

A Ballad For Owl Lady

Written By

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INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - PRESENT - NIGHT

A cramped, slightly run-down apartment in New Jersey. ARTEMIS BLAKE, mid-40s, paces back and forth, a dwindling cigarette in hand. At a table overflowing with unsorted junk, a young REPORTER, wearing an old-fashioned suit, watches her, nervously tapping his pencil against his notepad. A dreary rain pounds at the windows. The Reporter coughs.

REPORTER

Thank you for agreeing to talk with me, Ms. Blake. Artemis. May I call you Artemis?

ARTEMIS

Ms. Blake will do just fine.

REPORTER

Right. I know this is a bit unprofessional of me, uh, Ms. Blake, but I just wanted to say that I'm a big fan.

ARTEMIS

Fan?

REPORTER

I guess you could call me a bit of a mask fanatic. All the great vigilante heroes of the day. You know. Major Metropolis. The Sentinel. Crimson Jones. And, of course...

He points to a frame on the wall. Behind the cracked glass sits a newspaper clipping with a black-and-white photo of a young woman. She's dressed in a tight-fitting outfit adorned with a feathery cape and a mask resembling an owl's face. She stands triumphantly over two goons sprawled unconscious on the floor. The headline reads: OWL LADY STRIKES AGAIN! THE WORLD'S FOREMOST FEMALE CRIME-FIGHTER FOILS FIENDS!

The photo fades into...

EXT. CITY HALL - FAR PAST - DAY

A YOUNG ARTEMIS, dressed in her Owl Lady costume, stands triumphantly over two GOONS, recreating the photo. Offscreen cameras flash periodically as Young Artemis poses.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Owl Lady. The Nocturnal Nemesis,
the first and only female vigilante
to ever join the League of Heroes.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)
That was almost twenty years ago.

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - INTERVIEW - NIGHT

Artemis takes the frame off the wall. She takes a drag of her cigarette, then tosses the frame onto the table.

ARTEMIS
No one gives a fuck about masked heroes these days. The police don't let that kind of shit fly anymore. There hasn't been a real public hero in almost a decade.

REPORTER
Until now.

Artemis stubs out her cigarette on the kitchen counter. She grabs a half-empty carton and pulls out another. She puts it in her mouth, then looks around for a lighter. The Reporter pulls out a lighter and holds it out. Artemis takes it, lights her cigarette, and tosses the lighter back to him.

ARTEMIS
You know that photo is fake, right?

She nods to the newspaper clipping.

ARTEMIS
They're actors. My publicist staged the whole thing. By the time I came on to the "crime-fighting" scene, hardly anyone actually fought crime anymore. It was all publicity shoots, autographs for adoring fans, handshakes with fancy celebrities, bidding wars over our memoir rights.

REPORTER
Not exactly what you had in mind, was it?

ARTEMIS
Heh. I was a dumb kid with a dumb cape and dumb dreams about doing

(MORE)

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)

some real good for the world. I wanted a legacy. I wanted people to say, long after I was gone, that Owl Lady made a difference. That I made a difference.

REPORTER

That sounds like someone else you know, doesn't it?

Artemis pauses. The Reporter stops tapping his pencil.

ARTEMIS

This story isn't about me, is it.

REPORTER

Oh, this is still your story. I did, however, want to focus on your relationship with this woman.

The Reporter pulls a small photo out of his jacket and holds it out. Artemis takes it. Her face turns pale.

ARTEMIS

I'm afraid I don't know this girl.

REPORTER

Please, Ms. Blake. I like to think I'm pretty good at my job. I wouldn't be here wasting your time if I didn't know the identity of your successor.

Artemis places her cigarette on the table, then turns and lunges for the Reporter. She lifts him out of his chair by the front of his shirt and slams him against the wall.

ARTEMIS

She's just a kid, you son of a bitch!

REPORTER

(panicked)

Her secret is safe with me! Believe me, Ms. Blake, I have no intention of giving away her identity.

ARTEMIS

Good. That good.

She leans in close.

ARTEMIS

Because if you did, I'd have to ask
you to leave.

She nods her head to the window. Lightning flashes,
revealing the dark, dirty alleyway that lies twelve stories
below. The Reporter swallows and nods. Artemis sets him
down, then picks up her cigarette. The Reporter dusts
himself off and straightens his tie. He sits back down and
picks up his pencil.

REPORTER

We won't use her name. We'll give
her an alias, for the story. What
about... Josie? We'll call her
Josie.

ARTEMIS

...Fine.

Silence. The Reporter taps his pencil nervously.

REPORTER

So... Tell me about her. The second
Owl Lady.

Artemis stares out the window. The sun is starting to set.
She takes a drag of her cigarette.

ARTEMIS

She... Josie... moved into the
building last June.

A KNOCK on the door.

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - LAST JUNE - DAY

Sunlight streams in through the windows. Artemis opens the
apartment door. There stands JOSIE, 21. She holds her hand
out.

JOSIE

Hey, name's Josie. I just moved in
down the hall.

Artemis stares at her hand.

ARTEMIS

Okay.

Josie's smile falters a little. She puts her hand down.

JOSIE
Just wanted to introduce myself.

ARTEMIS
And you've done a wonderful job of
that. Was there anything else?

Josie blinks.

JOSIE
No, I guess not. Sorry to
interrupt... whatever it is rude,
sad old women do when they're all
alone.

She turns and walks away. Artemis fails to keep a smirk off
her face.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)
I liked her.

Artemis starts to close the door, but the sound of shouting
causes her to stop.

JOSIE (O.S.)
What the hell is going on here?

Artemis looks out into the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LAST JUNE - DAY

A few doors down from Artemis' apartment stand two mobsters;
LEON, an enormous burly man, and FRANCOIS, a shorter,
scrawnier man. They wear matching red tracksuits. The two
tower over DELORES, an elderly resident.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)
Red's goons. Coming to collect
their weekly "protection" fee. See,
while the landlord holds the deed
to the place, the entire
neighborhood is really run by a
gangster. Red Martha.

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - PRESENT - NIGHT

REPORTER
Red Martha. That's a hell of a name
for a gangster.

ARTEMIS
Oh, it's a fucking stupid name. But
Red is a ruthless bitch. She's been
(MORE)

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)

running this part of town for so long, people were half convinced it couldn't be one person, that it was a title of sorts, passed down to her successors. It's not.

INT. RED MARTHA'S WAREHOUSE - PAST - NIGHT

RED MARTHA, an elderly woman in a red tracksuit, with dark glasses and short grey hair, sits in a wheelchair. A tank of oxygen sits strapped to the back of her chair, attached to a breathing mask, which sits on her lap.

Red lifts the mask to her face and takes a deep breath as a GOON drags a helpless VICTIM before her.

REPORTER (V.O.)

So why do they call her "Red"?

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

They say she used to have the most beautiful red hair.

Red nods. The Goon takes a bat and knocks the Victim to the ground. Red watches, no emotion on her face, as the Goon beats him relentlessly.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

Also because she kills a lot of people.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LAST JUNE - DAY

Leon, Francois, and Delores turn to look at Josie

DELORES

(terrified)

Josie, dear, this is nothing you need to worry about.

FRANCOIS

Yeah, run along, little girl. This doesn't concern you.

JOSIE

Like hell it doesn't.

Josie takes a step towards them. Artemis grabs her arm.

ARTEMIS

Kid, don't do anything stupid.

Josie tries to pull away, but Artemis' grip is iron.

ARTEMIS

Kid-

Josie sweeps her arm down suddenly, breaking Artemis' hold.

She launches herself at Francois. Caught by surprise, Francois is unable to react as Josie strikes his knee and barrels into him, bringing them both crashing to the ground.

Dolores screams and slams her apartment door shut.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

I should have let them kick the shit out of her. They wouldn't have killed her; Red doesn't take to kindly to murder in her territory. unless she orders it herself. Should've just let them teach her a lesson. Being ruled by mobsters isn't so bad as long as you pay them what they ask and leave them alone. Fighting back only brings more trouble.

Leon grabs Josie by the hair and pulls her to her feet. Josie flails for a second, then delivers a precision kick to his groin.

Leon collapses to the ground, howling in pain. Josie kicks him in the side. He doubles over.

Behind Josie, Francois struggles to his feet and pulls a blade from his waistband. He lunges at Josie, but Artemis grabs his arm.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

But I liked her. And it'd been way too long since I'd kicked some ass.

Artemis twists his arm back harshly. Francois struggles, nearly freeing himself, until Artemis snaps his wrist. Francois cries out, releasing the blade.

Josie whirls around, ready to strike, but Artemis slams him into the wall head first, sending him stumbling.

Leon crawls to his feet, and the goons back away from the two women.

FRANCOIS

That was a big mistake, girlie. My
(MORE)

FRANCOIS (CONT'D)

boss don't take too kindly to
goodie two-shoes in her
neighborhood.

He turns to Leon for support, but Leon has already bolted
for the stairwell.

FRANCOIS

(feigning confidence)

You got lucky this time. Try
something like that again, and
we'll make sure you regret it.

Francois runs after Leon, fleeing down the stairwell.
Artemis turns to Josie, who trembles with excess adrenaline.

JOSIE

Holy shit, that was awesome!

ARTEMIS

That was probably the biggest
fucking mistake you've ever made.

Artemis turns and walks towards her apartment.

JOSIE

Hey, I didn't ask you to help me!

ARTEMIS

You're welcome, kid.

JOSIE

Hey!

Artemis turns around.

JOSIE

You were, uh, pretty badass, back
there.

ARTEMIS

Not bad for a sad old lady, huh?

JOSIE

Heh, I guess not.

A pause.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

I should've walked away. Let her
handle herself. Stayed out of it.

ARTEMIS
Here, come with me.

She tilts her head to her apartment.

JOSIE
Why?

ARTEMIS
I need a drink. I'm guessing you
could use one, too.

Josie considers for a moment.

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - LAST JUNE - DAY

Josie sits at the table, eyeing a glass of whiskey in front
of her.

ARTEMIS
You can drink it. I won't tell
mommy. I'm not a fucking narc.

JOSIE
What... How old do you think I am?

ARTEMIS
Just going by your attitude... Six?

Josie shakes her head. She takes a sip of her drink, and
nearly gags. Artemis laughs as she pours herself a glass.

ARTEMIS
Not a whiskey girl, huh?

JOSIE
Shut up.

Artemis reaches over to take her glass, but Josie pulls it
back. Josie takes another sip and forces it down with great
effort. Artemis shrugs and down her entire glass in one
gulp, then pours another.

ARTEMIS
So, where'd you learn to fight like
that?

JOSIE
My mother always insisted that I
should be able to defend myself.

ARTEMIS
Sounds like a smart woman.

JOSIE

Yeah, she was.

Silence. Josie finishes off her drink, grimacing.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

Her mother grew up during the Age of Heroes. She was also a bit of a mask fanatic.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Let me guess; big Major Metropolis fan.

EXT. MAJOR METROPOLIS MONUMENT - PAST - DAY

The grand unveiling of an enormous statue of MAJOR METROPOLIS. The Major himself stands before it, flanked by half a dozen MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE OF HEROES, all waving to a crowd of celebrating citizens.

An important looking OFFICIAL cuts a large red ribbon, to the cheers of the crowd. Cameras flash off screen.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

Oh, definitely. She loved everyone in the League of Heroes.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Everyone always loves Major Metropolis. I always found him overrated, if I'm being honest.

Towards the front of the crowd, a 20-something JOSIE'S MOTHER cheers.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

There was one hero she idolized above all the others.

Josie's Mother watches the heroes as they applaud the Major. Her gaze settles on a Young Artemis, in her Owl Lady attire, standing towards the back of the heroes.

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - LAST JUNE - DAY

ARTEMIS

You're joking, right? No one gives a shit about Owl Lady.

JOSIE

She did. Owl Lady meant the world to her. I had her poster in my room

(MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)

for almost 15 years.

ARTEMIS

I guess she had a soft spot for
B-list nobodies.

JOSIE

Jeez, what do you have against Owl
Lady? I figured you were a fan.

She gestures to the newspaper clipping hanging on the wall,
glass uncracked.

JOSIE

Besides, she wasn't a "B-list
nobody". She was the first woman to
join the League of Heroes! She was
a badass!

ARTEMIS

She was a fucking publicity stunt.
The League didn't give a shit about
her.

Artemis finishes her drink, then pours herself another.

JOSIE

Hey, how many of those are you
gonna-

ARTEMIS

You know Owl Lady wasn't even her
name? She started out as the
"Avenging Owl". But the League
didn't think that "informed her
character" enough.

JOSIE

Where did you hear-

ARTEMIS

(ignoring her)

She tried so hard, you know? Just
wanted to do some good. Taught
herself to fight. Fought for her
neighborhood, then her city, then
whatever shithole the League sent
her to. Still, nobody cared.

JOSIE

You don't know that.

ARTEMIS

Oh yeah? Wherever she showed up, people would ask her why Crimson Jones couldn't make it. Everyone saw her as a joke, a dumb girl in an owl costume, trying to be something she's not. She just wanted to do some good.

JOSIE

How do you know all this?

Artemis stops, suddenly aware that she's been rambling. She turns away and downs her glass of whiskey. Josie stares at her. She looks at the newspaper clipping, then back at Artemis.

Realization dawns on Josie's face.

JOSIE

No way...

ARTEMIS

The fuck are you on about?

JOSIE

Owl Lady. That was you. The way you took down those guys, it all makes sense.

Artemis doesn't turn around. A moment of silence passes.

REPORTER (V.O.)

You didn't try to deny it?

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - PRESENT - NIGHT

Artemis stubs out her finished cigarette and pulls out another.

REPORTER

You wanted to be recognized, didn't you?

Artemis doesn't respond. She considers her cigarette, then holds it out to the Reporter without looking at him. He stares at it for a moment, not comprehending, then realized what she wants and pulls out his lighter. He lights the cigarette, and Artemis takes a deep drag.

REPORTER

So how did that change things between you, now that she knew who

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

you were?

ARTEMIS

Well, for starters, she became a giant pain in my ass.

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - LAST JUNE - DAY

Artemis tries to make her way to the door, but Josie stops her.

JOSIE

Come on!

ARTEMIS

It's not gonna happen.

JOSIE

You could train me! We could take on that Red Martha bitch, drive her out of the city!

ARTEMIS

Kid, you need to stop. The time for superheroes is over.

JOSIE

Why? We're a good team! I can handle myself, you've seen that. We could bring back Owl Lady!

ARTEMIS

Congratulations, you can beat up a couple of tax collectors, you're now a bona-fide superhero. You're not going up against some Saturday morning cartoon villain.

JOSIE

(dismissive)

Her name is *Red Martha*.

ARTEMIS

If you keep pushing her, she will hurt you, probably kill you. And it won't just be you. She'll rain hell down on the entire neighborhood. Just leave it alone.

JOSIE

I can't. It's not right.

ARTEMIS

Then maybe you should leave. Get out of my home. Get out of the building. Get out of Jersey, if that's what it takes to forget about this.

JOSIE

I can't fucking believe this. My mother looked up to you. I looked up to you. Owl Lady was better than this.

Artemis laughs, but her voice is mirthless.

ARTEMIS

Kid, Owl Lady was always this. Just because you and your mommy were too stupid to realize that doesn't mean-

JOSIE

Shut up!

Josie grabs the framed newspaper clipping off the wall and hurls it to the ground with a cry, cracking the glass.

The two stare at each other, silent except for Josie's heavy breathing.

JOSIE

And stop calling me kid.

Josie storms out the door, slamming it shut behind her. A moment passes. Artemis picks up the frame and puts it back on the wall.

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - PRESENT - NIGHT

Artemis picks up the cracked frame from the table, and puts it back on the wall.

ARTEMIS

I didn't hear from her for a few weeks. She didn't want anything to do with me, and I was just fine with that.

REPORTER

But you did hear from her.

ARTEMIS

Well, heard *about* her, at least.

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - LAST JUNE - DAY

Artemis, arms filled with groceries, struggles but ultimately manages to come through her front door. She tosses the bags onto the kitchen counter. She searches for a moment, then finds and grabs the TV remote and turns it on. She starts putting away her groceries.

NEWS ANCHOR

...left four people hospitalized. Unconfirmed reports suggest the men were associated with the notorious Red Syndicate. Eyewitnesses claim to have seen a figure dressed as former masked vigilante Owl Lady fleeing the scene.

Artemis drops a glass jar, startled. It shatters on the ground.

NEWS ANCHOR

Owl Lady was known as a member of the now defunct League of Heroes, albeit one of the League's less prominent inductees.

ARTEMIS

Less prominent my ass.

NEWS ANCHOR

Has the Nocturnal Nemesis found a new protege to take on her mantle? Who is the new Owl Lady?

Artemis grabs the remote and turns off the TV.

ARTEMIS

Fucking kid.

Artemis moves towards the door. She grabs the handle, but stops.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

I should have let it go. If the kid wanted to run around in an owl mask and get herself killed, that was her prerogative.

(beat)

But of course I didn't

Artemis storms out of the apartment, slamming the door behind her.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

Idiot.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LAST JUNE - DAY

Artemis pounds on the door to Josie's apartment, a few door down from her own. No response. She knocks again.

ARTEMIS

Hey, open up, you fucking moron!

The door opens. VALERIE, a young woman with distinctive lip piercings, answers the door, a bemused look on her face.

VALERIE

I'm guessing you're the crazy old bat from down the hall.

ARTEMIS

(confused)

Oh, I... I'm sorry, I was looking for-

Valerie turns back into the apartment.

VALERIE

Door's already open, might as well come out.

JOSIE (O.S.)

Fucking hell, Val.

Josie sheepishly walks up to the door, a frustrated expression on her face. Val smirks at her, plants a kiss on her cheek, then walks back into the apartment. Josie sighs.

JOSIE

So? What do you want?

ARTEMIS

That was you last night. Going after Red's people.

Josie glances behind her, then steps outside and closes the door behind her.

JOSIE

I don't know what you're talking about.

ARTEMIS

It's on the news. "The New Owl Lady".

JOSIE

How-

ARTEMIS

People saw you leave the scene.
Where did you even get that
costume?

Josie looks away.

JOSIE

I, uh, made it. There was this
hero-themed costume party that I
went to in college, and-

ARTEMIS

That's great. What the hell do you
think you're doing?

Josie turns back to her.

JOSIE

What do you care?

ARTEMIS

Kid, you're gonna get yourself
killed.

JOSIE

I can handle myself. I don't need
you to babysit me.

Artemis fumes.

ARTEMIS

Fine. Throw your life away. Make
things worse for everyone. But
leave Owl Lady out of it.

JOSIE

Why should I do that?

ARTEMIS

I don't need some snot-nosed brat
ruining her legacy.

Josie rolls her eyes.

JOSIE

What legacy? I thought you said she
was a B-list nobody? Doesn't sound
like she has much of a legacy to
ruin.

ARTEMIS

Josie-

JOSIE

You said it yourself, Owl Lady is just a dumb kid in a dumb costume trying to do some good. You're not Owl Lady. You're just a cynical old hag who can't let go of the past. You don't deserve her.

Josie storms back to her apartment, audibly locking door behind her. Artemis stares after her.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

I should have just left it there.

REPORTER (V.O.)

I'm sensing a pattern.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

Shut up.

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - PRESENT - NIGHT

Artemis stubs out her used-up cigarette. She picks up the cigarette box, but finds it empty. She tosses it away with a sigh.

ARTEMIS

This fucking kid comes in from nowhere and thinks she can take Owl Lady from me.

The Reporter reaches into his jacket and pulls out a box of cigarettes. He opens it and offers one to Artemis. She takes it, and the Reporter lights it.

REPORTER

What bothered so much about that? By your own account, your time as Owl Lady was miserable. Why hold on to it?

Artemis takes a deep drag.

ARTEMIS

What else do I have to hold on to? Sure, all Owl Lady ever amounted to was a miserable second-rate brand deal, but...

REPORTER

But it was your miserable,
second-rate brand deal.

ARTEMIS

Exactly. Owl Lady is... My legacy.
It's a sad, shitty, screw-up of a
legacy, but it's the only legacy I
got. When I die, the one thing I'll
have left behind is Owl Lady. Most
people don't give a shit about Owl
Lady, but nobody give a shit about
Artemis Blake.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Josie's apartment door opens slowly. Josie steps out quietly, carrying a duffle bag. She looks around, then closes the door and carefully locks it behind her. She looks around one last time, then heads down the stairwell.

After a moment, Artemis' apartment door slides open. Artemis peaks her head out, looks around, then steps out and locks her door. She follows Josie down the stairs.

REPORTER (V.O.)

What was your plan, exactly?

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

I didn't... exactly have a plan.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Josie waits on the subway platform, nervously shifting her duffle bag from hand to hand. A handful of fellow late-night PASSENGERS mill about idly. Artemis watches Josie from behind a pillar.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Were you trying to stop her?

ARTEMIS (V.O.)

I don't think I could've if I
tried.

A blinding light fills the tunnel as the train arrives.

EXT. SUBWAY STOP - LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Josie emerges alone from the subway entrance, glancing around the empty street. She ducks into a nearby alleyway.

Artemis emerges a moment later. She looks around, having

lost her target.

ARTEMIS
 (whispering)
 Damn it!

She hears a distant metal clang coming from the alleyway.
 She follows the sound.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Artemis turns into the alleyway just in time to see Josie,
 in full Owl Lady gear, climb to the top of a fire escape and
 vanish over the rooftop.

ARTEMIS
 You gotta be fucking kidding me.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Sounds of great effort echo below. With a final groan,
 Artemis pulls herself over the edge of the rooftop and
 sprawls out on her back, gasping for breath.

REPORTER (V.O.)
 Why even follow her, then? Were you
 trying to protect her?

INT. ARTEMIS' APARTMENT - LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Artemis scoffs at the Reporter, but turns away without
 refuting him.

REPORTER
 You were. You had every reason to
 hate this girl, but you still-

ARTEMIS
 Alright, fine! I felt responsible
 for her, is that what you wanted to
 hear? She was out there all alone
 because I told her to fuck off.
 Because I... I didn't help her.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Artemis crawls to her feet, eyes scanning the nearby
 rooftops. She finds Josie off in the distance, perched on a
 rooftop across from a warehouse.

ARTEMIS (V.O.)
 I figured the least I could do was
 make sure she didn't get herself
 (MORE)

ARTEMIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

killed.

Artemis takes a deep breath, then sprints full speed towards the edge of the roof...

...and leaps over the edge, almost majestic in the moonlight, soaring over the dark alleyway below..

...landing with a forward roll on the adjacent rooftop and coming to a stop in a heroic stance...

...and the moment lingers uncomfortably for a few seconds too long.

Artemis slowly straightens her legs, groaning in pain.

ARTEMIS

Motherfu-

INT. WAREHOUSE - LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Josie, in full Owl Lady garb, slowly makes her way down a dimly lit hallway. She ducks behind a crate as she hears voices approaching.

YANCY

...yeah, I figured it would help teach her responsibility. Plus, you know, it'd be nice for her to always have a friend around.

DAVE

Totally! Your kid's gonna love it! Y'know, I had a little pupper when I was growing up. Name was Buddy. That dog followed me everywhere-

YANCY

Fucking hell, Dave, we talked about this, you don't gotta make everything about you!

DAVE

(sheepishly)
Sorry, Yance.

YANCY

Look, man, its fine. Let's just get going. This heroin ain't gonna move itself. Don't want to make the boss lady wait.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - LAST JUNE - NIGHT

Artemis, breathing heavily, quietly approaches the front of the warehouse. She ducks behind a parked truck. She peeks up to survey the scene, but sees no one.

ARTEMIS

This should be guarded. Where-

She checks again. This time, her eyes settle on three unconscious GOONS slumped against a dumpster.

ARTEMIS

Ah.

Artemis heads for the entrance.