

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.