds reaching out all the way to the farmhouse.

ELIAH

Like a plague from the good book!

EXT FARM LAND - DAY

The tractor cleaves a brown line through the sea of green.

EXT FARM HOUSE - DAY

The tractor is parked in front of the house, as sounds emanate from within. Kicking open the front door, Eliah strides across the wobbling porch, more crates in hand.

As an approaching car crunches through the weeds, Eliah stands on the tractor to see Carlyle's green-stained 4x4 swerve to a stop. Cimarron sticks his head out the window.

CIMARRON

Eliah, that you? What in hell is going on here? You got weeds the size of sequoias sproutin' outta' your bean-hole!

Carlyle shoves the driver side door open into the wall of growth, standing on the foot runner to survey the damage.

CARLYLE

God-damn! The whole farm's taken up with it. Consortium's sure ain't gonna like this. Shit pop, you figure we're gonna' have to fix all this? If so, I ain't gonna...

CIMARRON

Carlyle, sit down and cork it! We ain't gotta' do shit.

CIMARRON

Look Eli, I don't know what you got growin here', but you sure as hell better put a stop to it before any this stuff come

sproutin' up our way. You think this is some cockamamie idea to save the farm, you can think again. We got all the paperwork right here, just waitin' for a J. Hancock to sign it over. Seein' you got your hands full, we'll just settle this at the fair.

CARLYLE

Yeah, right after you lose!

Carlyle drops inside, slams the door, and guns the truck, knocking over stalks as it cuts a new path through the weeds.

ELIAH

Daddy used to say when troubles get to be too much for one person sometimes it's best to share it with others. Don't think I'd mind sharing it with them.

Elijah fires up the tractor and disappears into the wall of weeds.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - EVENING

The setting sun pitches red shadows across dying weed-choked squash. At the center of the patch sits a pop-up tent, two Coleman lanterns, a shovel, the axe, water bottles and a bag of oranges. Elijah wraps a large black plastic TARP over Lulu.

ELIAH

Gotta hold out just a little longer Lulu. Tuck you in nice and safe, just like momma used to and come mornin' everything'll be right as rain. Never mind those Gibbs and bankers. Once those judges get a good look at you, we'll be sure winners. I may not know much 'bout taxes and paperwork, but I know a thousand's more than a lot.

Picking up an orange, he walks the patch perimeter, peeling rinds and pulling shoots.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - NIGHT

Colemans hissing ablaze in the dark, Eliah paces back and forth in the silent NIGHT.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - MORNING

Eliah sits against the scarecrow sound asleep, both tilting slowly over to until they crash to the ground. He wakes with a start, dead weeds and squash heaped around him, Lulu bulging under the black tarp. He stands and stretches, around the small patch the golden fields are now completely green and lush.

ELIAH

Don't think I can hold out another NIGHT Lulu. Best get you to the fairgrounds today. Never hurt anyone bein' too early...

Lifting the tarp he reveals Lulu is now shriveled and brown.

ELIAH

Lulu, oh no, oh no...

Scanning frantically for the cause of death he rolls her over to expose a network of weeds spearing her from underground. He collapses, wrapping his arms around her, sobbing as his crushing weight slowly deflates the empty husk.

FADE OUT:

EXT FARM HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The tip of the farm house roof pokes above the horizontal line of billowing green. Heavy grey clouds bluster overhead.

INT FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eliah sits slumps in a chair, a Quaker smiling at him from a box of oatmeal on the table beside an

uneaten bowl of cereal and a peeled orange. Rinds in hand, he rises and shuffles to the sink as weeds sway below the open window.

ELIAH

Oh Lulu, bet no one's ever seen a beauty like you. Not even a Green Valley Grower. Now you're with momma and dad in God's own garden, and I'm all alone. I just don't know what to do. I worked hard like they told me. Worked hard like them! Now it's all bein' taken away. All because I'm not smart like them!!

Throwing the peels into the weeds he tears into a rage, yanking things from the cupboards, knocking over piles, ripping, dumping, stomping everything in reach, until he collapses atop the vast mess spread across the floor.

ELIAH

Lord, I don't want to be alone no more.

Thunder sounds in the distance.

INT FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

Rainfall patters from a leak in the roof, dripping on Eliah's soaked head. Lifting himself from the mess, he slides a pot under the leak, closes the window and squeaks out of the kitchen. Water strikes the pot like a drum as weeds pound in simpatico against the glass.

INT FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Wind and rain pound on the house, a cacophony of leaks echoing through the kitchen. Eliah hefts a wobbling pot, spilling a trail of water to the sink as he dumps it out. Outside the window is a wall of solid green.

INT FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - LATER

A tea kettle whistles and goes silent, water is poured. An upside-down Quaker smiles. Eliah, in his bath robe, weary and half-asleep, watches steam curling from the bowl of oatmeal. The shotgun lies in his lap, next to his bowl, a spoon and two red SHELLS. He runs his hand absently along his unshaven chin, then stops, staring. Outside the kitchen window, the wall of green is accented with tiny specks of red. Setting aside the gun, he rises, opens the back door and uncovers dozens of red BERRIES.

ELIAH

Looks just like Christmas.

He plucks one off, holds it up to his nose to smell it, then pops it in his mouth, rolling it around his tongue. Plucking a few more, he closes the door and ambles back to the table. Rolling the berries around in his hand, his eyes turn to the spoon, the shotgun shells. He drops the berries in the cereal and reaches for the spoon.

INT FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - LATER

From the back door, Eliah fills a bucket with berries. Reaching deep into the wall of green, he wrestles out a berry the size of a tomato.

ELIAH

Would you look at that.

He takes a bite, squirting red juice down his face and shirt.

ELIAH

Will wonders never cease. Sweet as can be. I think I'll be having you for dinner, I do.

He thrusts his arm back into the dense foliage.

INT FARM HOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The sound of sizzling. Sliced fruit simmers in a pan. Eli flips fruit in the pan like a seasoned chef, holds it under his nose to savor the smell.

ELIAH

Never was much of a cook before.  
Don't see why now. Whatever  
happens to the farm, guess I won't  
go hungry, and if that's one less  
thing for momma to worry about  
then that's a good thing.

EXT FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight casts a pale glow over the gently rustling sea of weeds, glimpses of illumination coming from the windows buried behind the green.

EXT FARM HOUSE - MORNING

Golden sunlight illuminates a vast garden of green and red, broken only by a breath of smoke drifting from the chimney.

INT FARM HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Something large thumps on the floor. A red watermelon-sized FRUIT rolls by. Followed by another, then a third.

INT FARM HOUSE KITCHEN - LATER

The table is set, plates dressed with assorted berries. Eliah pulls an oatmeal berry cobbler from the oven, setting it on the table next to a glass of berry juice. Outside, just audible is the rising and falling whine of an engine.

EXT SQUASH PATCH - DAY

The scarecrow's head peers above a sea of green and red that flows over the billboard into the neighboring fields. A crop-duster rises and dips over the encroaching green, spraying herbicides, while a small army of people hack from below.

INT FARM HOUSE LIVING ROOM

A faded picture sits on a fireplace mantle, underneath the shot gun now mounted to the wall. In the photo, a FARMER about Eli's age kneels next to a beaming boy and an enormous pumpkin, behind them hangs the 3rd Annual County Fair banner. Clinking sounds from the kitchen.

INT FARM HOUSE KITCHEN

The table is made up again, but more extravagant. Plates set with silverware and table linen. Candles are lit, bowls with small berries, laid out fruits slices, fruit peel garnish, half-fruit stuffed with steamed pulp and toasted seeds, and main course: turkey-sized melon, baked to a golden brown. Eliah wipes down a dusty wine glass and fills it with deep red juice.

ELIAH

Maybe they were right. Maybe this is the Lord's reward. But all the eating in the world is not going to fix my troubles.

He stares at his distorted reflection caught in the glass.

ELIAH

Well, I may not as smart as some, but I know what's good when I taste it, and if what's good to me is good to others, than I guess we're not so different after all.

He sips from the wine glass and dines.

EXT FAIR LANDS - DAYS LATER

The 33rd Annual County Fair banner is staked in the ground of a dirt clearing clogged with RVs, booths, concession stands, bandstands, latrines, and a Merry-Go-Round. Hundreds of people mill about. A large crowd gathers around a long banquet table filled with food and activity.

EXT JUDGES TABLE - CONTINUOUS

A panel of white-haired judges sit at the table eating with red-stained hands while giant, motley vegetables are measured and weighed.

CIMARRON (O.S.)

Hang on now! Just hang on dammit!

Cimarron and Carlyle fight through the crowd, shoving other candidates out of their way, knocking other entries over as they dump a giant flaccid brown pumpkin before the judges.

JUDGE #1

Cimarron? Where've you been? Judgin's been over near an hour now. Too late to enter whatever you got there. You boys go on and grab a plate of food and pull up a chair. Gotta be the best tastin' food we've had in a while.

CIMARRON

I ain't got time to sit on my ass and eat, Gil! And I ain't here to enter the damn fair, because as you can see what I got here is shit! My boys been spending the last week fighting weeds like you've never seen. They sprung up from Eliah's place and got into about everything we have. The Grower's Consortium's gonna need a word with that boy, all the damage been done.

JUDGE #1

Calm down Cimm. You're coming off half-cocked. We don't need any wild accusations spoiling the fair. That boy worked hard, and it's only fair he get his chance to shine, unless that is, you got a problem sharing the spotlight for a change.

CARLYLE

What? You mean you Eli won?

JUDGE #2

If I had my way he would've. We just couldn't figure out what it was he'd grown, so he was disqualified from the contest. But damn if what he has ain't the best tasting thing I've ever had. You boys really outta' try a bite. Everyone's havin' it.

CIMARRON

I don't believe this! Weeds are chokin' us out, the town fool's growin who the hell knows what, and you guys are just eatin' and grinnin' like everything's perfect. Well I got news for you. Thing's ain't perfect and as soon as the Consortium's had their say, lot's going to change round here.

Gil points to a crowd of officials.

JUDGE #1

'Fraid the Consortium's already had their word with Eli. They just signed him up for about the biggest deal I ever heard of. Seems they're *sittin' and grinnin'* about his find as much as we are.

JUDGE #2

Looks like you're right about that change, Eli. Got more than weeds to worry about. Might be Eli will runnin' you out this time around.

Cimarron and Carlyle watch as Eli, dressed in the old suit and tie from his father's photo, serves fruit and shakes red-stained hands with men in business suits. Behind them, the Green Valley banner rippling in the breeze.

FADE TO BLACK.