

"AMERICAN SNIPER"

Written
By
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Based on the book by
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with Scott McEwen
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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.

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

CHRIS KYLE

You got eyes on this? Can you confirm?

COMMANDING OFFICER (OS)

Negative. You know the ROEs. Your call.

GOAT (OC)

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

THE KID moves toward the convoy with the grenade.

CHRIS KYLE (OC)

Fuck--

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

THE KID sprints toward the Marines.

IN THE STREET

YOUNG MARINES. Wading into war. Boots scuffing dirt.

CLOSE ON CHRIS

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

SFX: *THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP THUMP--*

CROSS-HAIRS left of the running target, leading him,
compensating for a dozen different considerations as--

He pauses upon exhale. The world goes quiet. Landscape
pulses with color and focus. He stokes the trigger and--

THE BULLET

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

A WHITE-TAIL BUCK

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

A field shrouded in fog. CHRIS KYLE(8) jumps from a deer
blind, innocent and excited, running toward the buck.

MAN'S VOICE

Get back here.

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

WAYNE

Don't ever leave your gun in the dirt.

CHRIS

Yes, sir.

WAYNE

Helluva shot, son. You got a gift. You're gonna make a fine hunter someday.

Chris nods, clear-eyed, as if hearing the whisper of destiny. He grabs the .30-06, running again, bounding to--

THE BUCK

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

WAYNE

Everything dies to give life.

CHRIS

Can it see me?

WAYNE

It's a deer, son.

Chris processes his first kill, watching as-- (ECU) a flea crawls around the animal's inner-ear.

WAYNE KYLE

(hands him hunting knife)

You shot it, you deal with it.

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

5 OMITTED

5

6 **INT. CHURCH**

6

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

PASTOR

We don't see with his eyes so we don't
know the glory of his plan. Our lives
unfold before us like puzzling
reflections in a mirror. But on the day
we rise, we will see with clarity and
understand the mystery of his ways--

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

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

7 OMITTED

7

8 **INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM**

8

Dust motes drift across a dresser, settling on a Pop-
Warner football, that BLUE BIBLE, and METALLIC TOY
SOLDIERS guarding the bullet casing from his first buck.

WAYNE KYLE (VO)

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

PUSH THROUGH the modest ranch house into--

9 **INT. DINING ROOM**

9

WAYNE lectures his boys over venison.

WAYNE KYLE

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

Jeff bites back tears. Chris looks troubled.

10 **EXT. SCHOOLYARD**

10

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

WAYNE KYLE (VO)

Then you got predators who use violence
to prey on the weak. They're the wolves.