

## SIDE 3: ACTOR EIGHT

**ACTOR EIGHT/FARMER.** Yeah, I know. You're above this, right? I know. I remember.

Six months ago you stood at that window with a cup of coffee in your hand. You stood there waiting for the Sheriff -- a man you sit next to at church -- waiting for him to serve you the papers. At that moment, you have two pictures in your head: Your grandfather showing you around the farm for the first time when you were a kid. And your son finding you in the barn with the gun loaded and cocked. You're standing there, waiting to give four generations away.

Up the road comes a couple pickups you don't recognize. Men get out. Five of them. Dressed like you. Carrying rifles. They knock on your door and you open it. "We've heard they're tryin' to take your farm away from you." You nod. They position themselves in front of your door, rifles in hand, as the Sheriff pulls up. The Sheriff takes a step toward your farmhouse. The five rifles take aim at his face. One of the men you do not know says: "This is an illegal seizure of this man's personal property. As citizens at war with an occupational government, we refuse to acknowledge the authority of the county to confiscate this man's farm." You suspect the Sheriff's reaction to be the same as yours: What the hell is this? The Sheriff looks you in the eye, turns and leaves. As the men lower their rifles, you begin -- out of what? habit? instinct? -- to thank them. But they are already climbing back in their pickups. They drive away leaving behind the words "illegal seizure," "occupational government," and "citizens at war."

You begin to *pay attention*. The news looks different to you now. As does your land. And your God. Somewhere between the evening news and the Sunday sermon, you have found your country. Your hatred has become your logic.