

Day 12

Dredge

by

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A long, wooden fence around a farm. Justin leans on the fence next to his father Henry.

JUSTIN

Those wheels on the new machine.

HENRY

What about 'em?

JUSTIN

They look like a tank.

HENRY

(smiles)

It's the grain wagon. Yup. Not out of place. Been a war out here the past few years. Ground gets so wet lately, soil gets mucked up, you'd end up getting stuck and having to dredge the wheels out every step of the way. Doing what I can, but you can't fight nature.

JUSTIN

You've been fighting.

HENRY

Not winning.

JUSTIN

You'll come out of it alright.

HENRY

Yeah. I have a tank.

(Beat)

You sure about this?

JUSTIN

No. You?

HENRY

Hell no.

JUSTIN

Well, alright. Guess we'll go buy me some boots.

HENRY

Yup. Guess so.

JUSTIN

Then I get to drive the tank.