

"AMERICAN SNIPER"

Written
By
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Based on the book by
Chris Kyle
with Scott McEwen
and Jim DeFelice

All gave some. Some gave all.

1

OVER BLACK

1

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

2

EXT. STREET, FALLUJAH, IRAQ - DAY

2

The sun melts over squat residences on a narrow street. 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.

3

EXT. ROOFTOP, "OVERWATCH" - SAME

3

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 rooftop 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 see him studying windage; we see what he's thinking--

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

GOAT (OC)

He could be calling his old lady.

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

(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

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

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 fry you if you're wrong. Send your ass to Leavenworth.

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--

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. You got 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.

WAYNE

Everything dies to give life.

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 deal with it.

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

5 OMITTED

5

6 INT. CHURCH

6

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

PASTOR

We don't see with his eyes so we don't know the glory of his plan. Our lives unfold before us 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 wayward-boys home with that same steady hand.

7 OMITTED 7

8 **INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM** 8

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)

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

PUSH THROUGH the modest ranch house into--

9 **INT. DINING ROOM** 9

WAYNE lectures his boys over venison.

WAYNE KYLE

Some people prefer to believe that evil doesn't exist in the world, and if it ever darkened their doorstep they wouldn't know how to protect themselves... those are the sheep.

Jeff bites back tears. Chris looks troubled.

10 **EXT. SCHOOLYARD** 10

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 predators who use violence to prey on the weak. They're 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)

Then there are those 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)

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

11 **EXT. FIELD**

11

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

WAYNE KYLE (VO)

They are the sheepdog.

12 **INT. DINING ROOM**

12

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 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 swollen knuckles of his hand, and nods.

WAYNE
Then you know who you are...

13

EXT. BARN

13

A GROWN MAN(CHRIS) exits the barn into the light of day. Behind him, horns of dozens of bucks cover the wall.

WAYNE (VO)
You know your purpose.

The barn door closes leaving us in brindled darkness.

"AMERICAN SNIPER"

14

EXT. RODEO ARENA

14

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. Empty stands blur past. The Bronc and Chris united in a futile struggle. He leans right, the bronc circles 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 looks over the empty arena, laughing.

15

INT. FORD TRUCK

15

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
Wasn't nobody there and you come away
with a belt buckle too damn big to wear.
What you supposed to do with it?

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

JEFF
A strong wind'd 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
Shit man--

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

16 **EXT. BUNKHOUSE** 16

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

17 **INT. BUNKHOUSE** 17

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
What the fuck--

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

SARAH

You said you wasn'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

(shamed, steps aside)

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 a 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, wounded. He opens it and pulls out a beer.

18

LATER

18

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...

JEFF

(closing his eyes)

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

Chris is bleary, lost and drifting to sleep. 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

Look what they did...

19

INT. NAVY RECRUITING OFFICE

19

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

CHRIS

I saw what they did, on our soil, and--

NAVY RECRUITER

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

CHRIS

Yes, sir. But I can't see myself on a ship. I'd wanna be in the fight--

NAVY RECRUITER

You wanna fight? 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
(taking brochure back)
This isn't for the faint of heart. Most
men wash-out. They quit--

CHRIS
(cutting him off)
I'm not *most men*, sir. I don't quit.

20 OMITTED 20

21 OMITTED 21

22 **EXT. NAVAL SPECIAL WARFARE CENTER / "THE GRINDER" - DAY** 22

CHRIS 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 a quitter, boy?

CHRIS KYLE
No, sir!

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
Bullshit, you are fleet-meat. Don't turn
away. Look up and take it. You're old as
fuck. 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. 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 and clearly dislikes the water.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

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

CHRIS

I love water, hooyah.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

My ass you do.

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

RYAN JOB(24), a goofy, overweight Oregon kid who looks like he should be taking orders at a drive-thru window.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

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

--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 Rolle 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 but-- an ATHLETIC CANDIDATE staggers off.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE

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

Wave goodbye to the sun, boys...

23 OMITTED 23

24 **EXT. BEACH - "SNAKE PIT" - NIGHT** 24

A bonfire crackles atop a sand dune. CANDIDATES crouch in a pit they dug, hugging oars, shivering with hypothermia. CHRIS stands over the ditch, trying to make INSTRUCTORS laugh to earn a place by the fire beside BIGGLES.

CHRIS

--and when I told her the condom broke she started crying and begging me to do something. And I'm a virgin, I don't know what to do, but I'd heard if you pour Coke 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, she starts screaming, "it stings, it stings" but when I'd stop, she'd scream "no don't stop" and it's fizzing out and--

INSTRUCTORS in stitches. Fire flickering off Chris' face.

25 **EXT. "MUD FLATS" - DAY** 25

Fog shrouds CANDIDATES COVERED IN MUD, seated belly-to-back, chattering and quaking, hypothermic.

"INSTRUCTOR TONY"(34), a salty cholo, walks their line.

INSTRUCTOR "TONY"

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

"**DAUBER**" is 6'4" and 240 with a flop of yellow hair like the character from *Coach*. A sleepy 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-eater's 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

Hooyah. I'd toss that critter shitter on a baguette and get my eat on.

"**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. The 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.

26 **EXT. BEACH - SUNSET** 26

The INSTRUCTOR CADRE watches 32 CANDIDATES SWARM each other, howling and dog-piling at the end of hell-week.

27 OMITTED 27

28 OMITTED 28

29 **INT. MULONEY'S BAR - NIGHT** 29

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

CHRIS

I'm gonna try and get into sniper school.

BIGGLES

Can you shoot?

CHRIS

I can hunt. And what's cooler than being a sniper?

BIGGLES

Blowing shit up. Blowing shit up is way cooler.

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.

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 fourth.

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 do you do for work? You look like military.

CHRIS

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

TAYA

Do I look stupid to you?

CHRIS

To be honest, you look a little sad.

She's taken aback by his observation.

CHRIS

So am I tall enough to buy you a drink?

TAYA

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

(pushes him a shot)

I'd never date a SEAL.

CHRIS

(confused)

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.

(climbs off stool)

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 and 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 say our biggest enemies are ego, liquor, and women.

TAYA

Sounds like you're under attack.

She levels a look and downs another shot--

30 **EXT. MULRONEY'S BAR, PARKING LOT - LATER** 30

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--

31 **EXT. RANGE - "SNIPER SCHOOL" - CAMP BILLY MACHEN - DAY** 31

An arid range with human-shaped targets. PETTY OFFICER TOSH (Irish/Japanese, nasty) walks past prone students.

PO TOSH

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 TOSH

--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!

32 **INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE** 32

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--

33 **INT. TAYA'S CONDO - DAY** 33

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.

34

EXT. RANGE - CAMP BILLY MACHEN - DAY

34

ON CHRIS, both eyes open looking downrange.

PO TOSH (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.

Chris chases his breath, trying to focus, but--

35

EXT. OCEANSIDE PIER - DUSK

35

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
Do you like country music?

TAYA
Only when I'm depressed.

CHRIS
You want kids?

TAYA

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

CHRIS

That's a shitty thing to tell a girl.

TAYA

I've proven her right.

CHRIS

But those wrong picks put you here. They made you who you are. And I like who you are.

The Ferris wheel casts its glow on them.

TAYA

What happens when there's a real person on the other end of that gun?

CHRIS

(uncertain)

I don't know... I just pray I can do my job if that day comes.

It weighs on him. And she feels safe.

BACK TO:

35A

EXT. RANGE - CAMP BILLY MACHEN

35A

PO TOSH (on spotting scope) stands over CHRIS. Mirage boils off the horizon at 35 degree angle, pushed by wind. BAM! Chris' shot hits the outer edge of target.

PO TOSH

Mirage is boiling at 35 degree angle.

CHRIS

Check. I'm dialed for windage.

PO TOSH

Hold right-four, up-two.

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

PO TOSH

Are we looking at the same target?

36

INT. TAYA'S CONDO - NIGHT

36

CHRIS sits on the couch, anxious, until TAYA appears in the hall in lingerie. She slinks closer, straddling him, determined to blow his mind but--

CHRIS
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
I want to. I do...

He gently lifts her up and lays her across the couch.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Soft light on pale bodies. Taya writhes with impatient longing but Chris' steady hand forces her into the present. She's swept up, eyes filling with tears as he eases into her-- she gasps and arcs and draws him deeper.

36A

EXT. RANGE - CAMP BILLY MACHEN

36A

PO TOSH stands over CHRIS, fed up now.

PO TOSH
You need to shut your off-eye.

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

PO TOSH (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 TOSH

Give me 50 push-ups. Clear and safe. Push
'em out.

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

CHRIS

There it is.

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

37 OMITTED 37

38 OMITTED 38

39 **INT. BEDROOM - MORNING** 39

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

TAYA

You hardly even know me.

CHRIS

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

She stares at the wall.

CHRIS

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 by his sincerity)
 Well... you're gonna need a ring if you
 want to talk all tough like that.

She accepts with a deep kiss and prances off with the
 sheet. He smiles and falls back onto the bed. The
 curtains dance in the morning light. Then--

TAYA (OS)
 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 TV NEWS: THE SECOND PLANE hits the World Trade Center.

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

40 OMITTED 40

40A OMITTED 40A

41 OMITTED 41

41 OMITTED 41

42 OMITTED 42

43 **INT. DANCE FLOOR, RENT-A-YATCH - LATER** 43

The storm closing in. CHRIS two-steps TAYA around the
 dance floor to Van Morrison's romantic "Someone Like
 You." Chris looks boyish and dapper and Taya is flush
 with beauty and promise. The moment is quietly sincere
 with the entire WEDDING PARTY watching when--

TAYA
 (her hand smudged with paint)
 What the hell is on your neck?

She pulls at his collar to reveal GREEN SPRAY-PAINT
 upside his neck.

CHRIS
 Would you believe me if I told you I was
 painted green and on an IV two hours ago?

TAYA

What do you--

Then she sees BIGGLES, DAUBER, "D" and SQUIRREL rolling with laughter at the bar, and remembers who she married.

CHRIS

(smiles)

Package deal babe.

He dances her away from them and pulls his jacket aside, flashing his boys the Trident pinned to his chest.

AT THE BAR

TONY bowls up; once their instructor, now their Chief.

"D"

What's the word, Chief?

TONY

(looks them over)

It's on boys. Just got the call.

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

ON DANCE FLOOR

Taya sees the nod from Biggles to Chris, *we're going*. She tenses up in his arms, her feet growing heavy.

CHRIS

They say it'll be over in 6 weeks.

TAYA

I'm so afraid.

CHRIS

Don't be afraid. It's all part of the plan.

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

TAYA

Your heart is beating out of your chest.

CHRIS

(nods, looking past her)

I'm not the only one going to war.

JEFF KYLE stands on the rail in MARINE DRESS UNIFORM.

CAKE CUTTING - EVENING

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

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.

44

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

44

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 AO2 (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.

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

MARC LEE

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

The city was evacuated. Any military-aged male still here, is here to kill you. Let's bring these boys in safe and get our asses back home. Move--

The hatch falls open--

45

EXT. HOSPITAL, NORTHERN BRIDGE, FALLUJAH

45

A gunmetal sky. The staccato pop of GUNFIRE in the distance. SNIPERS and SUPPORT cross an orchard.

CHRIS walks upright. The Marine paired with Chris is a mouthy Arkansas boy, "**WINSTON**", skitters tree to tree.

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--

46

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

46

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 start up the stairs.

46A

OMITTED

46A

47

INT. APARTMENT, SIXTH FLOOR

47

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)

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" (not Winston) will be his name from here out.

CHRIS

I'm going to the roof. You stay here and be on the lookout for farm animals.

48

EXT. ROOFTOP/ SNIPER NEST - DAY

48

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 MAN ON CELL dips his shoulder, 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

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

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

CHRIS KYLE

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

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

CHRIS KYLE

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 fry you if you're wrong. Send your ass to Leavenworth.

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, and struggling to swallow the little piece of him that just died.

GOAT (OC)

-Fuck that was gnarly.

CHRIS SCOPE POV

MOTHER flees down sidewalk, robes aflutter. CROSS-HAIRS lead her. BAM. It pocks wall behind her. A round ejects. CROSS-HAIRS swing forward, leads her more. BAM. She runs into scope, reaches center, meets bullet. A red mist.

GOAT (OC)

Shit yeah. Evil bitch!

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)

Nice shooting, Tex. Helluva call.

COMPANY COMMANDER (OS)

Roger that. Good lookin' out Navy.

GOAT

You hear that?

He nudges Chris, trying to get a celebration out of him--

CHRIS

Get the fuck off me.

This is the reality of war. Not like he anticipated.

CLOSE ON CHRIS

Breath racing. Bleeding sweat. Trying to process his disgust. Trying to inject some purpose, mumbling:
Protect the Marines. Protect the Marines. Protect...

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

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

49

EXT. ELIZABETH STREET - SAME

49

Sun flares as MARC LEE advances alongside 1ST PLATOON MARINES (40 men) when-- A SHOT SOUNDS. A BODY TUMBLES out of the sky and lands in their midst with a meaty thud.

1ST MARINE #1

-Fuck, man! What the hell--

The Marines duck for cover then look to the sky--

1ST 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.

50

INT. WINDOW - LATE AFTERNOON

50

Chris lays atop a baby crib. A scrim hangs in front of him. Sunlight burns through it, casting a thousand 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.

51 **INT. STREET - SAME**

51

A CAR SPEEDS toward 1ST 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.

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

52

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 "PHANTOM SNIPER" slips down a hallway. 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

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

WASHROOM / MUSTAFA

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.

53 **EXT. ELIZABETH STREET - NIGHT**

53

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 scope) SPEEDS UP. Humvees and tanks streak past, lights blur, trees blow in choppy havoc, then--

TIME SLOWS to a crawl as CROSS-HAIRS FIND A MALE hurrying into a alley, pulling shit from a pack. We zero-in and-- a flame flickers. The male is smoking opium.

CROSS-HAIRS drift off him and TIME SPEEDS UP, dogs eat a rotting body by the roadside, vicious in fast motion. TWO WOMEN wobble down the road with buckets, wind whips roadside grass into a tizzy and WE HALT ON--

CROSS-HAIRS ON A PERFECT CIRCLE in the grass, *a rifle-barrel?* Stay on it. In stillness it finds context; a RUSTY PIPE. TIME SPEEDS FORWARD, TWO BOYS zip by on a Vespa, OLD MEN frantically bow to mecca on rooftops. Clouds boil across dawn sky. His eye never leaves glass.

MARC LEE

Smells like piss in here.

(no response)

You covered our ass out there, man.

Appreciate it. Those were ballsy shots.

CHRIS KYLE

And they were clean. Right?

MARC LEE

Hell yeah, they were.

CHRIS

(finally looks up)

That sniper walked right up our ass.

MARC LEE

I chewed out our security detail. It won't happen again.

CHRIS

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.

(off Marc)

Something wrong?

MARC LEE

No... but you got 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;
this fucker didn't take his eye off the glass all night.

54 **EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH -FORWARD OPERATING BASE(FOB)- EVENING** 54

Behind miles of wire, a twenty-acre BASE CAMP. Aluminum trailers, shithouses and tent farms. A Humvee pulls past--

55 **INT. CHARLIE COMPANY BARRACKS, CAMP FALLUJAH - NIGHT** 55

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

We're just picking our dicks here,
training those fucking haji soldiers.

CHRIS

Why ain't you out there?

BIGGLES

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

CHRIS

(shedding gear)

You still read comic books?

BIGGLES

It's a fuckin graphic novel. Talk to me,
man. Did you pop your cherry?

A heaviness falls over Chris, then 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

That kid could've taken out ten Marines--

CHRIS

(wrestling with it)

I know.

BIGGLES

You did your job. End of fuckin story.

CHRIS

It's just not how you imagine the first one going down.

BIGGLES

How about the other ones? What about the other kills?

CHRIS

The other ones-- were righteous. Like God was blowing on my bullets.

He's joking but not. Biggles smiles, jealous.

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

Our task here is to make sure every kill is a righteous kill and conforms to ROEs.

CHRIS

By *every kill*, do you mean just our kills or you're monitoring the bad guys too?

JAG OFFICER #2

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

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

CHRIS

Sorry, was that a question?

OVERWATCH

Chris takes over for a MARINE SNIPER in a window.

MARINE SNIPER

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

Chris settles in, still going through his ritual when AN INSURGENT crosses the street with CAR BATTERY and AK-47.

CHRIS

(keys mike)

I got a armed military-aged male moving tactically 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)

(just offstage)

--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, BIGGLES, D and DAUBER enter. Eyes find them, heads nodding to Chris, *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! Our boy here has a Texas horseshoe crammed so far up his ass that--

Chris flings a cafeteria tray at his head.

56

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN

56

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:

57

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

57

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

CHRIS

There are things we can't say over the phone.

TAYA

(playful)

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.

TAYA

You guys almost done over there yet?

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.

CHRIS

You're horny preggers.

TAYA

Fat and horny. It's kinda 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.

TAYA
I hope you're right.

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

TAYA
(suddenly)
Did your dad get hold of you?

CHRIS
I haven't checked any email.

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 deployed.

CHRIS
What happened to jump school? I thought--

TAYA
He didn't get in. Just call your dad--

CHRIS
Deployed where? Where's he going?

TAYA
Over there. He's headed to Iraq.

The news ricochets around inside him like razor blades.

TRANSITION TO:

FIVE MEN IN BALACLAVAS 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.

58

INT. OP BRIEF TENT - DAWN

58

COLONEL GRONSKI is an old-school bulldozer. 75 Marines study an OLD PHOTO OF AL-ZARQAWI, bushy black eyebrows.

COL. GRONSKI

His name is "Zarqawi" and he is the prince of al-Qaeda in Iraq. AQI, his mercenary army, are 5000 strong. They're trained well, paid well and waging the heaviest urban combat since Vietnam.

FIND CHRIS in back, scanning heads for his brother Jeff.

COL. GRONSKI

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 someone who will reveal 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?*

59

EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH - MORNING

59

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

CHRIS

These Marines rush in like they been doing, they'll get their asses shot off.

MARC LEE

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

Chris reacts, hearing him describing Jeff.

CHRIS

So let's coach them up. I'll show them how Team Guys do it and lead a unit in the street.

MARC LEE

Can't do. We need you on overwatch.

CHRIS

But if I was down in the street--

MARC LEE

House-to-house is the deadliest job here. You got some kind of savior complex?

Maybe.

CHRIS

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

MARC LEE

You got a hot hand. These Marines all know your name now 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 ground-pounders 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--

60

INT. ROOFTOP

60

Under a fluttering canopy, CHRIS lays on the gun, cursing zero visibility. 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)

Once you make entry I can't see shit, so keep it slow and push through the target.

"Jeff Marine" sets a charge, turns-- not Jeff.

The door blows off. Marines rush in. GUNFIRE POPS. Marines rush back out, dragging a WOUNDED MARINE.

CHRIS

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

GOAT

No man. No. 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

(smiles)

If I don't see you down there, you make sure I don't see you again.

61

INT. STREET, SOLDIER'S DISTRICT - MINUTES LATER

61

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

CHRIS

(bowl 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 boy in Bravo catching up.

CHRIS KYLE

(packs a dip)

Y'all are meateaters for sure but I got a little training I could show you, some simple shit, that might just keep us above ground. What do you say?

His need to protect cloaked beneath cool cowboy calm.

62 OMITTED 62

63 **EXT. MICHIGAN STREET - OUTSIDE THE WIRE - DAY** 63

KILO COMPANY are doing house-to-house. On the job training. Tension high, they're bunched around a doorway. CHRIS motions them back, *not so close*, sets a charge--

64 **INT. HOUSE, DAY** 64

BOOM!-- KILO COMPANY ENTER a house with chandeliers and regal armoires. They clear the room, CHRIS teaching them how to move together, giving hand signals.

SANCHEZ

(low)

-Whas that mean again?

GILLESPIE

Cover and follow.

He follows Chris into a room with sofas, exotic rugs and--

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

CHRIS

Down. Down! On the floor, now!

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

CHRIS

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

FATHER OF KID (OS)

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

(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 they 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. We share this.
You understand?

Chris studies the women, and lowers his gun.

CHRIS
Bring the other guys 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, in mismatched
camo, face bandanna) 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 some kind of enforcer?

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
Enforcer. Yes. Top soldier of Zargawi.

CHRIS
(jumps)
We want Zargawi. Where do we find
Zargawi?

OMAR CACKLES like a crow, playing peeking games.

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
If you find The Butcher you will see he
reports direct to Zargawi each day.

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 will ask for money.

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

We need one hundred thousand US dollars.

THE BOOM of distant ordinance shakes the structure.

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)

Hey, 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--

65

INT. DIA TRAILER, CAMP FALLUJAH - DAY

65

CHRIS and MARC LEE sit in front of AGENT SHEAD, of the Defense Intelligence Agency. A game of solitaire open on his computer. CORNHUSKER football posters on his wall.

AGENT SHEAD

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

CHRIS

Yes sir, it does.

MARC LEE

And you're the secret squirrel with the cash, right?

AGENT SHEAD

(not amused)

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.

CHRIS

Or he could be upset 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 don't know his real name or you'd have it written up there.

AGENT SHEAD

We have several aliases--
(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)
This is 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.

66

INT. HUMVEE #2 - TWO DAYS LATER

66

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, 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. They
say his weapon of choice is a drill.

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

MARC LEE

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. 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, doctor says 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."

67

EXT. MEDICAL PLAZA, SAN DIEGO - DAY

67

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

TAYA

Chris!--

EXT. CITY SQUARE/ 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 bomb-blasted storefront. They're looking downrange from the jagged orifice when-- A SHOT THUNKS into a painted 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.

68

INT. DISTANT MINARET

68

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 past CHRIS and MARC LEE'S position to CONTRACTORS SCRAMBLING SHEAD into the street. Mirage boils straight up. A breath exhales--

69

INT. STOREFRONT

69

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

CHRIS

Minaret, 11 o'clock!

AGENT SHEAD

(from Humvee)

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

Agent Shead and Contractors pull away in Humvee #2.

An INSURGENT GUNNER steps from a door just uprange, BLASTING ROUNDS at the retreating vehicle.

CHRIS

You got eyes on that?

MARC LEE

Negative.

Their cover prevents line-of-sight. Chris reaches his rifle out ADJUSTING A SIDE-MIRROR on the crashed Humvee--

UPRANGE (IN REFLECTION)

THE BUTCHER drags OMAR from Sheikh Al-Obeidi's home by his hair. The boy's strange screams echo down the block as the Butcher revs a hand drill near his face--

CHRIS

Eyes on The Butcher. He's got that
Sheikh's kid in the street--

TWO INSURGENTS holds Sheik Al-Obeidi in the doorway as--

A SNIPER ROUND SHATTERS the Humvee mirror.

CHRIS

Fuck!--

MARC LEE

(into radio)

--requesting back-up. We're pinned down
taking sniper fire on approach of high-
value target, GRID 04536236. Over.

Chris tries to edge around the wall-- PHWAAAP! The wall explodes above his head. He turns to the room. Debris blocks a back-door. No way out.

MARC LEE

We're on the wrong end of this.

CHRIS

I'm gonna pop smoke for cover but don't
move till I say.

Chris tosses smoke. A haze clouds the exit--

CHRIS

Hold.

The drill revs. Omar is screaming. Smoke spewing.

MARC LEE

We gotta go--

CHRIS

Holding! Hold...

A SHOT RINGS OUT, CHUNKS CONCRETE near the exit.

CHRIS

Move now. Go--

They slip out the storefront, around the building--

MARC LEE

How you know he'd wait--

CHRIS
Cause I'd wait.

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

70

EXT. MEDICAL PLAZA, SAN DIEGO

70

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 past the doorway where--

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

Is held back by INSURGENT GUNMEN, weeping and pleading--

THE BUTCHER

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

ALLEY

Chris and Marc racing down an alley, approaching stairs--

CHRIS
Go around. I'll go high.

Chris bounds up the stairs. Marc Lee keeps running--

ROOFTOP

CHRIS runs onto the exposed rooftop, running into-- A DOG SNAPS at him, BARKING and rabid, chained to a US sig M-60. He dives away from it, crouching behind the wall.

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 screams. He'll be exposed but--
HE POPS UP to shoot The Butcher. Before he can get set--

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

THE SHEIKH

Watches the drill enter his son's face. The Sheikh breaks
free of the Butcher's men, running towards his son. TWO
AKs shred his back and he pitches forward, reaching--

SNIPER POV

As the Butcher and his men drive away, CROSS-HAIRS track
across the rooftop, where--

ROOFTOP / CHRIS POV (UPSIDE DOWN)

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

CHRIS

Rage animates him. He staggers to his feet, FIRING HIS M4
on the minaret until the clip expires. Then--

A FLUTTER of cloth sweeps across an alley a block north.
MUSTAFA slows, rounding the corner, and glances back--

Chris draws his .45, but Mustafa slips into the shadows.
Women sob over dead bodies in the street below.

71

EXT. STREET - LATER

71

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

CHRIS KYLE

He had line-of-sight 500 meters out.

BIGGLES

Colonel Gronski is all over Marc, bro.

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

CHRIS

We need to work up a squad to pursue him.

MARC LEE

They're shutting us down.

CHRIS

What do you mean?

MARC LEE

We're confined to base pending an incident review.

CHRIS

Can he do that? Just shelf us like that?
I ship home in three weeks.

Wind blows the sheet off Omar.

BIGGLES

It's gonna be a long three weeks.

72 **EXT. WEIGHT LIFTING CAGE, CAMP FALLUJAH, FOB - SUNSET** 72

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

73 **EXT. NORTH AIRFIELD, CORONADO, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT** 73

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

I thought you were dead. I thought--

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

CHRIS

Shh. I'm know. I'm so sorry.

They stand there long after everyone has gone.

74

INT. BEDROOM

74

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

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

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. Don't lie.

CHRIS

I am... What if that little alien reaches out and grabs me?

She laughs and squishes his cheeks, making faces with his face.

TAYA

Why are you so good with me.

Her face opens in ecstasy.

75

INT. BREAKFAST TABLE, CHRIS' HOUSE - MORNING

75

CHRIS, showered, shaven and ill-at-ease, picking at the 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)

--are you listening to me? Chris--

CHRIS

(knee pumping)

Huh?--

A lawn-mower starts. His eyes track windows. Taya sees what's happening and-- she extends a naked leg into his sight line. His eyes follow her leg, to welcoming eyes.

TAYA

What do you want to do today, hon'?

CHRIS

Maybe we just relax here?

TAYA

Okay, we do that. Let's relax.

She eases into his lap, changing his chemistry.

76

INT. OBGYN OFFICE, SAN DIEGO - DAY

76

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

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER

How you feeling?

TAYA

I'm done being pregnant. I want to meet him.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER

It'll be any day now.

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

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER

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

Well, this is the first time we left the house.

CHRIS

I'm just 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.

77

INT. TRUCK, SOUTHBOUND FREEWAY - DAY

77

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

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

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

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

TAYA

--it's happening--

CHRIS

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.

TAYA

(laughing and crying)

--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--

78

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

78

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 little man...

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

CHRIS

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--

79

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

79

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

Don't bother turning it off, I already watched it.

He looks up at her, holding Colton.

TAYA

I had to make sure you didn't have an Iraqi girlfriend sending sexy videos.

He lightens, touching her, eyes drifting back to the TV.

CHRIS

This sniper is recording his kills. Mustafa. They sell these in the street.

TAYA

That day we were on the phone--

Chris nods, *it was him.*

TAYA

You're not protecting me by not talking about it.

CHRIS

I don't want you thinking about it. I don't need you worrying.

TAYA

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

CHRIS

(cutting her off)

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

TAYA

Chris--

CHRIS

They're fuckin savages.

His blood pressure pulses on his unyielding face..

TAYA

It's not about them, it's about us.
 (hands him baby)
 You have to make it back to us.

Her eyes trail off him as she steps into the kitchen.

Chris holds his son, taken with his ruddy innocence. Then the BEDOUIN MUSIC swells, his arms tighten around his son, and his eyes are drawn back to Mustafa.

"SECOND TOUR"

80

EXT. AL TAQADDUM AIRBASE, IRAQ - DAY

80

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.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN

(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--?

MASTER CHIEF 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

You're my hero, bro. Always have been.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN

Lets go, Kyle. Colonel's waiting--

JEFF

(swollen with emotion)

The Legend...

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

JEFF

(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

Dad too. He's proud of you.

JEFF

Fuck this place--

CHRIS
(can't hear him)
What?

JEFF
Fuck this place.

Chris ignites with rage at what they did to his brother.

81

INT. BLACKHAWK - DAY

81

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
I've studied insurgencies for the last decade. I know every 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
That you?

Chris rolls his sleeve, showing his Gallic Cross tattoo.

COL. JONES
You're now the most wanted man in Iraq.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
That's \$80,000 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 flushed them into Ramadi. We got some intel indicating his area of operations.

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

COL. JONES

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

82

INT. OP SEC TENT, SHARK BASE - NIGHT

82

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 in under cover of darkness, sector P13, north of the river--

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 Chris--

BIGGLES

You give good power-point, Legend.

--grabbing ass and cracking jokes until one remains.

MARC LEE

Is this thing bulletproof?

(holds Chris' Bible)

You never open it so I assumed...

CHRIS KYLE

God, country, family, right?

MARC LEE

You got a God?

CHRIS KYLE

You getting weird on me?

MARC LEE

We had this electric fence around our property in Oregon and us kids used to see who could grab it and hang on the longest. War feels like that, it puts lightning in your bones, makes it hard to hold on to anything else.

CHRIS KYLE

You need to sit this one out?

MARC LEE

I just wanna believe in what we're doing--

CHRIS KYLE

Evil lives here, we've seen it.

MARC LEE

It lives everywhere--

CHRIS KYLE

You want to invite these motherfuckers to come fight in San Diego? Or New York? We're protecting more than this dirt.

Marc adopts his zeal, letting it fill him.

MARC LEE

Hooyah then. Lets go kill this fucker.

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

83 OMITTED 83

84 OMITTED 84

86 OMITTED 86

87 **EXT. STREET/NEAR FAHIMA HALAL - PRE-DAWN** 87

Neon shimmers across wet empty streets. TEAM THREE trundle past shops largely unbombed. TONY checks his GPS--

TONY
(whisper-mic, pointing)
This building, any apartment on the east
side, will look down Fahima Halal.

88 **INT. HALLWAY, 4TH FLOOR, BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

88

TEAM THREE push to a door. Biggles has a cat-claw, ready to breach-- A BABY CRIES behind the door. Chris waves them off. Another door.

CHRIS
(whisper-mic)
Breacher-up.

BIGGLES is ready to wedge the cat-claw when he sees keys hanging from the door. He grins and simply opens it--

89 **INT. CORNER APARTMENT, SIXTH FLOOR**

89

A modest apartment. TEAM THREE have seated the family; A PROTECTIVE FATHER hugs his BOY(6) 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.

BIGGLES
(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
Let's keep eyes on it get pictures of
anyone coming and going.

Biggles watches Chris collapse onto his ruck-sack.

BIGGLES
Fucking Chief Nappy-nap.

A challenging smile. Chris flips him off.

"D"
Got some nice rugs up in here.
(thumbs up to Father)
This shit is hand-knotted. Beautiful.

Surveillance rolling, Chris closes his eyes.

90 OMITTED 90

91 OMITTED 91

92 **TIME CUT - LATER** 92

In darkness, CHRIS bolts upright then sees his guys by the window. He joins them. Despite rolling blackouts, light is visible around plywood on Fahima Halal windows.

CHRIS
What do we got?

MARC LEE
16 military aged males have gone in.

CHRIS
Sixteen?

BIGGLES
They serve more customers than McDonalds.

MARC LEE
And check this.

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

CHRIS
He still inside?

MARC LEE
I'm only clocking one point of entry.
He's in there, but it's no easy breach.

BIGGLES
When they see it's The Legend they'll probably just invite him in--

CHRIS

You got a problem? I didn't promote myself.

BIGGLES

No, I did it for you. You'd never have made Chief if I nicknamed you "The Myth".

Chris snaps Biggles down, wrestles him into a choke.

"D"

Myth becomes Legend when we occupy a house, get 23 kills, and 21 are his.

TONY

Enough. It's everybody's Navy.

Chris releases him. Biggles is coughing.

BIGGLES

--naw, it's Legend's Navy now. Just hope he leaves some for the rest of us.

CHRIS

Hash out tactics. We go at zero-dark. And Big Giggles is making the coffee.

Biggles is flipping him off when the FATHER SPEAKS:

TERP

(translates)

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

Chris nods dubious gratitude, meeting the Father's eyes.

CHRIS

Tell him that's very generous of him.

DINING ROOM - LATER

A braised head of lamb eaten clean. TEAM 3 are chowing down, in good spirits, as Chris watches THE FATHER teach his SON to read. He is moved by their connection and acutely aware of what this war is costing him.

That's when he sees-- (ECU) "SHOOTERS STRAWBERRIES" on father's elbows. They're red and calloused, like his own.

Chris darkens, stands and slips down the hall--

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CHRIS searches the closet, ripping through clothes, pressing wall panels. He's crossing to the bed when--

FLOORBOARDS CREAK beneath the rug underfoot. He stands there, shifting his weight, floor creaking.

DINING ROOM/HALLWAY

BIGGLES is shoveling food in his mouth when a hand stops him. Chris signals, *no more*. FATHER'S eyes flick up as--

CHRIS RIPS THE FATHER out of his chair, dragging him down the hall by his hair. WIFE and KIDS screaming. "D" holds them off as-- Chris dumps the father at a STASH HOLE in the floor. Inside, a CACHE OF AKs, RPGs, IED components.

CHRIS

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.

MARC LEE

That's a bad move--

BIGGLES

He's our breach. He's a fucking way in--

MARC LEE

If something happens--

BIGGLES

He's AQI man, look what he's holding.

CHRIS

It's his choice. Tell him.

The Terp translates. Father reacts, pale with defiance.

93

EXT. FAHIM HALAL - NIGHT

93

THE FATHER shuffles up the dusty street toward us--

"D" (VO)

Approaching the door...

IN ADJACENT ALLEY

CHRIS, MARC LEE and "D" waiting...

"D"

10 meters...

BACK ALLEY

TONY and BIGGLES watching...

 "D" (VO)
 5 meters...

SNIPERS NEST

DAUBER watches with cross-hairs.

 "D" (VO)
 He's knocking...

AT THE DOOR

A sliding grate opens and--

 "D" (VO)
 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"
 Hold. Hold--

CHRIS POV (N/V)

As the door opens, the GUARD comes into view--

 "D" (OS)
 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 (TONY & BIGGLES) rush the door tossing grenades, pulling the father out as the GRENADES EXPLODE.

CHRIS, MARC LEE and "D" push inside--

INT. FAHIM HALAL - NIGHT

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.

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

Biggles! Watch your six. Roadies on you--

He starts downing them but more seep out downrange.

BACK ALLEY

BIGGLES and TONY are banging away but outgunned when CHRIS, MARC LEE and "D" steps out, laying down fire.

CHRIS

Pull back! Loading--

BIGGLES

Got you.

Biggles is slaying combatants. Precise and deadly.

BIGGLES

RPG!

AN RPG burns down the alley, screaming 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

(keys mike)

Dauber? You got visual? Confirm.

SNIPER NEST

Dauber struggles from under debris.

DAUBER
Negative. No shot--

CHRIS

Advancing along the wall. The Butcher jumps into a truck.

CHRIS
He's on the move. Crossing!

Biggles side-steps into the street, attracting fire,
downing MULTIPLE INSURGENTS as--

BIGGLES
Got you. Got you. Go, go, go--

Chris dodges behind him, 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. He continues at a dead-sprint but--

At next intersection, he's lost more ground. He halts,
sucking wind, GALLIC CROSS TATTOO visible on his forearm.

ABOVE (LOOKING OUT)

A YOUNG SHADOW stands in the window, watching the soldier
below. She picks up an old Nokia Cellular, dialing--

95

INT. MUSTAFA'S ROOM, UNKNOWN BUILDING

95

Incense wafts over oiled components of a DRAGUNOV SNIPER
RIFLE laid out on a prayer rug. A CELL BUZZES and is
answered. A few words and-- HANDS ENTER FRAME, assembling
the rifle. The metallic snap-and-slide escalating as we--

PAN TO the wall, the GALLIC CROSS depicted beside a
sniper rifle on a faded CHRIS KYLE BOUNTY POSTER there.

BACK TO:

TIRE FIRES spit tendrils of black smoke. We are--

96

EXT. FAHIM HALAL - NIGHT

96

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--

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN

He picked the wrong fucking side. That's all there is to it. Fog of war.

THE CROWD growing in tension and number.

PFC ALVAREZ

Sir, we have armed insurgents moving this way. We need to make tracks.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN

(hops in Bradley)
Helluva an effort here, Chief. You keep after this bastard. We'll get him.

As 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 the 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 come here, you ask me. If you want to find someone, I find them-

BIGGLES (OC)
(atop Humvee, on the .60)
Fuck 'em. Let's go. 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 white satan, devil of Ramadi.

Venom peels across Chris' face and makes it appear true.
A Nike *swoosh* reflects from a near rooftop.

NEARBY ROOFTOP

Nikes cross gravel. Mustafa kneels. Unfolds his bi-pod.

CHRIS/TRIBAL LEADER

CHRIS KYLE
You tell him to deliver The Butcher to
us, 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--

97 **EXT. HUMVEE (PULLING AWAY)**

97

THE ROUND HITS the shield. BIGGLES fires at the rooftop. Bullets strafing night as the Humvee door closes and they roar off. A PUNISHER SKULL drawn in grease on his shield, gleams in the moonlight. Mustafa's shot struck the Punisher in the eye. PUSH ON the teeth of the logo and--

DISSOLVE TO:

CHRIS' LONG FINGERS pressed to the glass. SFX: his breath rattles quietly over following scenes. We are--

98 **EXT. MATERNITY WARD, SAN DIEGO**

98

CHRIS stares into the nursery window where his NEWBORN DAUGHTER CRIES. The air thick and dreamlike around him.

TAYA (VO)

The news is saying the war is over.

CHRIS (VO)

It's not over.

TAYA (VO)

But are we winning?

CHRIS (VO)

I don't know...

TWO NURSES walk past his daughter. Chris bangs on the glass, trying to get their attention.

CHRIS

Hey, some help here-- She's crying--

He pounds the glass. The nurses don't hear him. SFX: THE MECHANISTIC BUZZ of power-tools overwhelms the scene--

TRANSITION TO:

99 **INT. JIFFY LUBE - DAY**

99

PAN ACROSS GUMBALL MACHINES and TOY DISPENSERS on the wall. The POWER TOOLS whining as 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. Chris' nerves fraying.

CHRIS
You get what it gives you. That's how
this thing works.

Colton melts to the floor crying. CUSTOMERS looking now.

CHRIS
Don't do this. Get up. Come on--

THROUGH VIEWING WINDOW-- THE MAN with the drill is
visible. Dark hair like The Butcher, turning toward us--

RECEPTIONIST (OC)
Chris Kyle, your truck is ready.

CHRIS
(snaps-to; to Colton)
Get off the floor. Right now--

MAN'S 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. My name is Mads. We were
trapped in a house when you showed up
with 1st Marines. You carried me out.

CHRIS
(lifetimes ago, but)
Yeah. Right. Well, you Marines saved our
ass plenty out there. 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
That too, but I'm talking about guys that
lived. They made it back but they're just
not back. They can't seem to get right.

DRILL STARTS UP again. Chris glances that direction.

CHRIS
Yeah, I-- I'm sorry to hear that.

MADS
You should come down to the VA sometime.
The guys would love it. They all know who
The Legend is.

Chris nods like he never will. Mads kneels to Colton.

MADS
I bet you missed your daddy when he was
gone. But can I tell you something? Your
dad is a hero. He saved my life--
(eyes well up)
He helped me get home to my little girl.

Colton looks up at his dad who swells with emotion. OTHER
CUSTOMERS watching now, captivated.

MADS
So thank you for loaning him to us, li'l
man. I wouldn't be here without him.

Mads stands and comes to attention, saluting Chris.

MADS
My family thanks you for your service.

Chris bites back emotion, nods, and walks out.

100

INT. NURSERY

100

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 have the rest of our lives for that.

TAYA

When does that start? Even when you're here you're not here.

Taya pulls McKenna off her breast. Chris scoops her up.

TAYA

I hate the teams for it. I do. You're my husband and the father of my children-- but they're the ones that pull you back.

CHRIS

(doesn't look up from his daughter)

We can wait. They can't.

A long pause...

TAYA (OC)

If you think this war isn't changing you you're wrong.

He looks up and **POV CHRIS**-- Taya sits in her rocker on the side of a ROAD IN RAMADI, destruction all around her.

TAYA

You can only circle the flame so long.

SCORE BUILDS, a steely guitar over tribal drums.

"THIRD TOUR"

A TRUCK speeds past a burnt rocker in the street. We are--

101

INT. TRUCK, RAMADI - DAY

101

PUNISHER SKULL stenciled on flack jacket, CHRIS mans a suspended MK48 swinging where a passenger seat should be. A skull bandanna and sunglasses cover his grizzled face.

The Punishers--

BIGGLES
(keys mike)
--we are tailing the Butcher's courier,
turning onto Maryland Street. Over.

BIGGLES DRIVES, trailing a BROWN VAN. The city goes from
light to shadow as they enter a built-up section called--

THE CHINESE APARTMENTS

BIGGLES
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 laughing, off the leash, cocky and invincible.

A BLOCK BACK - HUMVEE FOLLOWS

MARC LEE drives. "D" rides shotgun. DAUBER in back.
Uniforms bastardized; metal blasting in broad daylight.

BIGGLES (OS)
(over radio)
Still with us cookie?

"D"

(keys mike, checking GPS)
Half a block back and we are 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 TRUCK

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

I coulda taken him in that alley if I
didn't have to save your ass--

BIGGLES

(accelerates)

Whatever helps you sleep at night.

ON A ROOFTOP

A BAREFOOT TEENAGER races across gravel, aims a RIFLE
down at the taxi with The Punisher symbol--

UNDERCOVER TRUCK

BIGGLES

You gonna be my best man?

CHRIS

(still masked)

Is it just me? Or other guys too?

BIGGLES

You fucking egomaniac--

A ROUND pierces the roof and goes through the floorboard--

BIGGLES
Rooftop, twelve-o'clock--

SIX INSURGENTS pop up on a rooftop, firing. Chris leans into the .60 spitting lead in pneumatic bursts.

102 **INT. MUSTAFA'S APARTMENT - SAME**

102

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 says something to Mustafa but he doesn't respond. A phone vibrates. He grabs a duffel and steps out. By the door, A PHOTO OF MUSTAFA on a medal stand at the Olympic Games.

103 **INT. UNDERCOVER TRUCK**

103

Biggles speeds after the van, taking fire from above.

CHRIS
Get me a shot, grandma.

Biggles stomps the accelerator, whips around a corner--

A SHORT STRAIGHTAWAY

CHRIS BLASTS 200 ROUNDS (MK48) into the van; pulverizes the thing and watches it hiss to a stop.

BIGGLES
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. The Humvee pulls up. Inside--

"D"
(into mike)
--need a two block perimeter around the area. No one gets in or out.

104 **EXT. DISTANT ROOFTOPS** 104

MUSTAFA crosses rooftop-to-rooftop with fluency.

105 **INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT COMPLEX** 105

BLOOD DROPLETS lead to a door. Biggles kicks-in.

106 **INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS** 106

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 TONY cover MARC LEE and "D" 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

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

It's giant, bro. Four karats. It had to belong 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

(dives on him, keys mike)

Biggles is down. Man down.

(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-spackled sheets. A SHOT pocks the roof at his feet.

CHRIS

(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--

107

EXT. STREET

107

TWO MARINE UNITS provide cover as the Humvee speeds off.

108

INT. HUMMER

108

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--

109 **INT. MEDICAL TENT**

109

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--

110 **EXT. MEDICAL TENT**

110

THE PUNISHERS stand around the Humvee, still as a photo.

"D"

Did you see where it came from?

CHRIS

He was 1000 meters out. Only one enemy sniper makes that shot.

A jeep pulls up. COLONEL JONES and MASTER CHIEF MARTIN step out.

COL. JONES

Will he make it?

Chris turns away, choked up.

DAUBER

Doesn't look good, Master Chief.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN

That's the first SEAL hit, sir.

"D"

Fuck!

The sun high.

COL. JONES

A Shi'a cab driver we source is saying there's a stronghold seven doors down.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN

Marine units that covered your exfil are still engaged there.

COL. JONES

I can understand if you want to stand-down and regroup. It's up to you.

The wind blows.

MARC LEE

Lex talionis...

(looks up)

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth.

They all agree.

CHRIS

We're going back.

111

EXT. STREET, RAMADI

111

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--

But the tank catches them. Treads climbing the back of the car, overtaking it. INSURGENTS are trying to get out, screaming, as steel folds around them and flattens them.

And the ABRAMS vaults off the other side--

112

INT. BRADLEY TRANSPORT VEHICLE

112

THE PUNISHERS. Ears pinned back. Metal blasting. Amp'd to kill. FIND CHRIS consumed by rage; he pulls the BIBLE and AMERICAN FLAG out and sets them aside. This is personal.

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
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--

113 **INT. C-17 GLOBEMASTER (IN FLIGHT) - NIGHT**

113

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.

114 **EXT. FORT ROSECRANS NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY**

114

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 jumps,
startled. He looks at Colton, then Taya. He's caught with
his guard down and it appears 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.

115

INT. TAYA'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

115

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

Marc 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

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 grow quiet. The air sucked from the car.

CHRIS

But that's not what killed him. That
letter did. That letter killed Marc.

(looks to her)

He let go and he paid the price for it.

Taya turns away, wrecked. They drive in silence.

116

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

116

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

Bullshit. It's not about us anymore. You don't know when to quit. It's over-

(violent)

You did your part! We sacrificed enough. Let somebody else go--

CHRIS

I could never live with myself.

TAYA

You find a way! You have to. I need you to be human again. I need you here.

(no response, she calms)

If you leave again, we might not be here when you get back.

It startles him and he seems suddenly alert to her suffering. He reaches for her, holding her to his chest.

CHRIS

I know.

Her eyes sink into a well of ruin.

116A OMITTED

116A

117 **INT. NAVY HOSPITAL, SAN DIEGO - DAY**

117

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. Part of 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 a little fixing.

Chris sounds upbeat but his eyes betray him.

CHRIS

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.

(MORE)

BIGGLES (CONT'D)

(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

You're probably right.

There is a pause.

BIGGLES

They say you're the deadliest sniper in U.S. Military history.

CHRIS

Is that what they say?

Biggles grows quiet.

CHRIS

The bad guys fled up into to Sadr City.

BIGGLES

You're not going back?

CHRIS

We're gonna wall 'em in and hunt 'em down.

BIGGLES

You don't have to do this.

CHRIS

Yes I do. You're my brother and they're going to pay for what they did to you.

His mind made up. Biggles moved by it.

BIGGLES

Hooyah, Legend. Hooyah--

119 OMITTED 119

120 OMITTED 120

121 OMITTED 121

122 OMITTED 122

123 OMITTED 123

124 **INT. C-17 GLOBEMASTER - DAY** 124

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.

MARINE LT.

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"

125 OMITTED 125

126 OMITTED 126

127 **EXT. FOB COWBOY - DAY** 127

This base feels like a remote outpost. CHRIS and "D" walk past a boneyard of charred vehicles.

"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 coming back but his wife knocked him up. And if I bring home another rug my old lady'll murder my ass. Teams and shit.

CHRIS

(nostalgic)

Teams and shit.

"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)

It's me. I'm just calling to hear your voice. I'm missing you guys. I been thinking about some things you said.

The car disappears down a side-street. CROSS-HAIRS linger at that spot, knowing the routine.

CHRIS MESSAGE (VO)
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
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--

CROSS-HAIRS tremor as Chris' hands start to shake.

CHRIS (OC)
--please God--

Young Kid takes aims and-- suddenly discards the RPG in the street and runs off.

CHRIS

He rolls off the gun, gasping for air, biting back tears. After nearly a decade of war he's finally breaking down.

128

INT. OP TENT - DAY

128

Wind batters the tent. A squad of 16 SPEC OPS GUYS from different branches study a map with--

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
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.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
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.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
He can be whoever you need him to be, we
just need him dead.

Chris nods, eyes ablaze. Martin points to a map, south of
the wall is green, north of wall is red.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
(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?

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
Bring your goggles, Bambi. We need to
shut this shooter down.

129 **EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE** 129

A Stryker rumbles out, headed across the desert floor.

130 **INT. STRYKER** 130

CHRIS sits up front, eyes drawn to an OLD MERCEDES
speeding 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 can't look back.

131

EXT. GUARD POST - CONTINUOUS

131

MARINE GATE-GUARD studies the approaching OLD MERCEDES.

MARINE GATE GUARD

(keys mike)

This is east gate. We've got an unknown vehicle coming up fast.

Guards roll out, guns up. Mercedes skids to a stop outside the serpentine barriers. Dust blooms from it.

MARINE 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

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.

132 **EXT. SADR CITY - AERIAL SHOT - MOMENTS LATER** 132

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.

133 **EXT. STREET, SIX BLOCKS NORTH OF T-WALL - DAY** 133

Stryker slows. Boots hit dirt, silently slipping into--

134 **EXT. BANANA FACTORY, SIX BLOCKS NORTH OF T-WALL - DAY** 134

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 fuckin 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. ARMY ENGINEERS guide it in.

ENEMY CROSS-HAIRS ENTER FRAME (REVERSE ANGLE)

ARMY 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 Baghdad.

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.

"D" (OS)

He's right, Legend. No bueno.

CROSS-HAIRS tracking back, measuring between mil-reticals, calculating for distance. Back on target:

CHRIS (OC)

Correction. 2100 yards out.

"D"

That's a mile. Impossible shot.

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)

(over radio)

This is Charlie 7 Bravo. We have eyes on the target. Initiate QRF. Over.

"D" (OS)

Can you confirm it's him.

ON CHRIS

Trying to *breathe it down, please god, breathe it down--*

CHRIS (OS)

He has eyes on our guys.

RANGER ONE (OS)

Quick Reaction Force is 20 minutes out. You will stand the fuck down--

Chris scoops dust off the floor and watches with his off-eye, as it blows off his palm and plumes outward.

"D"

It's your call, Chris.

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.

"D" (OS)

If you got it, take it.

RANGER ONE (OS)

Negative, negative--

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

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 onto the roof, shaken, joining a 6 MAN SQUAD.

RANGER ONE

You just fucked us, Legend--

(screams into mike)

We need Stryker and QRF units, ASAP.

CHRIS KYLE

He was on our boys and I took him out.

RANGER ONE

We are fucked like a football bat.

"D"

Mission accomplished. Biggles be proud.

A look between them, fully aware of what comes next.

SIDE VIEW (FACTORY)

INSURGENTS clear the second floor, bounding toward--

ROOFTOP

CHRIS and Squad set-up firing stations.

CHRIS

There are two ways onto the roof. We cover both stairways and conserve ammo.

Muted nods all around. Footsteps coming. *This is it.*

"D"

If you FNGs shit your pants, don't stop shooting. Scoop and shoot. Scoop and--

GUNFIRE POPS behind them. MARINE GUNNER lights it up.

CHRIS

Conserve--

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. Pure brutality. They fall at his feet. Tracers light from the next roof.

"D"

3 o'clock. Loading. Last mag.

RANGER ONE

(screams)

QRF is stuck three blocks out.

MARINE GUNNER

I'm out of ammo--

INSURGENTS use rebar to cross from a nearby rooftop. Two ways just became three. They're 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 wields his .45, 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 pivots--

TRANSITION TO:

DRONE FOOTAGE of Chris on the roof of the Banana Factory. Surrounding streets are filled with bad guys. We are--

135

INT. COMM-OP TENT

135

Wind battling tent. MASTER CHIEF MARTIN stands over a NAVY DISPATCH OPERATOR, staring at the footage.

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN

Tell the pilot to turn it loose.

DISPATCH OPERATOR looks up, realizing what's happening.

136

EXT. F-18 HORNET

136

PILOT looks to his wing as STINGER MISSILES engage.

PILOT

3-4, copy that. 30 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 Chris' 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 him--

TAYA (OS)

Hello?

Chris is stunned. She answered. He's speechless.

TAYA

Hello?

CHRIS

(struggles)

Hey baby--

TAYA

Chris-- What's the noise?

Wind howls. F-18 closing.

TAYA

I can't hear you--

CHRIS

I'm ready to come home. I'm ready...

She starts crying. The F-18 almost upon them.

TAYA

What's happening--

CHRIS

--I'm coming home. Can you hear me?

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, let's move--

He leads "D", RANGER ONE and FOUR OTHERS across the roof. They stumble past INSURGENTS, blinded by sand.

STREET BELOW

CHRIS and SQUAD stagger into HOWLING CHAOS, clinging to each other, trailing Chris as GUNFIRE POPS behind them.

CHRIS

(choking, into mike)

Stryker-3, what's your location--

AN INSURGENT is blown right into them. "D" wrestles his gun away and beats him with it.

CHRIS

Hold there! We are 30 seconds out--

(pointing ahead)

Go. Straight ahead. Go--

They run for their lives. Unable to see two feet ahead. Sand 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--

GUNNER

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"

--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. He drops his gun in the dirt and dives. His 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:

137	OMITTED	137
138	OMITTED	138
139	OMITTED	139

140 OMITTED

140

140A **INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT**

140A

CHRIS sits hunched at the bar, his eyes track patrons and staff (**ECU**) their hands, torsos, eyes. HIS PHONE RINGS.

CHRIS
(into phone)
--hello?

TAYA (OS)
Where are you? I got a weird message that
you were on a plane?

He can HEAR THE KIDS in the background.

CHRIS
(into phone)
Yeah, I got out early.

TAYA (OS)
So are you in Germany, or--

CHRIS
I'm here, I'm stateside.

TAYA (OS)
You're home? What are you doing?

CHRIS
(looks around for answer)
I guess I just needed a minute.

TAYA (OS)
Chris, the kids are dying to see you.
It's been nine months.

CHRIS
Yeah, I know... Me too. I'm coming.

TAYA (OS)
(pause)
Are you alright?

CHRIS
Yeah. I'm good.

TAYA (OS)
Then come home. We miss you.

He nods silently, listens to his kids.

CHRIS

Okay.

141 **OMITTED** 141141A **INT. KYLE HOME** 141A

CLOSE ON- the back of Chris' head. He watches a WAR MOVIE on TV. As CAMERA CIRCLES the room, we glimpse *THE MOVIE*; an injured soldier calls for help amid shocking gunfire.

TRACKING BEHIND THE TV, we see Chris' wrought face and a household bustling around him. COLTON carries party plates outside, MCKENNA fights to get cowboy boots on and-

TAYA CALLS to him from the kitchen but we can't hear her until the CAMERA TRACKS to HER POV-- the gunfire is gone, the TV IS OFF. That war movie is playing in his head.

TAYA

Chris...?

He finally looks up, slick with sweat, affecting calm.

142 **EXT. BACKYARD - DAY** 142

Streamers twist against gunmetal sky. COLTON and MCKENNA set up birthday decorations. The family dog, A PYRENEES SHEEPDOG, bounds about. TAYA AND CHRIS, on back steps.

TAYA

--his game is Saturdays. He's the tallest kid on the team. The doctor said he could be six-four. I can't wait for you to see him play. Maybe you could even coach?

Chris looks past his kids, looking a thousand yards out.

TAYA

McKenna's about to lose that tooth and I'm worried she's going to swallow it. She said she'd let you pull it. But only you.

His head falls. When he looks up--

COLTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY UNDERWAY

6 YEAR OLDS and PARENTS mill around but all WE HEAR--

TAYA (VO) (CONT'D)
I wish you'd talk to me, Chris.

COLTON AND TWO FRIENDS chase each other around the yard.

TAYA (VO) (CONT'D)
I just feel this dark space between us
and I don't know how to reach you.

THE SHEEPDOG jumps on the back of COLTON'S FRIEND. The boy goes down hard, gets up crying, running from the dog.

The Sheepdog does it again. THE BOY FALLS AND HIS CRYING is cuts into scene. THE BOY'S MOM runs over. His back clawed up.

BOY'S MOM
Get him off! Get away--

Chris rips the dog off by its collar. The dog snaps at him and in an instant he whips out his .45 to shoot it.

TAYA (OC)
No! He's a puppy. He doesn't know!

Chris looks up, bent with animus, and he's looking at the face of his children, their friends, and their parents--

They look at him, terrified. He releases the dog. Lost.

143	OMITTED	143
144	OMITTED	144
145	OMITTED	145
146	OMITTED	146
147	OMITTED	147
148	INT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL - DAY	148

Harsh light. Water-stained walls. CHRIS looks beaten, afraid and dubious of this BUTTONED-DOWN DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

Maybe you saw things, or did some things
over there that you wish you hadn't--

CHRIS

That's not me.

DOCTOR

What's not you?

CHRIS

I was just protecting my guys. They were
trying to kill our soldiers and-- I'm
willing to stand before my creator and
answer for every shot I took.

(struggles)

The thing that haunts me are all the guys
I couldn't save.

NAVY DOCTOR

You want to save more guys, walk down any
hall in this hospital. We got plenty
soldiers that need saving.

(pulls prescription pad)

I'm going to recommend Zoloft and--

149 OMITTED

149

150 **EXT./INT. REC ROOM**

150

CHRIS steps to a window looking in on TEN YOUNG VETERANS
sitting around a TV; wounded, edgy, in need. A legless
Marine with a jelly-roll face looks up; this is "WYNN".

151 **EXT. SHOOTING RANGE, UNIDENTIFIABLE LOCALE - DAY**

151

CHRIS kneels before WYNN (wheelchair) who's armed with a
.300 resting 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.

Gun on shoulder, Chris is calm, he's found peace. BAM!

WYNN

Bulls-eye, boy! Damn, if that don't feel
like I got my balls back.

Chris dusts himself off. There's healing here.

WYNN

Why you spend all this time with us? I know you got a family.

CHRIS

I heard you had a nice boot collection before the war and--

WYNN

(laughs)

Seriously man. Why do you do it.

CHRIS

We gotta take care of our own.

Chris squints into the falling sun and time passes with--

LONG FADE:

151A **EXT. ROADWAY** 151A

The black F350 roars past a "Welcome to Texas" sign on the interstate.

152 OMITTED 152

153 **EXT. KYLE HOME - MIDLOTHIAN, TEXAS - DAY** 153

A residential neighborhood. Texas flags wave from stoops. CHRIS and COLTON carry boxes inside. "MAX THE SHEEPDOG" bounds along with them and never leaves Chris' side.

BEDROOM

Chris enters to find Taya has placed his old COWBOY BOOTS at the foot of the bed. He takes a seat and looks down at the combat boots on his feet. He bends to unlace them--

153A **EXT. PASTURE, TEXAS - DAY** 153A

A pale Stallion gallops through prairie grass. Chris and McKenna admire it from a rustic fence. Her pink cowboys boots kick Texas dust onto his old boots.

153B **INT. BATHROOM, KYLE HOME - DAY** 153B

Chris is showering when Taya sneaks in and flushes the toilet. He howls at the scalding water and she's laughing, rushing for the door when-- he lunges out and grabs her, pulling her in with all her clothes on.

154 OMITTED 154

155 OMITTED 155

156 **EXT. FIELD - DAWN** 156

Under a watercolor dawn, CHRIS leads COLTON across a prairie, hunting rifle on shoulder, teaching as they go. THE SCORE BUILDS and follows them into morning.

157 **INT. KYLE HOUSE - DAY** 157

Dust motes drift across blades of light falling through blinds onto CHRIS. He wears the BELT BUCKLE he won long ago, pleated Levis, and twirls an antique six-shooter.

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 crosses to him, running a hand up his leg.

TAYA

Did you pleat those jeans?

CHRIS

Yes, ma'am. Right up the middle.

TAYA

Well, you're just a regular old cowboy again, aren't you?

He kisses her, lifting her--

CHRIS

I meant what I said about locking the doors.

TAYA

Aren't you and Chad going to the range?

CHRIS

(checks watch)
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.

He sways with her, dancing a little two-step.

TAYA

Who are you taking out?

CHRIS

This Marine. His mom does parking at school and she asked for my help.

TAYA

Well don't be late for dinner.

COLTON and McKENNA race in, hugging on their dad.

COLTON

Dad, you want to play Skylander? Please--

CHRIS

I gotta go do something but when I get back, okay? But you have to let me win.

COLTON

No way.

MCKENNA

Poke the bear--

MCKENNA pokes Chris and he BARKS like a dog.

MCKENNA

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.

CHRIS

I should get going...

He 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, worshiping her. Dust motes drift past and he appears immortal in the bladed light.

Then--

He walks out the door for the last time. The house grows quiet. Colton plays video games. McKenna colors. The dog lays by the door. And Taya stands in the golden light.

FADE TO BLACK:

CARD(1): *"On February 2, 2013, Chris Kyle was killed by a former Marine he was trying to help. He died as he lived... looking after one of his own."*

OUT OF BLACK:

157A

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY

157A

Rain falls to Randy Travis singing *Amazing Grace*.

ACTUAL FOOTAGE: A funeral procession appears over a distant ridge. Police escorts lead a white hearse and 300 vehicles down a highway lined with people waving flags.

The last car finally passes. An UNKNOWN CIVILIAN stands alone in a muddy field saluting a fallen hero.

CUT TO BLACK.