

UNMANNED

a short film

by

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Draft of April 2021

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1 OVER BLACK (CREDITS)

1

A HISSING SOUND fills the air. CLICK. A crisp FEMALE VOICE comes over an Air Force radio channel.

KALI (V.O.)
Echo Tower Whiskey One-One, this is
Maneater on Reaper Two-Seven-Niner.
Radio check, over?

Over the HISS, another CLICK.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.)
Good comms, Reaper Two-Seven-Niner.
Stand-by for systems check.

KALI (V.O.)
Copy all. Standing by.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.)
Reaper Two-Seven-Niner: Last-checks
good. You are cleared to proceed to
runway One-Alpha.

Sounds of controls being SWITCHED.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Reaper Two-Seven-Niner: Ground crew
has cleared you for departure.

KALI (V.O.)
Copy that Echo Tower Whiskey One-
One. I've got the stick.

2 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

2

A bluish glow emanates from the screens in front of Tech Sergeant KALI JONES, 25. Headset on, holding the control stick, she focuses on the flight path indicator maps.

MAJOR DEVIN HARRISON, 40, sits in the pilot's chair next to Kali with one hand on the throttle and one on the control stick. Under the table, his feet are on a set of rudder pedals.

Kali pushes buttons and flips switches on the radio.

KALI
 (into headset)
 Echo Tower Whiskey One-One: Reaper
 Two-Seven-Niner requesting final
 clearance for departure.

ON MONITOR: A small pink airplane icon on a flight path screen.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (O.S.)
 (over radio)
 Permission granted, Reaper Two-
 Seve--

CLICK. There's an uncomfortable silence on the net. Kali leans in, waiting for more.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (over radio)
 Belay that clearance. Stand-by!

Kali looks over at Harrison. He shrugs and takes his hands and feet off the controls. They both re-set several switches and settle in for the wait.

KALI
 I swear to god, if we get grounded
 because of another warbler, I'm
 gonna lose my shit.

HARRISON
 Better a fluffy bird than an F.
 Hey, don't you have a midterm to
 study for?

KALI
 Good call.

She pulls a notebook out of a bookbag tucked to the side of her chair. He sips a Big Gulp.

Pull back to reveal more of "the box," an on-ground cockpit for the Air Force's unmanned aerial vehicles. A screen in front of Kali shows her drone's video feed in Afghanistan.

Kali starts to write in her notebook, then looks to Harrison.

KALI (CONT'D)
 Why did the League of Nations fail
 in '39?

HARRISON
 Pretty sure that's in your book.

KALI

Dude, you're the one who majored in history. What else are you going to do with it?

HARRISON

Buuurn.

She smiles, pen poised over her notebook for his answer.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Why don't you just do the ROTC program and put all that bullshit into something useful like I did?

KALI

I'm knocking out these Gen Eds 'cause the Air Force is paying for them.

HARRISON

You could always tap into the G.I. Bill.

KALI

True, but I'm not down for ROTC. I ain't trying to be some know it all Butter-Bar.

HARRISON

Why not?

KALI

'Cause unlike you... I like to *work* for a living.

She gives him a wink.

HARRISON

Define 'work'?

He takes a long sip from his Big Gulp.

KALI

I'm supposed to meet with the career counselor next week. With that sweet-ass re-up bonus, why would I want--

The radio CRACKLES.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (O.S.)
Reaper Two-Seven-Niner, you are
cleared for immediate departure.
Wheels hot. Repeat, wheels hot.

Kali and Harrison snap-to and redo the flight checks.

KALI
(into headset)
Echo Tower Whiskey One-One, request
SITREP over?

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (O.S.)
A platoon of marines need close-in
air support.

KALI
(murmured to herself)
Ooo-Rah.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (O.S.)
Reaper One-Two-Eight lost link and
is returning to base.

From the compartment next to them--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Dammit!

Kali and Harrison roll their eyes.

HARRISON
(to Kali)
Sounds like Tad's not happy about
that.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (O.S.)
All the other birds are in the
shop, so you're it.

KALI
(into headset)
Echo Tower Whiskey One-One, copy
all.
(to Harrison)
Ready, sir?

HARRISON
Hit it, Sarge.

With a few swift motions, they're piloting the MQ-9 Reaper
remotely.

ON MONITOR: Video feed from the Reaper as it takes off and lifts into the sky.

A RED phone RINGS from the console between Kali and Harrison.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
 (to Kali)
 You got the stick?

She nods confidently. Harrison picks up the phone.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
 Yes, sir?

He listens for a few moments.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
 Copy that. We're getting the new maps now.

On the many screens surrounding them, new tactical maps open in various window sizes.

Kali reaches into her bag for a roll of antacids and pops one in her mouth.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
 Yes sir, understood.

He SIGHS and hangs up the phone.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
 Well, this'll be-

The door to the compartment SLAMS open. MAJOR THADDEUS MITCHELL, 32, storms into the room and stands over Kali.

MITCHELL
 Get up, Jones. I'll cover this mission.

Kali looks up at him, appalled but stays right where she is.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
 Is there a problem, Tech Sergeant?

Kali's face falls. She begins to take her headset off.

HARRISON
 (to Kali)
 Get back on station, Jones.
 (to Mitchell)
 (MORE)

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Tad, you don't get to come in here and swing your dick around just because you're CO now. Your bird went back to base, deal with it.

MITCHELL

That's right, Devin. I am your Commanding Officer. How about addressing me as sir when your NCOs are around?

He nods at the back of Kali's head. She covers an involuntary SNORT of LAUGHTER with a coughing fit.

HARRISON

Yes, sir. Now will you shut the hell up so my operator can concentrate, sir? We're entering airspace and this shit's gonna be danger-close.

Mitchell looks as if he's going to protest, but instead moves between the two. They all watch intently as the scene unfolds on their screens, showing the drone's camera feed.

ON MONITORS: A dozen MARINES are pushed up against a rockface, trying to take cover from the onslaught of small arms fire coming from a group of Taliban FIGHTERS.

One of the marines goes down. The fighters begin to advance on the pinned-down marines. A mere 25-yards separate the two opposing forces.

ON KALI: engaging her targeting system, readying her ordinance load of Hellfire missiles.

MITCHELL

(to Kali)

You only get one shot. Make it count.

HARRISON

You got this, Kali. Light 'em up.

Kali exhales slowly, then holds her breath to steady her body as she PULLS THE TRIGGER.

ON MONITORS: A flash of light, then an EXPLOSION on the ground.

It takes a moment for the dust to settle before Kali allows herself to breathe again.

ON MONITORS: The marines throw their hands and thumbs-ups to the sky to thank Kali for the precision drop that just saved their lives.

Harrison puts his hand up toward Kali for a high-five, which she returns deftly. She reaches down beside her chair for a broad wooden paddle covered in hash-marks. Pulling out a pocket knife, she etches another mark into it.

KALI

Yet another successful spanking
from yours truly.

HARRISON

Thank you ma'am, may I have
another!

She hands the paddle to Harrison, who flips it over and does the same with his own knife. He passes it back to Kali.

MITCHELL

I'll take one too.

She ignores him and tucks the paddle beside her chair.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Damn Jones, you got some cold hands
on that stick.

The mood shifts, and it's clear his comment crossed a line.

HARRISON

(to Kali)

Well, I don't know about you, but
I'm proud our *Commanding Officer*
witnessed my best *NCO* in action.

He throws Mitchell a look, and he snaps-to.

MITCHELL

Damn good work, Tech Sergeant. I'll
write you a commendation letter for
saving those men's lives.
Outstanding performance as usual.

Kali gives him a steely glare as he leaves the room. She returns her focus to the screens in front of her and pops another antacid.

ON MONITOR: Drone footage in rewind. Pause. Forward. Rewind again. The same explosion plays out once more, followed by marines raising their hands to the sky in thanks.

Kali hits pause and stops reviewing the footage to take in this moment of gratitude thousands of miles away.

3A EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - EVENING 3A

Now in civilian clothes, Kali stands a few yards away from the entrance to the building. Her half-opened USAF backpack slung over her shoulder, she reviews a page from the notebook in her right hand, as she takes another drag from the vape pen in her left. After the second drag, her face contorts as the flavor seems off.

With a HARD SIGH, she zips up her bag, chucks the vape pen into a trash can, and heads inside.

3B INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - EVENING 3B

Kali's brow furrows as she re-reads the last question on the test. Something between a belch and a gag rises up. She doesn't look well.

She reaches into her backpack for the roll of antacids and pops a couple into her mouth. It looks like they might not stay down. She closes her eyes and breathes. Opening them--

A confident smile creeps across her lips - she knows the answer and finishes the test.

Kali puts her things away in her bag and heads down the stairs towards the PROFESSOR's lectern. She places her test on the front table and walks out of the room.

4 EXT. COLLEGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT 4

Kali reaches into the front pocket of her backpack for her keys as she approaches her car. She slows as she notices the truck parked nearby.

Mitchell is leaning on the truck's door in slick civilian clothes, dressed to go out on the town.

MITCHELL

Come here often?

KALI

You know what time my class gets out. That doesn't mean you should show up here.

MITCHELL

Can't fault me for wanting to see
your beautiful face.

He flashes a charming smile and gives her a once over. It ignites her rage.

KALI

If you think you can pull rank and
treat me like shit today, then show
up here for another shot--

MITCHELL

I'm in luck?

She rolls her eyes. He looks apologetic, in spite of not apologizing.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Easy, killer. There's no need to
pull the trigger on a 'friendly'
today too.

She looks hurt and pissed, but meets his gaze.

KALI

I was doing my job.

MITCHELL

Which you're great at by the way.

KALI

Then *fuckin*g remember that next
time.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)

Hey, Kali?

The professor from Kali's class walks through the parking lot with a briefcase stuffed with midterms. He stops and looks at Kali with concern.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I've got a few minutes, if you'd
like to talk about the midterm.

She waves at him like everything's okay.

KALI

Pretty sure I aced it, Professor.
Have a good night.

He smiles and nods, then gets into his car. Mitchell watches as the professor drives off.

MITCHELL

So, did you make a decision?

Kali gives him a disgusted look.

KALI

Yeah, I decided once again, *this*--

She moves her hand between the two of them.

KALI (CONT'D)

Isn't a good idea.

MITCHELL

I was talking about re-upping, Kali. Because if you don't, *this* could be a great idea. You wouldn't have to relocate, and I could help you finish your degree.

KALI

Someone fed you a metric shit ton of self worth.

He shrugs like that's probably true, then his face turns to a playful hurt.

MITCHELL

I think I'm owed a little more appreciation, babe. I mean, I'm the one who's breaking all the rules...

He gives her his suavest smile, and moves a little closer to her - caressing her cheek gently.

She pulls her face away from him, looking a little nauseous.

KALI

Go home, Tad.

She turns on her heels and gets into her car.

MITCHELL

Tomorrow, then.

Her door slams. He watches her drive off.

5

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - BASE HOSPITAL - DAY

5

Kali sits in an examination room. There are a couple of soft KNOCKS at the door, and NAVAL COMMANDER JUDY EASTON, 45, enters.

EASTON

Hi Kali, it's good to see you again. How's work treating you?

She extends her hand, and Kali takes it in genuine friendship.

KALI

It's been a little stressful - but no more than usual. How you been?

EASTON

You know, the same. Joshua's graduating soon and *thankfully* decided on college after all.

KALI

Glad to hear it, ma'am. No offense, but he'd be a terrible marine.

EASTON

Poor boy would have been eaten alive. I appreciate you talking to him.

KALI

Of course. But you know I told him to join the Air Force instead, right? It's not like I tried to talk him out of serving.

EASTON

True. But when you informed him of the training and lack of sleep you get... he signed himself up for freshman orientation and Civilian Life 101!

They both LAUGH.

EASTON (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong, kids are great... except when they aren't. But you love them either way, no matter what. Speaking of...

Easton opens the MEDICAL RECORD in her hand and leaf's through a few pages until she finds what she's looking for.

EASTON (CONT'D)

You cleared your flight physical, but...

(beat)

(MORE)

EASTON (CONT'D)
Your pregnancy test came back
positive. Congratulations?

Kali's face falls. She looks anxious, surprised, and
nauseated all at once.

KALI
I didn't-- I mean, thank you-- for
telling me.

Easton sits on a stool beside her.

EASTON
I'm here if you want to talk about
anything.

Kali nods.

EASTON (CONT'D)
Have you seen the "Purple Book"?
(off Kali's silence)
Right. Well, it's over two-hundred
pages of guidelines and resources.
You'll bring it to all your
prenatal care appointments.

Easton makes a couple of notes while Kali's stares at her
boots.

EASTON (CONT'D)
You'll need to contact Public
Health. And your supervisor, CO,
and Unit Deployment Manager will
receive a copy of your pregnancy
profile via e-mail.

KALI
Today?

EASTON
After a workplace evaluation.

Kali looks like her head is spinning.

EASTON (CONT'D)
But Kali, it's your responsibility
to notify your supervisor once
pregnancy is diagnosed. Unless you
decide to go a different route...

KALI
Yes, ma'am.

6 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

6

Kali is staring blankly at the monitor in front of her, lost in thought, it takes her several times to register that Harrison is TALKING to her.

KALI

Huh?

HARRISON

I said, are you gonna take the damn pictures this time, or are you going to make me go around *again*? I know it's a slow crawl, Kali, but get your head in the game.

KALI

What? Shit. Sorry. Yeah, I got it.

She engages the drone's on-board high-speed camera and takes the needed photos. Opening a folder on her desktop, she checks to be sure the images transferred over to the drive.

KALI (CONT'D)

Are we sure these guys are our Tangos? They're not driving like they've got 200 pounds of opium in the trunk.

HARRISON

Or they're experts at my ten and two method...

He lifts his hands as if grabbing a steering wheel at a 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock position in front of him.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

And are high as balls.

KALI

Check that. We've got movement coming in from the north. Looks like an escort detail.

ON MONITOR: Several trucks pull alongside the car. The drivers exchange a few words before pulling in front of and behind the car Kali was tracking and continue to drive.

HARRISON

And with that, we've entered the 10% mark of this overly exciting mission. God I hate these 'wait and watches.'

He looks down at his watch.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Jesus. Have we really only been in here for two hours? Feels like our relief should be here any minute. Well, since we're still two hours from a break...

Reaching into his flight jacket, he pulls out a vape pen and looks playfully at Kali.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

I won't tell if you won't.

He takes a few hits and passes it to Kali.

KALI

Nah, I'm good. Thanks though.

Harrison flips a few switches, then turns to Kali.

HARRISON

Since when, you nicotine fiend?
(Beat.)
You've been weird all night. Why are you acting like you just found out you're pregnant?

KALI

Because I am.

Harrison nearly chokes on his vape.

HARRISON

Shut the front door. You are not!
Oh my god, do you have cancer?

KALI

Nope. I really am pregnant.

HARRISON

H-how? I mean, I know how. But, who? Please tell me I don't know him.

The 'normal' phone on the console between them rings, and Harrison picks up it.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Major Harrison.

He listens for a moment.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Copy that. I'll send her down.

He hangs up and looks at Kali.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Career counselor's ready to meet
with you in Admin.

KALI
Cool. Just another *easy* decision to
make about the rest of my life.

HARRISON
Wanna talk?

KALI
Just keep my seat warm. I may want
to come back and blow some shit up.

She starts to leave, then stops in her tracks. Putting on her
best poker face--

KALI (CONT'D)
You don't know him.

7 INT. CAREER COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

7

The room is covered in recruiting posters and military
decorations. SHARON SULLIVAN sits in front of Kali with an
open laptop and several sheets of paper. She tallies up a
series of numbers.

SHARON
So basically, you're looking at a
\$45,000 re-enlistment bonus. Now,
granted, it'll be spread out over
your five year contract, but that's
an extra \$9,000 a year!

Kali looks at the numbers. After a moment:

KALI
So like an extra \$750 a month, huh?

SHARON
Yup. Not bad, right? You also get a
choice of Hawaii or Germany for
your next duty station, and a full
PCS reimbursement for your move. Do
you have any dependents?

Kali doesn't seem to know how to answer that. Practiced at giving the same spiel a few dozen times a day, Sharon continues--

SHARON (CONT'D)

Well, remember that they'll be covered by your healthcare and dental, and there's the family educational benefits too, as well as being able to live in base-housing with your...

She continues her well-practiced speech, but Kali doesn't hear another word as she stares off into space.

SP DRONE POV SP

From an MQ-9 Reaper flying above Afghanistan. We hear the sound of its turboprop engine and see the missiles it's carrying.

8 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT 8

Kali blinks at the screen in front of her. Harrison is completely focused on flying from the pilot's seat next to her.

ON MONITOR: Green display lines frame the rocky terrain. An enclave of buildings becomes visible.

HARRISON

You're green. Fire at will, Sarge.

Kali nods. She leans forward and squints at the screen. Blink. Blink.

8A BEGIN WAKING DREAM - AFGHANISTAN - DAY 8A

Kali is on the rugged ground she saw on the monitor from the Drone's video feed. She moves as fast as she can, trying to escape.

She looks up. The Reaper is overhead, casting a shadow over her.

-REAPER CAMERA'S POV of the target below. It launches a missile.

-Kali dives for cover behind a rockface. Sounds of an EXPLOSION.

BACK TO:

8 INT. GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

8

Kali snaps out of her waking dream and pulls her hand away from the control stick reflexively. She looks at her shaking hand, then makes an angry fist to bring it under control.

Refocusing her attention on the monitor, she places her now steady hand back on the controller.

There's a burst of RADIO STATIC. A relieved MAN'S VOICE comes over the speakers:

CIA AGENT (O.S.)

Good kill, Maneater. I say again, good kill. My team thanks you, the Agency thanks you, but most of all, my one-year old thanks you for making sure his daddy gets to his next birthday. God bless. Out.

Kali stares at her screen.

ON MONITOR: Men in civilian clothes and tactical gear on the ground give her thumbs up and salutes.

Kali's eyes glaze over. Harrison raises his hand for an expected high-five. Kali doesn't notice.

HARRISON

I swear, if you leave me hanging for one more second, I'll have you working the chow-line for the rest of the month.

Kali snaps out of it and returns his high-five request with a confident SMACK.

KALI

Sorry, Dev. I'm just having a FUBAR moment.

HARRISON

It's okay. I'm going to give our debrief to the General while you go over the last tape and finish writing up our report. When we're done, let's just call it a night and grab some coffee.

KALI
I'd like that.

HARRISON
Good. I'm sure Tad will cover the
rest of our shift.

Kali flinches. Harrison shrugs.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
He owes me a few, and our bird's on
auto-RTB anyway.

He heads out of the compartment. Kali opens a FOLDER on her computer and a Word document with her semi-completed report. She selects the recorded drone footage, enlarges it, hits play.

ON MONITOR: The SILENT video of a rusty pick-up truck stopping next to some rocks. Several MEN and young BOYS (10-17) jump out of the back.

Scaling in on the video, Kali sees the scene more clearly.

ON MONITOR: The older fighters shove rifles into the arms of the young boys and then point towards the pinned-down CIA Wet-Team. The boys don't move. The men yell and point again.

One of the boys drops his rifle. The leader of the group points at the boy and the rifle several times, but the boy stays frozen in place. The leader shoots the boy, and he drops to the ground.

Pointing his gun at the other young men, the leader yells at them and then motions his hand over the rockface and toward the operatives.

The boys reluctantly climb the rockface and are mowed down almost instantaneously by the wet-team. A moment later, Kali's HELLFIRE MISSILE is deployed into the rockface -- and all of the boys are killed.

Stunned, Kali stares at the screen. She lifts her slightly shaking hand to grab the mouse and rewind the video to watch the scene again.

The compartment's door CLICKS OPEN. Kali doesn't look up to see it's Mitchell who entered and not Harrison.

KALI
They were just kids, Devin. They
didn't even want to be there.

MITCHELL

A kid today, a terrorist tomorrow.

Kali jumps at the sound of his voice.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

You did the world a favor.

He rests a hand on her shoulder. She swings around in her pilot's chair.

KALI

Don't touch me. We're at work.

MITCHELL

Easy, killer. Just coming to pay my respects for your outstanding work. I told Harrison I'd cover the rest of your shift. You headin' down to the Nosedive?

KALI

No, we're gonna grab some coffee.

MITCHELL

Hmm. So you'll be up later?

KALI

Jesus Christ, Tad. I just killed some kids! Can I get one minute when you're not trying to fuck me?

MITCHELL

So now you need a friend? You're the one who just wanted benefits.

He grins and makes another move toward her. She shakes her head and closes up the files on her computer.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Look, what's the big deal? It was just some junior-jihads. Who gives a shit?

KALI

I do!

MITCHELL

Whoa. I didn't know it was that time of the month.

She looks like she could punch him, refrains but shoots daggers with her eyes.

KALI

No, that was supposed to be last week.

MITCHELL

What's that mean? Do you need to see a doctor?

KALI

Already did.

She sniffs sharply, trying to toughen up. So many things to say, but all she can focus on is--

KALI (CONT'D)

Why should people like us get to have a kid when a bunch of parents just lost theirs thanks to me?

He's stunned. Her chest heaves but she doesn't cry.

MITCHELL

Us?

Harrison returns to the compartment and doesn't pick up on the mood right away.

HARRISON

Think you can handle it, sir?

Mitchell looks to Kali. Harrison senses his timing isn't great.

Kali grabs her bag and avoids eye contact with either of them as she takes off.

9 INT. DINER - MONTHS LATER - NIGHT

9

Kali cradles a cup of coffee in her hands. The orange tab on the carafe suggests it's decaf if anyone's concerned. Her doctor, Commander Easton, walks in and sits down.

KALI

Thanks so much for meeting me.

EASTON

Told you I would. You look good, Kali.

KALI

I feel good. Still trying to decide if I want to stay in or get out.

EASTON
Which way are you leaning?

Kali shakes her head.

KALI
That's why I wanted to talk to you.

Easton settles into her chair with a warm and encouraging smile.

KALI (CONT'D)
I got an offer from Lockheed, but I don't know if I want a commercial job.

EASTON
Congratulations, nonetheless. They don't just give those out.

KALI
I have a feeling they might when your commanding officer writes the kind of letter mine did.

Easton looks impressed.

EASTON
All that autonomous tech and unmanned systems. Still need a woman behind them, don't they?

Kali smiles.

KALI
I always think it's amazing our UAVs are programmed to return to base whenever they lose command link. Soon as they don't know what to do, they fly home.

Easton considers this for a moment.

EASTON
Where's your home?

KALI
Couldn't tell you.

EASTON
Then you get to choose your base. For you and your baby.

KALI

I was looking at the Force's Health Professions Scholarship. Got most of my undergrad done, but do you think it would be too hard to re-train in the medical field?

Easton's brow raises in genuine surprise.

EASTON

I didn't know you wanted to be a doctor. You should have said something.

KALI

A nurse, actually, in the aeromedical evac squadron. I still want to work for a living.

She winks at Easton, then her face falls a bit.

KALI (CONT'D)

But how much would I be away... What kind of life would that be for my daughter?

EASTON

One where her mother is saving lives. In the end, isn't that why any of us do this job?

CLOSE on Kali, considering her answer to that. She nods.

FADE TO BLACK.

The HISSING sound of the RADIO fades up again with RADIO CHATTER.

OVER BLACK.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (O.S.)

That's a clean landing, Reaper Two-Seven-Niner. You are chocked and chained. It's been a pleasure, Maneater. Go kick some ass out there.

KALI (O.S.)

Copy all Echo Tower Whiskey one-one. You know I will. Out.

FADE OUT.