

"AMERICAN SNIPER"

by
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with Scott McEwen
and Jim DeFelice

Screenplay
By
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All gave some. Some gave all.

OVER BLACK

The groan of tank treads drowns out THE CALL TO PRAYER as a MARINE BATTALION advances over the top of us.

EXT. STREET, FALLUJAH, IRAQ - DAY

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

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

EXT. ROOFTOP, "OVERWATCH" - SAME

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

CHRIS KYLE lays prone, dick in the dirt, eye to the glass of a .300 Win-Mag sniper rifle. He's a Texas boy with a shitty 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. Wind kicks up dirt-devils in the street.

GOAT
Dirt over here tastes like dog shit.

CHRIS KYLE
That ain't dog-shit.

CHRIS SCOPE POV

Tracking across a maze of bombed-out buildings, mosques, and fortresses. SFX: A LOW FREQUENCY BUZZ grows louder as his concentration deepens. Cross-hairs land on--

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

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

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

CROSS-HAIRS ON MAN ON CELL, studying the convoy, talking.
SFX: Chris takes a deep inhale, expels his breath and--

MAN ON CELL hangs up and steps away.

CHRIS KYLE
 He stepped off.

A WOMAN and KID exit the same structure, street level.
 They're headed up the sidewalk but cut into the street.

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

(**ECU**) She walks stiff, cradling something to her.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)
 Looks like she's carrying something.

CROSS-HAIRS ON WOMAN as she pulls a cylindrical yellow
 object from under her robes.

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

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
 You said a woman and kid?

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

CHRIS KYLE
 Are you seeing this? Can you confirm?
 Over.

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

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

THE KID moves toward the convoy with the grenade.

CHRIS KYLE (OC)
 Fuck--

MOTHER motions him to hurry. He's running toward Marines.

IN THE STREET

YOUNG MARINES. Wading into war. Boot scuffing dirt.

ON THE ROOF

Chris is unblinking. He exhales through clenched teeth, *breathe it down, breathe it down*, he struggles to get calm, fighting to gain control, fighting for his mind--

THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP THUMP-- he pauses upon exhale and the entire landscape seems to pulse with color and focus.

He stokes the trigger. The shot seems to surprise him--

THE BULLET

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

A WHITE-TAIL BUCK

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

EXT. HILLS, WEST TEXAS - PRE-DAWN

A field shrouded in morning fog. CHRIS KYLE(8) jumps up from behind a deer blind, running toward the fallen 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

Looks at me. Helluva shot, son. You're gonna make a fine hunter someday.

Chris nods, grabs the .30-06, running again, bounding to--

THE BUCK

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

CHRIS

Can it see me?

WAYNE

It's a deer, son.

Chris processes that, watching-- (ECU) a flea crawl around the animal's inner-ear.

WAYNE KYLE
 (hands him hunting knife)
 You shot it, you answer for it.

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

INT. BARN - DAWN

In the misty light of morning, the deer strung to a chain. CHRIS and WAYNE hoist it off the ground.

INT. CHURCH

A Protestant church. CHRIS, in his Sunday best, shuffles the pages of a LITTLE BLUE BIBLE.

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

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

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

BACK TO:

INT. BARN - DAY

WAYNE points the knife at the carcass and guides Chris' blade into the deer. This is a rite of passage.

WAYNE KYLE (PRE-LAP)
 There are three types of people in this
 world. Sheep, wolves and sheepdogs.

A BLANK WALL behind them will soon display the antlers.

TRANSITION TO:

A framed Texas flag. Christ on a cross. Art on walls of--

INT. DINING ROOM

A modest ranch-house. WAYNE lectures his boys over venison. Jeff bites back tears. Chris clenches a fork.

WAYNE KYLE

Some people live in denial. They choose to believe there is no evil out there. They have no capacity for violence and if faced with it they don't know how to defend themselves. They are sheep.

(looks to Chris)

Then there are other people who use violence as a means to prey on the weak--

EXT. SCHOOLYARD

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

WAYNE KYLE (VO)

They feed on the helpless. These are the wolves.

Kid on the ground is DAVID, his nose bloody. PUSH TOWARD the fight--(ECU) blood flecks on Bully's fist.

WAYNE KYLE (VO) (CONT'D)

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

A FIST CONNECTS with TALL KID'S temple. He goes down. Chris stands over the bully, beating the tar out of him.

WAYNE KYLE (VO) (CONT'D)

These men are a rare breed and they live to confront the wolf--

EXT. FIELD

CHRIS stands with his arms extended, wind blowing dirt off his open palms. It plumes out across the land.

WAYNE KYLE (VO)

They're the sheepdog.

INT. DINING ROOM

WAYNE removes his belt and lays it on the table.

WAYNE KYLE

Now we're not raising any sheep and I will whoop your ass if you turn into a wolf. But we take care of our own around here and if someone picks a fight, or bullies your little brother, you got my permission to finish it--

CHRIS
The guy was picking on Jeff.

WAYNE KYLE
That true?

Jeff nods, eye swollen.

WAYNE KYLE (CONT'D)
Look me in the eye. I asked a question--

JEFF
Yes...sir... He was...

WAYNE KYLE
(turns to Chris)
And did you finish it?

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

EXT. BARN

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

"AMERICAN SNIPER"

EXT. RODEO

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

BUZZER SOUNDS. GATE OPENS. The bronco leaps out.

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

He gets tossed trying to dismount. The bronco stomps his hand. He scrambles out as RODEO CLOWNS distract it.

FIND JEFF(19) ringside. Tight lips and severe eyes, he's cringing at the dismount and laughing at Chris.

JEFF (PRE-LAP)
It's to damn big too wear.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A honkey-tonk bar. CHRIS and JEFF are drunk and disorderly. A BELT-BUCKLE prize glimmers on the bar.

JEFF

What the hell are you gonna do with it?

CHRIS

I'm gonna get laid with it.

JEFF

I hate to break it to you but buckle-bunnies don't put-out for runner-up.

Chris checks his SWOLLEN HAND, pulls a wad of cash.

CHRIS

(to Bartender)

I want to buy a drink for every girl at the bar. Except the ugly ones.

Jeff scoots one seat further down the bar.

FEMALE BARTENDER

(rings cowbell, announces)

This rodeo-star wants to buy all you girls a drink. Especially the heifers.

JEFF

You're gonna get your ass kicked.

CHRIS

In Oklahoma? I don't think so.

TWO GORGEOUS GIRLS down the bar raise their glasses as their shit-kicking BOYFRIENDS APPROACH Chris.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A drab room. Chris is sprawled across the bed. He belches and the DAMAGED BUCKLE-BUNNY beside him laughs and rolls up on his hand.

CHRIS

Aw, shit-- My hand.

He sits up, dumps Aspirin in his mouth, washes it back with a beer and tosses the empty in the corner.

BUCKLE BUNNY

You were gonna tell me why you like rodeo.

CHRIS

Never said I liked it.

BUCKLE BUNNY
Then why you do it?

CHRIS
- I guess I'm just good at hanging on
when most people let go.

He sinks his hand in a bucket of ice. She feels ignored.

BUCKLE BUNNY
I've met a lot of wounded cowboys, but
never a fragile one...

CHRIS
(shitty grin)
Did you ever have a bad night and end up
fuckin one of those rodeo clowns?

BUCKLE BUNNY
You're an asshole.
(up, grabbing her things)

CHRIS
C'mon. I'm just playing--

BUCKLE BUNNY
You're a loser. You're no cowboy and
you're a shitty fuckin lay.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM/PARKING LOT

JEFF is huddled on the wall. BUCKLE BUNNY storms out.

JEFF
(laughing)
That good, huh?

He ducks into the room--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

THE TV plays across Chris' drunken face. Jeff lays on the
other bed, boots on, dozing off. A couple rodeo bums.

CHRIS
I can't shovel shit the rest of my life.

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

CHRIS
But if that's all there is...
(scratching)
Man, I'm starting to itch. That girl--

JEFF

She was a prize, bro. A real prize.

Chris tries to stand and doesn't make it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You're drunk. Go to sleep.

Chris is sitting on the edge of the bed, bleary-eyed when 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

Look at this Jeff--

But his brother is fast asleep. Chris looks back as the faces of INNOCENT VICTIMS play across the screen.

CHRIS (OC) (CONT'D)

Look't what they did...

EXT. MINI-MALL - MONTHS LATER

Chris tucks his shirt, brushes his teeth with a finger, looks at Recruiting Offices for every branch of military.

He approaches the Marine office, finds a "*Back in 5*" sign on the door. It upsets him, *they should be here*.

He looks into the Army office. A FAT RECRUITER is about to get up when A DOOR JINGLES behind Chris.

INT. NAVY RECRUITING OFFICE

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

CHRIS

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

NAVY RECRUITER

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

CHRIS

Yes, sir. But I can't see myself as a sailor. That's why I's thinking Marines--

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

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

NAVY RECRUITER (CONT'D)
Meet the warrior elite. Navy Seals make
Marines look like a goddamn tooth-fairy.

CHRIS KYLE
Seals--

NAVY RECRUITER
Sea, Air and Land.

CHRIS
I ain't much of a swimmer--

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

CHRIS
(challenged)
I'm not "most men", sir.

NAVY RECRUITER
Alright, I can get you in but there's no
signing bonus and if you wash out, you'll
end up on the deck of a ship.

Chris looks from the poster of the Battleship brochure to
the Seals-- and believes he is that man.

TRANSITION TO:

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

CHRIS (PRE-LAP)
C....L....A....D....B....

INT. NAVY HOSPITAL, DALLAS FT. WORTH

THE DOCTOR pulls the tong away from Chris' face.

NAVY DOCTOR
20/10.

CHRIS
What's that mean?

NAVY DOCTOR

Means you can spot a bug on a blade of grass from about fifty yards. You could be Navy Pilot if you wanted--

CHRIS

I don't like flying much.

A NURSE enters with X-RAYS. DOCTOR takes a look--

NAVY DOCTOR

You got a pin in your hand?

CHRIS

I got stomped by a bronc--

NAVY DOCTOR

Recruiter didn't mention that. No branch will take you with a bad hand.

The doctor exits. Chris slams his bad fist into the aluminum towel dispenser. Seems to work just fine.

EXT. TRAINING PEN, RANCH, WYOMING - DUSK

A bronco bucks around A SOLITARY FIGURE in the center of the ring. REVEAL CHRIS, his patience profound. The bronc drawn to his stillness-- (ECU) bronco licks its lips.

CHRIS

I ain't bribing you. You're a horse, you need this--

The horse approaches, ready for the rope when--

RANCHER (OS)

What the hell you doing?

The horse bucks off. RANCHER stands outside the pen.

RANCHER (CONT'D)

You're supposed to be shoveling his shit not making friends.

(walking off)

Get outta there, you got a phone call.

The horse gallops around Chris in the waning light.

INT. RANCH HOUSE

Chris is pulling off his gloves, ON THE PHONE:

CHRIS
 But the doctor said they wouldn't take--
 (listens)
 Yes, sir. Yes, I do. I'll be there...

He hangs up. That shitty grin.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Looks like you got some shoveling to do.

He slaps his gloves down and walks out.

CUT TO:

Shades of black. Sky over water. And whooping percussion--

INT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - "HELOCASTING"- NIGHT

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

INSTRUCTOR
 Go, go, go!

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

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
 --you deaf? Go!

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

INT. OCEAN - NIGHT

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

ON THE SURFACE

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

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

LONG FADE:

EXT. USS MOUNT WHITNEY - DAY

The massive command ship of the sixth fleet eases by. CHRIS stands on deck, in sailor's whites, crestfallen.

INT. PUBLIC POOL (UNDERWATER) - SAN DIEGO - DAY

CHRIS swims in aqua blue beneath the CHAOTIC KICKING FEET OF DOZENS OF CHILDREN. He forces himself to stay under, to stay calm until his face is bursting, his air expired--

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS, USS MOUNT WHITNEY - NIGHT

CHRIS stands breathless and desperate in front of CAPTAIN KENYON, a careful man.

CAPTAIN KENYON

You had your chance and you washed out.

CHRIS

I couldn't swim but I been working on it--

CAPTAIN KENYON

You can't swim but you want to be a Seal?
Doesn't sound like you thought this
through. Why is it so important to you?

CHRIS

It's hard to explain--

CAPTAIN KENYON

You have five seconds.

CHRIS

Well, I--

(shifts)

My dad used to say there's three types of
people in this world. Sheep, wolves and--

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Black night. Again, Chris and A DOZEN MEN crammed in the back of a helicopter, soaked to the bone.

INSTRUCTOR

Go, go, go!

Chris emerges from the darkness first. Before the drill instructor can shove him-- HE JUMPS, FALLS, SPLASHES.

EXT. OCEAN

Chris surfaces quickly, swimming from bodies and rotor-wash. A face appears before him, a kid struggling.

RYAN JOB(23) is a frumpy Oregon kid with a round face and goofy smile. He looks like he should be taking orders at a drive-thru window, not jumping out of helicopters.

CHRIS
--you alright?

RYAN JOB
--cold as balls, man.

The helicopter is fifty yards off, dropping bodies--

RYAN JOB (CONT'D)
Which way do we go?

Chris answers by swimming--

EXT. MIDDLE OF OCEAN / "TACTICAL SWIM" - DAWN

Chris and Ryan tread water in the pale dawn. Teeth chattering, bodies jack-knifing, no land in sight.

CHRIS
...the sea part of this Seal shit...is
for the birds....

RYAN JOB
--watch us spend a year in the water then
have to go off...and fight in a desert.

Rotor blades sound. A red and white heli approaches.

RYAN JOB (CONT'D)
The Coast Guard? We're screwed--

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

CHRIS, RYAN and 50 OTHER CANDIDATES lay on their backs doing flutter-kicks on a patch of blacktop surrounded by beige buildings. INSTRUCTORS wield hoses; younger and much more matter-of-fact than you'd expect.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
(sprays Chris in the face)
You dumb-fucks had half the Navy looking
for you. Don't turn away from the water.
Look up and take it. I know you-- you
washed out once already. How old are you?

CHRIS
30, sir.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
You could've fathered half these boys.

Other instructors hose candidates across the grinder.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)
 Don't like the water do you, old man.
 What kind of asshole joins the Navy but
 hates the water.

CHRIS
 I love the water, sir.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
 My ass you do. You lost your shit and
 tried to swim to Catalina!

CHRIS
 They say Catalina is beautiful, sir.

Ryan chokes a giggle. Rolle wheels around on him--

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
 Are you laughing? Is that you, giggling
 like a fucking schoolgirl? What is your
 fat ass doing here? You're not a Seal,
 you're a fucking Walrus. A big giggling
 Walrus. "Biggles" that's your new name.

"**BIGGLES**" (from here out) struggles with flutter-kicks.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)
 Hey everyone, meet Biggles.

ROLLE points to A BRASS BELL mounted on the back of a
 truck that goes everywhere they go.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)
 That's your ticket home, Biggles. All you
 gotta do is ring it and you'll be on your
 way.

BIGGLES is groaning, exhausted, legs giving out.

CHRIS (OC)
 Two hundred.

ROLLE whirls around on Chris, hose in face.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
 Did I ask you to count?

CHRIS
 No, sir.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
 Was that your ass talkin then?

BIGGLES is choking a giggle when THE BELL RINGS. A
 CANDIDATE staggers off. Everyone watches.

INSTRUCTOR ROLLE (CONT'D)

See that? That's a quitter. That guy quits on you in battle. Shit gets hairy, he can't step up. You get shot, he can't pull you out. We'll weed out the quitters and see if I can't find a warrior or two.

He walks off. Chris and Biggles share a look, a vow.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

FORTY CANDIDATES lay on the docks, soaked, chanting:

CANDIDATES CHANT

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

Silence follows. INSTRUCTORS stroll among CANDIDATES, their bodies shaking, pushed to the brink of hypothermia.

INSTRUCTOR GRANT

If anyone can sport wood in 30 seconds
their team can sit out the next
evolution... Any takers?

There's movement further down. BIGGLES has a hand down his shorts, frantically trying to produce.

INSTRUCTOR GRANT (CONT'D)

We got a gamer. Biggles! Cheer him on,
ladies! You know what he likes--

His BOAT CREW CHEERS, talking dirty to him. The least likely to make it, becomes their heart and soul.

EXT. BEACH - "SNAKE PIT" - NIGHT

A bonfire atop a sand dune. CANDIDATES crouch in a pit they dug, hugging oars, shivering. CHRIS stands at attention, trying to make INSTRUCTORS laugh so he can earn a place by the fire next to BIGGLES and TITTIES.

CHRIS

--the condom broke on us and we were only
16 and she was crying, begging me to do
something. So I'd heard if you pour Coca
Cola 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.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

She took her panties off and did a handstand against a tree but when I start pouring it in, she screams "ouch, it stings" but then I stop and she screams "no, don't stop" and it's fizzing out--

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

SGT MENLO (PRE-LAP)

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

EXT. "MUD FLATS" - DAY

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

INSTRUCTOR MENLO

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

"**DAUBER**" is big and rangy with yellow hair like the guy from *Coach*. Fierce and intelligent. A Connecticut cowboy.

DAUBER

Country is countrywide, sir.

INSTRUCTOR MENLO

I don't think he likes Italians, Tony.

"**TONY**" is a judicious bulldog with olive skin and moustache. Only part-Italian, he needs no nickname because say his name like he's mafia.

TONY

That's alright, sir, I'm half Mexican.

INSTRUCTOR MENLO

Fucking meatball burrito. You'd eat that though, wouldn't you Biggles?

"**BIGGLES**" is starting to look fit as they chip away everything that isn't a Navy Seal.

BIGGLES

I'd eat asshole sandwich right now, sir.

INSTRUCTOR MENLO

I don't doubt it. How bout you, Titties? Can you still make them dance for me?

"**TITTIES**" is a muscle-monkey Nor Cal goofball who flexes his hulking pecks and makes them dance. A 6'6" beast.

TITTIES

Bomb-buh-buh-bomb-buh-bomb-bomb.

INSTRUCTOR MENLO

What about you old man? How you feeling?

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

CHRIS KYLE

Dangerous, sir. Feeling dangerous.

The boat-team behind him send up a spirited "HOOYAH" and--

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

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

INT. DIVE POOL - "TOWER DIVE"

Chris splashes in. He's wearing mask and weight belt, descending a 30m dive tower. INSTRUCTOR ROLLE shadows him.

The deeper they go, the darker it gets. Chris is trying to clear his ears but looks distressed. Rolle watches as--

BLOOD BURSTS from Chris' ears and nose. It plumes in front of him as his eyes roll back--

TO BLACK:

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

INT. PASSENGER VAN - NIGHT

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

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

CHRIS (PRE-LAP)

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

INT. MULONEY'S BAR - NIGHT

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

BIGGLES
Getting rolled back isn't the end of the
world. You just gotta pass your swim--

CHRIS
(yells to be heard)
I'm old and I washed out once already--

BIGGLES
Stop fucking yelling--

CHRIS
It's a big fuckin deal. I feel like I'm
gonna miss it.

BIGGLES
Miss what?

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

BIGGLES (CONT'D)
You need to get off your pity-pot man,
we're about to get pinned.

Chris processes that, watches Biggles sip from a straw.

CHRIS
Don't ever say that again.

BIGGLES
What?

CHRIS
Pitty pot. And we don't drink out of
straws.

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

CHRIS
You need a new drink.

He waves for beers. Biggles considers this rule.

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

CHRIS
Ever watch yourself sip from a straw?

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

CHRIS
Would you suck dick if I turned the
lights off?

The straw comes out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sgt. Rolle is going to let me try and pre-
qual' for sniper school.

BIGGLES
You want to be sniper?

CHRIS
What's cooler than being a sniper?

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

Before Chris can answer, a dirty blonde steps to the bar.
Sensible and sexy and out of place here. This is TAYA.

Their eyes meet. He smiles. The cotton looks ridiculous.

TAYA
What happened to your ears?

CHRIS
They popped.

TAYA
Just like that?

CHRIS
Pretty much.

TAYA
Are you military?

CHRIS
(deaf)
Huh?

TAYA
What do you do that your ears popped?

CHRIS
I polish dolphins. They need to be
polished when they're in captivity. If
you don't their skin can disintegrate.

TAYA
You're full of shit. You're military.

She's urbane and sassy, a fast talker with a messy past.

TAYA (CONT'D)

What branch?

He passes her a SHOT OF TEQUILA.

CHRIS

One shot, one answer.

TAYA

(throws it back)

What branch?

CHRIS

I'm finishing BUD/S.

TAYA

So, you're a Seal.

CHRIS

Is that a question?

TAYA

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

CHRIS

What do you mean you know all about us?

TAYA

Is that a question?

(pushes a shot his way)

You're bunch of arrogant, self-centered glory seekers who think you can lie and do whatever the hell you want.

CHRIS

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

TAYA

(taken aback)

Why?

CHRIS

Because it's the greatest country on earth and that's worth protecting.

He's simple, talks slow, and means what he says.

TAYA

You're either unbelievably idealistic or just plain naive.

CHRIS

(beat)

This guy probably hurt your sister.

TAYA
He broke her heart.

CHRIS
And you'd do anything to protect her.

TAYA
Those were both questions.

She pushes him a shot.

TAYA (CONT'D)
Yes, I'd do anything to protect her.

CHRIS
Then you know how I feel.

TAYA
It's a lil' egotistical of you to think
you can protect us all.

CHRIS
(tosses back shot)
Our instructor warned us that our biggest
enemies are liquor, women and ego.

TAYA
It sounds like you're under attack.

EXT. MULRONEY'S BAR, PARKING LOT - LATER

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

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

She smiles, then turns to puke again--

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

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

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

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

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

Chris exhales, pauses, strokes-- BAM!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A ZOLOFT BROCHURE shows smiling faces. TAYA wears a suit-skirt and tries to mimic the esprit of the brochure. She leaves a pile of samples with the RECEPTIONIST and exits.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TAYA exits with her trolley and her smiles fades. She hates her job and pulls open her case, contemplating sampling her own products when-- HER PHONE RINGS.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A beach church. Sunlight of the spirit pouring in. A COMMUNION TRAY is making the rounds.

PASTOR (OC)
 --greater love has no man than this, to lay down his life for--

AN OLDER LADY seated next to Chris sees him take an extra thimble of wine. He winks at her.

CHRIS
 Hair of the dog...

He drinks one then the other. Taya can't hold her smile.

INT. RANGE - CAMP BILLY MACHEN - DAY

ON CHRIS, both eyes open looking downrange.

PO WEBB
 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.
 (stops over Chris)
 You need to close that off-eye.

CHRIS
 Then I can't see who else is out there.

BAM!-- Webb raises his binocs and checks the target.

PO WEBB
You're not lighting the world on fire.

CHRIS
I'll be better when there's a real threat.

PO WEBB
Close your groupings, or wash out. How's that for a threat?

A circle of sunlight wobbles around Chris' right eye as--

EXT. OCEANSIDE PIER

PAN ACROSS a "target shoot" game to a bench overlooking surf. CHRIS and TAYA sit with a giant teddy bear.

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

CHRIS
Whoever it is shouldn't have picked a fight with us.

TAYA
It won't be that simple.

CHRIS
It's not my job to debate the fight, I'm there to protect my guys and finish it.

She finds him brutish and beautiful.

TAYA
But it won't bother you?

CHRIS
(considers it)
Do you think if I hadn't had cotton in my ears you'd have talked to me in that bar?

TAYA
I don't know. Why--?

CHRIS
My eardrums popping felt like the worst thing that ever happened to me. But now, sitting with you, it just looks like part of the plan. And what's the point in worrying about the future if it always gonna work out like it's meant to be.

A surfer catches a wave and rides.

TAYA

You're a good man. I just hope you don't
let what you do change you.

EXT. NAVY SPECIAL WARFARE CENTER - DAY

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

PO WEBB

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

FIND CHRIS scribbling, doing the math--

SNIPER CANDIDATE #1

610 meters.

PO WEBB

Correct.

Chris finally lands on 610. Too slow. Frustrated.

SGT. WEBB

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

(no answers; lays it on)

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

The pressure on, Chris locks in--

CHRIS

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

SGT. WEBB

But there are no cars in the street.

CHRIS

Doorways are a standard eighty inches--

SGT. WEBB

Nothing is standard in the middle-east.

CHRIS

(takes a beat)

Bricks are. Telephone poles. Street
signs. And what about goats.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

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

TAYA

You've known me ten months.

CHRIS

I know enough.

TAYA

I don't have it all together, Chris. I don't. I have issues.

CHRIS

You're a package deal, babe.

She's touched but still worried.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What don't I know?

TAYA

Some days I don't want to get out of bed.

CHRIS

Who says you have to?

TAYA

I can be cynical and bull-headed.

CHRIS

You think I don't know that?

TAYA

I hate my job and I'm not good at, so I apply for promotions and I keep getting them, so now I have a condo and an even more stressful job that I'm not good at--

CHRIS

(tenderly)

What are you afraid of?

TAYA

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

CHRIS

I'm going to marry you, little lady.

TAYA

(staggered, fighting tears;
kisses him; pulls away)

Well-- you're going to need a ring if you want to talk all tough like that.

She walks off with the sheet. He's sprawled across the bed. Curtains glow in morning light. A perfect moment.

TAYA (CONT'D)
No!-- Chris--

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

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

It steals their breath. Chris turns her face to his, shielding her from the horror, knowing what's coming--

CHRIS
Marry me.

TAYA
Yes, yes...

He hugs her close, protecting her, eyes on the TV.

CHRIS
We're getting married.

TRANSITION TO:

A van bangs over a curb, entering the Marina parking lot.

INT. PASSENGER VAN - MORNING OF WEDDING

CHRIS is jounced, duct-taped to a gurney, naked and covered in green spray-paint and Sharpie-Playboy bunnies. BIGGLES leans over him, in a tux, shaving his eyebrows.

BIGGLES
Where's his tux! What time is it?

TITTIES
(driving)
We're late man, real fuckin late--

TONY is using paint-thinner to scrub Chris up. DAUBER squeezes the IV drip running into Chris' arm.

DAUBER
He's got fluids. Wake up, Tex!

DAUBER SLAPS HIM across the face. Chris bolts upright, punches Dauber and tumbles off the gurney.

INT. RENT-A-YACHT - DAY

A wedding march plays. Guests are seated on the bow. A PASTOR stands alone under an arbor. PUSH UP the aisle to--

TAYA'S MOTHER
I'm sorry honey. I'm so sorry.

TAYA
Forget it.

TAYA, beyond tears, marches out to face her guests.

TAYA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry everyone. I don't know what
happened but I won't to make you wait--

TIRES SCREECH in the near-distance and she looks up--

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Biggles and Dauber drag Chris up the gang-way.

INT. YACHT - DAY

The entire wedding party watches as CHRIS steps into the aisle. He's swaying with the boat, worried and green.

TAYA
This is not what I signed up for.

CHRIS
Baby, wait. Please--

TAYA
(sees how beat-up he is)
What happened to you?

CHRIS
I had the worst night of my life but--
it was all worth it.

TAYA
Oh good. I'm glad--

CHRIS
--to get here. To be with you.

WAYNE, DEBBIE and JEFF are watching from the front row.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I love you. I want you to be my wife, to
have and hold until we're old and grey.
(she isn't falling for it; he
drops to a knee)
There are only a few things I know. I
know there's a God. I know he's got a
plan. And I know I was put on this earth
to love you. Marry me and I'll protect
you and worship you until the day I die.

TAYA
Did you bring a ring?

Biggles tosses a ring-box. Chris grabs it out of the air. He puts the ring on her finger and smiles a sleepy smile.

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

Chris leans in and dips her for a kiss. As he does, we see a STORM BREWING at the distant edge of the ocean.

INT. BAR, YATCH - LATER

The day greying with weather, SEALS cling to the bar. "LT. BUDSACK" approaches; erudite and lantern-jawed.

DAUBER
What's up, Lt.? Hearing anything?

LT. BUDSACK
(with import)
It's on, boys. Word just came down.

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

ON DANCE FLOOR

CHRIS dances TAYA in slow circles when the *Hooyah* shocks them. Biggles nods, we're going. Taya slumps in his arms.

CHRIS
We knew this day was coming. There's a plan, remember? Don't be afraid.

He pulls her close, trying to hide his excitement, but--

TAYA
Your heart is beating out of your chest.

CAKE CUTTING - EVENING

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

CUT TO BLACK.

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

MARC LEE (PRE-LAP)
Welcome to Fallujah. The new wild west of the old middle east.

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

SOLDIERS sit elbow to elbow. SIX NAVY SEAL SNIPERS and a SQUAD OF MARINES to watch their backs. CHRIS tucks an American flag and the little blue Bible into his webbing.

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

MARC LEE

Al-Qaeda in Iraq have a price on your heads and extremists from across the globe are flooding the borders to collect on it. We all saw what happened to those contractors here a few months back--

FLASH TO:

50 INSURGENTS hang the charred remains of AMERICAN CONTRACTORS from a bridge. They chant, waving fists.

INT. M-113

The M-113 hits a pothole and faces tighten expecting an IED explosion that never comes.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)

You snipers will be paired up and inserted into buildings along the main road to do "overwatch" for Marines going door to door. Your job is to protect those Marines at all costs.

The truck battles to a stop.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)

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

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

EXT. HOSPITAL, NORTHERN BRIDGE, FALLUJAH

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

WINSTON

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

CHRIS

A sniper won't aim for your head.

A DOZEN MARINES are posted outside an apartment complex.

WINSTON
This AQI sniper's been hitting headshots
on gunners from 500 yards out--

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

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

WINSTON (CONT'D)
-- they call him "Mustafa". He was an
Olympic gold medalist for Syria.

CHRIS
They got sniping in the Olympics now?

They step on the elevator. The doors close.

ELEVATOR (CLIMBING)

Chris is focused and alert but Winston is wearing on him.

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

CHRIS
This is your floor. Good luck.

Doors open. He pushes Winston off.

WINSTON
(watching doors close)
No, I'm with you. I'm your protection.

INT. APARTMENT, SIXTH FLOOR

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

WINSTON
(trailing)
What're we looking for?

CHRIS
You ever hunt?

WINSTON
I ain't that kind of red-neck.

He unzips and peels off into the bathroom.

WINSTON (OS) (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck--

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

A GOAT

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

RAILING

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

CHRIS

(laughing)

You just got your first kill, "Goat".

"GOAT" will be his name from here out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

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

EXT. ROOFTOP/ SNIPER NEST - DAY

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

Chris packs a dip, lays out the Bible and flag, loads bullets in a wrist-sheath and marshals his breath. Then--

Time slows as he lowers his eye to meet the glass.

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

CHRIS SCOPE POV

Tracking across a maze of bombed-out buildings, mosques, and fortresses. SFX: A LOW FREQUENCY BUZZ grows louder 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.

CROSS-HAIRS ON MAN ON CELL, studying the convoy, talking. SFX: Chris takes a deep inhale, expels his breath and--

MAN ON CELL hangs up and steps away.

CHRIS KYLE
He stepped off.

A WOMAN and KID exit the same structure, street level.
They're headed up the sidewalk but cut into the street.

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

(ECU) She walks stiff, cradling something to her.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)
Looks like she's carrying something.

CROSS-HAIRS ON THE WOMAN as she pulls a cylindrical
yellow object from under her robes.

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

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
You said a woman and kid?

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

CHRIS KYLE
Are you seeing this? Can you confirm?
Over.

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

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

THE KID moves toward the convoy with the grenade.

CHRIS KYLE (OC)
Fuck--

MOTHER motions him to hurry. He's running toward Marines.

IN THE STREET

YOUNG MARINES. Wading into war. Boot scuffing dirt.

ON THE ROOF

Chris is unblinking. He exhales through clenched teeth,
breathe it down, breathe it down, he struggles to get
calm, fighting to gain control, fighting for his mind--

THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP THUMP-- he pauses upon exhale and the entire landscape seems to pulse with color and focus.

He stokes the trigger. The shot seems to surprise him--

THE BULLET

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

CLOSE ON CHRIS

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

GOAT (OC)

- Fuck that was gnarly.

CHRIS SCOPE POV

MOTHER is fleeing down the sidewalk, robes fluttering. CROSS-HAIRS find her. BAM. She falls in a red mist.

GOAT (OC) (CONT'D)

Shit yeah. Evil bitch!

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)

Nice shooting, Tex. Helluva call.

BATTALION COMMANDER (OS)

Copy that. Good lookin' out Navy.

ON CHRIS

Breath racing. Trying to process the praise and reconcile his disgust. Trying to remember his purpose:

Protect the Marines. Protect Marines. Protect.

EXT. ELIZABETH STREET, FALLUJAH - LATER

A dusty hell lined with palm trees. MARINE "VIPER TEAM" emerge from a building, spray-paint an "X" on the door.

MARINE VIPER #1

(white, glasses)

--it's hot as Bigfoot's ballsack.

(jokingly knocks on next gate)

Derka, derka, derka....

MARINE VIPERS laugh and brazenly march into a courtyard--

ADJACENT BUILDING

CHRIS lays prone, gun aimed through a mortar-hole.

CHRIS SCOPE POV

Scanning windows when GUNFIRE SOUNDS inside the building--

MARINE VIPER #4 (OS)
 (over radio)
 --Fuck! Two men down. The roof-- he's
 heading to the roof--

CROSS-HAIRS track to the roof. It's obscured by foliage.

CHRIS (OC)
 Come on. I got no visual here.

TRACK BACK TO STREET where Marines stand over their dead.

CHRIS

Eye to glass. Searching. Shadows growing long. The sun
 bleeds down. He's still eyeing that rooftop when--

MARC LEE (OC)
 Smells like piss in here.
 (then)
 Way to start your war. Some ballsy shots.

CHRIS
 (conflicted)
 Shooter statements are on the dresser.

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

MARC LEE
 Six?

CHRIS
 Shoulda been eight. Two got dragged off.

Marc is silent, Chris rolls off the gun. Still shaken--

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Did I do something wrong?

MARC LEE
 Wrong? Hell no. You got more kills than
 the rest of the snipers combined.

Chris rubs out the "shooters strawberries" on his elbows.

CHRIS
 We lost a Marine.

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

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

EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH - ESTABLISHING SHOT - EVENING

Across the river, the five-acre camp. Portable aluminum trailers, shithouses and tent farms. A Humvee pulls past--

INT. CHARLIE COMPANY BARRACKS, CAMP FALLUJAH - NIGHT

Chris lets the air-conditioning blow down on him. Cots, lockers and cruise-boxes line the room. Biggles reads a PUNISHER comic book, doesn't look up.

BIGGLES

Heard you got your dick wet.

CHRIS

Where is everybody?

BIGGLES

Training those butthead soldiers.

CHRIS

Why ain't you out there?

BIGGLES

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

CHRIS

(shedding gear)

You still read comic books?

BIGGLES

The Punisher is not a comic book, dumbass. It's a graphic novel.

(tosses it aside)

Talk to me, man. I'm dying here. Did you pop your cherry or what?

A heaviness falls over Chris--

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. I saw some hate like I've never seen it before.

BIGGLES

A grenade could've taken out five or six Marines--

CHRIS

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

BIGGLES

What about the other kills?

CHRIS

The other ones?
 (beat)
 The other ones were fucking righteous.
 Like God was kissing on my bullets.

Biggles laughs, jealous--

BIGGLES

You roll back and you're the first in the
 fight. We shoulda all drown in that pool.

CHRIS

Drown? I had an ear infection--

BIGGLES

You had your fuckin period.

Chris pounces and has him in a choke when TONY, DAUBER,
 TITTIES enter with "**ASIAN**"; a sleepy-eyed Japanese guy.

TONY

And what the fuck is this?

DAUBER

Don't ask, don't tell.

TITTIES

Tex is playing *just the tip*.

They surrounding the cot where Chris chokes Biggles.

TITTIES (CONT'D)

Heard you've been in the fight, buddy.
 You know what we've been doing?

DAUBER

Farting bubbles and burping glitter.

CHRIS

Tell 'em to back off, Biggles.

BIGGLES

Jump his ass.

They pounce on Chris, holding him down Asian puts strips
 of duct-tape up Chris' legs and chest.

TITTIES

Did you meet Asian? We call him that
cause he's a capital "A" for Asian.

DAUBER

Show him your little hands.

ASIAN

These hands were made for killing--
(shows very small hands)
And waxing.

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

CUT TO:

SNIPER "LEGEND" SEQUENCE

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 OFFICE

Chris sits in front of TWO JAG OFFICERS going over
"SHOOTERS STATEMENTS". He doesn't like being questioned.

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
holding-- it was made of pressed metal,
shot 7.62s and looked just like an AK.

OVERWATCH

Chris takes over for a SNIPER shooting from a window.

MARINE SNIPER

Haven't seen shit all day--

Chris nods, settling-in when AN INSURGENT crosses the
street with a CAR BATTERY and an AK-47.

CHRIS

(keys mike)

I got an armed military-aged male with a
car battery. Maybe he just needs a jump?

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

Exhale, pause, pull. A SHOT RINGS OUT--

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

MARINE INTEL OFFICE

JAG OFFICER #1
 Your scores at sniper school were sub-par
 then you get here and, suddenly--?

JAG OFFICER #2
 The greatest sniper in U.S. history had
 93 kills. You already have a third of
 that. How're we supposed to explain that?

Chris is wrestling that same question, and has no answer.

MESS HALL

CHRIS and BIGGLES enter. A noticeable HUSH FALLS over the
 room. Eyes on Chris, he tries to avoid reverential nods.

BIGGLES
 (hops on a chair)
 Listen up ladies and genitals, "The
 Legend" here is having beef stew just
 like you and he'd like you to know that
 it's better to be lucky than good.

Chris flings a cafeteria tray at his head.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN

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

TAYA (OS)
 Have you killed anyone yet?

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

TAYA (OS)
 Don't be weird with me.

INTER-CUT WITH:

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

TAYA walks her baby bump to the TV, turns down volume.

TAYA

If you don't tell me what's going on, how are we going to feel like we're living a life together.

CHRIS

We are living this together, there are just things I just can't talk about.

(then)

How are you? Are you feeling okay?

TAYA

I'm alone and if you make feel more alone-- I'm going to be pissed.

Chris covers the phone as distant gunfire chatters.

CHRIS

(peeps over wall)

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

TAYA

It's called a nightgown.

CHRIS

Yeah. That.

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

You have to decide what's more important.

CHRIS

You're horny preggers, aren't you?

TAYA

I'm fat. I'm getting huge.

CHRIS

More to love. You could be 300 pounds, I'd still do you.

TAYA
(likes this)
You're so romantic.

CHRIS
How's my boy?

TAYA
Nobody said it's a boy--

Chris has CROSS-HAIRS on insurgents crossing the street.

CHRIS
I can't wait to see the way you are with
him. You're going to be the best mom.

TAYA
How do you know?

CHRIS
(doesn't take the shot)
I just know. I can see it.

TAYA
I hope you're right. The doctor said
everything looks good--

Her words fade as TV NEWS shows the running graphic of
"American Death Toll in Iraq". The number is 835.

TAYA (CONT'D)
Tell me you talked to your dad?

CHRIS
I keep missing him--

TAYA
(stands)
Shit. You need to call him. Hang up and--

CHRIS
What happened?

TAYA
I'm so selfish. I wasn't even thinking--
(pacing)
Your little brother joined the Marines.

CHRIS
What? When?

TAYA (OS)
He didn't tell them till he was shipping
out--

CHRIS
Shipping out where?

TAYA (OS)
Over there. Jeff is headed to Iraq.

The news ricochets around inside him like razor blades.

TRANSITION TO:

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

COL. GRONSKI (OC)
This happened two miles from here. The man in the middle is al-Zarqawi.

We are--

INT. OP' BRIEF TENT - DAWN

COLONEL GRONSKI is a cob-nosed egomaniac whose coffee cup must get dick-rubbed on a weekly basis. He stands before 75 Marines. The screen flashes to PHOTO OF AL-ZARQAWI, a Jordanian with bushy black beard.

COL. GRONSKI
Bin Laden called this asshole the prince of Al-Qaeda in Iraq. They are 5000 strong and will present some of the heaviest urban combat since Vietnam.

FIND CHRIS in back, scanning heads for his brother.

COL. GRONSKI (CONT'D)
This terrorist and his Lieutenants are our highest priority. We need to pick up the pace to clear six structures an hour. We will loosen things up with an air and--

Chris looks to Marc Lee, *six an hour?*

EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH - MORNING

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

CHRIS
I'm watching Marines rush in to get their ass shot off. They don't clear corners, they march in like it's a fire drill--

MARC LEE
They're Marines. They don't get our training--

CHRIS

So let me coach 'em up. I could lead a Marine unit in the street--

MARC LEE

A Seal sniper is too valuable--

CHRIS

The muj aren't presenting in the street like they were, but if I was down there--

MARC LEE

House to house is the deadliest job in the sand-pit and you're fighting for it?

CHRIS

Can't shoot bad guys if I can't see them.

His good ole boy levity does little to cloak his desperate desire to protect these Marines.

MARC LEE

Look, these Marines are calling you *The Legend*. The bigger that legend grows, the safer they feel. That kinda shit wins wars. Keep banging on the rifle.

He walks off leaving Chris biting at a shamal wind.

CUT TO:

AN F-16 RIPS OVERHEAD, dropping a 500lb bomb on the next block, smoke and dust swell and billow out toward--

INT. ROOFTOP

CHRIS lays under a fluttering canopy, cursing at zero visibility, afraid of what's coming. GOAT camps nearby.

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)

--gate leads to a courtyard but I got limited visibility once you're inside so proceed with some fucking caution.

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

Marines rush back out, dragging their injured.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 (stands, bounds for stairs)
 Fuck this!

GOAT
 You'll get your ass shot off down there.

INT. STREET, SOLDIER'S DISTRICT - MINUTES LATER

KILO COMPANY dump lead in the structure. "**CPT. GILLESPIE**"
 (smart, sunburned) is shouting "cease fire" as--

CHRIS
 (storms up)
 You wanna be a sniper? Let's swap guns.

"JEFF" MARINE
 Really?

CHRIS
 Hell yeah. What's cooler than a sniper.
 (trades guns, looks to Cpt.)
 I'll roll with you guys if that's cool?

They're looking at him like he's lost it but--

CPT. GILLESPIE
 Cool by me.

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

THOMPSON
 You're that guy? You got like 40
 confirmed kills.

Chris realizes it's his way to gain entry, plays it up.

CHRIS
 It's 52. But who's counting.

THOMPSON
 That's badass.

"**SANCHEZ**" (gang banger, Catholic) chimes in.

SANCHEZ
 Theys some nigger in Bravo catching up.

CHRIS KYLE
 Yeah, we'll see...
 (packs a dip)
 So y'all wanna learn how to stay alive?

A river of need beneath his cowboy calm.

EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH, EVENING

A sunset burns across an aluminum trailer. CHRIS and KILO COMPANY roll from behind it, drilling, covering angles. Chris barks at them, serious as a heart-attack.

MARC LEE, crossing camp, is stopped in his tracks--

MARC LEE
Motherfucker...

INT. HOUSE, DAY

KILO COMPANY bang into a house. Chandeliers and hand-dyed rugs. CHRIS gives hand signals. SANCHEZ whispers--

SANCHEZ
- Whas' that mean again?

GILLESPIE
Cover and follow.

Chris turns the corner and-- A KID(13) stands there.

CHRIS
Down. Down! Get down--

THE KID is rocking on his heels like he's going to run. He has dark eyes and a pronounced forehead.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I will fucking shoot you! Down! Down--

FATHER OF KID (OS)
No, no, please--

A TALL IRAQI with a beard runs in. Gillespie clocks him. He drops like a rock. THE KID screams like he's deaf.

FATHER OF KID (CONT'D)
(from the floor)
He can't understand. Look at him--

GILLESPIE
The kid does look a little retarded.

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

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 am Sheikh al-Obeidi. You are my guests
but please tell your friends to come in.
If you are in the street they will know
we have spoken--

A TEA KETTLE whistling, guns still trained--

GOAT

He wants us all in here so he can blow
our shit up. Check him for a vest.

CHRIS

Who will know we've spoken?

FATHER OF KID

Your enemy is mine enemy. You understand?

Chris glances at the women, lowers his gun--

LATER

Chris and Gillespie sit on the floor with al-Obeidi. The
kid ("**OMAR**") plays with his father's hair.

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

They come to our homes and they make
examples of those who talk--

CHRIS

Who? I need a name.

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

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

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

He continues in Arabic, Terp translates--

TERP

- *The pure flame of fire?* -

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

He is top soldier of Zarqawi.

CHRIS

(jumps)

We want al-Zarqawi. How do we find him?

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

This I cannot help. But I help find The
Butcher and he reports direct to Zarqawi.

OMAR CACKLES like crow, playing peeking games.

CHRIS

The Butcher then. How do we find him?

RADIO CHATTER. An F-16 overhead. THOMPSON steps away--

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

I will be your help. But my price for betrayal is 100,000 U.S. dollars.

A BOMB LANDS nearby. Chris growing certain--

CHRIS

How do we know it's real?

THOMPSON

(re-enters)

We got a Marine unit pinned down about two mikes out, in bad shape--

CHRIS

(hears this, stands)

I'll bring it to the money people but I need details. A name. Anything.

THOMPSON

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

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

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

The Sheikh sweeps a hand across his empty palm. Chris holds his eyes a long moment, then turns--

INT. HOUSE, SOLDIERS DISTRICT, FALLUJAH

FOX COMPANY MARINES; SGT. BORTOLO(Greek) fires his 9mm out a window. OTHER SOLDIERS defend windows behind him, calling out desperate orders then diving for cover as--

IN THE STREET

INSURGENTS take turns running past windows, firing AK's. Two dozen of them, yelping and attacking like hyenas.

DOWNRANGE

Fallen telephone lines snake across the rubble. CHRIS and KILO COMPANY take cover, winded, flush with adrenaline.

GOAT

Too fucking many of em, man. We gotta wait for air-support.

THOMPSON
Support is ten minutes out.

SANCHEZ
We don't got the sauce for this--

CHRIS KYLE
Hey. Look at me. Those are our boys in
there. Those are our Marines.
(lighting fire to their
trepidation)
We look out for our own.

GOAT
You're not a fucking Marine.

GILLESPIE
Oorah, Chris. We're with you.

CHRIS
Thompson and Sanchez are on the roof with
a steel curtain at 10 and 2. Cap', you're
street-level mowing everything in-
between. Tell Fox Company to toss smoke
on our signal and get their dicks dirty.
(grabs Goat's uni)
You're with me, leading 'em out the back.

Chris drags Goat, cursing, down the alley.

UPRANGE/STREET

GAS FUMES WAFT from the soaked shirt hanging off an
INSURGENTS rifle. His friend lights it on fire as--

ROOF

THOMPSON and SANCHEZ crawl across the rooftop.

THOMPSON
(into radio)
--on my signal you're gonna toss smoke--

HOUSE/MARINES

BORTOLO collects smoke canisters from a LEG-SHOT SOLDIER.

SGT. BORTOLO
Give me your smoke, Mads.

MADISON
Where is Boone? Have you seen him?

Bortolo's expression says, "no".

ALLEY

Chris and Goat are advancing past the mouth of an alley when-- TWO INSURGENTS run out of a doorway ahead. All four stand shocked. Chris fires first, killing one.

ALLEY INSURGENT #2 lights up a belt-fed Bushmaster. Flames spit from it as Chris dives into--

DOORWAY

Chris reloads in shallow cover, calling out--

CHRIS
Goat, on three. You ready? Goat?

He leans out and sees GOAT RUNNING into the distance.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Motherfucker.

INSURGENT #2'S GUNFIRE chips the doorway then *CLICK*-- his guns jams. It's the loudest sound in a gunfight.

Chris leans out, POP-POP, drops him.

ROOF

SANCHEZ looks over the balustrade on the rooftop.

THOMPSON
(keys mike)
Toss smoke, now--

A SMOKE CANISTER flies into the street. Then three more-- THEY HISS, SPITTING THICK SWIRLING GREY SMOKE.

Sanchez jumps up firing the 240 into the smoke.

WINDOW BELOW

Gillespie steps up to fire. AN INSURGENT runs from the fog. His cheek blown off, squirting blood, running at us--

INSURGENT flips over the windowsill and lands at his feet. Gillespie screams, stomping on his head and FIRING out the window as insurgents appear in the riotous haze.

ALLEY

Chris advances solo. INSURGENTS hear the gunfight in the street and FOUR RUN toward it, THREE REMAIN.

Chris pulls the pin from a grenade, tosses it, takes aim--

HOUSE

Marines sit back-to-back, waiting to die. From the dark doorway, "friendly", he appears out of smoke--

CHRIS KYLE
Y'all ready to get out of here?

They're in shock, watching Chris pull MADS off the floor.

ALLEY TWO

KILO TEAM is shuttling MARINES up the street. CHRIS is laying down suppressive fire from the rear.

THOMPSON (OS)
(over radio)
You're up Chris, go--

SUPPRESSIVE FIRE hisses past. Chris turns to run, sees--

A MARINE BOOT sticking from a doorway down the alley.

CHRIS KYLE
Shit--
(slides down the alley,
afraid to look)
Friendly, friendly--

THOMPSON (OS)
Chris! We gotta get. Where are you--

A YOUNG MARINE is slumped in the doorway, brown hair, gut-shot. Chris is terrified, lifts his head-- not Jeff.

CHRIS
(checks pulse, keys mike)
On the move with "WIA". Light it up...

UPRANGE

SANCHEZ and GILLESPIE lob tracers downrange.

SANCHEZ
--is it Goat? Is Goat down?

DOWNRANGE

Chris has Boone in a fireman's, humping him uprange when AN INSURGENT steps out 50m behind them and fires an RPG--

It screams out, corkscrewing at them--

CHRIS

He dives, covering Boone as the RPG EXPLODES the wall behind him. Chunks of concrete tumble down on his legs.

CHRIS
Aughh, fuck--

He's agonizing, racked with pain, when he hears--

INJURED MARINE
...it hurts...it hurts so bad--

CHRIS
(animated by empathy)
I hear you. I know it hurts, I know--

The Marine reaches. Chris takes his hand.

INJURED MARINE
--don't tell her. You can't tell her...

CHRIS
Don't tell who?

The Marine is shaking, in the cold grips of death.

INJURED MARINE
Don't tell my mom...I died in pain... You
can't tell her I died like this--

CHRIS
You're a hero. They'll make it sound
great... you hear me?

Boone is staring at him, gone. Chris is still squeezing
his hand when gunfire spits up dirt, just inches away.

Chris ducks, trying to pull his legs from rubble when--

An A-10 GUNSHIP booms overhead. *BRRRRBBB-BBRRRRBBB-
BBRRRRBBB!!!*-- 30MM CANNONS decimate the world behind him.

INT. MESS HALL, CAMP FALLUJAH - EVENING

Food is slopped on a plate. PAN UP TO GOAT, signaling for
another scoop when-- he's ripped off his feet.

CHRIS (OC)
Fucking coward.

CHRIS slams GOAT down on a table, strangling him.
SOLDIERS jump up around them, yelling and shouting, as--

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You fucking skip like that again, I will
shoot you myself. You understand me--

A hand tries to pull him off. Chris turns to swing--

BIGGLES
You wanna piece--?

GOAT
(breaks free)
Fuck you, man. I got pinned down.

CHRIS KYLE
 You ran. I watched you--
 (held back)
 Why are you here? If you're not here to
 fight-- then why are you here!

The question confounds Goat. Chris finally hobbles out.
 The soldiers shift their gaze to the coward.

INT. TEAM THREE BARRACKS

Chris holds a plastic cup with Southern Comfort. Biggles,
 and the rest of CADILLAC COMPANY are gathered around:

CHRIS
 (quoted)
*--don't tell her I died in pain. You
 can't tell my mom I died like this.*

A heavy silence.

BIGGLES
 That's it?

ASIAN
 That's a shitty fucking story.

TONY
 You can't tell that story.

DAUBER
 Yeah, make something up.

CHRIS
 Like what?

TITTIES
Tell my mama I'll be watching over her--

BIGGLES
 That's gay.

TITTIES
 - And you'd fold your teeth back for it,
 wouldn't you buddy. What do you got?

BIGGLES
 (beat)
 Tell my wife... I humped her sister.

They're laughing.

DAUBER
 If the guy had a wife he wouldn't be
 talking about his mom--

TITTIES

If moms humped we wouldn't need wives.

They groan. LT. BUDSACK CHIMES IN from the back.

LT. BUDSACK

It's gotta have God in it.

DAUBER

Budsack is right...a message from God.

They grow silent, waiting for inspiration.

BIGGLES

I want to kill somebody.

It hangs there.

LT. BUDSACK (OC)

Attention on deck.

TEAM THREE stagger to their feet. COLONEL GRONSKI enters.

COL. GRONSKI

Petty Officer Kyle? I hear you've been banging around with my Marines. Sounds like we owe you a debt of gratitude.

CHRIS KYLE

You don't owe me anything, sir. I'm just looking out for my brothers.

COL. GRONSKI

I hear they're calling you *The Legend*--

CHRIS KYLE

They can call me whatever they want as long as they're not calling me home.

Gronski laughs but can't get a read on him--

COL. GRONSKI

I read the after-action report. That was some high-speed shit and I'd like to nominate you for the silver star but here's my issue, I can't nominate a Navy Seal for saving Marines. We tell our boys they're the most deadly weapon in the US military arsenal then we need a frogman to pull us out of the shit? That'd hurt morale.

CHRIS KYLE

Permission to speak freely, sir?

COL. GRONSKI

Of course.

CHRIS KYLE

I could give a shit about your silver star. But if that Marine (Goat) runs on me again-- I will shoot him myself.

COL. GRONSKI

(steps in, low)

You think because you're a Seal, you're out of reach. You think I don't own you?

CHRIS KYLE

I'm just here to do my job.

COL. GRONSKI

Well your job just got a whole lot harder. Mind your ROEs, killer.

He exits. Silence follows. Chris searches staring eyes--

CHRIS KYLE

He said I could speak freely?

But the air has been sucked from the room.

TRANSITION TO:

"DEATH TOLL STAT" on the whiteboard is "1236". We are--

EXT. DIA TRAILER, CAMP FALLUJAH - DAY

CHRIS stares at the number in disbelief. On the wall beside it, a CORNHUSKERS FOOTBALL poster. AGENT SHEAD sits across from them, a square-faced, shifty DIA AGENT.

AGENT SHEAD

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

CHRIS KYLE

He didn't mention that.

AGENT SHEAD

It's AQI's racket now. Al-Obedie isn't happy about it. This could be blowback.

CHRIS

And "The Butcher"?

He slides a white-board away to reveal a AQI hierarchy.

AGENT SHEAD

This is your guy here.

(points to blurry photo)

He's Zargawi's second or third.

CHRIS
You already had his name?

AGENT SHEAD
We got a few names. If it checks out I'll
put something together--

MARC LEE
He's asking for 100,000.

AGENT SHEAD
Of course he is.

CHRIS
If we go back out, I'd like to rope in my
guys from Team 3--

AGENT SHEAD
The brass will want contractors on it.
Let me vet the name. I'll get back to
you.

He dismisses them with a nod. The dude rubs wrong.

INT. SNIPER HIDE

Clouds inch across sky. Chris on glass. Sweating dogs. A fly lands on his cheek. He stays still. Nothing. He abruptly pulls his AMERICAN FLAG out and drapes it over the edge. Seconds later, MACHINE-GUN FIRE ERUPTS, INSURGENTS firing on his position. He takes aim.

INT. HUMVEE #2

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

CONTRACTOR/DRIVER
Road-kill.

The cultural animosity between military and mercenary is evident on the faces of CHRIS and MARC LEE as--

They sit across from THREE MORE CONTRACTORS and AGENT SHEAD. A shrink-wrapped PALLET OF CASH between them.

AGENT SHEAD
--Fanus aka The Butcher, is Zargawi's enforcer. If someone talks to us, The Butcher pays them a visit.

He acting like this is new information.

CHRIS KYLE
That's what the Sheikh said.

AGENT SHEAD

Then lets hope he's got more to say.

A PHONE RINGS, breaking the tension. All are surprised when Chris, the enlisted man, digs out a SAT PHONE.

MARC LEE

It's like that now, huh?

CHRIS KYLE

Must've forgot I had it.

(shitty grin; answers)

Hey little lady--

TAYA (OS)

You were right, it's a boy.

CHRIS KYLE

(fist bump)

It's a boy!--

MARC LEE

Hell yeah. Congrats--

WHAAP! The windshield spiders. DRIVER'S brains spackle them. THE HUMVEE CRASHES into a storefront.

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

EXT. MEDICAL PLAZA, SAN DIEGO - DAY

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

TAYA

Chris!--

EXT. STREET

Street level shops, dusty awnings, boarded up windows. MARC LEE and CHRIS roll out. SAT PHONE falls in the dirt.

MARC LEE

I heard one shot.

CHRIS KYLE

Roger. Large caliber. Coming at that angle, gotta be 300 or more out--

A SHOT thunks into a Leonardo DiCaprio billboard above.

MARC LEE

Get a bead?

CHRIS KYLE

Negative--

Nerves fraying. This sniper has them pinned down.
CONTRACTORS scramble AGENT SHEAD to Humvee #2.

CONTRACTOR/PASSENGER
Pull back---

CONTRACTOR/GUNNER covers them from the gun turret when--
A BULLET SMOKEs through him, ejecting his vertebrae.

CHRIS KYLE
Minaret, 11 o'clock!

Chris uses his rifle to reaches from behind the wall and
tilt the side-mirror on the Humvee to see--

DOWNRANGE (IN REFLECTION)

A MAN stands in the street over the Sheikh's boy, Omar,
whose strange screams can be heard between gunfire.

CHRIS
That's the Sheikh's house. They're on
him. Fuck--

Agent Shead and two bodies packed in Humvee #2.

CONTRACTOR
We'll come back for you--

MARC LEE
Fuck you. Tuck it.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)
(into radio)
--Drummer 2-1, requesting back-up. Taking
sniper fire on approach of high-value
target, GIRD 04536237. Over.

Marc follows Chris out the back of the alley--

MARC LEE (CONT'D)
Always in the shit, aren't you?

CHRIS
It follows me.

WHIP-PAN TO SAT PHONE in the dirt--

EXT. MEDICAL PLAZA, SAN DIEGO

TAYA listens to a gunfight as the lunch crowd teems past.

TAYA
(sobbing, into phone)
Chris--

CAMERA CIRCLES HER as her world comes unhinged.

BACK TO:

THE BUTCHER

Stands in the street over Omar. He's a rawboned man with eyebrows forming a grizzled line over bloodshot eyes and he's holding a HAND-DRILL.

SNIPER POV / FROM MINARET

He's aiming toward the doorway of a house where--

SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI

Stands with his family, pleading. He tries to step into the street and A SNIPER SHOT POCKS the dirt at his feet--

THE BUTCHER

He powers up the drill and OMAR SCREAMS and pitches as The Butcher DRILLS A HOLE in the boy's thigh.

INTERSECTING ALLEY

Marc waves Sheikh (across street) to stay put. Chris frantically works for a shot but--

CHRIS

No angle. I got no shot--

Panic on his face, seconds ticking down, Chris eyes telephone wires upside the wall. He pulls himself up--

ROOFTOP

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

SNIPER POV / IN MINARET

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

THE BUTCHER

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

THE BUTCHER

(in Arabic)

You talk to them, you die like them.

He steps on Omar, lowering the drill toward his jaw.

CHRIS

Can hear the drill and Omar's preemptive screams. He'll be exposed but-- he pops up to shoot The Butcher.

Before he can-- A SNIPER BULLET CLIPS his helmet. It levels him. He falls flat back. Clouds strobe across his shocked-eyes. He hears the sound of drill meeting bone.

THE SHEIKH

Sees his son being murdered. He runs into the street. Ten feet out, A SNIPER ROUND rips through his chest--

SNIPER POV

CROSS-HAIRS drift back to the rooftop where Chris is--

ROOFTOP / CHRIS POV (UPSIDE DOWN)

Dog barking viciously. Saliva flying off its incisors. His helmet wobbling there, ruptured like a plum.

CHRIS

Terror and rage reanimate him. He erupts to his feet. Lunatic emotion, totally exposed, firing on the minaret-- he empties clip then realizes he's screaming.

He falls silent. Two bodies litter the street below.

EXT. STREET - LATER

A MARINE BATTALION holds perimeter. A sheet draped over Omar is marked by a dozen blood spots. Chris is buzzing with remorse, staring at the body then the minaret.

CHRIS KYLE

He had line-of-sight 500 meters out. This guy isn't some fundo with a rifle.

BIGGLES

Gronzski is all over Marc, bro.

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

CHRIS

Can we work up a squad to pursue him?

MARC LEE

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

CHRIS

What? No-- he can't do that. I'm going home in three weeks.

MARC LEE

It's going to be a long three weeks.

Wind blows the sheet off Omar.

EXT. WEIGHT LIFTING CAGE, CAMP FALLUJAH - SUNSET

Chris stalks the cage, shirtless and sweating, burning with animal rage as darkness falls on Fallujah.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. MARCH AIRFORCE BASE, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

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

FIND TAYA standing tall in heels, 9 months pregnant. She finally spots Chris limping toward her--

She walks into his arms and STARTS SWINGING her fists.

TAYA

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

He pulls her close, holding her until her rage gives way to tears.

CHRIS

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

They stand there long after everyone has gone.

INT. BEDROOM

Taya lowers the lights and steps out of heels and dress. At 9 MONTHS PREGNANT she's not sure she's sexy anymore. Chris exits the shower, stops in the door, staring--

TAYA

Say something.

CHRIS

You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

TAYA

I have an alien growing inside me.

She loses her nerve, sits on the bed.

CHRIS
Well, it's sexy as all hell.

He kneels before her, running his hands across her belly.

TAYA
There's a strange man in my bedroom.

CHRIS
Our bedroom.

TAYA
Your hands feel different.

CHRIS
(kissing her belly)
They're mine. I swear.

TAYA
Why am I so nervous?

CHRIS
I'm nervous too.

TAYA
You are?

CHRIS
Yeah...
(climbs on top of her)
What if I pop something? What if a little
alien hand reaches out and grabs me?

She laughs and swats him. She touches his face, squishing his cheeks and making faces with his face.

TAYA
Who are you?

CHRIS
I'm your husband.

TAYA
I need you--
(pulling him closer)
I need you here.

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

INT. BREAKFAST TABLE, CHRIS' HOUSE - MORNING

CHRIS is showered, shaven and ill-at-ease. He studies his hands, nicked, dry and alien on the macrame placemat.

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

His coffee steams before him, like smoke off the barrel.

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

CHRIS
 (looks up)
 Huh? Yeah.

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

CHRIS
 Maybe we could just relax?

She watches his leg pump. He clocks her watching and quickly stills himself.

INT. OBGYN OFFICE, SAN DIEGO - DAY

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

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
 Should be any day now. How you feeling?

TAYA
 Uncomfortable and impatient.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
 That's to be expected.

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

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

CHRIS KYLE
 Good. We're feeling great.

TAYA
 He just got home.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
 I imagine you're still decompressing.

CHRIS
 Not really.

TAYA
This is the first time he's left the house.

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

Hoffstader reaches for a b.p. cuff.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
Here, slip this on.

He awkwardly consents. The cuff tightens.

CHRIS
If you really wanna help, you should be looking at my knees.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
Are you a smoker?

CHRIS
No, ma'am.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
Do you drink?

CHRIS
(charming)
Only when I'm trying to get drunk.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
170 over 110.

TAYA
Is that high?

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

CHRIS
I'll look into it. Thanks doc.

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

INT. TRUCK, SOUTHBOUND FREEWAY - DAY

CHRIS is weaving through rush-hour traffic.

CHRIS
You sabotaged me back there.

TAYA

You're not talking about it. You act like it's all okay but you're clearly not--

CHRIS

I'm fine.

TAYA

You're not fine. Your blood pressure--

CHRIS

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

(can't hold it)

But you know there are people dying over there and I look around here 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 here long I'll probably forget about it too. We're at war and I'm headed to the mall.

TAYA

I care.

CHRIS

I'm useless here, I can't help anybody--

She looks pained, ready to cry.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I feel like I don't belong. I--

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

TAYA

It's happening--

CHRIS

What? Shit. Oh shit--

Chris swerves from the SOUTHBOUND FAST LANE across the dirt median and onto the freeway, heading north--

TAYA

What're you doing!

CHRIS

I'm going back--

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

TAYA

(laughing and crying in the same breath)

--oh my god, you're crazy! You're crazy Chris you know that?

There's a look between them like spilled sunlight. In a magical moment, he reaches for her and--

TRANSITION TO:

Taya grips his hand. Her wailing screams fall silent and--

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

Taya stares blankly at Chris. For a moment he thinks he lost her. He's searching her eyes for life when--

A SMALL CRY breaks the tension and A BABY BOY finds its way into his hands covered in vernix and blood.

CHRIS

My boy...

He holds him to the light. Relief pours over him. Taya is glowing and he huddles close to her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Look at our boy. Look what we made. I love you lil' lady. We made it--

He holds his family close. BEDOUIN MUSIC SWELLS--

FADE TO:

A THERMAL IMAGE from a scope. MARINES emerge from tall grass, one-by-one, rifles at rest, when A SHOT IS FIRED.

A MARINE FALLS. Others dive for cover. An Arabic sickle & sword appear on a TV screen. We are--

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

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

TAYA (OC)

Do you not hear him crying?

Chris lunges for the remote as another KILL SHOT PLAYS.

TAYA (CONT'D)

Oh god! What're you watching? What is that--

CHRIS

An AQI sniper is recording his kills. They sell the DVDs in the street.

TAYA

That's sick.

CHRIS
The gunfight you heard, it was him.
(nods to TV)
Mustafa.

TAYA
What happened that day?

Chris shakes his head, unwilling to go there--

TAYA (CONT'D)
I'm sure my imagination is worse than
anything you could--

CHRIS
(shoots her down)
No, it's not. They're fucking savages.

TAYA
Chris--

CHRIS
There's no other word for it.

His blood pressure pulses on his unyielding face.

TAYA
(hands him the baby)
Hold him while I make a bottle. And turn
that off.

Chris holds his son. He's settled by him. Those eyes, the
innocence; this was once him. But that BEDOUIN MUSIC
swells again and his eyes are drawn back to the TV.

"SECOND TOUR"

EXT. AL TAQADDUM AIRBASE, IRAQ - DAY

The tail of a C-17 draws down. YOUNG MARINES file off.
Then, CHRIS ambles out, squinting into the dirty sunset.

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

CHRIS KYLE
Slower than Christmas.

Chris is following him toward a Blackhawk when he spots--

A SQUAD OF MARINES

They wait on the tarmac. Weary, injured, heading home.
JEFF KYLE doesn't see Chris until he has hands on him.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)
Hey, Grunt--

Jeff is slow to react, almost like he can't see past some
atrociousity that's been branded on the back of his eyeballs.

JEFF
Chris?

CHRIS KYLE
What are you doing here?

Jeff falls into big brothers arms. It shocks Chris--

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)
You alright? What happened?

JEFF
I'm-- I'm okay. I just tired, man. I lost
some friends and-- I'm tired of it.

CHRIS KYLE
You get home. You'll be alright--

Chris adjusts Jeff's collar, a tender gesture.

JEFF
Yeah. Fuck this place. Fuck it.

CHRIS KYLE
I'm proud of you. Dad is too. Now go home
and try and forget about this hellhole.

Chris shakes some vinegar into him then turns away. His
eyes burn with rage at what they did to his brother.

INT. BLACKHAWK - DAY

LT. COLONEL JONES is a clear-eyed Ivy grad, and hungry
Petraeus acolyte.

COL. JONES
You made Chief. Congratulations.

CHRIS KYLE
Thank you, sir.

COL. JONES
Gronski is gone. We're working off a new
playbook now.

The Blackhawk lifts off, ZOOMING across the desert floor.

COL. JONES (CONT'D)
 I've studied insurgencies. Every one
 since the first century. These wars are
 won and lost in the minds of our enemy.

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

COL. JONES (CONT'D)
 That you?

Chris rolls his sleeve, showing his Gallic Cross tattoo.

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

CPT. MARTINS
 That's around \$180,000.

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

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

Martin hands him clean SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of The Butcher.

CHRIS
 If you were close enough to take a
 picture--

CPT. MARTINS
 They were taken by an informant.

COL. JONES
 We plugged the rat-hole that is Fallujah
 and they fled to Ramadi.

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

CPT. MARTINS (OC)
 You will re-establish your presence on
 the gun while you prepare the Op. Lets
 put the fear of God in these savages.

SFX: SNIPER SHOTS thunder over the landscape. Shot after
 shot after shot. A killing storm.

INT. OP SEC TENT, SHARK BASE - NIGHT

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

CHRIS

You guys know how I hate this shit so
shut your traps. Our target is number #3
on the high value target-list.

(clicks first slide)

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

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

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

SCORE SWELLS: MOBY, "The Violent Bear it Away". FLASH TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

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

BIGGLES

(whisper mic)

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

CHRIS

Radio silence. You fucking Walrus.

The sickle moon catches Biggle's intrepid smile and--

BACK TO:

INT. OP SEC TENT

Brief finished, TEAM THREE file out past Chris giving
atta-boys and cracking jokes. Only one remains--

MARC LEE

Is this thing bulletproof?

He picks Chris' LITTLE BLUE BIBLE off the table.

CHRIS KYLE

I dunno. Why?

MARC LEE

You never open it, so I just assumed...

Chris smiles, appreciating the jibe.

CHRIS KYLE

It's God, country, family-- right?
(crosses his chest to show
where they fit)

MARC LEE
You got a God?

CHRIS KYLE
Depends who's shooting at me.

MARC LEE
If you find anything here, make it that.

CHRIS
Are you getting weird on me?

MARC LEE
I guess I am.

FLASH TO the boat speeding upriver past rusted-out cars,
refuse and the rotting carcass of a mule.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)
We had an electric fence around our
property in Oregon and us kids would see
who could hang on the longest. War is
like that, it puts lightning in your
bones. But if you let go here you die.

Chris looks uneasy, impatient--

MARC LEE (CONT'D)
You believe in what we're doing here?

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

MARC LEE
Evil lives everywhere. Here it just
shoots back.

CHRIS KYLE
You wanna invite al-Qaeda to come fight
in San Diego then? Or Boston? What we're
protecting is bigger than this.

MARC LEE
Don't lose yourself to it, Chris. Don't
become the thing you're hunting.

CHRIS
You wanna sit this one out?

MARC LEE
(considered beat)
Hell no. Lets go kill this motherfucker.

He exits. Chris stands alone. Lightening in his bones.

EXT. UPRIVER - NIGHT

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

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

CHRIS POV (N/V)

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

COURTYARD

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

CHRIS POV (N/V)

He's tracking across them, waiting for movement.

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

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

He's moving agonizing slow when-- A MAN STARTS coughing and sits up. Chris zeroes in on him as he stands--

But the man walks inside and never looks back.

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

INSURGENT
Shinzi al wada!! Shinzi al--

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

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

Titties, Tony and Budsack stick. TEAM 3 PUSH INTO--

INT. DYE FACTORY

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

BIGGLES
Moving.

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

CHRIS
This man. The Butcher. Is he here?

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

CHRIS (CONT'D)
The back? Is he in back?

MARC LEE
(see something beneath him)
Grenade--

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

A powdery silence follows. WHIP-PAN TO CHRIS, in agony. Marc rips open his vest. Chris gasps for air.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)
Hold still.

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

GUNFIRE CHATTERS out back. Short-bursts.

DAUBER (OS)
Squirters. Red side. Contact.

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

BIGGLES
If they're worth shooting once...

OUT BACK

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

MARC LEE
Tight Samurai.

DAUBER
Butcher rides in style.

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

CHRIS
It ain't him.

ASIAN
How can you tell? They all look alike.

MARC LEE
What do you want to do?

Chris is staring at the two dead men.

EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone in the courtyard hears the INTERROGATION INSIDE:

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

TERP TRANSLATES(OS), jabbering away when--

CHRIS KYLE (OS)
You know what, fuck it--

BAM! A single shot. INSURGENTS panic.

TITTIES
This shit just went southbound.

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

TONY
How bout Mr. Pizza face here.

Chris calmly drags MR. PIZZA FACE inside.

INSIDE

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

CHRIS
I want to know where the Butcher is--

TERP REPEATS his question. PIZZA FACE begs for mercy.

CHRIS KYLE
Was he here? Where do I find him?

COURTYARD

INSURGENTS are silent. Some mutter prayers.

INSIDE (SIDE-VIEW)

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

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

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

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

COURTYARD

Chris barrels out, gun in hand.

CHRIS

Next.

TITTIES

How 'bout Poopy Pants?

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

INSIDE

CHRIS drags BLACK OPALS to the face-down bodies.

CHRIS

Where is The Butcher? Where'd they go?

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

BIGGLES

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

CHRIS

Where is it you fucking savage!

Chris throttles him, a vicious blow to the jaw.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You wanna die! Huh? I can go all night.
I'll kill every last one of you--

CHRIS holds his .45 to the back of the man's head.

The look in his eyes has changed. This time it's real.

MARC LEE

Chris--

CHRIS

I need another body.

BIGGLES

Smoke him. Smoke his ass--

CHRIS

Where is he!

MARC LEE

Don't do it--

They're lost in the drama, *is this really happening?*

MARC LEE (CONT'D)

Chris!

CHRIS

(stroking trigger)

Burn in hell--

BLACK OPAL

Fahima Halal! Fahima Halal--

Silence. They're all buzzing. Chris looks to Terp.

TERP

This is a restaurant in South Ramadi.

ASIAN

That's 6 clicks from here.

CHRIS

Then we gotta move. Call it in, Squirrel.

"SQUIRREL", the Comm-Guy, is a 135lb grappler from Modesto. He turns away with the radio

SQUIRREL

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

Black Opals watches them with eerie calm.

EXT. STREET - LATER/NIGHT

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

ON ROOFTOP ABOVE

CHRIS lays on his rifle. BIGGLES watches his back.

BIGGLES

I popped wood when I shot that guy.

CHRIS

Seriously?

BIGGLES

Rock hard boner. Is that weird or what?

CHRIS

This shit's all weird

Biggles draws The Punisher skull in loose gravel.

BIGGLES
Were you going to shoot that guy back
there? I couldn't really tell.

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

BIGGLES (CONT'D)
Next time a girl asks what turns me on--

CHRIS
Next time'll be the first time.

BIGGLES
(turns to rain)
I'll say, war baby. War gives me wood.

EXT. STREET/OUTSIDE FAHIMA HALAL - PRE-DAWN

TEAM THREE trundle past ramshackle buildings largely
unbombed. ASIAN maps schematics, selects a building.

INT. STAIRCASE/HALLWAY, BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Chris signals, *this door*. BIGGLES slips CAT-CLAW in...

INT. CORNER APARTMENT, SIXTH FLOOR

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

CHRIS
Tell them they can't leave until we do.

He looks out windows to an embattled RESTAURANT BELOW.

TITTIES
They do a lot of business, this place?

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

TONY
You alright, Chief?

CHRIS
My knees are killing.

INT. BACK BEDROOM - MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

INT. BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

DAUBER

Easy, buddy. Easy. I'm on your side.

(offers a hand)

Get up. You'll wanna see this.

LIVING ROOM WINDOW / LOOKING BELOW

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

MARC LEE

16 military aged males have gone in.

BIGGLES

They serve more customers than McDonalds.

MARC LEE

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

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

CHRIS

That's him. He still inside?

MARC LEE

Unless there's another way out--

BIGGLES
(on a weird high)
Could've tunnelled out with a spoon.

CHRIS
Any idea what's in there?

BIGGLES
Big Macs and crack.

Without warning CHRIS SMACKS BIGGLES. He goes down.
TITTIES and BUDSACK jump in: "Whoa" "Easy" "Stay calm".

CHRIS KYLE
You need to shut your fucking trap.

LT. BUDSACK
Back off Chris.

BIGGLES
(held back)
Fuck you, man-- You think you're
different than us?

CHRIS
I outrank you, so yeah, I am--

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

CHRIS
(regretful)
Hash out tactics, we go at zero-dark.

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

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

CHRIS
Thank him and tell him I'm sorry we're in
his home like this. We'll be gone soon.

Chris nods gratitude and slips down the dark hallway.

DINING ROOM - LATER

A braised head of a lamb eaten clean. The boys are
laughing, at ease. Chris watches THE FATHER school his
SON, envious of their bond and reminded of his own son.

As he watches-- (ECU) he spots "shooters strawberries" on
father's elbows.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CHRIS is agitated, pacing the floor in a deliberate manner until he HEARS A CREAK in the floorboards--

DINING ROOM/HALLWAY

TITTIES is shoveling more food in when hand stops him. Chris signals, *no more*. THE FATHER'S eyes flick up as--

CHRIS RIPS FATHER out of his chair, dragging him down the hall. WIFE and KIDS screaming. Dauber holds them off--

Chris dumps the father at a STASH HOLE. In the floor is an arsenal of AKs, RPGs and IED components.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Tell him he's gonna be shipped off for
detention and his Iraqi court can decide
what to do with him, or-- he can help us.

The Father looks up, pale with defiance.

EXT. FAHIM HALAL - NIGHT

THE FATHER shuffles up the dusty street toward us--

TITTIES (VO)
Approaching the door...

IN ADJACENT ALLEY

CHRIS, MARC LEE and TITTIES wait.

TITTIES (CONT'D)
10 meters...

BACK ALLEY

TONY, BIGGLES and ASIAN...

TITTIES (VO) (CONT'D)
5 meters...

SNIPERS NEST

DAUBER watches with cross-hairs.

TITTIES (VO) (CONT'D)
He's knocking...

AT THE DOOR

A sliding grate opens and--

TITTIES (VO) (CONT'D)
They're vetting him.

GUARD'S POV

FATHER attempts to alert the Guard to the TWO MEN in robes at the oil drum fire, but the Guard doesn't see it--

TITTIES (CONT'D)
Hold. Hold--

CHRIS POV (N/V)

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

TITTIES (OS) (CONT'D)
Now.

Chris fires and the GUARD'S HEAD explodes. FATHER dives for Guard's weapon but GUNFIRE FROM INSIDE shreds him.

TWO MEN in robes (ASIAN & SQUIRREL) rush the door tossing grenades, pulling the father out as the GRENADES EXPLODE.

CHRIS, MARC LEE and TITTIES push inside--

INT. FAHIM HALAL

A smoky banquet hall. GUNFIRE lights from the far wall.

CHRIS
- They're coming out the back.

IN THE ALLEY

TONY and BIGGLES are posted in the alley, waiting.

BIGGLES
(keys mike)
Negative. Nothing yet--

KITCHEN

An IRAQI MAN is hung up by a chain, groaning.

CHRIS
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
(keys mike)
They're coming back up. Watch your six--

The tunnel detonates. Dirt and debris explode at them.

BACK ALLEY

BIGGLES and TONY are posted up. The RADIO STATIC--

BIGGLES
--I can't hear you. Say again. Chris--

HALF BLOCK DOWN

TEN INSURGENTS pour out a building, circling back toward Biggles and Tony.

KITCHEN

CHRIS bowls in, panicked, covered in dirt. TITTIES staggers from a freezer of frozen bodies.

CHRIS KYLE
Move.

SNIPER NEST

DAUBER is scanning streets, sees approaching Insurgents--

DAUBER
12 o'clock! 12 o'clock.

He starts picking off shooters but more seep out.

BACK ALLEY

BIGGLES and TONY dive for cover as BULLETS RIP past. CHRIS ducks out the backdoor, covering them--

CHRIS
Pull back! Pull back! Loading--

BIGGLES
(gunning, balls out)
Got you.

AN RPG screams down the smoke-filled alley between them and EXPLODES BELOW THE SNIPER NEST as--

THE BUTCHER

Exits the building, a lanky stride, firing a .50. He's shooting his way toward a getaway truck.

CHRIS
That's him. Eyes on target. Dauber?

SNIPER NEST

Dauber struggles from under debris.

DAUBER
Negative. No shot--

CHRIS POV

His focus becomes clear. Advancing. He DOWNS THREE INSURGENTS as the Butcher jumps into a truck.

CHRIS
Crossing.

Chris dodges across shooters alley, running into the next street (parallel with truck) hoping for a clean shot--

NEXT INTERSECTION

As Chris reaches it the flatbed speeds past a block to the north. He's running at a sprint but--

At next intersection, he's lost more ground. He doubles over in defeat, grabbing his knees. TIME SLOWS AS--

WINDOW ABOVE

A SLIM SHADOW balances a gun on the window-sill, aiming down at Chris. He pulls trigger-- "click". It's jammed.

CHRIS looks up, shocked it happened again. He backs away.

EXT. FAHIM HALAL

HUMVEES hold back the crowd as a TRIBAL LEADER screams chants and they hoist FATHER'S BODY in the air. THE BOY stands by, staring daggers at CHRIS and CPT. MARTINS.

CHRIS
I offered detention. I gave him a choice--

CPT. MARTIN
Forget about it. Hell of an effort here--

Chris can't take his eyes off his accusers; off the boy.

PFC ALVAREZ
Sir, we got armed crowds moving this way--

CPT. MARTIN
You and your boys keep after it, Chief.

As he walks away, Chris hustles Terp over to TRIBAL LEADER and FATHERLESS BOY.

CHRIS KYLE
Tell them he was stashing weapons for the same people who butchered your clerics and tribal leaders in there.

Tribal Leader listens, then responds violently--

TERP
He says this is their problem. Their territory. You must ask for their help.

BIGGLES
(atop Humvee)
We got uglies coming. Let's go--

CHRIS KYLE
If we ask him for help he'll be the one they're carving up next.

TERP translates as 150 INSURGENTS round the corner.

TERP
He says this is the land of his father and he is not afraid. But your evil-- is greater than the thing you fight. He is calls you the white devil of Ramadi.

The words poison Chris; upset bleeds to rage and his venomous expression makes it appear true; he's the wolf.

EXT. HUMVEE (MOVING)

The Humvee roars past. Biggles howls from the 60, ready to dance. He's drawn THE PUNISHER SKULL in gunners grease on the shield and it glimmers in the moonlight.

FADE TO:

TIGHT ON CHRIS, a ruinous look on his face. We are--

INT. MATERNITY WARD, SAN DIEGO

Chris peers through wire-reinforced glass into the nursery where his NEWBORN DAUGHTER IS SCREAMING--

TAYA (VO)
Are we winning this war?

CHRIS (VO)
I don't know...

TWO NURSES walk past his daughter without helping her.
Chris bangs on the glass trying to get their attention.

INT. JIFFY LUBE - DAY

We hear the mechanistic buzz and whir of tools as we PAN
ACROSS GUMBALL MACHINES and TOY DISPENSERS on the wall.
COLTON(3) holds a toy, pissed it's not the one he wanted.

COLTON
No. No! That one.

CHRIS
You don't get to choose, bubba.

He's strikingly gentle with his son but--

COLTON
That one! That one--

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

COLTON melts to the floor in a tantrum. THE BUZZ OF
DRILLS sounds from in garage. Chris' nerves fraying--

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Don't do this here. Come on, get up.

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

CHRIS
(tryingly)
Get off the floor, buddy. Get up--

MANS VOICE (OC)
Excuse me, sir.

A YOUNG MAN steps too close. Chris rears up, defensive.

YOUNG MAN
Are you "Chief" Chris Kyle?

CHRIS
That's me. Who're you?

YOUNG MAN
Sorry for the intrusion, sir, but you
saved my life in Fallujah. I was with the
1st Marines. We were trapped in that
house. They called me "Mads".

CUSTOMERS looking at Chris, he's embarrassed--

CHRIS
Yeah? Right on. 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
Better my legs than my eggs.

CHRIS
What do you mean?

MADS
Lots of guys I know are back but they're not back, y'know? It cost some of them a lot more than a leg.

CHRIS
I'm sorry to hear that.

MADS
You should come visit the VA. They'd love it. Everyone knows who The Legend is.

Chris nods but never will. Mads kneels to Colton.

MADS (CONT'D)
I bet you missed your daddy when he was gone-- but can I tell you something? Your dad is a hero. He saved my life and helped me get back to my little girl.

Colton looks at his dad with uncertain awe. Chris wells with emotion. CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES stand captive--

MADS (CONT'D)
So thanks for loaning your dad to us, lil' man. I wouldn't be here without him.

Mads stands and comes to attention. He salutes Chris.

MADS (CONT'D)
My family thanks you for your service.

Chris bites back emotion and returns the salute.

INT. NURSERY

A pink cocoon of a room. Taya sits in a rocker, breast-feeding their daughter, MCKENNA. She's gentle, imploring--

TAYA

I'm making memories by myself. I have no one to share them with.

CHRIS

We're going to have the rest of our lives for that.

TAYA

Will we? When does that start?

She pulls McKenna off her breast. Chris scoops her up, lays her on the changing table and changes her diaper.

CHRIS

We can wait. They can't.

TAYA

(beat)

I admire your strength, Chris. The discipline it must take to move between your two worlds. I see everything you have to give up-- on both sides. But if you think war isn't changing you, you're wrong. If you circle the flame long enough you will burn this all down.

Chris looks up but he seems to look right through her as--
SCORE BUILDS, a steely guitar creeps over raw drums.

"THIRD TOUR"

FIVE TEETH JUT from the skull of THE PUNISHER symbol. The symbol is spray-painted on the roof of moving white Taxi.

INT. TAXI, RAMADI - DAY

Passenger seat removed, an M60 swings there suspended by rope. Chris mans it, tattoo visible, skull bandanna and sunglasses covering his grizzled face. *The Punishers*--

BIGGLES

(into radio)

--we have visual on the Butchers courier, pursuing him into the catacombs. Over.

BIGGLES DRIVES, trailing a brown van. The city goes from light to dark as they enter "the catacombs".

BIGGLES (CONT'D)

I bought the ring.

CHRIS

Here?

BIGGLES
They're cheaper here.

CHRIS
You want some savage's ring? What if it's
a blood diamond?

BIGGLES
What the fuck do you care? You spilled
more blood than anyone!

CHRIS
Not for a rock.

BIGGLES
Whatever, man.

CHRIS
You gonna tell her where it came from?

BIGGLES
Hell no! I'll tell her I got from Zales.

They're on a long leash; cocky and seemingly invincible.

TWO BLOCKS BACK - HUMVEE FOLLOWS

MARC LEE drives. TONY shotgun. DAUBER in back. Uniforms
bastardized; Slayer blasting in broad daylight.

BIGGLES (OS) (CONT'D)
Still with us cookie?

TONY
(into radio, checking GPS)
Wet and ready.

MARC LEE
20 years from now, we'll have a reunion
and you'll be married to a dude.

TONY
As long as you cook and clean.

DAUBER sits in back, shaking his head--

UNDERCOVER TAXI

STREET SPOTTERS reach for their cell phones. Chris glares
at them, ominous in skull mask, flipping the bird.

CHRIS
Butch has got his peepers out--

BIGGLES
That motherfucker is Keyser Söze. You
tell Lt. Martins where we were going out?

CHRIS
Yeah-- but I might've forgot to mention
we were running it in daylight.

ON A ROOFTOP

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

UNDERCOVER TAXI

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

BIGGLES
Damn. You think the skull gave us away?

CHRIS
Naw.

BIGGLES
Twelve-o'clock--

SIX INSURGENTS pop up on a rooftop, firing. Chris leans
into the .60 spitting lead up at them.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

A LANKY IRAQI with shoulder length hair sits at the
table. His phone chirps. He stands and grabs a duffle.

HIS WIFE watches him step out the door. On the wall is a
PHOTO of this man on a medal stand. This is "MUSTAFA".

INT. UNDERCOVER CAR

Biggles speeds after the van, taking fire from above.

CHRIS
Get me a shot, grandma.

BIGGLES
It's not me. It's a Camry--

Biggles stomps the accelerator, whips around a corner--

A SHORT STRAIGHTAWAY

CHRIS FIRES, dumping 75 rounds into the van. It hisses to
a stop. A PASSENGER bounds out, diving into a building.

CHRIS
What the fuck?--

BIGGLES
Rubber junk-man's got your horseshoe.

They roll out in pursuit--

EXT. DISTANT ROOFTOPS

MUSTAFA crosses rooftop-to-rooftop with fluency--

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT COMPLEX

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

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Biggles and Chris dance around each other like smoke.

BIGGLES
Clear.

Chris looks out the open window, stairs climb the wall.

CHRIS
(keys mike)
We're headed to the roof. Secure the van.

THE VAN

DAUBER and TONY cover MARC LEE and TITTIES as they open the back of the van. Inside, flats of RED CLAY TILES.

TITTIES
Motherfucker 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, PASSENGER lays face down in his mess.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So much for having my horseshoe.

Chris pulls his mask down. He has a full-grown beard and the sturm und drang of war are writ loud on his face.

DISTANT BALUSTRADE

MUSTAFA lays prone. He says a prayer and takes two deep breaths before putting his eye to the scope.

ON THE ROOF

Chris is watching sheets fill with wind.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
She'll take it to Zales and try to find out how much your spent.

BIGGLES
She's not like that.

CHRIS
They're all like that.

BIGGLES
(laughs)
It's giant. Four karats, bro. It probably belonged to one of Saddam's bitches--

Chris is laughing when he sees a FLASH OF GLASS in the distance. Before he can utter a warning--

A GUNSHOT SOUNDS

The bullet flays the muzzle of Biggles M4. Shrapnel enters his face. Biggles goes down in a red mist--

CHRIS
No!--

The right side of his face is a pulpy cavity. His eye socket obliterated. He appears mortally wounded.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(dives on him, keys mike)
Biggles is down! Man down. No--

Chris pulls him close, unglued, chiseled with grief.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
No, buddy. No! Stay with me--

He drags him one way, then the other. A SHOT pocks the roof at their feet--

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 (keys mike)
 Fuck! Cover! He's picking us off--

BIGGLES
 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's walking--

Chris is stunned speechless. He ducks an arm, helping--

EXT. STREET

TWO MARINE UNITS provide cover as the Humvee speeds off.

INT. HUMMER

MARC LEE drives. DAUBER applies gauze that holds Biggles face on. CHRIS is ruined, on his knees, holding his hand.

BIGGLES
 (gargling blood)
 --I'm sorry--

CHRIS
 You got nothing to be sorry for. I shouldn't have put us up there--

BIGGLES
 Am I gonna die?

Chris looks to Dauber--

DAUBER
 Hell no. They'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
 --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. Don't do it. You hold on--

INT. MEDICAL TENT

LOW ANGLE - plywood floor littered with needles, gloves and blood. A cart is rushed past. MEDICAL PERSONNEL shouting, "we're losing him". The picture pulses, blurs--

EXT. MEDICAL TENT

THE PUNISHERS stand around the Humvee, sobbing. The sun beats down on them. They're as still as a photograph.

TONY

Did you see where it came from?

CHRIS

1100 meters out. It was Mustafa.

A jeep pulls up. COLONEL JONES and CPT. MARTIN step out.

COL. JONES

Will he make it?

Chris turns away, unable to summon words.

DAUBER

It doesn't look good, sir.

TITTIES

(kicks the Humvee)

Fuck!

The sun high. A biblical wind blows.

COL. JONES

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

CPT. MARTIN

We used him before, and the Marines there are still under heavy fire out there.

COL. JONES

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

MARC LEE

Fuck that. We want payback.

It's out of character. But they all agree.

CHRIS

We're going back.

COL. JONES

(approves)

Rain hell.

EXT. STREET, RAMADI

METALLICA, "Master of Puppets" blasts as-- an M1A2 ABRAMS TANK speeds 45 mph down a street, bad as fuck. TWO BRADLEY TRANSPORT vehicles follow.

A CAR pulls into the road ahead. INSURGENT PASSENGERS stand from a sunroof, FIRING AN RPG. It explodes across the tank but before they can pull away--

The ABRAMS HITS the car at full-speed, vaulting over the top of it, crushing it.

INT. BRADLEY TRANSPORT VEHICLE

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

MARC LEE

Two clicks out. Lock and load.

He glances at Chris, feeding off him. They all are.

CHRIS

For Biggles.

IN THE STREET

The tank skids to a stop. The turret spins to a castle-like structure and *BA-BOOM!*

THE PUNISHERS pour out of their Bradleys, rolling in both directions, arcing toward the point of entry--

THE COURTYARD

Punishers pour in. Zero resistance. FOUR INSURGENTS lay dead, dispatched by the tank.

MARC LEE

Courtyard is clear. Moving.

CHRIS

Some stronghold. Move.

DAUBER and TONY follow them up a crumbled staircase--

LONG HALLWAY

Ominously still. Sunlight spills through grated windows facing the street. Chris and Marc move to the first door--

FIRST ROOM

A sleeping mat. A TV plays an Al Jazeera game show. Marc pushes toward the bathroom, coming around the corner---

BATHROOM

The faucet runs on a straight-razor.

MARC LEE

Clear.

FIRST ROOM

MARC steps back in, golden dust motes float around him.

MARC LEE (CONT'D)

Somebody left in a hurry.

CHRIS

(keys mike)

You sure we got the right--

CANON-FIRE HITS the outer-hallway from across the street. *Brrrrrb-Brrrrb!!* Rounds banging with seismic force.

DAUBER (OS)

Fuck--

TIME SLOWS as Chris swings toward the door. Marc gets there first, steps through it--

LONG HALLWAY

GUNFIRE RAINS through grated windows. The hall is exploding, 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 and--

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 out. A forever stare.

CHRIS

Marc--

CHRIS is staggered but 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 of an aircraft. We are--

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

In the dim red light, FIND BIGGLES on a tented gurney, stable but critical; his head caved in, covered in bandage. CHRIS holds his gurney still, staring ahead--

WOMAN'S VOICE (VO)

"Glory is something some men chase and others find themselves stumbling upon--"

REVERSE TO A CASKET draped in stars and stripes.

EXT. FORT ROSECRANS NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

A pasture of tombstones overlook the Pacific. CHRIS, with a chest-full of medals, stands with TAYA, COLTON(4) and MCKENNA(2). TAYA watches MARC'S WIFE weep as--

MARC LEE'S MOM reads his LAST LETTER HOME:

MARC'S MOM/WOMAN'S VOICE

"My question is when does glory fade away and become a wrongful crusade?"

CHRIS HEARS MARC'S VOICE:

MARC LEE (VO)

"When does it become an unjustified means by which one is completely consumed."

COLTON reaches for his father's hand. Chris starts, looks at Colton, then Taya. He's caught with his guard down--

He looks lonely in his grief, like he may let them in-- but he quickly returns his gaze to the flagged casket.

CLOSE ON CASKET

NAVY SEALS bang their Tridents into the coffin. A hollow thump, like fists trying to revive a heart.

INT. TAYA'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

San Diego traffic. THE KIDS chatter in back. CHRIS drives, in a fugue-state when he spots--

A VAN, four cars back, same make as the one in Ramadi.

TAYA

Debbie said he wrote that letter two weeks ago. Did he say any of that to you?

VAN pulls in the turning lane, pulling alongside them.
Chris grips the wheel and-- the van roars past

TAYA (CONT'D)
(voice cracking)
Chris?-- I want to know what you thought
of his letter?

CHRIS
(slow, absent)
An AQI informant called in a tip. Biggles
had just been shot. We were operating off
emotion and-- we walked into an ambush.

The kids have quieted. The air sucked from the car.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
But that's not what killed him-- that
letter did. That letter killed Marc Lee.
(looks to her)
He let go and he paid the price for it.

Taya turns away, havoc in her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TV lights the dark room. NEWS GRAPHIC: "Americans killed
in Iraq: 3932". CHRIS and TAYA talk to the ceiling.

CHRIS
If something ever happened to me-- you'd
meet someone else. You'd be alright.

His detachment is unearthly, Christ-like.

TAYA
Do you want to die? Is that what it is?

CHRIS
No.

TAYA
(cheeks shine with tears)
Then why do it? I want to understand.

CHRIS
I do it for you. To protect you.

TAYA
No, you don't. No. We're here--
(crying)
If you go back I'm going to leave you.

He reaches for her, holding her close.

CHRIS

I know.

INT. VETERAN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SAN DIEGO - DAY

A DUST MOTH flutters around the wall sconce. Wilted flowers and "get-well" cards cover the windowsill.

CHRIS

(enters)

Hey, buddy--

BIGGLES lays in bed. Half his head caved-in and badly marred, one eyelid open on a milky-white eyeball.

BIGGLES

Chris? Where are you?

CHRIS

I'm right here just give me a minute--

(hobbles around the bed;

waves a hand)

Just blind as a bat, huh?

GOGGLES

Yeah... It fucking blows. They're gonna fix my face though.

CHRIS

That's good. Your face always needed fixing.

He sounds upbeat but his face betrays him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I hear you proposed to Kelly? Did you tell her the diamond was from Zales?

BIGGLES

Naw. I bought a new one. A small one. Her old man helped me out.

CHRIS

Nice.

BIGGLES

She wouldn't leave me, bro. I told her to go away-- but she wouldn't leave me.

(voice cracking)

She's getting a raw fucking deal.

CHRIS

No she's not. She's getting you.

(eyes welling up, smiles)

All four inches.

Biggles laughs and tears roll from his vacant eye.

BIGGLES
I'm glad this happened to me and not you.
No way you could've handled it.

CHRIS
I'm glad you can't see. This place is a
shithole. I'm coming back here for new
titanium knees but now I'm worried--

BIGGLES
(cutting him off)
You're going back?

CHRIS
The bad guys fled to Sadr City.

BIGGLES
Chris, you don't have to--

CHRIS
Yes I do. They're going to pay for this.

His mind made up. Biggles is stunned but understands.

BIGGLES
Hooyah, brother...

EXT. HALLWAY, VETERANS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

CHRIS passes room after room of wounded soldiers. His
eyes are fixed ahead, but emotion builds with each step--

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE, SAN DIEGO - DUSK

CHRIS kneels in front of his son, COLTON. His words are
packed with an emotion like he'll never see him again.

CHRIS
--that's who we are. We're the sheepdog.
(taps his chin)
Look me in the eye. Always look a man in
the eye.

TAYA (OC)
That's enough, Chris--

TAYA stands at the door, torn. The CAR PACKED outside.

CHRIS
You understand what I'm telling you?

COLTON

Can get a dog when we get back from
Grandpas house?

His innocence wounds Chris. He pulls the boy close.

TAYA

Let's go Colton.

Colton drops a TOY SOLDIER in Chris' hand and runs out.

TAYA (CONT'D)

God, country, family-- isn't that what
you guys say? Let me know when that order
changes.

Door closes behind her. Chris looks at the toy soldier.

INT. SURGERY - DAY

A SPOTLIGHT SHINES on Chris' knee, muscle peeled back, a
titanium cap is DRILLED IN PLACE. That buzzing sound--

CUT TO:

NEWS FOOTAGE of a bombing raid north of Baghdad.

JOURNALIST

*U.S. war planes dropped two 500-pound
bombs on a house where al-Zarqawi was
meeting with insurgent leadership.*

A PHOTO OF ZARQAWI, pale, bearded, dead.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

*While his killing is a triumph for
coalition forces analysts warn that
Zarqawi's death may not stem the tide of
insurgency any more than Hussein's did--*

THE TV illuminates CHRIS sprawled across the bed. We are--

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Both knees sewn shut. Prescription bottle in one hand,
.45 in the other. Suddenly, the HOUSE ALARM goes off.
Chris bolts upright and is throttled by pain.

ALARM

Intruder in the hall. Intruder in the
hall--

EXPLOSIONS BOOM on the news as Chris staggers out of bed,
leaning on the wall, gun leveled ahead--

CHRIS POV

A drugged haze. SHADOWS shift ahead. INTRUDER slips into--

ALARM (CONT'D)
Intruder in the kitchen. Intruder in the
kitchen--

KITCHEN

Chris bowls in, knocking dishes off counters, reacting--

ALARM (CONT'D)
Intruder in the living room. Intruder--

SHADOWS DART through the living room. Chris pursues,
adrenaline pumping now, cornering into--

HALLWAY

Gaining control, pushing pain out, hunting--

ALARM (CONT'D)
Intruder in the hall. Intruder--

He's outside the bedroom, breathing it down, ready--

COLTON'S BEDROOM

Chris hits the lights as he corners in. Gun tracking to
his kid's bed. But there's no one there. He's alone.

ALARM (CONT'D)
--in the bedroom. Intruder in the
bedroom--

He sinks to the floor, rocking back and forth, his face
twisted in agony. *He's the intruder...*

EXT. SOLANA BEACH

A ghostly fog. Chris emerges from it, jogging with a
pained, lumbering gait-- pushing himself.

INT. BEDROOM, CHRIS' HOUSE

A duffle laid out. Bible and American Flag on top. He
considers them a beat, then opens the Bible at random--

JOSHUA 6:21 - *"And the Lord commanded him to destroy all
that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old
and ox and sheep and donkey with the blade of his sword."*

His eyes darken with purpose. God has spoken.

INT. C-17 GLOBEMASTER - DAY

75 spirited Marines packed in. CHRIS hobbles up the isle like Odysseus. His import draws the attention of soldiers he passes. He settles into a seat. Across from him--

MARINE LT.

You're The Legend, right? I heard you killed 101 men last tour. The hajis call you The Devil of Ramadi.

Chris doesn't respond. Nearby soldiers fall silent.

MARINE CAPTAIN

How many kills you got now?

CHRIS KYLE

(long beat)

You have to ask the Navy. I lost count.

His reserve silences the Marine. ENGINES ROAR as--

"FOURTH TOUR"**EXT. STREET, SADDR CITY - NIGHT**

Fires glow in bombed-out buildings like Jack-o'-lanterns. An emaciated DOG stands by a flooded bomb-hole, barking at the darkness. The water in front of him ripples with vibration. Soon every dog in Sadr City is barking.

FOURTH FLOOR APARTMENT

In shadow-- CHRIS KYLE, on the gun, face painted black; he's beyond wrath, and beyond reason. He is the shadow.

CHRIS KYLE

(keys mike)

Stryker 1-2 actual, in position. Over.

The RUMBLE of an unseen force makes the building quiver.

IN THE STREET

Tanks rumble from the darkness, leading 18-wheelers transporting cranes and 20-foot concrete T-blocks.

Without warning, ENEMY TRACERS arc across the sky, and the entire city erupts in a firefight.

CHRIS SCOPE POV (N/V)

IN GHOSTLY GREEN-- Insurgents move across the city canvas. Chris drops body after body. Pause, pull, reload.

A MORTAR-SHELL EXPLODES across an 18-wheeler. The driver leaps from his rig on fire. He gets peppered with bullets, falls in a flooded-crater and continues to burn.

CROSS-HAIRS land on a nearby target. His features fill frame. Glowing eyes staring at us when, LIGHT FLARES--

SNIPER NEST

THE SHATTERING BLAST of an RPG explodes across the space. The room staged in fire. Chris scrambles to his feet--

THWWWAP!-THWWWAP!

GUNFIRE clips his helmet. A SECOND ROUND chunks into his back-plate. He goes down, face-first.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE BLACK IS A BRUISE the size of a cantaloupe. We are--

INT. MEDICS TENT

The YOUNG MEDIC inspects the bruise on Chris' back.

YOUNG MEDIC

I don't know what to say other than you got real lucky.

ASIAN (OC)

He's not lucky, he's The Legend.

CHRIS KYLE

What's up Asian?

ASIAN

Kicking sand and taking names, Chief. You know the drill.

Relieved to see someone he knows, Chris up and walks out.

EXT. FOB - DAY

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

ASIAN

We've been shot off our position three nights in a row. Fallujah was bad, Ramadi was worse but this shit is biblical.

CHRIS

Any other Punishers here?

ASIAN

Tony cycled out. Dauber was threatening but his wife knocked him up.

Chris laughs, nostalgic.

ASIAN (CONT'D)

Sucks about Biggles, huh?

CHRIS

Yeah. I visited before I left. That fucker can't see shit.

ASIAN

(stops walking)

Dude...he's gone. They were pulling another piece of frag out 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--

TRANSITION TO:

CHRIS SCOPE POV

CROSS-HAIRS track along Jamila street, past cranes assembling a T-wall that will stretch across the city.

The phone stops ringing, VOICEMAIL picks up.

TAYA VOICEMAIL (VO)

- Hey, it's is Taya, I can't get to the phone, so please leave a message.

A car pulls into an intersection, ominous in inactivity.

CHRIS MESSAGE (VO)

Hey, it's me. Just calling to hear your voice. Everything is fine. I was just missing you guys. I been thinking about what you said. The order of things--

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

CHRIS MESSAGE (VO)(CONT'D)

Anyway, tell the kids I love them--

AN INSURGENT darts out, flips the sight-finder on an RPG.

CHRIS MESSAGE (CONT'D)

I love you too.

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, takes aim. OUR CROSS-HAIRS zero on him, center-mass. SFX: Chris' heartbeat bangs like a 800lb hammer. *Not again.*

CHRIS (OC)

Don't do it--

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

CHRIS (OC) (CONT'D)

--please God--

Young Kid stands, suddenly, and turns toward us. He discards the RPG in the street, and runs off.

CHRIS

He rolls off the gun, gasping for air and biting back ruinous tears as he watches his hands quiver.

After eight years of war he's finally breaking down.

INT. OP TENT - DAY

Wind whips the tent. A direct-action squad of 16 SPEC OPS GUYS from different branches stand studying a map with--

LT. MARTINS

Top brass believe this wall could put an end the war by forcing remaining AQI out of country. But we got some asshole who has picked off 4 contractors from an estimated 1500 meters out.

CHRIS reacts, *1500 meters?*

CHRIS

You thinking it's Mustafa?

RANGER ONE

Moo-who?

ASIAN

The sniper who shot our boy in Ramadi.

CPT. MARTINS

He can be whoever you want him to be-- but to finish this wall I need him dead.

This intel burns across Chris face. Wind blows the tent flap open--

CPT. MARTINS (CONT'D)
 (shouts over wind)
 We will be shuttling you six blocks
 deeper into the shit--

DELTA SNIPER
 In a sandstorm?

CPT. MARTINS
 Bring your goggles, Bambi. We need to
 shut this shooter down.

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE

A Stryker rumbles out, headed across the desert floor.

INT. STRYKER

CHRIS sits up front, checking his weapon. An OLD MERCEDES speeds across the desert toward them. A train of dust plumes behind it. As the two vehicles pass-- (ECU) THE MEN in the Mercedes wear keffiyehs over their faces.

CHRIS
 What the--

Chris whips around in his seat but he can't look back.

EXT. GUARD POST - CONTINUOUS

MARINE GATE GUARD studies the OLD MERCEDES speeding toward him with mounting concern.

MARINE GATE GUARD
 (into walkie)
 This is east gate. I've got an unknown
 vehicle coming up fast. Black Mercedes--

Guards roll out of their posts, guns up. Mercedes skids to a sudden stop 30 meters out. Dust blooms from it.

GATE GUARD
 Get out of the car! Now--

INSIDE MERCEDES

TWO IRAQI MEN eye the guards. THE DRIVER mutters something to the passenger and pops the trunk--

GUARD POST

GUARDS lit with urgency, reacting as-- BOTH MEN STEP OUT of the Mercedes, hands in air, circling toward the trunk.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)
Step away from the car!

GATE GUARD #2
(FIRES WARNING SHOT)
--move for the trunk you will be shot.

THE TWO IRAQI MEN suddenly duck behind the open trunk.
After a painfully long moment, they reemerge with--

A BODY BOUND in blood-smeared plastic.

GATE GUARD (OC)
Drop it! Right there! Drop him now--

They drop the prisoner in the dirt. GUARDS CONTINUE
BARKING orders. THE DRIVER unwinds his scarf to reveal--

THE TRIBAL LEADER who condemned Chris in Ramadi.

TRIBAL LEADER
(in Arabic)
Here is your Butcher of Ramadi. Take him.
We will protect ourselves now.

He expects a response. Guns stay on him. The wind howls.

CLOSE ON BUTCHER

Bloody plastic suffocates his open mouth as he inhales.

EXT. SADR CITY - AERIAL SHOT - MOMENTS LATER

The Stryker speeds up a side-street into the belly of the
beast. One street over, PACKS OF INSURGENTS push the
opposite direction toward the construction site.

EXT. STREET, SADR CITY

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

EXT. BANANA FACTORY - DAY

PUSH UPSIDE a five story building. Bombed-out walls
reveal conveyors and fruit lockers inside.

ROOFTOP

RANGER SNIPER, concealed under a vent, watches INSURGENTS
in the street push toward the construction site.

RANGER ONE (OS)
The streets are crawling. Hold your fire.

Across the roof, ASIAN is on a .50 BMG looking at the mile-wide SANDSTORM that's pushing toward them.

ASIAN
The sandman's coming.

CHRIS

3rd floor. In a fruit locker. His breath is racing, his hands tremor and he hasn't put his eye to glass yet.

He can't expel the electricity coursing through him.

T-WALL (TWO BLOCKS DOWN)

CRANE lowers a T-block. MARINE ENGINEERS guide it in.

ENEMY CROSS-HAIRS ENTER FRAME

MARINE ENGINEERS signal success and ANOTHER ENGINEER starts to scurry up the neck of the crane to release the chain. The cross-hairs track ahead of MOVING ENGINEER.

BOOM! A shot echoes across the landscape and TOPPLES THE ENGINEER from the crane. He lands dead in the street.

CHRIS

THE BOOM echoes. Chris looks behind him. Suddenly alert--

CHRIS
No--
(keys mike)
It came from behind us. We went six deep the wrong way. He's outside the wall.

RANGER ONE (OS)
(whisper over radio)
Doesn't matter. Hold your fire. We got uglies right below us--

Chris puts his eye to glass, sweating bullets, aiming back PAST THE CONSTRUCTION CREW toward Bagdad--

CHRIS SCOPE POV

CROSS-HAIRS track across rooftops. Scope full-dope. Everything wobbles, fumes and jitters. But, almost by accident, he lands on an impossibly small shape--

A person? A bag of trash? Or nothing at all.

ASIAN (OS)
If he's shooting from the east we'd be 500 meters further--

CHRIS
I got something. 1900 meters out.

ASIAN
Too far Chris. That's an impossible shot.

RANGER ONE (OS)
You can't even see 1900 meters out. Hold
your fire man. You'll expose us all.

ASIAN
How do you know it's him--

CHRIS
It's him.

He's blinded by vengeance, flying directly into the sun.

ENEMY SNIPER HIDE

A LANKY SNIPER has covered himself in a black Hefty bag,
disguising his presentation. Ready to kill again--

CHRIS (OS) (CONT'D)
(over radio)
Fire base thunder, this is Charlie 2
Bravo. We have eyes on the target.
Prepare immediate evac'. Over.

ASIAN (OS)
You're going to expose our position--

ON CHRIS

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

CHRIS (OS)
He has eyes on our guys.

POV LANKY SNIPER SCOPE

CROSS-HAIRS track to the cluster of MARINE ENGINEERS.

RANGER ONE (OS)
Reaction Forces can't get through.

POV CHRIS' SCOPE

CROSS-HAIRS wobble on the dark shape a mile away.

CHRIS
For Biggles.

CLOSE ON LANKY SNIPER

Face partially obscured, a prayer hisses from his lips.

CLOSE ON CHRIS

Both eyes open, a prayer whispers across his lips.

CLOSE ON LANKY 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.

Lanky Sniper tumbles off his platform, and out of view.

CHRIS KYLE

Tango down.

STREET BELOW FACTORY

INSURGENTS point up at the building, yelling, rushing in--

ON CHRIS

Silence washes over him, an awareness of what he's done.

CHRIS KYLE (CONT'D)

--coming up to the roof. Don't shoot.

ROOFTOP

Chris bangs out onto the roof--

RANGER ONE

You just fucked us--

(screams into mike)

We need Stryker and QRF units, ASAP.

CHRIS KYLE

I got him.

ASIAN

What about us?

CHRIS KYLE

We hold them off until exfil--

RANGER ONE

There is no exfil'. We're fucked like a football bat!

Chris touched the flame and he burned them all.

SIDE VIEW (FACTORY)

INSURGENTS clear the second floor, bounding toward--

ROOFTOP

They survey ammo and set-up firing stations. Chris is shaken but his training is ingrained:

CHRIS

There are only two way on the roof, we cover those spots and conserve ammo.

Muted nods all around, *this is it*.

ASIAN

(sees Chris struggling,
concedes)

Mustafa or not, it was a sick shot.
Biggles would be proud. And we're not
dead yet.

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 HAJIS roll out behind him, on the same glue. This is close-quarter contact, visceral and shocking

IN THE STREETS

INSURGENTS enter surrounding buildings in droves.

ROOFTOP

Wind kicking up. Ammo running out. Insurgents keep coming. Worst environment imaginable.

RANGER ONE

(into mike)

--negative, they're right up on us--

ASIAN

Loading!

CHRIS laces bad guys. Full Achilles-mode. Amending folly with brutality. Tracers light from the next roof.

ASIAN (CONT'D)

Last clip.

An INSURGENT is running at Chris with a machete. He swings his Win-Mag. Downs him. Swings again.

RANGER ONE

(screams)

Exfil is three blocks out. Can't get in.

MARINE GUNNER

I'm out of ammo--

INSURGENTS use rebar to cross from nearby rooftops. They are swarming them. Hand-to-hand chaos. Bad way to die.

RANGER ONE

I won't get dragged in the street. I won't go down like that--

ASIAN

Not like this. Call it in.

Chris cuts a man's throat. They're totally overrun.

CHRIS

Do it. Call in coordinates. Light us up.

RANGER ONE

(keys mike)

Fire base thunder, this is Rio Two Bravo, requesting ordinance drop. GRID 04837959.

(gunfire over reply)

I know my fucking position! They're right on top of us. Drop it!

The RADIO GOES STATIC and he nods, *it's done*.

MARINE SNIPER

White-side!

TWO INSURGENTS leap the gap. Chris pulls his .45, pivots--

TRANSITION TO:

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

INT. COMM-OP TENT

Wind battling the tent. COL. MARTIN stands over the shoulder of DISPATCH OPERATOR, staring at the footage.

COL. MARTIN

Tell him to drop all he's got.

DISPATCH OPERATOR looks up, realizing what's happening.

EXT. F-18 RAPTOR

PILOT looks to his wing as STINGER MISSILES engage.

COL. MARTIN
 (over the box)
 This is Raptor 3-4 copy that. 20 seconds
 to drop. Over.

ON THE ROOFTOP

TWO DOZEN insurgents surround them on the rooftop. CHRIS
 waits till a guy gets right up on him and-- BAM!

ASIAN
 You're up--

Asian trades the SATELLITE PHONE for his Springfield.

CHRIS
 --you got four rounds.

Chris struggles to dial, his hands shaking. IT RINGS. He
 squints north. RINGS AGAIN. F-18 rocketing toward them--

TAYA (OS)
 Hello?

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

TAYA (CONT'D)
 Hello?

CHRIS
 (struggles)
 Hey, little lady--

TAYA
 Chris? What's the noise?--

Wind howls. F-18 closing.

TAYA (CONT'D)
 I can't hear you? Are you ok--

CHRIS
 (tears)
 I'm ready to come home. I'm ready...

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

TAYA
 What's happening?

CHRIS
 I love you. I'm coming home.

TAYA
 Chris--?

The F-18 just seconds out. Chris looks up and sees--

THE SANDSTORM

Has shifted and is pushing up the block. A four-story tsunami of dirt is about to swallow them.

F-18 RAPTOR

Flying into the mouth of the storm. Sensors screaming. 5, 4, 3, 2... He pulls up a second early.

ROOFTOP

The HELLFIRE MISSILES scream over the Banana factory and EXPLODE INTO the next building. They're enveloped in fire and dirt. The blast recedes but the storm engulfs them.

CHRIS

Go, go, lets move--

Chris leads Asian, Ranger One and Marines across the roof. They cling to each other to keep from being blown off. INSURGENTS stumble past, invisible two feet away.

STREET BELOW

They stagger blindly into HOWLING CHAOS, holding each other, huddled behind Chris. GUNFIRE POPS behind them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(choking, into mike)

Stryker-3, what's your location--

AN INSURGENT stumbles into them. ASIAN wrestles his gun away and beats him with it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hold your position. 30 seconds out--

(pointing ahead)

Let's go. Straight ahead. Go--

They're running for their lives. Unable to see two feet ahead. Chris is struggling. His knees failing him.

They're ahead of him. He can't keep up.

INT. STRYKER

THE GUNNER stares at REMOTE WEAPONS SYSTEMS SCREEN when four figures emerge from the dust. He's about to fire--

RANGER ONE

BDUs. That's them! Drop the ramp.

The ramp drops. STORM HOWLING. RANGER-ONE dives in. MARINE GUNNERS follow, then ASIAN. The rig pulls off.

ASIAN
Where's Chris? He was just--

IN THE STREET

Chris falters forward. INSURGENTS pursuing. The Stryker takes shape ahead but it's pulling away.

IN THE STRYKER

The M2 GUNNER doesn't see him on his monitor.

ASIAN (CONT'D)
--stop the rig! Stop--

IN THE STREET

Bullets sing past. Chris is five feet off, sprinting. He sheds his flack-jacket, Bible and flag. The rig just out of reach, he drops his gun in the dirt and dives--

His outstretched hand clutches the last rung of slat-armor and Chris Kyle is dragged off the battlefield.

THE SANDSTORM

Sweeps us up into otherworldly beige. We catch glimpses of the city below: the wall, the desert floor, the lanky body of the lanky sniper sprawled across a rooftop.

Wind rips the Hefty bag from his torso and sand pocks the DEAD FACE OF MUSTAFA before we're swept off again.

LONG FADE:

EXT. TARMAC, AIR BASE, CORONADO - DAY

CHRIS, grizzled in jeans and t-shirt, hobbles toward the area where men kiss their wives and hug their kids; heat shimmers off tarmac and gives the appearance of a mirage.

PO2 KELLY
Chief Kyle. We're here to take you home.

Chris looks up at prim PETTY OFFICER KELLY.

INT. SEDAN - AFTERNOON

The world blurs outside tinted windows. The rhythmic sound of wheels on the road fills silence.

PO2 KELLY
Two silver stars. Must be quite an honor.
(no response)
(MORE)

PO2 KELLY (CONT'D)
The Navy would love to keep you. I'm sure
we can find you a cushy desk job.

Chris eyes telephone wires looping along the roadside.

EXT. FORD DEALERSHIP - EVENING

PETTY OFFICERS stand with A CAR DEALER watching CHRIS
roar out in a big black FORD F350.

PO2 KELLY (OC)
Guess he's not interested in a desk job.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A grubby room. Beer cans litter the corner. Chris sits on
the bed in boxers, in a stupor, on the phone:

CHRIS
(into phone)
I got hung up-- some logistical stuff.
It's uh-- I'll get up there tomorrow.

TAYA (OS)
The kids were expecting you--

CHRIS
(breaks down)
I miss you guys so much...

TAYA (OS)
You're an hour away. Are you drunk?

CHRIS
--I don't know.

TAYA (OS)
What does that mean?

CHRIS
(drifting)
--maybe we could move back to Texas and
start over--

TAYA
Come home, Chris. Just come home.

He nods into silence. The room darkens.

INT. MOTEL - LATER

Flashing neon burns through gauzy curtains. Chris is
asleep when-- A BUZZING SOUND wakes him. He sits up, feet
hit floor, the sound emanates from inside the wall.

He runs a hand along the wall, and tilts an ear. It sounds like SOMEONE'S DRILLING into the wall. The sound louder. The wall vibrating under the pressure, when--

A DRILL BIT comes through the wall and pierces his hand. He tries to pull away but a second drill-bit pierces his other hand. He screams, strung up on the wall. Suddenly--

The hallucination disappears. He's holding himself to the wall. He slowly sinks to the floor, sobbing.

FADE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

TWO CHILDREN on swings, rising and falling against the sun. Rusty hinges creaking. The family dog, A PYRENEES SHEEPDOG, bounds around them barking.

TAYA (OC)
I always believed you'd be a better
father than you were a soldier.

CHRIS (OC)
I will be.

TAYA AND CHRIS, on the back-steps:

TAYA
I wanted them to know you.

CHRIS
Taya--

TAYA
The 'you' before all this.

That rocks him. He head falls. When he looks up again--

COLTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Has taken shape around him. Streamers and balloons against a grey sky. 6 YEAR OLDS and PARENTS mill around.

TAYA (VO) (CONT'D)
You pushed us out to make room for all
that darkness--

COLTON AND TWO FRIENDS chase each other around the yard.

TAYA (VO) (CONT'D)
--but you need to find a way to let the
light back in.

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

TAYA (VO) (CONT'D)
 You have to fight for us.

The dog bounds after him, thinks it's a game and jumps on his back again. THE BOY FALLS, HIS CRYING is all we hear--

THE BOY'S MOM runs over. His back clawed up and bleeding. She fends off the dog, shielding her son when--

BOY'S MOM
 Get him off--

Chris yanks the dog off by its collar. He drags it across the yard in a discomfoting show of violence.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Chris holds the dog down, eye to eye, scolding it when-- the DOG SNAPS at him. Chris rips his .45 from his belt-clip, a foot on the dog's neck, ready to shoot--

TAYA (OC)
 No! Chris. Don't--

He looks up, bent on animus--

TAYA (OC) (CONT'D)
 What's wrong with you? He's just a puppy.

Chris, suddenly riddled with remorse, releases the dog. He watches it hurry to Taya's side. Her protector.

FADE TO:

HEADLIGHTS burn through the darkness. Swerving across the road in a residential neighborhood. We are--

INT. FORD F-350

Chris is careening down a residential street. The road swims before him. His hand loses the wheel and--

The truck ramps over a curb, splinters a picket-fence and CRASHES INTO the breakfast room of a home. Glass and drywall rain down. The airbag throttles Chris-- WHOOMP!

Chris tumbles out of the rig, nose bleeding, concussed. He's standing in a kitchen so he staggers to the fridge.

ANOTHER ANGLE - APPROACHING POV

Chris sits at the dinner table, opens a beer bottle with his teeth and takes a slug.

HOMEOWNER (OC)
- What the fuck are you doing?

A SHOTGUN BARREL extends into frame.

INT. MINIVAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

CHRIS sits shotgun. POLICE LIGHTS whirl across the windshield as he stares at the house he drove into-- his face pinches with emotion and he breaks down sobbing.

CHRIS
I could've killed them...

PULL BACK to see Taya sitting behind the wheel.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I could've killed them all...

She doesn't understand but she sees him shedding his skin so she reaches for him, and holds him. She protects him.

LONG FADE:

INT. VETERAN'S HOSPITAL

Harsh light. Water-stained walls. CHRIS looks beaten and afraid-- and dubious of this buttoned-down NAVY DOCTOR.

NAVY DOCTOR
Are you taking anything for your anxiety?

Chris shakes his head.

NAVY DOCTOR (CONT'D)
My guess would be you saw things, or maybe you did some things, you wish you hadn't. Some soldiers can cope with that and some can't. We--

CHRIS
(low)
That's not me.

NAVY DOCTOR
What's not you?

CHRIS
That. That's not it. When I aim...
(breath fills his lungs)
When I'm on you...the world falls away
and my heart-rate drops. I'm more relaxed
killing you than I am talking to you.

Navy Doctor remains silent.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I laid to rest some evil men and I will stand before my creator and answer for every shot I took. That's not what haunts me. It's the guys I couldn't save.

(flush with shame)

Those are the faces I see. That's my regret-- that I couldn't hold on longer, that I couldn't do more.

NAVY DOCTOR

When we go to war there are always two wars we fight. The one over there, then one at home. And this one, we never win. You want to save some people, just walk down any hall in this hospital. We have plenty soldiers that need saving.

(pulls prescription pad)

I'm going to recommend Zoloft and--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS exits the office, wheels turning. He tosses the PRESCRIPTION in the trash and heads down the hall to--

EXT./INT. REC ROOM

A window looks in on TEN YOUNG VETERANS sitting around a TV. They stare blankly at it; wounded, on edge, in need.

Chris enters the room and takes a seat among them.

INSIDE

Chris watches TV with them, Jerry Springer.

CHRIS

Whose in charge of the remote up in here?

A large, legless Marine looks up. He has a jelly-roll face like Biggles once did. This is "WYNN".

WYNN

I am. You got a problem?

CHRIS

I got lots of problems, man. But Jerry Springer is right up there.

WYNN

Then you haven't been here long.

MORE VETS look over.

CHRIS
This all y'all do? Sit around and watch
this garbage.

WYNN
Pretty much.

CHRIS
(looks him over)
You a shooter?

WYNN
I was. How'd you know?

CHRIS
Your shoulders. They're fuckin lopsided.
Nobody told you your shit is lopsided?

Chris mimics how one shoulder is higher than the other,
poking fun. Wynn laughs and sun flares through window--

MATCH TO:

A circle of light surrounds the EYE OF WYNN. We are--

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE, UNIDENTIFIABLE LOCALE - DAY

CHRIS kneels before WYNN who is armed with a 300 Win-Mag.
The gun rests on Chris shoulder. Wynn takes aim, FIRES--

CHRIS
- How's it feel?

WYNN
Feels like The Legend is trying to fuck
up my shot. Stay still, man.

ON CHRIS

His eyes calm, like he's finally found some peace. BAM!

WYNN (CONT'D)
Bulls-eye, bitches.

Chris laughs, stands, dusts himself off. Uprange, JEFF
KYLE is helping SEVERAL MORE GUYS from the hospital.

WYNN (CONT'D)
Don't you got a family? Why are you doing
spending all this time with us?

CHRIS
I heard you had a nice shoe collection
before the war and I was thinking, since
you won't be needing them, maybe--

WYNN
(howls with laughter)
Dumbass. Really. Tell me why you do it.

Chris grows still, looking into the sun.

CHRIS
(nods)
We gotta take care of our own.

INT. POOL (UNDERWATER)

CHRIS SWIMS through aqua blue water looking up at INJURED VETERANS splashing around with A DOZEN PATRIOTIC SORORITY GIRLS. Sunlight bounces across the surface of the water and reflects down on him. A glorious vision.

FADE TO:

A MOVING TRUCK passes a road-sign: *"WELCOME TO TEXAS"*

EXT. KYLE HOME - MIDLOTHIAN, TEXAS - DAY

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

COLTON
And you'll wake up here, then go to work,
then come home again? Every night?

CHRIS
Every night, bubba. And I'll teach you to
hunt and fish like my daddy taught me.

Taya stands in the window, watching the gentle way Chris has with him; her boy finally has a father.

COLTON
Dad? Fish are kinda gross.

CHRIS
Yeah. I never liked fishing much.

Chris looks over the gentle sloping hills, finally home.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A bright church. Chris wears that BELT BUCKLE he won long ago. Taya sings from a hymn book. Chris stares at her.

TAYA
(hushed)
What're you looking at?

CHRIS
I's just imagining what you'll look like
when we're old and grey.

TAYA
Do I hold up alright?

CHRIS
(whispers)
I'll still do you.

That boyish playfulness is back. She takes his hand.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Taya make love. He worships her with his touch.

EXT. FIELD - DAWN

A tapestry of fading stars hang over a prairie as the
first rays of rising light paint the land golden.

A WHITE-TAIL steps out of the brush. It looks toward us--

A SHOT RINGS OUT

REVERSE TO COLTON on the gun. He leaps from a deer-blind.

COLTON
I got it, dad.

CHRIS
You sure did.

Chris steps out, proud and apprehensive in equal measure.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You've been given a gift. But this one
comes with a responsibility. When you
pull the trigger-- make sure your heart
is pure and you're standing in the light.

Colton nods, tough and intent. Chris drapes an arm over
his young shoulders and the SCORE BUILDS.

CHYRON: **FEBRUARY 2, 2013**

INT. KYLE HOUSE - DAY

The blinds are screwed open and dust motes drift across
horizontal blades of sepia light-- falling on Chris. He's
twirls an antique six-gun around his finger and--

CHRIS

Get 'em up, lil' lady. Hands in the air.

TAYA is at the window gazing at their kids in the yard.

TAYA

Can I tell you something.

CHRIS

Tell it to the judge.

TAYA

I'm proud of you and I don't say it enough. But I feel blessed. You're an incredible father and-- I just feel so lucky to have my husband back.

CHRIS

We could lock the doors. They can't get out of the yard.

TAYA

I know how hard you fought to get here.

CHRIS

You're worth fighting for.

She moves through the light. He kisses her, lifting her--

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I meant what I said about locking the doors.

TAYA

Aren't you guys going to the range?

CHRIS

Not for four minutes.

TAYA

Is that all it takes.

CHRIS

It'll take half that. Then I got two minutes leftover just to look at you.

The front door opens and a BURLY NEIGHBOR with a wide smile enters. This is CHAD LITTLEFIELD.

CHAD LITTLEFIELD

Six-guns and sex standing up, just another day living next to The Legend.

TAYA

Hey, Chad.

CHAD LITTLEFIELD
Whas up, girl.

CHRIS
You don't knock?

CHAD LITTLEFIELD
Would you answer if I did?

CHRIS
I'm a busy man.

CHAD LITTLEFIELD
I see that.
(opens fridge)
Who's this kid we're taking out?

CHRIS
(eyes on Taya)
A former Marine. His mom works at our
school. She thought it might help.

COLTON and McKENNA race in.

COLTON
Dad, you want to play Skylander? Please--

CHRIS
When I get back, Bubba. But only if you
let me win.

COLTON
No way.

MCKENNA
Poke the bear--

MCKENNA pokes Chris and he BARKS like a dog.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
No. You're supposed to roar. Like *Grrr*.

She pokes him again and Chris emits a RUMBLING ROAR. She
giggles and hugs him so he'll save her.

CHAD LITTLETON
Better get going...

Chris kisses his daughter and tosses his son's hair.

CHRIS
Look after our women, Bubba.
(turns to Taya)
Love you, little lady.

Chris kisses Taya and lingers, smiling like a schoolboy; his eyes worship her just like he promised. And, for a moment, he appears immortal in the bladed light.

Then-- HIS IMAGE DISSOLVES in front of her, fading like a memory into thin air. Chad is gone too. The house quiet--

Colton plays video games. McKenna colors. Max lays by the door. Taya screws the blinds closed, bringing darkness.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The black F-350 roars down two-lane blacktop. It splits the horizon and disappears over the distant ridge.

CUT TO BLACK.

CARD(1): *"Chris Kyle retired in 2009 as the most lethal sniper in United States military history."*

SFX: A GUNSHOT SOUNDS and echoes across oblivion.

CARD(2): *"On February 2, 2013, Chris was killed on a shooting range by a Marine he was trying to help. He died as he lived, trying to look after one of his own."*

EXT. HIGHWAY

A funeral procession appears from over the distant ridge. Rain falls as the well-worn voice of Randy Travis sings *Amazing Grace*. Police escorts lead a white hearse and 300 vehicles down a highway lined with people waving flags.

TAYA KYLE (VO)

(actual eulogy audio)

....Chris, there isn't enough time to tell you everything you mean to me and everything you taught me. I know you had no idea you were teaching me, but there is something only God and I have known for a long time-- God worked through you to make me into the woman I am supposed to be. I almost feel sorry for you, babe, cause God knew it would take the toughest, big-hearted man on earth to get a hard-headed and cynical, hard-loving woman like me to see what God needed me to see-- and he chose you for the job. He chose well. You taught me reckless love without abandon. You taught me how to turn a life full of fear into a life full of faith. You taught me that I could be more independent than I ever wanted to be.

(MORE)

TAYA KYLE (VO) (CONT'D)

You taught me how to raise children with love and softness and proved it could be done with a high standard of respect and old fashioned values. You taught me that I could forgive more deeply than I ever thought I could. You taught me that I was able to hold my tongue in anger. By the way I'm sorry that took so long. You taught me that even as a Yankee I could learn to have a conversation with my slow-talking Texas man without interrupting. I swear, I never thought that was possible.

(a faint "Taps" plays)

You taught me that I'm okay just the way I am and that, no matter what life lays in front of you, it is unwise to worry or over-think it because even in the worst of times life has a way of working out. You showed me that in life, even in death, some people are always with you. I love you Chris...

(weeping, whispering)

I love you. I love you.

The last car passes. TAPS concludes. A MAN stands alone in a muddy field saluting a fallen hero.

SEAL TEAM THREE (VO)

(loud, in unison)

Hooyah, Chris Kyle.

THE END