

Please read lines for FARMER.

EXT. TENNESSEE - ONION FARM - DUSK

OPEN ON a winter ONION FARM - rows of tidy greens that stretch tranquilly in every direction.

START → We FIND: AN ONION FARMER and his TEENAGE SON. Squatting over a SINGLE WILTING CROP. With bare hands, the Farmer wrestles an ONION from the dirt. Drives his thumbs into the heart. It splits in one crisp CRUNCH - revealing A HORDE OF EELWORMS. Feasting. He drops the plant on instinct, swearing --

FARMER

Same dang spot every year. Better get the shovel.

SON

They're really down in there.

FARMER

Get the long one. With the spikes at the end. Go on now.

SON

Yes, sir.

The son toddles off --

FARMER

(staring at the ground)
Some problems are better left underground.

Off which, WE --

END →