

worst sniper

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

Edgar lies at a vantage point with a gun and walkie talkie. In another area, Mark holds the other walkie talkie, looks at the same area as Edgar.

MARK

Do you need more info on the target?

EDGAR

Nadia Ivanova, Russian spy, probably has a bomb. What else is there to know?

MARK

Good, that's about it.

EDGAR

Actually, you got more info on what she looks like?

MARK

Thing is, she's never been photographed. All I know is—oh shit, here's someone, it must be her. Alright, Edgar, work your magic. You're the best sniper this side of the Mississippi.

Edgar puts down the walkie talkie and looks down from his perch. Suddenly, Nadia, the famous Russian spy, walks out.

EDGAR

Oh my god, oh my god... HOLY SHIT!

Edgar peers into the scope of the rifle, then gets up and starts pacing.

MARK

Edgar? Edgar, are you there? I haven't heard anything, what's going on?

EDGAR

She's purty.

MARK

What?

EDGAR

She's bomb. The most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

MARK  
(in disbelief)  
She's headed to the town square to  
blow up a bunch of innocent  
civilians. So yeah, bomb!

EDGAR  
Shit, you're right.

MARK  
Now use that head on your shoulders  
and be the sniper you were meant to  
be.

Edgar repositions himself laying down. He looks through the  
scope once more, and does the cat-call whistle.

EDGAR  
Ready.

MARK  
(coaching)  
Okay. Look through the scope.  
Breathe. Three. Two. One.

Edgar makes a gun noise, *bang*, with his mouth, doesn't pull  
the trigger.

EDGAR  
(own voice, unenthused)  
Oh dang it, I missed.

MARK  
Come on Edgar, you didn't fire the  
gun, you just said bang. I know  
she's pretty, but hundreds are  
depending on you.

EDGAR  
Okay, I'll take a shot this time.

Edgar repositions himself, turning 180 degrees away from the  
target.

MARK  
Three. Two. One.

Edgar shoots lying down the complete opposite way.

MARK  
You purposely missed!  
(he has binoculars)  
I can see you!

EDGAR  
(under his breath)  
Dammit!

MARK  
Edgar, she's headed to the town square! The peoples' safety is being compromised more every second. Look, she's talking with a male civilian!

EDGAR  
She's talking with another guy?

Edgar pulls the trigger quickly, injuring whoever she was talking with.

MARK  
You shot a civilian!

EDGAR  
Yeah, but he was just getting a little too close to her, a little touchy-touchy, and I thought to myself, "Well, I do have this rifle here-"

MARK  
You idiot!

EDGAR  
How do you know he wasn't in on it?

MARK  
(takes a breather)  
Good thing there's enough crossfire in these parts that it didn't seem to worry her. You know what, it looks like I'm gonna have to do this myself.

EDGAR  
No! You can't, I haven't even gotten her number yet!

MARK  
Sometimes you have to think bigger than yourself Edgar.  
(realigns, then to himself)  
Alright Mark, it's been awhile.  
(breathes)  
Three. Two. One.

Before Mark shoots, Edgar shoots Mark.

MARK

You shot me! Ah, god damn it.

EDGAR

I won't let you do it! Oh my god,  
she sees me, she saw my wave. She's  
coming over here.

Nadia comes over to Edgar's vantage point.

NADIA

(thick Russian accent)

Were you shooting at me?

EDGAR

(flirty)

I mean, yeah, but I missed on  
purpose.

NADIA

Are you American sniper?

EDGAR

Yeah, best in the biz.

NADIA

In ten seconds, this bomb will go  
off, and there's nothing you can do  
about it.

EDGAR

There's nothing I wanna do about  
it, just as long as we can spend  
these last moments together.

Edgar suddenly turns his head, a girl with an even larger  
bomb crosses his view.

EDGAR

Wait, is that girl carrying a nuke?  
She's beautiful, way more bomb than  
you!

Edgar quickly regains his focus, deactivates Nadia's bomb,  
and goes after the nuke girl.

EDGAR

Hey, I like your nuke! You look  
absolutely radiation—I mean,  
radiant!

END