

WEEDS

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

VERNON (40s), balding and meek, hoes out a plot of soil in his backyard. He drops seeds into finger-holes. Wooden popsicle sticks read TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, OREGANO.

EXT. GARDEN - ONE WEEK LATER

Vernon surveys his garden. Vines strangle each other. Something has eaten his oregano. He sighs.

He pulls up weeds. The first one has a broad, oddly perfect rectangular green leaf. He tosses it into a trash bag.

EXT. GARDEN - ONE WEEK LATER

The strange rectangular-leafed plants have overgrown the garden. Vernon groans and plucks one, then stares in shock. The leaf is a perfect copy of a twenty-dollar bill.

EXT. GARDEN - ONE WEEK LATER

The garden is a bounteous harvest - ones, fives, twenties. Vernon giddily clips money-leaves from the plants.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Tall stacks of money. Vernon grins wildly as he counts.

And then, from outside, a DEAFENING EXPLOSION.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Vernon runs outside. SIRENS. Panicked neighbors scatter here and there. A mushroom cloud blooms in the distance.

EXT. GARDEN - ONE WEEK LATER

Vernon's money garden blossoms and thrives. Vernon stands in the middle of it, holding a newspaper. The headline reads GOVERNMENT COLLAPSE IMMINENT.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Vernon sits at the table with his stacks of money-leaves. He sadly puts a bunch in a bowl and pours some ranch dressing on them. He chews on a forkful, wincing at the bitter taste.