

"AMERICAN SNIPER"

by  
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with Scott McEwen  
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Screenplay  
By  
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*All gave some. Some gave all.*

**OVER BLACK**

The groan of tank treads drowns out THE CALL TO PRAYER as an entire MARINE COMPANY advances over the top of us.

**EXT. STREET, FALLUJAH, IRAQ - DAY**

The sun melts over squat residences on a narrow street. The MARINE COMPANY creeps toward us like a cautious Goliath. FOOT SOLDIERS walk alongside Humvees and tanks.

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)  
(radio chatter)  
Charlie Bravo-3, we got eyes on you from the east. Clear to proceed, over.

**EXT. ROOFTOP, "OVERWATCH" - SAME**

Sun glints off a slab of corrugated steel. Beneath it--

CHRIS KYLE lays prone, dick in the dirt, eye to the glass of a .300 Win-Mag sniper rifle. He's Texas stock with a boyish grin, blondish goatee and vital blue eyes. Both those eyes are open as he tracks the scene below, sweating his ass off in the shade of steel.

CHRIS KYLE  
Fucking hot box.

GOAT (24, Arkansas Marine) lies beside him, woodsy and outspoken, watching dirt-devils swirl in the street.

GOAT  
Dirt over here tastes like dog shit.

CHRIS KYLE  
I guess you'd know.

Goat balks and fixes his M4 on the door.

**CHRIS SCOPE POV**

TRACK ACROSS bombed-out buildings, twisted metal and golden-domed mosques. Ragged curtains flutter out a window. Cat-tails on the river sway the same direction. We are seeing what he's thinking as--

SFX: A LOW FREQUENCY BUZZ escalates over picture as his concentration deepens. Cross-hairs land on--

A MAN ON CELL PHONE watches the convoy from a rooftop.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)

(keys mike)

I got a military-aged male, on a cell phone, watching the convoy. Over.

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)

If he's reporting troop movement you have a green-light. Your call. Over.

MAN ON CELL studies the convoy, his hair tossed by wind. CROSS-HAIR push left of target, compensating for windage.

SFX: Chris takes a deep inhale, holds it, then expels.

His finger is taking up trigger-slack when the man dips his shoulder slightly. Chris holds off as--

MAN ON CELL hangs up and steps away.

CHRIS KYLE

(keys mike)

He stepped off.

Chris sucks air. *Close*. The ambient world floods back in. Barked orders, diesel engines and--

A WOMAN AND KID exit the same structure. They're headed up the sidewalk but cut sharply into the street.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)

(keys mike)

Hold up. I got a woman and a kid, 200 yards out, moving toward the convoy.

**(ECU)**-- The woman cradles something beneath her robes.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)

Her arms aren't swinging. She's carrying something.

CROSS-HAIRS ON WOMAN as she pulls a cylindrical object from her robes. His vision obscured but--

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)

She just pulled a grenade. An RKG Russian grenade. I think she gave it to the kid.

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)

--you say a woman and kid?

SFX: his heart-beat, *THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP*.

CHRIS KYLE

You got eyes on this? Can you confirm?

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)  
Negative. You know the ROEs. Your call.

GOAT (OC)  
They're gonna fry you if you're wrong.

THE KID moves toward the convoy with the grenade.

CHRIS KYLE (OC)  
Fuck--

MOTHER motions the Kid to hurry along (**ECU**)-- her robes flutter, trash blows in the street, the dust off her son's footsteps; all blowing the same direction.

THE KID sprints toward the Marines.

**IN THE STREET**

YOUNG MARINES. Wading into war. Boots scuffing dirt.

**CLOSE ON CHRIS**

His exhale hisses from tobacco-stained teeth. *Breathe it down.* He struggles to get calm, fighting for control, SFX: THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP THUMP--

CROSS-HAIRS left of the running target, leading him, compensating for a dozen different considerations as--

He pauses upon exhale. The world goes quiet. Landscape pulses with color and focus. He stokes the trigger and--

**THE BULLET**

Leaps from the barrel. Cracks like a whip. The .300 round hurls forward, glinting as it enters the flesh of--

**A WHITE-TAIL BUCK**

It staggers, draws and topples to the ground. We are--

**EXT. HILLS, WEST TEXAS - PRE-DAWN**

A field shrouded in fog. CHRIS KYLE(8) jumps from a deer blind, innocent and excited, running toward the buck.

MAN'S VOICE  
Get back here.

Chris stops, turns back. WAYNE KYLE, his father, is sturdy and earnest with mutton chops and Texas calm.

WAYNE

Don't ever leave your gun in the dirt.

CHRIS

Yes, sir.

WAYNE

Helluva shot, son. That's a gift. You're gonna make a fine hunter someday.

Chris nods, clear-eyed, as if hearing the whisper of destiny. He grabs the .30-06, running again, bounding to--

**THE BUCK**

Glassy brown eyes look up at Chris. It's still alive.

CHRIS

Can it see me?

WAYNE

It's a deer, son.

Chris processes his first kill, watching as-- (ECU) a flea crawls around the animal's inner-ear.

WAYNE KYLE

(hands him hunting knife)

You shot it, you finish it.

Chris straddles the deer. It tries to gouge him. He looks frightened but drags the blade across its neck.

**INT. BARN - DAWN**

In the misty light of morning, the deer is strung up by chain, CHRIS and WAYNE hoist it off the ground.

**INT. CHURCH**

A Protestant church. CHRIS is dressed in Sunday best, shuffling pages of a LITTLE BLUE BIBLE to create breeze.

PASTOR

--we don't know his plan. We cannot see with his eyes. Our lives unfold like puzzling reflections in a mirror. But on the day we rise, we will see with clarity and understand the mystery of his ways--

JEFF(6), his reedy little brother, watches Chris slip the Bible in his pocket. Jeff laughs and gets smacked by--

DEBBIE, their mother. She wears big oval glasses and runs a boys home with that same steady hand.

**INT. BARN - DAY**

WAYNE points the knife at the carcass, guiding Chris in butchering the deer. A rite of passage.

WAYNE KYLE (PRE-LAP)

There are three types of people in this world. Sheep, wolves and sheepdogs.

A BLANK WALL behind them will soon display the antlers.

**INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM**

Dust motes drift across a dresser, settling on a Pop-Warner football, that blue Bible, and METALLIC TOY SOLDIERS guarding the bullet casing from his first buck.

WAYNE KYLE (VO)

Some people prefer to believe that evil doesn't exist in the world--

PUSH THROUGH the modest ranch house into--

**INT. DINING ROOM**

WAYNE lectures his boys over venison.

WAYNE KYLE

And if hatred ever darkened their doorstep they wouldn't know how to protect themselves. These are the sheep.

Jeff bites back tears. Chris looks troubled.

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD**

FROM THE BACK, we watch a BIG BULLY pummel a KID ON THE GROUND. His meaty fists coming down repeatedly as--

WAYNE KYLE (VO)

Then you got the predators. These people use violence to prey on the weak. They are the wolves.

KID ON THE GROUND is JEFF, his nose bloody. PUSH TOWARD the fight--(ECU) blood flecks fly from the Bully's fist.

WAYNE KYLE (VO) (CONT'D)

Then there are those who are blessed with  
the gift of aggression and an  
overpowering need to protect the flock.

A FIST CONNECTS with BIG BULLY's temple. He goes down.  
Chris stands over the bully, beating the tar out of him.

WAYNE KYLE (VO) (CONT'D)

These men are the rare breed that live to  
confront the wolf--

**EXT. FIELD**

CHRIS stands with his arms extended. Wind blows dirt off  
his palms and it plumes out across the land.

WAYNE KYLE (VO)

They're the sheepdog.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

WAYNE removes his belt and lays it on the table. CHRIS  
looks at it, worried.

WAYNE KYLE

Now we're not raising any sheep in this  
family and I will whoop your fucking ass  
if you turn into a wolf--

DEBBY

Wayne--

WAYNE

But we take care of our own. And if  
someone picks a fight with you or bullies  
your brother, you have my permission to  
finish it.

CHRIS

The guy was picking on Jeff.

WAYNE KYLE

That true?

JEFF

(eye swollen)

Yes...sir... Yes he was...

WAYNE KYLE

(turns to Chris)

And did you finish it?

Chris shows the knuckles of his right hand, swollen, likely broken. He nods, judiciously-- *yes, sir.*

**EXT. BARN**

A GROWN MAN exits the barn into the bright light of day. Behind him, horns of dozens of bucks cover the wall. The barn door closes leaving us in brindled darkness.

**"AMERICAN SNIPER"**

**EXT. RODEO**

A hand grips the tie on a bronc. CHRIS sits bareback atop the horse, its nostrils steaming, eyes shock wide-- (ECU)-- a hair-line crack along its right front hoof.

BUZZER SOUNDS. GATE OPENS. The bronco leaps out.

The crowd blurs. The Bronc and Chris united in struggle. He leans right, the bronc circling right, staying off that bad hoof. Chris makes the buzzer but--

He gets tossed on dismount. The bronco stomps his hand. He scrambles out of the ring as RODEO CLOWNS distract it.

FIND JEFF(19) ringside, with tight lips and severe eyes. He's cringing, and laughing, at his big brother.

**INT. FORD TRUCK**

Headlights rattle over a dirt road. JEFF drives. CHRIS rides, BAG OF ICE on hand, BELT BUCKLE prize on the dash. He stares into the field where A WILD HORSE, races alongside them, a spectral image in the darkness.

JEFF

It's too damn big to wear. What're you supposed to do with it?

CHRIS

You're supposed to get laid with it.  
(grabs belt buckle)  
I'm gonna wear it in and see if it puts Sarah in the mood.

JEFF

A strong wind would put Sarah in the mood.

CHRIS  
Is that what they say?

JEFF  
You know what they called her in high school--

CHRIS  
Don't say it.

JEFF  
Sarah suck-a--

Chris swings his bag of ice, smacks Jeff in the face.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Shit man--

He swerves off the road. The truck almost coming apart before he ramps back up, coming to a dusty halt outside--

**EXT. BUNKHOUSE**

Spanish moss hangs over a shackle-board residence. Chris tumbles out the truck, clips on the belt buckle and--

**INT. BUNKHOUSE**

CHRIS swaggers into the narrow bunkhouse. A sheet hangs in back, separating sleeping area from living area.

CHRIS  
Who wants to hump a rodeo star?

Movement back there. A MAN ASS suddenly protrudes from the curtain as a BURLY COWBOY-TYPE climbs into jeans.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
What the fuck--

SARAH steps out, his high school sweetheart all grown up.

SARAH  
You said you weren't coming home until tomorrow.

CHRIS  
(wounded)  
Why would you do this?

Cowboy leaves his shirt open flaunting a big hairy chest.

SARAH

Just let him out. He didn't know...

Chris looks shamed, steps aside for Cowboy to move past--

CHRIS

You didn't know?

Cowboy doesn't answer. Chris SLAMS HIS HEAD into the refrigerator and ramps him out the front door.

SARAH

What the fuck is wrong with you! What'd you expect? You drag me out here then run off with your damn brother every weekend!

CHRIS

Get out.

She jumps at the chance-- ripping clothes out of closets.

SARAH

You think you're cowboy cause you rodeo? You're no cowboy. You're just a lousy ranch-hand and a shitty fuckin lay!

The door slams behind her. Chris stares at the dent in the fridge then opens it up and pulls out a beer.

### **LATER**

TV plays across Chris' drunken face. He lays on the sofa, a beer on his chest. JEFF is sprawled in a chair.

JEFF

Some people ain't worth fighting for.

CHRIS

But she was right. I can't just shovel shit the rest of my life--

JEFF

A job is a job. At least we're outside.

CHRIS

But if that's all there is...

(drifting)

I think that bronc broke my hand.

He's bleary and lost, staring at his swollen hand. The images on the TV don't immediately register but--

NEWS FOOTAGE of the WORLD TRADE CENTER BOMBING (1993)  
plays on TV. An explosion has demolished the garage.

NEWS ANCHOR (OS)

--group of radical militants called Al-  
 Qaeda are taking credit for a bombing  
 that left six dead and hundreds injured--

American flags at half mast. His chest rises and falls--

CHRIS

Jeff, wake up. Look at this--

The faces of INNOCENT VICTIMS play across the screen.  
 Chris' injured hand slowly curls into a fist.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Look't they did...

**INT. NAVY RECRUITING OFFICE**

Posters of destroyers on walls. The NAVY RECRUITER is  
 lean and shrewd.

CHRIS

I seen what they did to our towers and...

NAVY RECRUITER

And you're from Texas. You're a patriot  
 and it pissed you off.

CHRIS

Yes, sir. But I can't see myself on a  
 ship. That's why I was thinking Marines--

NAVY RECRUITER

Marines are great if you wanna get your  
 ass shot off. But if you wanna fight...

(reaches into desk)

Meet the warrior elite.

He slides him a brochure-- "NAVY SEALS" emerge from the  
 water, armed and bound for glory.

CHRIS KYLE

Seals?

NAVY RECRUITER

Sea, Air and Land.

CHRIS

I ain't much of a swimmer--

NAVY RECRUITER

They'll fix that. But, understand, this isn't for the faint of heart. Most men aren't made for this.

CHRIS

(flash of uncertainty, then)  
I'm not "most men", sir.

NAVY RECRUITER

Alright but - if you wash out - you'll end up on the deck of a ship.

Chris looks from the battleship to the brochure of the Seals-- and nods, he believes he is that man.

TRANSITION TO:

AN EYE CHART. Incredibly small letters. In sharp focus:

CHRIS (PRE-LAP)

C....L....A....D....B....

**INT. NAVY HOSPITAL, DALLAS FT. WORTH**

THE DOCTOR pulls the tong away from Chris' eye.

NAVY DOCTOR

20/10.

CHRIS

What's that mean?

NAVY DOCTOR

Means you can spot a bug on a blade of grass from about fifty yards.

As the doctor signs his medical release--

CUT TO:

**INT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - "HELOCASTING"- NIGHT**

CHRIS looks scared, packed standing amongst A DOZEN MEN in T's and nylon shorts, all soaked to the bone.

INSTRUCTOR

Go, go, go!

He's shoving boys out. Chris appears before him--

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

--you deaf? Go!

He shoves Chris out. We are falling, falling, fall--

**INT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

The water meets us sooner than expected. It swallows us. Bubbles rush past, an army of feet kicking in darkness. Chris swims for the surface, takes a foot in the face--

**ON THE SURFACE**

Chris is taking in water. Going under. Rotors whip the sea into frenzy. A spotlight hits. TWO SEALS plunge in beside him, securing Chris in a life ring.

The helicopter plucks him from the ocean and arcs into the darkness with Chris dangling by a string.

**EXT. NAVAL SPECIAL WARFARE CENTER / "THE GRINDER" - DAY**

CHRIS, RYAN and 50 OTHER CANDIDATES lay on their backs doing flutter-kicks on a patch of blacktop surrounded by beige buildings. INSTRUCTORS wield hoses.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

(sprays Chris in the face)

You are fleet-meat. Don't turn away from the water. Look up and take it. You are old as fuck aren't you? Did you join the Navy cause you had such a good time on Noah's Arc? How old are you?

CHRIS

30, sir.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

30! You fart dust and could've fathered half these boys.

Instructors haze other candidates across the Grinder.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)

You think cause you had a pop-gun back in Texas you're cut out to be a SEAL?

CHRIS

No, sir.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

No, you're not cut out to be one?

Chris is twisted in agony, clearly dislikes the water.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)

What kind of asshole joins the Navy but hates the water.

CHRIS

I love water, sir.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

My ass you do.

A CANDIDATE chokes a giggle. Rolle wheels around on--

RYAN JOB, a goofy, overweight Oregon kid who looks like he should be taking orders at a drive-thru window.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)

Is that you giggling you fat fuck? Look at you. You're so fat they had to baptize you at Sea World. Your momma fat too?

RYAN

No sir, she's not.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

Don't lie to me! I bet we could use her panties as a parachute. What the fuck are you doing here fatboy? Do your feet get wet when you shower? When's the last time you saw your pecker? You're not a Seal, you're a fuckin Walrus. A big giggling Walrus. "Biggles" that's your new name--

"**BIGGLES**" is choking, coughing, struggling. ROLLE points to A BRASS BELL mounted on the back of a truck.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)

--and that's your ticket home. Just drag your jelly-roll ass up and ring it and you'll be headed home to momma Shamu.

BIGGLES is beaten, legs giving out, ready to quit when--

CHRIS (OC)

(draws him off Biggles)

Two hundred.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

(whirls around, hosing)

Did I ask you to count?

CHRIS

No, sir.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

Was that your ass talking then?

THE BELL RINGS. Chris jerks up, worried it was Biggles. An ATHLETIC CANDIDATE, the fittest of all, staggers off.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)

That's a quitter. If he quits here, he'll quit in battle. When shit gets hairy, he can't step up. You get shot, he can't pull you out. We're gonna weed out the quitters and see if we can find a warrior or two.

Chris and Biggles share a look, a vow, as--

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)

Wave goodbye to the sun, boys...

**EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT**

Mist whips through spotlights shining down on FORTY CANDIDATES laying on the docks, soaked and chanting:

CANDIDATES CHANT

*A yellow bird, with a yellow bill,  
Was sitting on my window sill.  
I lured him in with a piece of bread,  
Then I smashed his fucking head.*

"INSTRUCTOR TONY" (34) is a salty sea-dog with cholo flare. He ambles past CANDIDATES nearing hypothermia.

INSTRUCTOR "TONY"

How bout this-- if any of you turds can sport wood in 30 seconds your team sits out the next evolution. Got any takers?

Movement down the row. BIGGLES has a hand down his shorts, eyes closed, frantically trying to produce.

INSTRUCTOR "TONY" (CONT'D)

We got a gamer-- Biggles! Talk dirty to him, ladies. You know how he likes it.

His BOAT CREW CHEER, talking dirty to Biggles. The least likely to make it is becoming their heart and soul.

**EXT. BEACH - "SNAKE PIT" - NIGHT**

A bonfire crackles atop a sand dune. CANDIDATES crouch in a pit they dug, hugging oars, shivering.

CHRIS stands at attention, trying to make INSTRUCTORS laugh so he can earn a place by the fire beside BIGGLES.

CHRIS

We were 16, and both virgins, and the condom broke. She was crying, begging me to do something and I'd heard if you pour soda up there you won't get pregnant--

(guys start laughing)

So we went to 7-11, got a liter of Coke and drove back into the woods. She took her panties off and did a handstand against a tree but when I start pouring it in, she screams "ouch, it stings" but then I stop and she screams "no, don't stop" and it's fizzing out--

INSTRUCTORS in stitches. Fire flickering off Chris' face--

INSTRUCTOR TONY (PRE-LAP)

Everyone wants to be a Seal on a bright sunny day...

**EXT. "MUD FLATS" - DAY**

Today is not that day. Fog shrouds CANDIDATES COVERED IN MUD, seated, hugging belly-to-back, shivering--

INSTRUCTOR MENLO

You're really from Connecticut, Dauber? I never met a hick from Hartford before.

"DAUBER" is 6'4" and 240 with a flop of yellow hair like the character from *Coach*. A Connecticut cowboy.

DAUBER

Country is countrywide, sir.

INSTRUCTOR "TONY"

I don't think he likes black dudes, "D".

"D" is African American, from Indiana, stoic and stacked. He has a rhythmic grumble and a meat-eaters glare.

"D"

That's alright, sir. I'm not black.

INSTRUCTOR "TONY"

No?

"D"

No, I'm *new black*. We run slow, jump low, swim good and shop at Gap. We make white folk proud then hose their ladies.

"**BIGGLES**" still giggles, but he's looking fit as they chip away everything that isn't a Navy Seal.

INSTRUCTOR "TONY"

You hungry, Biggles? I'd bet you'd eat the ass out of a low-flying duck.

BIGGLES

Yes sir. I'd toss that critter shitter on a baguette and get my eat on, sir.

"**SQUIRREL**" is a San Clemente surfer kid, just tall enough to ride roller-coaster, with a jutty jaw.

INSTRUCTOR "TONY"

(screams in his face)

Squirrel! Where'd you hide your nuts?

SQUIRREL

Nuts crawled up inside, sir. Those little shits are gone for good.

"**CHRIS**" sits up front, covered in mud. His eyes burn steely blue, full of resolve. He's found himself here.

INSTRUCTOR "TONY"

How about you old man? How you feeling?

CHRIS KYLE

Dangerous, sir. Feeling dangerous.

The boys send up a spirited "HOOYAH" and-- TONY looks them over with some small measure of approval.

#### **EXT. BEACH - SUNSET**

32 CANDIDATES SWARM each other, howling and dog-piling at the completion of hell-week. But victory is short-lived.

#### **INT. DIVE POOL - "TOWER DIVE"**

Chris splashes in wearing mask and weight belt, descending a 30m dive tower. INSTRUCTOR ROLLE shadows him with a breathing apparatus. The deeper they go--

The darker it gets. Chris is trying to clear his ears but he looks distressed. Rolle watches as--

BLOOD BURSTS from Chris' ears and nose. It plumes in front of him like black ink. His eyes roll back--

TO BLACK:

HEADLIGHTS CUT through black. The OLD 97's "Born to be in Battle" blasts as we swerve across the roadway.

BIGGLES (OS)

1, 2, 3, 4...I declare van war!

**INT. PASSENGER VAN - NIGHT**

A MASS OF HUMANITY is tossed about. Biggles rises up from the wrestling bodies and blows a fart. "D" throws him in a headlock, choking him unconscious. Up front--

CHRIS rides shotgun, COTTON IN EARS, in a foul mood.

CHRIS (PRE-LAP)

You'll be shipping out and I'll be picking cotton from my fuckin ears.

**INT. MULONEY'S BAR - NIGHT**

A crowd watches the boys toss darts at a bulls-eye drawn on DAUBER'S naked back. At the bar, BIGGLES and CHRIS--

BIGGLES

Getting rolled back isn't the end of the world. You'll sit and heal a few months--

CHRIS

It's a big deal man, I'm older than you--

BIGGLES

(overlapping)  
Stop yelling.

CHRIS

I feel like I'm gonna miss it.

BIGGLES

Miss what?

He can't articulate it but fate has its hooks in him.

BIGGLES (CONT'D)

You need to get off your pity-pot man, we're about to get pinned.

Chris processes it, watching Biggles sip from a straw.

CHRIS

Don't ever say that again. And we don't drink out of straws.

BIGGLES

It's Long Island Ice tea. I need a straw.

CHRIS

You need a new drink.

BIGGLES

What about at a drive-thru? You don't drink from a straw when you're driving?

CHRIS

Ever watch yourself sip from a straw?

BIGGLES

How about a movie? You're in the dark--

CHRIS

Would you suck a dick if the lights were low?

The straw comes out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

They're going to let me pre-qual' for sniper school.

BIGGLES

You want to be sniper?

CHRIS

What's cooler than being a sniper?

BIGGLES

Blowing shit up. Blowing shit up is way cooler. Can you shoot?

A brunette steps to the bar. A sharp object with heavy eye-shadow and tight leather pants. This girl owns her sexuality but she's often been used for it.

This is "**TAYA**". She is trying to ignore the advances of A SHORT NAVY GUY but he's relentless. Chris watches as (**ECU**)-- Taya's fingertips whiten, gripping her glass.

Chris edges closer, she looks up, defensive-- but he just stands there, letting his protective presence be felt.

DAPPER NAVY GUY (OC)

Come on, just let me buy you a drink.

TAYA  
(end of her rope)  
Will a drink make you 6 inches taller and  
charming? Will it make you not married?

DAPPER NAVY GUY  
I'm not--

TAYA  
I watched you take your ring off. Don't  
be a scumbag. Go home.

Navy Guy retreats. Taya sips her scotch, doesn't look up.

CHRIS  
It could be the leather pants.

TAYA  
Yeah? What kind of pants does a girl have  
to wear to be left alone?

CHRIS  
Corduroy.

She takes him in. Loose sweatshirt, no hair gel. But it's  
the cotton in his ears that peaks her curiosity.

TAYA  
Is that how it is with you guys--  
suddenly single after three beers?

CHRIS  
Only thing that happens to me after three  
beers is a forth.

TAYA  
That's great. A real red-neck.

CHRIS  
I'm no redneck, I'm a Texan.

TAYA  
What's the difference?

CHRIS  
We ride horses, they ride their cousins.

TAYA  
(almost laughs)  
What happened to your ears?

CHRIS  
They popped.

TAYA

What do you do for work that your ear popped?

CHRIS

I polish dolphins. They have to be polished in captivity or their skin disintegrates.

TAYA

Do I look stupid to you?

CHRIS

No, you look sad.

She shocked by his observation. And now looks angry.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Am I tall enough to buy you a drink?

TAYA

I'm not drinking with you. Not until you tell me what you do.

CHRIS

How about this: one shot, one answer.

Chris passes her a shot. She throws it back, fierce.

TAYA

You're obviously military. What branch?

CHRIS

I'm just finishing BUD/S.

TAYA

Are you fucking kidding me? You're a Seal?

CHRIS

That was two questions...

TAYA

(two angry shots)

I know all about you guys. My sister was engaged to a Seal.

CHRIS

What's that mean you *know all about us*?

TAYA

You are a bunch of arrogant, self-centered pricks who think you can lie and do whatever the fuck you want.

(MORE)

TAYA (CONT'D)  
 (pushes him a shot)  
 I'd never date a SEAL.

CHRIS  
 How can you say we're self-centered? I'd  
 lay down my life for my country.

TAYA  
Why?

CHRIS  
 Cause it's the greatest country on earth  
 and I believe it's worth protecting.

She struggles to understand. He climbs off his stool.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry this guy hurt your sister but  
 that's not me. Nice talking to you.

TAYA  
 Where are you going?

CHRIS  
 You said you'd never date a SEAL, so I'm  
 going home.

TAYA  
 I said I'd never marry one.

It's a lie. They both know it.

CHRIS  
 Well in that case... what's your name?

TAYA  
 Taya.

CHRIS  
 Nice to meet you, Taya. I'm Chris Kyle.

TAYA  
 (liquor softening her)  
 Pretty egotistical of you to think you  
 can protect us all, isn't it Chris?

CHRIS  
 Our instructors tell us our biggest  
 enemies are liquor, women and ego.

TAYA  
 Sounds like you're under attack.

She levels a look and downs another shot--

**EXT. MULRONEY'S BAR, PARKING LOT - LATER**

Mist rolls in. Chris holds Taya's hair as she pukes. She takes a deep breath, wipes her mouth--

TAYA

--I'm not going home with you so don't even think about it.

She smiles, then turns to puke again--

**EXT. RANGE - "SNIPER SCHOOL" - CAMP BILLY MACHEN - DAY**

Near the border. An arid range with human-shaped targets. PETTY OFFICER(PO) WEBB walks the ranks of prone students.

PO WEBB

Feel breath filling every cell of your body. This is our ritual. We master our breath, we master our mind---

FIND CHRIS on .300 Win-Mag. Both eyes open. Dip packed. Deep breaths. His finger taking up the trigger-slack.

PO WEBB (CONT'D)

--pulling the trigger will become an unconscious effort. You will be aware of it but not directing it. And as you exhale, find your natural respiratory pause and the space between heart-beats.

Chris exhales, pauses, strokes-- BAM!

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE**

A ZOLOFT BROCHURE shows smiling faces. TAYA wears a suit-skirt and tries to mimic the esprit of the brochure. She leaves a box of samples with the RECEPTIONIST but her smile fades as she pulls her trolley to the door--

**INT. TAYA'S CONDO - DAY**

Blades of light leak through closed blinds. Taya hides under blankets on the sofa. PHONE RINGS, goes to message:

CHRIS (OS)

It's me again. The guy whose shoes you puked on? I was thinking maybe you didn't get my last message. Or the one before that. So, I figured--

She snatches up the phone--

TAYA  
You figured what?

--looking for a reason not to be alone.

**INT. RANGE - CAMP BILLY MACHEN - DAY**

ON CHRIS, both eyes open looking downrange.

PO WEBB (OC)  
Aim small, miss small. If you aim for his  
shirt button, you might miss by two  
inches. If you aim for his shirt, you  
miss by two feet.  
(over Chris, raises binocs)  
You better close those groupings, Kyle.

**WEBB POV (BINOCS)**

Mirage boils off the horizon at 35 degree angle, pushed  
by wind. BAM! Chris' shot hits the outer edge of target.

PO WEBB (CONT'D)  
Mirage is boiling at 35 degree angle.

CHRIS  
Check. I'm dialed for windage.

PO WEBB  
Hold right-four, up-two.

BAM! He misses. It spits dirt. Not even close.

PO WEBB (CONT'D)  
Are we looking at the same target? You  
need to shut your off-eye.

CHRIS  
If I close my off-eye I can't see what's  
out there.

PO WEBB (OC)  
There is nothing out there but a target.

CHRIS  
Negative. There's something--

**CHRIS POV (BOTH EYES VIEW)**

The circular scope floats over the target. Left of scope,  
a SWATCH OF GRASS doesn't sway like the rest.

PO WEBB

Put the gun down and give me 50 push--

The scope drifts left of target--BAM! A RATTLESNAKE is flung through the air, blown to shit, some 500 yards out.

CHRIS

There it is.

He sets the rifle aside and starts cranking out push-ups.

**EXT. OCEANSIDE PIER - DUSK**

PAN ACROSS a "target shoot" game to a bench overlooking surf. CHRIS and TAYA sit with a GIANT TEDDY BEAR.

TAYA

Did you always want to be a soldier?

CHRIS

I wanted to be a cowboy-- but I did that and I felt like I was meant for more.

TAYA

So you started rescuing girls from bars?

CHRIS

I rescued that bar from you.

She smiles at his sweetness.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do you like country music?

TAYA

Only when I'm depressed.

CHRIS

You want kids?

TAYA

Not right this minute. But someday...

(revealing)

My mom says I have a nose for picking the wrong men.

CHRIS

That's a shitty thing to tell a girl.

TAYA

My men proved her right.

The Ferris wheel casts it's glow on them.

CHRIS

When my eardrums popped I felt like it was the worst thing that ever happened to me. But now I'm here with you while the rest of my class is back east training. And those wrong picks of yours put you here, so I'm grateful for em. From here it all just looks like part of the plan.

He smiles, confident. She feels safe.

**INT. TAYA'S CONDO - NIGHT**

CHRIS sits on the couch, hands on knees, anxious. TAYA appears in the hall, in lingerie. She's sultry and seductive and determined to blow his mind.

TAYA

Well...?

CHRIS

That is coolest thing I've ever seen.

She straddles him but she's not meeting his eyes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're trembling...

TAYA

I know. I don't...

She finds his eyes. Finds her breath.

CHRIS

We don't have to do this...

TAYA

No, I want to. I swear I do...

She inserts his hand into her panties; her wetness proves it. He lifts her up and lays her across the couch.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Soft light spills in on pale bodies. Taya writhes with longing. Chris follows her every movement and impulse, his awareness calming her, quieting her. His patience forces her into the present and she's swept up in a river of emotion there. Her eyes fill with tears. He eases into her-- she gasps and arcs and draws him deeper.

**INT. CLASSROOM, NAVY SPECIAL WARFARE CENTER - DAY**

An airless room. SNIPER CANDIDATES study formulas on the board. A CROSS-HAIR is drawn with hash-marks indicating the "mil-reticles" and the figure of a man inside.

PO WEBB

From the top of a man's head to his collar is twelve inches and if that takes up point-five mils in your gun. How far out are you?

FIND CHRIS scribbling, doing the math--

SNIPER CANDIDATE #1

610 meters.

PO WEBB

Correct.

Chris finally lands on 610. Too slow. Frustrated, he rubs out red "Shooters Strawberries" on his elbows.

PO WEBB (CONT'D)

And if you have no one standing around?  
How do we gauge distance?

(no volunteers; lays it on)

Infantry are marching in. Lives are on the line! How far out's the enemy?

Alert with worry, Chris hears a DIESEL ENGINE outside--

CHRIS

Average car is four feet tall. Same as the chest of a military-aged male.

PO WEBB

What if there are no cars in the street.

CHRIS

Doorways are a standard eighty inches--

PO WEBB

Nothing is standard in the middle-east.

CHRIS

(takes a beat)

Bricks are. You also got street signs.  
And a goat's a goat, anywhere you go.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

A beach church. Sunlight of the spirit pouring in. A COMMUNION TRAY is passed to CHRIS and TAYA.

PASTOR (OC)

*--you've given us the pledge that our bodies shall rise, so what is to be feared in death, oh Lord? And what glory shall be ours in resurrection--*

AN OLDER LADY seated next to Chris watches Taya take an extra thimble of wine. He winks at her, explaining--

CHRIS

Hair of the dog...

She drinks one then the other. Chris can't help smiling.

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Ethereal white sheets. Two bodies lay like spoons. Chris WHISPERS SOMETHING. Taya closes her eyes. A beat--

TAYA

You've only known me ten months.

CHRIS

I know enough. You're a package deal, babe.

She stares at the wall.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What are you afraid of?

TAYA

Nothing. Everything. I don't know. What if it doesn't work out?

She moves to stand. He holds her put.

CHRIS

I'm going to marry you, and we're going to start a family.

TAYA

You got it all planned out, don't you.

CHRIS

I love you. I'm done.

TAYA  
 (crushed)  
 Well... you're gonna need a ring if you  
 want to talk all tough like that.

She accepts with a deep kiss then prances off with the  
 sheet, flashing fanny as she pads down the hall.

He smiles and falls back onto the bed. The sheets are  
 cool. The curtains dance in the morning light. Then--

TAYA (OS) (CONT'D)  
 Oh my god-- No! Chris--

Chris bounds up, running into the next room. Taya stands  
 in front of the television. They both watch as--

ON NEWS-- THE SECOND PLANE hits the World Trade Center.

It steals their breath. Chris hugs her close, trying to  
 protect her from it. His shock bleeds to rage.

**LATER**

Chris stands at the window sipping a beer with grim  
 certitude. The world has changed but, under bluebird  
 skies, Oceanside appears blissfully unaware of it.

TAYA (OC) (CONT'D)  
 (low)  
 --he asked me to marry him, mom.

FIND TAYA, on the phone, a bittersweet moment.

TAYA (CONT'D)  
 We don't know. He's on standby. But can  
 you believe it. I'm getting married...

Chris looks up. Their eyes meet. The world is silent.

TRANSITION TO:

A RENT-A-YATCH, moored to the docks, sways under billowy  
 grey skies. Water laps hull as we PUSH ONTO--

**INT. RENT-A-YACHT - DAY OF WEDDING**

A wedding march plays. A PASTOR stands under an arbor,  
 checks his watch. 50 NERVOUS GUESTS seated on the bow.  
 WAYNE, DEBBIE sit with JEFF; he wears MARINE DRESS BLUES  
 and quietly explains PFC stripes to THE BOY beside him.

PUSH UP the aisle to TAYA'S MOM, sharply-drawn.

TAYA'S MOTHER

I hate to say I told you so--

TAYA

Then don't. Can you not be right just this once?

TAYA, sweating in her wedding dress, dials her cell--

**INT. PASSENGER VAN (MOVING) - SAME**

A CELL PHONE rings in a cup-holder. PAN UP to "D", a madman at the wheel, glancing at the phone as--

"D"

Fuck man. We are dog-ass late--

In back, CHRIS is duct-taped to a gurney and covered in green spray-paint. BIGGLES scrubs him with paint-thinner.

BIGGLES

This shit is not coming off.

SQUIRREL

We forgot to shave his eyebrows!

DAUBER squeezes an IV drip running into Chris' arm.

DAUBER

He's got fluids. He should be awake--

"D"

Get his uniform on, Squirrel.

SQUIRREL

Why man? He's out cold.

DAUBER

Wake up, Tex. C'mon, wake up!

DAUBER SLAPS HIM and Chris bolts upright, punches Dauber and tumbles off the gurney. His phone goes silent--

**INT. RENT-A-YACHT - DAY**

TAYA flips her phone closed, crushed. She avoids her mother's eyes as she turns and marches up the isle.

TAYA

I'm sorry. I don't know what happened but I'm not going to make you sit here and--

FOOTSTEPS BOUND down gangway. The boat rocking, the entire WEDDING PARTY turns to see--

CHRIS, in the aisle; clean and dapper in Navy Whites.

TAYA (CONT'D)  
What happened to you?

CHRIS  
I had a rough night. It was--

"D" clears his throat, *enough said.*

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
It was all worth it--

TAYA  
Oh, I'm so glad--

CHRIS  
To get here. To get to you.

TAYA isn't going for it. JEFF signals, *keep talking bro!*

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I love you, Taya. I want you to be my wife, to have and hold until we're old--  
(ineffective, drops to knee)  
There are only a few things I know. I know there's a God. I know he's got a plan. And I know I was put on this earth to love you. Marry me and I'll protect you and worship you until the day I die.

TAYA  
(jaw set, fights tears)  
Did you bring a ring?

Biggles tosses a ring-box. Chris turns to catch it and Taya sees the back of his NECK PAINTED GREEN. *What the--*

He turns and slips the ring on her finger. She slips a GOLD WEDDING BAND on his. He smiles a sleepy smile--

"D" (OC)  
If you don't kiss her, I will.

Chris dips Taya for a kiss and we PUSH PAST them to a storm brewing at the edge of the ocean.

**INT. BAR, YATCH - LATER**

The day greying with weather, SEALS cling to the bar. TONY bowls up, once their instructor, now their Chief.

"D"

What's the word, Chief?

TONY

(nods with import)

It's on boys. Just got the call.

They hoist their drinks, barking approval, "HOOYAH!"

**ON DANCE FLOOR**

CHRIS dances TAYA in slow circles when the *Hooyah* shocks them. Biggles nods, *we're going*. Taya grips him tight.

CHRIS

We knew this was coming. It's all part of the plan. Don't be afraid.

He pulls her close and HIS EYES FIXED on someone else--

TAYA

Your heart is beating out of your chest.

Jeff stands on the rail, enlisted, a smiling Marine.

**CAKE CUTTING - EVENING**

The boat rocks on choppy waters. Taya dabs cake on Chris' nose and they kiss. THE BOOM of distant fireworks is followed by AIR-RAID SIRENS as shock & awe hit Bagdad.

CUT TO BLACK.

**CHYRON: "OPERATION PHANTOM FURY: 2nd BATTLE OF FALLUJAH"**

MARC LEE (PRE-LAP)

Welcome to Fallujah. The new wild west of the old middle east.

**INT. M-113 ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER, FALLUJAH - DAY**

SOLDIERS sit elbow to elbow. 6 SEAL SNIPERS and A SQUAD OF MARINES to watch their backs. CHRIS tucks the little blue Bible and American flag and into his webbing then removes his wedding band, hanging it from his necklace.

MARC LEE(26) is a poster-boy Navy Seal, soulful and handsome. He glows like a halo in a river full of shit.

MARC LEE

AQI have put a price on your heads and extremists from around the globe are flooding the borders to collect on it. We saw what happened to those contractors here a few months back--

The rig hits a pothole and faces clench expecting an IED.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)

You snipers will be paired with a man to watch your back and inserted along the main road to do "overwatch" for 1st Marines going door to door. Your job is to protect those Marines at all costs.

The truck battles to a stop.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)

The city was evacuated. Any military-aged male still here, is here to kill you. Lock and load. Bring these boys in safe.

The Marine paired with Chris is a mouthy Arkansas boy, "WINSTON". The hatch falls open--

**EXT. HOSPITAL, NORTHERN BRIDGE, FALLUJAH**

A gunmetal sky. The staccato pop of GUNFIRE in the distance. SNIPERS and SUPPORT cross an orchard. WINSTON skitters tree to tree. CHRIS walks upright.

WINSTON

Keep your head down, Tex. The Muj' got snipers too.

CHRIS

A sniper won't aim for your head.

A DOZEN MARINES are posted outside an apartment complex.

WINSTON

They got this sniper that's been hitting headshots from 500 yards out--

**INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX**

An open atrium eight stories tall. CHRIS and WINSTON walk past a giant pile of furniture and debris tossed down.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

--they call him "Mustafa". He was in the Olympics.

CHRIS

They got sniping in the Olympics now?

They step on the elevator. The doors close.

**ELEVATOR (CLIMBING)**

WINSTON

They also got this midget sniper they drop off in a suitcase. So be on the lookout for some fuckin luggage.

CHRIS

This is your floor. Good luck.

Doors open. He pushes Winston off. Doors closing--

WINSTON

I'm your protection, man.

**INT. APARTMENT, SIXTH FLOOR**

Chris walks from APARTMENT TO APARTMENT, some vandalized, others untouched, checking sight-lines out windows.

WINSTON

(trailing Chris)

What're we looking for?

CHRIS

You ever hunt?

WINSTON

I ain't that kind of red-neck.

He unzips and peels off into the bathroom.

WINSTON (OS) (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck--

WINSTON FIRES TWO ROUNDS in the bathroom. Chris pulls a Springfield .45 as--

**A GOAT**

Bounds out of the bathroom, runs out the apartment door and leaps OVER THE RAILING, falling six floors.

**RAILING**

CHRIS and WINSTON look down to the lobby, where Marines stand around the DEAD GOAT.

CHRIS  
(laughing)  
You just got your first kill, Goat.

"GOAT" will be his name from here out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm going to the roof. You stay here and be on the lookout for farm animals.

**EXT. ROOFTOP/ SNIPER NEST - DAY**

Under a corrugated piece of steel, a ritual unfolds--

Chris packs a dip. He lays out his Bible and flag. Loads bullets in a wrist-sheath. Starts to marshal his breath.

Time slows as he lowers his eye to the glass.

(NOTE: we are back to the beginning of the film.)

**CHRIS SCOPE POV**

TRACK ACROSS bombed-out buildings, twisted metal and golden-domed mosques. Ragged curtains flutter out a window. Cat-tails on the river sway the same direction.

SFX: A LOW FREQUENCY BUZZ escalates over picture as his concentration deepens. Cross-hairs land on--

A MAN ON CELL PHONE watches the convoy from a rooftop.

CHRIS KYLE  
(keys mike)  
I got a military-aged male, on a cell phone, watching the convoy. Over.

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)  
If he's reporting troop movement you have a green-light. Your call. Over.

MAN ON CELL studies the convoy, his hair tossed by wind. CROSS-HAIR push left of target, compensating for windage.

SFX: Chris takes a deep inhale, holds it, then expels.

His finger is taking up trigger-slack when the man dips his shoulder slightly. Chris holds off as--

MAN ON CELL hangs up and steps away.

CHRIS KYLE  
 (keys mike)  
 He stepped off.

Chris sucks air. *Close.* The ambient world floods back in. Barked orders, diesel engines and--

A WOMAN AND KID exit the same structure. They're headed up the sidewalk but cut sharply into the street.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)  
 Hold up. I got a woman and a kid, moving toward the convoy.

**(ECU)**-- The woman cradles something beneath her robes.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)  
 Her arms aren't swinging. She's carrying something.

CROSS-HAIRS ON WOMAN as she pulls a cylindrical object.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)  
 She just pulled a grenade. An RKG Russian grenade. I think she gave it to the kid.

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)  
 --you say a woman and kid?

SFX: his heart-beat, *THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP.*

CHRIS KYLE  
 You got eyes on this? Can you confirm?  
 Over.

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)  
 Negative. You know the ROEs. Your call.

GOAT (OC)  
 They're gonna fry you if you're wrong.

THE KID moves toward the convoy with the grenade.

CHRIS KYLE (OC)  
 Fuck--

MOTHER motions him to hurry along **(ECU)**-- her robes flutter, trash blows in the street, the dust off her son's footsteps; all blowing the same direction.

THE KID sprints toward the Marines.

**IN THE STREET**

YOUNG MARINES. Wading into war. Boots scuffing dirt.

**CLOSE ON CHRIS**

His eyes water with focus, his exhale hisses from tobacco-stained teeth. *Breathe it down.* He struggles to get calm.  
SFX: THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP THUMP--

CROSS-HAIRS left of the running target, leading him, compensating for a dozen different considerations as--

He pauses upon exhale. The world goes quiet. Landscape pulses with color and focus. He stokes the trigger and--

**THE BULLET**

Leaps from the barrel. Cracks like a whip. The .300 round hurls forward, glinting as it enters the flesh of--

**CLOSE ON CHRIS**

He winces, sickened by his first kill. He struggles to swallow the little piece of him that just died.

GOAT (OC)

- Fuck that was gnarly.

**CHRIS SCOPE POV**

THE MOTHER flees down the sidewalk, robes aflutter. CROSS-HAIRS lead her. BAM. It pocks the wall behind her. A hot round ejected to the floor. CROSS-HAIRS swing forward, leading her six feet. BAM. She runs into the scope's radius, reaches center and meets his bullet. A red mist.

GOAT (OC) (CONT'D)

Shit yeah. Evil bitch!

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)

Nice shooting, Tex. Helluva call.

COMPANY COMMANDER (OS)

Copy that. Good lookin' out Navy.

**ON CHRIS**

Breath racing. Bleeding sweat. Trying to process the praise and reconcile his disgust. Trying to remember his purpose: *Protect the Marines. Protect Marines. Protect...*

Clouds crawl over Chris like ghosts, swirling feverishly as HOURS SLIDE BY. His face takes on a preternatural blankness as he learns to slip into the shadows of self.

Suddenly-- clouds halt, pupils flare, chest inflates.

**EXT. ELIZABETH STREET - SAME**

Sun flares as MARC LEE advances alongside "ZEBRA" PLATOON (40 men) when-- A SHOT SOUNDS. A BODY TUMBLES out of the sky and lands in their midst with a meaty thud.

ZEBRA MARINE #1

-Fuck, man! What the hell--

ZEBRA COMPANY duck for cover then look to the sky--

ZEBRA MARINE #2

-Where'd it come from?

MARC LEE

That's your overwatch, Einstein. You can thank him later. Keep moving.

Marines slowly return to standing, glancing up at surrounding structures trying to spot their protector.

**INT. WINDOW - LATE AFTERNOON**

Chris lays atop a baby crib. A scrim hangs in front of him. Sunlight burns through it, casting thousands of pinpricks of light across his face. SUN MARCHES ACROSS the sky and pixels twist over his cataleptic shape.

Suddenly-- sun halts, chest inflates, eyes flare.

**INT. STREET - SAME**

A CAR SPEEDS toward Zebra platoon. MARINES open fire with the feeble POP-POP of M4s. The car still coming--

A SNIPER SHOT BOOMS across the sky like thunder. The windshield spiders, blood splattered, and the car stops.

As Marines search rooftops for him-- THE CAR EXPLODES.

**INT. LOOTED ROOM, ELIZABETH STREET - EVENING**

CHRIS plants a loop-hole charge at the base of the wall and steps around the corner to trigger the charge.

CUT BETWEEN:

**INT. HALLWAY, DOWN ELIZABETH STREET - SAME**

Black robes draw across mosaic tiles as-- AN INSURGENT SNIPER slips down a hallway with phantom swiftness. A Dragunov Sniper Rifle over shoulder, he hears the loop-hole charge detonate nearby and turns, entering a tiled washroom to his left. This is "MUSTAFA".

#### LOOTED ROOM

CHRIS lays his kit in front of the blast-hole: gun, flag, Bible. Packs a dip, elbows meet cement, eye meets glass--

#### WASHROOM

MUSTAFA lays in front of a mortar-hole. In a leather satchel: ammo, oil, cell phones. His eye meets glass--

#### LOOTED ROOM

CHRIS finds his stillness. The instant he does-- SHADOWS CREEP over him and night swallows the room.

#### EXT. ELIZABETH STREET - NIGHT

A palm tree burns like a candle over Fallujah. Below it, head-lamps dance chaotic as VIPER TEAM MARINES exit a house spray-painting "X" on the gate.

MARINE VIPER #1  
 --hot as Bigfoot's ballsack over here.  
 (knocks on next gate)  
 Derka, derka, derka....

MARINE VIPERS laugh, bowling into a courtyard.

#### CHRIS SCOPE POV (N/V)

Glowing green hue. CROSS-HAIRS track the Marines entry, sweep the street and push toward the rooftop, when--

A SHOT SOUNDS. A MARINE FALLS in a 2nd story window.

MARINE VIPER #4 (OS)  
 (over radio)  
 --Fuck! Man down! It came through the window--

CROSS-HAIRS whip across rooftops, on a swivel.

CHRIS (OC)  
 That was sniper fire. Shooter is on our side of Elizabeth street. Over.

MARINE VIPER CO (OS)  
 Negative. East side of Elizabeth is  
 locked-down. Over.

Viper Marines drag the soldier out. In the phosphorous  
 green glow, we watch his body tremor as he dies.

SFX: CHRIS' ELEVATED HEARTBEAT pounds over scene as--

#### WASHROOM

MUSTAFA flees down the hall. A fluttering shadow in  
 darkness, except for the reflective *swoosh* on his Nikes.

#### LOOTED ROOM

Chris lays on the gun, brow pinched with onus, silence  
 like a scream. *This happened on my watch.*

#### CHRIS SCOPE POV (N/V)

CROSS-HAIRS TRACK across the city-scape. TIME LAPSES and  
 the world in his scope SPEEDS UP. Humvees and tank streak  
 past, lights blur in movement, trees blowing in choppy  
 havoc, people entering and exiting structures, then--

TIME SUDDENLY SLOWS to a crawl as CROSS-HAIRS FIND A MALE  
 hurrying into a alley, pulling shit from a pack, likely  
 planting an IED. We zero-in, center-mass, when-- a flame  
 flickers. The male is cooking opium on a spoon.

CROSS-HAIRS drift off him and TIME SPEEDS UP, dogs eat a  
 dead mule by the roadside, violent in time lapse. Scenery  
 moving faster as TWO WOMEN wobble down an alley with  
 buckets of water, A KID spray-paints a wall, wind whips  
 roadside grass into a tizzy and WE SUDDENLY HALT--

CROSS-HAIRS ON A PERFECT CIRCLE in the grass, the size of  
 a nickle, or the end of a rifle-barrel. Stay on it. In  
 stillness it takes on texture and context; it's rusty, a  
 RUSTY PIPE discarded there. TIME SURGES FORWARD again,  
 LOVERS zip past on a Vespa, OLD MEN frantically bows to  
 mecca on a rooftop as clouds boil across sky and night  
 pales and dawn rises and Chris' eye never leaves glass.

MARC LEE

Smells like piss in here.

(no response)

Way to start your war, man. Those were  
 some ballsy shots.

CHRIS

That sniper walked right up our ass and  
 took that shot.

MARC LEE

I got all over their security detail about it. It won't happen again.

CHRIS

(beat)

My shooter statements are on the dresser.

Marc Lee picks up a stack of YELLOW PAPERS on the desk.

MARC LEE

Six?

CHRIS

Should be eight. Two got dragged off.

Marc is silent, Chris finally rolls off the gun.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Did I do something wrong?

MARC LEE

No...but you did get more kills than the rest of the snipers combined.

Chris rubs red "shooter's strawberries" from his elbows.

CHRIS

They still got one of our guys.

MARC LEE

You can't shoot what you can't see.

Marc's eyes land on piss-stained cement where Chris lay, *motherfucker didn't take his eye off the glass all night.*

**EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH -FORWARD OPERATING BASE(FOB)- EVENING**

Across the river, behind miles of concertina-wire, a twenty-acre BASE CAMP. Portable aluminum trailers, shithouses and tent farms. A Humvee pulls past--

**INT. CHARLIE COMPANY BARRACKS, CAMP FALLUJAH - NIGHT**

Chris steps in, letting the air-conditioning blow down on him. Cots, lockers and cruise-boxes line the room. Biggles reads a PUNISHER graphic novel, doesn't look up.

BIGGLES

Heard you got your dick wet.

CHRIS  
Where is everybody?

BIGGLES  
Training those haji soldiers.

CHRIS  
Why ain't you out there?

BIGGLES  
I got the shits. Marc Lee said you were  
on fire out there.

CHRIS  
(shedding gear)  
You still read fuckin comic books?

BIGGLES  
Talk to me, man. Did you pop your cherry?

A heaviness falls over Chris, slowly--

CHRIS  
This kid didn't even have hair on his  
balls and his mom hands him a grenade--  
sends him running off to kill Marines.

BIGGLES  
(sees his hurt)  
You saw his balls?

CHRIS  
It was evil, man. That was hate like I've  
never seen it before.

BIGGLES  
A grenade could take out five or six  
Marines--

CHRIS  
(can't reconcile it)  
I know. I know...

BIGGLES  
What about the other kills?

CHRIS  
The other ones?... The other ones were  
righteous. Like God was up there blowing  
on my bullets.

Biggles laughs, jealous--

BIGGLES

You fail your swim, roll-back and somehow you're still first in the fight? Man, we shoulda all drown in that pool.

CHRIS

Drown? I had an ear infection--

BIGGLES

You had your fuckin period.

Chris pounces and throws him in a choke. TONY, DAUBER, SQUIRREL and "D" enter with "**ASIAN**"; a Japanese SEAL.

DAUBER

What the fuck is this?

"D"

That's some don't ask don't tell.

SQUIRREL

You guys playing *just the tip*?

They surrounding the cot where Chris chokes Biggles.

"D"

Heard you got in the fight there, Tex. You know what we been doing?

DAUBER

Farting bubbles and burping glitter.

"D"

-Did some carpet shopping though. Got a nice rug to take home to mom.

CHRIS

(tightens the choke)

Tell 'em to back off, Biggles.

BIGGLES

Jump his ass.

Tony laughs and walks away as-- they pounce on Chris, holding him down as Asian duct-tapes upside his legs.

SQUIRREL

This is Asian. Know why we call him that?

DAUBER

Show him your lil' hands.

ASIAN  
 (shows very small hands)  
 These hands were made for killing--

BIGGLES  
 And very small hand jobs.

He rips the tape off Chris' leg. OFF HIS SCREAM--

**SNIPER SEQUENCE**

**OVERWATCH**

CROSS-HAIRS land on INSURGENT WITH RIFLE; INSURGENT  
 PEEPING three times; INSURGENT BURYING IEDs. BAM-BAM-BAM.

ANOTHER SNIPER (OS)  
 --that you again Kyle?

CROSS-HAIRS are moving, no answer follows.

**MARINE INTEL TRAILER**

Chris is covered in dust, sitting in a small chair facing  
 two clean, well rested JAG OFFICERS.

JAG OFFICER  
 Your scores at sniper school were average  
 at best, then you get here and you're  
 suddenly lighting the world on fire?

Chris opens a PLASTIC WATER BOTTLE, sips it, waits--

CHRIS  
 Was that a question?  
**OVERWATCH**

Chris takes over for a SNIPER shooting from a window.

MARINE SNIPER  
 Haven't seen shit all day. Maybe the war  
 is over and they forgot to tell us.

Chris goes through his ritual, settling-in when AN  
 INSURGENT crosses the street with CAR BATTERY and an AK.

CHRIS  
 (keys mike)  
 I got an armed military-aged male with a  
 car battery. Maybe he needs a jump?

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)  
 (over radio)  
 Negative. Bomb maker. Green-light.

Exhale, pause, pull. A SHOT RINGS OUT.

MARINE SNIPER (OS)  
--are you fucking serious?

**MARINE INTEL TRAILER**

CHRIS scrunches that EMPTY WATER BOTTLE, gratingly, as JAG OFFICERS continue the interrogation:

JAG OFFICER  
His wife said he was carrying a Koran.

CHRIS  
Well, I don't know what a Koran looks like but I can describe what he was carrying-- it was pressed metal, fired 7.62s and looked just like an AK-47.

**MESS HALL**

CHRIS and BIGGLES enter. Heads look up, nodding, *that the guy?* Word spreading, Biggles sees it, hops up on a chair--

BIGGLES  
Listen up ladies and genitals. The Legend here would like you to know that when it comes to sniping it's better to be lucky than good! And our boy here has a Texas horseshoe crammed so far up his--

Chris flings a cafeteria tray at his head.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN**

In murky predawn light, CHRIS sits on a SATELLITE PHONE--

TAYA (OS)  
Have you killed anyone yet?

CHRIS  
That's not how the call-home goes, babe.

TAYA (OS)  
Don't be weird with me. Seriously. I want you to tell me everything.

Chris covers the phone as distant gunfire chatters.

INTER-CUT WITH:

**INT. CHRIS & TAYA'S HOUSE, SAN DIEGO - SAME**

TAYA sits in front of a partially assembled baby-crib with a six month baby bump. She turns down the TV.

CHRIS

There things we can't say over the phone.

TAYA

You knocked me up and now I'm stuck here by myself assembling baby-cribs and you can't talk to me? That's the big plan?

HIS CROSS-HAIRS track across a distant rooftop. Socks sway from a clothesline in a 5 knot breeze.

CHRIS

I can't stop thinking about that pink silky thing you wore on our honeymoon...

TAYA

It's called a nightgown.

CHRIS

Yeah--

TAYA

And three days is not a honeymoon.

CHRIS

It was a good three days. I miss you bad.

TAYA

(curls up in chair)  
You want me to talk dirty to you?

CHRIS

Yeah. But I got my gun in one hand and the phone in the other--

TAYA

Well, you'll just have to decide what's more important won't you?

CHRIS

You're horny preggers, aren't you?

TAYA

I'm fat and horny. It's disgusting.

CHRIS

You could be 300 pounds I'd still do you.

She's touched, hormonal, starts crying.

TAYA

-So romantic.

CHRIS

How's my boy?

TAYA

Nobody said it's a boy--

CROSS-HAIRS TRACK INSURGENTS on the street; then linger on a parked car, measuring distance by height--

CHRIS

I can't wait to see the way you are with him. You're gonna be incredible.

TAYA

(harbors doubt)

How do you know?

CHRIS

I just know. I can see it.

Her face falls as-- TV NEWS shows the graphic of "**American Death Toll in Iraq**". The number is 835.

TAYA

Did your dad get a hold of you?

CHRIS

No, I keep missing him--

CROSS-HAIRS follow insurgents as they slip out of view.

TAYA

Shit. You need to call him. Hang up and--

CHRIS

What happened?

TAYA

I'm so selfish. I wasn't even thinking--

CHRIS

Taya.

TAYA

Your little brother shipped out.

CHRIS

What happened to jump school? I thought--

TAYA

I don't know. You gotta call your dad--

CHRIS

Where's he going? Shipping out where?

TAYA

Over there. He's headed to Iraq.

The news ricochets around inside him like razor blades.

TRANSITION TO:

FIVE MEN IN BAKLAVAS stand over an AMERICAN HOSTAGE in an orange jumpsuit. The thick Jihadist leader draws a machete to behead his hostage. VIDEO PAUSES.

COL. GRONSKI (OC)

The man with the blade is a Jordanian radical funded by Bin Laden, trained by Bin Laden and loyal to Bin Laden.

**INT. OP' BRIEF TENT - DAWN**

COLONEL GRONSKI is cob-nosed bulldozer. 75 Marines study a PHOTO OF AL-ZARQAWI, with bushy black eyebrows.

COL. GRONSKI

His name is "Zarqawi". He is the prince of al-Qaeda in Iraq and he's here in Fallujah. AQI, his army, are 5000 strong. They are well trained, well paid and they're waging the heaviest urban combat we've seen since Vietnam.

FIND CHRIS in back, scanning heads for his brother.

COL. GRONSKI (CONT'D)

Zarqawi and his Lieutenants are our highest priority. Only way to root them out is to go house-to-house until we find them, or find someone who knows their whereabouts. We need to clear ten structures an hour. It's aggressive so we'll loosen things up with air support--

Chris looks to Marc Lee, *ten structures an hour?*

**EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH - MORNING**

The sun hangs like a blood-clot in the sky. Chris and Marc Lee are walking, TALKING LOW--

CHRIS

These Marines keep rushing in like they been doing, they'll get their asses shot off. They don't clear corners, they--

MARC LEE

They're Marines. They don't get the training we do. Half of them were civilians six months ago.

*Jeff Kyle.*

CHRIS

So lets coach them up. I'll show them how we do it, and lead a unit in the street.

MARC LEE

Negative. A Seal sniper is too valuable. We need you on overwatch.

CHRIS

The muj know we're up there now. They aren't presenting like they were. But if I was down in the street--

MARC LEE

What's your deal, man? House-to-house is the deadliest job here. You got some kind of savior complex?

That lands.

CHRIS

I just wanna get the bad guys. And I can't shoot them if I can't see 'em.

He's hiding a deeper need and Marc senses it.

MARC LEE

You got a hot hand and everyone knows it. The Marines know your name and they think they're invincible with you up there.

CHRIS

They're not--

MARC LEE

They are if they believe they are. Just keep banging on the long-gun and let these dogs go sniff out Zargawi.

Marc walks off leaving Chris biting at a shamal wind.

CUT TO:

AN F-18 RIPS OVERHEAD firing 500lb JDAMs into the next block. Smoke and dust billow outward--

**INT. ROOFTOP**

Under a fluttering canopy, CHRIS lays on the gun, cursing zero visibility while GOAT camps nearby, on a GameBoy.

CHRIS

You said that AQI sniper was in the Olympics-- but Iraq hasn't qualified a shooter in the last three games.

GOAT

Mustafa's not Iraqi. He's from Syria.

Chris steals a glance at him, processing this, as--

**CHRIS SCOPE POV**

KILO COMPANY MARINES JOG to a pink house with windows boarded up. One of the Marines looks like Jeff Kyle.

CHRIS

(keys mike)

I've got limited visibility once you're inside so proceed with fucking caution.

"Jeff Marine" sets a charge, turns-- not Jeff. Door blows off. Marines rush in. GUNFIRE POPS.

Marines rush back out, dragging out a gut-shot Marine.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Fuck this-- I'm going down to clear houses with the Marines. You coming?

GOAT

No man. I like my life. I wanna make it home. I go fishing and do all kind of cool shit. It's not my job to knock down doors. Those guys picked the wrong fucking job. I ain't doing that shit.

CHRIS

(nods)

I'll see you down there.

**INT. STREET, SOLDIER'S DISTRICT - MINUTES LATER**

KILO COMPANY firing on the structure. "CPT. GILLESPIE" (smart, sunburned) is shouting "hold your fire" as--

CHRIS  
 (bows up)  
 You wanna be a sniper? Swap me guns.

"JEFF" MARINE  
 Really?

CHRIS  
 I'll roll with you guys if that's cool?

CPT. GILLESPIE  
 Hey, any Navy Seal is cool by me.

"THOMPSON" (big, wobbly voice) nods, lugging an M240G.

THOMPSON  
 You're that guy. They're calling you The Legend. You got like 24 confirmed kills.

He recognizes his way to gain entry, so he plays it up.

CHRIS  
 It's 32. But who's counting.

THOMPSON  
 That's badass.

"SANCHEZ" (neck tattoos, Catholic) chimes in.

SANCHEZ  
 There's some nigger in Bravo catching up.

CHRIS KYLE  
 (nods, packs a dip)  
 Y'all are meateaters. But I got a lil' training I could share with you, some simple shit, that might just keep us above ground. What do you say?

His need to protect cloaked beneath cool cowboy calm.

**EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH, FOB - EVENING**

A sunset burns across an aluminum trailer. OFF-DUTY SOLDIERS toss the football in background as--

KILO COMPANY corners from behind the trailer, guns up, covering angles. CHRIS FOLLOWS, coaching them up:

CHRIS  
 Cities are full of corners; the soldier that corners best, wins the engagement.  
 (MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

The first man around a corner covers the nearest wall, the next corners in the opposite way and covers the far wall. We clear our sectors, sweeping to center--

He illustrates, crouched, sweeping his imaginary gun.

PULL BACK/REVEAL

GOAT leads MARC LEE into the street, points out Chris.

GOAT

Your orders were to do overwatch but hotshot is more interested in training Marines to sweep houses. I'm done with him. I ain't dickin around in the street.

He scuffs off. Marc watches Chris lead Kilo Marines around another corner, and they're catching on.

**EXT. MICHIGAN STREET - OUTSIDE THE WIRE - DAY**

Training is over. KILO COMPANY are doing house-to-house. Tension high, they are bunched up around a doorway. CHRIS motions them back, *not so close*, sets a charge--

**INT. HOUSE, DAY**

BOOM!-- KILO COMPANY corner in, clearing the room, just like he taught them. Chandeliers and regal armoires. CHRIS gives hand signals. SANCHEZ whispers--

SANCHEZ

- Whas that mean again?

GILLESPIE

Cover and follow.

Chris nods with Gillespie and they corner into a room with sofas, hand-dyed rugs and--

CHRIS

Down. Down! Get down--

A KID(12) stands across the room with dark eyes and pronounced forehead, staring at Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

On the floor, now!

THE KID is rocking on his heels like he's going to run.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I will fucking shoot you! Down! Get down--

FATHER OF KID (OS)

No, no, please--

THE FATHER runs in, tall and bearded. Gillespie clocks him and he drops. The Kid screams like he's deaf.

FATHER OF KID (CONT'D)

(from the floor)

Please! He can't understand. Look at him--

GILLESPIE

He does look a little retarded.

CHRIS

You were ordered to evacuate. Why are you still here?

FATHER OF KID

This is our home. I won't give it to them. Or to you.

SANCHEZ pushes THREE WOMEN (in berkas) into the room.

SANCHEZ

I found these bitches in the back closet.

FATHER OF KID

I'm Sheikh al-Obeidi. You are my guest but please tell the others to come inside. If you are in the street he will know we have spoken.

SANCHEZ

This sand nig' want us in here so he can blow us up. Check his ass for a vest.

A KETTLE whistles in the kitchen. Guns still trained.

CHRIS

Who will know we've spoken?

SHEIK AL-OBEIDI/FATHER

Your enemy is mine enemy. You understand? We have this. You understand?

Chris studies the women, and lowers his gun.

CHRIS

Bring Thompson and the Terp in.

**TIME CUT - LATER**

Chris and Gillespie sit with "**SHEIK AL-OBEIDI**" while the kid ("**OMAR**") plays with his father's hair.

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

If we talk to US soldiers he will come to our home and make examples of us--

CHRIS

Who is he? I need a name.

The Marine Interpreter aka "**TERP**" (20s, Diesel jeans, hair gel) repeats the question.

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

The man who comes we call The Butcher. He is the despaired one, son of Shaytan--

Sheik mumbles in Arabic, fearing the words on his tongue.

TERP

He calls him - *the pure flame of fire* . Basically, this man comes to their house and prey on the weak with hurt.

CHRIS

So he's a kind of enforcer?

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

Enforcer. Yes. Top soldier of Zargawi.

CHRIS

(jumps)

We want Zargawi. How do we find him?

OMAR CACKLES like crow, playing peeking games.

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

If you find The Butcher you will find that he reports direct to Zargawi daily.

An F-18 rips overhead. RADIO CHATTER. THOMPSON steps out--

CHRIS

How do we find him?

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

You must understand the risk to us.

TERP

He's going to ask for money.

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

We need one hundred thousand US dollars.

THE BOOM of distant ordinance shakes the structure.

**KITCHEN**

THOMPSON on the radio, a Marine Unit calling for support:

MARINE JTAC (OS)

--the coordinates were off, he bombed a orchard. We're trapped in a house, out of ammo, with 40 bugger-eaters outside--

MARINE SIGNET

Air support turnaround is 12 minutes--

MARINE JTAC

--in 12 minutes we'll be toast--

Thompson listens in; that drop wasn't far off.

**LIVING ROOM**

Chris studies the calm in Sheik Obeidi's eyes.

CHRIS

We don't even have proof this guy exists.

The Sheik grabs his wife, pulls her arm from her robe-- her hand has been hacked off, the stump healing.

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

Is this not proof?

CHRIS

I'm sorry. I want to help you. I do. But I need names, places, phone numbers--

THOMPSON

(rushes in)

Captain, we got a Marine unit pinned down in a house just uprange--

CHRIS

Give me a name, Sheik. Give me something.

THOMPSON

They're out of ammo. If we don't go now--

Sheik stonewalling, Chris stands to go, *fuck*--

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

"Amir Khalaf Fanus". This is given name of The Butcher. But to help you find him--

Sheikh Obeidi SWEEPS A HAND across his open palm, *pay me*.

**TRANSITION TO:**

Chris sweeps a hand across his open palm, *pay me*. We are--

**INT. DIA TRAILER, CAMP FALLUJAH - DAY**

CHRIS and MARC LEE sit in front of AGENT SHEAD, a square-faced agent for the Defense Intelligence Agency.

AGENT SHEAD

I guess that translates to "pay me" in just about any language, doesn't it?

CHRIS

Yes it does.

MARC LEE

That's why we're here. You're the guy with the flats of cash, right.

Shead thinks more highly of himself. A game of Solitaire on his computer. CORNHUSKER football posters on the wall.

AGENT SHEAD

When you were having tea with Sheik al-Obedie did he tell you he ran a network of highway bandits before AQI moved in?

CHRIS KYLE

He left that part out.

AGENT SHEAD

That's AQI's racket now. Your Sheik got edged out. This could be blowback.

He's minimizing their source. Chris drills down.

CHRIS

Or he could be upset that The Butcher cut off his wife's hand. Either way, seems like you'd wanna explore it.

Shead would rather not enter into this with them but-- he slides a white-board to reveal an AQI HIERARCHY.

AGENT SHEAD

This is your guy here.

(points to photo directly under Zargawi)

We believe The Butcher is Zargawi's number two man.

THE BUTCHER is a squat, rawboned man with eyebrows forming a grizzled line over dark bloodshot eyes.

CHRIS

But you didn't have his real name.

AGENT SHEAD

We have several aliases but--

(picks up phone, dialing)

If "Fanus" is legit we go see the Sheik.

MARC LEE

He's asking for 100,000.

AGENT SHEAD

If he delivers the Butcher he'll get it.

(into phone)

Yeah it's Agent Shead, DIA, I need a name check on "Amir Khalaf Fanus". I'll wait.

He kicks his feet up, like he runs the war.

CHRIS

If we're going back out, TEAM 3 could pull security--

AGENT SHEAD

If we're humping money the head-shed will want contractors on it.

(into phone)

I'm here. What do you got?

He listens a beat, his feet hit the floor, eyes flick up--

#### **INT. HUMVEE #2 - TWO DAYS LATER**

An object thumps beneath the tires. SECURITY CONTRACTORS wear baseball caps, Oakley blades and grizzled beards.

CONTRACTOR

Road-kill.

They sit on benches opposite CHRIS and MARC LEE; the animosity between military and mercenary symbolized in a shrink-wrapped PALLET OF CASH between them. AGENT SHEAD sits closest the driver, playing big-dick with the mercs.

AGENT SHEAD

The Butcher is Zarqawi's enforcer, his weapon of choice is a power drill. How much would you love to lay hands on him.

Chris looks to Marc Lee, his eyes closed in prayer. When he opens them he sees Chris looking. The rig sways--

MARC LEE

(explains)

I went to seminary school before I joined the Navy. Came close to being a preacher.

CHRIS

Why didn't you?

MARC LEE

I love to gamble, man. Love those dice.

Their laughter is liberating in the face of these bad-to-the-bone contractors. It bonds them.

CHRIS

My kind of preacher.

MORE LAUGHTER. A PHONE RINGS. Chris digs out a SAT PHONE.

MARC LEE

It's like that now, huh?

CHRIS KYLE

You haven't heard? I'm The Legend.  
(laughs at self; into phone)  
Hey babe--

TAYA (OS)

You were right-- it's a boy.

CHRIS KYLE

It's a boy!

MARC LEE

Hell yeah. Congratu--

WHAAP! Windshield spiders. CONTRACTOR/DRIVER'S brains spackle them. THE HUMVEE CRASHES into a storefront.

RADIATOR HISSING, CONTRACTORS SCREAMING, "Call for backup" "Capel is down" "Dump the truck, cover us".

**EXT. MEDICAL PLAZA, SAN DIEGO - DAY**

A crowded quad. TAYA, ON THE PHONE, stops in her tracks.

TAYA

Chris!--

**EXT. STREET**

Looted shops, burnt awnings, colorful signage. MARC LEE and CHRIS pile out. THE SAT PHONE falls in the dirt.

MARC LEE

I heard one shot.

CHRIS KYLE

Check. Large caliber. Came in at an angle, gotta be 300 or more out--

They duck into a shallow bomb-blasted storefront. They're looking downrange from the jagged orifice when--

A SHOT THUNKS into a Leo DiCaprio billboard overhead.

MARC LEE

(ducks back)

He's all over us. You get a bead?

CHRIS KYLE

Negative--

AGENT SHEAD (OC)

Transfer the pallet. We're pulling back.

#### **INT. DISTANT MINARET**

MUSTAFA sprawled on the balcony. PUSH past the swoosh of Nikes, up dark robes, along the cut of an unshaven cheek--

#### **MUSTAFA SCOPE POV**

UNIQUE CROSS-HAIRS wobble over CHRIS and MARC LEE'S position to CONTRACTORS SCRAMBLE SHEAD into the street. Mirage boils straight up. His breath exhales--

#### **INT. STOREFRONT**

A BULLET SMOKES through CONTRACTOR #1, ejecting half his vertebrae. CONTRACTORS SCRAMBLING--

CHRIS

Minaret, 11 o'clock!

Chris uses his rifle to reach out from behind the wall and TILT THE SIDE-MIRROR on the crashed Humvee to see--

#### **DOWNRANGE (IN REFLECTION)**

THE BUTCHER stands in the street revving a HAND-DRILL over OMAR, whose strange screams echo down the block.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Eyes on The Butcher. It looks like he's  
 got the Sheikh's kid in the street--

A SNIPER ROUND shatters the mirror he's looking at--

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Fuck!--

Agent Shead and Contractors pulling away in Humvee #2.

CONTRACTOR  
 There's no room. We'll come back for you--

MARC LEE  
 (into radio)  
 --requesting back-up. We're pinned down  
 taking sniper fire on approach of high-  
 value target, GRID 04536237. Over.

Chris kneels and tries to edge his gun around the wall--  
 PHWAAAP! The wall inches above his head explodes.

He huddles there, on the wrong end of this. He studies  
 the room. Debris blocks the back-door. No way out.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)  
 Fuckin ducks in a barrel.

CHRIS  
 Only way out is the way in. I'm gonna pop  
 smoke but don't move till I say.

Chris tosses smoke. A haze clouds the exit--

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Hold.

Smoke spewing, Marc anxious to move.

MARC LEE  
 We gotta go. Let's move--

CHRIS  
 Hold!... Holding... Hold...

A SHOT RINGS OUT, CHUNKS CONCRETE near the exit.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Move now. Go--

As they slip out, around the corner--

MARC LEE

How the fuck'd you know he'd do that?

CHRIS

Cause I'd do that.

In the smoky haze, FIND SAT PHONE in the dirt--

**EXT. MEDICAL PLAZA, SAN DIEGO**

TAYA listens for gunfire as the lunch crowd teems past.

TAYA

(sobbing, into phone)

Chris--

CAMERA CIRCLES HER as her world comes unhinged. On the next revolution the scenery changes and--

**MUSTAFA POV / FROM MINARET**

CROSS-HAIRS TRACK to a doorway where--

**SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI**

Stands with his family, weeping, pleading. He steps forward and A SNIPER SHOT POKES the dirt at his feet--

**THE BUTCHER**

He powers up the drill and drives it into Omar's thigh. . OMAR SCREAMS and pitches, shrieking for help--

**INTERSECTING ALLEY**

Marc waves Sheikh Obeidi to stay put (across the street).

CHRIS

No angle. I need elevation.

Seconds ticking down, Chris eyes telephone wires upside the wall. He pulls himself up--

**ROOFTOP**

CHRIS rolls onto the roof and-- A DOG SNAPS, BARKING and rabid, chained to a US sig M-60.

**SNIPER POV / IN MINARET**

CROSS-HAIRS FIND the barking dog, then CHRIS' BOOT.

**THE BUTCHER**

Powers up the drill, THE BUZZING rings over his words--

THE BUTCHER  
(in Arabic)  
You talk to them, you die with them.

He steps on Omar's neck, lowers the drill toward his jaw.

**CHRIS**

Hears the drill and Omar's preemptive screams. He knows he'll be exposed but-- HE POPS UP to shoot The Butcher. Before he can get his gun over the ledge--

A SNIPER ROUND clips his helmet. He's knocked flat-back. Clouds strobe across his eyes. The dog barks viciously inches from his face. Saliva flying off incisors as--

**THE SHEIKH**

Watches the drill enter his son's face and he runs into the street. A SNIPER ROUND rips through his chest--

**SNIPER POV**

CROSS-HAIRS drift back to the rooftop where--

**ROOFTOP / CHRIS POV (UPSIDE DOWN)**

His helmet wobbles to a stop, ruptured like a plum.

**CHRIS**

Rage animates him. He staggers to his feet with lunatic emotion, FIRING M4 on the minaret until it expires. Then--

A SPECTRAL FLUTTER of cloth crosses the mouth of an alley a block north. Mustafa. He's rounding the corner when his stride slows and he appears to glance back--

Chris draws his .45, but the shadows are empty. He's gone. Women sob over the bodies in the street below.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

TEAM THREE SEALS hold perimeter. The sheet draped over Omar is marked by a dozen blood spots. Chris is buzzing with remorse, staring at the body then the minaret.

CHRIS KYLE  
He had line-of-sight 500 meters out.

BIGGLES

Colonel Gronski is all over Marc, bro.

In the distance, GRONSKI barks at MARC LEE then climbs in a Bradley. MARC approaches them--

CHRIS

Can we work up a squad to pursue him?

MARC LEE

They're shutting us down. We're confined to base pending an incident review.

CHRIS

What do you mean? He can't do that. I'm shipping home in three weeks.

Wind blows the sheet off Omar.

BIGGLES

It's gonna be a long three weeks.

**EXT. WEIGHT LIFTING CAGE, CAMP FALLUJAH, FOB - SUNSET**

Chris stalks the cage, shirtless and sweating. His eyes track the horizon as darkness falls on Fallujah.

**EXT. NORTH AIRFIELD, CORONADO, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT**

Halogen spotlights illuminate tarmac. SOLDIERS emerge from darkness, pushing toward their waiting families.

FIND TAYA in heels, 9 months pregnant. Chris limps toward her. She walks into his arms and STARTS SWINGING fists.

TAYA

Two weeks! I thought you were dead for two fucking weeks--

He holds her close until her rage gives way to tears.

CHRIS

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

They stand there long after everyone has gone.

**INT. BEDROOM**

Taya lowers the lights, steps out of her dress and looks at herself in the mirror, 9 months pregnant, and not sure she's sexy. Chris exits the shower, stops, staring--

CHRIS

I think you're the most beautiful thing  
I've ever seen.

TAYA

I have an alien growing inside me--

She deflates and sits on the bed. He kneels before her.

TAYA (CONT'D)

And there's a strange man in my bedroom.

CHRIS

Our bedroom.

TAYA

(pulls his ring off necklace)  
Why isn't it on your finger?

CHRIS

If it catches the light...

He doesn't spell it out. She slips it on his finger.

TAYA

Your hands feel different.

CHRIS

They're mine. I swear...

TAYA

Why am I so fucking nervous?

CHRIS

(kissing her belly)  
I'm nervous too.

TAYA

No you're not.

CHRIS

I am...  
(climbs on top of her)  
What if the little alien reaches out and  
grabs me?

She squishes his cheeks, making faces with his face.

TAYA

I need you here.

He pretends he didn't hear it. Her face opens in ecstasy.

**INT. BREAKFAST TABLE, CHRIS' HOUSE - MORNING**

CHRIS, showered, shaven and ill-at-ease, applies ointment to red, calloused "Shooter's Strawberries" on his elbows.

TAYA (OC)  
--it might be nice to get out--

His coffee steams like smoke off a barrel.

TAYA (OC) (CONT'D)  
--are you listening to me? Chris--

CHRIS  
Huh?--

A lawn-mower starts outside. His eyes track the windows.

TAYA  
I'm asking you what you want to do.

CHRIS  
Can't we just relax?

TAYA  
(watches his leg pump)  
Yeah. Of course. Whatever you want.

He clocks her watching, and quickly stills himself.

**INT. OBGYN OFFICE, SAN DIEGO - DAY**

A room doused in sunshine. TAYA lays on the table. DOCTOR HOFFSTADER works the wand over her belly.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER  
How you feeling?

TAYA  
I just want him out.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER  
It'll be any day now.

Chris pets his wife's hair but he's sweaty and flush.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER (CONT'D)  
How about you Mr. Kyle? How're you feeling?

CHRIS KYLE  
Good. Doing good.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER  
I imagine you're still decompressing.

CHRIS  
Not really.

TAYA  
This is the first time we left the house.

CHRIS  
(shoots a look)  
I'm happy to be home.

Hoffstader studies him, reaches for a b.p. cuff.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER  
Here, slip this on for me.

He awkwardly consents. The cuff tightens.

CHRIS  
If you wanna help, you should be looking  
at my knees. I don't know what I did but--

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER  
Are you a smoker?

CHRIS  
No, ma'am.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER  
Do you drink?

CHRIS  
(charming)  
Only when I'm thirsty.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER  
170 over 110.

TAYA  
(concerned)  
Jesus Christ Chris...

CHRIS  
Is that high?

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER  
Not if you just had 14 cups of coffee.  
But for someone who is sitting down--

CHRIS  
I'll look into it. Thanks doc.

He's smiling but his tone quiets her. She overstepped.

**INT. TRUCK, SOUTHBOUND FREEWAY - DAY**

CHRIS is weaving through rush-hour traffic.

CHRIS

You sabotaged me back there.

TAYA

What am I supposed to do. You're not talking. You act like it's all okay--

CHRIS

It is okay. I'm fine.

TAYA

You're not fine. Your blood pressure--

CHRIS

I'm driving down the freeway, it's sunny and 72 degrees. I'm fine.

(gripping the wheel)

But there are people dying over there and I look around and it's like it's not even happening. It's barely on the news, no one talks about it. No one cares. And if I stay too long I'll forget about it too.

TAYA

Chris--

CHRIS

We're at war and I'm headed to the mall.

She looks pained, ready to cry--

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I don't belong here. I can't help anybody. I--

She's arching in the seat, MOANING as her water breaks.

TAYA

--it's happening--

CHRIS

Shit. Oh shit--

Chris swerves from the SOUTHBOUND FAST-LANE across the dirt median and into the NORTHBOUND FAST-LANE.

TAYA  
What're you doing!

CHRIS  
I'm going back--

Dust kicks up. Horns blare. He's speeding north now.

TAYA  
(laughing and crying in the  
same breath)  
--oh my god, you're crazy! You're fucking  
crazy you know that?

A look between them like spilled sunlight. He reaches and--

TRANSITION TO:

Taya grips his hand. Her WAILING SCREAMS fall silent and--

**INT. DELIVERY ROOM**

Taya stares blankly at Chris. He thinks he lost her.  
Then-- A SMALL CRY breaks the tension. Taya gasps.

THE BOY lands in Chris' arms covered in vernix and blood.

CHRIS  
My boy...

He holds him to the light and relief pours over him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Look at our boy. Look what we did.  
(nuzzles close to her)  
I love you, baby. We made it--

He holds his family close as BEDOUIN MUSIC SWELLS--

FADE TO:

A THERMAL IMAGE. Cross-hairs on MARINES emerging from  
tall grass. A SHOT FIRED. A MARINE FALLS. An Arabic  
sickle & sword appears over the image. We are--

**INT. DEN, CHRIS' HOUSE, CORONADO, CA - NIGHT**

PAN ACROSS an Iraqi parcel on the coffee table. FIND  
CHRIS staring at the TV, livid, lit by Christmas lights.

TAYA (OC)  
The baby is crying. I thought you were--

Chris lunges for the remote as another KILL SHOT PLAYS.

TAYA (CONT'D)

(gasps)

Oh my god--

He can't work the remote. The damage is done.

CHRIS

(explains)

This sniper over there is recording his kills. They sell the DVDs in the street.

TAYA

That day we were on the phone, it was him wasn't it. What happened that day...

CHRIS

Doesn't matter.

TAYA

(trying to assuage him)

My imagination is so much worse than anything you could ever tell me...

CHRIS

No, it's not. They're fuckin savages.

TAYA

Chris--

CHRIS

They're savages. You understand?

His blood pressure pulses on his unyielding face.

TAYA

(hands him baby)

Hold him while I make a bottle. And turn that off. I don't want it in our home.

Chris holds his son. The ruddy innocence; this was him. BEDOUIN MUSIC swells again. Chris' arms tighten around his son, protective, as his eyes draw back to the TV.

**"SECOND TOUR"**

**EXT. AL TAQADDUM AIRBASE, IRAQ - DAY**

The tail of a C-17 draws down. YOUNG MARINES file off leaving CHRIS, squinting into a dirty sunset as he tucks his ring away like he's stowing part of himself.

CPT. MARTINS  
 (sharp-nosed, fit)  
 Welcome home, Petty Officer Kyle. Colonel  
 Jones is waiting. How was the flight?

CHRIS KYLE  
 Slower than Christmas.

Chris is following him toward a Blackhawk when--

CHRIS  
 Can you give me a second--?

CPT. MARTIN  
 The colonel is waiting--

Chris is already striding across the tarmac toward--

### **A SQUAD OF MARINES**

Loading onto a C-17 weary, injured, heading home. JEFF  
 KYLE doesn't see Chris until he has hands on him.

CHRIS KYLE  
 Hey, grunt--

Chris shakes him and pulls him into his arms.

JEFF  
 Chris?

Jeff is slow to react, like he can't see past the  
 atrocity branded on back of his eyeballs.

CHRIS KYLE  
 Y'alright? You in one piece?

He looks him over, undamaged but for the eyes.

MARINE LCPL  
 Let's go, PFC Kyle. Move your ass.

Marines on-board the C-17. Jeff is anxious, shifting--

CHRIS  
 You okay? Jeff?--

JEFF  
 I heard you're kickin ass our here. All  
 the guys, that's what they say--

Chris fixes Jeff's collar; a tender gesture.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I knew you would, bro. You been kicking  
ass your whole life.

LT. MARTINS  
Petty Officer Kyle. Colonel's waiting--

JEFF  
(swollen with emotion)  
The Legend...

The four massive turbo-engines on the C-17 kick-on.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(over deafening noise)  
I'm gonna miss my ride.

CHRIS KYLE  
What happened?

JEFF  
I'm just tired, man. I'm--  
(swallows it)  
I'm going home.

CHRIS  
I'm proud of you. You hear me?

He can't hear shit over those fans.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Dad too. He's proud of you.

JEFF  
Fuck this place--

CHRIS  
(can't hear him)  
What?

JEFF  
Fuck this place.

His eyes well with despair. Chris is taken aback by it;  
his own mortality reflected on his brother.

CHRIS KYLE  
You'll miss your plane. Go on home. Just  
forget about this place. Go home.

He shakes some vinegar into him, sends Jeff off. As Chris  
turns, his eyes ignite with rage at what they did to him.

**INT. BLACKHAWK - DAY**

LT. COLONEL JONES is a clear-eyed Ivy grad; the new-school leadership changing of the guard.

COL. JONES  
You made Chief. Congratulations.

CHRIS KYLE  
Thank you, sir.

COL. JONES  
Gronski's gone. A lot of top-brass are.  
We're working off a new playbook now.

The Blackhawk lifts off, ZOOMING across the desert floor.

COL. JONES (CONT'D)  
I've studied insurgencies for the last decade. I know of every stick sharpened and stone thrown since before the first century. These wars are won and lost in the minds of our enemy.

He hands over an AQI BOUNTY POSTER with an illustration of a SNIPER RIFLE and GALLIC CROSS and a reward.

COL. JONES (CONT'D)  
That you?

Chris rolls his sleeve, showing his Gallic Cross tattoo.

COL. JONES (CONT'D)  
You're now the most wanted man in Iraq.

CPT. MARTINS  
That's \$180,000 on your head.

CHRIS KYLE  
Don't tell my wife, she might take that number right about now.

COL. JONES  
I understand you wanted to put together a direct-action squad to hunt The Butcher.

CHRIS KYLE  
Yes, sir.

COL. JONES  
We plugged the rat-hole that is Fallujah and he was flushed into Ramadi.

As they cross the Euphrates the SLUMS OF RAMADI are laid out before them like a blanket of chaos.

COL. JONES (CONT'D)

I want you to put the fear of God in these savages, and find his ass.

**INT. OP SEC TENT, SHARK BASE - NIGHT**

CHRIS stands in front of Team Three, armed with a 60-inch monitor and a TuffBook. They're chanting, "Power-point".

CHRIS

You guys know how I hate this shit so shut your traps. Our target is Amir Khalaf Fanus aka The Butcher.

(clicks first slide)

We'll be heading upriver under cover of darkness, two boats teams and--

They're cracking up. He turns to see his slide has been hijacked with A PHOTO OF HIS BACHELOR PARTY; the "best men" pose with a spray-painted groom. They look so young.

Chris turns back to his men and, for a moment, their smiling faces appear immortal in the feeble light.

**TIME FADE**

Brief finished, TEAM THREE file out past giving atta-boys and cracking jokes until only one remains--

MARC LEE

(picks up Chris' Little Blue Bible off the table)

Is this thing bulletproof?

CHRIS KYLE

I dunno. Why?

MARC LEE

You never open it so I just assumed...

CHRIS KYLE

(crosses chest)

It's God, country, family-- right?

MARC LEE

That's what they say. You got a God?

CHRIS KYLE

Depends who's shooting at me.

MARC LEE

If you find anything here, make it that.

CHRIS

You getting weird on me?

MARC LEE

We had an electric fence around our property in Oregon and us kids used to see who could hang on the longest. War is like that, it puts lightning in your bones-- but if you let go here you die.

Chris looks uneasy, impatient--

MARC LEE (CONT'D)

You believe in what we're doing here?

CHRIS KYLE

Evil lives here, Marc. We've seen it.

MARC LEE

It lives everywhere. It lives in men.

CHRIS KYLE

You wanna invite them to come fight in San Diego? Or Seattle? We're protecting more than just this dirt.

MARC LEE

(dials it back)

I know how personal this is for you. Just don't lose yourself to it.

CHRIS

Do you want to sit this one out?

MARC LEE

(considers it)

Hell no. Lets go kill this motherfucker.

He bangs out. Chris is alone. Lightening in his bones.

**EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT**

SEAL TEAM THREE/CHARLIE COMPANY motor upriver in two rafts, geared to the tits, black on black.

BIGGLES

(whisper mic)

Don't rock the boat, Legend can't swim.

A sickle moon glimmers off their faces as they motor past bombed cars, refuse and the rotting carcass of a mule.

**EXT. UPRIVER - NIGHT**

SEAL TEAM 3 emerge from ink black water, guns up, fluid and balletic, unlike anything we've seen up till now.

A nine-foot wall envelopes the two-story dye factory.

**CHRIS POV (N/V)**

The green hue of night-vision, pushing to the wall. BIGGLES and TITTIES lace their hands and boost Chris up--

**COURTYARD**

Boots land softly. Chris looks up and 20 INSURGENTS are sleeping on prayer mats in the night air, AK's at ready.

**CHRIS POV (N/V)**

He's tracking across them, waiting for movement.

MARC LEE (OS)  
(over radio)  
You alright in there?

The massive entry door is 20 feet away. Chris holds his gear from rattling and steps over the sleeping men.

He's moving agonizing slow when-- A MAN STARTS coughing and sits up. Chris raises his M4, aiming at him as the man stands and-- he stumbles inside without looking back.

Chris dodges to the door, undoes the latch and the DOOR CREAKS open. BIGGLES and MARC LEE are just inside when--

YELLING INSURGENT  
*Shinzi al wada!! Shinzi al--*

A YELLING INSURGENT lifts his gun. BIGGLES TAGS HIM, Chest then header, a fucking pro. TEAM 3 floods in and--

MARC LEE  
Stay on the ground. Hands on your head--

SQUIRREL, TONY and "D" stick. TEAM 3 PUSH INTO--

**INT. DYE FACTORY**

TEAM 3 bowl in, tentacles of fire reaching into darkness.  
INSURGENTS shoot from behind machinery and textiles.

BIGGLES

Moving.

Chris comes upon A FALLEN INSURGENT with jitters. One arm bent behind him. Chris FLASHES A PHOTO--

CHRIS

The Butcher. This man. Is he here?

Chris applies pressure to a wound. The MAN SCREAMS, NODS--

CHRIS (CONT'D)

The back? He's in back?

MARC LEE

(sees something beneath him)

Grenade--

Marc tackles Chris away as-- THE BLAST sends a thousand shards of metal slicing outward. Powdery silence follows.

WHIP TO CHRIS, breathless. Marc rips open his vest.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)

Hold still.

SHRAPNEL punctured the Bible and just-pierced his body armor. Chris is gasping, the Bible saved his life.

GUNFIRE CHATTERS out back. Short-bursts.

DAUBER (OS)

Squirters. Red side. Contact.

Chirps of "CLEAR" then-- A SINGLE SHOT behind a vat. Biggles steps out, doused in moonlight.

BIGGLES

If they're worth shooting once...

**OUT BACK**

Wind rattles reeds along the river. ASIAN and DAUBER guard a Suzuki Samurai with TWO DEAD INSURGENTS inside.

ASIAN

Tight Samurai, huh?

DAUBER  
Butcher rides in style.

Chris checks the driver, *nope*. He circles to the passenger, unwraps a keffiyeh, shines a light on him.

CHRIS  
It ain't him.

ASIAN  
How can you tell? They all look alike.

MARC LEE  
What do you want to do?

Chris is staring at the two dead men.

**EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Everyone in the courtyard hears the INTERROGATION INSIDE:

CHRIS (OS)  
--you're going to tell me where he is, or  
I'm going to put a bullet in your head--

TERP TRANSLATES(OS), jabbering away when--

CHRIS (OS) (CONT'D)  
Fuck it--

BAM! A single shot. INSURGENTS panic.

SQUIRREL  
This op' just went southbound.

CHRIS KYLE  
(storms out, shadow looming)  
Who's next?

"D"  
How bout Mr. Pizza face here.

Chris calmly drags MR. PIZZA FACE inside.

**INSIDE**

MR. PIZZA FACE is on his knees next to THE BODY.

CHRIS  
I want to know where the Butcher is.

TERP REPEATS his question. PIZZA FACE begs for mercy.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Was he here? Where do I find him!

**COURTYARD**

INSURGENTS are silent. Some mutter prayers.

**INSIDE (SIDE-VIEW)**

Chris raises the gun to the back of MR. PIZZA FACES head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Fuck you, moving on--

BLAM! He fires. The body crumbles forward. But no blood. He fell from shock. BIGGLES gags him, removes his jacket--

They drag him out and pull in dead body of SAMURAI GUY #2 (two bodies on the floor match the two shots fired).

**COURTYARD**

Chris barrels out, gun in hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Next.

"D"  
How 'bout Poopy Pants here?

Chris looks past the man who shat himself to AN INSURGENT staring at the ground with eyes like BLACK OPALS.

**INSIDE**

CHRIS drags BLACK OPALS to the face-down bodies.

CHRIS  
Where is The Butcher? Where'd they go?

TERP is pleading (throughout). BLACK OPALS is sweating.

BIGGLES  
He's trying to help you! Where's the fall-back spot?

CHRIS  
Where is he you fucking savage!

Chris throttles him, a vicious blow to the jaw.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I can go all night.

CHRIS holds his .45 to the back of the man's head. The look in his eyes has changed. This time it's real.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'll kill every one of you--

MARC LEE  
Chris--

CHRIS  
I need another body.

BIGGLES  
Smoke him, man. Smoke his ass--

MARC LEE  
What're you doing?

CHRIS  
Where is The Butcher!

The TERP SCREAMING translations.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You ready die for him! Are you!

MARC LEE  
It's not worth it, man--

BIGGLES  
He knows man. He fucking knows--

Chris stroking the trigger--

CHRIS  
Last chance--

BIGGLES  
Do it! Burn him. Do it--

The hammer suspended--

MARC LEE  
Chris! No--

CHRIS  
Burn in hell--

He turns his face to avoid the splatter--

BLACK OPAL  
Fahima Halal! Fahima Halal.

Breathless silence. Chris looks to Terp.

TERP

This restaurant is in South Ramadi.

ASIAN

We're 6 clicks off. Two hours to sun-up.  
It'd be tight.

CHRIS

We gotta move. Call it in.

SQUIRREL

(into radio)

This is Cadillac 3-2, requesting  
immediate follow-on-target pursuit--

Black Opals watches them with eerie calm.

**EXT. STREET - LATER/NIGHT**

TEAM 3 push deeper. MARC LEE leads them through shadows.

**ON ROOFTOP ABOVE**

CHRIS lays on his rifle. BIGGLES watches his back.

BIGGLES

I popped wood when I shot that guy.

(beat)

Rock hard boner. Is that weird or what?

CHRIS

This shit's all weird

Biggles draws The Punisher skull in loose gravel.

BIGGLES

You were really gonna smoke that guy  
weren't you? I saw your switch flip.

Chris is silent. Lightning shocks the sky. Rain falls.

BIGGLES (CONT'D)

Next time a girl asks what turns me on--

CHRIS

Next time'll be the first time.

BIGGLES

(turns face to rain)

I'll say, war baby. War gives me wood.

**EXT. STREET/NEAR FAHIMA HALAL - PRE-DAWN**

Neon shimmers across wet streets. TEAM THREE trundle past shops and buildings largely unbombed. ASIAN holds a tablet with mapping schematics, pointing--

ASAIN

(into whisper-mic)

This building, any apartment on the east side, will look down Fahima Halal.

**INT. STAIRCASE/HALLWAY, 4TH FLOOR, BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

TEAM THREE push down a hallway, surrounding a easterly door. Biggles pulls out a cat-claw, ready to breach when--

A BABY CRIES behind the door. Chris waves them off.

They trundle down the hall to another door. BIGGLES wedges the claw between door and jam, nodding, 1, 2, 3...

**INT. CORNER APARTMENT, SIXTH FLOOR**

A modest apartment. The family gathered; PROTECTIVE FATHER hugs his BOY(4) and GIRL(9) as his WIFE frets.

CHRIS

Tell em they won't be leaving till we do--  
(hands Terp a photo)  
Ask if they seen him.

TERP TRANSLATES, showing a PHOTO OF THE BUTCHER.

**LOOKING OUT WINDOW**

The RESTAURANT BELOW is boarded up with painted metal.

ASAIN

(Hall & Oates song)

--*Private eyes, we're watching you,  
watching your every move...*

"D"

Why a restaurant?

MARC LEE

Big freezers.

Marc turns away, leaving them to wonder.

CHRIS

Lets keep eyes on it and--  
 (in pain)  
 Get pictures of anyone coming and going.

"D"

You ding'd up, Chief?

CHRIS

My knees. I'm fine.

"D" lands a judicious eye on the rugs covering the floor.

"D"

They got some nice rugs up in here. Look.  
 Hand-knotted. Isn't it beautiful.

He runs his hand across the vibrant coloring--

**INT. BACK BEDROOM - MORNING**

Sunlight plays on walls. Chris lies on the floor, head resting on his ruck-sack. His eyes flutter closed--

**INT. CHRIS' HOUSE, SAN DIEGO - "DREAM SEQUENCE"**

FROM ABOVE- we look down on TAYA laying in the middle of the floor hugging COLTON to her chest. She's talking to him, solemn, then her EYES FLASH to us and something liquid and dark begins to seep out from beneath her.

Blood darkens the carpet, covers the floor and keeps rising. The boy starts CRYING, trying to escape her. Taya's eyes are locked on us as she holds him tight. His crying becomes the BLEATING OF A SHEEP and-- it's now a sheep struggling in her arms. The blood keeps rising, submerging Taya's now-naked body. As it rises--

The sheep breaks free and stands on Taya's chest. There's surrender in her eyes as blood overtakes her ears, mouth and nose. The sheep now stands alone on a lake of blood in their living room.

**INT. BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT**

CHRIS springs up, swinging at a figure in the dark.

"D"

Easy. I'm on your side.  
 (offers a hand)  
 Get up. You wanna see this.

**LIVING ROOM WINDOW / LOOKING BELOW**

This section of city has electricity. Lights are visible around the plywood on the restaurant windows.

MARC LEE

16 military aged males have gone in.

BIGGLES

They serve more customers than McDonalds.

MARC LEE

A van pulled up at 1900 and ushered an Iraqi cleric inside. And check this--

ON DIGI-CAMERA, ZOOMS ON PHOTO of The Butcher entering--

CHRIS

And we're sure he's still inside?

BIGGLES

(a weird high; mocking Marc)  
Unless he snuck out under some fundos robe.

MARC LEE

There could be another way out--

BIGGLES

He could have an invisible fuckin cape--

CHRIS SLAMS BIGGLES in the chest. Biggles stumbles backward, gasping. DAUBER and "D" jump in: "Easy".

CHRIS KYLE

You better get right, real fuckin quick--

"D"

Back off, Chris!

BIGGLES

(held back)  
What the fuck is wrong with you! Y'think you're different than us now? That it?

CHRIS

I outrank you, so yeah, I am--

BIGGLE

You're not shit. You just got a fucking horse-shoe crammed up your ass.

Chris finds Marc Lee's eyes; quite understanding there.

CHRIS

Hash out tactics. We go at zero-dark.

He's slipping away when FATHER SPEAKS, TERP TRANSLATES:

TERP

He invites you to join him for Eid al-Adha supper. He says *-on this day everyone has a seat at my table-*.

CHRIS

Tell him that's real generous. I think we could all use a hot meal.

Chris nods gratitude and slips down the dark hallway.

#### **DINING ROOM - LATER**

A braised head of a lamb eaten clean. The boys are chowing down, in good spirits, and Chris watches--

THE FATHER teaches his SON to read; the boy lights up at his dad's approval. Chris can't take his eyes off them. He's moved by their connection and suddenly aware of what this war is costing him. Regret sets in. He's jealous--

That's when he sees (**ECU**)-- "SHOOTERS STRAWBERRIES" on father's elbows. They're red and calloused, just like his own. Chris darkens, stands and slips down the hall--

#### **BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATE**

CHRIS searches the closet, ripping through clothes, pressing on wall panels. He is crossing to the bed when-- THE FLOORBOARDS CREAK beneath the rug underfoot.

He stands there, shifting his weight, floor creaking.

#### **DINING ROOM/HALLWAY**

BIGGLES is shoveling more food in when hand stops him. Chris signals, *no more*. THE FATHER'S eyes flick up as--

CHRIS RIPS THE FATHER out of his chair, dragging him down the hall. WIFE and KIDS screaming. "D" holds them off--

Chris dumps the father at a STASH HOLE in the floor. Inside, a cache of AKs, RPGs and IED components.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Tell him he's gonna be shipped off for detention and the Iraqi courts can decide what to do with him-- or he can help us get inside that restaurant down there.

The Father reacts, pale with defiance.

**EXT. FAHIM HALAL - NIGHT**

THE FATHER shuffles up the dusty street toward us--

"D" (VO)  
Approaching the door...

**IN ADJACENT ALLEY**

CHRIS, MARC LEE and "D" wait.

"D" (CONT'D)  
10 meters...

**BACK ALLEY**

TONY, BIGGLES and ASIAN...

"D" (VO) (CONT'D)  
5 meters...

**SNIPERS NEST**

DAUBER watches with cross-hairs.

"D" (VO) (CONT'D)  
He's knocking...

**AT THE DOOR**

A sliding grate opens and--

"D" (VO) (CONT'D)  
They're vetting him.

**GUARD'S POV**

FATHER attempts to alert the Guard, nodding to the TWO MEN in robes at the oil drum. Guard doesn't see it--

"D" (CONT'D)  
Hold. Hold--

**CHRIS POV (N/V)**

As the door opens, the GUARD comes into view--

"D" (OS) (CONT'D)  
Now.

Chris fires and the GUARD'S HEAD explodes. FATHER dives for Guard's weapon, FIRING BACK at Chris when--

GUNFIRE FROM INSIDE shreds him. He folds forward, dead.

TWO MEN in robes (ASIAN & SQUIRREL) rush the door tossing grenades, pulling the father out as the GRENADES EXPLODE.

CHRIS, MARC LEE and "D" push inside--

#### **INT. FAHIM HALAL**

A smoky banquet hall. GUNFIRE lights from far wall. A man we recognize as THE BUTCHER is ushered through a doorway.

CHRIS  
(keys mike)  
We have eyes on the target. Flushing them out the back--

#### **IN THE ALLEY**

TONY and BIGGLES are posted in the alley, waiting.

BIGGLES  
(keys mike)  
Negative. Nothing yet.

#### **BANQUET HALL**

CHRIS and COMPANY push through the doorway the Butcher passed through, but it's not an exit. It is--

#### **KITCHEN**

An IRAQI MAN is hung up by a chain, the majority of his skin carved off, still alive. A walk-in freezer ahead.

CHRIS  
(to "D")  
Help him--

MARC LEE (OC)  
Down here.

Stairs lead down into darkness. Chris follows him into--

#### **AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL**

A naked bulb illuminates a tunnel stretching to darkness.

CHRIS  
 (realizes; keys mike)  
 They're coming back up! Watch your six--

THE TUNNEL DETONATES. Dirt and debris explode at them.

**BACK ALLEY**

BIGGLES and TONY are posted up. The RADIO STATIC--

BIGGLES  
 --I can't hear you. Say again. Chris--

**BEHIND THEM**

TEN INSURGENTS pour out of another building, circling back toward Biggles and Tony.

**KITCHEN**

CHRIS and MARC LEE bowl in, panicked, covered in dirt.

CHRIS KYLE  
 Move.

"D" turns from a WALK-IN FREEZER full of bloody parts.

"D"  
 Big freezers.  
 (sickened, following)  
 Fuck--

**SNIPER NEST**

DAUBER SEES INSURGENTS approaching Biggles--

DAUBER  
 Contact! Watch your six--

He starts downing them but more seep out downrange.

**BACK ALLEY**

BIGGLES and TONY are being overwhelmed when CHRIS, MARC LEE and "D" steps out, laying down fire.

CHRIS  
 Pull back! Loading--

BIGGLES  
 (up, gunning)  
 Got you.

AN RPG screams down the alley. It whistles between them and EXPLODES INTO SNIPER NEST. As dust clouds the night--

**THE BUTCHER**

Slips through smoke, shooting his way to a getaway truck.

CHRIS

Contact. Eyes on The Butcher. 12 o'clock.

MORE INSURGENTS, push up the alley, covering him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(keys mike)

Dauber? You got visual? Confirm.

**SNIPER NEST**

Dauber struggles from under debris.

DAUBER

Negative. No shot--

**CHRIS**

Starts advancing along the wall. He DOWNS THREE INSURGENTS as The Butcher jumps into a truck.

CHRIS

He's on the move. Crossing!

"D"

Check. Get some.

Chris dodges across fire-fight alley, running into the next street (parallel with truck) hoping for a shot--

**NEXT INTERSECTION**

As Chris arrives, the GETAWAY TRUCK roars past a block to the north. Chris continues at a dead-sprint but--

At next intersection, he's lost more ground and comes up lame, grabbing his knees, sucking wind. His GALLIC CROSS TATTOO visible on his forearm as he recovers.

**IN WINDOW ABOVE**

A YOUNG SHADOW balances a gun on the window-sill, aiming down at Chris. He pulls trigger-- "click". It's jammed.

CHRIS looks up, shocked. He backs away. YOUNG SHADOW picks up an old Nokia Cellular, dialing--

**INT. MUSTAFA'S ROOM, UNKNOWN BUILDING**

Incense wafts over a dozen components of a DRAGUNOV SNIPER RIFLE, oiled and laid across a prayer rug. A CELL BUZZES and is answered. A few short words, then--

HANDS ENTER FRAME, assembling the rifle. The metallic snap-and-slide escalating, PAN TO the wall--

A GALLIC CROSS is depicted beside a sniper rifle on a faded CHRIS KYLE BOUNTY POSTER hung there.

BACK TO:

TIRE FIRES plume tendrils of black smoke. We are--

**EXT. FAHIM HALAL - NIGHT**

A four way intersection, neighbors pouring into streets. An angry crowd hoists the FATHER'S BODY in the air as a MESSIANIC TRIBAL LEADER riles them with chants. THE SON stands up-front, small hands fisted, glaring at CHRIS.

CHRIS

(can't take eyes off son)  
I offered his father detention. I gave him a choice--

CPT. MARTIN

He picked the wrong side. That's all there is to it.

THE CROWD growing in tension and number.

PFC ALVAREZ

Sir, we have armed insurgents moving this way. We need to make tracks.

CPT. MARTIN

(hops in Bradley; to Chris)  
Helluva an effort here. You keep after this bastard. We'll get him.

They roar off. Chris pulls Terp over to the TRIBAL LEADER whose SHOCKING GREEN EYES reflect firelight.

CHRIS KYLE

Tell him this boy's father was fighting for the people that butchered his clerics we found in the freezer in there.

**DISTANT ALLEY**

A flutter of robes. A rusty gate pushed open by an OLD MAN. Mustafa slips past, brushing the man's shoulder in thanks. Breath in cadence with step, his head turns up--

Smoke plumes into night, their signal leading him ahead.

**CHRIS/TRIBAL LEADER**

Terp translates, Tribal Leader responds violently--

TERP

*- This is our territory. If you want to set foot here, you ask me. If you want to locate someone, I can locate them-*

BIGGLES (OC)

(atop Humvee, on the .60)

Let's go, Chris. Shit's getting hairy--

CHRIS KYLE

(to Tribal Leader)

If I ask for your help you're the one they carve up next. I've seen it happen.

A crowd of 300 chanting, as Terp translates.

**ALLEY**

TWO MEN stand by a 12 foot wall. A dark shape sprints toward them. One man kneels, the other braces him. The reflective *swoosh* catches light as--

Mustafa runs up the man's back, leaping onto the wall.

**CHRIS/TRIBAL LEADER**

Tribal Leader rages, crowd at his back, eyes on fire--

TERP

*-I am the seventh son of Isaac of Abraham. This is the land of my father, and I am not afraid.-* He says your evil is greater than those you fight. He calls you the devil of Ramadi.

Chris' venomous expression makes it appear true. The glow of a Nike *swoosh* is seen crossing a nearby rooftop.

**NEARBY ROOFTOP**

Nikes cross gravel. Mustafa kneels. Unfolds his bi-pod.

**CHRIS/TRIBAL LEADER**

CHRIS KYLE

Tell him he can deliver the Butcher to me, or the devil comes back.

**MUSTAFA SCOPE POV**

CROSS-HAIRS TRACK past smoke blown sideways, trash gusting-- FIND CHRIS as he turns for the Humvee. Cross-hairs leading him, compensating for windage.

As he pauses his exhale-- THE FATHER'S BODY is hoisted in the air. Mustafa tries to adjust as his SHOT RINGS OUT--

**EXT. HUMVEE (PULLING AWAY)**

THE ROUND HITS the shield. BIGGLES fires at the rooftop. Bullets strafing night as the Humvee door closes and they roar off. A burning tire rolls off a rooftop and hits the street, arcing over them, spitting fire--

Biggles ducks, dancing the .60, looking for a reason. A PUNISHER SKULL gleams in the moonlight, drawn in grease on his shield. Mustafa's shot struck the Punisher in the eye. PUSH ON the LONG TEETH of the logo and--

DISSOLVE TO:

CHRIS' LONG FINGERS pressed to the glass. SFX: his breath rattles quietly over following scenes. We are--

**EXT. MATERNITY WARD, SAN DIEGO**

CHRIS stares into the nursery window where his NEWBORN DAUGHTER IS CRYING. The air feels thick around him. It seems to slow his movement and dull his reactions.

TAYA (VO)

Are we winning this war?

CHRIS (VO)

I don't know...

TWO NURSES walk past his daughter. Chris bangs on the glass, trying to get their attention.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hey, some help here-- She's crying--

He pounds the glass. The nurses don't hear but it frightens his daughter. She cries harder.

**INT. JIFFY LUBE - DAY**

**SFX:** MECHANISTIC BUZZ of power-tools as we-- PAN ACROSS GUMBALL MACHINES and TOY DISPENSERS on the wall. COLTON(3) holds a toy, pissed it's not the one he wanted.

COLTON

But I want that one--

CHRIS

(the air still thick, his words spoken from afar)  
You don't get to choose, bubba.

COLTON

But I don't like it! I want that one--

THE DRILL BUZZES in the garage again. Chris' nerves are fraying. CUSTOMERS are looking at him.

CHRIS

You get what it gives you. That's how this thing works.

Colton melts to the floor, crying.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't do this. Get up. Come on--

THROUGH THE GLASS-- THE MAN with the drill is visible. Dark hair like The Butcher, he's turning toward us--

RECEPTIONIST (OC)

Chris Kyle, your truck is ready.

CHRIS

(snaps-to; grabs Colton)  
Get off the floor. Right now--

MANS VOICE (OC)

Excuse me, sir.

A YOUNG MAN steps too close. Chris rears up, defensive.

YOUNG MAN

Are you... "Chief" Chris Kyle?

CHRIS

That's me.

YOUNG MAN

Sorry to intrude, sir, but we met in Fallujah. You saved my life.

CHRIS

Did I--?

YOUNG MAN/VETERAN

Yes, sir. I was with 1st Marines. We were trapped in a house when you showed up with the Marines. You carried me out.

Chris remembers now, but it was lifetimes ago--

CHRIS

Right. Yeah. How you holding up?

MADS/YOUNG VETERAN

Great, sir. I'm grateful to be alive. It hasn't been easy but--

He lifts his pant-leg and shows an ARTIFICIAL LEG.

MADS

It cost lots of guys more than a leg.

CHRIS

Did you lose some friends?

MADS

I'm talking about guys that lived. Lots of these guys are back but they're just not back. They can't get right in the head.

DRILL STARTS UP again. The mechanic passes the glass.

CHRIS

I-- I'm sorry to hear that.

MADS

You should come down to the VA sometime. Everyone knows who The Legend is.

Chris nods but doesn't respond. Mads kneels to Colton.

MADS (CONT'D)

I bet you missed your daddy when he was gone but can I tell you something? Your dad is a hero. You know that is...

(eyes well up)

He saved my life and he helped me get back home to my little girl.

Colton looks at his dad with uncertain awe. Chris wells with uneasy emotion. CUSTOMERS stand captive--

MADS (CONT'D)

So thank you for loaning him to us, lil' man. I wouldn't be here without him.

Mads stands and comes to attention. He salutes Chris.

MADS (CONT'D)

My family thanks you for your service.

Chris bites back emotion, returns a hard-fought salute.

### **INT. NURSERY**

A pink cocoon of a room. Taya sits in a rocker, breast-feeding their daughter, MCKENNA. She's gentle, imploring--

TAYA

I'm making memories by myself. I have no one to share them with.

CHRIS

We're going to have the rest of our lives for that.

TAYA

When does that start? Even when you're here, you're not here. I see you, and feel you-- but you're not here.

Taya pulls McKenna off her breast. Chris scoops her up.

TAYA (CONT'D)

I hate them for it. I do. You're my husband and the father of my children--  
(cries softly)  
And they're the ones that pull you back.

CHRIS

(doesn't look up from his  
daughter face)  
We can wait. They can't.

A long pause...

TAYA (OC)

If you think this war isn't changing you you're wrong.

There is gravity and haunt in her words. He looks up and--

**POV CHRIS--** Taya sits in her rocker on the side of a bombed-out road in Ramadi; destruction all around her.

TAYA (CONT'D)

You can only circle the flame so long.

SCORE BUILDS, a steely guitar over tribal drums.

**"THIRD TOUR"**

THE PUNISHER symbol spray-painted on the roof of a white Taxi speeding past a burnt rocker in the street. We are--

**INT. TAXI, RAMADI - DAY**

Passenger seat removed, an M60 swings there, suspended by rope. Chris mans it, tattoo visible, skull bandanna and sunglasses cover his grizzled face. *The Punishers--*

BIGGLES

(keys mike)

Cadillac 3-1 actual, we are tailing the Butchers courier, currently on Maryland Street, headed into the catacombs. Over.

BIGGLES DRIVES, trailing a BROWN VAN. The city goes from light to shadow as they enter an built-up section called--

**THE CATACOMBS**

BIGGLES (CONT'D)

I bought the ring.

CHRIS

Here?

BIGGLES

They're cheaper here.

CHRIS

You want some savage's ring? What if it's a blood diamond?

BIGGLES

What the fuck do you care? You spilled more blood than anyone!

CHRIS

Not for a rock.

BIGGLES

Whatever, man.

CHRIS

Ease off, don't get too close.  
 (the van turns ahead)  
 You gonna tell her where it came from?

BIGGLES

Hell no! I'll tell her I got from Zales.

They're on a long leash; cocky and invincible.

**TWO BLOCKS BACK - HUMVEE FOLLOWS**

MARC LEE drives. "D" rides shotgun. DAUBER in back.  
 Uniforms bastardized; Slayer blasting in broad daylight.

BIGGLES (OS) (CONT'D)

Still with us cookie?

"D"

(into radio, checking GPS)  
 Wet and ready, Big Giggles.

MARC LEE

20 years from now, we'll have a reunion  
 and you'll be married to a dude.

"D"

As long as you cook and clean.

DAUBER sits in back, shaking his head--

**UNDERCOVER TAXI**

STREET SPOTTERS reach for their cell phones. Chris glares  
 at them, ominous in skull mask, flipping the bird.

CHRIS

The Butcher has his peepers out--

BIGGLES

This motherfucker is Keyser Söze. Next  
 time you got a shot try not to miss.

CHRIS

Miss? I coulda taken him in that alley if  
 I didn't have to save your ass--

BIGGLES

Whatever helps you sleep at night, man.  
 (accelerates)  
 This fucker is driving us in circles.

**ON A ROOFTOP**

A BAREFOOT TEENAGER races across gravel, aims a RIFLE down at the taxi with The Punisher symbol--

**UNDERCOVER TAXI**

A ROUND pierces the roof and goes through the floorboard--

BIGGLES (CONT'D)

You think the skull gave us away?

CHRIS

Naw.

BIGGLES

Twelve-o'clock--

SIX INSURGENTS pop up on a rooftop, firing. Chris leans into the .60 spitting lead in pneumatic bursts.

**INT. MUSTAFA'S APARTMENT - SAME**

A dry hand spins a SNIPER ROUND on a tabletop. It wobbles to a stop facing the man who set it in motion--

MUSTAFA, head-on. A messy beard and thousand-yard stare. Haunted but unrelenting, he spins the round again.

An IRAQI WOMAN appears, shushing an infant. She looks to Mustafa but he doesn't look up. A phone vibrates. He grabs a duffle and steps out. By the door, A PHOTO OF MUSTAFA on a medal stand at the Atlanta Olympics.

**INT. UNDERCOVER CAR**

Biggles speeds after the van, taking fire from above.

CHRIS

Get me a shot, grandma.

BIGGLES

It's not me. It's a Camry--

He stomps the accelerator, whips around a corner--

**A SHORT STRAIGHTAWAY**

CHRIS BLASTS 200 ROUNDS (M60) into the van; just pulverizes the thing and watches it hiss to a stop.

BIGGLES (CONT'D)

That should do it.

COURIER bounds out of the van, diving into a building.

CHRIS

What the fuck!? How'd he survive--

BIGGLES

Rubber junk-man's got your horseshoe.

They roll out in pursuit--

**EXT. DISTANT ROOFTOPS**

MUSTAFA crosses rooftop-to-rooftop with fluency.

**INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT COMPLEX**

BLOOD DROPLETS lead to a door. Biggles kicks-in.

**INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Biggles and Chris dance around each other like smoke.

BIGGLES

Clear.

An open window. Stairs climb the wall outside.

CHRIS

(keys mike)

We're headed to the roof. Secure the van.

**THE VAN**

DAUBER and "D" cover MARC LEE and TONY as they open the back of the van. Inside, flats of RED CLAY TILES.

"D"

The Butcher is building a 7-11?

Marc rips off the top layer, finds: 200,000 ROUNDS AMMO.

MARC LEE

No ammo, no jihad.

**ROOFTOP**

Drying sheets billow on crisscrossing wires. Chris tracks blood-drops to the ledge. The next roof 15 feet off.

BIGGLES

How the hell'd he make that?

CHRIS

He didn't--

Two stories below, COURIER lays face down in his mess.

BIGGLES

So much for leading us to the Butcher.

CHRIS

So much for him having my horseshoe.

Chris pulls his mask down. He has a beard and the sturm und drang of war are writ loud on his face.

#### **DISTANT BALUSTRADE**

MUSTAFA lays prone, mumbles a prayer and takes two deep breaths before putting his eye to the scope.

#### **MUSTAFA SCOPE POV**

CROSS-HAIRS TACK to fluttering sheets, the wind revealed in their billow. TWO FIGURES are cloaked there, indistinguishable heads peaking over laundry lines.

He aims left-and-above the head closest to him.

#### **ON THE ROOF**

Chris and Biggles stand among the billowing sheets.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

She'll take it to Zales and try to find out how much your spent.

BIGGLES

She's not like that.

CHRIS

They're all like that.

BIGGLES

(laughs)

It's giant, bro. Four karats. It probably belonged to one of Saddam's bitches--

Chris is laughing when he sees a FLASH OF GLASS in the distance. Before he can utter a warning--

#### **A GUNSHOT SOUNDS**

The bullet flays the muzzle of Biggles M4. Shrapnel enters his face. Biggles goes down in a red mist--

CHRIS

No!--

The right side of his face is a pulpy cavity. His eye socket obliterated. He appears mortally wounded.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(dives on him, keys mike)

Biggles is down! Man down. Fuck--

(pulls Biggles close,  
chiseled with grief)

No, buddy. No! Stay with me--

He drags him one way, then another. He can't see past the blood-sparkled sheets. A SHOT pocks the roof at his feet.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(keys mike)

Cover! I need cover. He's picking us off--

ANOTHER SHOT inches from his head. They are being hunted.

BIGGLES

(gargled)

I'm got it. I got it-- I can walk--

Biggles pulls himself up, tilting his head forward to not choke on his own blood. With heroic effort, he stumbles to the stairs. Chris, stunned he's alive, ducks an arm--

**EXT. STREET**

TWO MARINE UNITS provide cover as the Humvee speeds off.

**INT. HUMMER**

MARC LEE drives. DAUBER applies gauze to hold Biggles face on. CHRIS kneels there, holding his hand.

BIGGLES

(gargling blood)

--I'm sorry--

CHRIS

You got nothing to be sorry for. I shouldn't have had us up there--

BIGGLES

Am I gonna die?

Chris looks to Dauber--

DAUBER

We'll rub a little dirt in it, get you a sip of water, you'll be fine.

Dauber shakes his head, *he's not going to make it.*

BIGGLES

--it was always gonna be me--

CHRIS

Coulda been any of us. Just hang on--

BIGGLES

Not you. Not the Legend. You lucky fuck--

His body goes into shock. Chris comes unwound.

CHRIS

Don't die, Ryan. You hold on--

**INT. MEDICAL TENT**

LOW ANGLE- plywood floor littered with needles, blood and latex gloves. A cart is rushed past. MEDICAL PERSONNEL shouting, "we're losing him". The picture pulses, blurs--

**EXT. MEDICAL TENT**

THE PUNISHERS stand around the Humvee, still as a photo.

"D"

Did you see where it came from?

CHRIS

He was 1000 meters out. There's only one enemy sniper makes that shot.

A jeep pulls up. COLONEL JONES and CPT. MARTIN step out.

COL. JONES

Will he make it?

Chris turns away, choked up.

DAUBER

Doesn't look good, sir.

"D"

(kicks the Humvee)

Fuck!

The sun still high in the sky.

COL. JONES

A Shi'a cab driver we deal with is saying there's a stronghold seven doors down.

CPT. MARTIN

Marine units that covered your exfil are still engaged there.

COL. JONES

I understand if you want to stand-down and regroup. It's up to you.

A biblical wind blows.

MARC LEE

*Lex talionis...*

(looks up)

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth.

It's out of character, but they all agree.

CHRIS

We're going back.

**EXT. STREET, RAMADI**

METALLICA, "Master of Puppets" blasts as-- an M1A2 ABRAMS TANK speeds 45 mph down a street, bad as fuck. TWO BRADLEY TRANSPORT vehicles follow.

A CAR pulls into the road ahead. INSURGENT PASSENGER leans out, FIRING AN RPG. It explodes across the tank but does no damage. Tank still coming, Insurgents pull away--

In pursuit, the tank catches them. Treads climb the back of the car, crushingly overtaking it. INSURGENTS are trying to get out, screaming, as steel folds around them. Blood splats as the 2-ton trash compactor flattens them.

The ABRAMS vaults off the other side of leveled vehicle--

**INT. BRADLEY TRANSPORT VEHICLE**

THE PUNISHERS. Ears pinned back. Metal blasting. Amp'd to kill. FIND CHRIS consumed by mind-melting rage; he pulls the BIBLE and AMERICAN FLAG out and sets them aside.

MARC LEE

Two clicks out. Lock and load.

He glances at Chris, feeding off him. They all are.

CHRIS

For Biggles.

**IN THE STREET**

The tank skids to a stop. The turret spins to a castle-like structure and *BA-BOOM!*

THE PUNISHERS pour out of their Bradleys, rolling in both directions, arcing toward the point of entry--

**THE COURTYARD**

Punishers pour in. FOUR INSURGENTS lay dead, dispatched by the tank. Zero resistance.

MARC LEE

Courtyard is clear. Moving.

CHRIS

Some stronghold. Move.

DAUBER and TONY follow them up a crumbled staircase--

**LONG HALLWAY**

Ominously still. Sunlight spills through grated windows facing the street. Chris and Marc move to the first door--

**FIRST ROOM**

A sleeping mat. A TV plays an Al Jazeera game show. Marc pushes toward the bathroom, coming around the corner---

**BATHROOM**

The faucet runs on a straight-razor.

MARC LEE

Clear.

**FIRST ROOM**

MARC steps back in, golden dust motes float around him.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)

Somebody left in a hurry.

CHRIS

(keys mike)

You sure we got the right address--

CANON-FIRE HITS the outer-hallway from across the street. *Brrrrrb-Brrrrb!!* Rounds banging with seismic force.

DAUBER (OS)  
(from hallway)

Fuck--

TIME SLOWS as Chris bounds toward the door. Marc Lee gets there first, steps through it, into--

**LONG HALLWAY**

GUNFIRE RAINS through grated windows. The hall is coming apart in dusty chunks of plaster.

DAUBER and TONY are pinned between windows. MARC LEE steps to the nearest window to lay suppressive fire.

MARC LEE

Contact--

GUNFIRE STRAFES IN AT AN ANGLE, HITTING MARC LEE IN HIS OPEN MOUTH. HE'S BLOWN BACKWARDS, HITTING THE WALL AND--

MARC LEE is down. Blood pooling. A forever stare.

CHRIS

Marc--

CHRIS is staggered but his training takes over and he steps into the same window, BLASTING FIRE.

DAUBER is trying to intubate Marc but the back of his head is gone. He was dead before he hit the wall.

THE ABRAMS TURRET SPINS. THE CANON BOOMS. THE EARTH TREMBLES AS THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET IS FLATTENED--

TRANSITION TO:

The trembling is the turbulence. We are--

**INT. C-17 GLOBEMASTER (IN FLIGHT) - NIGHT**

In dim red-glow, FIND BIGGLES in a tented gurney, stable but critical; his head caved in. CHRIS stares ahead--

MARC LEE'S MOM (VO)

"Glory is something some men chase and others find themselves stumbling upon."

REVERSE TO MARC LEE'S CASKET draped in stars and stripes.

**EXT. FORT ROSECRANS NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY**

A pasture of tombstones overlook the Pacific. CHRIS, with a chest-full of medals, stands with TAYA, COLTON(4) and MCKENNA(2). TAYA watches MARC'S WIFE weep as--

MARC LEE'S MOM reads his LAST LETTER HOME:

MARC'S LEE MOM

"My question is when does glory fade away  
and become a wrongful crusade?"

CHRIS HEARS MARC'S VOICE:

MARC LEE (VO)

"When does it become an unjustified means  
by which one is completely consumed."

COLTON reaches for his father's hand. Chris starts, looks at Colton, then Taya. He's caught with his guard down--

It appears like he may let them in... but he quickly returns his gaze to the flagged casket.

**CLOSE ON CASKET**

NAVY SEALS bang their Tridents into the coffin. A hollow thump, like fists trying to revive a heart.

**INT. TAYA'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER**

San Diego traffic. THE KIDS chatter in back. CHRIS drives, in a fugue-state when he spots--

A BROWN VAN, four cars back, same as the one in Ramadi.

TAYA

Debbie said he wrote that letter two  
weeks ago. Did he say any of that to you?

VAN ROARS up the turning lane. It's pulling alongside them. Chris grips the wheel, ready-- the van roars past

TAYA (CONT'D)

Chris, I want to know what you thought of  
his letter...

CHRIS

(slow, absent)

An AQI informant called in a tip. Biggles  
had just been shot. We were operating off  
emotion and-- we walked into an ambush.

The kids have quieted. The air sucked from the car.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But that's not what killed him. That  
letter did. That letter killed Marc Lee.  
(looks to her)  
He let go and he paid the price for it.

Taya turns away. They drive in silence.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

TV lights the dark room. NEWS GRAPHIC: "Americans killed  
in Iraq: 3932". CHRIS and TAYA talk to the ceiling.

CHRIS

If something ever happened to me-- you'd  
meet someone else. You'd be alright.

His detachment is unearthly.

TAYA

Do you want to die? Is that what it is?

CHRIS

No.

TAYA

(cheeks shine with tears)  
Then tell me why do you do it. I want to  
understand.

CHRIS

I do it for you. To protect you.

TAYA

No you don't. I'm here. Your family is  
here. Your children have no father--

CHRIS

Without this, there's nothing.

TAYA

What does that mean! No. That's bullshit--  
(violent)  
You did your part! We've sacrificed  
enough. We did. Let somebody else go.

CHRIS

I couldn't live with myself.

TAYA  
 (pleading)  
 You find a way. You have to. I need you  
 to be human again. I need you here.  
 (he doesn't respond, calms)  
 If you go back I'm going to leave you.

It startles him. He seems suddenly alert to her suffering  
 and reaches for her, holding her to his chest.

CHRIS  
 I know.

Her eyes sink into a well of ruin.

**INT. VETERAN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SAN DIEGO - DAY**

A DUST MOTH flutters around the wall sconce. Wilted  
 flowers and "get-well" cards cover the windowsill.

CHRIS  
 (enters)  
 Hey, buddy--

BIGGLES lays in bed. Half his head caved-in and badly  
 marred, one eyelid open on a milky-white eyeball.

BIGGLES  
 Chris? Where are you?

CHRIS  
 I'm right here just give me a minute--  
 (hobbles around the bed)  
 Just blind as a bat, huh?

BIGGLES  
 Yeah... It fucking blows. They're gonna  
 fix my face though.

CHRIS  
 That's good. Your face always needed some  
 fixing.

Chris sounds upbeat but his eyes betrays him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 I heard you proposed? Did you tell Kelly  
 the diamond was from Zales?

BIGGLES  
 Naw, I bought a new one. A small one. Her  
 dad helped me out.

CHRIS

Nice.

BIGGLES

She wouldn't leave me, bro. I told her to go-- but she wouldn't leave.

(voice cracking)

She's getting a raw fucking deal.

CHRIS

No she's not. How can you say that? She's getting you.

(eyes welling up)

All four inches.

Biggles laughs and tears roll from his vacant eye.

BIGGLES

I'm glad this happened to me and not you. No way you could've handled it.

CHRIS

I'm glad you can't see. This place is a shithole. I'm coming back here for some titanium knees but now I'm worried--

BIGGLES

(in disbelief)

You're going back?

CHRIS

Bad guys fled up into to Sadr City. We're gonna wall them in and hunt them down.

BIGGLES

You don't have to do this.

CHRIS

Yes I do. They're going to pay for what they did to you.

His mind made up. Biggles is stunned but understands.

BIGGLES

Hooyah, brother.

**EXT. HALLWAY, VETERANS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER**

CHRIS passes room after room of wounded soldiers. His eyes are fixed ahead, refusing to look--

**INT. CHRIS' HOUSE, SAN DIEGO - DUSK**

CHRIS kneels in front of his son, COLTON. His words are packed with an emotion like he'll never see him again.

CHRIS

There are only three types of people in this world; sheep, wolves and sheepdogs. Some people don't believe evil exists and if showed up at their door they wouldn't know how to defend themselves. Those people are the sheep. Then you have predators who use violence to prey on the weak. They're wolves. The last type are a rare breed, bred to fight, and cursed by a need to protect the flock. That's the sheepdog. That's who we are.

(almost as if he's trying  
convincing himself)

Look me in the eye, son. Always look a man in the eye.

TAYA (OC)

That's enough, Chris--

TAYA stands at the door. The CAR PACKED outside.

CHRIS

You understand what I'm telling you?

COLTON

Can I get a dog when we get back from Grandpas house?

His innocence wounds Chris. He pulls the boy close.

TAYA

Let's go Colton.

Colton places A TOY SOLDIER in his hand and runs out.

TAYA (CONT'D)

God, country, family; isn't that what you guys say? Let me know when that order changes.

Door closes behind her. Chris looks down at the METALLIC TOY SOLDIER, the one he had on his dresser as a child.

**INT. SURGICAL THEATRE - DAY**

A SPOTLIGHT SHINES on Chris' knees, cut open vertically, muscles peeled back and clamped. The SURGEON tests the drill. That buzzing. CLOSE ON CHRIS, his eyelids flutter.

INTER-CUT WITH:

**NEWS FOOTAGE (TV)**

A bombing raid north of Baghdad has leveled a structure.

NEWS ANCHOR (OS)

*U.S. war planes dropped two 500-pound bombs on a house where al-Zarqawi was meeting with insurgent leadership.*

**SURGICAL THEATRE**

SURGEON drills titanium caps in place. Machines beeping, NURSES hurry about as Chris' blood pressure spikes. ON CHRIS, eyes tracking back-and-forth beneath his eyelids.

**NEWS FOOTAGE (TV)**

A PHOTO OF ZARQAWI, pale, bearded and dead.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

*Zarqawi's killing is a triumph for coalition forces but analysts warn that his death may not stem the tide of insurgency any more than Hussein's did--*

The TV ILLUMINATES CHRIS sprawled on the bed. We are--

**INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Both knees sewn shut, prescription bottle in one hand, .45 in the other. Suddenly, the HOUSE ALARM goes off.

Chris bolts upright, throttled by pain.

ALARM

Intruder in the hall. Intruder in the hall--

EXPLOSIONS BOOM on the news. Chris staggers out of bed, missing the news, leaning on the wall, gun leveled--

**CHRIS POV**

The hall swimming. Shadows shifting. INTRUDER slips into--

ALARM (CONT'D)

Intruder in the kitchen. Intruder in the kitchen--

**KITCHEN**

Chris bowls in, knocking dishes off counters, reacting--

ALARM (CONT'D)

Intruder in the living room. Intruder--

SHADOWS DART through the living room. Chris pursues, adrenaline pumping now, cornering into--

**HALLWAY**

Gaining control, pushing pain out, hunting--

ALARM (CONT'D)

Intruder in the hall. Intruder--

He's outside the bedroom, breathing it down, ready--

**COLTON'S BEDROOM**

Chris hits the lights as he corners in. Gun tracking to his boy's bed. Finger on trigger. No one there.

ALARM (CONT'D)

--Intruder in the bedroom. Intruder in the bedroom--

He sinks to the floor, rocking back and forth, face twisted in agony. *He's the intruder.*

**EXT. SOLANA BEACH**

A ghostly fog. Chris emerges from it, jogging with a pained, lumbering gait-- pushing himself.

**INT. BEDROOM, CHRIS' HOUSE**

A duffle. Little Blue Bible and American Flag on top. He considers them a beat, then opens the Bible at random--

**JOSHUA 6:21** - *"And the Lord commanded him to destroy all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old and ox and sheep and donkey with the blade of his sword."*

His eyes darken with purpose. God has spoken.

**INT. C-17 GLOBEMASTER - DAY**

75 Marines packed in. CHRIS hobbles up the isle like Achilles. His import draws the attention of soldiers he passes. He settles into a seat. Across from him--

MARINE LT.

The Legend, right? I heard you killed 101 men your last tour. The hajis call you The Devil of Ramadi.

Chris removes his wedding band, hangs it from his necklace.

A DARKENED MARINE in a nearby jump-seat looks on, in awe.

MARINE LT. (CONT'D)

So how many kills you got now?

CHRIS KYLE

You have to ask the Navy. I lost count.

His reserve silences the Lieutenant. ENGINES ROAR as--

**"FOURTH TOUR"****EXT. STREET, SADDR CITY - NIGHT**

Fires glow in bombed-out buildings like Jack-o'-lanterns. An emaciated DOG stands by a flooded bomb-hole, barking at the darkness. The water in front of him ripples with vibration. Soon every dog in Sadr City is barking.

**FOURTH FLOOR APARTMENT**

In shadow-- CHRIS KYLE, on the gun, face painted black; he's beyond wrath and beyond reason. He is the shadow.

CHRIS KYLE

(keys mike)

Stryker 1-2 actual, In position. Bring in the wall. Over.

**IN THE STREET**

Tanks rumble from the darkness, leading 18-wheelers transporting 12-foot CONCRETE T-BLOCKS that will be used to build a wall through Sadr City. But--

Without warning, ENEMY TRACERS ARC across the sky, and the entire city erupts in a firefight.

**CHRIS SCOPE POV (N/V)**

In ghostly green-- INSURGENTS MOVE across the city canvas. Chris drops body after body. Pause, pull, reload. At 400 yards, they're fingernail-sized in his scope.

A MORTAR-SHELL EXPLODES across an 18-wheeler. The DRIVER leaps from his rig on fire. He gets peppered with bullets, falls in a flooded-crater and continues to burn.

CROSS-HAIRS land on a NEARBY INSURGENT. His faces fills the scope. He's right across the fucking street. Dark eye-sockets staring at us. LIGHT FLARES as he fires an RPG--

### **SNIPER NEST**

THE SHATTERING BLAST of an RPG explodes across the space. The room staged in fire. Chris scrambles to his feet--

**THWWWAP!-THWWWAP!**

A ROUND clips his helmet. A SECOND ROUND chunks into his back-plate. He goes down.

TO BLACK:

THE BLACK IS A BRUISE the size of a cantaloupe. We are--

### **INT. MEDICS TENT**

The YOUNG MEDIC inspects the bruise on Chris' back.

YOUNG MEDIC

I don't know what to say other than you got real lucky.

"D" (OC)

He ain't lucky, he's The Legend.

CHRIS KYLE

What up, "D"?

"D"

Fuck man, just another day in paradise.

Relieved to see someone he knows, Chris up and walks out.

### **EXT. FOB - DAY**

CHRIS and "D" walk past a boneyard of charred vehicles. This base feels like a remote outpost.

"D"

We been shot off position three nights in a row. Fallujah was bad, Ramadi was worse but this shit is fuckin biblical.

CHRIS

Any other Punishers here?

"D"

Squirrel cycled out. Dauber was set to come back but his wife knocked him up. And if I bring home any more rugs, my old lady is gonna murder my ass.

CHRIS

(laughs, nostalgic)

You and your fucking rugs.

"D"

(a beat)

That Biggles news hit hard.

CHRIS

I know. I visited him before I left. That fucker can't see shit.

"D"

(stops walking)

Bro... Biggles is gone. He was in surgery yesterday and-- he died on the table.

Chris stares at him, ruined, waiting for him to take it back. SFX: A PHONE RINGS thousands of miles away as--

#### **CHRIS SCOPE POV**

CROSS-HAIRS track along Jamila street, past cranes assembling the T-wall that will stretch across the city.

The phone stops ringing, VOICEMAIL picks up.

TAYA VOICEMAIL (VO)

-This is Taya, I can't get to the phone so please leave a message.

A car pulls into an intersection, ominous in inactivity. Dust blows sideways off its halted tires.

CHRIS MESSAGE (VO)

Hey, it's me. Just calling to hear your voice. I'm missing you guys. I been thinking about what you said. The order of things--

The car disappears down a side-street. CROSS-HAIRS linger at that spot, knowing the routine.

CHRIS MESSAGE (VO)(CONT'D)

Tell the kids I love them--

AN INSURGENT darts out, flips the sight-finder on an RPG. Mirage boils off the street, same as dust, 45 degrees.

CHRIS MESSAGE (CONT'D)

I love you too.

CROSS-HAIRS compensate left for windage. A SHOT RINGS OUT. Red mist. CROSS-HAIRS scan the sector, *they won't leave an RPG*. Finally, ANOTHER FIGURE runs out--

#### **A YOUNG KID**

No older than Colton. He grabs the RPG, shoulders it. CROSS-HAIRS zero on him, center-mass. SFX: Chris' heartbeat bangs like a 800lb hammer. *Not again*.

CHRIS (OC)

Don't do it--

OUR CROSS-HAIRS tremor as Chris' hands start to shake.

CHRIS (OC) (CONT'D)

--please God--

Young Kid stands, takes aims and-- he suddenly discards the RPG in the street and runs off.

#### **CHRIS**

He rolls off the gun, gasping for air, biting back tears. After years and years of war he's finally breaking down.

#### **INT. OP TENT - DAY**

Wind batters the tent. A squad of 16 SPEC OPS GUYS from different branches stand studying a map with--

LT. MARTINS

Brass believe this T-wall will end the war by trapping remaining AQI inside. But we got a sniper picking off contractors from deep behind the wall.

CHRIS (OC)

How deep?

Every man looks to the back wall where Chris stands.

LT. MARTINS  
 (knows where it leads)  
 Roughly 1000 meters.

CHRIS  
 Is it Mustafa?

RANGER ONE  
 Moo-who?

"D"  
 The sniper who shot our boy Biggles.

That's a warning. Ranger One backs off.

CPT. MARTINS  
 He can be whoever you need him to be, we  
 just need him dead.

Chris nods, eyes ablaze. Martins points to a map, south  
 of the wall is green, north of wall is red.

CPT. MARTINS (CONT'D)  
 (points to red-zone)  
 We'll shuttle you six blocks north into  
 enemy territory which will put you right  
 up under his nose when he takes his shot.

Storm winds blast the tent flap open--

DELTA SNIPER  
 In the middle of a fucking sandstorm?

CPT. MARTINS  
 Bring your goggles, Bambi. We need to  
 shut this shooter down.

**EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE**

A Stryker rumbles out, headed across the desert floor.

**INT. STRYKER**

CHRIS sits up front, checking his weapon. An OLD MERCEDES  
 speeds across the desert toward them. A train of dust  
 plumes behind it. As the vehicles pass-- (**ECU**) TWO IRAQI  
 MEN in the Mercedes hide their faces behind keffiyehs.

CHRIS  
 What was that--

Chris whips around in his seat but he can't look back.

**EXT. GUARD POST - CONTINUOUS**

MARINE GATE GUARD studies the OLD MERCEDES speeding toward him with mounting concern.

MARINE GATE GUARD  
(into walkie)  
This is east gate. I've got an unknown  
vehicle coming up fast.

Guards roll out of their posts, guns up. Mercedes skids to a sudden stop 30 meters out. Dust blooms from it.

GATE GUARD  
Get out of the car! Now--

**INSIDE MERCEDES**

TWO IRAQI MEN eye the guards. THE DRIVER mutters something to the passenger and pops the trunk--

**GUARD POST**

GUARDS, lit with urgency, react as-- BOTH MEN STEP OUT of the Mercedes, hands in air, circling toward the trunk.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)  
Step away from the car!

GATE GUARD #2  
(FIRES WARNING SHOT)  
--move for the trunk you will be shot.

**GUARDS POV**

THE TWO IRAQI MEN duck behind the trunk. After a painfully long moment, they reemerge with--

GATE GUARD (OC)  
Drop it! Right there! Drop him now--

They drop A MAN BOUND in blood-smearred plastic. GUARDS BARKING orders. THE DRIVER unwinds his scarf to reveal--

MESSIANIC TRIBAL LEADER (shock green eyes) who confronted Chris in Ramadi; the one tasked with finding The Butcher.

TRIBAL LEADER  
(in Arabic)  
Tell the devil we found his Butcher. We  
will protect ourselves now.

He waits for response. Guns stay on him. The wind howls.

**CLOSE ON BUTCHER**

Beaten to within an inch of his life. Bloody plastic suffocates his mouth as he tries to inhale.

**EXT. SADR CITY - AERIAL SHOT - MOMENTS LATER**

The Stryker speeds up a side-street into insurgent territory (north of wall). Next street over, PACKS OF INSURGENTS push south, toward the construction site.

**EXT. STREET, SIX BLOCKS NORTH OF T-WALL - DAY**

Stryker slows. Boots hit dirt, silently slipping into--

**EXT. BANANA FACTORY, SIX BLOCKS NORTH OF T-WALL - DAY**

PUSH UPSIDE a five story building. Bombed-out walls reveal conveyors and fruit lockers inside.

**ROOFTOP**

An open rooftop, RANGER ONE is concealed under a vent as INSURGENTS pass in droves in the street below.

RANGER ONE (OS)

The streets are crawling. Hold your fire.

Across the roof, "D" on a .50 BMG looking at the MILE-WIDE SANDSTORM pushing toward Baghdad.

"D"

Enter the motherfuckin sandman.

**CHRIS**

3rd floor. In a fruit locker. Breath racing. Hands trembling. Electricity coursing through him.

Gun pointed north, Chris searches nearby buildings for the sniper. PUSH BEHIND HIM, SIX-BLOCKS SOUTH to--

**T-WALL**

A CRANE lowers a T-block. MARINE ENGINEERS guide it in.

**ENEMY CROSS-HAIRS ENTER FRAME (REVERSE ANGLE)**

ENGINEERS in the street signal success and ANOTHER ENGINEER scurries up the neck of the crane to release the chain. The cross-hairs track the MOVING ENGINEER and--

BOOM! A shot echoes across the landscape and TOPPLES THE ENGINEER from the crane. He lands dead in the street.

**CHRIS**

Hears it, pulls off the gun, looking behind him.

CHRIS

No--

(keys mike)

It came from behind us. We went the wrong way. He's south of the wall.

RANGER ONE (OS)

(over mike)

Doesn't matter. Hold your fire. We got uglies right below us--

Chris repositions himself, FACING SOUTH-- he lowers his eye to glass, bleeding sweat, aiming toward Bagdad.

**CHRIS SCOPE POV (BOTH EYES VIEW)**

CROSS-HAIRS track to distant rooftops. Everything wobbles and fumes. Trash blows, fronds sway, curtains flap, mirage boils-- all gusting different directions.

Almost by accident, he lands on an IMPOSSIBLY SMALL SHAPE. Person? A bag of trash? Or nothing at all. As small as a pepper-flake inside the radius of his scope.

CHRIS (OC)

(into mike)

I got something. 1900 yards out.

RANGER ONE (OS)

You can't even see that far out. Hold your fire. You'll expose us all.

He twitches and wobbles off-target by a city block. Tracking back he spots something in the street-- A GOAT.

"D" (OS)

He's right, Legend. No fuckin bueno.

CROSS-HAIRS on goat, measuring it between mil-reticals, calculating for distance, then tracking back to target.

CHRIS (OC)

Correction. Target is 2100 yards out.

"D"

That's over a mile. Impossible shot, even if there was zero wind.

CHRIS (OC)  
 (beat)  
It's him.

**ENEMY SNIPER HIDE**

THE SNIPER is covered in a black Hefty bag disguising his presentation, and identity. Ready to kill again.

CHRIS (OS) (CONT'D)  
 (over radio)  
 Fire base thunder, this is Charlie 2  
 Bravo. We have eyes on the target.  
 Prepare immediate evac'. Over.

"D" (OS)  
 There's no way you can confirm it's him.

**ON CHRIS**

Trying to *breathe it down, please god, breathe it down--*

CHRIS (OS)  
 Doesn't matter, he has eyes on our guys.

RANGER ONE (OS)  
 Quick Reaction Force is 20 minutes out.  
 You will stand the fuck down--

"D" (OS)  
 --you wanna get us dead--

Chris scoops dust off the floor and watches with his off-eye, as it blows off his palm and plumes outward.

**SNIPER SCOPE POV**

CROSS-HAIRS track to the cluster of MARINE ENGINEERS.

**CHRIS' SCOPE POV**

CROSS-HAIRS wobble on the dark shape a mile away.

CHRIS (OC)  
 Aim small. Aim small.

We zero-in on a small fold on that black bag. SFX: A LOW FREQUENCY BUZZ escalates as concentration deepens.

**CLOSE ON SNIPER**

Face obscured, a PRAYER HISSES from his bearded mouth.

**CLOSE ON CHRIS**

Both eyes open, a PRAYER WHISPERS across his lips.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

For Biggles.

**CLOSE ON SNIPER/CLOSE ON CHRIS**

SFX: *Thump-thump...Thump-BAM!*

Chris fires first. The shot echoes across eternity. One, two, three seconds later. A red-mist paints the wind.

THE SNIPER tumbles off his platform and out of view.

CHRIS KYLE

Tango down.

The world rushing back in, he hears INSURGENTS below.

**STREET BELOW FACTORY**

INSURGENTS point up at the building, yelling, rushing in--

**ROOFTOP**

Chris bangs out onto the roof, joining the SIX MAN SQUAD.

RANGER ONE

You just fucked us, Legend--

(screams into mike)

We need Stryker and QRF units, ASAP.

CHRIS

He was on our boys and I took him out.

"D"

What about us! You took us out too.

RANGER ONE

We are fucked like a football bat!

**SIDE VIEW (FACTORY)**

INSURGENTS clear the second floor, bounding toward--

**ROOFTOP**

They survey ammo and set-up firing stations. Chris is shaken but his training is ingrained:

CHRIS

There are only two ways onto the roof. We cover both stairways and conserve ammo.

Muted nods all around. Footsteps coming. *This is it.*

"D"

Fuck it man. I can't die mad at you.  
Mission fucking accomplished. Longest  
shot in Iraq. Biggles'd be proud.

(pounds fists; to others)

And if you new guys shit your pants,  
don't stop shooting. Scoop and shoot.  
Scoop and--

GUNFIRE POPS behind them. MARINE GUNNER lights it up.

CHRIS

Conserve your--

OPPOSITE DOOR bangs open across the roof. Chris hammers  
the INSURGENT but he keeps coming, drugged up.

TWO MORE roll out behind him, on the same glue. This is  
close-quarter contact, visceral and savage.

#### **IN THE STREET**

INSURGENTS enter surrounding buildings in droves.

#### **ROOFTOP**

Wind kicking up. Ammo running out. Insurgents keep  
coming. Worst environment imaginable.

RANGER ONE

(into mike)

Negative, negative, danger-close, they're  
all over us--

"D"

Drop motherfucker! Drop!

CHRIS laces bad guys. Amending folly with brutality. They  
fall at his feet. Tracers light from the next roof.

"D" (CONT'D)

3 o'clock. Loading. Last clip.

An INSURGENT is running at Chris with a machete. He  
swings his Win-Mag. Downs him. Swings again.

RANGER ONE

(screams)

Exfil is stuck three blocks out.

MARINE GUNNER

I'm out of ammo--

INSURGENTS use rebar to cross from a nearby rooftop. Two ways on just became three. They are swarming them.

Hand-to-hand chaos. A bad way to die.

RANGER ONE

I don't wanna get dragged in the street--

"D"

Call it in. Light us up.

Chris cuts a man's throat. He's spackled with blood.

CHRIS

Do it. Call in our coordinates.

RANGER ONE

(keys mike)

This is Rio Two Bravo, requesting ordinance drop. GRID 04837959.

(gunfire)

I know my fucking position! They're right on top of us. Drop it!

RADIO GOES STATIC, he nods, *it's done.*

MARINE SNIPER

White-side!

INSURGENTS crossing the gap. Chris pulls his 45, pivots--

TRANSITION TO:

DRONE FOOTAGE of Chris on the roof of the Banana Factory. Surrounding streets are filled with bad guys. We are--

**INT. COMM-OP TENT**

Wind battling tent. COL. MARTIN stands over a NAVY DISPATCH OPERATOR, staring at the footage.

COL. MARTIN

Tell the pilot to turn it loose.

DISPATCH OPERATOR looks up, realizing what's happening.

**EXT. F-18 RAPTOR**

PILOT looks to his wing as STINGER MISSILES engage.

COL. MARTIN  
 (over the box)  
 Raptor 3-4, copy. 20 seconds out.

**ON THE ROOFTOP**

TWO DOZEN insurgents surround them on the rooftop. CHRIS waits till a guy gets right up on him and-- BAM!

"D"  
 You're up--

"D" trades the SATELLITE PHONE for his Springfield.

CHRIS  
 --you got four rounds.

In their exchange, an unspoken goodbye. Then--

Chris struggles to dial, hands shaking. IT RINGS. He squints north. RINGS AGAIN. F-18 rocketing toward us--

TAYA (OS)  
 Hello?

Chris is stunned. She answered. He's speechless.

TAYA (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

CHRIS  
 (struggles)  
 Hey, babe--

TAYA  
 Chris-- What's the noise?

Wind howls. F-18 closing.

TAYA (CONT'D)  
 I can't hear you. Baby--

CHRIS  
 (tears)  
 I'm ready to come home. I'm ready...

She starts crying. The F-18 almost upon them.

TAYA  
 What's happening--

CHRIS  
 --I love you. I'm coming home. Can you hear me? I'm coming home.

TAYA

Chris--

F-18 seconds out. Chris looks up and sees--

**THE SANDSTORM**

Has shifted. A tsunami of dirt is about to swallow them.

**F-18 RAPTOR**

THE PILOT flying into the storm. Sensors screaming. He can't hold his line. 4, 3, 2-- He pulls up early.

**ROOFTOP**

HELLFIRE MISSILES scream over the Banana factory and EXPLODE INTO the next building. Fire and dirt engulf them. The blast recedes but the sand-storm escalates.

CHRIS

Go, go, lets move--

He leads "D", RANGER ONE and FOUR OTHERS across the roof. They cling to each other to avoid being blown away. INSURGENTS stumble past, blinded by sand.

**STREET BELOW**

CHRIS and SQUAD stagger into HOWLING CHAOS, clinging to each other, trailing Chris as GUNFIRE POPS behind them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(choking, into mike)

Stryker-3, what's your location--

AN INSURGENT is blown right into them. "D" wrestles his gun away and beats him down with it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hold there! We are 30 seconds out--

(pointing ahead)

Go. Straight ahead. Go--

They run for their lives. Unable to see two feet ahead. Wind shredding their skin. Chris is struggling--

Squad passing him. Knees failing him. He can't keep up.

**INT. STRYKER**

THE GUNNER stares at REMOTE WEAPONS SCREEN when SIX FIGURES EMERGE from the dust. He's about to fire--

RANGER ONE  
BDUs-- That's them! Drop the ramp.

The ramp drops. STORM HOWLING. RANGER-ONE dives in, MARINES follow, then "D" rolls in. The rig pulls off.

"D"  
Where's Chris? He was just--

**IN THE STREET**

Chris falters forward. Insurgents pursuing. The Stryker just visible ahead-- pulling away.

**IN THE STRYKER**

M2 GUNNER can't see shit on his monitor.

"D" (CONT'D)  
--stop the rig, man! Stop--

DRIVER  
I don't see him--

**IN THE STREET**

Chris is ten-feet behind the rig, sprinting. Bullets sing past. He sheds flack-jacket and webbing, Bible and flag. Still out of reach, he drops his gun in the dirt, dives--

His outstretched hand clutches the last rung of slat-armor and-- Chris Kyle is dragged off the battlefield.

**IN THE STREET**

Sand buries the METALLIC TOY SOLDIER that followed him since childhood. Wind whips pages of the Bible and pulls at the flag until it flaps unfolded. WE'RE BLOWN AWAY with it, twisting and clapping into an otherworldly beige.

**IN THE STORM**

We catch glimpses of the city below: graffiti'd T-walls, a cracked expanse of desert floor and the lanky body of an enemy sniper splayed across a rooftop.

Wind rips the Hefty bag away and sand pocks the DEAD FACE OF MUSTAFA-- before we're swept up into the howling rage.

LONG FADE:

**EXT. TARMAC, AIR BASE, CORONADO - DAY**

CHRIS, grizzled in jeans and t-shirt, hobbles toward the area where men kiss their wives and hug their kids; heat shimmers off tarmac and gives the appearance of a mirage.

PO2 KELLY (OC)  
Chief Kyle. We're here to take you home.

Chris turns to a prim PETTY OFFICER KELLY.

**INT. SEDAN - AFTERNOON**

The rhythmic hum of wheels on road fills silence.

PO2 KELLY  
Two silver stars. Must be quite an honor.  
(no response)  
The Navy would love to keep you. I'm sure  
we can find you a nice desk job.

Chris eyes electrical wires looping along the roadside. Watching with him, WE HEAR the buzz of electricity.

**EXT. FORD DEALERSHIP - EVENING**

PETTY OFFICERS stand with A CAR DEALER watching CHRIS roar out in a big black FORD F350.

PO2 KELLY (OC)  
Guess he's not interested in a desk job.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

A grubby room. Beer cans litter the bedside. Chris sits on the bed in boxers, in a stupor, on the phone:

CHRIS  
(into phone)  
I thought I'd make it home tonight but--  
I got hung up with some stuff.

TAYA (OS)  
Chris, the kids-- we were expecting you.  
It's been nine months.

CHRIS  
(turmoil)  
I'm trying...I am...

TAYA  
I don't understand.

CHRIS  
I miss you guys so much, I just--  
In bedside drawer, his .45 lays on GIDEON'S BIBLE.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I don't know if I can do this.

TAYA (OS)  
You're scaring me, Chris. Are you drunk--  
He closes the drawer, crying now.

CHRIS  
Maybe we could move back to Texas.

TAYA  
Come home--

CHRIS  
We could start over there--

TAYA  
Just come home--

CHRIS  
I am... I am...

He nods into silence. The room darkens.

**INT. MOTEL - LATER**

Flashing neon burns through gauzy curtains. Chris is asleep when-- A BUZZING SOUND wakes him. He sits up, feet hit floor, the sound emanates from inside the wall.

He slips to the wall, investigating, running a hand along it. **(ECU)**- the drywall vibrates beneath his touch. He tilts an ear. It sounds like SOMEONE'S DRILLING into his room. The sound grows louder and louder until--

A DRILL BIT juts through the wall, piercing his hand. He tries to pull away but a second drill-bit pierces his other hand. He's strung up, arms outstretched, screaming--

The hallucination disappears. In silence, he's holding himself to the wall. He sinks to the floor, sobbing.

**EXT. BACKYARD - DAY**

TWO CHILDREN on swings, rising and falling against the rusted sun. The family dog, A PYRENEES SHEEPDOG, bounds around them. FIND TAYA AND CHRIS, on the back-steps.

TAYA

I always figured you'd be a better father than you were a soldier.

(trying)

That was the plan anyway.

Chris watches the kids, hits his beer--

CHRIS

It's like they're all grown up.

She hears him distancing himself from responsibility.

TAYA

I don't know what your head is telling you, Chris, but I know it's lying.

She puts a hand on him. His head falls. When he looks up--

**COLTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY**

Streamers and balloons against a grey sky. 6 YEAR OLDS and PARENTS mill around, but all WE HEAR--

TAYA (VO) (CONT'D)

I know how hard you fought. I know all that you gave up to protect us...

COLTON AND TWO FRIENDS chase each other around the yard.

TAYA (VO) (CONT'D)

But you're not done. It's not over--

THE SHEEPDOG jumps on the back of COLTON'S FRIEND. The boy goes down hard, gets up crying, running from the dog.

TAYA (VO) (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to fight for us.

The Sheepdog bounds after the boy and jumps on his back again. THE BOY FALLS AND HIS CRYING is all we hear--

THE BOY'S MOM runs over. His back is clawed up, bleeding--

BOY'S MOM

Get him off!--

Chris rips the dog off by its collar and drags him across the yard in a shocking display of violence.

**INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Chris holds the dog down, scolding him when-- THE DOG SNAPS at him. Chris rips his .45 from his belt and with a boot on the dog's neck he's ready to shoot--

TAYA (OC)

No! Chris. Don't--

He looks up, bent with animus.

TAYA (OC) (CONT'D)

He doesn't know! He's just a puppy.

Chris comes to, releasing the dog. He watches, confused when it hurries to Taya's side. Her protector.

FADE TO:

HEADLIGHTS swerve across the road. We are--

**INT. FORD F-350 - NIGHT**

Chris is careening down a tree-lined street. His hand loses the wheel. The truck ramps over a curb, splinters a picket-fence and CRASHES INTO--

**INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Glass and drywall rain down. The airbag throttles Chris-- WHOOMP! He tumbles out, nose bleeding, concussed. He's standing in a kitchen so he opens the fridge.

ANOTHER ANGLE - APPROACHING POV

Chris opens a beer bottle with his teeth and takes a slug. A SHOTGUN BARREL extends into frame.

HOMEOWNER (OC)

-What the fuck did you do, boy?

**INT. MINIVAN (PARKED) - NIGHT**

POLICE LIGHTS whirl across the windshield. Chris sits in the passenger seat, staring at the house he drove into-- his face pinched with emotion, he breaks down sobbing.

CHRIS  
I could've killed them...

PULL BACK to see Taya sitting behind the wheel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I could've killed them all...

She doesn't understand but she sees him shedding his skin so she reaches for him. It's her turn to protect him.

**EXT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY**

The mini-van pulls up. TAYA at the wheel. CHRIS looks up at the faded hospital. His wife touches his shoulder.

**INT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL - DAY**

Harsh light. Water-stained walls. CHRIS looks beaten, afraid and dubious of this buttoned-down NAVY DOCTOR.

NAVY DOCTOR  
My guess would be you saw things, or maybe you did some things, you wish you hadn't. Some soldiers can cope with that and some can't. We treat the--

CHRIS  
(low)  
That's not me.

NAVY DOCTOR  
What's not you?

CHRIS  
That's not who I am. When I aim...  
(breath fills his lungs)  
When I'm on you...the world falls away and my heart-rate drops through the floor. I'm more relaxed killing you than I am talking to you. And I did. I ended some evil men, and I will stand before my creator and answer for every shot I took. That's not it--  
(flushes with shame)  
It's the guys I couldn't save. Those are the faces I see. That's my regret-- that I couldn't hold on longer. That I couldn't do more.

## NAVY DOCTOR

When we go to war there are two wars we fight. The one over there, then one at home. You want to save people, walk down any hall in this hospital. We have plenty of soldiers that need saving.

(pulls prescription pad)

I'm going to recommend Zoloft and--

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

CHRIS exits the office, crumpling up the prescription and heading down the hall to--

**EXT./INT. REC ROOM**

A window looks in on TEN YOUNG VETERANS sitting around a TV. They stare blankly at it; wounded, edgy, in need.

Chris enters the room and takes a seat among them.

**INSIDE**

Chris watches TV with them, Jerry Springer.

CHRIS

Whose in charge of the remote up in here?

A large, legless Marine looks up. He has a jelly-roll face like Biggles once did. This is "WYNN".

WYNN

I am. You got a problem?

CHRIS

I got lots of problems, man. But Jerry Springer is right up there.

WYNN

Then you haven't been here long.

MORE VETS look over.

CHRIS

This all y'all do? Sit around and watch this garbage.

WYNN

Pretty much.

CHRIS

You a shooter?

WYNN

I was. How'd you know?

CHRIS

Your shoulders. They're fuckin lopsided.  
Nobody told you your shit is lopsided?

Chris mimics how one shoulder is higher than the other, poking fun. Wynn laughs and sun flares through window--

MATCH TO:

A circle of light surrounds the EYE OF WYNN. We are--

**EXT. SHOOTING RANGE, UNIDENTIFIABLE LOCALE - DAY**

CHRIS kneels before WYNN who is armed with a 300 Win-Mag. The gun rests on Chris shoulder. Wynn takes aim, FIRES--

CHRIS

How's it feel?

WYNN

Feels like The Legend is trying to fuck up my shot. Stay still, man.

**ON CHRIS**

His eyes calm, like he's finally found some peace. BAM!

WYNN (CONT'D)

Bulls-eye, boy! Damn, if that don't make me feel like I got my balls back.

Chris laughs, stands, dusting himself off. Uprange, JEFF KYLE is helping MORE GUYS from the VA.

WYNN (CONT'D)

Don't you have a family? Why are you spending all this time with us?

CHRIS

I heard you had a nice boot collection before the war and I figured since you won't be needing them...

WYNN

(laughing)

Dumbass. Seriously. Why do you do it.

Chris grows still, looking into the sun.

CHRIS

We gotta take care of our own.

**INT. POOL (UNDERWATER)**

CHRIS SWIMS through aqua blue water looking up at 20 INJURED VETERANS, many with stumps for arms and legs. They are splashing around with A DOZEN PATRIOTIC SORORITY GIRLS; their sun-kissed bodies in string bikinis.

Sunlight bounces across the surface of the water and reflects down on him. A glorious vision.

FADE TO:

A MOVING TRUCK passes a road-sign: "WELCOME TO TEXAS"

**EXT. KYLE HOME - MIDLOTHIAN, TEXAS - DAY**

A residential neighborhood. Flags wave from stoops. CHRIS and COLTON carry boxes inside. "MAX THE SHEEPDOG" bounds along with them and never leaves Chris' side.

COLTON

And you'll wake up here, then go to work, then come home again? Every night?

CHRIS

Every night, bubba. And I'm gonna teach you to hunt and fish like my dad taught me.

Taya stands in the window watching the gentle way Chris has with him; her boy has a father.

COLTON

Dad...fish are kinda gross.

CHRIS

Yeah, I never liked fishing much.

Chris looks over the gentle sloping hills, finally home.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

A bright church. Chris wears that BELT BUCKLE he won long ago. Taya sings from a hymn book. Chris stares at her.

TAYA

What're you looking at.

CHRIS  
Just imagining what you'll look like when  
we're old and grey.

TAYA  
Do I hold up alright?

CHRIS  
(whispers)  
I'd still do you.

That boyish playfulness is back. She takes his hand.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Chris and Taya make love. He worships her with his touch.

**EXT. FIELD - DAWN**

A tapestry of fading stars hang over a prairie as the  
first rays of morning paint the land golden.

A WHITE-TAIL steps out of the brush. It looks toward us--

A SHOT RINGS OUT

REVERSE TO COLTON on the gun. He leaps from a deer-blind.

COLTON  
I got it, dad.

CHRIS  
You sure did.

Chris looks proud and apprehensive in equal measure.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You have a gift, son, but this gift comes  
with a responsibility. When you pull the  
trigger, you do it for the right reason.

Colton nods with clear-eyed intent. Chris drapes an arm  
over his shoulders as SCORE BUILDS--

CHYRON: **FEBRUARY 2, 2013**

**INT. KYLE HOUSE - DAY**

The blinds are screwed open and dust motes drift across  
horizontal blades of sepia light, falling on Chris. He's  
twirls an antique six-gun around his finger and--

CHRIS

Get 'em up, lil' lady. Hands in the air.

TAYA is at the window gazing at their kids in the yard.

TAYA

Can I tell you something.

CHRIS

Tell it to the judge.

TAYA

I'm proud of you and I don't say it enough. I feel blessed. You're an incredible father and-- I feel lucky to have my husband back.

CHRIS

We could lock the doors. They can't get out of the yard.

TAYA

I know how hard you fought to get here.

CHRIS

You're worth fighting for.

She moves through the light. He kisses her, lifting her--

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I meant what I said about locking the doors.

TAYA

Aren't you guys going to the range?

CHRIS

Not for four minutes.

TAYA

Is that all it takes.

CHRIS

It'll take half that. Then I got two minutes leftover just to look at you.

The front door opens and a BURLY NEIGHBOR with a wide smile enters. This is CHAD LITTLEFIELD.

CHAD LITTLEFIELD

Six-guns and sex standing up, just another day living next to The Legend.

TAYA

Hey, Chad.

CHAD LITTLEFIELD

Whas up, girl.

CHRIS

You don't knock?

CHAD LITTLEFIELD

Would you answer if I did?

CHRIS

I'm a busy man.

CHAD LITTLEFIELD

I see that.

(opens fridge)

Who's this kid we're taking out?

CHRIS

(eyes on Taya)

A former Marine. His mom works at our school and thought he'd like it if I took him out.

CHAD LITTLEFIELD

Hell yeah. Who doesn't want to go shooting with the Legend?

COLTON and MCKENNA race in.

COLTON

Dad, you want to play Skylander? Please--

CHRIS

When I get back. But only if you let me win.

COLTON

No way.

MCKENNA

Poke the bear--

MCKENNA pokes Chris and he BARKS like a dog.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

No. You're supposed to roar. Like *Grrr*.

She pokes him again and Chris emits a RUMBLING ROAR. She giggles and hugs him so he'll save her.

CHAD LITTLETON  
Better get going...

Chris kisses his daughter and tosses his son's hair.

CHRIS  
Look after our women, Bubba.  
(turns to Taya)  
Love you, babe.

TAYA  
Love you too.

Chris kisses Taya and lingers, smiling like a schoolboy; his eyes worship her just like he promised. And, for a moment, he appears immortal in the bladed light. Then--

HIS IMAGE DISSOLVES in front of her, fading like a memory. Chad is gone too. The house quiet. Colton plays video games. McKenna colors. Max lays by the door.

Taya screws the blinds closed, bringing darkness.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

The black F-350 roars down two-lane blacktop.

**INT. F-350 (MOVING) - DAY**

CHRIS, driving, glances up at the REAR-VIEW MIRROR and the DARKENED KID(28) hiding under a ball-cap in the backseat. He talks haltingly and we never see his eyes.

CHRIS  
It's not easy getting back. I know that.  
But we don't have do this thing alone.

DARKENED KID  
You know, I saw you once... on a plane...  
You didn't see me, but I saw you...

He watches the kid a moment but can't get a read on him.

CHRIS  
We fought together, now we heal together.  
I'm going to look after you, Eddie.

The sun burns over the hills, blasting them with light.

**EXT. SHOOTING RANGE, ROUGH CREEK - EVENING**

LOW ANGLE- Wheels crunch gravel, stopping on a wide-promontory. Doors open, boots hit dirt on passenger side.

FIND CHRIS, behind the wheel, removing his wedding band and hanging it from his necklace. He's about to drape it around his neck but hangs it from the rear-view instead. He watches it twist there, catching the sunlight.

**IN REAR-VIEW MIRROR**

A shadowy reflection of Chris and Chad crossing to the shooting deck as the dark one trails behind.

CARD(1): *"Chris Kyle retired from the Navy in 2009 as the most lethal sniper in United States military history."*

SFX: A GUNSHOT SOUNDS and echoes across oblivion. Then another. And another. A six gun salute.

CARD(2): *"On February 2, 2013, Chris Kyle was killed on a shooting range by a former Marine he was trying to help. He died as he lived, looking after one of his own."*

**EXT. HIGHWAY**

A funeral procession appears from over the distant ridge. Rain falls as the well-worn voice of Randy Travis sings *Amazing Grace*. Police escorts lead a white hearse and 300 vehicles down a highway lined with people waving flags.

TAYA KYLE (VO)

*....Chris, there isn't enough time to tell you everything you mean to me and everything you taught me. I know you had no idea you were teaching me, but there is something only God and I have known for a long time-- God worked through you to make me into the woman I am supposed to be. I almost feel sorry for you, babe, cause God knew it would take the toughest, big-hearted man on earth to get a hard-headed and cynical, hard-loving woman like me to see what God needed me to see-- and he chose you for the job. He chose well. You taught me reckless love without abandon. You taught me how to turn a life full of fear into a life full of faith. You taught me that I could be more independent than I ever wanted to be.*

(MORE)

TAYA KYLE (VO) (CONT'D)

*You taught me how to raise children with love and softness and proved it could be done with a high standard of respect and old fashioned values.*

*(a feint "Taps" plays)*

*You taught me that I could forgive more deeply than I ever thought I could. You taught me that I'm okay just the way I am and that, no matter what life lays in front of you, it is unwise to worry or over-think it because even in the worst of times life has a way of working out. You showed me that in life, even in death, some people are always with you. I love you Chris...*

*(weeping, whispering)*

*I love you. I love you.*

The last car passes. TAPS concludes. A CIVILIAN stands alone in a muddy field saluting a fallen hero.

SEAL TEAM THREE (VO)

*(rising, in unison)*

*Hooyah, Chris Kyle.*

**THE END**