All gave some. Some gave all.

1 OVER BLACK 1
The groan of tank treads drowns out THE CALL TO PRAYER as an entire MARINE COMPANY advances over the top of us.

2 EXT. STREET, FALLUJAH, IRAQ - DAY 2
The sun melts over squat residences on a narrow street.
MARINE COMPANY creeps toward us like a cautious Goliath.
FOOT SOLDIERS walk alongside Humvees and tanks.
COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
(radio chatter)
Charlie Bravo-3, we got eyes on you from the east. Clear to proceed, over.

3 EXT. ROOFTOP, "OVERWATCH" - SAME 3
Sun glints off a slab of corrugated steel. Beneath it- CHRIS KYLE lays prone, dick in the dirt, eye to the glass of a .300 Win-Mag sniper rifle. He’s Texas stock with a boyish grin, blondish goatee and vital blue eyes. Both those eyes are open as he tracks the scene below, sweating his ass off in the shade of steel.

CHRIS KYLE:
Fucking hot box.
GOAT (24, Arkansas Marine) lies beside him, woodsy and outspoken, watching dirt-devils swirl in the street.

GOAT:
Dirt over here tastes like dog shit.

CHRIS KYLE:
I guess you’d know.
Goat balks and fixes his M4 on the rooftop door.
CHRIS SCOPE POV
TRACK ACROSS bombed-out buildings, twisted metal and golden-domed mosques.
Ragged curtains flutter out a window. Cat-tails on the river sway the same direction.
We see him studying windage; we see what he’s thinking-SFX:
A LOW FREQUENCY BUZZ escalates over picture as his concentration deepens. Cross-hairs land on-A MAN ON CELL PHONE watches the convoy from a rooftop.
(03.18.14) 2.

CHRIS KYLE:
(keys mike)
I got a military-aged male, on a cell phone, watching the convoy. Over.
COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
If you think he’s reporting troop
movement you have a green-light. Your
call. Over.

GOAT (OC)
He could be calling his old lady.
MAN ON CELL studies the convoy, his hair tossed by wind.
CROSS-HAIR push left of target, compensating for windage.

SFX:
His finger is taking up trigger-sack when the man dips
his shoulder slightly. Chris holds off as--
MAN ON CELL hangs up and steps away.

CHRIS KYLE :
(keys mike)
He stepped off.
Chris sucks air. Close. The ambient world floods back in.
Barked orders, diesel engines and--
A WOMAN AND KID exit the same structure. They’re headed
up the sidewalk but cut sharply into the street.

CHRIS KYLE:
(keys mike)
Hold up. I got a woman and a kid, 200 yards out, moving toward the convoy.
(ECU)--The woman cradles something beneath her robes.

CHRIS KYLE :
Her arms aren’t swinging. She’s carrying
something.
CROSS-HAIRS ON WOMAN as she pulls a cylindrical object
from her robes. His vision obscured but--

CHRIS KYLE :
She just pulled a grenade. An RKG Russian
grenade. I think she gave it to the kid.
COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
--you say a woman and kid?
(03.18.14) 3.

SFX:

CHRIS KYLE :
You got eyes on this? Can you confirm?

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

GOAT (OC)
They fry you if you’re wrong. Send your ass to Leavenworth.

THE KID moves toward the convoy with the grenade.

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

THE KID sprints toward the Marines.

IN THE STREET:
YOUNG MARINES. Wading into war. Boots scuffing dirt.

CLOSE ON CHRIS:
His exhale hisses from tobacco-stained teeth. Breathe it down. He struggles to get calm, fighting for control.

SFX:
HAIRS left of the running target, leading him, compensating for a dozen different considerations as--
He pauses upon exhale. The world goes quiet. Landscape pulses with color and focus. He stokes the trigger and-THE

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

WHITE-TAIL BUCK
It staggers, draws and topples to the ground. We are-4

EXT. HILLS, WEST TEXAS - PRE-DAWN 4
A field shrouded in fog. CHRIS KYLE(8) jumps from a deerblind, innocent and excited, running toward the buck.

(03.18.14) 4.

MAN’S VOICE
Get back here.

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

WAYNE:
Don’t ever leave your gun in the dirt.
CHRIS :
Yes, sir.

WAYNE:
Helluva shot, son. You got a gift. You’re
gonna make a fine hunter someday.
Chris nods, clear-eyed, as if hearing the whisper of
destiny. He grabs the .30-06, running again, bounding to--

THE BUCK:
Glassy brown eyes look up at Chris. It’s still alive.

WAYNE :
Everything dies to give life.

CHRIS :
Can it see me?

WAYNE :
It’s a deer, son.
Chris processes his first kill, watching as--(ECU) a
flea crawls around the animal’s inner-ear.

WAYNE KYLE :
(hands him hunting knife)
You shot it, you deal with it.
Chris straddles the deer. It tries to gouge him. He looks
frightened but drags the blade across its neck.

5 OMITTED 5
6 INT. CHURCH 6
A Protestant church. CHRIS is dressed in Sunday best,
shuffling pages of a LITTLE BLUE BIBLE to create breeze.

(03.18.14) 5.

PASTOR:
We don’t see with his eyes so we don’t
know the glory of his plan. Our lives
unfold before us like puzzling
reflections in a mirror. But on the day
we rise, we will see with clarity and
understand the mystery of his ways-
JEFF(6), his reedy little brother, watches Chris slip the
Bible in his pocket. Jeff laughs and gets smacked by-
DEBBIE, their mother. She wears big oval glasses and runs
a wayward-boys home with that same steady hand.

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

WAYNE lectures his boys over venison.

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

Jeff bites back tears. Chris looks troubled.

10 EXT. SCHOOLYARD 10
FROM THE BACK, we watch a BIG BULLY pummel a KID ON THE GROUND. His meaty fists coming down repeatedly as-
WAYNE KYLE (VO)
Then you got predators who use violence to prey on the weak. They’re the wolves.

(03.18.14) 6.
KID ON THE GROUND is JEFF, his nose bloody. PUSH TOWARD the fight--(ECU) blood flecks fly from the Bully’s fist.

WAYNE KYLE (VO)
Then there are those blessed with the gift of aggression and an overpowering need to protect the flock.

A FIST CONNECTS with BIG BULLY’s temple. He goes down.
Chris stands over the bully, beating the tar out of him.
WAYNE KYLE (VO)
These men are the rare breed that live to confront the wolf--

11 EXT. FIELD 11
CHRIS stands with his arms extended. Wind blows dirt off his palms and it plumes out across the land.
WAYNE KYLE (VO)
They are the sheepdog.

12 INT. DINING ROOM 12
WAYNE removes his belt and lays it on the table. CHRIS looks at it, worried.
WAYNE KYLE:
Now we’re not raising any sheep in this family and I will whoop your ass if you turn into a wolf—Wayne—

DEBBY:

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

CHRIS:
The guy was picking on Jeff. That true?

WAYNE KYLE:

JEFF:
(eye swollen)
Yes sir... Yes, he was...
(03.18.14) 7.

WAYNE KYLE:
(turns to Chris)
And did you finish it?
Chris shows the swollen knuckles of his hand, and nods.

WAYNE:
Then you know who you are...

13 EXT. BARN 13
A GROWN MAN (CHRIS) exits the barn into the light of day. Behind him, horns of dozens of bucks cover the wall.
WAYNE (VO)
You know your purpose.
The barn door closes leaving us in brindled darkness.

“AMERICAN SNIPER”

14 EXT. RODEO ARENA 14
A hand grips the tie on a bronc. CHRIS sits bareback atop the horse, its nostrils steaming, eyes shock wide. (ECU)—a hair-line crack along its right front hoof.
BUZZER SOUNDS. GATE OPENS. The bronco leaps out. Empty stands blur past. The Bronc and Chris united in a futile
struggle. He leans right, the bronc circles right, staying off that bad hoof. Chris makes the buzzer but-- He gets tossed on dismount. The bronco stomps his hand. He scrambles out of the ring as RODEO CLOWNS distract it. FIND JEFF(19) ringside, with tight lips and severe eyes. He looks over the empty arena, laughing.

15 INT. FORD TRUCK 15
Headlights rattle over a dirt road. JEFF drives. CHRIS rides, BAG OF ICE on hand, BELT BUCKLE prize on the dash. He stares into the field where A WILD HORSE, races alongside them, a spectral image in the darkness.

JEFF:
Wasn’t nobody there and you come away with a belt buckle too damn big to wear. What you supposed to do with it?
(03.18.14) 8.

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

JEFF:
A strong wind’d put Sarah in the mood.

CHRIS:
Is that what they say?

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

CHRIS:
Don’t say it.

JEFF:
Sarah suck-a-
Chris swings his bag of ice, smacks Jeff in the face.

JEFF:
Shit man--
He swerves off the road. The truck almost coming apart
before he ramps back up, coming to a dusty halt outside—
16 EXT. BUNKHOUSE 16
Spanish moss hangs over a shackle-board residence. Chris
tumbles out the truck, clips on the belt buckle and--
17 INT. BUNKHOUSE 17
CHRIS swaggers into the narrow bunkhouse. A sheet hangs
in back, separating sleeping area from living area.

CHRIS :
Who wants to hump a rodeo star?
Movement back there. A MAN ASS suddenly protrudes from
the curtain as a BURLY COWBOY-TYPE climbs into jeans.

CHRIS :
What the fuck—
SARAH steps out, his high school sweetheart all grown up.
(03.18.14) 9.

SARAH :
You said you wasn’t coming home until
tomorrow.

CHRIS :
(wounded)
Why would you do this?
Cowboy leaves his shirt open flaunting a big hairy chest.

SARAH :
Just let him out. He didn’t know...

CHRIS :
(shamed, steps aside)
You didn’t know?
Cowboy doesn’t answer. Chris SLAMS HIS HEAD into the
refrigerator and ramps him out the front door.

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

CHRIS :
Get out.
She jumps at the chance— ripping clothes out of closets.
SARAH :
You think you’re a cowboy cause you rodeo? You’re no cowboy. You’re just a lousy ranch-hand and a shitty fuckin lay!
The door slams behind her. Chris stares at the dent in the fridge, wounded. He opens it and pulls out a beer.

18 LATER 18
TV plays across Chris’ drunken face. He lays on the sofa, a beer on his chest. JEFF is sprawled in a chair.

JEFF :
Some people ain’t worth fighting for.

CHRIS :
But she was right...

JEFF :
(closing his eyes)
A job is a job. At least we’re outside.
(03.18.14) 10.

Chris is bleary, lost and drifting to sleep. The images on the TV don’t immediately register but--
NEWS FOOTAGE of the WORLD TRADE CENTER BOMBING (1993) plays on TV. An explosion has demolished the garage.
NEWS ANCHOR (OS)
--group of radical militants called Al-Qaeda are taking credit for a bombing that left six dead and hundreds injured-American flags at half mast. His chest rises and falls--

CHRIS :
Jeff, wake up. Look at this--
The faces of INNOCENT VICTIMS play across the screen. Chris’ injured hand slowly curls into a fist.

CHRIS :
Look what they did...
19 INT. NAVY RECRUITING OFFICE 19
Posters of destroyers on walls. The NAVY RECRUITER is lean and shrewd.

CHRIS :
I saw what they did, on our soil, and--
NAVY RECRUITER:
And you’re from Texas and you’re a patriot so it pissed you off.

CHRI
Yes, sir. But I can’t see myself on a ship. I’d wanna be in the fight—NAVY

RECRUITER:
You wanna fight? Meet the warrior elite.
He slides him a brochure—“NAVY SEALS” emerge from the water, armed and bound for glory.
SEALs?

CHRIS KYLE:

NAVY RECRUITER:
Sea, Air and Land.

CHRI
I ain’t much of a swimmer—
(03.18.14) 11.

NAVY RECRUITER:
(taking brochure back)
This isn’t for the faint of heart. Most men wash-out. They quit—

CHRI
(cutting him off)
I’m not most men, sir. I don’t quit.
20 OMITTED 20
21 OMITTED 21
22 EXT. NAVAL SPECIAL WARFARE CENTER / “THE GRINDER” – DAY 22
CHRI
and 50 OTHER CANDIDATES lay on their backs doing flutter-kicks on a patch of blacktop surrounded by beige buildings. INSTRUCTORS wield hoses.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
(sprays Chris in the face)
You a quitter, boy?

CHRIS KYLE:
No, sir!
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
Bullshit, you are fleet-meat. Don’t turn away. Look up and take it. You’re old as fuck. Did you join the Navy cause you had such a good time on Noah’s Arc? How old are you?

CHRIS:
30, sir.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
30! You fart dust and could’ve fathered half these boys. You think cause you had a pop-gun back in Texas you’re cut out to be a SEAL?

CHRIS:
No, sir.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
No, you’re not cut out to be one?
Chris is twisted in agony and clearly dislikes the water.
(03.18.14) 12.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
What kind of asshole joins the Navy but hates the water.

CHRIS:
I love water, hooyah.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
My ass you do.
A CANDIDATE chokes a giggle. Rolle wheels around on-
RYAN JOB(24), a goofy, overweight Oregon kid who looks like he should be taking orders at a drive-thru window.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
Is that you giggling you fat fuck? Look at you. You’re so fat they had to baptize you at Sea World. Your momma fat too?

RYAN:
No sir, she’s not.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
Don’t lie to me! I bet we could use her panties as a parachute. What the fuck are you doing here fatboy? Do your feet get wet when you shower? When’s the last time you saw your pecker? You’re not a Seal,
you’re a fuckin Walrus. A big giggling
Walrus. “Biggles” that’s your new name--
“BIGGLES” is choking, coughing, struggling. ROLLE points
to A BRASS BELL mounted on the back of a truck.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
--and that’s your ticket home. Just drag
your jelly-roll ass up and ring it and
you’ll be headed home to momma Shamu.
BIGGLES is beaten, legs giving out, ready to quit when--
CHRIS (OC)
(draws Rolle off Biggles)
Two hundred.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
(whirls around, hosing)
Did I ask you to count?

CHRIS :
No, sir.
(03.18.14) 13.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
Was that your ass talking then?
THE BELL RINGS. Chris jerks up, worried it was Biggles
but-- an ATHLETIC CANDIDATE staggers off.
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
That’s a quitter. If he quits here, he’ll
quit in battle. When shit gets hairy he
can’t step up. You get shot, he can’t
pull you out. We’re gonna weed out the
quitters and see if we can find a warrior
or two.
Chris and Biggles share a look, a vow, as--
INSTRUCTOR ROLLE
Wave goodbye to the sun, boys...
23 OMITTED 23
24 EXT. BEACH - “SNAKE PIT” - NIGHT 24
A bonfire crackles atop a sand dune. CANDIDATES crouch in
a pit they dug, hugging oars, shivering with hypothermia.
CHRIS stands over the ditch, trying to make INSTRUCTORS
laugh to earn a place by the fire beside BIGGLES.

CHRIS:
--and when I told her the condom broke
she started crying and begging me to do
something. And I’m a virgin, I don’t know
what to do, but I’d heard if you pour Coke up there you won’t get pregnant—
(guys start laughing)
So we went to 7-11, got a liter of Coke and drove back into the woods. She took her panties off and did a handstand against a tree but when I start pouring, she starts screaming, “it stings, it stings” but when I’d stop, she’d scream “no don’t stop” and it’s fizzing out and—
INSTRUCTORS in stitches. Fire flickering off Chris’ face.

25 EXT. “MUD FLATS” - DAY 25
Fog shrouds CANDIDATES COVERED IN MUD, seated belly-toback, chattering and quaking, hypothermic.
“INSTRUCTOR TONY”(34), a salty cholo, walks their line.
(03.18.14) 14.
INSTRUCTOR “TONY”
You really from Connecticut, Dauber? I never met a hick from Hartford.
“DAUBER” is 6’4” and 240 with a flop of yellow hair like the character from Coach. A sleepy Connecticut cowboy.

DAUBER :
Country is countrywide, sir.

INSTRUCTOR “TONY”
I don’t think he likes black dudes, “D”.
“D” is African American, from Indiana, stoic and stacked. He has a rhythmic grumble and a meat-eater’s glare.
“D”
That’s alright, sir. I’m not black.

INSTRUCTOR “TONY”
No?
“D”
No, I’m new black. We run slow, jump low, swim good and shop at Gap. We make white folk proud then hose their ladies. “BIGGLES” still giggles, but he’s looking fit as they chip away everything that isn’t a Navy Seal.

INSTRUCTOR “TONY”
You hungry Biggles? I’d bet you’d eat the ass out of a low-flying duck.

BIGGLES :
Hooyah. I’d toss that critter shitter on
a baguette and get my eat on. “SQUIRREL” is a San Clemente surfer kid, just tall enough
to ride roller-coaster, with a jutty jaw.
INSTRUCTOR “TONY”
(screams in his face)
Squirrel! Where’d you hide your nuts?

SQUIRREL :
Nuts crawled up inside. The little shits
are gone for good.
“CHRIS” sits up front, covered in mud. His eyes burn
steely blue, full of resolve. He’s found himself here.
INSTRUCTOR “TONY”
How about you old man? How you feeling?
(03.18.14) 15.

CHRIS KYLE :
Dangerous, sir. Feeling dangerous.
The boys send up a spirited “HOOYAH” and— TONY looks
them over with some small measure of approval.
26 EXT. BEACH - SUNSET 26
The INSTRUCTOR CADRE watches 32 CANDIDATES SWARM each
other, howling and dog-piling at the end of hell-week.
27 OMITTED 27
28 OMITTED 28
29 INT. MULONEY’S BAR - NIGHT 29
A crowd watches the boys toss darts at a bulls-eye drawn
on DAUBER’S naked back. At the bar, BIGGLES and CHRIS—

CHRIS :
I’m gonna try and get into sniper school.

BIGGLES :
Can you shoot?

CHRIS:
I can hunt. And what’s cooler than being
a sniper?

BIGGLES:
Blowing shit up. Blowing shit up is way
cooler.
A brunette steps to the bar. A sharp object with heavy
eye-shadow and tight leather pants. This girl owns her
sexuality but she’s often been used for it. This is “TAYA”. She is trying to ignore the advances of A SHORT NAVY GUY but he’s relentless. Chris watches as (ECU)-- Taya’s fingertips whiten, gripping her glass. Chris edges closer, she looks up, defensive-- but he just stands there, letting his protective presence be felt. DAPPER NAVY GUY (OC) Come on, just let me buy you a drink. (03.18.14) 16.

TAYA:
(end of her rope)
Will a drink make you 6 inches taller and charming? Will it make you not married?
DAPPER NAVY GUY
I’m not-

TAYA :
I watched you take your ring off. Don’t be a scumbag. Go home.
Navy Guy retreats. Taya sips her scotch, doesn’t look up.

CHRIS :
It could be the leather pants.

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

CHRIS :
Corduroy.
She takes him in. Loose sweatshirt, no hair gel.

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

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

TAYA :
That’s great. A real red-neck.
CHRIS:
I’m no redneck, I’m a Texan.

TAYA:
What’s the difference?

CHRIS:
We ride horses, they ride their cousins.

TAYA:
(almost laughs)
What do you do for work? You look like military.
(03.18.14) 17.

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

TAYA:
Do I look stupid to you?

CHRIS:
To be honest, you look a little sad. She’s taken aback by his observation.

CHRIS:
So am I tall enough to buy you a drink?

TAYA:
Not until you tell me what you do.

CHRIS:

How about this:
Chris passes her a shot. She throws it back, fierce.

TAYA:
You’re obviously military. What branch?

CHRIS:
I’m just finishing BUD/S.
TAYA:
Are you kidding me? You’re a SEAL?

CHRI S:
That was two questions...

TAYA:
(two angry shots)
I know all about you guys. My sister was engaged to a SEAL.

CHRI S:
What’s that mean you know all about us?

TAYA:
You’re a bunch of arrogant, self-centered pricks who think you can lie and do whatever the fuck you want.
(pushes him a shot)
I’d never date a SEAL.
(03.18.14) 18.

CHRI S:
(confused)
How can you say we’re self-centered? I’d lay down my life for my country.

TAYA:
Why?

CHRI S:
Cause it’s the greatest country on earth and I believe it’s worth protecting.
(climbs off stool)
I’m sorry this guy hurt your sister but that’s not me. Nice talking to you.

TAYA:
Where are you going?

CHRI S:
You said you’d never date a SEAL, so I’m going home.
**TAYA:**
I said I’d never marry one.
It’s a lie and they both know it.

**CHRIS:**
Well in that case... what’s your name?

**TAYA:**
Taya.

**CHRIS:**
Nice to meet you, Taya. I’m Chris Kyle.

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

**CHRIS:**
Our instructors say our biggest enemies are ego, liquor, and women.

**TAYA:**
Sounds like you’re under attack.
She levels a look and downs another shot-
(03.18.14) 19.
30 EXT. MULRONEY’S BAR, PARKING LOT - LATER 30
Mist rolls in. Chris holds Taya’s hair as she pukes. She takes a deep breath, wipes her mouth-

**TAYA:**
--I’m not going home with you so don’t even think about it.
She smiles, then turns to puke again--
31 EXT. RANGE - “SNIPER SCHOOL” - CAMP BILLY MACHEN - DAY 31
An arid range with human-shaped targets. PETTY OFFICER TOSH (Irish/Japanese, nasty) walks past prone students.

**PO TOSH:**
Feel breath filling every cell of your body. This is our ritual. We master our breath, we master our mind--
--pulling the trigger will become an unconscious effort. You will be aware of it but not directing it. And as you exhale, find your natural respiratory pause and the space between heart-beats.
Chris exhales, pauses, strokes-- BAM!

32 INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE 32
A ZOLOFT BROCHURE shows smiling faces. TAYA wears a suit-skirt and tries to mimic the esprit of the brochure. She leaves a box of samples with the RECEPTIONIST but her smile fades as she pulls her trolley to the door--

33 INT. TAYA’S CONDO - DAY 33
Blades of light leak through closed blinds. Taya hides under blankets on the sofa. PHONE RINGS, goes to message:
CHRIS (OS)
It’s me again. The guy whose shoes you puked on? I was thinking maybe you didn’t get my last message. Or the one before that. So, I figured-- (03.18.14) 20.
She snatches up the phone--

TAYA :
You figured what?
--looking for a reason not to be alone.

34 EXT. RANGE - CAMP BILLY MACHEN - DAY 34
ON CHRIS, both eyes open looking downrange.
PO TOSH (OC)
Aim small, miss small. If you aim for his shirt button, you might miss by two inches. If you aim for his shirt, you miss by two feet.
(over Chris, raises binocs)
You better close those groupings, Kyle.
Chris chases his breath, trying to focus, but--

35 EXT. OCEANSIDE PIER - DUSK 35
PAN ACROSS a “target shoot” game to a bench overlooking surf. CHRIS and TAYA sit with a GIANT TEDDY BEAR.

TAYA :
Did you always want to be a soldier?

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

**TAYA**:
So you started rescuing girls from bars?

**CHRIS**:
I rescued that bar from you.
She smiles at his sweetness.

**CHRIS**:
Do you like country music?

**TAYA**:
Only when I’m depressed.

**CHRIS**:
You want kids?
(03.18.14) 21.

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

**CHRIS**:
That’s a shitty thing to tell a girl.

**TAYA**:
I’ve proven her right.

**CHRIS**:
But those wrong picks put you here. They made you who you are. And I like who you are.
The Ferris wheel casts its glow on them.

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

**CHRIS:**
(uncertain)
I don’t know... I just pray I can do my job if that day comes.
It weighs on him. And she feels safe.
PO TOSH:
Mirage is boiling at 35 degree angle.

CHRIS:
Check. I’m dialed for windage.

PO TOSH:
Hold right-four, up-two.
BAM! He misses. It spits dirt. Not even close.

PO TOSH:
Are we looking at the same target?
(03.18.14) 22.

36 INT. TAYA’S CONDO - NIGHT 36
CHRIS sits on the couch, anxious, until TAYA appears in the hall in lingerie. She slinks closer, straddling him, determined to blow his mind but-

CHRIS:
You’re trembling...

TAYA:
I know. I don’t...
She finds his eyes. Finds her breath.

CHRIS:
We don’t have to do this...

TAYA:
I want to. I do...
He gently lifts her up and lays her across the couch.

ANOTHER ANGLE:
Soft light on pale bodies. Taya writhes with impatient longing but Chris’ steady hand forces her into the present. She’s swept up, eyes filling with tears as he eases into her-- she gasps and arcs and draws him deeper.
PO TOSH
You need to shut your off-eye.

CHRIS
If I close my off-eye I can’t see what’s out there.
PO TOSH (OC)
There is nothing out there but a target.

CHRIS
Negative. There’s something-
CHRIS POV (BOTH EYES VIEW)
The circular scope floats over the target. Left of scope, a SWATCH OF GRASS doesn’t sway like the rest.

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

CHRIS
There it is.
He sets the rifle aside and starts cranking out push-ups.

TAYA
You hardly even know me.

CHRIS
I know enough. You’re a package deal, babe.
She stares at the wall.

CHRIS
What are you afraid of?
TAYA:
Nothing. Everything. I don’t know. What if it doesn’t work out?
She moves to stand. He holds her put.

CHRIS:
I’m going to marry you, and we’re going to start a family.

TAYA:
You got it all planned out, don’t you.

CHRIS:
I love you. I’m done.
(03.18.14) 24.

TAYA:
(crushed by his sincerity)
Well... you’re gonna need a ring if you want to talk all tough like that.
She accepts with a deep kiss and prances off with the sheet. He smiles and falls back onto the bed. The curtains dance in the morning light. Then--

TAYA (OS)
Oh my god! No! Chris--
Chris bounds up, running into the next room. Taya stands in front of the television. They both watch as--

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

40 OMITTED 40
40A OMITTED 40A
41 OMITTED 41
41 OMITTED 41
42 OMITTED 42
43 INT. DANCE FLOOR, RENT-A-YATCH - LATER 43
The storm closing in. CHRIS two-steps TAYA around the dance floor to Van Morrison’s romantic “Someone Like You.” Chris looks boyish and dapper and Taya is flush with beauty and promise. The moment is quietly sincere with the entire WEDDING PARTY watching when--
TAYA:
(her hand smudged with paint)
What the hell is on your neck?
She pulls at his collar to reveal GREEN SPRAY-PAINT upside his neck.

CHRIS:
Would you believe me if I told you I was painted green and on an IV two hours ago?
(03.18.14) 25.

TAYA:
What do you-
Then she sees BIGGLES, DAUBER, “D” and SQUIRREL rolling with laughter at the bar, and remembers who she married.

CHRIS:
(smiles)
Package deal babe.
He dances her away from them and pulls his jacket aside, flashing his boys the Trident pinned to his chest.

AT THE BAR:
TONY bowls up; once their instructor, now their Chief.
“D”
What’s the word, Chief?

TONY:
(looks them over)
It’s on boys. Just got the call.
They hoist their drinks, barking approval, “HOOYAH!”

ON DANCE FLOOR:
Taya sees the nod from Biggles to Chris, we’re going. She tenses up in his arms, her feet growing heavy.

CHRIS:
They say it’ll be over in 6 weeks.

TAYA:
I’m so afraid.

CHRIS:
Don’t be afraid. It’s all part of the
He pulls her close, HIS EYES FIXED on someone else—

**TAYA:**
Your heart is beating out of your chest.

**CHRIS:**
(nods, looking past her)
I’m not the only one going to war.
JEFF KYLE stands on the rail in MARINE DRESS UNIFORM.
(03.18.14) 26.

**CAKE CUTTING - EVENING**
The boat rocks on choppy water. Taya dabs cake on Chris’s nose and they kiss. THE BOOM of distant fireworks is followed by AIR-RAID SIRENS as shock & awe hit Baghdad. CUT TO BLACK.

**CHYRON:**
MARC LEE (PRE-LAP)
Welcome to Fallujah. The new wild west of the old middle east.
44 INT. M-113 ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER, FALLUJAH - DAY 44
SOLDIERS sit elbow to elbow. 6 SEAL SNIPERS and A SQUAD OF MARINES to watch their backs. CHRIS tucks the little blue Bible and American flag and into his webbing then removes his wedding band, hanging it from his necklace.
MARC LEE AO2 (26) is a poster-boy Navy Seal, soulful and handsome. He glows like a halo in a river full of shit.

**MARC LEE:**
AQI have put a price on your heads and extremists from around the globe are flooding the borders to collect on it.
The rig hits a pothole and faces clench expecting an IED.

**MARC LEE:**
You snipers will be paired with a man to watch your back and inserted along the main road to do “overwatch” for 1st Marines going door to door. Your job is to protect those Marines at all costs.
The truck battles to a stop.

**MARC LEE:**
The city was evacuated. Any military-aged male still here, is here to kill you. Let’s bring these boys in safe and get our asses back home. Move—
The hatch falls open—
45 EXT. HOSPITAL, NORTHERN BRIDGE, FALLUJAH 45
A gunmetal sky. The staccato pop of GUNFIRE in the distance. SNIPERS and SUPPORT cross an orchard.
(03.18.14) 27.
CHRIS walks upright. The Marine paired with Chris is a mouthy Arkansas boy, “WINSTON”, skitters tree to tree.

WINSTON :
Keep your head down, Tex. The Muj’ got snipers too.

CHRIS :
A sniper won’t aim for your head.
A DOZEN MARINES are posted outside an apartment complex.

WINSTON :
They got this sniper that’s been hitting headshots from 500 yards out—
46 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX 46
An open atrium eight stories tall. CHRIS and WINSTON walk past a giant pile of furniture and debris tossed down.
WINSTON (CONT’D)
--they call him “Mustafa.” He was in the Olympics.

CHRIS :
They got sniping in the Olympics now?
They start up the stairs.
46A OMITTED 46A
47 INT. APARTMENT, SIXTH FLOOR 47
Chris walks from APARTMENT TO APARTMENT, some vandalized, others untouched, checking sight-lines out windows.

WINSTON :
(trailing Chris)
What’re we looking for?

CHRIS :
You ever hunt?
WINSTON:
I ain’t that kind of red-neck.
He unzips and peels off into the bathroom.
(03.18.14) 28.
WINSTON (OS)
Fuck, fuck—WINSTON
FIRES TWO ROUNDS in the bathroom. Chris pulls a Springfield .45 as-A

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

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

CHRIS:
(laughing)
You just got your first kill, Goat.
“GOAT” (not Winston) will be his name from here out.

CHRIS:
I’m going to the roof. You stay here and
be on the lookout for farm animals.
48
EXT. ROOFTOP/ SNIPER NEST - DAY 48
Under a corrugated piece of steel, a ritual unfolds—Chris
packs a dip. He lays out his Bible and flag. Loads
bullets in a wrist-sheath. Starts to marshal his breath.
Time slows as he lowers his eye to the glass.

(NOTE:

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

SFX:
concentration deepens. Cross-hairs land on—
A MAN ON CELL PHONE watches the convoy from a rooftop.

CHRIS KYLE:
I got a military-aged male, on a cell phone, watching the convoy. Over.
(03.18.14) 29.

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
If he’s reporting troop movement you have a green-light. Your call. Over.
MAN ON CELL studies the convoy, his hair tossed by wind.
CROSS-HAIR push left of target, compensating for windage.

SFX:
His finger is taking up trigger-slack when MAN ON CELL dips his shoulder, hangs up and steps away.

CHRIS KYLE:
(_keys mike)
He stepped off.
Chris sucks air. Close. The ambient world floods back in.
Barked orders, diesel engines and--
A WOMAN AND KID exit the same structure. They’re headed up the sidewalk but cut sharply into the street.

CHRIS KYLE:
Hold up. I got a woman and a kid, moving toward the convoy.
(ECU)--The woman cradles something beneath her robes.

CHRIS KYLE:
Her arms aren’t swinging. She’s carrying something.
CROSS-HAIRS ON WOMAN as she pulls a cylindrical object.

CHRIS KYLE:
She just pulled a grenade. An RKG Russian grenade. I think she gave it to the kid.
COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
--you say a woman and kid?

SFX:

CHRIS KYLE:
You got eyes on this? Can you confirm?
Over.
COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
Negative. You know the ROEs. Your call.
GOAT (OC)
They fry you if you’re wrong. Send your ass to Leavenworth.
(03.18.14) 30.
THE KID moves toward the convoy with the grenade.
CHRIS KYLE (OC)
Fuck-
MOTHER motions him to hurry along (ECU)— her robes flutter, trash blows in the street, the dust off her son’s footsteps; all blowing the same direction.
THE KID sprints toward the Marines.

IN THE STREET:
YOUNG MARINES. Wading into war. Boots scuffing dirt.

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

SFX:
CROSS-HAIRS left of the running target, leading him, compensating for a dozen different considerations as—
He pauses upon exhale. The world goes quiet. Landscape pulses with color and focus. He stokes the trigger and—

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

CLOSE ON CHRIS:
He winces, sickened, and struggling to swallow the little piece of him that just died.
GOAT (OC)
—Fuck that was gnarly.

CHRIS SCOPE POV:
MOTHER flees down sidewalk, robes aflutter. CROSS-HAIRS lead her. BAM. It pocks wall behind her. A round ejects. CROSS-HAIRS swing forward, leads her more. BAM. She runs into scope, reaches center, meets bullet. A red mist.
GOAT (OC)
Shit yeah. Evil bitch!
COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
Nice shooting, Tex. Helluva call.
(03.18.14) 31.
COMPANY COMMANDER (OS)
Roger that. Good lookin’ out Navy.

GOAT:
You hear that?
He nudges Chris, trying to get a celebration out of him-

CHRIS:
Get the fuck off me.
This is the reality of war. Not like he anticipated.

CLOSE ON CHRIS:
Breath racing. Bleeding sweat. Trying to process his
disgust. Trying to inject some purpose, mumbling:
Protect the Marines. Protect the Marines. Protect...
Clouds crawl over Chris like ghosts, swirling feverishy
as HOURS SLIDE BY. His face takes on a preternatural
blankness as he begins to slip into the shadows of self.
Suddenly-- clouds halt, pupils flare, chest inflates.

49 EXT. ELIZABETH STREET - SAME 49
Sun flares as MARC LEE advances alongside 1ST PLATOON
MARINES (40 men) when-- A SHOT SOUNDS. A BODY TUMBLES out
of the sky and lands in their midst with a meaty thud.
1ST MARINE #1
-Fuck, man! What the hell-
The Marines duck for cover then look to the sky-
1ST MARINE #2
-Where’d it come from?

MARC LEE:
That’s your overwatch, Einstein. You can
thank him later. Keep moving.
Marines slowly return to standing, glancing up at
surrounding structures trying to spot their protector.

50 INT. WINDOW - LATE AFTERNOON 50
Chris lays atop a baby crib. A scrim hangs in front of
him. Sunlight burns through it, casting a thousand
pinpricks of light across his face. SUN MARCHES ACROSS
the sky and pixels twist over his cataleptic shape.
(03.18.14) 32.
Suddenly-- sun halts, chest inflates, eyes flare.
51 INT. STREET - SAME 51
A CAR SPEEDS toward 1ST PLATOON. MARINES open fire with the feeble POP-POP of M4s. The car still coming--
A SNIPER SHOT BOOMS across the sky like thunder. The windshield spiders, blood splattered, and the car stops.
As Marines search rooftops for him-- THE CAR EXPLODES.

52 INT. LOOTED ROOM, ELIZABETH STREET - EVENING 52
CHRIS plants a loop-hole charge at the base of the wall and steps around the corner to trigger the charge.

CUT BETWEEN:
INT. HALLWAY, DOWN ELIZABETH STREET - SAME
Black robes draw across mosaic tiles as “PHANTOM SNIPER” slips down a hallway. A Dragunov Sniper Rifle over shoulder, he hears the loop-hole charge detonate nearby and turns, entering a tiled washroom to his left.
This is “MUSTAFA”.

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

WASHROOM / MUSTAFA
MUSTAFA lays in front of a mortar-hole. In a leather

satchel:

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

53 EXT. ELIZABETH STREET - NIGHT 53
A palm tree burns like a candle over Fallujah. Below it, head-lamps dance chaotic as VIPER TEAM MARINES exit a house spray-painting “X” on the gate.

(03.18.14) 33.
MARINE VIPER #1
--hot as Bigfoot’s ballsack over here.
(knocks on next gate)

Derka, derka, derka....
MARINE VIPERS laugh, bowling into a courtyard.

CHRIS SCOPE POV (N/V)
Glowing green hue. CROSS-HAIRS track the Marines entry, sweep the street and push toward the rooftop, when-

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

MARINE VIPER #4 (OS)
(over radio)
--Fuck! Man down! It came through the
CROSS-HAIRS whip across rooftops, on a swivel.
CHRIS (OC)
That was sniper fire. Shooter is on our side of Elizabeth street. Over.
MARINE VIPER CO (OS)
Negative. East side of Elizabeth is locked-down. Over.
Viper Marines drag the soldier out. In the phosphorous green glow, we watch his body tremor as he dies.

SFX:

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

LOOTED ROOM:
Chris lays on the gun, brow pinched with onus, silence like a scream. This happened on my watch.
CHRIS SCOPE POV (N/V)
CROSS-HAIRS TRACK across the city-scape. TIME LAPSES and the world (in scope) SPEEDS UP. Humvees and tanks streak past, lights blur, trees blow in choppy havoc, then--
TIME SLOWS to a crawl as CROSS-HAIRS FIND A MALE hurrying into a alley, pulling shit from a pack. We zero-in and--
a flame flickers. The male is smoking opium.
(03.18.14) 34.
CROSS-HAIRS drift off him and TIME SPEEDS UP, dogs eat a rotting body by the roadside, vicious in fast motion. TWO WOMEN wobble down the road with buckets, wind whips roadside grass into a tizzy and WE HALT ON- CROSS-HAIRS ON A PERFECT CIRCLE in the grass, a rifle-barrel? Stay on it. In stillness it finds context; a RUSTY PIPE. TIME SPEEDS FORWARD, TWO BOYS zip by on a Vespa, OLD MEN frantically bow to mecca on rooftops.
Clouds boil across dawn sky. His eye never leaves glass.

MARC LEE :
Smells like piss in here.
(no response)
You covered our ass out there, man.
Appreciate it. Those were ballsy shots.
CHRIS KYLE :
And they were clean. Right?

MARC LEE :
Hell yeah, they were.

CHRIS :
(finally looks up)
That sniper walked right up our ass.

MARC LEE :
I chewed out our security detail. It
won’t happen again.

CHRIS :
My shooter statements are on the dresser.
Marc Lee picks up a stack of YELLOW PAPERS on the desk.

MARC LEE :
Six?

CHRIS :
Should be eight. Two got dragged off.
(off Marc)
Something wrong?

MARC LEE :
No... but you got more kills than the
rest of the snipers combined.
Chris rubs red “shooter’s strawberries” from his elbows.

CHRIS :
They still got one of our guys.
(03.18.14) 35.

MARC LEE :
You can’t shoot what you can’t see.
Marc’s eyes land on piss-stained cement where Chris lay;
this fucker didn’t take his eye off the glass all night.

54 EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH -FORWARD OPERATING BASE(FOB)- EVENING 54
Behind miles of wire, a twenty-acre BASE CAMP. Aluminum
trailers, shithouses and tent farms. A Humvee pulls past—

55 INT. CHARLIE COMPANY BARRACKS, CAMP FALLUJAH – NIGHT 55
Chris steps in, letting the air-conditioning blow down on
him. Cots, lockers and cruise-boxes line the room.
Biggles reads a PUNISHER graphic novel, doesn’t look up.

BIGGLES :
Heard you got your dick wet.

CHRIS :
Where is everybody?

BIGGLES :
We’re just picking our dicks here,
training those fucking haji soldiers.

CHRIS :
Why ain’t you out there?

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

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

BIGGLES :
It’s a fuckin graphic novel. Talk to me,
man. Did you pop your cherry?
A heaviness falls over Chris, then slowly-

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

BIGGLES :
(sees his hurt)
You saw his balls?
(03.18.14) 36.

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

BIGGLES :
That kid could’ve taken out ten Marines--

CHRIS :
(wrestling with it)
I know.

BIGGLES :
You did your job. End of fuckin story.

CHRIS :
It’s just not how you imagine the first one going down.

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

CHRIS :
The other ones-- were righteous. Like God was blowing on my bullets.
He’s joking but not. Biggles smiles, jealous.

SNIPER SEQUENCE:

OVERWATCH:
CROSS-HAIRS land on INSURGENT WITH RIFLE; INSURGENT PEEPING three times; INSURGENT BURYING IEDs. BAM-BAM-BAM.
ANOTHER SNIPER (OS)
--that you again Kyle?
CROSS-HAIRS are moving, no answer follows.
MARINE INTEL TRAILER
Chris is covered in dust, sitting in a small chair facing two clean, well rested JAG OFFICERS.

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

CHRIS :
By every kill, do you mean just our kills or you’re monitoring the bad guys too?
(03.18.14) 37.
JAG OFFICER #2
Your scores at sniper school were average
at best, then you get here and you’re
just lighting the world on fire?
Chris opens a PLASTIC WATER BOTTLE, sips it, waits--

CHRIS :
Sorry, was that a question?

OVERWATCH:
Chris takes over for a MARINE SNIPER in a window.

MARINE SNIPER :
Haven’t seen shit all day. Maybe the war
is over and they forgot to tell us.
Chris settles in, still going through his ritual when AN
INSURGENT crosses the street with CAR BATTERY and AK-47.

CHRIS:
(keys mike)
I got a armed military-aged male moving
tactically with a car battery. Maybe he
needs a jump?
COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)
(over radio)
Exhale, pause, pull. A SHOT RINGS OUT.
MARINE SNIPER (OS)
(just offstage)
--are you fucking serious?
MARINE INTEL TRAILER
CHRIS scrunches that EMPTY WATER BOTTLE, gratingly, as
JAG OFFICERS continue the interrogation:

JAG OFFICER :
His wife said he was carrying a Koran.

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

MESS HALL:
(03.18.14) 38.
CHRIS, BIGGLES, D and DAUBER enter. Eyes find them, heads
nodding to Chris, that the guy? Word spreading.
Biggles sees it, hops up on a chair-

**BIGGLES**:
Listen up ladies and genitals. The Legend here would like you to know that when it comes to sniping it’s better to be lucky than good! Our boy here has a Texas horseshoe crammed so far up his ass that- Chris flings a cafeteria tray at his head.

56 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN 56
In murky predawn light, CHRIS sits on a SATELLITE PHONE-

TAYA (OS)
Have you killed anyone yet?

**CHRIS**:
That’s not how the call-home goes, babe.
TAYA (OS)
Don’t be weird with me. Seriously. I want you to tell me everything.
Chris covers the phone as distant gunfire chatters.

INTER-CUT WITH:
57 INT. CHRIS & TAYA’S HOUSE, SAN DIEGO - SAME 57
TAYA sits in front of a partially assembled baby-crib with a six month baby bump. She turns down the TV.

**CHRIS**:
There are things we can’t say over the phone.

**TAYA**:
(playful)
You knocked me up and now I’m stuck here by myself assembling baby-cribs and you can’t talk to me? That’s the big plan?
HIS CROSS-HAIRS track across a distant rooftop. Socks sway from a clothesline in a 5 knot breeze.

**TAYA**:
You guys almost done over there yet?
(03.18.14) 39.

**CHRIS**:
I can’t stop thinking about that pink silky thing you wore on our honeymoon...

TAYA:
It’s called a nightgown.

CHRIS:
Yeah--

TAYA:
And three days is not a honeymoon.

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

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

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

TAYA:
Well, you’ll just have to decide what’s more important.

CHRIS:
You’re horny preggers.

TAYA:
Fat and horny. It’s kinda disgusting.

CHRIS:
You could be 300 pounds I’d still do you. She’s touched, hormonal, starts crying.

TAYA:
~So romantic.

CHRIS:
How’s my boy?

TAYA:
Nobody said it’s a boy--
CROSS-HAIRS TRACK INSURGENTS on the street; then linger
on a parked car, measuring distance by height-

**CHRIS :**
I can’t wait to see the way you are with
him. You’re gonna be incredible.
(03.18.14) 40.

**TAYA :**
(harbors doubt)
How do you know?

**CHRIS :**
I just know. I can see it.

**TAYA :**
I hope you’re right.
Her face falls as--TV NEWS shows the graphic of
“American Death Toll in Iraq.” The number is 835.

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

**CHRIS :**
I haven’t checked any email.
CROSS-HAIRS follow insurgents as they slip out of view.

**TAYA :**
Shit. You need to call him. Hang up and-

**CHRIS :**
What happened?

**TAYA :**
I’m so selfish. I wasn’t even thinking-

**CHRIS :**
Taya.

**TAYA :**
Your little brother deployed.
CHRIS:
What happened to jump school? I thought-

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

CHRIS:
Deployed where? Where’s he going?

TAYA:
Over there. He’s headed to Iraq.
The news ricochets around inside him like razor blades.

TRANSITION TO:

(03.18.14) 41.
FIVE MEN IN BALACLAVAS stand over an AMERICAN HOSTAGE in an orange jumpsuit. The thick Jihadist leader draws amachete to behead his hostage. VIDEO PAUSES.
COL. GRONSKI (OC)
The man with the blade is a Jordanian radical funded by Bin Laden, trained by Bin Laden and loyal to Bin Laden.
58 INT. OP BRIEF TENT - DAWN 58
COLONEL GRONSKI is an old-school bulldozer. 75 Marines study an OLD PHOTO OF AL-ZARQAWI, bushy black eyebrows.
COL. GRONSKI
His name is “Zarqawi” and he is the prince of al-Qaeda in Iraq. AQI, his mercenary army, are 5000 strong. They’re trained well, paid well and waging the heaviest urban combat since Vietnam.
FIND CHRIS in back, scanning heads for his brother Jeff.
COL. GRONSKI
Zarqawi and his Lieutenants are our highest priority. Only way to root them out is to go house-to-house until we find them, or someone who will reveal their whereabouts. We need to clear ten structures an hour. It’s aggressive so we’ll loosen things up with air support-Chris looks to Marc Lee, ten structures an hour?
59 EXT. CAMP FALLUJAH - MORNING 59
The sun hangs like a blood-clot in the sky. Chris and Marc Lee are walking, TALKING LOW-

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

**MARC LEE :**
They’re Marines. They don’t get the training we do. Half of them were civilians six months ago.
Chris reacts, hearing him describing Jeff. (03.18.14) 42.

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

**MARC LEE :**
Can’t do. We need you on overwatch.

**CHRIS :**
But if I was down in the street--

**MARC LEE :**
House-to-house is the deadliest job here. You got some kind of savior complex? Maybe.

**CHRIS :**
I just wanna get the bad guys. And I can’t shoot them if I can’t see ‘em.

**MARC LEE :**
You got a hot hand. These Marines all know your name now and they think they’re invincible with you up there.

**CHRIS :**
They’re not--

**MARC LEE :**
They are if they believe they are. Just keep banging on the long-gun and let these ground-pounders sniff out Zarqawi.
Marc walks off leaving Chris biting at a shamal wind.

**CUT TO:**
AN F-18 RIPS OVERHEAD firing 500lb JDAMs into the next block. Smoke and dust billow outward—
60 INT. ROOFTOP 60
Under a fluttering canopy, CHRIS lays on the gun, cursing zero visibility. GOAT camps nearby, on a GameBoy.

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

GOAT:
Mustafa’s not Iraqi. He’s from Syria.
(03.18.14) 43.
Chris steals a glance at him, processing this as—

SCOPE POV:
KILO COMPANY MARINES JOG to a pink house with windowsboarded up. One of the Marines looks like Jeff Kyle.

CHRIS:
(keys mike)
Once you make entry I can’t see shit, so keep it slow and push through the target. “Jeff Marine” sets a charge, turns—not Jeff. The door blows off. Marines rush in. GUNFIRE POPS. Marines rush back out, dragging a WOUNDED MARINE.

CHRIS:
Fuck this— I’m going down to clearhouses with the Marines. You coming?

GOAT:
No man. No. I like my life. I wanna makeit home. I go fishing and do all kind of cool shit. It’s not my job to knock down doors. Those guys picked the wrongfucking job. I ain’t doing that shit.

CHRIS:
(smiles)
If I don’t see you down there, you make sure I don’t see you again.
61 INT. STREET, SOLDIER’S DISTRICT — MINUTES LATER 61
KILO COMPANY firing on the structure. “CPT. GILLESPIE” (smart, sunburned) is shouting “hold your fire” as--
CHRIS:
(bowls up)
You wanna be a sniper? Swap me guns.
Really?
“JEFF” MARINE

CHRIS:
I’ll roll with you guys if that’s cool?
CPT. GILLESPIE
Hey, any Navy Seal is cool by me.
“THOMPSON” (big, wobbly voice) nods, lugging an M240G.
(03.18.14) 44.

THOMPSON:
You’re that guy. They’re calling you The Legend. You got like 24 confirmed kills.
He recognizes his way to gain entry, so he plays it up.

CHRIS:
It’s 32. But who’s counting.

THOMPSON:
That’s badass.
“SANCHEZ” (neck tattoos, Catholic) chimes in.

SANCHEZ:
There’s some boy in Bravo catching up.

CHRIS KYLE:
(packs a dip)
Y’all are meateaters for sure but I got a little training I could show you, some simple shit, that might just keep us above ground. What do you say?
His need to protect cloaked beneath cool cowboy calm.
62 OMITTED 62
63 EXT. MICHIGAN STREET - OUTSIDE THE WIRE - DAY 63
KILO COMPANY are doing house-to-house. On the job training. Tension high, they’re bunched around a doorway.
CHRIS motions them back, not so close, sets a charge–
64 INT. HOUSE, DAY 64
BOOM!—KILO COMPANY ENTER a house with chandeliers and regal armoires. They clear the room, CHRIS teaching them how to move together, giving hand signals.
SANchez:
(low)
-Whas that mean again?

GILLESPIE:
Cover and follow.
He follows Chris into a room with sofas, exotic rugs and--
(03.18.14) 45.
A KID(12) stands across the room with dark eyes and
pronounced forehead, staring at Chris.

CHRIS:
Down. Down! On the floor, now!
THE KID is rocking on his heels like he’s going to run.

CHRIS:
I will fucking shoot you! Down! Get down--
FATHER OF KID (OS)
No, please--
THE FATHER runs in, tall and bearded. Gillespie clocks
him and he drops. The Kid screams like he’s deaf.

FATHER OF KID:
(from the floor)
Please! He can’t understand. Look at him--

GILLESPIE:
He does look a little retarded.

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

FATHER OF KID:
This is our home. I won’t give it to
them. Or to you.
SANchez pushes THREE WOMEN (in berkas) into the room.

SANchez:
I found these bitches in the back closet.

FATHER OF KID:
I’m Sheikh al-Obeidi. You are my guest
but please tell the others to come inside. If they are in the street he will know we have spoken.

SANCHEZ :
This sand nig’ want us in here so he can blow us up. Check his ass for a vest.
A KETTLE whistles in the kitchen. Guns still trained.

CHRIS :
Who will know we’ve spoken?
(03.18.14) 46.
SHEIK AL-OBEIDI/FATHER
Your enemy is mine enemy. We share this.
You understand?
Chris studies the women, and lowers his gun.

CHRIS :
Bring the other guys in.
TIME CUT - LATER
Chris and Gillespie sit with “SHEIK AL-OBEIDI” while the kid (“OMAR”) plays with his father’s hair.
SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
If we talk to US soldiers he will come to our home and make examples of us-

CHRIS :
Who is he? I need a name.
The Marine Interpreter aka “TERP” (20s, in mismatched camo, face bandanna) repeats the question.
SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
The man who comes we call The Butcher.
He is the despaired one, son of Shaytan--
Sheik mumbles in Arabic, fearing the words on his tongue.

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

CHRIS :
So he’s some kind of enforcer?
SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
Enforcer. Yes. Top soldier of Zarqawi.
CHRIS:
(jumps)
We want Zarqawi. Where do we find Zarqawi?
OMAR CACKLES like a crow, playing peeking games.
SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
If you find The Butcher you will see he reports direct to Zarqawi each day.
An F-18 rips overhead. RADIO CHATTER. THOMPSON steps out-
(03.18.14) 47.

CHRIS:
How do we find him?
SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
You must understand the risk to us.

TERP:
He will ask for money.
SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
We need one hundred thousand US dollars.
THE BOOM of distant ordinance shakes the structure.

CHRIS:
We don’t even have proof this guy exists.
The Sheik grabs his wife, pulls her arm from her robe--
her hand has been hacked off, the stump healing.
SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
Is this not proof?

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

THOMPSON:
(rushes in)
Hey, we got a Marine unit pinned down in
a house just uprange--

CHRIS:
Give me a name, Sheik. Give me something.

THOMPSON:
They’re out of ammo. If we don’t go now--
Sheik stonewalling, Chris stands to go, fuck-
SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
“Amir Khalaf Fanus”. This is given name
of The Butcher. But to help you find him--
Sheikh Obeidi SWEEPS A HAND across his open palm, pay me.

TRANSITION TO:
Chris sweeps a hand across his open palm, pay me. We are-
(03.18.14) 48.
65 INT. DIA TRAILER, CAMP FALLUJAH - DAY 65
CHRIS and MARC LEE sit in front of AGENT SHEAD, of the
Defense Intelligence Agency. A game of solitaire open on
his computer. CORNHUSKER football posters on his wall.

AGENT SHEAD:
I guess that translates to “pay me” in
just about any language, doesn’t it?

CHRIS:
Yes sir, it does.

MARC LEE:
And you’re the secret squirrel with the
cash, right?

AGENT SHEAD:
(not amused)
When you were having tea with Sheik al-
Obedie did he tell you he ran a network
of highway bandits before AQI moved in?

CHRIS KYLE:
He left that part out.

AGENT SHEAD:
That’s AQI’s racket now. Your Sheik got
edged out. This could be blowback.

CHRIS:
Or he could be upset The Butcher cut off
his wife’s hand. Either way, seems like
you’d wanna explore it.
Shead would rather not enter into this with them but--
he slides a white-board to reveal an AQI HIERARCHY.
AGENT SHEAD:
This is your guy here.
(points to photo directly
under Zarqawi)
We believe The Butcher is Zarqawi’s
number two man.
THE BUTCHER is a squat, rawboned man with eyebrows
forming a grizzled line over dark bloodshot eyes.

CHRIS:
But you don’t know his real name or you’d
have it written up there.
(03.18.14) 49.

AGENT SHEAD:
We have several aliases--
(picks up phone, dialing)
If “Fanus” is legit we go see the Sheik.

MARC LEE:
He’s asking for 100,000.

AGENT SHEAD:
If he delivers the Butcher he’ll get it.
(into phone)
This is Agent Shead, DIA, I need a name
check on “Amir Khalaf Fanus.” I’ll wait.
He kicks his feet up, like he runs the war.

CHRIS:
If we’re going back out, TEAM 3 could
pull security-

AGENT SHEAD:
If we’re humping money the head-shed will
want contractors on it.
(into phone)
I’m here. What do you got?
He listens a beat. His feet hit the floor. Eyes flick up.
66 INT. HUMVEE #2 - TWO DAYS LATER 66
An object thumps beneath the tires. SECURITY CONTRACTORS
wear baseball caps, Oakley blades and grizzled beards.
CONTRACTOR:
Road-kill.
They sit on benches opposite CHRIS and MARC LEE, a shrink-wrapped PALLET OF CASH between them. AGENT SHEAD sits closest the driver, playing big-dick with the mercs.

AGENT SHEAD:
The Butcher is Zarqawi’s enforcer. They say his weapon of choice is a drill.
Chris looks to Marc Lee, eyes closed in prayer. When he opens them he sees Chris looking. The rig sways.

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

CHRIS:
Why didn’t you?
(03.18.14) 50.

MARC LEE:
I love to gamble, man. Love those dice.
Their laughter is liberating. It bonds them.

CHRIS:
My kind of preacher.
MORE LAUGHTER. A PHONE RINGS. Chris digs out a SAT PHONE.

MARC LEE:
It’s like that now, huh?

CHRIS KYLE:
You haven’t heard? I’m The Legend.
(laughs at self; into phone)
Hey babe-
TAYA (OS)
You were right, doctor says it’s a boy.

CHRIS KYLE:
It’s a boy!

MARC LEE:
Hell yeah. Congratu-
WHAAP! Windshield spiders. CONTRACTOR/DRIVER’S brains
spackle them. THE HUMVEE CRASHES into a storefront.
RADIATOR HISSING, CONTRACTORS SCREAMING, “Call for
backup” “Capel is down” “Dump the truck, cover us.”
67 EXT. MEDICAL PLAZA, SAN DIEGO - DAY 67
A crowded quad. TAYA, ON THE PHONE, stops in her tracks.

TAYA :
Chris!-
EXT. CITY SQUARE/ STREET
Looted shops, burnt awnings, colorful signage. MARC LEE
and CHRIS pile out. THE SAT PHONE falls in the dirt.

MARC LEE :
I heard one shot.

CHRIS KYLE :
Check. Large caliber. Came in at an
angle, gotta be 300 or more out-
(03.18.14) 51.
They duck into a bomb-blasted storefront. They’re looking
downrange from the jagged orifice when— A SHOT THUNKS
into a painted Leo DiCaprio billboard overhead.

MARC LEE :
(ducks back)
He’s all over us. You get a bead?

CHRIS KYLE :
Negative—
AGENT SHEAD (OC)
Transfer the pallet. We’re pulling back.
68 INT. DISTANT MINARET 68
MUSTAFA sprawled on the balcony. PUSH past the swoosh of
Nikes, up dark robes, along the cut of an unshaven cheek—
MUSTAFA SCOPE POV
UNIQUE CROSS-HAIRS wobble past CHRIS and MARC LEE’S
position to CONTRACTORS SCRAMBLING SHEAD into the street.
Mirage boils straight up. A breath exhales—
69 INT. STOREFRONT 69
A BULLET SMOKES through CONTRACTOR #1, ejecting half his
vertebrae. CONTRACTORS SCRAMBLING—

CHRIS :
Minaret, 11 o’clock!
AGENT SHEAD:
(from Humvee)
There’s no room. We’ll come back for you—
Agent Shead and Contractors pull away in Humvee #2.
An INSURGENT GUNNER steps from a door just uprange,
BLASTING ROUNDS at the retreating vehicle.

CHRIS:
You got eyes on that?

MARC LEE:
Negative.
Their cover prevents line-of-sight. Chris reaches his
rifle out ADJUSTING A SIDE-MIRROR on the crashed Humvee—
UPRANGE (IN REFLECTION)
(03.18.14) 52.
The BUTCHER drags OMAR from Sheikh Al-Obeidi’s home by
his hair. The boy’s strange screams echo down the block
as the Butcher revs a hand drill near his face—

CHRIS:
Eyes on The Butcher. He’s got that
Sheikh’s kid in the street—
TWO INSURGENTS holds Sheik Al-Obeidi in the doorway as—
A SNIPER ROUND SHATTERS the Humvee mirror.

CHRIS:
Fuck!—

MARC LEE:
(into radio)
--requesting back-up. We’re pinned down
taking sniper fire on approach of high-
value target, GRID 04536236. Over.
Chris tries to edge around the wall-- PHWAAAP! The wall
explodes above his head. He turns to the room. Debris
blocks a back-door. No way out.

MARC LEE:
We’re on the wrong end of this.

CHRIS:
I’m gonna pop smoke for cover but don’t
move till I say.
Chris tosses smoke. A haze clouds the exit-

CHRIS:
Hold.
The drill revs. Omar is screaming. Smoke spewing.

MARC LEE:
We gotta go-

CHRIS:
Holding! Hold...
A SHOT RINGS OUT, CHUNKS CONCRETE near the exit.

CHRIS:
Move now. Go-
They slip out the storefront, around the building-

MARC LEE:
How you know he’d wait-
(03.18.14) 53.

CHRIS:
Cause I’d wait.
In the smoky haze, A SAT PHONE in the dirt-
70 EXT. MEDICAL PLAZA, SAN DIEGO 70
TAYA listens for gunfire as the lunch crowd teems past.

TAYA:
(sobbing, into phone)
Chris-
CAMERA CIRCLES HER as her world comes unhinged. On the
next revolution the scenery changes and-
MUSTAFA POV / FROM MINARET
CROSS-HAIRS TRACK past the doorway where-
SHEIKH AL-OBEIDI
Is held back by INSURGENT GUNMEN, weeping and pleading-

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

ALLEY:
Chris and Marc racing down an alley, approaching stairs-CHRIS
Go around. I’ll go high.
Chris bounds up the stairs. Marc Lee keeps running-

ROOFTOP:
CHRIS runs onto the exposed rooftop, running into-- A DOG SNAPS at him, BARKING and rabid, chained to a US sig M 60. He dives away from it, crouching behind the wall.
SNIPER POV / IN MINARET
CROSS-HAIRS FIND the barking dog, then CHRIS’ BOOT.

THE BUTCHER:
Powers up the drill, THE BUZZING rings over his words-
(03.18.14) 54.

THE BUTCHER:
(in Arabic)
You talk to them, you die with them.
He steps on Omar’s neck, lowers the drill toward his jaw.

CHRIS:
Hears the drill and Omar’s screams. He’ll be exposed but--
HE POPS UP to shoot The Butcher. Before he can get set--
A SNIPER ROUND clips his helmet. He’s knocked flat-back.
Clouds strobe overhead. The dog barks viciously inches from his face. Saliva flying off incisors as--

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

SNIPER POV:
As the Butcher and his men drive away, CROSS-HAIRS track across the rooftop, where--
ROOFTOP / CHRIS POV (UPSIDE DOWN)
His helmet, ruptured like a plum, wobbles to a stop.

CHRIS:
Rage animates him. He staggers to his feet, FIRING HIS M4 on the minaret until the clip expires. Then--
A FLUTTER of cloth sweeps across an alley a block north.
MUSTAFA slows, rounding the corner, and glances back--
Chris draws his .45, but Mustafa slips into the shadows.
Women sob over dead bodies in the street below.
TEAM THREE SEALs hold perimeter. The sheet draped over Omar is marked by a dozen blood spots. Chris is buzzing with remorse, looking to the minaret.

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

BIGGLES:
Colonel Gronski is all over Marc, bro.

(03.18.14) 55.
In the distance, COLONEL GRONSKI barks at MARC LEE then climbs in a Bradley. As MARC approaches-

CHRIS:
We need to work up a squad to pursue him.

MARC LEE:
They’re shutting us down.

CHRIS:
What do you mean?

MARC LEE:
We’re confined to base pending an incident review.

CHRIS:
Can he do that? Just shelf us like that?
I ship home in three weeks.
Wind blows the sheet off Omar.

BIGGLES:
It’s gonna be a long three weeks.

72 EXT. WEIGHT LIFTING CAGE, CAMP FALLUJAH, FOB - SUNSET 72
Chris stalks the cage, shirtless and sweating. His eyes track the horizon as darkness falls on Fallujah.

73 EXT. NORTH AIRFIELD, CORONADO, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT 73
Halogen spotlights illuminate tarmac. SOLDIERS emerge from darkness, pushing toward their waiting families.
FIND TAYA in heels, 9 months pregnant. Chris limps toward her. She walks into his arms and STARTS SWINGING fists.

TAYA:
I thought you were dead. I thought—
He holds her close until her rage gives way to tears.

CHRIS:
Shh. I’m know. I’m so sorry.
They stand there long after everyone has gone.
(03.18.14) 56.
74 INT. BEDROOM 74
Taya lowers the lights, steps out of her dress and looks at herself in the mirror, 9 months pregnant, and not sure she’s sexy. Chris exits the shower, stops, staring—

CHRIS:
You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.

TAYA:
I have an alien growing inside me—
She deflates and sits on the bed. He kneels before her.

TAYA:
And there’s a strange man in my bedroom.

CHRIS:
Our bedroom.

TAYA:
(pulls his ring off necklace)
Why isn’t it on your finger?

CHRIS:
If it catches the light...
He doesn’t spell it out. She slips it on his finger.

TAYA:
Your hands feel different.

CHRIS:
They’re mine. I swear...

TAYA:
Why am I so fucking nervous?

CHRIS:
(kissing her belly)
I’m nervous too.

**TAYA :**
No you’re not. Don’t lie.

**CHRIS :**
I am... What if that little alien reaches out and grabs me?
She laughs and squishes his cheeks, making faces with his face.
(03.18.14) 57.

**TAYA :**
Why are you so good with me.
Her face opens in ecstasy.

75 INT. BREAKFAST TABLE, CHRIS’ HOUSE - MORNING 75
CHRIS, showered, shaven and ill-at-ease, picking at the calloused “shooter’s strawberries” on his elbows.
**TAYA (OC)**
--it might be nice to get out--
His coffee steams like smoke off a barrel.
**TAYA (OC)**
--are you listening to me? Chris--

**CHRIS :**
(knee pumping)
Huh?--
A lawn-mower starts. His eyes track windows. Taya sees what’s happening and-- she extends a naked leg into his sight line. His eyes follow her leg, to welcoming eyes.

**TAYA :**
What do you want to do today, hon’?

**CHRIS :**
Maybe we just relax here?

**TAYA :**
Okay, we do that. Let’s relax.
She eases into his lap, changing his chemistry.

76 INT. OBGYN OFFICE, SAN DIEGO - DAY 76
A room doused in sunshine. TAYA lays on the table. DOCTOR HOFFSTADER works the ultra-sound wand over her belly.
DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
How you feeling?

TAYA :
I’m done being pregnant. I want to meet him.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
It’ll be any day now.
(03.18.14) 58.
Chris pets his wife’s hair but he’s sweaty and flushed.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
How about you Mr. Kyle? How’re you feeling?

CHRIS KYLE :
Good. Doing good.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
I imagine you’re still decompressing.

CHRIS :
Not really.

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

CHRIS :
I’m just happy to be home.

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

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
Here, slip this on for me.
He awkwardly consents. The cuff tightens.

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

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
Are you a smoker?

CHRIS :
No, ma’am.

DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
Do you drink?
CHRIS:
(charming)
Only when I’m thirsty.
DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
170 over 110.

TAYA:
(concerned)
Jesus Christ Chris...
(03.18.14) 59.

CHRIS:
Is that high?
DOCTOR HOFFSTADER
Not if you just had 14 cups of coffee.
But for someone who is sitting down-CHRIS
I’ll look into it. Thanks doc.
He’s smiling but his tone quiets her. She overstepped.
77 INT. TRUCK, SOUTHBOUND FREEWAY - DAY 77
CHRIS is weaving through rush-hour traffic.

CHRIS:
You sabotaged me back there.

TAYA:
What am I supposed to do. You’re not
talking. You act like it’s all okay-CHRIS
It is okay. I’m fine.

TAYA:
You’re not fine. Your blood pressure-CHRIS
Babe, I’m driving down the freeway, it’s
sunny and 72 degrees. I’m fine. But there
are people dying over there and I look around and it’s like it’s not even
happening. It’s barely on the news, no
one talks about it. No one cares. And if
I stay too long I’ll forget about it too.
Chris-TAYA

CHRIS:
We’re at war and I’m headed to the mall.
She looks pained, ready to cry-CHRIS
I don’t belong here. I can’t help anybodyShe’s
arching in the seat, MOANING as her water breaks.
TAYA :
--it’s happening--
(03.18.14) 60.

CHRIS:
Oh shit-Chris
swerves from the SOUTHBOUND FAST-LANE across the
dirt median and into the NORTHBOUND FAST-LANE.

TAYA :
What’re you doing!

CHRIS :
I’m going back.
Dust kicks up. Horns blare. He’s speeding north.

TAYA:
(laughing and crying)
--oh my god, you’re crazy! You’re fucking
crazy you know that?
A look between them like spilled sunlight. He reaches and-

TRANSITION TO:
Taya grips his hand. Her WAILING SCREAMS fall silent and-
78 INT. DELIVERY ROOM 78
Taya stares blankly at Chris. He thinks he lost her.
Then-- A SMALL CRY breaks the tension. Taya gasps.
THE BOY lands in Chris’ arms covered in vernix and blood.

CHRIS :
My little man...
He holds him to the light and relief pours over him.

CHRIS :
Look at our boy. Look what we did.
(nuzzles close to her)
I love you, baby. We made it--
He holds his family close as BEDOUIN MUSIC SWELLS-

FADE TO:
A THERMAL IMAGE. Cross-hairs on MARINES emerging from
tall grass. A SHOT FIRED. A MARINE FALLS. An Arabic
sickle & sword appears over the image. We are-
79 INT. DEN, CHRIS’ HOUSE, CORONADO, CA - NIGHT 79
PAN ACROSS an Iraqi parcel on the coffee table. FIND
CHRIS staring at the TV, livid, lit by Christmas lights.
TAYA (OC)
The baby is crying. I thought you were--Chris
lunges for the remote as another KILL SHOT PLAYS.

TAYA:
Don’t bother turning it off, I already watched it.
He looks up at her, holding Colton.

TAYA:
I had to make sure you didn’t have an
Iraqi girlfriend sending sexy videos.
He lightens, touching her, eyes drifting back to the TV.

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

TAYA:
That day we were on the phone--Chris
nods, it was him.

TAYA:
You’re not protecting me by not talking
about it.

CHRIS:
I don’t want you thinking about it. I
don’t need you worrying.

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

CHRIS:
(cutting her off)
No, it’s not. They’re savages.
Chris—TAYA

CHRIS:
They’re fuckin savages.
His blood pressure pulses on his unyielding face.
(03.18.14) 62.

TAYA:
It’s not about them, it’s about us.
(hands him baby)
You have to make it back to us.
Her eyes trail off him as she steps into the kitchen.
Chris holds his son, taken with his ruddy innocence. Then
the BEDOUIN MUSIC swells, his arms tighten around his
son, and his eyes are drawn back to Mustafa.
“SECOND TOUR”
80 EXT. AL TAQADDUM AIRBASE, IRAQ - DAY 80
The tail of a C-17 draws down. YOUNG MARINES file off
leaving CHRIS, squinting into a dirty sunset as he tucks
his ring away like he’s stowing part of himself.
MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
(sharp-nosed, fit)
Welcome home, Petty Officer Kyle. Colonel
Jones is waiting. How was the flight?

CHRIS KYLE:
Slower than Christmas.
Chris is following him toward a Blackhawk when--

CHRIS:
Can you give me a second--?
MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
The colonel is waiting-
Chris is already striding across the tarmac toward-
A SQUAD OF MARINES
Loading onto a C-17 weary, injured, heading home. JEFF
KYLE doesn’t see Chris until he has hands on him.

CHRIS KYLE:
Hey, grunt--
Chris shakes him and pulls him into his arms.

JEFF:
Chris?
Jeff is slow to react, like he can’t see past the
atrocity branded on back of his eyeballs.
(03.18.14) 63.
CHRIS KYLE:
Y’alright? You in one piece?
He looks him over, undamaged but for the eyes.

MARINE LCPL:
Let’s go, PFC Kyle. Move your ass.
Marines on-board the C-17. Jeff is anxious, shifting-

CHRIS:
You okay? Jeff?-

JEFF:
I heard you’re kickin ass our here. All
the guys, that’s what they say--
Chris fixes Jeff’s collar: a tender gesture.

JEFF:
You’re my hero, bro. Always have been.
MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
Lets go, Kyle. Colonel’s waiting--

JEFF:
(swollen with emotion)
The Legend...
The four massive turbo-engines on the C-17 kick-on.

JEFF:
(over deafening noise)
I’m gonna miss my ride.

CHRIS KYLE:
What happened?

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

CHRIS:
I’m proud of you. You hear me?
He can’t hear shit over those fans.

CHRIS:
Dad too. He’s proud of you.
JEFF :
Fuck this place-
(03.18.14) 64.

CHRIS :
(can’t hear him)
What?

JEFF :
FUCK THIS PLACE.
Chris ignites with rage at what they did to his brother.

81 INT. BLACKHAWK - DAY 81
LT. COLONEL JONES is a clear-eyed Ivy grad: the new-school leadership changing of the guard.

COL. JONES
You made Chief. Congratulations.

CHRIS KYLE :
Thank you, sir.

COL. JONES
Gronski’s gone. A lot of top-brass are.
We’re working off a new playbook now.
The Blackhawk lifts off, ZOOMING across the desert floor.

COL. JONES
I’ve studied insurgencies for the last decade. I know every stone thrown since before the first century. These wars are won and lost in the minds of our enemy.

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

COL. JONES
That you?
Chris rolls his sleeve, showing his Gallic Cross tattoo.

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

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
That’s $80,000 on your head.

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

COL. JONES
I understand you wanted to put together a
direct-action squad to hunt The Butcher.
(03.18.14) 65.

CHRIS KYLE :
Yes, sir.

COL. JONES
We plugged the rat-hole that is Fallujah
and flushed them into Ramadi. We got some
intel indicating his area of operations.
As they cross the Euphrates the SLUMS OF RAMADI are laid
out before them like a blanket of chaos.

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

82 INT. OP SEC TENT, SHARK BASE - NIGHT 82
CHRIS stands in front of Team Three, armed with a 60-inch
monitor and a TuffBook. They’re chanting, “Power-point.”

CHRIS :
You guys know how I hate this shit so
shut your traps. Our target is Amir
Khalaf Fanus aka The Butcher.
(clicks first slide)
We’ll be heading in under cover of
darkness, sector P13, north of the river-
They’re cracking up. He turns to see his slide has been
hijacked with A PHOTO OF HIS BACHELOR PARTY; the “best
men” pose with a spray-painted groom. They look so young.
Chris turns back to his men and, for a moment, their
smiling faces appear immortal in the feeble light.

TIME FADE:
Brief finished, TEAM THREE file out past Chris-

BIGGLES :
You give good power-point, Legend.
--grabbing ass and cracking jokes until one remains.

MARC LEE :
Is this thing bulletproof?
(holds Chris’ Bible)
You never open it so I assumed...

CHRIS KYLE :
God, country, family, right?  
(03.18.14) 66.

MARC LEE :
You got a God?

CHRIS KYLE :
You getting weird on me?

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

CHRIS KYLE :
You need to sit this one out?

MARC LEE :
I just wanna believe in what we’re doing-

CHRIS KYLE :
Evil lives here, we’ve seen it.

MARC LEE :
It lives everywhere-

CHRIS KYLE :
You want to invite these motherfuckers to come fight in San Diego? Or New York? We’re protecting more than this dirt. Marc adopts his zeal, letting it fill him.

MARC LEE :
Hooyah then. Lets go kill this fucker. He bangs out. Chris is alone. Lightning in his bones.

83 OMITTED 83
84 OMITTED 84
86 OMITTED 86

87 EXT. STREET/NEAR FAHIMA HALAL - PRE-DAWN 87
Neon shimmers across wet empty streets. TEAM THREE trundle past shops largely unbombed. TONY checks his GPS-
TONY:
(whisper-mic, pointing)
This building, any apartment on the eastside, will look down Fahima Halal.

88 INT. HALLWAY, 4TH FLOOR, BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 88
TEAM THREE push to a door. Biggles has a cat-claw, ready
to breach-- A BABY CRIES behind the door. Chris waves
them off. Another door.

CHRIS:
(whisper-mic)
Breacher-up.
BIGGLES is ready to wedge the cat-claw when he sees keys
hanging from the door. He grins and simply opens it-

89 INT. CORNER APARTMENT, SIXTH FLOOR 89
A modest apartment. TEAM THREE have seated the family;
A PROTECTIVE FATHER hugs his BOY(6) as his WIFE frets.

CHRIS:
Tell em they won’t be leaving till we do--
(hands Terp a photo)
Ask if they seen him.
TERP TRANSLATES, showing a PHOTO OF THE BUTCHER.

LOOKING OUT WINDOW
The RESTAURANT BELOW is boarded up with painted metal.

BIGGLES:
(Hall & Oates song)
--Private eyes, we’re watching you,
watching your every move...
“D”

Why a restaurant?

MARC LEE:
Big freezers.
Marc turns away, leaving them to wonder.

CHRIS:
Let’s keep eyes on it get pictures of
anyone coming and going.
Biggles watches Chris collapse onto his ruck-sack.
(03.18.14) 68.
BIGGLES:
Fucking Chief Nappy-nap.
A challenging smile. Chris flips him off.
“D”
Got some nice rugs up in here.
(thumbs up to Father)
This shit is hand-knotted. Beautiful.
Surveillance rolling, Chris closes his eyes.
90 OMITTED 90
91 OMITTED 91
92 TIME CUT - LATER 92
In darkness, CHRIS bolts upright then sees his guys by
the window. He joins them. Despite rolling blackouts,
light is visible around plywood on Fahima Halal windows.

CHRIS:
What do we got?

MARC LEE:
16 military aged males have gone in.

CHRIS:
Sixteen?

BIGGLES:
They serve more customers than McDonalds.

MARC LEE:
And check this.
ON DIGI-CAMERA, ZOOMS ON PHOTO of The Butcher entering--

CHRIS:
He still inside?

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

BIGGLES:
When they see it’s The Legend they’ll
probably just invite him in--
(03.18.14) 69.

CHRIS:
You got a problem? I didn’t promote myself.

BIGGLES :
No, I did it for you. You’d never have made Chief if I nicknamed you “The Myth”.
Chris snaps Biggles down, wrestles him into a choke.
“D”
Myth becomes Legend when we occupy a house, get 23 kills, and 21 are his.

TONY :
Enough. It’s everybody’s Navy.
Chris releases him. Biggles is coughing.

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

CHRIS :
Hash out tactics. We go at zero-dark. And Big Giggles is making the coffee.
Biggles is flipping him off when the FATHER SPEAKS:

TERP:  
(translates)
He invites you to join him for Eid al-Adha supper. He says –on this day everyone has a seat at my table–. Chris nods dubious gratitude, meeting the Father’s eyes.

CHRIS :
Tell him that’s very generous of him.

DINING ROOM – LATER
A braised head of lamb eaten clean. TEAM 3 are chowing down, in good spirits, as Chris watches THE FATHER teach his SON to read. He is moved by their connection and acutely aware of what this war is costing him.
That’s when he sees-- (ECU) “SHOOTERS STRAWBERRIES” on father’s elbows. They’re red and calloused, like his own.
Chris darkens, stands and slips down the hall–
BEDROOM – MOMENTS LATER
(03.18.14) 70.
CHRIS searches the closet, ripping through clothes,
pressing wall panels. He’s crossing to the bed when—
FLOORBOARDS CREEK beneath the rug underfoot. He stands there, shifting his weight, floor creaking.

DINING ROOM/HALLWAY

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

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

CHRIS :
Tell him he’s gonna be shipped off for detention and the Iraqi courts can decide what to do with him— or he can help us get inside that restaurant down there.

MARC LEE :
That’s a bad move—

BIGGLES :
He’s our breech. He’s a fucking way in—

MARC LEE :
If something happens—

BIGGLES :
He’s AQI man, look what he’s holding.

CHRIS :
It’s his choice. Tell him.
The Terp translates. Father reacts, pale with defiance.

93 EXT. FAHIM HALAL - NIGHT 93
THE FATHER shuffles up the dusty street toward us—"

D” (VO)
Approaching the door...

IN ADJACENT ALLEY
CHRIS, MARC LEE and “D” waiting...

“D”
10 meters...
(03.18.14) 71.

BACK ALLEY:
TONY and BIGGLES watching...
“D” (VO)
5 meters...

SNIPERS NEST:
DAUBER watches with cross-hairs.
“D” (VO)
He’s knocking...

AT THE DOOR:
A sliding grate opens and--
“D” (VO)
They’re vetting him.
GUARD’S POV
FATHER attempts to alert the Guard, nodding to the TWO
MEN in robes at the oil drum. Guard doesn’t see it--
“D”
Hold. Hold-
CHRIS POV (N/V)
As the door opens, the GUARD comes into view--
D” (OS)
Now.
Chris fires and the GUARD’S HEAD explodes. FATHER dives
for Guard’s weapon, FIRING BACK at Chris when-GUNFIRE
FROM INSIDE shreds him. He folds forward, dead.
TWO MEN in robes (TONY & BIGGLES) rush the door tossing
grenades, pulling the father out as the GRENADES EXPLODE.
CHRIS, MARC LEE and “D” push inside-
94 INT. FAHIM HALAL - NIGHT 94
A smoky banquet hall. GUNFIRE lights from far wall. A man
we recognize as THE BUTCHER is ushered through a doorway.
(03.18.14) 72.

CHRIS:
(keys mike)
We have eyes on the target. Flushing them
out the back--

IN THE ALLEY:
TONY and BIGGLES are posted in the alley, waiting.

BIGGLES :
(keys mike)
Negative. Nothing yet.
BANQUET HALL:
CHRIS and COMPANY push through the doorway the Butcher passed through, but it’s not an exit. It is-

KITCHEN:
An IRAQI MAN is hung up by a chain, the majority of his skin carved off, still alive. A walk-in freezer ahead.

CHRIS :
(to “D”)
Help him-
MARC LEE (OC)
Down here.
Stairs lead down into darkness. Chris follows him into-
AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL
A naked bulb illuminates a tunnel stretching to darkness.

CHRIS :
(realizes; keys mike)
They’re coming back up! Watch your six-
THE TUNNEL DETONATES. Dirt and debris explode at them.

BACK ALLEY:
BIGGLES and TONY are posted up. The RADIO STATIC--

BIGGLES :
--I can’t hear you. Say again.

BEHIND THEM:
TEN INSURGENTS pour out of another building, circling back toward Biggles and Tony.
(03.18.14) 73.

KITCHEN:
CHRIS and MARC LEE bowl in, panicked, covered in dirt.

CHRIS KYLE :
Move.
“D” turns from a WALK-IN FREEZER full of bloody parts.
“D”
Big freezers.
(sickened, following)
Fuck-
SNIPER NEST:
DAUBER SEES INSURGENTS approaching Biggles--

DAUBER:
Biggles! Watch your six. Roadies on you-He
starts downing them but more seep out downrange.

BACK ALLEY:
BIGGLES and TONY are banging away but outgunned when
CHRIS, MARC LEE and “D” steps out, laying down fire.

CHRIS:
Pull back! Loading-

BIGGLES:
Got you.
Biggles is slaying combatants. Precise and deadly.

BIGGLES:
RPG!
AN RPG burns down the alley, screaming between them and
EXPLODES INTO SNIPER NEST. As dust clouds the night-

THE BUTCHER:
Slips through smoke, shooting his way to a getaway truck.

CHRIS:
Contact. Eyes on The Butcher. 12 o’clock.
MORE INSURGENTS, push up the alley, covering him.

CHRIS:
(keys mike)
(03.18.14) 74.

SNIPER NEST:
Dauber struggles from under debris.

DAUBER:
Negative. No shot-

CHRIS:
Advancing along the wall. The Butcher jumps into a truck.
CHRIS:
He’s on the move. Crossing!
Biggles side-steps into the street, attracting fire,
downing MULTIPLE INSURGENTS as--

BIGGLES:
Got you. Got you. Go, go, go-
Chris dodges behind him, running into the next street
(parallel with truck) hoping for a shot-

NEXT INTERSECTION
As Chris arrives, the GETAWAY TRUCK roars past a block to
the north. He continues at a dead-sprint but-
At next intersection, he’s lost more ground. He halts,
sucking wind, GALLIC CROSS TATTOO visible on his forearm.

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

95 INT. MUSTAFA’S ROOM, UNKNOWN BUILDING 95
Incense wafts over oiled components of a DRAGUNOV SNIPER
RIFLE laid out on a prayer rug. A CELL BUZZES and is
answered. A few words and-- HANDS ENTER FRAME, assembling
the rifle. The metallic snap-and-slide escalating as we--

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

BACK TO:
TIRE FIRES spit tendrils of black smoke. We are-
(03.18.14) 75.

96 EXT. FAHIM HALAL - NIGHT 96
A four way intersection, neighbors pouring into streets.
An angry crowd hoists the FATHER’S BODY in the air as a
MESSIANIC TRIBAL LEADER riles them with chants. THE SON
stands up-front, small hands fisted, glaring at CHRIS.

CHRIS:
(can’t take eyes off son)
I offered his father detention. I gave him a choice--

MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
He picked the wrong fucking side. That’s
all there is to it. Fog of war.
THE CROWD growing in tension and number.

PFC ALVAREZ:
Sir, we have armed insurgents moving this way. We need to make tracks.
MASTER CHIEF MARTIN
(hops in Bradley)
Helluva an effort here, Chief. You keepafter this bastard. We’ll get him.
As they roar off, Chris pulls Terp over to the TRIBALEADER whose SHOCKING GREEN EYES reflect firelight.

CHRIS KYLE:
Tell him this boy’s father was fighting for the people that butchered the clerics we found in the freezer in there.

DISTANT ALLEY:
A flutter of robes. A rusty gate pushed open by an OLD MAN. Mustafa slips past, brushing the man’s shoulder in thanks. Breath in cadence with step, his head turns up—Smoke plumes into night, their signal leading him ahead.
CHRIS/TRIBAL LEADER
Terp translates, Tribal Leader responds violently—

TERP:
- This is our territory. If you want to come here, you ask me. If you want to find someone, I find them—
(03.18.14) 76.
BIGGLES (OC)
(atop Humvee, on the .60)
Fuck ‘em. Let’s go. Shit’s getting hairy.

CHRIS KYLE:
(to Tribal Leader)
If I ask for your help you’re the one they carve up next. I’ve seen it happen.
A crowd of 300 chanting, as Terp translates.

ALLEY:
TWO MEN stand by a 12 foot wall. A dark shape sprints toward them. One man kneels, the other braces him. The reflective swoosh catches light as—Mustafa runs up the man’s back, leaping onto the wall.
CHRIS/TRIBAL LEADER
Tribal Leader rages, crowd at his back, eyes on fire—

TERP:
-I am the seventh son of Isaac of Abraham. This is the land of my father, and I am not afraid.—He says your evil
is greater than those you fight. He calls you white satan, devil of Ramadi. Venom peels across Chris’ face and makes it appear true. A Nike swoosh reflects from a near rooftop.

NEARBY ROOFTOP:
Nikes cross gravel. Mustafa kneels. Unfolds his bi-pod.
CHRIS/TRIBAL LEADER

CHRIS KYLE:
You tell him to deliver The Butcher to us, or the devil comes back.

MUSTAFA SCOPE POV
CROSS-HAIRS TRACK past smoke blown sideways, trash gusting-- FIND CHRIS as he turns for the Humvee. Cross-hairs leading him, compensating for windage.
As he pauses his exhale-- THE FATHER’S BODY is hoisted in the air. Mustafa tries to adjust as his SHOT RINGS OUT-- (03.18.14) 77.

97 EXT. HUMVEE (PULLING AWAY) 97
THE ROUND HITS the shield. BIGGLES fires at the rooftop. Bullets strafing night as the Humvee door closes and they roar off. A PUNISHER SKULL drawn in grease on his shield, gleams in the moonlight. Mustafa’s shot struck the Punisher in the eye. PUSH ON the teeth of the logo and--

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

98 EXT. MATERNITY WARD, SAN DIEGO 98
CHRIS stares into the nursery window where his NEWBORN DAUGHTER CRIES. The air thick and dreamlike around him.

TAYA (VO)
The news is saying the war is over.

CHRIS (VO)
It’s not over.

TAYA (VO)
But are we winning?

CHRIS (VO)
I don’t know...

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

CHRIS:
Hey, some help here-- She’s crying-
He pounds the glass. The nurses don’t hear him. SFX: THE MECHANISTIC BUZZ of power-tools overwhelms the scene-

TRANSITION TO:
99 INT. JIFFY LUBE - DAY 99
PAN ACROSS GUMBALL MACHINES and TOY DISPENSERS on the wall. The POWER TOOLS whining as COLTON(3) holds a toy, pissed it’s not the one he wanted.

COLTON :
But I want that one--
(03.18.14) 78.

CHRIS :
(the air still thick, his words spoken from afar)
You don’t get to choose, bubba.

COLTON :
But I don’t like it! I want that one-
THE DRILL BUZZES in the garage. Chris’ nerves fraying.

CHRIS :
You get what it gives you. That’s how this thing works.
Colton melts to the floor crying. CUSTOMERS looking now.

CHRIS :
Don’t do this. Get up. Come on-
THROUGH VIEWING WINDOW-- THE MAN with the drill is visible. Dark hair like The Butcher, turning toward us-
RECEPTIONIST (OC)
Chris Kyle, your truck is ready.

CHRIS :
(snaps-to; to Colton)
Get off the floor. Right now--
MAN’S VOICE (OC)
Excuse me, sir.
A YOUNG MAN steps too close. Chris rears up, defensive.

YOUNG MAN :
Are you... “Chief” Chris Kyle?
CHRIS:
That’s me.

YOUNG MAN:
Sorry to intrude, sir, but we met in
Fallujah. You saved my life.

CHRIS:
Did I--?
YOUNG MAN/VETERAN
Yes, sir. My name is Mads. We were
trapped in a house when you showed up
with 1st Marines. You carried me out.
(03.18.14) 79.

CHRIS:
(lifetimes ago, but)
Yeah. Right. Well, you Marines saved our
ass plenty out there. How you holding up?
MADS/YOUNG VETERAN
Great, sir. I’m grateful to be alive. It
hasn’t been easy but-
He lifts his pant-leg and shows an ARTIFICIAL LEG.

MADS:
It cost lots of guys more than a leg.

CHRIS:
Did you lose some friends?

MADS:
That too, but I’m talking about guys that
lived. They made it back but they’re just
not back. They can’t seem to get right.
DRILL STARTS UP again. Chris glances that direction.

CHRIS:
Yeah, I-- I’m sorry to hear that.

MADS:
You should come down to the VA sometime.
The guys would love it. They all know who
The Legend is.
Chris nods like he never will. Mads kneels to Colton.

MADS:
I bet you missed your daddy when he was gone. But can I tell you something? Your dad is a hero. He saved my life—
(eyes well up)
He helped me get home to my little girl.
Colton looks up at his dad who swells with emotion. OTHER CUSTOMERS watching now, captivated.

MADS:
So thank you for loaning him to us, li’l man. I wouldn’t be here without him.
Mads stands and comes to attention, saluting Chris.

MADS:
My family thanks you for your service.
Chris bites back emotion, nods, and walks out.
(03.18.14) 80.
100 INT. NURSERY 100
A pink cocoon of a room. Taya sits in a rocker, breastfeeding their daughter, MCKENNA. She’s gentle, imploring—

TAYA:
I’m making memories by myself. I have no one to share them with.

CHRIS:
We have the rest of our lives for that.

TAYA:
When does that start? Even when you’re here you’re not here.
Taya pulls McKenna off her breast. Chris scoops her up.

TAYA:
I hate the teams for it. I do. You’re my husband and the father of my children—but they’re the ones that pull you back.

CHRIS:
(doesn’t look up from his daughter)
We can wait. They can’t.
A long pause...
TAYA (OC)
If you think this war isn’t changing you
you’re wrong.
He looks up and POV CHRIS--Taya sits in her rocker on
the side of a ROAD IN RAMADI, destruction all around her.

TAYA :
You can only circle the flame so long.
SCORE BUILDS, a steely guitar over tribal drums.
“THIRD TOUR”
A TRUCK speeds past a burnt rocker in the street. We are-
101 INT. TRUCK, RAMADI - DAY 101
PUNISHER SKULL stenciled on flack jacket, CHRIS mans a
suspended MK48 swinging where a passenger seat should be.
A skull bandanna and sunglasses cover his grizzled face.
The Punishers-
(03.18.14) 81.

BIGGLES:
(keys mike)
--we are tailing the Butcher’s courier,
turning onto Maryland Street. Over.
BIGGLES DRIVES, trailing a BROWN VAN. The city goes from
light to shadow as they enter a built-up section called--
THE CHINESE APARTMENTS

BIGGLES :
I bought the ring.

CHRIS :
Here?

BIGGLES :
They’re cheaper here.

CHRIS :
You want some savage’s ring? What if it’s
a blood diamond?

BIGGLES :
What the fuck do you care? You spilled
more blood than anyone!
CHRIS:
Not for a rock.

BIGGLES:
Whatever, man.

CHRIS:
Ease off, don’t get too close.
(the van turns ahead)
You gonna tell her where it came from?

BIGGLES:
Hell no! I’ll tell her I got from Zales.
They’re laughing, off the leash, cocky and invincible.

A BLOCK BACK—HUMVEE FULLOWS
Uniforms bastardized; metal blasting in broad daylight.

BIGGLES (OS)
(over radio)
Still with us cookie?
(03.18.14) 82.

“D”
(keys mike, checking GPS)
Half a block back and we are wet and ready, Big Giggles.

MARC LEE:
20 years from now, we’ll have a reunion
and you’ll be married to a dude.

“D”
As long as you cook and clean.
DAUBER sits in back, shaking his head.

UNDERCOVER TRUCK
STREET SPOTTERS reach for their cell phones. Chris glares
at them, ominous in skull mask, flipping the bird.

CHRIS:
The Butcher has his peepers out.

BIGGLES:
This motherfucker is Keyser S