

Grit

By

Andrew Huggins

Andrew Huggins  
Rational Productions

ahuggins0128@gmail.com  
[www.andrewhugginsfilm.com](http://www.andrewhugginsfilm.com)

SUPER (OVER BLACK):

Grit: A non-cognitive trait based on an individual's passion for a particular long-term goal or end state coupled with a powerful motivation to achieve their respective objective.

FADE IN

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

The trees stand peacefully next to one another as their leaves blow in the breeze. Water trickles slowly through a creek bed.

A fire burns. Two men sit opposite each other. GARRETT is propped against the base of a tree, wearing a Union uniform. BOONS wears a Rebel uniform and squats across from him, sharpening a knife.

GARRETT

Where you from?

Boons stops sharpening his knife for a moment.

BOONS

Does it matter?

GARRETT

Guess not.

He continues sharpening, rhythmically.

BOONS

Where you from?

GARRETT

Far away from here.

Boons grunts in acknowledgment. Garret tries to straighten himself against the tree to no avail.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You got any family?

Boons doesn't respond.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Mary Beth. That's my wife. We got two little girls. Heather and Lilly. Haven't seen 'em in a year and a half.

Boons sheathes his knife and props himself against a tree.

(CONTINUED)

BOONS

I got a woman. No kids though.

GARRETT

What's her name?

BOONS

Caroline.

GARRETT

Sounds nice.

BOONS

Last time I saw her she was waving  
goodbye from our farm as I walked  
over the horizon. 'Painted a  
picture of that in my mind that'll  
last forever. May never see her  
again the way this war's goin'.

GARRETT

It's been tough on a lot of  
families, I'd imagine. Men die just  
about every day. Makes you wonder  
if it's worth it.

BOONS

'Course it's worth it. I never  
second guess my orders. I'd die for  
any man standin' next to me when  
the bullets start flyin'.

Garrett lets Boons' words sit for a moment.

GARRETT

You ever think about havin'  
children?

BOONS

We just married before I left.  
Didn't really have time to think  
about it.

GARRETT

Do you want any?

BOONS

I suppose. Not really somethin' I  
think about much.

GARRETT

They're the reason I fight.

Boons looks up to the sky and squints at the sun.

(CONTINUED)

BOONS

I fight for the cause. (beat)  
What's a man if not a warrior  
for what he believes?

Garrett nods in agreement.

GARRETT

We're all fighting for what we  
believe in, I suppose.

Garrett pauses.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You believe in God?

BOONS

No. You?

GARRETT

I've always believed in some  
greater power. War has all but  
changed my mind. No divine being  
could allow what's happened in this  
war.

BOONS

Every God fearin' man I've met  
claims divine presence through  
faith and faith alone. Guess you  
gotta have a lot of that to keep  
prayin.'

Garrett stares off into the distance, contemplating Boons' words.

BOONS (CONT'D)

How'd you get all the way out here  
anyway?

GARRETT

(smiling) You flanked us,  
remember?

BOONS

That was way back up the creek. You  
ran all that way?

GARRETT

You can call me a coward. It's what  
I am today.

Garrett shifts his weight to the left side of his body. The right side of his uniform is stained with blood.

(CONTINUED)

BOONS

Days like today, I wonder how we  
all don't run the other direction.

GARRETT

It's just my family, y'know? The  
longer I serve, the more I miss  
'em. I just wanna see 'em again.  
Guess that's why I ran.

BOONS

You'd really give up fighting for  
the cause to be with your family  
again?

Garrett inspects his side. Blood slowly flows out of his  
torso onto his hand. Boons begins to sharpen his knife  
again, unsympathetically.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Can you do me a favor?

BOONS

What's that?

GARRETT

Can you write a letter to my wife?

BOONS

I suppose so.

Boons pulls out a piece of parchment and charcoal from  
Garrett's bag. He writes along as Garrett speaks.

GARRETT

"My dearest Mary Beth. I've longed  
to see you and our beautiful girls  
since I left you so long ago."

Garrett sputters as his breathing quickens.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

"I'm sorry I ever left you. War has  
changed me, and not for the better.  
I can only imagine how Heather and  
Lilly have grown to become more  
like you. I think of you every day,  
and am always at ease knowing you  
are far from this conflict."

His breathing becomes staggered. He struggles to say the  
next words.

(CONTINUED)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

"I hope that you will find a way to get by in the coming years. I pray that the girls will grow into fine young women, and that you will find another man to take care of you in my absence. I love you with all that I am. Your husband, Garrett."

There is silence as Boons scratches the last few words onto the parchment. Garrett's eyes widen as the pain overcomes him. He breathes a few sharp breaths.

Boons studies Garrett for a few moments. He takes the letter and holds it over the fire. He releases it into the flames.

Garrett sorrowfully watches it burn then looks to Boons. Boons draws the knife from his hip. He walks toward Garrett, knife raised.

FADE OUT