



BENEATH THE CITY OF ROSES

By

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AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY DANIEL SPYKER

EXT. PORTLAND OREGON PRESENT DAY EARLY AFTERNOON

Hundreds of people of all walks of life come out to gaze upon and inspect the intimidating battleships lined up against the grand waterfront of the city. Joyful sailors interact and take pictures with giddy college girls as locals and impromptu entertainers play songs and perform tricks to dazzle and profit from the crowds while also holding true to the statement of "Keep Portland Weird". High above it all a local news helicopter hovers over the Western side of the vivacious and scenic city. Down below on the grassy area of the waterfront Portland's "Rose Festival" is in full swing. At the center a large Ferris Wheel spins inside next to many other fantastic rides in the bustling carnival.

The surrounding streets are lined with eager crowds of people who have camped out to watch the cities coveted "Rose Parade". Marching band music permeates through the air from the many high school bands keeping pace. Children scoop up colorful candies tossed from smiling police and firemen while the Portland staple and famous "Royal Rosarians" lead the way with their pristine light cream colored suites and deep red ties while waving with their signature bright white gloves.

INT. HELICOPTER CABIN

Up above it all a local news helicopter hovers slowly. Inside the helicopter passenger seat an incredibly gorgeous young and ambitious woman feverishly takes notes into a gaudy pink ledger forcing her many gold bracelets to clank together. The name SOPHIA ROSE reads at the top. Pausing for a moment she reaches into a high end bright pink bag by her feet pulling out a digital voice recorder. Her pilot JACK speaks to her through the headsets in a barely audible voice.

JACK

This good Sophia? Pretty good gig covering the festival. Not many first timers get it.

Sophia Rose flips her hair up over her head fixing it into a ponytail before nodding raising her perfectly shaped eyebrows slightly agreeing with Jack. Sophia Rose leans to gaze downward out the side window. Moving the microphone from the headset up she speaks into her hand held recorder.

SOPHIA ROSE

Portland, Oregon...The City of Roses.
As a journalist it is my job to uncover and inform my city with an unbiased approach. With that said this

wonderful city has a hidden past from which I have heard and read personal accounts passed down through the years with my family.

Sophia Rose motions out with her hand for Jack to move. Jack smoothly turns the helicopter beginning to fly slowly over the glistening Willamette River.

SOPHIA ROSE

My family has deep roots in this city. Roots that go back more than a hundred years.

Sophia Rose breaths in deeply. Jack shoots her a confused look.

SOPHIA ROSE

For all that time my family has held on to and spoke in shrouded corners of Portland's tragic and bloody beginnings.

This was of course before the free spirited Little Rusty had a house on Hooker St. and Mr. Big Jim Elkins made Portland his home.

Sophia Rose pauses from speaking into her recorder and begins speaking back into her headset communicating with Jack.

SOPHIA ROSE

Jack could you move into the interior and then fly back out over Union Station before finally moving down over towards the Burnside Bridge.

Jack nods in acknowledgment.

SOPHIA ROSE

Oh and before we go I wanna get a shot of the food carts also. Maybe South West 4th?

After a look of astonishment Jack shakes his head firing back.

JACK

We are supposed to cover the festival
and nothing else. Even though I love
them and of course stop by em everyday
I'm not gonna fly over the food carts!
Hell if I do that I might as well
hover over maybe Escape from New York
or Cha Cha Cha's....

Sophia Rose looks on surprised at Jack's rant speaking to herself.

SOPHIA ROSE

Oh my god are you serious right now?
Well then Jack why not Ringside and
Morton's too?

Jack continues on.

JACK

Yea I know Portland has great places
to eat but that is not the story! And
what are you talking about a family
secret and all that! Look this better
not be about the tunnels again.
Everyone knows that's just a myth. And
anyways we don't have much time up
here.

Jack being unable to control himself turns to face Sophia Rose pleading emphatically for understanding.

JACK

I've got to get her back and gassed up
tonight for the fireworks show and
besides that I don't want to get
yelled at again for another one of
your escapades about these damn
tunnels!

Sophia Rose leans over rolling her eye's.

SOPHIA ROSE

Ugh please Jack. Your not gonna get
yelled at again. Look and even if you
do just tell them I told you to fly
around and get some new shots of the
city. Its not like we don't ever need
aerials on file. Now as for the Rose
Festival I have gone every year since
I was a child and the story won't be a

problem.

Sophia Rose leans in to make eye contact with an annoyed Jack.

SOPHIA ROSE
Alright...Mister all of a sudden I
care about my job...

Sophia Rose places her hand on his lightly surprising Jack as she sarcastically bats her eye's at him displaying her full beauty.

SOPHIA ROSE
So please I need your help to get this
out.

Sophia Rose speaks to Jack attempting to bribe him.

SOPHIA ROSE
C'mon I'll buy the next round at the
Asylum ok? All you can eat...

Jack squints his eye's slightly with concern as Sophia Rose gets him to agree and nod reluctantly.

SOPHIA ROSE
Yes! Now I'll need ya to fly over Old
Town then around Skidmore fountain.

Jack throws his hands up listening to another one of her requests leaning into the helicopters controls moving it back into the city slowly. Sophia Rose claps her hands together excitedly. She glances back at Jack briefly motioning for him to keep quiet before beginning to speak back into her voice recorder.

SOPHIA ROSE
As in many port cities there had been
some amount of illicit activities,
however the difference with Portland
was the massive tunnel system built
underground.

Jack raises his eyebrows shaking his head back and forth. Sophia Rose shoots him a simple smile continuing on.

SOPHIA ROSE
Built initially for easier access from
the shops to the waterfront, Portland

was the main port in the Northwest.
That lasted until the mid 1800's when
Puget Sound and Washington states
deeper waters attracted the cargo
ships with goods to be dispersed from
there.

Sophia Rose points eagerly in the direction she wants Jack to
fly as he abides.

SOPHIA ROSE

Alas the tunnels had lost their
purpose. Many to this day will still
challenge their existence as just
speakeasies but I know otherwise.

Sophia Rose glances over quickly towards her pilot again
almost cautiously and who is listening to everything. Then as
if rushed she begins speaking more aggressively before
looking back out over the city.

SOPHIA ROSE

The tunnels soon found another
purpose. Murder, drug manufacturing
and of course the main function...the
notorious business of shanghaiing.

Sophia Rose's words become more intense.

SOPHIA ROSE

Men snatched up in the middle of the
night. Only to awake and find
themselves heading out west the next
morning upon a unfamiliar ship and out
into a unknown future.

Sophia Rose inhales deeply feeling flushed and speaking
calmly.

SOPHIA ROSE

So with that in mind I shall reveal
one woman's account from this dark era
of Portland's history and who worked
Beneath the City of Roses.

Sophia Rose clicks off her recorder placing it at her side.
Jack glances over at Sophia Rose wide eyed. She then reaches
into her bag carefully pulling out an old book covered in a
ragged stained cloth. Jack turns his headphone volume all the
way up as she carefully unwraps it revealing a simple and

very old leather bound journal. She holds it close to her chest whispering softly.

SOPHIA ROSE

For you Amelia...I am sorry for what my family has done and I will do this for you.

Puzzled, Jack reels back on the handles forcing the helicopter to slow and rise very high above the city displaying all of it's wonder. Sophia Rose gazes down towards the waterfront picturing in her mind the wretched reaches of the tunnels stretching out into the city. Jack again turns towards Sophia Rose.

JACK

Sophia?...Sophia! You get what you need? We've got to get back now.

Sophia Rose stares down intently at the city ignoring Jack who in turn throws his hands up again before swiftly turning the helicopter down river. Sophia Rose falls back into her seat blankly staring out of her window clutching the old journal tightly.

SCREEN FADES TO BLACK

EXT. OREGON COAST LINE 1882 SUNRISE

Day breaks over the horizon revealing the wonderful natural splendor of Oregon's lush and drastic coast line. A loud steam engine cuts it's way through the dense tree's aggressively letting out puffy plumes of smoke thundering into a tunnel.

INT. TRAIN CAR

Inside the wonderfully decorated passenger cars many affluent men and and woman are involved in their own affairs. Spoiled children jump in and out of isles aggravating two elderly woman attempting to enjoy their morning coffee.

Towards the back of the train car the naturally beautiful AMELIA sits staring out a dark window as the train suddenly bursts back out of the tunnel and into the warming daylight. Dressed in common beggars clothing Amelia glances down fidgeting with her hands and peering from side to side feeling the weight of others stares.

A pair of woman speak amongst themselves about her while waving over a TRAIN ATTENDANT with concerned looks on their faces. The Train Attendant leers back at Amelia nodding her head agreeing with whatever the women next to her have said.

Amelia turns her attention back outside briefly before reaching into her pocket revealing a delicately folded small newspaper article with bold writing across the top. It exclaims "**Come travel the country! Opportunity for stage actors and actresses of all looks and likes! From Portland to back East! All are welcome!**" Smiling Amelia nods committed. Determined she stands out of her chair calling the attention of the Train Attendant.

AMELIA

Excuse me ma'am. Ma'am.

TRAIN ATTENDANT

Yes! Yes! What is it that you need!

Amelia slightly taps her pointer finger on her mouth as if to be thinking.

AMELIA

How bout...uhh...whiskey.

The Train Attendant looks back towards the women who are frowning and nodding.

TRAIN ATTENDANT

Whiskey!...What is your name?

AMELIA

Huh? My name...it's Amelia.

The Train Attendant crosses her arms rudely looking up and down at Amelia's dingy dress.

TRAIN ATTENDANT

Hmm Amelia Huh? That's surely a strange name. Well Amelia, rules state that I must see a ticket before serving anyone.

Offended a bit by the woman, Amelia turns back with a slight scowl grabbing the ticket from her seat proudly showing it to the Train Attendant. The Train Attendant snatches it out of Amelia's hand inspecting it closely. Realizing it's valid the Train Attendant hands the ticket back to Amelia looking away towards the other riders shrugging her shoulders.

TRAIN ATTENDANT

Mhmm...Right five bits then.

The Train Attendant waits for several moments as Amelia digs into her pockets spilling out coins and crumpled bills. Finding the right amount Amelia drops her coins into the now annoyed Train Attendant's outstretched hand.

AMELIA

One,two,three,four,and five.

The Train Attendant forces out a smile before retrieving her drink. Amelia accepts it sitting and turning back to the window. She stares out into the thick forest flying by slowly sipping her whiskey. The fixated woman finally finishes the last of her drink before feeling the effects of the alcohol. At that moment the SECOND TRAIN ATTENDANT enters from the far exit. He is portly and unkempt. Stopping in front of the car he speaks over everyone loudly.

SECOND TRAIN ATTENDANT

Next stop Portland! Transfer to engine
21 for Eastern stops heading towards
New York City or stay on till the end
at Seattle.

Amelia gives the man little attention then turns back to look outside. Content with her warm buzz she drifts away closing her eye's to the rhythmic rocking of the train.

EXT. UNION STATION PORTLAND,OR LATE AFTERNOON

A light and misty rainfall common to the Northwest swirls in the wind playfully before touching down on the ground. Sunlight cuts through the sporadic clouds giving the wet steel tracks a sparkling shimmer. A menacing and loud steam engine bores into the bustling train station screaming to a halt. Smoke and exhaust envelop patrons waiting along side for loved ones. One woman pulls back scolding her disobedient boy attempting to climb on the iron giant.

INT. TRAIN CAR

Amelia waits her turn patiently as children and elders move at a snails pace.

EXT. UNION STATION PORTLAND,OR LATE AFTERNOON

Exiting and welcoming the rain with open arms. The concerned

passengers from on the train talk amongst themselves while the young woman moves past them unfazed and eager to soak up the sights of her new city.

EXT. STREETS OF PORTLAND LATE AFTERNOON

Excitedly Amelia struts down the street exploring the town greeting a few young well dressed children holding umbrellas who laugh at the woman standing in the rain. Store owners keep a sharp eye on her as she passes by.

EXT. WATERFRONT LATE AFTERNOON

Getting lost in the excitement Amelia has unknowingly made her way towards the foggy waterfront but is stopped at a wooden fence taller than her.

Unable to look through the tight boards she continues walking along gliding her hand on the fence line where she comes across a wooden doorway lined with solid metal. Amelia attempts to push through it but notices a large pad lock on the other side. Curious Amelia moves over a bit peering through a broken part of the fence noticing a rickety staircase leading down to the floating docks.

AMELIA

O.k? Must be a private one.

Amelia breaths in the deeply refreshing crisp air as she continues to walk until the fence drops below her head. Amelia gasps at the dramatic scene.

AMELIA

OOOh my!

The full view of the bustling heartbeat of the city is finally revealed. Hundreds of workers and goods move in the barely controlled chaos being off loaded from many grand ships lined up along the edge as far as her eyes can see. Hearing voices and whistles from below Amelia peers down watching what looks to be a drunken man being carried by LENNY and ANTHONY who drop him in front of a docked ship. Others stand lined up and appear to be holding hands.

One slender man GARRET looks to be giving all the orders.

GARRET

God dammit Lenny get those fucking legs up!

Amelia takes her eye's off them for a moment to gaze down

river attempting to count the many ships at port. Upon looking back she freezes to see Garret is standing with his hands on his hips locking eye's with her ominously. Amelia frowns uneasily backing away slowly. As a result she stumbles on and scuffs a BUSINESS MAN's shoe. He forcibly shoves her to the ground before hopping back.

AMELIA

Oh! Wait I'm sorry.

BUSINESS MAN

Watch it whore!

Amelia recovers quickly rising to her feet angered. She swiftly unsheathes a six inch menacing blade hidden in her pocket. As a result of the fast movement her coins spill out onto the street unnoticed.

BUSINESS MAN

Hold it! Hold it!

The Business Man pleads with his arms outstretched and his palms facing upwards.

AMELIA

I'm not no whore!

BUSINESS MAN

My mistake my mistake! I only figured since you where coming up from the docks.

Amelia having already felt threatened positions herself to stab the man. A small woman notices the ongoing altercation and forcefully interjects. She is wearing a fair amount of Turquoise jewelery covering her layered leather clothing. TURQUOISE ANN speaks out sternly beside her.

TURQUOISE ANN

Put the blade away child...this is not the town you want to be attracting attention to yourself in.

Amelia promptly turns towards Turquoise Ann aiming the intimidating blade at her. The Business Man takes this opportunity backing away and turning for a quick escape. Gradually the rain turns from mist to now heavy rain pelting Amelia and Turquoise Ann. The rain bounces and beads off of Turquoise Ann's fine cream leather wear while deeply penetrating and soaking Amelia's cotton dress. In the rain they stand face to face. The smaller woman stands firm and

calmly repeats her words. Turquoise Ann motions downward at Amelia with her hands.

TURQUOISE ANN

Put down the blade child and come on
out of the rain.

Turquoise Ann backs away stepping out of the rain into some cover next to a storefront. Amelia peers around making eye contact at some people who have stopped to stare forcing them to go about their business.

TURQUOISE ANN

Come. Under the cover.

AMELIA

Damn bastard! Ahh!

Amelia sheaths and tucks her blade back into her pocket while moving under the cover next to Turquoise Ann. Amelia begins searching in her pockets for reassurance of her money. At that moment a small boy passing by runs away from his mothers grasp scooping up Amelia's unnoticed coins and runs off back to his mother as she scolds him pulling him along. Turquoise Ann takes a step back looking Amelia up and down. From her tattered dingy dress and the small worn leather shoes poking out from underneath her.

(TURQUOISE ANN)

So...You gotta name?

Ignoring Turquoise Ann Amelia feverishly searches through her pockets again and again looking for her money. Amelia drops to her knees immediately emptying all her affects onto the ground searching everywhere for her money.

TURQUOISE ANN

When did you get here?

AMELIA

Oh no! Please no!

Turquoise Ann instinctively moves farther back seemingly looking around on the ground for anything to help the frantic young woman.

TURQUOISE ANN

Is something wrong? What is it? What
did you loose?

Amelia darts back into the rain leaving her possessions

searching everywhere for her lost coins. With none in sight she once again feels into her empty pockets searching every corner of them with her fingers. Finally overwhelmed with emotion she crumbles down to her knees sobbing on the ground in the rain. Concerned Turquoise Ann moves out to her pulling her up to her feet walking and resting her down gently against a brick wall.

TURQUOISE ANN

You must stay out of the rain child!
You'll get plenty of that on you
around here without even trying.

Amelia sits staring blankly into the heavy rain.

AMELIA

My name...is Amelia.

Turquoise Ann bends down extending out her hand while motioning to herself with the other.

TURQUOISE ANN

Amelia well that's a beautiful name. I
am Turquoise Ann or just Ann if you
like. Did you lose something er...Have
you a place to stay around here?

Amelia shakes her head no as Turquoise Ann helps the soggy and disheveled woman back to her feet. Amelia lifts her head suddenly blurting out something all together different.

AMELIA

Yes well my uh...Aunt. She lives just
down the way from here.

Turquoise Ann stands back eager help.

TURQUOISE ANN

Really? Where? Hmm I thought I knew
all the families around these blocks.

Turquoise Ann begins pulling on the arm of the young woman. Amelia hesitates standing her ground swiftly putting away her affects.

TURQUOISE ANN

I'll take you there. Besides a young
girl like you shouldn't be out alone
it'll be getting close to dark soon.

Amelia desperately spy's upward searching for another quick

answer.

AMELIA

No...she's supposed to meet me here
around supper.

Turquoise Ann leers at Amelia in disbelief. She crosses her arms quickly changing her attitude.

TURQUOISE ANN

Here huh. I don't think you even know
where here is. If you wanna play games
that's fine by me but let me tell you
this! Some in this town hunt for
strays...just like you!

Turquoise Ann spins away from the surprised young woman heading back out into the rain but stops to look back at Amelia after only a couple of steps.

TURQUOISE ANN

Go back from where you came from
child. You won't like any of what
you'll find here.

Rain begins to fall down much harder now as Amelia watches Turquoise Ann turn and walk away. A brisk gust of wind cuts through her wet clothes forcing her to begin shivering. Amelia stares down towards her soggy dress and clutches her stomach from hunger. Looking back up swiftly Amelia calls out to Turquoise Ann before bounding over puddles and running back up into the rain to meet her.

AMELIA

Ann! Miss Turquoise Ann! Please wait!

Turquoise Ann stops glancing up briefly before slowly turning to listen to Amelia in the pouring rain. Amelia stands with a hand over her eye's blocking the rain and breathing slightly heavier.

AMELIA

Ann I'm...I'm sorry, but I'm just not
one to share my problems with others.

Turquoise Ann again crosses her arms in a evasive posture.

TURQUOISE ANN

Well, I'm not one to be lied to
either!

AMELIA

I know...I know I just.

Amelia displays her young age crying and burying her face into her hands. Turquoise Ann stands appearing unsure about Amelia. Turquoise Ann then pulls the young woman in close hugging and gazing upward again briefly.

TURQUOISE ANN

Not a worry dear. Not a worry. You come with me for a while hmm? We will get some food in you and some dry clothes o.k.

Amelia nods enthusiastically while Turquoise Ann pulls away swiftly shedding a layer of her leather clothing wrapping it around Amelia as they share a small smile.

TURQUOISE ANN

C'mon follow me.

The two woman hastily walk up the street into the heavy rain until disappearing around a corner.

EXT. OUTSIDE TURQUOISE ANN'S HOUSE EARLY EVENING

The steady and unrelenting rainfall quiets the streets of people except for Turquoise Ann and Amelia who push through soon coming up over a small hill to a crudely built wooden home. Amelia pauses briefly peering with her hand above her eye's again squinting at the house unexcited. Turquoise Ann continues to walk reaching the steps. As she does she turns back waving Amelia on. Amelia darts through the rain to catch up jumping onto the porch before spotting a simple rocking chair in which she quickly takes a seat in. She hastily tucks her legs into her arms for warmth as Turquoise Ann struggles with the lock. With the rain beating down Amelia tries to avoid the streams of water flowing down from the wooden overhang. Muddy water splashes up from the ground speckling Amelia's clothes with brown spots.

AMELIA

Uggh! Dammit!

TURQUOISE ANN

This door gives me so much trouble! I swear I told Chase to...Ugh! Got it.

Amelia hops up as Turquoise Ann puts her shoulder into the

large door forcing it open past the uneven floor disappearing swiftly into the darkness of her home.

INT. TURQUOISE ANN'S HOUSE

Amelia eagerly follows Turquoise Ann quickly inside. A warm musty smell engulfs Amelia who strains to look inside of the poor house. A dwindling fire towards the far corner struggles to give off very little light. Shaking off the rain Turquoise Ann grabs and tosses a few splintered dry logs atop the fire from a solid steel box placed next to her fireplace. From there she proceeds to light up the room striking a match and igniting different candles and kerosene lanterns she has spread throughout the area.

Amelia's eye's dance around absorbing the drastic difference between the decrepit looks from outside to the exceptional and welcoming inside. A giant brown bearskin rug covers the middle of her floor with another simple rocking chair placed next to the now crackling fireplace. Her walls have been covered with grand murals displaying different scenes of Indian warriors. One in particular has Indians fighting with U.S. soldiers. Amelia looks back over towards Turquoise Ann.

Turquoise Ann motions towards the warriors on the wall with her arm twice making sure Amelia see's them.

TURQUOISE ANN

My fathers people. We battled many times with the whites. Long before you were born...I imagine.

Turquoise Ann hands Amelia a lit candle. Amelia slips her finger delicately into the rusting tin holster holding it with two hands away from her face.

TURQUOISE ANN

Some clothes by the back room on that side. You get dry and I'll fetch up a bite. Gotta soup that better well be done by now.

AMELIA

Back there?

Turquoise Ann nods in approval before smoothly moving towards her cooking area. As she begins to dish up her hearty stew she hums a whimsical melody to herself. Amelia walks down the much cooler hallway stopping in front of the doorway where Turquoise Ann had said the clothes would be. Amelia glances briefly down the hallway listening to Turquoise Ann still

humming her tune before hesitantly opening up the door releasing a rush of cold air almost taking her breath away.

INT. TURQUOISE ANN'S HOUSE-INNER ROOM

Amelia covers the candle light as the air passes.

AMELIA

Oh my lord uhhggg! Cold!

Upon entering Amelia can see her breath from the frigid air. She squints through the darkness searching around the dingy room for another candle to light. Stumbling into a chair she finally finds a candle on a desk in the far side. Shivering and spilling candle wax Amelia struggles to get it lit.

Now with the room mostly lit up Amelia peers around at the poor surroundings. From the decrepit bed with an old wooden chest against the wall to the small desk next to her. Amelia spots five or six dresses hanging in an open closet of sorts and begins inspecting them. Most are hardly in any better condition than her own. Finding one she likes she quickly pulls her wet dress off exposing her goose bumped half nude body.

Amelia tosses her damp dress on the back of the chair to dry while her shapely body glistens in the candlelight. She shivers swiftly unbuttoning the back of the dress she has chosen to put on before stepping into it backwards. Amelia buttons what she can then twists it around quickly slipping her arms into it. Reaching back into her damp dress she hurriedly stashes her affects around the room before grabbing a simple ribbon tightening up her hair into a ponytail. Eager to leave the room Amelia checks her appearance in a dingy hand held mirror before stepping out to the hallway leaving the candles lit as she softly closes the door behind her.

INT. TURQUOISE ANN'S HALLWAY

Amelia cautiously walks towards the warming firelight guiding her down the dim hallway. She rubs on her arms for warmth before turning the corner into the light. Turquoise Ann faces the hallway not eating but waiting for Amelia who steps right out displaying her natural beauty.

TURQUOISE ANN

Oh! My dear what a sight you are.

Amelia slightly embarrassed forces out a tiny smile while taking her seat at a wonderfully crafted wooden table. Her wide eye's scan over her first real meal in day's. Looking

back up with great gratitude Amelia speaks to Turquoise Ann affectionately.

AMELIA

Ann...I want to thank you for all you have done and I'm sorry for again for not being honest.

TURQUOISE ANN

Not another word of it child...Now eat up...here how bout some bread.

Turquoise Ann rips her off a share of her bread handing it to Amelia. The two women share a smile then begin to eat in silence. As Amelia tastes the warm stew she notices a very intricate carving across the length of the table. Amelia runs her fingers over a Native American village scene then past her arm length to a wide river and mountains. Amelia stares at it intently.

AMELIA

This is beautiful what is it of?

Turquoise Ann glances up briefly then back down to her food without answering and continuing to eat. Amelia now thoroughly intrigued asks again.

AMELIA

Ann...Did you...

Turquoise Ann hesitates for a moment before abruptly lifting her head back up answering quickly.

TURQUOISE ANN

No I didn't! My father made it many years ago when we first arrived.

Turquoise Ann takes in a deep breath calming herself down as Amelia spoons up another bite surprised at Turquoise Ann's sudden reaction. Amelia stares down while chewing her food quietly. Turquoise Ann briefly glances upwards speaking about it some more.

TURQUOISE ANN

Sorry dear. That...was once my home. When I was a child.

AMELIA

Ann what is it? Please tell me.

Turquoise Ann sigh's deeply resting her spoon inside her bowl

before leaning back into her chair.

TURQUOISE ANN

Alright child Alright...here it is.

Amelia smiles while continuing to eat.

TURQUOISE ANN

Long Before you were born my people lived on the other side of the great mountain. Where it was was very different from here. Not as much rain over there.

Turquoise Ann points to the part on her table which resembles Mt. Hood.

TURQUOISE ANN

It was beautiful. Everyone worked together. We all cared for the elders and all helped with the children.

Amelia leans in imagining what Turquoise Ann is saying.

EXT. FLASHBACK TURQUOISE ANN'S VILLAGE

Amelia see's everything as Turquoise Ann speaks.

TURQUOISE ANN (OFF SCREEN)

From what I was told my people had been in the warm lands for more than the years of my Grandfather's Grandfather. We were a people of peace and family. Always loving our mother who provided all that we needed we gave the bodies of our dead back to her with the knowledge that it would feed the spirits to come. Cayuse was name given to us by the whites. I am all that is left now. Many had died from the whites who brought us their sickness as well as other things. We roamed the area of land as far as the eye could see but gradually it became more and more crowded. First there where only a few trappers but as time passed and my father grew older he witnessed many more coming into our lands. Coming with their powerful "Iron Horse" cutting our lands nearly

in half.

TURQUOISE ANN (O.S.CONT.)

We had been trading with them since those day's they first came onto our lands. They were disliked for the way they would simply come into our village as if they had been invited. Our elders knew that war with them would not be wise so everyone simply let them go about their way's. As a young girl I would watch them ride into camp with their poison water for which our men loved. Their whiskey and rum...these would turn a decent man into an animal. Once they had their whiskey the men would give away anything they loved for more. What was mostly wanted was our winter furs not for use for warmth but only to sell for a profit this my FATHER witnessed and resented. This went on until finally one evening after supper my grandfather brought me and a few other young girls to the outer grasslands to prepare food for the coming traders.

TURQUOISE ANN (O.S.CONT.)

Us girls were busy grinding up corn and cooking meat for them as we had done before while my grandfather tended to another large fire where they would speak of their business. Soon we heard the sound of the horses as they approached up a hill at dusk. One of them rode up ahead raising his rifle at my grandfather who walked out to greet them with open arms. Without any words he was shot down with two bullets striking him in his chest and one in his head. When I saw him drop I left what was in my hands on the ground and ran as fast as I could for our camp only looking back for a moment to see the ruthless men had stopped near where I was and where tearing at the screaming young girls clothing and slashing at them with knives.

Amelia is taken back in horror.

TURQUOISE ANN (O.S.CONT.)

My Father who was one of the fiercest warriors had heard the gunshots and had already began running out to the prairie. Once he spotted me he knew what had happened. He rushed me back into a thicket just out of our village. Settling me down he spoke to me very sternly.

FATHER

You stay here...till I come for you. We must save are brothers and sisters. Do not move and keep down. I will come back for you.

TURQUOISE ANN (O.S.CONT.)

My Father quickly ran back to each home yelling inside then on to the next. Men from our village immediately popped out of their homes readying their rifles and horses for battle. As the men swiftly left to fight I watched shivering and out of sight as our camp was ambushed from a larger group of white men from around the other side. I ducked down covering my ears from the screaming and shooting. They pulled whole family's out from the shelters simply killing them all. Our homes were torched and burnt to the ground. Children were shot, woman ravaged and the elders where burnt alive. No one was spared. I stuck my head between my legs covering my ears from the horrors around me crying myself to sleep.

Turquoise Ann leans back into her chair. Amelia with her eye's stuck on Turquoise Ann takes a small bite.

TURQUOISE ANN (O.S.CONT.)

I awoke suddenly shivering cold the next morning to the smell of smoke and the somber sounds of some one singing. As I slowly walked around the thicket and through the thick smoke I noticed the dead bodies of everyone I had ever known scattered in all directions. My

Father who was in the center of our burning village was bloodied and beaten down. He was sitting next to my mother and my two baby brothers bodies. He was singing and old beautiful song while praying for them to be welcomed back to our mother. I walked up to him placing my hand on his shoulder but my fathers eyes never met with mine. I took it upon my self to clean wrap every one of the body's before spending a day and night burning them all together in a ceremony with my Father releasing their spirits to be free. I was also given the task of collecting all our precious turquoise from the woman to hold onto as a remembrance of them. That was the last day I spent with my family.

Amelia looks down and away visibly shaken from what she is hearing.

TURQUOISE ANN

From there we packed what we could before saying are final goodbye. That is when we headed west. Since then my father was simply not the same. He seemed to grow old quicker and the world we knew began to change in front of our eye's. We as the last of our people had no choice but to change along with it.

INT. INSIDE TURQUOISE ANN'S HOUSE.

Amelia snuffles while wiping tears away from running down her cheeks.

AMELIA

Ann...why did you decide to come out west then?

TURQUOISE ANN

Well most of that final day it rained until finally the warm light broke through the darkness above just as we were to set out.

Turquoise Ann points and taps her finger at the giant sun carved into the corner of her table.

TURQUOISE ANN

My father believed it was our spirit guides telling us where to go.

Amelia shuffles in her seat tucking a leg under her bottom.

AMELIA

And then you ended up here?

Turquoise Ann rises back up placing her bowl next to a small burlap bag lined with cloth which contains salt. Tossing in a few dashes Amelia watches and shakes her head no as Turquoise Ann offers her some.

TURQUOISE ANN

Ugh I must be getting old. Every year I feel as if I have to add more and more.

AMELIA

Ann? You ended up here?

Amelia follows Turquoise Ann turning her body to keep eye contact with her while she walks back to the table taking her seat once again.

TURQUOISE ANN

Oh...Yes. Well everyone we spoke with along the way talked about a young town that was growing very fast. There was much work moving goods from the ships to the shops through a series of tunnels that had been built underneath the town.

AMELIA

Tunnels?

Amelia has stopped eating while Turquoise Ann continues on.

TURQUOISE ANN

Mm...yea. They reach deep into the town like devilish fingertips. From the docks they connect to the shops, hotels and even some homes and bars. My father worked in them for many many years until the larger ships decided to go farther north to the town of

Seattle taking most of the work along
with them.

Turquoise Ann taps Amelia's bowl again reminding her of her
food. Amelia takes a quick bite.

TURQUOISE ANN

That was oh...more than thirty years
ago I believe. Now I wouldn't dare get
close to there. The most wretched of
our town occupy them now... deviants
and crimps of all likes own that area.

Amelia looks on puzzled as Turquoise Ann continues her meal.

AMELIA

Crimps?

TURQUOISE ANN

Yes that is the name given to...

INT. TURQUOISE ANN'S HOUSE NIGHT

Loud shouts and yelling from outside suddenly pull the
woman's attention away from their conversation. The women
both look at each other in wonder and confusion. Instantly
the unmistakable crackling of gunshots ring out making Amelia
jump in her seat at every pull of the trigger forcing her to
search around for the source of the shots. Turquoise Ann
instinctively grabs Amelia's arm pulling the frightened woman
out of her seat knocking it over while settling her onto the
floor. Amelia covers her head with her arms while Turquoise
Ann scoots across the floor snatching a rifle she has in the
far corner. She quickly checks the ammunition before raising
it towards the doorway. A SCRUFFY MAN abruptly begins banging
on the door scaring Amelia while letting out desperate
screams for help.

SCRUFFY MAN(OFF SCREEN)

Ann! Ann! Please open up. Ann! Open up
please!

The flimsy door barely holds back the Scruffy Man beating on
it again and again. Amelia cowers against the wall in extreme
fright while Turquoise Ann looks towards her swiftly tapping
Amelia on the leg grabbing her attention. She puts a hand
over her own mouth to signal for Amelia to remain silent.
Amelia nods in obedience as Turquoise Ann resumes pointing
her rifle directly at her door nervously bracing her self for
whatever may come through. More bullets ring out louder and

ripping through the house and windows missing the woman showering them with glass and splinters of wood from behind. Amelia muffles her screams with her hands over her mouth as her eye's become huge darting around in every direction.

SCRUFFY MAN(O.S.)

Their gonna kill me! Ann! Aaaagh!

The sounds of the Scruffy Man being beat on can be heard. Boots scrape along the porch followed by a final push against the door. Amelia glances back towards Turquoise Ann shaking trying to remain silent.

EXT. OUTSIDE TURQUOISE ANN'S HOUSE EVENING

A SINISTER MAN approaches the porch slowly putting his open hand in the air as if to calm the situation down. The Scruffy Man struggles to move but is pressed up tightly by two burly men against the door.

SCRUFFY MAN

No! Wait! Wait tell Bunko I'll pay!
I'll pay! Whatever he want's!

The Sinister Man listens for a moment then gets right in the Scruffy Man's face.

SINISTER MAN

That's right you gonna fucking pay asshole! Oh and Bunko said not to worry about the money. Instead he sent me to give you a gift.

The Sinister Man displays a large shimmering knife holding it high before swiftly thrusting it deep into the Scruffy Man's side twice leaving it protruding out of his ribs. Thick dark red blood pours out onto the porch as the Scruffy Man lets out chilling screams. The Sinister Man pulls his victim in close speaking with a eerie tone in his ear.

SINISTER MAN

Tell the devil I'll be seeing him soon.

SCRUFFY MAN

Kill me then! Go on...do it you chicken shit!

The Sinister Man leans in viciously responding.

SINISTER MAN

That my friend would be my pleasure.

The Sinister Man holds up the Scruffy Man against Turquoise Ann's door with one hand on his neck while raising his pistol with the other. Instantly placing the barrel against his forehead he sends a bullet into the Scruffy Man's head straight through the door splattering blood and brain matter all over himself. The Sinister Man spits while letting the Scruffy Man's limp body slide down resting with a thud in a pool of blood that has collected under him.

SINISTER MAN

God damn... piece of shit! Blahh! I believe that one was rotten boy's! Ptooph!

The men all share a laugh as the Sinister Man retrieves his knife from the Scruffy Man's ribs wiping it clean on his shirt before returning it to its sheath.

INT. INSIDE TURQUOISE ANN'S HOUSE.

Inside Turquoise Ann's house blood begins to creep in under the door seeping closer to the fearfully silent Amelia. Outside the Sinister Man steps to the side of the dead body banging and attempting to bait Turquoise Ann into answering the door.

SINISTER MAN(O.S.)

Hey! Ann you in there! C'mon out here and visit with an old friend. Ha! Ha!

Still overcome with fear Amelia turns to see Turquoise Ann who is holding steady still pointing her rifle at the door. Turquoise Ann slowly cocks back the hammer on her rifle preparing to fire while breathing deeply. As the beating on the door continues Turquoise Ann peers over to Amelia putting a finger over her own mouth signaling again for her to stay quiet. Amelia acknowledges with a nod ducking her head into her legs.

SINISTER MAN(O.S.)

No not tonight huh! Well no matter then. We'll be seeing your old bones soon enough. Ha ha C'mon then boys.

Hearing no response the killers step off the porch leaving and laughing amongst themselves. Turquoise Ann remains still and silent waiting until she cannot hear them anymore. Sure that they are gone Turquoise Ann finally lowers the barrel of

her rifle resting it on the floor while exhaling a deep breath of relief. After a brief moment Turquoise Ann turns over to a frightened Amelia. She speaks to her in a loud whisper.

TURQUOISE ANN
Amelia!...Amelia!

Stunned Amelia does not respond until Turquoise Ann grabs a hold of her arm. Amelia raises her head surprised.

TURQUOISE ANN
Amelia! Look at me. Go on...into the back room now it'll be alright. Go on.

Hesitating for a moment Amelia places her arms next to her side rising slowly with a shocked look upon her face. Before turning the corner to enter the hallway Turquoise Ann speaks once more with an inappropriately lighter tone.

TURQUOISE ANN
Oh and Amelia...welcome to Portland dear.

Amelia looks back at Turquoise Ann with a awkward smile before turning not knowing how to react to the evenings events. Turquoise Ann uses her rifle to gingerly stand.

TURQUOISE ANN
Uhhg I'm getting to old for this damn town.

Turquoise Ann moves about the room extinguishing her candles and lamps only leaving the flickering fire to light up the room. She tosses a few more logs on top of her fire before slumping deeply into her rocking chair gazing briefly at the small pool of blood that has seeped in from under her door. She then gently places her rifle across her lap slowly rocking back and forth humming another softer tune.

Close to her side Turquoise Ann has a wooden bowl set on a small table. She quietly lifts the top off placing it delicately to the side. Reaching into it she lifts out a wooden pipe and fair amount of marijuana in which she stuffs her pipe full. Striking a match Turquoise Ann puffs away staring deeply into the fire. She holds her breath for a moment then exhales a great cloud of smoke. She continues staring into the fire while rocking and humming.

EXT. OUTSIDE ANN'S HOUSE TWILIGHT

Out of the silence of the night Lenny and Anthony come lumbering from the darkness pushing a flat squeaking cart with a simple blanket tossed over it.

LENNY

Bullshit!

Anthony shoots a disgusted look towards Lenny pushing the cart.

ANTHONY

What?

LENNY

This is bullshit. Why the fuck are we always sent to pick up these dead lumps of shit.

ANTHONY

Lenny could you just shut the fuck up for once...you know why.

LENNY

No Anthony I won't just shut the fuck up! I can do more than watch over whores and pick up lames. I am a business man.

Anthony clutches his stomach exaggerating his laughter.

ANTHONY

Ha! A business man huh. Like when boss left you to keep an eye on the whores out by the train station! They got you so drunk and high the only business you did was shit your damn pants!

Anthony continues to laugh loudly infuriating Lenny.

LENNY

Fuck yourself Anthony! I didn't shit myself those whores...

At that moment Anthony turns serious giving Lenny a stiff jab in the side quickly stopping him from talking loudly. In a loud whisper Lenny continues on.

LENNY

What the fuck! Ahh! I said I didn't

shit my self those whores...

The two men stop the squeaking cart in front of Turquoise Ann house. Anthony speaks in a loud whisper.

ANTHONY

Shut up goddammit! This looks to be the place. Now gimme the blanket so we can wrap em up an go.

LENNY

Yep must be...don't see any other dead assholes lying round. Ha!Ha!

ANTHONY

Lenny! Shut your mouth!

Anthony makes his way up the porch snapping his fingers at Lenny who forcefully whips the blanket from off the cart. Lenny stumbles up the stairs dropping it next to the bloody body while Anthony looks around for anyone. Lenny immediately pulls the sitting body out onto the porch thumping what's left of the head against the wood with no regard for the noise it makes. He then feverishly begins going through everyone of the pockets of the dead man.

LENNY

Evening sir.... looks like your having a peach of a night. Oh don't mind if I do how kind. Ha Ha!

Finding nothing Lenny stands up angry kicking at the lifeless body.

LENNY

Stupid bastard. Shit! Nothin!

Lenny spits on the body visibly angered. Anthony steps in pushing Lenny aside disgusted with him and his actions.

ANTHONY

You dumb shit! Boss said not to mess wit em. Now help me get em up before he fucking goes stiff.

Anthony tosses the blanket over the body and readies himself for the lift.

LENNY

Oh no wait a god damn minute!

ANTHONY

What!

LENNY

Why do you always get the feet and I get stuck with the soaking wet knot.

ANTHONY

Damn it Lenny! Cause I always grab em first. Now reach down and get a hold of it.

LENNY

This is bullshit.

ANTHONY

Lenny I swear I'm gonna cut your fucking throat myself if you don't grab that god damn end and get it up!

Lenny bends down mumbling before finally lifting his end. As he begins to stand his foot slips on the thick blood covering the porch. With one hand he attempts to brace himself from falling while trying not drop the body. As a result he squeezes tighter around the neck forcing blood to ooze out all over his arm. Lenny throws down his part of the body making another loud thud on the porch.

LENNY

Oh shit! Fucking leaked all over me!

Anthony glares at Lenny becoming annoyed with him.

ANTHONY

What the hell Lenny! Quit fucking around!

Anthony remains still in position attempting to calm himself by breathing deeply while holding the feet hunched over and waiting for Lenny. Lenny looks down at his feet where it's slick.

LENNY

Ughh! It's slick over here. They must have bear greased it down or something. Maybe they know where here!

Anthony rolls his eye's in disbelief.

ANTHONY

Holy shit...You must be the dumbest

sumbitch I've ever met! It's fucking
blood you louse now get that god
dammit end up before you wake the
whole town!

Anthony shakes his head at Lenny in disgust before the two men finally get to lifting the still dripping body carrying it gingerly towards the simple cart. Lenny has his hands on the blanket barely covering the dead man's shoulders struggling to hold it away from his body. As the two go to place the body upon the cart Lenny's end slips out of the blanket again falling onto the muddy ground.

LENNY

Ah...shit!

Anthony leers at Lenny in disbelief before forcefully throwing the dead man's feet down.

ANTHONY

Mother fucker!

Steaming in his own anger Anthony races around the body going after Lenny. As a result Lenny bolts down the street until Anthony finally pulls his pistol pointing it at Lenny and cocking the hammer back. Lenny freezes from the familiar sound halfway down the road forcing Anthony to yell in a loud whisper.

ANTHONY

Lenny! Get over here!

Anthony waves the arm with the pistol in his hand shaking the bullets inside. Lenny stands hesitant in the middle of the quiet street. Anthony whispers louder again.

ANTHONY

Lenny! God dammit!

Lenny acts for a moment as if he may run again before yelling in his own loud whisper.

LENNY

Put up the pistol first!

Anthony puts his hands up dangling the pistol in one finger through the trigger hole.

ANTHONY

Alright shit! Just get over here and

help me get this up!

Anthony un-cocks and tucks his pistol into his waist.

ANTHONY

Look! Now c'mon!

Lenny ducks his head down quickly jogging back towards the body.

ANTHONY

Now your gonna tell boss why he's all muddy. Let's go.

LENNY

What the fuck! Your the asshole...

Anthony interrupts Lenny before he can go on another rant.

ANTHONY

Lenny just lift the god damn thing will ya! The fuckin coppers sure gonna be here soon and I don't wanna be round when they are. Especially with some fucking dead asshole missing the top of his head!

The two men finally heave the limp body onto the cart flipping it face down with a thud. Brushing themselves off Anthony reaches for a small cigar in his shirt pocket. He then ignites his match next to the dead body staring out blankly with lifeless eye's.

ANTHONY

Grab a hold of the cart an start pushen Lenny.

Lenny throws his arms up slightly before grasping the squeaking cart and leaning into it pushing it forward.

LENNY

Damn bastards heavy, and why the hell should I tell boss I bruised em. I'm the one...

ANTHONY

Lenny god dammit! Just shut your mouth a let me enjoy a quiet smoke for once...shit!

LENNY

O.k. I'll shut up but you best get the first two. And by the way let me tell you about them whores down by the train station.

Anthony puts his hands up on his head shaking it in frustration.

ANTHONY

Lenny!

LENNY

What I was only sayin...

The two men continue on arguing walking away with the squeaking cart before disappearing out into the darkness.

INT. TURQUOISE ANN'S HOUSE-INNER ROOM

Shivering Amelia awakens suddenly breathing heavily in the single candle lit room. Wind cuts through the poorly built house forcing Amelia to rise out of the creaking metal bed quickly. Tossing her blanket around her she swiftly moves to get out of the room.

INT. INSIDE TURQUOISE ANN'S HOUSE

Amelia moves towards the heat of the still crackling fire as Turquoise Ann sits in the main room next to the fireplace rocking slowly still poised with her rifle in hand. The soothing smell of Sage burns filling the air with a comforting calmness. Amelia makes her presence known by clearing her throat pulling Turquoise Ann's attention away from the dramatic fire.

TURQUOISE ANN

Oh! You startled me dear. Come... you sit here.

Amelia stands rubbing her arms for warmth while still waking.

AMELIA

No. No. I'm fine you sit Ann.

TURQUOISE ANN

Please child come. I need to move or I'll be stuck in this chair all night. Gotta keep these old bones moving.

Turquoise Ann leans her rifle gently against the table before

rising out of her old rocking chair grabbing a hold of Amelia's hand guiding her into it. Turquoise Ann lovingly places a homemade shawl around Amelia making her feel comfortable. Striking a match Turquoise Ann relights her lantern slightly brightening up the room exposing the now dried blood still under the doorway which Amelia notices immediately.

AMELIA

Oh my god that poor man.

TURQUOISE ANN

Yes dear. This town is filled with evilness. I try to stay out of the business by the water but some people or things cannot be helped.

AMELIA

Will someone come to get him in the morning?

Turquoise Ann stands with her back to Amelia picking up broken pieces of dishes and splinters of wood.

TURQUOISE ANN

I believe he's gone already.

AMELIA

Gone? You buried him or...

Turquoise Ann glances back at Amelia amused by her naive way of thinking.

TURQUOISE ANN

Me? Nooo. He was taken shortly after you went down for the night.

Amelia sits up in her chair turning her body in it towards Turquoise Ann.

AMELIA

Taken? What does that mean?

TURQUOISE ANN

Taken.

Annoyed at the vague answers Amelia stands placing a hand on Turquoise Ann's shoulder forcing her to turn around.

AMELIA

Ann...taken to be looked after or...?

TURQUOISE ANN

Huh...Oh no by now I believe he could be on his way to a ship or...

Amelia interrupts angrily shaking her head in disbelief.

AMELIA

A ship! What would a dead bloody mess be doing on a ship! He should have been cleaned and readied for a proper burial. Ann you must tell me what's going on here. I won't stay another night...I'm telling you I just won't!

Amelia stares at Turquoise Ann leaning in towards her begging her for an answer. Reluctantly Turquoise Ann takes her by the hand sitting her down next to the fire again. Turquoise Ann squats down in front of her speaking with a soothing tone.

TURQUOISE ANN

Sit down and calm yourself please. You are too young to worry about such things.

Amelia stays at the edge of the chair leaning forward still waiting for a response.

TURQUOISE ANN

Amelia you will soon find out for yourself what goes on out there in the dark streets. As for now I must settle for the night. My home is yours.

Turquoise Ann pats Amelia on her head gently before walking down the dark hallway. Amelia watches Turquoise Ann as she enters into her room closing the door softly behind her. Amelia spins around quickly in the chair sitting alone staring into the crackling fire hugging her blanket close in an unsure manner rocking slowly.

EXT. TURQUOISE ANN'S FRONT PORCH ONE MONTH LATER NOON

Turquoise Ann sits rocking on her front porch basking in the afternoon sun while intently knitting a simple blanket. Children run by cursing at each other while kicking at a ball forcing Turquoise Ann to briefly look up frowning. From out of sight two muddy and mangy dogs run up to her porch barking and chasing each other around back and forth.

TURQUOISE ANN

Oh! My goodness No!

Surprised Turquoise Ann grabs a Oregonian newspaper next to her swiftly attempting to shew them away awkwardly chasing them for a moment.

TURQUOISE ANN

Go on and get a bath you! Ah! You too!
Uhhg! Filthy animals. Get away from
here!

The dogs finally scamper off barking back at Turquoise Ann who flops back in her chair fully annoyed speaking under her breath continuing to knit feverishly. From far down the street yelling is heard by Turquoise Ann who lifts her head up still frowning and squinting to see.

TURQUOISE ANN

Oh now what!

Turquoise Ann strains her eyes to peer down the street spotting Amelia yelling her name and running up displaying a huge smile. Turquoise Ann places her blanket down before lifting herself out of her chair again to meet Amelia.

AMELIA

Ann! Ann! I think I may have found
work! I mean...I did.

Turquoise Ann hugs the excited young woman.

TURQUOISE ANN

You did! That's wonderful news!

AMELIA

Yes! Isn't it! After I save some money
maybe I could look into getting on at
the theater! Then maybe after some
time I can begin to um...maybe work on
stage.

Turquoise Ann attempts to calm down Amelia again by placing her hands on her shoulders nodding and letting her finish her thought.

TURQUOISE ANN

You can do anything you want child now
calm yourself a bit and tell me where
it is.

Amelia turns pointing down the street. Turquoise Ann immediately leans over to look down the street where Amelia is pointing with a concerned look upon her face.

AMELIA

Right down there...the a Cafe by your friends place.

Turquoise Ann stands back crossing her arms in disapproval.

AMELIA

As I walked out from the General Store a man by who um...calls himself Gibbs asked me if I wanted to help him a couple day's a week cleaning dishes and things.

TURQUOISE ANN

Gibbs! Amelia noooo he's truly a wretched man. He won't treat you well at all let alone pay you.

AMELIA

Ann! But he seemed nice...not very clean but a cook you know they work with their hands all day and over the fire.

Turquoise Ann becomes angered but quickly changes her attitude breathing in deeply.

TURQUOISE ANN

Yea seemed. Come here child. Look at me. Would you please consider looking somewhere else. We could go out morrow after daybreak and begin looking. There are plenty of places...

Amelia shakes her head firmly standing her ground.

AMELIA

Ann let me try this for some day's please. I want to be able to do things on my own.

Turquoise Ann stands listening to Amelia's pleas unamused.

AMELIA

If I don't like it I just won't go back o.k.?

Turquoise Ann peers up over Amelia's head then back down to her proudly giving in to Amelia's ambitious request.

TURQUOISE ANN

Ughh you are a strong one. Fine child.
I shall wish you the best but look at
me. You keep an eye out all right that
area can get dangerous for a beautiful
woman especially at night.

Amelia nods yes as Turquoise Ann pulls the young woman in close hugging her tightly. Upon release Amelia jumps up and down clapping in excitement.

AMELIA

I'm so excited! Thank you! Thank you!
I knew my luck would turn around.

The two share a smile as Turquoise Ann waves her to come inside.

TURQUOISE ANN

C'mon in and have a bite before those
filthy dogs come runnin back round.

Amelia trots up into the house as Turquoise Ann follows behind turning to shut the door but before she enters she stops and spots a well known evil woman by the name of NINA walking by. Nina keeps eye contact Turquoise Ann while passing by with an unsettling grin. Turquoise Ann scowls at the woman before swiftly shutting the door behind her.

INT. CAFE - LUNCH TIME TWO WEEKS LATER

Inside of the dirty Cafe Amelia is buried behind a mountain of filthy dishes. Another older woman that works with her keeps bringing in more and more dishes with a infuriating smile on her face for Amelia. Amelia looks tired but still tries to inch away at the many dishes. Her disgusting boss GIBBS walks by brushing his hand along her backside startling and forcing her to loose her grip on a wet dish crashing onto the ground. Gibbs glances back at Amelia briefly smiling.

GIBBS

That's two! One more and it'll start
costing ya! He he he.

AMELIA(VOICE OVER)

It has been two weeks now since I have

been at the cafe. There is plenty of work only Gibbs can't keep his hands to himself. Hopefully soon I will get paid and I can leave from here.

Amelia slowly bends down picking up the broken and soapy pieces of the dish tossing it into a old wooden barrel next to her. She softly wipes her raw and soar hands looking at them for a moment. They are wrinkled from the dark soapy water. Looking up she notices the food garbage barrel which sits on small wheels is full again and needs her attention. Visibly miserable Amelia breaths in deeply grabbing the food garbage pulling it out the back door struggling not to spill it on the uneven ground. Pulling it outside Amelia stops at the point where a pile has collected from the surrounding shops. She throws the barrel down spilling the rotting food into the pile then moves it away dragging it on the ground and gagging from the putrid smells.

Away from the garbage pile Amelia plops down into a seat in an old weather worn wooden chair next to the wall of the cafe. A stray dog runs up greeting Amelia before munching on garbage. Mumbling curse words to herself Amelia reaches into an inconspicuous tin can down by her feet. She lifts out a small bottle of whiskey quickly while looking back to see if anyone is around. Amelia uncorks then takes back a healthy swill leaning into her chair while blowing the alcohol out of her mouth cringing slightly.

AMELIA

Ahhh.

Before she can fully relax a yell from Gibbs coming from inside startles Amelia who in turn swiftly recorks her bottle. Setting everything back in it's place Amelia jumps back up retrieving the empty barrel.

GIBBS

Amelia! God dammit where did she go!

Amelia! Get your ass back in here!

Amelia wipes her mouth before calming herself and swiftly returning inside dragging the barrel along with her.

EXT. OUTSIDE ANN'S HOUSE MID AFTERNOON

Amelia sits rocking on Turquoise Ann's front porch watching rambunctious children play across the street fighting briefly

before a elder woman yanks them both by the ears scolding them loudly. Amelia laughs to herself while Turquoise Ann steps out from he house holding a simple leather book in her hand.

TURQUOISE ANN
Mighty quiet tonight.

AMELIA
Mmhmm.

Amelia agrees staring off beyond the clouds. Turquoise Ann rests the book on Amelia's shoulder along with a charcoal pencil.

TURQUOISE ANN
Here dear it's a journal...to write
your thoughts in.

Amelia looks back at her gift then jumps up in excitement hugging Turquoise Ann tightly. Pulling back she notices Turquoise Ann's newly finished gorgeous double tiered tear drop earrings.

AMELIA
Oh Ann! I love these! Did you just
finish them?

Showing her work off proudly Turquoise Ann leans close to Amelia letting her rest her hand under the stunningly beautiful blue stones draped slightly with shimmering silver.

TURQUOISE ANN
Just this morning.

AMELIA
They feel so light. Will you make me
some soon?

TURQUOISE ANN
All in good time dear. Now how about
the journal?

Amelia looks down at it smiling before quickly pulling it in holding it close to her heart.

AMELIA
Yes. I love this too. I'll start
writing about everything. From when I
first arrived. When we met and my work
and about today! Ann you know I can't

imagine where I would be without
helping me that day.

TURQUOISE ANN

Oh not a worry child I believe it was
meant to be. Now here sit and write
some... dinner will be up soon.

AMELIA

Yes alright! Thank you again for this
Ann.

TURQUOISE ANN

It's nothing dear. These day's a young
woman needs a place for her own words
and thoughts just as a reminder of her
life and such.

The women share another warm embrace before Turquoise Ann
walks back inside with a sincere smile upon her face. As
Amelia takes her seat again she looks the book over rubbing
her hand across the fine leather casing opening it to the
first blank page. She starts out at the top by writing the
date at which she arrived to her new home. It reads February
23,1882. Amelia continues to write rocking in her chair.

EXT.OUTSIDE ANN'S HOUSE EARLY EVENING

Amelia sits silent on Turquoise Ann's porch rocking with her
attention fully on her journal writing when Turquoise Ann
peeks her head out once again.

TURQUOISE ANN

You smell that?

Amelia stops sniffing the air for any strange smells.

AMELIA

No? Smell what?

TURQUOISE ANN

It smells like it gonna rain tonight.

Amelia closes her journal sniffing the air once more. Not
noticing anything different than the normal scents she looks
up towards Turquoise Ann in a confused manner.

AMELIA

You can smell the rain?

Turquoise Ann looks off into the heart of Portland searching for the clouds.

TURQUOISE ANN

Sure when there's time. Most time it comes so fast you get caught right in it.

Amelia raises her eyebrows questioning in her head if Turquoise Ann is correct. Turquoise Ann claps her hands suddenly changing the mood.

TURQUOISE ANN

So! Amelia. It has been some time now since you arrived and I feel as if you have been doing very well. How would you feel about going down to The OL'End for a bit?

Amelia jumps up like an excited child.

AMELIA

That would be wonderful! I haven't been out since our first time! When will we go?

Amelia pulls on Turquoise Ann's arm like a child.

TURQUOISE ANN

Hold on dear. Hold on! You will go and I shall stay. You deserve some time out to be young. Now come on in... and eat a bite before it gets cold.

AMELIA

Ha Ha! This will be so much fun!

Amelia sets her journal on the rocking chair before jumping inside obediently with Turquoise Ann closing the door behind them.

EXT. TURQUOISE ANN'S FRONT PORCH EARLY EVENING

Dusk approaches as Amelia once again rocks back and forth finishing reading over her journal before delicately laying her sacred book back onto the rocking chair. Excitedly

turning around towards the door Amelia peeks her head inside addressing Turquoise Ann who is also rocking by the fire with her pipe in hand.

AMELIA

Aaaaann? I'm walking out now.

Surprised Turquoise Ann quickly sets her pipe down onto her table.

TURQUOISE ANN

Oh! Wait dear! Wait one moment. Let me see you off.

Amelia rolls her eye's slightly bending her knees up and down eager to leave. Turquoise Ann attempts to rise swiftly but hobbles a bit meeting Amelia leaning into the house on her porch. Turquoise Ann walks completely outside as Amelia holds in her emotions. Standing in front of Amelia, Turquoise Ann fiddles with her hair and dress moving it aside and fixing a undone button just as a mother would. Finished Turquoise Ann looks directly into the Amelia's eye's in a serious manner.

TURQUOISE ANN

You be careful tonight an get back quickly. Remember follow the road past your eat'in house. Mind yourself and stick close to the bartender CHASE. And Amelia only a have couple alright...oh and don't accept anything from anyone!

Amelia nods over and over again in an unconvincing response half listening.

AMELIA

MMMhmmm. Mmmhmmm. O.k.

Turquoise Ann hugs her close one more time finally releasing the young woman who in turn leaps down from off the porch. Amelia smiles big waving while walking backwards down the street. Turquoise Ann stands firm with her arms crossed. Thunder rumbles deeply in the distance while Turquoise Ann whispers to herself quietly.

TURQUOISE ANN

Please be careful child.

Turquoise Ann watches as the cheerful young woman skips down the road until she disappears around the corner. Turquoise Ann returns back inside just as the weather begins to change

and the wind picks up. Two devious men stalk her movements with their eye's from separate sides of an adjacent street. With bad intentions they peer at one another nodding in synchronization eerily moving towards Turquoise Ann's house.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OL'END BAR SUNDOWN

A light sprinkle of rain begins to fall as Amelia walks up next the long side of a plain building lined with many wooden crates. She reaches her hands out to feel the rain speaking to herself.

AMELIA

Huh! It's raining. Ann's not so crazy after all.

She stops at the inconspicuous entrance only noticed by the sounds of loud patrons and piano music seeping outward. Amelia adjusts her hair then places her shapely leg upon a small crate tightening up a knife she has tied to her inner thigh with another cloth ribbon.

Feeling ready she finally breaths in deeply pushing the heavy door open slowly. Music from a lively piano player and cigar smoke pour out engulfing Amelia as she walks inside.

INT. THE OL'END

Card tables line one side with heavy gamblers and drinkers who stop briefly to look up from their games before returning their attention back on them. One patron in particular gets hit in the arm by a angered whore sitting on his lap for staring at Amelia to long. The upbeat music permeates throughout the room from a energetic man at the far end. Next to him two frightened women in cages stand up high requiring most of the patrons attention. Scanning the room for friendly faces Amelia locks eye's with NINA who displays an uncomfortable stare. A loud whistle moves Amelia's attention towards the bar where CHASE stands waving her over towards him while wiping down a space for her on the fine oak counter.

Amelia smiles upward forcefully making her way through the crowded place avoiding unwanted advances from drunks and pushing at their hands. Chase greets her with a smile.

CHASE

Well good seeing you here Amelia, where's Miss Ann tonight?

Taking her seat at the bar Amelia looks around back once more at Nina. Speaking while turning her head to Chase, Amelia responds.

AMELIA

Ahh well she wanted to stay in tonight.

CHASE

Well that's to bad. I was hoping to get another dance from her.

Amelia reels back with laughter at Chase's words.

AMELIA

She'd sure be pleased to hear that! I'll let her know for ya.

CHASE

That would be fine by me. Now what can I get you started with tonight?

Amelia motions for Chase to lean in while speaking just loud enough for him to hear.

AMELIA

I'll take two whiskey's and who is that woman sitt'in there in the back.

Chase leans to the side peering around Amelia spotting nothing but an empty chair where she was speaking of.

CHASE

What woman?

Chase asks while pouring her drinks. Amelia turns her head quickly looking for Nina who is now gone. Scanning over the room she can't see her anywhere but spots the cook from the cafe GIBBS and his friend MASON. Amelia spins back around trying to avoid eye contact with the visibly drunk man.

AMELIA

Damn! Gibbs that filthy bastard! Can't keep his hands off me, and of course he's got that dirty son a bitch Mason with him! Swear them two share the same bed.

Gibbs spots her and begins pushing and wading his way through the patrons spilling their drinks and his own on some followed closely by Mason. Amelia takes down her whiskey's

quickly as Gibbs presses his body up against her backside and trapping her in between the bar. Amelia looks back disgusted.

GIBBS

So doll...you came to give it to us
tonight, or wait till you come in for
your pay.

The two filthy men laugh and smile exposing their blackened disgusting teeth. Amelia becomes enraged at the two men and reacts.

AMELIA

Get your filthy ass off me! I'd make
it with a crotch rotted drunk outside
before either of you!

Amelia pushes her body away flailing her arms spilling Gibbs drink over his already soiled shirt. Gibbs stunned and dripping with whiskey throws his glass against the bar exploding shards everywhere. Amelia covers her face from the glass while everyone around her stops for a moment to see what happened.

GIBBS

Why you fucking whore! Don't you
bother coming back into my place! I'll
fucking...

Spitting mad Gibbs lunges for Amelia only being held back by Mason who spins him away quickly. Mason speaks intently into his ear calming him down a bit.

MASON

Forget bout it! We got more important
things to deal with remember!

Gibbs agrees stumbling away towards the door.

GIBBS

Right! Alright let's go then.

MASON

C'mon leave the whore.

Gibbs stops at the door before exiting turning back yelling at Amelia.

GIBBS

You god dam wench! I'll be seeing you
again soon!

After a short pause the silent bar once again erupts with noise starting out with the piano player playing his upbeat tune forcing everyone else to return to their own conversations and games. Amelia angrily turns around not noticing Nina reappear and pass Gibbs some money before they walk outside.

AMELIA

Two more Chase... and keep em coming.
I wanna forget about those assholes
and enjoy myself tonight.

CHASE

Two more coming right up!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OL'END BAR MIDNIGHT

Heavy rain pours down loudly pounding and streaming through the small cover above the exit of the bar door. Amelia is helped outside by Chase who gingerly leans her against some crates. Out of breath he lights up a cigar from out his front pocket breathing in the smoke deeply. Glancing over at Amelia he shakes her a bit.

CHASE

Hey...you ok? Amelia! You sure you can
make it back?

Amelia looks up at Chase nodding her head very inebriated. Chase glances back towards the bar where customers are getting restless and yelling then back towards Amelia.

CHASE

Amelia! You're sure! Just walk back up
the road. I've got to get back inside.

Amelia looks deeply into Chase's piercing blue eye's taking him aback and feeling uncomfortable.

AMELIA

Oh old Chasey boy you are so nice to
me.

Chase grabs both her arms tight speaking with his lit cigar in his mouth.

CHASE

Just be careful Amelia! Now you go! Go
on. The last thing I need is an angry
Ann after me wondering why you didn't
make it home. Go!

Amelia watches blankly as Chase reluctantly leaves her leaning against the crates returning to the lively bar yelling at drunk patrons. Half awake Amelia slowly looks around with a heavy head. Straining to walk she moves along against the wall.

Amelia struggles to walk along on the slender creaking wooden boards that have been placed to keep people out of the mud. Stepping on the edge Amelia loses her balance slipping and splashing down into the mud. Pausing for a moment Amelia attempts to get her bearings gazing upward into the rain. Breathing in the fresh air Amelia slowly rises finally getting to her feet.

Peering down Amelia wipes her muddy hands on her wet dress before leaning up against the wall facing away from the Ol'Ends doorway. The full effects of the alcohol begin to set in as Amelia's eyes become heavy while she again breathes in deeply slowly drifting off to sleep listening to the soothing sound of the loud and constant rainfall.

Moments go by before a slight creaking from the boards is heard and from out of view a burly hand snatches Amelia by her hair and another wraps around her face covering her mouth. The dark shadow pulls the wide eyed woman around back with ease tossing her head first into some crates and barrels. Amelia spits out her mouth warm salty blood as she screams out in fear into the night.

AMELIA

Oh noooo! Heeelp! Please leave me alone!

Amelia fearfully peers behind her to see Gibbs and Mason standing over her with the rain still pounding down. They display fiendish expressions upon their faces as Gibbs speaks angrily.

GIBBS

Now you fucking whore we'll take what we want!

AMELIA

No please don't. I just wanna go home.

The two men look at each other smiling then back down to Amelia shaking their heads. Amelia realizes what is about to happen and attempts to reach for her blade. She is swiftly grabbed by Gibbs who bears hugs in the air keeping her arms at her side. Amelia struggles wildly.

GIBBS

No you don't sweetie! It's too late for you. After we have are way with you I'm just going to cut your fucking throat! Just like all the other little whores that have come through here.

Amelia's eye's become wide with fear.

AMELIA

No! No! Please don't! Somebody help meeee! Aaaan!

Gibbs pulls her up to her feet spinning her around and tossing her over a long crate putting his forearm over her back attempting to make her comply. Amelia frantically tries to reach for her blade grasping at the air and scratching around on the crates.

GIBBS

Rahhh! Get her arms! Mason god dammit get her arms!

Mason runs around the side pulling her arms up splaying her out. He looks into the frightened woman's eye's with a crazed expression.

MASON

You hold still now love. I'll be on you next. Heh heh!

Mason let's out a evil laugh while holding her arms tight. Gibbs feverishly attempts to rape Amelia flipping up her dress exposing her backside before ripping off her undergarments with one pull. Amelia begins crying but still fights as Gibbs reaches for his pant's trying to undo them.

AMELIA

Please! No please! Gibbs don't please!

GIBBS

Shut your mouth you...

At that instant a knife is plunged deep into the side of Gibbs neck spewing blood into the air and all over Amelia. Gibbs lets Amelia free rolling around holding his neck choking from the large blade still sticking out of his throat.

GIBBS

Rrrrhgg! Aaaacckk!

Mason surprised and scared to see his friend on the ground releases Amelia's arms turning to get away. Amelia aggressively takes the chance to retrieve her knife before jumping on top then over the crate going after Mason. While attempting to escape Mason looks back and trips falling onto the muddy ground.

MASON

No! No! Wait! I wasn't going to do anything!

Mason turns over to cover his head from the determined Amelia as she dives at him swinging her blade wildly thrusting and slashing at him downward repeatedly yelling at the wretched man.

AMELIA

How could you! How could you!

Mason let's out bone curdling screams as the blade enters his flesh again and again. Amelia stabs blinded by rage hitting him all over his upper body including the back of his neck and head.

MASON

Aaaahhh! Aaahhh!

He is silenced by a final blow to the side of his neck squirting out more blood remaining silent lying face down in the mud. Full of adrenaline Amelia rises covered in blood above the lifeless body. Breathing heavily Amelia looks down at her bloody hands and knife when she abruptly begins to feel weak. After a brief moment Amelia attempts to step away only to fall to her knees but not before she notices a dark figure of a woman walking towards her and laughing. In a feeble effort Amelia scoots away then raises her knife and hands defensively before passing out.

INT. RAGGED HOTEL NEXT TO THE WATERFRONT EARLY MORNING

A soft woman's hand delicately wrings out a wet cloth into a bowl of bloody water. Amelia lies on her stomach atop an unmade bed underneath thin layer of smoke hovering in the stagnant air. Nina approaches kicking aside an empty green glass wine bottle out of her way before sitting alongside Amelia on the bed. She then begins carefully dripping water on Amelia's muddy and blood spattered face forcing water to seep underneath her closed eyelid.

AMELIA

Ann...Mmmph.

Amelia winces in pain while Nina places the rag into her hand. Amelia slowly begins to open her eye's letting them come into focus.

AMELIA

Ann...

Still awaking Amelia stares at the ground while Nina rises moving towards a window opening up the dark curtains. Morning sunlight cuts through the messy room annoyingly hitting Amelia in the eye's. As Amelia's eye's come into focus she begins to notice all the unfamiliar items scattered around the floor and quickly glances up towards Nina standing with her back towards Amelia calmly rolling a cigarette. Amelia swiftly sits up speaking aggressively

AMELIA

Who are you... what...where am I?

Nina gives out a little laugh before turning while crossing her arms and answering.

NINA

Why your in Portland dear or Stumptown as they say.

AMELIA

What? What are you? Where is Ann!

Amelia looks toward Nina with a confused and angered look.

NINA

Oh Ann um... I believe someone finally put that old bird outta her misery last night. They didn't do quite as a good of a job as you but still good.

AMELIA

What! What are you talking about!

Upon hearing about Ann Amelia stands swiftly backing away from Nina heading towards the door. Nina looks at Amelia with little regard leaning against her jewelry chest lighting her cigarette when suddenly a darling young child named CHLOE TULLIP bursts into the room stopping Amelia.

CHLOE TULLIP

Miss Nina! Miss Nina! Carrie is out

front asking for you.

Nina snaps back at the young girl.

NINA

Chloe girl get your little ass out of here and you tell that piece of shit Carrie I...

At that moment large man steps inside firmly grabbing a hold of Amelia by one arm and motioning for Nina to come with the other. Amelia looks at the man shocked and attempts to pull away but CARRIE squeezes her arm tightly.

CARRIE

You where saying something Nina!

Nina remains quite and still smoking and glaring at Carrie.

CARRIE

That's what I figured. Now Garret needs to speak with you right away and as for you! Don't you move again.

Chloe Tullip runs out as Nina moves around the room slowly gathering herself together.

CARRIE

Nina!

NINA

Alright! Alright! What the hell does he want now. We got em his fill! Why's he always bothering me on my time. You don't see me sticking my nose in his business.

Amelia still in a state of confusion moves her head back in forth in desperation looking at Nina then to Carrie holding her arm.

AMELIA

Please sir I don't know her or what is going on here but if you let go of me you will never see me again. I want to leave this town now. Please!

Carrie swiftly turns his attention at Amelia raising his hand and pointing at her with his finger.

CARRIE

You do as your told and come with me!
Don't say another word or you'll meet
the back of my hand. You hear me!

Amelia tries to pull away once again.

AMELIA

What is this I...

Carrie grabs her with both arms heaving her against the wall
knocking a picture off and sending it crashing to the ground.
He yells right in her face subduing her immediately.

CARRIE

I said you shut your mouth! Now Nina
lets go!

Carrie tugs on Amelia's arm while pointing at Nina with his
other hand.

NINA

Alright! O.K.! Lets go!

Nina raises her arms before grabbing her tobacco pouch from
her desk swiftly moving out the door while looking Carrie in
his eye's cursing him as she passes by. Carrie stands firm
letting her pass before pulling Amelia in close to him and
exiting on swiftly through the hallway.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LOWER DOCKS

Carrie holds firmly onto Amelia as they follow a smoking Nina
who is leading the way from the hotel through the desolate
streets to the waterfront in the cool misty morning sun. The
three come upon and walk down the flimsy staircase Amelia had
seen before but now the gate was chained open. They move down
towards a floating dock out into the crisper and drastically
colder waterfront air. Nina points and laughs at men who are
led pass them across the moving dock towards a huge cargo
ship. Amelia stops briefly rubbing her arms for warmth while
she gazes around wide eyed at the many ships lining the fog
covered river and the many men bustling around. Yelling and
whistles fill the air as they weave their way through the
crowds until finally coming to a doorway guarded by a staunch
man facing the opposite way. Nina slaps Anthony in the back
of the head playfully startling him.

NINA

On your knees asshole!

Anthony jumps slightly reaching for his waist but stops short of grabbing his pistol seeing Nina.

ANTHONY

Ahh dammit Nina! That's a good way to get yer head blown off!

Nina laughs while patting Anthony on the back.

NINA

Hah! I doubt that! Not with your aim anyway. So Garret's in there waiting for us huh?

ANTHONY

Yep and he's none to happy wit ya to say the least. Mornin Carrie.

Nina looks on unconcerned while Carrie stands with a firm hold on Amelia at his side.

CARRIE

Anthony. How are ya?

ANTHONY

Good I'm good. Well now who's the girl?

NINA

Ah not a worry. She's starting out with me tonight so you best watch your tounge.

ANTHONY

Ah she's the one who started all the trouble last night.

Amelia snaps at Anthony.

AMELIA

I didn't start anything last night!

Anthony surprised at her reaction smiles at Nina who raises her eyebrows to him smiling back. Anthony proceeds to open the door allowing them to enter while looking Amelia up and down. Amelia gives him a look of disgust as she passes by. Anthony shrugs his shoulders turning away closing the door behind them.

CARRIE

Watch yer head.

All three move cautiously while ducking slightly under a low ceiling traveling down a slick steep staircase. The air quickly turns from fresh to stagnant and hazy forcing Amelia to cough repeatedly. At the base of the stairs Amelia is surprised by a thick layer of broken glass crunching under her feet. Bending down Amelia picks up an evil looking shard of glass from the ground that reaches as far down the hallway as her eye's can see. Carrie stops looking back at Amelia with the glass in her hand.

CARRIE

Drop it now!

Fully stricken with fear Amelia quickly tosses the shard before tucking her arms in tightly as they walk down a dim and tight corridor continuing to loudly crunch on glass. Finally it comes to an end opening into a large room with no glass on the ground.

A simple bar is at the end of the room with one single table in the middle. Sitting there is Garret the slender man she had seen when she first arrived. He sits silent in a single chair with a heavy coat draped over the back. Carrie sits Amelia into a single chair across from Garret.

Looking around the room briefly Amelia can see three different exits all leading in separate directions. Two of them have jail bars drawn above the exits and one has a beer mug above it. An older woman slowly walks towards Garrets table placing down a glass and a bottle of whiskey. Nina strolls in with a proud look on her face while Garret briefly acknowledges Nina before uncorking and filling his glass. Garret sips from his whiskey while Carrie stands silently next to Amelia.

NINA

Mornin Garret.

GARRET

Morning to you Miss Nina. Fancy a drink?

NINA

Sure why not. I could always use a good drink.

GARRET

Whiskey?

NINA

Sounds good.

Garret snaps his finger twice pointing for the older woman to fetch another glass. Amelia watches and notices the older woman only has one shoe on and her other foot is covered by a thin piece of cloth. Garret continues to sip on his whiskey a bit before pulling out a shiny black intimidating pistol while looking directly at Amelia. He gently places it on the table and pointing the barrel directly at her. Nina pours her drink standing next to the simple bar nodding thanks to the shell of a woman who stands obedient.

GARRET

Seems as if you had some trouble last night.

Amelia looks around noticing everyone looking elsewhere.

AMELIA

Me no...no trouble sir. I only want I mean I would like to just go home sir.

Garret looks off for a second before responding calmly and shifting in his chair.

GARRET

Well it is some amount trouble. You see now I no longer have a man of some importance to me...Gibbs.

Controlling the situation Garret is in no hurry. He crosses his legs while taking another sip from his glass.

GARRET

Now what am I to do?

Garret raises his eyebrow's looking around at everyone for an answer. Nina shrugs her shoulders nonchalantly sipping her own whiskey. Garret throws his hands up changing his tone.

GARRET

Well! Anyone? No...Alright then.

Receiving no response from anyone Garret stands slowly breathing in deeply. Garret walks towards Nina swiftly snatching the glass out of her hand spilling most of it along the bar before drinking all the whiskey down. Nina stands back briefly shocked then angered. Garret reels back suddenly throwing the glass shattering it against the wall. Amelia jumps in her seat while Nina and the Old Woman turn away and block their face from the flying shards. Nina turns back and stands frowning at Garrets theatrics.

She quickly yanks another glass from out the Old Woman's hands who simply picks another one up continuing to polish it quietly while not looking at anyone. Nina helps herself to another bottle first uncorking it and pouring herself a healthy glass. Garret moves forward bending down and speaking loudly close to Amelia.

GARRET

One of the men you killed last night was so full of holes and slashes I could barely get a god damn dollar for him!

Horrified at what she heard Amelia stay's silent avoiding any eye contact with Garret as he paces back and forth with his hands behind his back.

GARRET

Now with that said this is how it shall be. From now on you will work for me. You will go with Miss Nina here to the hotel and do what you are told.

Amelia looks up puzzled.

AMELIA

Work! No sir please! I need to go home. I have people to care for and...I uhh thank you all for saving me last night but I...

Garret walks towards Nina as they both share a laugh fully entertained. Garret spins facing Amelia.

GARRET

Oh people to care for! People like the lovely Miss Turquoise Ann? Well she has been a thorn in my side since her drunk of a father died. I don't believe you've heard the news bout her. Well no matter now go with Nina and do as your told.

Garret points with his finger for them to exit.

AMELIA

But I told you I have to get back to Ann! She will be expecting me and I must leave now! I'm not going anywhere with her or you!

Garret grabs Amelia by the collar with one hand yelling in her face infuriated. Carrie grabs a hold of Amelia from the back keeping her from moving.

GARRET

Oh you most certainly will! From now on you have no more choices and as for Ann I have already sent her on her way. Here! Have a look at this. You may recognize it indeed!

Garret reaches into his side pocket pulling out a bloody ear with the unmistakable turquoise earring hanging from it. He dangles it around sarcastically.

GARRET

See! See! Hello!

Amelia's eye's well up with tears then widen with rage as she try's to escape from Carrie's grasp attempting to run at Garret. Carrie struggles to hold her pulling on the back of her dress and hair. He presses her down by her shoulders holding her seated in the chair.

AMELIA

You animal! Aaaaaah! Noooo! Ann! Let me gooooo!

CARRIE

God dammit! Garret!

Garret turns his back to Amelia swaying back and forth as if to be dancing with the bloody ear until he stops next to the table. He quickly snatches up his pistol spinning back around speaking to Amelia and waving his gun at her before tucking it into his waist.

GARRET

Ann...was a tired old wench. And like I said I've had my eye on her for years. But enough about the freshly departed. Oops! I mean the dearly departed let's talk about us and our future...together.

Amelia shakes her head from side to side defiantly.

GARRET

Now Carrie you take her over by the

doorway please I need to speak with
Nina a bit. Please go please go
yes...yes.

Carrie pulls an astonished Amelia up and away from Garret holding her tightly as Garret motions them away. Carrie speaks softly but forcefully to Amelia in a her ear as they reach the other side of the room and stop abruptly. Nina scrapes her feet along the floor as she strains to moves in close to listen to Garret.

GARRET

Miss Nina I won't ask how you snagged
her, but you fucking better hope I or
my pockets don't miss Gibbs.

Nina sips her whiskey not acknowledging Garret's words. As a result Garret leans in intensely close to Nina.

GARRET

Hey! Are you hearing me? Now you get
that bitch on the streets tonight!

Amelia glances over towards Garret and Nina wide eyed hearing the yelling.

GARRET

Take her back through the fucking
tunnels on your way to the hotel.
Explain to her what it is we do and
what is expected of her. As for the
pay you shall take half of her share
until she works out... alright.

Nina acknowledges obediently before Garret waves her back to the bar while whistling at Carrie to bring Amelia back over. Carrie pulls Amelia back over by the arm standing her right in front of Garret. Garret stands with a coy posture speaking to an angry Amelia.

GARRET

So many questions running through your
pretty little head? Ohhh Look at the
hate in this one Nina. Ha! Ha! I'd
hate to have to share a room with her.

Nina looks on very unimpressed. Amelia can barley hold in her rage.

GARRET

Don't mind Nina she hates to share her crown. Now what next um...

Amelia looks at Garret surprised at his state of insanity. She looks at everyone else in the room standing quietly.

GARRET

Now what is the name you were given?

AMELIA

My name?...It's Amelia.

GARRET

Amelia hmm that's strange. Well just do as what you were told and you won't share the same fate as your haggard friend Turquoise Ann. Right?

Amelia spits in Garret's face defiantly. Garret turns back slowly wiping his face. Carrie holds Amelia firmly as Garret swiftly grabs his pistol from his waist turning back and pressing it underneath Amelia's chin.

GARRET

Listen to me you little fucking wench! I own you now, and unless you want the inside of your head all over that goddam wall you will go and not make anymore trouble for me! You fucking got that!

Frozen with fear Amelia abruptly changes her attitude as tears stream down her cheeks.

AMELIA

Yes sir....I won't be any trouble.

Garret smiles psychotically un-cocking his pistol before placing it back into his waist.

GARRET

Good.

Garret returns to his table pouring another drink. Before turning back he reaches into his inside coat pocket pulling out Amelia's journal speaking to her.

GARRET

Oh Amelia here Ann wanted you to have this as well. It's very touching a

little boring for my tastes though.

Garret tosses the journal to Amelia who swiftly snatches it out of the air hugging it close. Garret watches her embrace the journal for a moment before speaking.

GARRET

You can't have the ear though that belongs to me.

Amelia looks up at him shocked but does not react to his taunting. Garret waits to see if Amelia will respond but with none he waves them off smiling. Carrie motions Nina with his head marching Amelia towards the exit with a beer mug etched above it. Amelia looks back at Garret who stands watching as they leave with his hands behind his back. With Nina leading the way the three disappear into the darkness with the sound of crunching glass slowly fading away.

INT. ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND TUNNELS

Nina, Carrie and Amelia walk in silence. Only the eerie sound of crunching glass follows them down the dimly lit corridor with sporadic candlelight spread throughout it. Amelia sobs whispering sorrowfully to herself about Turquoise Ann. Carrie has one hand on her shoulder as Nina tugs on her by the other hand. Rats scurry by screeching at the intruders. They soon enter into a wider well lit area from lamp lights hanging in each far corner. Many crude steel cages line up along both sides only separated by broken glass shards which cover the entire floor.

Amelia stops abruptly at the sight of a rotted lump in one of cages. Moving in closer for a better look Amelia makes out a jaw bone with teeth protruding out of the gelatinous skin barely hanging on the bones. Amelia reels away covering her nose uncontrollably becoming sick. Nina jumps aside laughing while Amelia begins to sway from back and forth with her hands on her knees.

NINA

Ha! Ha! She lost it! She lost it! No!
No! Wait! Don't drop to your knees.
The glass! Carrie hold her up shit!

Carrie grabs a hold of the limp woman holding her up on her feet with spit still dangles from out of her mouth. Carrie holds her forcing her to walk.

AMELIA

Oh my god is that a...

Carrie interrupts Amelia with little regard.

CARRIE

C'mon get your legs under yourself.
You'll get used to em.

Nina emphatically waves her arm for them to move.

NINA

Let's head up on towards the Ol'End.
We can start her out from there.

CARRIE

Right. C'mon Amelia get yer ass movin!

Carrie gives Amelia a swift poke in the back making her snap out of a state of shock. Nina, Carrie and Amelia continue crunching on farther past the rest of the cages and back into the dimly lit corridors until they reach a fork in the passages. The air quickly becomes thicker and heavier as they press on straight into another hazy corridor marked with a poppy flower drawn on the side wall. Amelia begins to cough and cover her mouth with part of her dress while Nina takes in long deep breaths.

NINA

Ahhh. Love that.

Amelia still coughing a bit displays a disgusted look.

NINA

You may profit from the flower one
day.

Amelia looks towards Nina confused taking her dress away from her mouth.

AMELIA

The flower?

NINA

Mhhhm ahhh. Buttons ya know.

Amelia shakes her head confused.

NINA

Opium? No? Well don't worry for now.
Ah shit ughh! Here we are.

The group finally reaches another flimsy flight of stairs marked above it's entryway is a crude looking beer mug. Amelia stops looking back down the dark corridor where they came from noticing dark supernatural figures darting back and forth inching towards them. Carrie places his hand on her back forcing her to move. Amelia peers back one more time to see that the figures had gone away. Confused she turns her head back while slowly ascending up the stairs. They stop on the top of the staircase before reaching the door. Nina turns back to speak sternly with Amelia.

NINA

Amelia! Look you are damn well lucky you wasn't stuck up in a whorehouse some wares making your money for Garret that way. You are a lure from now on. Now toughen up and come in here and listen to what we have to say otherwise I promise you...you will not stay alive long.

Amelia glances back towards Carrie who displays a menacing stare briefly before turning back and nodding her head obediently.

INT. INSIDE THE OL'END

Nina reaches in her pocket pulling out a single key connected with some twine to others. Slipping it into the lock Nina opens the door releasing a family of fat rats waiting to find a way out. Amelia jumps aside as they screech by. The three enter into the filthy kitchen of The Ol'End. Dirty pots and pans lie around with many more rats darting in and out of sight. Flies swarm around a stack of half rotted potatoes in the corner of the room. Grease is splattered around the crude cooking area.

CARRIE

God damn those filthy sons of bitches! They gonna clean this nasty shit hole up. Garret gonna hear about this.

Amelia moves close to Nina while Carrie storms around bursting into a room where the surprised workers are enjoying game of cards and whiskey.

CARRIE

All of you get off your goddamn assess and get this place cleaned up! Filthy swine! If Garret was with me by god he would shoot every fucking one of you!

Now move!

Two cooks sitting and smoking jump to their feet and begin to clean pitifully with Carrie telling them where to move next. Amelia moves in next to Nina who happily watches with her arms crossed.

AMELIA

Nina? What did you mean when you said
I was a lure?

Nina raises her hand to Amelia shaking it to say not now.

CARRIE

Keep going assholes! I'll be back in a
few. Ladies come on.

Carrie leads the two women around into the front part of the empty bar. They stop alongside of the table that Nina had been sitting at last night. Nina swiftly turns facing Amelia with her arm outstretched displaying the table and chairs for her to see.

NINA

A lure is a woman who in our line of
work is the most in control of her own
life.

Nina speaks while emphatically using her hands.

NINA

We only answer to Garret and can do
almost whatever we want. There are
three houses along the waterfront that
we can stay at and for your troubles
you are paid five and a half dollars
every week.

Carrie gives Nina a strange look.

AMELIA

Yes that sounds fine but I want to
know what you need from me?

Nina visibly becomes annoyed.

NINA

Get this straight. We don't need you.
You need us. Now enough talking and
get over here and tell me what you

see.

Amelia frowns again before looking down at the empty table.

AMELIA

Um...a table and chairs.

NINA

Nina points towards Carrie who then
let's out a quick whistle.

A battered Chase steps out to the bar hanging his head low.
Amelia rushes over to him.

AMELIA

Chase! Oh my god Chase!Are you... Wait
you help them! How could you! Do this
to me? And to Ann! You piece of shit!

Amelia slaps him across the face twice then grasps him by his
collar. Chase remains silent taking the blows as Amelia
shakes him. Nina jabs Carrie in the side with her elbow
smiling and enjoying the sight of Amelia. Chase looks up
first with his eye's then slowly lifting his head looking at
Amelia welling up from the slaps and speaking sorrowfully.

CHASE

I'm sorry Amelia but we all have to
survive.

Amelia releases Chase shocked momentarily walking backwards
to Nina and Carrie.

AMELIA

Ughh! Your fucking disgusting!

NINA

Enough Amelia! Pay attention now and
watch the chair next to the wall.

Amelia moves her attention back towards the table and chairs
intently watching when Carrie points his finger at Chase.
Amelia tips her head at the sound of a slight click as the
seat of the chair swiftly disappears into a perfectly man
sized hole. Amelia looks up then back down in amazement as
the chair seat rises back up slowly clicking back into place.

AMELIA

Oh! Does that lead down into where we
came from?

NINA

Yes that's right. After one of those wretched men find themselves underground they are then walked down to the docks to meet with Garret and eventually from there are sent off to find work of sorts.

AMELIA

Find work?

Nina nods quickly leaving Amelia puzzled. Carrie places his hand on Nina's shoulder.

CARRIE

We must be getting back now. You two head back to the house and rest for tonight. I will see you at dusk.

Carrie steps aside motioning Nina to come close while Amelia inspects the chair more closely. Carrie speaks aggressively making his point with his finger.

CARRIE

You get her rested and ready for tonight. She doesn't look that difficult to turn. Get inside her head and do whatever you have to, but make sure she falls in line.

Nina defiantly pushes Carrie away while grabbing Amelia by the arm before displaying a fiendish smile back towards Carrie. He stands arms crossed approvingly watching the two deadly woman walk hastily walk out of the bar. Carrie spins back towards Chase very animated.

CARRIE

And you look at this place! It's a goddamn shit hole! Now you go and get cleaning as well unless you want another beating!

CHASE

No sir...sure thing. I'll get right to it.

Chase gets swiftly to work while Carrie bursts back into the kitchen yelling about at the workers some more.

INT. MAIN SUITE RAGGED HOTEL

Upon entering the room Amelia throws herself onto the unmade bed burying her face in a pillow. Nina watches the young woman crying and in playing her role she sits next to her. Rolling her eye's Nina forces herself to care.

NINA

Amelia tell me about it. Is it Ann?

Amelia rolls her head around slowly before jumping up visibly excited.

AMELIA

Yes it's Ann! That sick bastard Garret has her ear in his pocket and was dancing around with it! Don't you all see that he's crazy!

Rising as well Nina snaps back quickly.

NINA

You need to be quiet around here when you speak his name! You could be dead ya know.

Amelia kicks a table next to her spilling an ashtray and breaking apart a bottle and several pipes.

AMELIA

Nina I don't care! I spent day's in a train car fending off drunks and fiends to come here from San Francisco. I came to get away from my father who...who would get to close to me when he drank. I came to be a stage actress not a damn lure or whatever you try to call it!

Nina rolls her eye's again letting the young woman speak her mind. Amelia notices Nina not paying any attention to her which angers her. She proceeds to trash the room. Pulling down the dark drapes kicking at lamps then throwing wine bottles against the wall.

AMELIA

Now I'm a slave of sorts to a man who sliced my only friends fucking ear off! Add to that he probably sold her body or whatever the hell is done in this god awful city. Haven't you all

ever heard of burying some one when
they die instead of feeding your own
damn pockets!

Amelia slumps down against the wall crying into her arms.
Nina kicks away at the broken wine bottles angered as well
and stands with her hands on her hips.

NINA

Are you done?

Amelia continues to cry unresponsive. Nina throws her hands
up turning towards her desk with a flimsy mirror leaned up
against the wall. Reaching into the top drawer she pulls out
a shimmering silver pipe. In another drawer Nina grabs a
thick chunk of reddish black opium setting it on top of her
desk. She breaks off a small piece stuffing it firmly into
her pipe.

Finished she makes her way towards Amelia delicately placing
her hand underneath her chin lifting her head forcing her
watch. Striking a match against the wall Nina puffs on the
pipe till the embers inside glow bright and red. Yellowish
white smoke billows out from the rough woman.

NINA

Here you need this.

AMELIA

No thank you!

Nina genuinely softens her voice while talking with her
eye's.

NINA

Just try it. It will take away all
your problems and fears.

Nina moves the pipe up to Amelia's mouth. Unsure Amelia looks
at Nina before reluctantly taking in a deep breath blowing
out a thick cloud of smoke and coughing violently. Nina
laughs as Amelia leans back holding her forehead gently
resting back against the wall quickly appearing relaxed still
clutching the pipe. Nina turns away with a smirk and begins
to undress. Standing nude briefly Nina slips on a short silk
red robe that she has hanging next to her mirror. Nina
glances back over her shoulder to see Amelia continuing to
smoke.

NINA

Like I said before Amelia. You are very lucky to be in the position that you are.

Nina stands in front of her mirror brushing her thick soft hair with a shining silver brush.

NINA

Most of the woman who come to our city and start trouble simply get turned into whores or sold to ships as entertainment. Now that would be something to worry about.

Amelia begins to listen to Nina's words more intently. Nina turns around facing Amelia.

NINA

I've heard stories of woman jumping out into the ocean to die rather than service a ship of men. Men... who do not bathe. Just imagine the wretchedness of all those men being on you with rotted teeth and crotches forcing you do what they please as if you don't have any feelings. Sometimes I feel as if the filthy mutts around here get more respect then us women.

Finished Nina walks close to Amelia helping her to her feet holding both her hands and directly looking her in the eye's.

NINA

But as for us dear Amelia we are different. Whatever you want is at your fingertips. We decide whether the men that have defiled us all our lives will live in bondage or die on the streets. We are in control of our own lives and no man shall ever shame you again as Gibbs and Mason did. You are part of something which many don't understand. Now is the time for you to start taking control of your life.

Moving close to a dingy window Amelia stares out at the morning sun rising over the young city. Nina softly places her hands upon Amelia's shoulders whispering into her ear.

NINA

This is your chance to get back what
your owed. Make them pay for what they
have done to you. Men are all the same
and will defile you at every chance
they get. Make them pay for the pain
they have caused! Make them pay!

Amelia takes in a deep breath before slowly turning back
displaying a menacing scowl looking deeply into Nina eye's.

AMELIA

Yes...It is my turn. They need to feel
my pain. Nina I want you to teach
me...teach me everything you know.

Nina lowers her brows while widening her eye's and displaying
her wicked smile. She moves to the side swiping a half empty
bottle of wine off the counter next to her and raises her arm
in joy.

NINA

Then to Amelia! May god help the souls
of the dammed!

Amelia now fully determined snatches a separate bottle up
holding it high and clanking hers together with Nina's.

AMELIA

And to Nina! The most feared woman in
all of Stumptown...until now.

The two both grotesquely drink their bottles down before
tossing them aside and laughing together hysterically. The
loud laughter is heard down the hallway's forcing others in
the hotel to poke their heads out from their doors with
concerned looks upon their faces.

INT. INSIDE THE OL'END LATE EVENING MONTHS LATER

From inside the door swings open exposing the rainy weather
outside. A YOUNG MAN enters the bustling bar shaking the rain
from his leather overcoat. The bar is seen through his eye's.
Walking towards the bar he glances to his side noticing the
strikingly beautiful Amelia rising and coming straight
towards him. Amazed at her beauty the Young Man can't keep
his eye's off of Amelia as she raises her hand ordering two
whiskey's. Stopping at the bar the Young Man calls towards
Chase.

YOUNG MAN
Whiskey please sir.

CHASE
Whiskey for the newcomer! Coming right
up.

From behind the bar Chase serves up drinks for the Young Man and Amelia. Amelia stands very close to the Young Man slightly brushing his arm taking down both shots. The visibly nervous man scoots his arm away from her quickly pretending not to notice her. Amelia leans over the bar scooting her shot glasses away while accentuating her assets so the Young Man can see. He fumbles about lighting himself a cigarette.

AMELIA
Horrible night outside eh Chase?

CHASE
Yep looks like another soaker.

Amelia speaks noticeably louder.

AMELIA
Yep I may have to find someone to keep
me warm tonight.

Amelia turns her body towards the Young Man who has continued to only look forward but at moments steals glances out of the corner of his eye when he can. Amelia looks back at Chase winking her eye quickly. Chase takes the opportunity to turn his back and open a vile of poison he keeps in his waistband.

CHASE
Care for another Amelia?

AMELIA
Sure I'll have one and how bout you?

The Young Man slowly looks at Amelia who bats her inviting eye's reeling him in.

YOUNG MAN
Me uh ma'am?

Chase pours the dark liquid into the shots before setting them in front of the two.

AMELIA
Mmmhmm. You wanna have a drink with my
friends and me?

He nods as Amelia slowly lifts the poisoned whiskey to his mouth wide eyed and forcing him to swallow down the poisoned shot quickly. The Young Man chokes and coughs briefly at the harsh taste of the whiskey.

YOUNG MAN

Holy shit! Um damn!

Amelia smiles while motioning with her head for him to follow her over to where Nina is sitting. The Young Man peers over to see Nina with three up and coming lures OLIVIA, REESE and MADISON LILLY who wave to him smiling. He excitedly agrees.

YOUNG MAN

Yea sure! But please let me get your table a drink. Bartender one round to the ladies at the table down there!

Amelia takes his hand leaving her poisoned shot as Chase quickly tosses it out and acknowledging the Young Man's request. Amelia walks him through the bar as he glances around looking at the many patrons watching him with cautionary eye's. Amelia sits him in the chair next to the wall. He sits silently smiling looking around then back to attractive women staring with strange smiles on their faces.

YOUNG MAN

So...how are you ladies tonight?
Keeping dry inside eh?

The Young Man receives no answers just blank smiles from the three younger women. Nina doesn't acknowledge him at all either as she begins emptying out her pouch of loose tobacco working on rolling it into a cigarette. When finished she lights it then pulls Olivia close whispering in her ear. Olivia nods receiving instructions from Nina before rising out of her seat and walking to the far end of the bar.

Olivia begins acting as if she has drank to much alcohol and is very inebriated. Olivia then purposefully spills a drink on a WHORE sitting next to a man at the bar. As a result the enraged Whore stands quickly shoving Olivia back. Olivia takes a quick look back smiling at Nina briefly before yanking the Whore down by her hair starting a vicious fight. Suddenly the bar erupts with commotion as patrons begin to circle around letting them fight while eagerly placing bets amongst each other on which will win.

The Young Man strains to see slightly lifting off of his seat. Amelia spots this and springs into action moving next to the Young Man smiling at him as Chase attempts to makes

eye contact through the melee at Amelia. Amelia spots Chase quickly nodding before grabbing the Young Man's hand again pulling him down into the seat. She shares another smile with him before he quickly disappears into darkness unnoticed by the others around. The woman's faces at the table go from smiles to looks of boredom in an instant.

The seat quickly rises back up clicking shut and it is as if the Young Man was never even there. Amelia receives a nod of approval from Nina who sits smoking her cigarette and smiling like a proud mother. Finally Olivia and the Whore are dragged towards the door and tossed out. Men laugh and talk about the fight with some reenacting the motions. The lively bar soon returns to normal just as the deadly woman at the table sits poised smoking and waiting to find someone else.

INT. INSIDE THE TUNNELS

Inside a dimly lit corridor a solid and sturdy steel cage stands at the very end of it. Inside lies the drugged up Young Man from the Ol End. Lying there still effected by the drugs he slowly moves around slicing his hands on some broken pieces of glass forcing him to sit up quickly rubbing his fingers together and feeling the blood running down them.

YOUNG MAN

What! Ah shit! What is this... glass?

The Young Man blinks his eye's again and again attempting to adjust to the darkness. He starts by shuffling around feeling in the darkness with his hands shaking with fear. On the bottom of the cage he brushes both his hands over softly atop the shimmering shards of glass. Breathing heavily from the muggy air the Young Man struggles to catch his breath. Rats can be heard and their heavy footsteps are felt as they scurry over his legs frightening him thoroughly. With his every moment the sound of shifting glass can be heard.

YOUNG MAN

Ahhg! What is this!?! Where the fuck?
Uggh my head.

Attempting to rise he reaches half his height before striking his head against a low cage ceiling.

YOUNG MAN

Ahh god dammit!

Grasping his head then above it he realizes he is in a cage

of sorts. Frantically reaching all around he feels the steel bars in the darkness and begins to shake them while screaming out wildly.

YOUNG MAN

Help! Someone help me! Help meeeee!
Get me outta heere!

His words echo down the dark hallways going unanswered. Pulling against the cage bars he crazily tries to get free. Kicking and tugging on the bars for a brief moment the Young Man gives up sitting down gingerly on the broken glass silent for a moment listening for any sounds. He begins to hear the faint sound of crunching glass that gradually becomes louder and louder. Rats bite at the mans exposed skin forcing him to kick at them.

YOUNG MAN

Get back! Get off of me! Hey! Is anyone there!

A light from a lantern appears floating around a dark corner as the crunching glass gets very loud and very clear. The Young Man moves to the back of the cage trying to make out whats carrying the lantern. Carrie appears out of the darkness digging the kerosene lantern on the glass lighting up the small end of the corridor. He jingles around some key's from his pocket while ignoring the Young Man's pleas for help.

YOUNG MAN

Thank you sir! Thank you sir! Please this lady in a bar above I think she put something in my drink. I..I don't know how I got here...

Carrie inserts the key popping open the lock releasing the spring loaded squeaking steel cage door crashing it against the outside. As the Young Man crawls to get out Carrie without a word squarely uppercuts the Young Man's face exploding blood from out his nose. The Young Man falls backwards splashing into the broken glass while hitting his head against the steel and clutching his dripping face.

YOUNG MAN

Ahhhhh! What are you doing!

Carrie still silent but breathing heavier snatches the Young Man by the leg putting one foot on his groin and ripping off one of his boots. Carrie tosses it aside into a corner where there is already a pile of right footed shoes.

YOUNG MAN

Hey! Hey! What the fuck you doin!

Carrie swiftly pulls out and wraps a thin cloth around the Young Mans bare foot tying it at his ankle with twine. As the Young Man begins to fight back Carrie pushes on his groin with his foot attempting to subdue him. Unable to stop the Young Man Carrie grasps him by his leg with both hands pulling him out of the cage digging shards of glass into his lower back forcing the Young Man to scream out.

YOUNG MAN

Ahhhh! Stop it please! My back!
Please! Why are you doing this!

CARRIE

On your feet you son of a bitch!

The Young Man stares at Carrie in disbelief with blood dripping from his face still not moving and lying on a thick layer of broken glass. Carrie grabs him by his shirt easily lifting the smaller man to his feet. Blood remains on the glass where the Young Man was lying.

CARRIE

I said on your feet! Now walk until I tell you to stop. Don't you run or the glass will cut through the cloth on your foot bleeding you out slow. Try anything else and I'll leave your ass here for the rats!

The Young Man glares at Carrie not moving defiantly. Carrie pulls a pistol from his waist sticking it under his chin. Carrie speaks sternly.

CARRIE

Your move asshole.

The two stare at each other for a short while forcing Carrie to react cocking back his pistols hammer.

CARRIE

I've got no problem killing you right here.

Carrie's words finally break the Young Man's spirit. He lowers his eyes and turns beginning to gingerly walk forward. While they walk through the broken glass distant screams can be heard along with the following of gunshots. The Young Man shivers with fear glancing around from side to side while

they walk through the rhythmic crunching of glass. The two move out of the darkness into a dimly lit area as the Young Man begins to cough. Towards the side there are one of the many slave Asians cooking and manufacturing mounds of black boiling opium.

The Young Man hobbles locking eye's with another slave Asian who's leg is chained up to a dead body that has begun to rot. Maggots feast on the decomposing body as the tired and sickly slave next to it continues to stir a large boiling pot of opium. The Young Man pauses to make sure he is seeing correctly. He displays a shocked look on his face by the horrific scene. Carrie squeezes and shoves the back of the Young Man's neck forcing him to walk and take a heavier step slicing his foot.

CARRIE

Get movin fucker! Unless you wanna
take his place.

The Young Man winches in pain then hesitantly proceeds forward slowly walking out of the light and back into a dark corridor. The air soon turns drastically colder as the men's breath becomes visible until finally the Young Man approaches a wet and slimy staircases leading to a door with bright daylight seeping through the edges. Carrie walks him up it and shoves him through pushing him to his knees onto a wet and slippery dock. A shock from the cold crisp air freezes his body.

YOUNG MAN

Huuhhhhh! Holy shit!

Carrie pulls him to his feet as the Young Man strains to see through the blinding and disorientating morning sunlight standing on his one good foot. Just yards away in front of them ten or so men are lined up all shackled and shivering together. Garret and the SHIP CAPTAIN walk around them seemingly inspecting them.

GARRET

These are good fine men...Strong and healthy, and since this is your first time here I'll only take two bits under Bunko. You come on back with some of your mates and I'll drop it to another three under making it forty five per slave.

SHIP CAPTAIN

That will be fine by me but I was

fancying for a bigger stock. Half will not even make it.

Garret looks up noticing Carrie and the shivering Young Man.

GARRET

Now look here. I'll throw in one more for half the bits.

Garret walks towards Carrie with one arm open displaying the fresh slave. The Ship Captain puts a hand over his eye's blocking the morning and getting a better look. In an instant the Young Man is sold.

SHIP CAPTAIN

Right. Sure he looks as if he's been beaten on though.

GARRET

Well that's why you get em for such a good price.

Garret stretches out his hand as the Ship Captain places dollars and coins into his hand sealing the Young Man's fate. Garret waves them over forcing Carrie to firmly grab the Young Man walking him up the dock. Limping the Young Man pleads with Carrie who only looks forward ignoring him.

YOUNG MAN

Wait! What just happened? Please I want to go home. I want to go home I promise you.. you won't see me again. I'll only stay by the Erickson! I swear!

Garret walks to meet them motioning Lenny to give Carrie a hand with the excited man.

YOUNG MAN

Wait! I know what you are! I'm not going on no slave ship! You god damn crimps!

The Young Man looks towards the disheveled prisoners and stomps on Lenny's foot in desperation giving him a chance to break free.

LENNY

Ahhhh! My toe!

Carrie surprised by the actions slips and looses the Young Man's arm as he hurriedly struggles to get his feet under him and run on the wet dock. Garret stands unamused with his hands on his hips watching the scene unfold. Looking back at Garret's henchmen the Young Man is stopped abruptly by the butt of Anthony's shotgun. Garret spins back towards the Ship Captain swiftly with his arms open.

GARRET

The next time you need help
controlling your slaves it'll cost you
double. Now get that piece of shit out
of my sight and off my docks.

The Ship Captain yells to his men to drag the Young Man over. Garret slings his arm over Carrie's shoulder playfully as Lenny and Anthony follow up close behind.

GARRET

Now who do I have to thank for that
timely piece of shit.

Garret smiles speaking in the face of Carrie.

CARRIE

That would be from our new girl. Miss
Amelia.

Garret puts a little more spunk in his step speaking proudly.

GARRET

Ohhh! I knew she was a savage bitch.
Ha! Ol'Bunko's gonna cause hell when
he finds out I've snagged another
ruthless one to match Nina! Haha!

Garret stops to speak to his men sarcastically as they stand around him. In the background the Young Man still pleads for his life as the Ship Captains men proceed to beat on him.

GARRET

You know I have a soft spot for our
city's outcasted women. Something
inside me draws me close to them, I
feel as if it is my duty to put to
take them in and nurture their special
uh talent's shall we say.

Garret, Carrie, Lenny and Anthony all share a big laugh together. Anthony strolls with his shotgun on his shoulder kicking at Lenny and his hurt foot.

ANTHONY

Is that the one!

LENNY

Ouch! Lay off you son of a bitch! He got my with the heel of his boot.

ANTHONY

Well it's a good thing that he only had one on!

Garret smiles watching Anthony give Lenny a hard time.

GARRET

Now C'mon boys let's get a bite and some whiskey.

LENNY

Sure I'll takes some whiskey boss and how bout little tail as well.

Garret turns towards Lenny with a bigger smile.

GARRET

Sure Lenny but I get to pick her this time. You a fancy em big and old don't ya?'

LENNY

Nooo boss no! Not a big one again! Last time I nearly didn't make it out!

The three others laugh and motion a wide body as Lenny shakes both his hands following them into Garrets entrance into the tunnels.

INT. RAGGED HOTEL NEW YEARS DAY 1885 MID AFTERNOON

Inside a stiff knocking at the door goes unanswered. Wine and whiskey bottles are strewn about the smokey hotel room. Half dressed men and woman lay sprawled around on makeshift beds made up of pillows and blankets. The room looks as if it must have been a grand scene of debauchery. Amelia lies in her bed half covered next to two naked woman. Garret begins to beat on the door loudly.

GARRET

Amelia god dammit wake up! Get up you
here me! Amelia! Open up this door!

The sound of the beating and the rustling of the door handle forces Amelia to slowly begin to move rubbing the sleep away from her eye's. Feeling the effects of a long night Amelia sluggishly frees herself from the arms of the strange women. Sitting up in her bed nude she extends her arm reaching for a black silk robe hanging next to her bedside. Garrets knocking continues. Amelia fumbles around reaching on her nightstand grabbing a filter less cigarette while finally rising and opening her door for an enraged Garret to burst into the room.

GARRET

What the fuck is this shit! I told you
we had a large order last night! Your
good and god damn well lucky I had
enough chinks below to fill it!

Garret leans back into the hallway calling for Carrie. His screaming has begun to awake some of the men and woman lying around who look at each other and around in a state of confusion.

GARRET

Carrie get your ass in here!

Carrie swiftly jogs in with arms poised to grab anyone. Garret stands pointing sternly at the men and woman spread out along the floor.

GARRET

Get these filthy deviants outta here.
I want the men down below and prepped
to be sold! Then take these tramps to
the house by the docks. I want them
rolling over and making me money by
sundown!

Carrie turns to the door giving out a quick whistle. Carrie unleashes his unforgiving minions of four or five men into the room. Amelia sits leaning against her nightstand idle smoking and watching the people she befriended last night being beaten and taken dragged out half naked. She does not care and pay's no mind to their pleas for mercy.

Garret walks up close to Amelia giving her a menacing glare. Amelia blows a cloud of smoke in his face looking on unamused. Garret waves it away spitting mad before reeling

back and responding to her defiance.

GARRET

Amelia you are beautiful and the best
lure I have this is true, but let me
tell you this. If you ever
deliberately disobey me again I will
snatch you out of this life and give
the task of doing things much worse
than you could imagine!

Amelia displays a blank look on her face continuing to smoke
but intentionally blowing it away from Garrets face. Garret
continues to stare at her breathing heavily and waiting for
anything to set him off. Finally Garret swiftly turns cursing
to himself. As the room clears out Amelia moves dropping into
a chair next to her dresser. The fragile mirror sitting on
top of her dresser shakes from the force of her body.

Amelia gently lays her cigarette into a fine and elongated
glass ashtray staring into her mirror deeply. She looks tired
and not as healthy as she had been before. She combs her
thinning hair and dabbles some make up under her eye's
covering up her dark circles that have recently appeared from
her lifestyle of late nights. Finished and content Amelia
opens a drawer next to her leg. Inside is her own silver
opium pipe next to her journal which she pulls out opening it
carefully to the next open page and begins to write.

AMELIA (V.O.)

January first 1885. A fresh start for
a new year. As I wish this would be
for me. Sometimes I feel sadness for
the men I have damned or sent far away
but the buttons control the pain for
me making me almost numb to what goes
on here. I myself have seen the
horrors of the tunnels and I pray that
I never see them again.
Starting with the eerie sounds of
crunching glass when you walk
throughout the halls from the shards
spread along the floor making any
attempt for escape impossible. Then
there is the musty heat and smells
from the slave Asians cooking opium
adding to the already strangling
stagnant air. If that isn't enough to
keep the police out surely the added
revolting stench of rotting body's of

the forgotten captured which litter
the hallway's to any exit will. The
evidence is all here including the
piles of right footed boots which the
shanghaied men had once wore. This is
what I would imagine hell would be if
it were here on our plain.

I believe my life is as good as it
will ever get and it appears as if any
chance at love and my dreams has
escaped me. I am tired and I miss poor
Ann. I hold out hope someday a man
will come along and free me from the
grips of this wretched
underworld...from this city they call
Portland.

Amelia closes her journal slowly before gently placing it on
her desk. Gazing out her dingy window briefly she moves the
journal back into her drawer. Hesitating a bit she grasps her
opium pipe. Staring into it Amelia strikes one of the loose
matches lying around the top of her dresser and begins deeply
inhaling the smoke in silence. Exhaling a thick cloud once
again she stares out into the changing city.

INT. INSIDE THE OL'END SIX MONTHS LATER

Inside the bar is full to the brim with life. Poker games go
on as drunks vie for the attention of whores who in turn use
what they have to take the men for anything of value. They
boldly reach their hands into the foolish men's pockets while
dangling their barley covered breasts into their victims
faces. The piano player keeps a lively melody entertaining
all.

A frightened young woman inside a hanging cage fights off the
hands of despicable men. Towards the back Amelia sits at her
usual table with Nina who is again teaching Olivia, Reese and
Madison Lilly more about the business. Amelia flicks her
cigarette to the side bouncing it off the wall in disgust.

AMELIA

Ughh! Can't we clean out this place!
Look at these filthy drunks. Every
night they play the same games with
the same sickly whores.

Nina frowns moving away from her young students to respond to Amelia's annoying rants.

NINA

These whores and miserable humps are here to keep the place full and make our job easier. That is the way it has always been and it is the way it shall stay. So listen up shut your mouth and keep an eye out for a solid catch tonight.

Nina glares towards Amelia while she moves back to continue instructing Olivia, Reese and Madison Lilly.

AMELIA

I grow tired of the same faces and the same places every night. Nothing ever changes!

Nina rolls her eye's snapping back at Amelia's refusal to stop.

NINA

You should be glad nothing changes! For when it does you a gonna wish it hadn't. Now mind your business god dammit!

Amelia sits back in her chair fully disgruntled. Watching the room for a moment Amelia jumps up in her seat in excitement outstretching her hand to Nina.

AMELIA

I need the key for the room. I want go and fill my pipe.

Nina shoots her a confused look.

NINA

Amelia we have work to do. Now just sit your ass down and forget about your pipe.

Amelia pauses before standing showing off her fine new dress with the plunging neck line.

AMELIA

Nina I need to go change as well. It's gonna get wet tonight and I didn't bring nothing to throw over.

Nina sits ignoring Amelia turning away. Amelia puts a hand on Nina's shoulder bringing her attention back.

AMELIA

It's still early. I'll be back before the place even fills up. I promise Nina.

Amelia pleads fully annoying Nina.

NINA

Uhhgg! God dammit Amelia your like a little fucking child! Here! Go...but you best get back here quick or Garret will be on both of us.

Nina reaches into her side pocket tossing her key's to the hotel room on the table.

NINA

Hurry your ass up. You know Garrets got a large order to fill.

Standing Amelia snatches up the key speaking defiantly.

AMELIA

Oh he always has a big order to fill. Meanwhile we are made to do all the work while he gets paid for our deeds.

Just at that moment Amelia glances towards the entrance becoming fixated on a strong and handsome middle aged man heading for the bar.

NINA

My sweet Amelia you are young and have many things to learn. Let me give you some advice...

Amelia lifts her breasts readjusting her assets then leaves the table rudely in the middle of Nina speaking to her. Nina stares at her angered by Amelia. Amelia makes a b-line for the handsome man motioning Chase to serve them up drinks before she reaches the bar. Back at the table Nina slaps a giggling Madison Lilly in the back of the head forcing Reese and Olivia to pay attention to Amelia.

NINA

Keep your eye's open and your mouths shut. There she goes now watch and learn.

CHASE
Evening sir, the names Chase.

EVAN MYARS
Chase huh? Well sir... my names Evan
Myars of Oklahoma.

Chase stands poised shinning up different sized glasses.

CHASE
Homa eh. Long way's from here...to far
for my old bones. You where there for
the land grab some summers back?

EVAN MYARS
Yup. Sure was and let me tell you it
was quite a sight to see. Yep them
damn injuns didn't need any of them
plots any damn ways.

The young girls intently watch as the deadly woman playfully
leans over the bar next to the finely dressed man who cannot
help but steal a glance at her and suddenly stopping his
conversation.

AMELIA
Hey there Chase two whiskey's please.

Amelia widens her eye's slightly to let Chase know what's
going on.

CHASE
Sure thing Amelia two whiskey's.

Chase turns his back to pour the drinks. He pulls the vile
containing it's dark poison to drug the man's drink, but
before he can Amelia interrupts.

AMELIA
Um wait a minute bartender...I'll uh
have those straight up.

CHASE
Oh yes! Straight up yes ma'am. Uh just
let me open up a fresh bottle.

Chase hurries to put away his vile of poison and reach down
to an open crate snatching up a new bottle of whiskey. Amelia
turns towards Evan Myars who is watching what is happening

behind the bar intently.

AMELIA

First time in Portland dear?

EVAN MYARS

What uh yes miss. First time here but
I've heard a whole lot about it.

Chase quickly set's the two drinks in front of Amelia. She in turn she flicks him a silver dollar while pushing one drink in front Even Myars. Some drunks holler for Chase from down at the opposite side of the bar. Before helping the others Chase holds his hand up acknowledging Amelia's generosity.

CHASE

Yea...yea... now what the hell you
want?

Chase turns his attention else ware.

AMELIA

Well hope it's all what you expected.
I'm Amelia. Here welcome.

Amelia takes her shot as Even Myars kindly accepts the drink. Evan Myars stumbles a bit over his words observing the inviting and strikingly beautiful Amelia.

EVAN MYARS

Why thank you ma'am. I must say it's
been beyond my expectations as of
late.

Evan Myars drinks half of his shot while Amelia shoots a look back towards Nina and the girls smiling deviously. Evan Myars speaks to Amelia who in turn whirls back around displaying her flowing soft hair.

EVAN MYARS

Now...uh...let me get you one.
Bartender! Bartender! Two more please.
Ma'am forgive me but you have to be
the most beautiful woman I have seen
thus far.

Amelia senses the man getting more and more nervous and she knows she has him. Putting a hand under Evan Myars chin Amelia play's coyfully.

AMELIA

Uh ah. Your lying to me already.

Amelia shakes her finger at him as if she were scolding Evan Myars like a child.

AMELIA

Not a good start.

EVAN MYARS

Oh no miss! I'm not lying I promise you. I have been here for nearly a day and a half and no other woman has the looks of you.

Amelia laughs loudly playing her games. Nina meanwhile speaks towards Olivia, Madison Lilly and Reese who listens intently.

NINA

You see that Madison. You make them feel as if they are in control yet you use your assets to make him do what you want. Now here's where she hooks him watch! Look at how she moves her body around Watch! He has no idea what's in store for him.

Amelia then leans back deeply gazing at him with her bedroom eye's.

AMELIA

Well Evan Myars since the moon is out and the rain has broke would you care to go outside and walk a while with me?

Surprised Evan Myars can only nod yes. Amelia leans in close to him cupping his chin with her hand again.

AMELIA

Tell you what dear order up a couple more and I'll be right back.

EVAN MYARS

Yes ma'am. Bartender! Bartender!

Evan Myars turns to order up quickly but Chase is at the far end walking back up towards him. As Chase passes Amelia behind the bar she gives him a slight nod. Chase nods back to her in acknowledgment before smiling and taking Evan Myars

order.

CHASE

Another one for you and the lady?

EVAN MYARS

Yes sir we will both have one more
thank you.

Evan Myars watches Amelia sensually walk back to the table to speak with Nina. Chase uses the opportunity to fill the glasses and this time he pours the dark liquid into them. Amelia leans over Nina's table with her backside facing Evan Myars keeping his attention on her.

AMELIA

I've got him.

Nina has finished rolling herself a smoke and is preparing to light it. Before she can Amelia snatches it from her mouth leaving her with her mouth wide open for a brief moment. Angered Nina flicks the unlit match at Amelia in disgust.

NINA

You make sure you get him somewheres
quick. Once he drinks that shit he'll
be on the bricks in no time.

Amelia still defiant gives Nina's words no attention. She turns back around staring aggressively at Evan Myars. Amelia takes one final look back to Nina and winking one eye before moving back towards Evan Myars. He nervously fidgets with his hands watching the gorgeous approach him.

AMELIA

Shall we go?

EVAN MYARS

Yes. Yes.

Moving in close Amelia grabs the visibly darker drink pulling Evan Myars head back by his hair and pouring it down his throat. He display's a disgusted look before coughing a bit after taking the poisoned drink. Amelia gives him a deep kiss before letting go of the astonished man and licking her lips. She then grabs him by the hand taking him past the onlooking patrons leaving her dark drink behind. Chase makes eye contact with Nina who in turn motions with her hand to remove the tainted drink from bar top. Chase swiftly discards the poisonous drink then returns to yelling and serving other drunks.

CHASE

Alright god dammit I'll get yer damn
drink now shud up! Or you can go on
and get the hell outta here!

Chase speaks under his breath to himself.

CHASE

God damn pieces of shit. Lucky I don't
piss in them drinks.

EXT. STREETS OF PORTLAND NIGHT

Amelia and Evan Myars loudly walk down the street moving in and out of the shadows. Laughing and flirting Amelia watches as Evan Myars soon becomes fiercely intoxicated and begins using the walls of buildings to keep his balance while speaking gibberish. Amelia slows to watch him with wide eye's as a predator stalks a wounded prey. A soft rain fall begins to fill the air as Evan Myars hand finally slips of the wall succumbing to the poison and smacking his face against the cold cobblestone street. Giggling Amelia happily skips towards Evan Myars clapping her hands before trying to help him get up.

AMELIA

Have a little too much tonight did we?
Ha ha. Now come on lets get you to a
house and on your way.

Amelia reaches down lifting Evan Myars arm up and attempting sling it over her for support. Before she can lift him her neck and arm is grabbed from out of view by a DIRTY HENCHMAN pushing and forcefully holding her against the bricks of the nearby building. Amelia instinctively begins beating on the arm and reaching for her blade as the Dirty Henchmen breaths heavily in her face. The sound of many guns being cocked stops Amelia from her movements. Out of the shadows a long barrel of a gun is slowly pressed up against her forehead. Amelia's free arm is swiftly grabbed by the man pressing the gun up against her as she is sprawled out and held with her back against the wall. Amelia struggles to get free but the two large henchmen are much to strong for her. One leans in close speaking to her.

DIRTY HENCHMAN

Just cuz you don't lie on your back
don't mean you ain't no whore. Ssss I
bet you taste sweeeet.

Amelia shivers with fear. She hears heavy boot steps approaching in the darkness but stop short of the light. Out of the darkness Amelia strains to see the glowing red cherry of a lit cigarette. The Sinister Man speaks to Amelia quietly with his raspy voice.

SINISTER MAN

Miss Amelia... The deadliest of crimps
in Portland they say.

Amelia's eye's grow big recognizing the man's voice from her first night with Turquoise Ann. Finally the man steps into the light exposing a deeply scarred face.

SINISTER MAN

You know normally I would just let my
men have at you for a while before
slicing open that pretty little throat
of yours.

Amelia attempts to break free but is held tightly.

AMELIA

Try it and I'll kill you! I'll kill
you all! Ahhgg!

The men laugh as Amelia shakes wildly with adrenalin looking from side to side at the wretched men deviously smiling and breathing in her face.

SINISTER MAN

I'm sure you would. He he. But I don't
think I'll be doing that... no not
this time.

The Sinister Man continues to smoke not really looking at Amelia. Stomping on the ground one of the DIRTY HENCHMAN squeezes her tighter while leaning in to smell her.

DIRTY HENCHMAN

Ahh come on boss. This would be a good
move for us.

The Sinister Man responds swiftly.

SINISTER MAN

You shut yer mouth dammit!

The Sinister Man briefly raises his voice.

SINISTER MAN

At the moment I don't feel as if I need to take out Garrets top wench. No not yet, but since I have you here and you attention I will tell you this.

The Sinister Man steps in close getting right in Amelia's face slowly becoming extremely enraged and forcing her to look away in fear.

SINISTER MAN

I grow tired of Garret's games! I grow tired of hearing how his business is better than ours and when Bunko gives me the go ahead I plan on killing him along with the rest of you miserable fucks!

The Sinister Man violently clutches Amelia by her cheeks with one hand turning her head to face him.

SINISTER MAN

And as for you! The next time I see any of Garrets fucking filthy whores poking around The Erickson or anyone trying to snatch up our goods you and all who take part with him will be rotting in the fucking river! You hear me! Now get outta here and take this lousey piece of shit with you.

The Dirty Henchman releases his vice grip along with the other man dropping Amelia abruptly to the ground. The men retreat slowly sneering before disappearing back into the darkness uncocking their guns leaving Amelia rubbing her neck sitting alone with Evan Myars in the once again quiet street. The soft rainfall begins to get more intense as Amelia reaches towards Evan Myars pushing on his body attempting to wake him slowly by speaking compassionately.

AMELIA

Evan? C'mon Evan time to move its gonna start to come down heavy.

Shaking him even more Evan Myars lifts his head groggy and bleeding. Amelia grabs a hold of him by his limp arm placing it over her shoulder helping him to his feet. Evan Myars speaks softly.

EVAN MYARS

Ughh! My head.

Amelia lifts his face delicately inspecting his cuts. The two stand still in the rain sharing a long stare into each others eye's. The ferocity of the rain increases stopping them short of moving in any closer.

AMELIA

Come...let's get you cleaned up and out of this rain.

Amelia grabs a hold of Evan Myars hand while looking into his eye's. She gives him a tiny smile leading the way into the night. Heading down the street they soon disappear around into a dark street.

INT. INSIDE RAGGED HOTEL

Amelia and Evan Myars enter clumsily into the loud and poorly lit hallway. Party goers and sensual moans can be heard as Amelia moves passed a drunk man lying in the hallway. Reese runs out of her room laughing hysterically leaving her doorway wide open. Amelia still struggles to walk with the heavily drugged man. Upon passing by the wide open door Amelia glances in to see another drugged man crawling around with blood on his hands and face. He is screaming in Russian words that Amelia does not understand.

Evan Myars barely lifts his legs while Amelia strains to keep him on his feet. Stopping at her room Amelia reaches into her pocket shaking about till she finds the right key to unlock the door. Amelia glances back into the hallway hearing voices. She spots two of Garrets henchmen going towards the room with the foreigner in it with pistols out. Amelia quickly ducks out of view into her room stumbling into the dark room falling on the bed with Evan Myars. Just then yelling is heard followed by a commotion out in the hallway ending in five or six crackling gunshots.

Hearing silence then laughter Amelia quickly removes herself from under his arm to ignite the kerosene lantern next to the bed. Evan Myars moves slow but sits up grasping his still bleeding head.

EVAN MYARS

What happened Uhhhgh! My head.

Amelia dampens a cloth in a crude bowl of water. Approaching him she slowly and carefully begins softly blotting then wiping away the blood.

AMELIA

You where drunk and fell on the street.

Evan Myars looks upward puzzled.

EVAN MYARS

Drunk? What the hell kinda whiskey they serve in there. Shit!

Amelia lets out a small giggle while wringing out the blood from her cloth. With her back turned Evan Myars slowly rises to his feet placing his hands on her shoulders startling Amelia slightly.

AMELIA

Oh! Yes... what is it?

Staring into each others eye's Evan Myars reaches up carefully moving Amelia's wet hair away from her face revealing her full beauty. Amelia in turn sensually rubs her face against Evans Myars hand letting him know her feelings. Evan Myars cautiously leans in beginning by softly kissing on her neck and shoulders. Amelia is frozen breathing heavily and uncomfortable by the unfamiliar situation. When Amelia cannot take it anymore she shoves him back onto the bed forcing him to sit.

Amelia smiles before slowly beginning to undress herself one shoulder at a time. With her dress ready to fall she turns down the lantern until only the moonlight shines through the curtains. With her back turned to Evan Myars Amelia drops her dress off one arm then the other before finally letting it fall to the floor. Her hourglass figure shines in the moonlight standing nude in front of Evan Myars exposing her beautiful silhouette. Evan Myars pulls her in close kissing her stomach softly then pulling her onto the bed with him where they continue kissing into the night.

INT. RAGGED HOTEL EARLY MORNING

Garret stands outside the room emphatically knocking at the door again and again. Inside the darkened room Amelia and Evan Myars rustle around silent and peaceful in the bed. Still more knocking at the door with Garret calling Amelia by name that goes unanswered.

GARRET

Amelia open up! God dammit! Amelia!

O.K. that's it! Carrie gimmie dem damn key's.

Carrie throws the leather strap attached to his shotgun around his shoulders hanging it in place. He then digs in his pocket pulling out a ring of over twenty keys on it handing it to Garret. Garret looks at the ring of key's in his hand then back up to Carrie.

GARRET

What the hell is this! Every damn key to the city! How the hell am I sposed to know which one it is.

CARRIE

Oh sorry boss its the silver one.

Garret scowls before flipping through the key's finding a silver one.

CARRIE

Wait that's not it...Uh keep going that's for a cage. I think it's just a couple more...

Garret clenches his fists.

GARRET

Oh god dammit! Here take them and just unlock the fucking thing! You probably don't even use half of them shits!

Garret tosses the key's angrily at Carrie who in turn swiftly finds the right one and unlocks the door letting the hall light pour into the dark room and giving Garret a perfect view of Amelia and Evan Myars shifting about on the bed. Garret looks back into the hallway where Carrie stands poised and ready holding his shotgun along with Anthony and Lenny who come running up the hallway.

Garret extends his hand snapping his fingers signaling for Carries double barreled shotgun. Carrie quickly opens the shotgun up checking the ammunition before flipping it closed. He tosses his heavy shotgun to Garret before making his way into the room opening up the dark curtains that keep the light from entering the room during the day. The sudden brightness hits Amelia forcing her to turn over. Garret stands pointing the shotgun right at the bed.

AMELIA

Uhg! Chloe girl that better not be your little ass opening up my drapes again.

Garret glances towards his men displaying a crooked smile as they stand and wait for a reaction.

GARRET

Not Chloe this time dear.

Amelia immediately recognizes the voice opening her eye's wide and sitting up quickly barley covering her nude body with the sheet. Garret looks at her then to Evan Myars sleeping soundly. Garret aims the shotgun smiling at Amelia before swiftly pulling both triggers of the shotgun releasing a thundering sound and filling the room with white smoke. Amelia screams as blood instantly spatters the room and Amelia forcing her to jump out of bed nude cowering in the corner. Garret grabs Amelia's black silk robe lying on a chair angrily tossing it to her.

GARRET

Here! God Dammit! Cover up!

Garret finished with his weapon tosses the shotgun back to Carrie who swiftly pulls out the spent shells placing them in his pocket before reloading it quickly and snapping the barrel shut. Amelia rises as her silk robe clings to her body from the blood approaching Garret in a subdued and apologetic manner.

AMELIA

Garret please let me explain! I...

Garret abruptly stops Amelia by pulling his pistol out of his waist and proceeds to empty his gun into the lifeless body flinging more blood on himself and throughout the room horrifying Amelia.

AMELIA

Oh my god. Oh my god!

Amelia moves to the side of Garret with her hand covering her mouth while shaking wildly with fear.

GARRET

Boy's get in here.

Anthony and Lenny run in from the hallway with astonished looks on their faces waiting next to Garret. Anthony and

Lenny briefly share a wide eyed and confused look at each other as Garret reloads and checks his pistol before sticking it back into his waistband. He speaks sternly to the men regaining their attention.

GARRET

You two take this lump of shit down to the good doctors and tell them it's fresh. I want the full amount. You tell them sorry about all the holes and such but I'm trying to work on my anger issues.

Lenny and Anthony give each other another strange look listening to Garret. After Garret finishes speaking Anthony and Lenny immediately race to the body with Anthony making it to the feet first. The two roughly pull down the bloody body setting it on the floor.

LENNY

Ahh nah bullshit! I'm not gonna carry the fucking bloody knot again. Not this time!

Garret leans his head back breathing in deeply.

GARRET

God dammit Lenny just grab him and get the fuck outta here! Maybe if would move a little faster you could beat em. Now move!

Anthony shows a small smile as Lenny obeys reluctantly and cursing.

LENNY

Oh ha ha. You go an fuck off Anthony! Piece of shit.

As the two brace themselves and lift Garret stops them having them pause suspending the dripping body in the air.

GARRET

Wait no Anthony I want you to leave that to Lenny and go out and find Nina. Bring her down to the me as soon as you find her.

Anthony happily drops the feet of the body with his arms spread wide smiling at Lenny still holding the bloody shoulders. Lenny in turn drops his end on the ground with a

thud.

LENNY

What the...

ANTHONY

Right boss. Not a problem.

GARRET

Good now you go!

Anthony exits swiftly while Garret watches as Lenny moves around the body. Lenny continues to curse while trying to drag the body out of the room. Garret folds his arms watching Lenny struggle and leaving a bloody trail behind him.

GARRET

God dammit Lenny! Put that fucking bloody mess in some more bedding. I pay the cops enough to look the other way but I'm sure as fuck not gonna drag a almost headless body down the fucking street!

Lenny stops looking up to see the trail of blood he's leaving behind and drops the body again. Lenny scans the room quickly and spots the dark curtains. He tears them off draping it over the body before rolling it tight. Garret nods in approval before returning his attention back towards Amelia who is standing next to the wall watching everything go on. Amelia again approaches Garret cautiously.

AMELIA

Please Garret Nina had nothing to do with any of this she...

Garret swiftly smacks her with the back of his hand making her crash into a lamp shattering it to pieces. Garret stands over her intimidating the frightened and dazed Amelia. Amelia wipes her hand across her mouth finding her lip leaking blood. Garret moves in close slowly engaging the shocked Amelia.

GARRET

Amelia you listen to me. I gave you everything. You where protected and feared. What ever you needed it was there for you. But now for your constant disobedience you will be punished!

AMELIA

Please Garret...

Garret raises his hand placing one finger over his mouth to silence battered woman who reels back in fear.

GARRET

Not another word.

Garret turns to leave stopping short of the door. He scowls at Lenny still struggling with Evan Myars body.

GARRET

God dammit Lenny! Get that fucking body over your shoulder and let's go! You know they fancy em warm.

Garret eye's Amelia again sitting on the floor. He speaks to her sarcastically.

GARRET

Easier to cut into I suppose.

Garret raises his eyebrows at Amelia looking for any response. Amelia looks away from him avoiding his eye's. Garret quickly changes his expression yelling out over his shoulder towards Carrie.

GARRET

Carrie!

CARRIE

Boss?

Lenny tosses the body over his shoulder still cursing under his breath while Carrie approaches from the opposite side of the room watching and laughing at Lenny. Garret grabs Carrie by the collar of his shirt forcing him to get serious.

GARRET

Hey! Hey look at me. Have her clean herself up an bring her down to me.

CARRIE

Right boss no problem.

GARRET

Right? Good. Lenny! Let's go.

Garret and Lenny exit leaving Carrie alone with Amelia. Amelia's eye's dance around the room looking at the horrific

scene. Carrie taps her slightly with his heavy shotgun scaring her and forcing her to stand. Amelia rises hanging her head low and moving towards her closet of clothes stopping only to pick up the wet rag next the spilled bowl of water she had used before.

CARRIE

Get cleaned up and get some clothes on.

Carrie raises his shotgun resting the weapon on his shoulder walking towards the other side of the messy room as if to give Amelia some amount of privacy. Amelia begins by cleaning the blood off her face with the wet rag as Carrie keeps himself occupied sifting around Amelia's desk closely inspecting different gold and silver chains. Carrie looks up to check on Amelia who is busy looking for clothes to put on. Seizing his opportunity Carrie finds one he likes and quickly shoves it into his pocket.

Carrie continues to inspect through Amelia's things finding her journal. Carrie flips through the pages briefly. He notices it's last entry is the morning of May 22, 1885 with nothing else written under the date.

CARRIE

I see you've taken your share of trophies Amelia.

Carrie continues to trifle through Amelia's affects while she peers out the corner of her eye towards the door still left open by Garret and Lenny. The cocking of Carries shotgun turns her head back swiftly. Carrie is pointing the shotgun directly at her. Amelia gazes into the menacing gaping barrels of Carries shotgun.

CARRIE

Amelia this is not the time for games. Boss has left me with no leniency to give this time.

Amelia nods in agreement walking close to Carrie picking up her open journal in front of him holding it close.

AMELIA

May I take this with me. It's all I have to remember Ann by.

Carrie stares at the woman holding the book tightly. Finally he turns to walk out agreeing with Amelia.

CARRIE

Your not gonna need it where your
going but you can if you must. Now
let's move.

Amelia looks up at Carrie briefly before glancing once around the blood spattered room. The two swiftly exit while Carrie follows close behind hiding his shotgun in his long coat making sure not to cause attention. As the two walk down the hallway Olivia and Madison Lilly peek their heads out looking at each other in wonder watching Amelia being led away.

EXT. LOWER DOCKS EARLY AFTERNOON

Garret is standing smoking close to a portly and WIDE SHIP CAPTAIN. The Wide Ship Captain is standing visibly disappointed with his arms crossed gazing upon last nights stock of men. Goods from other ships move off and on and as for Garret his business goes on particularly unnoticed as usual. The Wide Ship Captain speaks in a dry and thick accent.

WIDE SHIP CAPTAIN

No! No! This is not what I was looking
for. I needed Negroes. Whites I can
pick up almost anywhere and they don't
travel as well.

Garret places an arm around the man walking him closer to the captured men and motioning for him to fully inspect the first one in line.

WIDE SHIP CAPTAIN

Open up. Turn yer head.

The Wide Ship Captain holds his hands alongside the captured mans mouth looking at his teeth lifting the head back and forth to get a full view of the inside of his mouth. He then checks the hands and arms of the man. Once finished the Wide Ship Captain throws his arms up as to be still displeased with what he see's.

WIDE SHIP CAPTAIN

Shit! Shit! I don't know. I don't know
if I can use em.

Garret leads the man farther down the line with an open arm displaying more of his captures.

GARRET

Look if you wanted Negroes as you call them you are far to north for them. They are hard to come by these day's and they mostly stay to themselves. Rarely do we get any. Besides these men are clean and ready to go to work.

Garret steps along side the captured man lighting a smoke while speaking faster.

GARRET

Now as for what you see before you it's the best in town I promise you you will not find a better deal.

The Wide Ship Captain Crosses his arms while lowering his brow.

GARRET

Tell you what I'll do...take all ten and I'll drop a dollar off the last five.

The Wide Ship Captain thinks about his offer intently. Nodding in approval he extends his hand to Garret. Garret shakes his hand thoroughly pleased.

GARRET

Splendid most splendid my friend!

The Wide Ship Captain quickly changes his facial expression from joy to his regular seriousness speaking plainly.

WIDE SHIP CAPTAIN

I'll take em for now but make sure you save any Negroes for me. I'll pay double for em and I should be back around in two or three months.

Garret speaks sternly.

GARRET

Two months fine. You'll have all you can want. Now if you'll excuse me I have other business which needs my attention.

Money exchanges hands and Garret waves the men away. The Wide Ship Captain waves down to his FIRST MATE approaching with a pistol in hand poking it into the side of the first slave in

line.

FIRST MATE

You walk straight ahead and don't give
me any trouble. You do anything and
I'll put hole in your liver you got
me?

The beat down man nods in obedience and is led away with the others in tow gazing around with unsure looks upon their faces. Garret stands with his arms crossed waiting and watching as they vanish through the bustling mayhem of the connected docks. The Wide Ship Captain approaches Garret who swiftly outstretches his hand smiling and firmly shaking farewell to his new friend.

GARRET

I'll see you next time around good
friend and remember...always come and
see me first.

Garret turns smiling and flipping a gold coin into the air playfully while strutting over to the entrance to his bar without a care in the world. Meanwhile the slaves have disappeared into the crowd as if they were never even there.

INT. INSIDE THE OL'END MID MORNING

Anthony stands at the entrance with the door wide open. Sunlight exposes the dark corners of the bar making it easier for him to pick out Nina. Anthony's face is blocked by the shadows. His silhouette is all the patrons can make out as they raise their heads only for a quick second before returning their attention back onto their games. Only a few poker games are going on and Nina is taking part in a lively one. A very DIRTY MAN sits across from her taking the brunt of her jokes.

NINA

I see you've got lady luck on your
side this morning? Eh dirt. Ha Ha!

She displays a giant grin on her face laughing while raking in another pot. The Dirty Man throws his hand down in disgust looking away from Nina visibly annoyed. Anthony walks inside intentionally circling around to the bar. Chase meets up with him at the far end wiping down a spot for him.

CHASE

Hey there Anthony haven't seen you
round for a spell. What can I get ya?

Anthony slumps his body onto a bar stool right in front of
Chase.

ANTHONY

Ehh! Just whiskey for now.

CHASE

Whiskey right up.

Anthony strikes a match against the bar igniting a cigar he
pulls out from his top pocket. Chase serves up his healthy
glass of whiskey as Anthony puffs away deeply inhaling the
thick smoke from his cigar.

ANTHONY

Well ol Nina looks as if she do'in
pretty good for herself this morning.

Chase leans over onto the bar nodding his head in agreement.

CHASE

Yep. She's really been givin it to
that dirty fellow sitting across from
her too.

Anthony smiles continuing to puff away enjoying his cigar.

ANTHONY

Yea! She's a brute of woman that's for
sure. I'd sure hate to be the one
caught drunk underneath her some
night.

Chase and Anthony share a big laugh together as Anthony takes
down all his whiskey like a shot.

CHASE

You god damn right! I wouldn't know
whats worse. Dying from what ever
she's got or having to settle down and
marry her!

Nina continues placing bets oblivious to Anthony and Chase
making jokes about her at the bar.

NINA

I see your five and I'll raise ya...

twenty five.

Nina tosses several coins and dollars at the center of the table. The Dirty Man looks at her then down to his cards. Nina raises her eyebrows waiting for his answer. Finally the Dirty Man throws his cards down in disgust.

DIRTY MAN

Ahh horse shit! Take her down!

Nina pulls in her winnings laughing at the Dirty Man's bad luck. Counting her money Nina looks up to taunt the Dirty Man once more.

NINA

Oh is that what you had for breakfast?
I couldn't tell if it was dog or horse
shit that you smelled of this mornin!

The table erupts in laughter as The Dirty Man looks around briefly before rising swiftly in anger brandishing a knife.

DIRTY MAN

Why you fucking whore! I'll slit your
god damn neck!

Anthony spots the commotion leaping off his stool racing across the room knocking over chairs on his way before stopping behind Nina poised for a fight. The Dirty Man freezes at the sight of Anthony and gently sits back down in his chair. Nina quickly glances behind her back seeing him there and arrogantly smiles back at the Dirty Man.

NINA

Hey there Anthony. Never been happier
to see your ugly mug. Tell Garret I'll
come see him in a few.

Nina peers around at everyone next to her.

NINA

That's right I said Garret! You
assholes here me! Ha! Anthony I've got
more money here than the girls down
the street could make in a week.

Anthony sets his hand on the backside of Nina's neck and speaks sternly to her.

ANTHONY

Not this time Nina I am here to bring
you to him now.

Nina shoots Anthony a unconcerned look before responding
loudly and pulling away from him.

NINA

Get your hands off me! I'll go when
I'm good and ready! Now get the fuck
outta here and go fetch some thing
else for your master!

Anthony scowls as the card players along with the Dirty Man
slowly begin to move back anticipating trouble.

ANTHONY

You watch your tongue Nina and I said
you'll be coming now!

Anthony violently lifts her to her feet forcing Nina to kick
over her table spilling drinks along with money and ashtrays.
Nina kicks wildly in the air and screaming loudly.

NINA

Ahhh! Let me down you mule! Let me
down!

Anthony fearfully struggles to keep a grasp on Nina as she
turns to face him digging her nails deeply into his neck.

NINA

I said get your hands off of me!

ANTHONY

Ahhhh! Dammit!

Anthony in return stretches out his arms attempting to hold
the wild woman at bay. Nina responds fiercely by striking him
with a swift kick close to his groin making him keel over and
releasing her to the ground knocking over her chair.

ANTHONY

Uggh! God Dammit! Nina stop! Stop!

Nina takes advantage of Anthony releasing her and begins
landing several stiff punches to his face and body.

NINA

Big bad Anthony huh! Getting beat by a
woman!

Nina lands a solid right hook busting Anthony's nose and mouth wide open. As a result he becomes infuriated reacting swiftly.

ANTHONY

Ahh God dammit Nina!

He viciously grabs a hold of Nina lifting the frightened woman back off her feet and throwing her down to the floor. Nina smacks her face against the hard wood knocking out her front tooth. Nina holds her bleeding mouth spitting out a tooth and watching it bounce along the ground.

NINA

Puutooph! Ah... You broke out my
fucking tooth! Ah! You...

Nina speaks leering up with blood dripping out of her mouth. Anthony stands stunned at what he has done while Nina notices motion to her side and catches the men she had been playing against feverishly picking up her money that's spread out all along the ground.

NINA

You wretched dogs! That's my coin!

Nina is overcome with rage instantly reaching into her dress for a small single shot pistol she has tucked away in her pocket. Brandishing it Nina takes aim at a man counting money closest to Anthony.

ANTHONY

Hey! What the fuck you doing!

Nina grasps her pistol with both hands cocking back the hammer as Anthony leaps into action kicking at her arm just as she squeezes the trigger making a loud crack. Through the thin white smoke the bullet catches the Dirty Man's chin exiting out the side of his neck forcing a tidal wave of blood to come spurting out. Instantly he grasps onto his neck unable to stop the flow of blood seeping through his fingers and hands as he falls to his knees. Gasping for air the Dirty Man finally wilts over thrashing about on the ground desperately.

Missing her target Nina hurriedly attempts to reload her gun. Reaching into her pocket she fumbles around spilling loose bullets everywhere. The men around her continue to scoop up coins while looking back at her. Rolling onto her stomach Nina grasps a small bullet quickly opening and shaking out her empty shell casing before frantically snatching and

sliding a new bullet into the pistol clicking it shut.

Anthony takes his eye's off the dying man on the ground to glance back at Nina realizing what she is about to do. In a state of panic and confusion he lunges at Nina punching her just as she begins to raise her pistol back up. Anthony lands next to her lying on the ground silent.

Breathing heavily over Nina and the Dirty Mans body's Anthony pry's Nina's pistol out of he hand before aiming it around at the patrons.

ANTHONY

That's it! That's enough!

Those who are still inside stand around staring in disbelief watching the Dirty Man's body as it lies still leaking blood. Anthony rises to his feet addressing all of them angrily.

ANTHONY

Y'all get...get the hell outta here!
And any of you say a fucking word bout
this and Garret will have your heads!

The panicked patrons clear out swiftly knocking over chairs and drinks running for the exit leaving the bar empty. Anthony peers back to a frozen Chase standing behind the bar. He then reaches on down picking up a wet fifty cent piece of Nina's flicking it towards Chase striking him in the chest before rattling to a stop loudly on the bar.

ANTHONY

Here go Chase...shit! Sorry bout the
mess. Whew! God dam she's a crazy
bitch! Ah... whew! Well then I best
get you up.

Anthony grunts while heaving the limp and unconscious Nina over his shoulder. He then carefully steps over the Dirty Mans body moving towards the exit promptly. Chase follows Anthony with his eye's displaying a shocked look upon is face as he is left alone in the bar with the great mess to clean up. Chase looks down at the fifty cent piece in his hand then scans the silent room with tossed over tables and chairs along with many spilled drinks and ashtray's surrounding the dead body in the middle.

Chase angrily tosses the coin at the door before ripping off his apron and moving towards the cash drawer. He pauses for a brief moment and in an instant he rips open the drawer feverishly stuffing dollar bills and coins into his pockets.

After emptying the drawer Chase runs towards the front door locking it promptly before stopping only to retrieve some but not all of the money left behind on the floor. Satisfied he bounds over the mess and quickly exits out the back leaving the scene intact.

INT. OUTER ENTRANCE TO TUNNELS

Garret sits relaxing in a chair at his lone table holding a gorgeous red apple once again directly across from Amelia. Amelia sits in a chair quite but passionately writing into her journal. Carrie is behind her standing with one hand on Amelia's chair and the other resting his shotgun on his shoulder patiently awaiting further instructions. Garret's pistol rests on his table next a large shimmering knife. Garret leans back calmly rubbing the apple against his shirt before picking up the knife and cutting into it and eating it loudly slice by slice. A disheveled OLD MAN walks slowly over to Garret dragging his feet in shoes that appear to be too large for him. The Old Man carries a bottle of whiskey and a glass resting it on the table before pouring Garret a drink. Garret sincerely thanks him rubbing on the bottle of whiskey as if it were a woman.

GARRET

Thank you old friend.

Garret sips his whiskey silently while cutting more slices off his apple. Suddenly Anthony bursts into the room out of breath dropping Nina roughly onto the dusty floor in front of them. Anthony leans over briefly with his hands on his knees searching around for a chair to sit in. Garret stops in mid bite staring down at Nina while slowly setting down his apple and knife. With the other hand he gulps down the rest of his whiskey. Rising and still looking at the unconscious Nina Garret has a puzzled look on his face. Amelia pauses from writing briefly as Garret walks right up to Anthony forcing him to rise. Garret looks at him with a menacing glare then back down to Nina. Anthony stands staunchly still with his eye's wide open and breathing heavily.

Garret breaths in deeply before bending down to lift Nina's limp head inspecting the blood coming from her mouth. Garret then moves her head to the side lifting Nina's upper lip exposing the spot where her front tooth once was. Garret then shakes his finger in the air speaking while slowly closing his fist in anger.

GARRET

I want you to tell me exactly what happened.

ANTHONY

She didn't want to come boss.

Garret sets Nina's head down gently before looking up at Anthony and continuing to inquire about the battered woman.

GARRET

She didn't want to come?...So you beat the shit outta her and then decided to knock her fucking tooth out?

Garret stands back with his arms crossed poised to fully listen to Anthony's explanation.

ANTHONY

She tried to kill me boss...ssso I I had to hit her.

GARRET

You hit her?

Garret places one hand over his mouth moving it from side to side visibly thinking about what Anthony is telling him. At this point Amelia turns her attention again to what is going on. Garret removes his hand asking another question still very calmly.

GARRET

How hard did you hit her?

Anthony's eye's jump around.

ANTHONY

Not hard at all! Just hard enough to put her down boss! Look she pulled her gun on me and tried to shoot me.

Anthony hands Garret Nina's small pistol. Carrie stands still with his hand on Amelia shaking his head and laughing under his breath a bit. Garret holds the pistol upward before pulling the trigger of the gun releasing the cracking of the bullet sending it into the ceiling. Garret laughs briefly.

GARRET

Hhmm. Nice. Now you where saying?

Anthony searches around for a look of encouragement from

anyone in the room but finds none. The Old Man behind the bar even shakes his head as Anthony looks at him. Amelia watches in silence.

ANTHONY

I moved her arm and she caught a filthy drunk right next to me. He's dead boss. Bullet went right through his neck. Good thing I did what I did or I might have got it to.

Garret act's as if he didn't hear right shaking his head then positioning himself directly in Anthony's face.

GARRET

Hold on...say that again. I thought I heard you say someone died.

ANTHONY

Yea boss the guy she shot next to me he's dead. He got caught right in the ne....

Carrie knows what's coming and shakes his head again while smiling. Garret moves in even closer fully annoyed.

GARRET

I heard that the first time you asshole! All I want to know is why you left a perfectly good dead body over there!

ANTHONY

But it's no good boss. There's a hole right through the neck and blood is leaking all over. Sides I had Nina to grab and...

Garret fiercely grabs Anthony by the collar holding him tight and yelling in his face.

GARRET

I don't care! I don't care! All I want is for you to get your simple ass back over there and snatch me some money for that fucking body!

Garret shoves Anthony away before storming back to his table swiftly taking down two large glasses of whiskey back to back spilling it slightly on himself. Garret breaths heavily attempting to calm himself but cannot.

GARRET

Goddammit! You all know! I take em
dead or alive! Bloody or not bloody!
With a head or without a fucking head!
I don't care! I don't fucking care!
That's how we make our money!

Anthony stands silently waiting for Garrets final words.
Heated but now in control of his emotions Garret walks back
over to Anthony grasping his head with both of his hands.

GARRET

Listen to me god dammit. Please for me
Anthony...do not come back here
without any money for that body. You
hear me?

Anthony nods quickly.

ANTHONY

Sure boss. I'm sorry and it won't
happen again.

GARRET

Good now go!

Anthony moves towards the exit but is stopped only a few
steps away by Garrets words.

GARRET

Dammit Anthony not that way! Go
through the tunnels. Fucking coppers
out there! Probably snooping around
already.

Anthony swiftly turns exiting out the opposite way while
Amelia still continues to write. Sounds begin to come from
Nina pulling Amelia's attention away from her journal as she
watches Nina begin moving about on the floor lifting her head
slightly.

NINA

Mmmph

Garret lifts his chair by the table dragging it over next to
Nina. Reaching down Garret puts an arm underneath Nina
helping her up and setting her gingerly onto the chair.
Amelia winces at the appearance of Nina's bruised and swollen
face.

Garret stands back folding his arms and looking at the two

women. Garret makes eye contact with Carrie and motions him to move behind Nina with a slight movement of his head. Nina stares around with a dazed look upon her face.

GARRET

Nina? Nina! Hey you all there?

Nina rolls her head around slow holding the back of her neck.

NINA

Huh?

GARRET

Had a rough morning did we?

NINA

Huhm. Oh. Ugh yes. Uhgg!

Carrie moves over behind Nina laying his shotgun on the ground as Nina now becomes fully aware of what's going on around her. Amelia eye's the shotgun briefly before bringing her eye's back on to Garret then back down to her journal. Nina glances downwards spotting droplets of blood on her dress. She moves her tongue around in her mouth feeling where her tooth once was. Angered she attempts to rise out of her seat but Carries firm hands keep her seated. Nina looks back angered.

GARRET

Well in case you where wondering I suffered this morning as well.

NINA

Garret I don't know what the hell your talking about but ugh! When I see Anthony I'm going to cut his little fucking balls off and pickle em. You know that lousy bastard kicked me when I was down then knocked my tooth out.

GARRET

Yes so I heard.

Nina shakes her head angered and amazed at Garrets reaction.

NINA

You heard! And what the hell are you going to do about it! You know how much money I bring in!? I know it's more than that piece of shit!

Angered at Nina's yelling Garret reels back expressing his own anger.

GARRET

Nina shut your god damn mouth! You fucking almost lost all that I have created. You gave Amelia the key to the hotel! Which you where told never to do and where I found her this mornin!

Nina looks over at Amelia in astonishment and realizes she is the cause of her pain. Amelia looks up to Garret then over to Nina realizing why she is there. In a sudden burst of rage and adrenaline Nina breaks free tackling Amelia to the ground sending her journal flying aside.

GARRET

Ninaaaa! God dammit! Carrie!

Garret throws his hands up in frustration watching as the woman begin to fight. Carrie jumps in to action first by snatching up the journal placing it in his back pocket before trying but not succeeding to get in the middle of the fierce women. Years of pent up frustration and hate come out as the women flop around taking their aggressions out on each other. Kicking, punching, biting and screaming go on as the two deadly women fight violently.

Garret nonchalantly pours himself another drink standing by his table watching fully amused. Carrie reaches in trying to separate the woman again but gets bit in the melee.

CARRIE

Ahhh! Dammit!

Carrie looks towards Garret with his arms up. Garret shrugs his shoulders continuing to sip on his whiskey. Nina mounts Amelia pounding on her face and neck before finally placing both her hands around her throat fiercely beginning to choke the life out of her.

GARRET

Nina! That's enough! Carrie grab her god dammit she gonna fucking kill her!

Carrie takes the opportunity ducking his head and grabbing a hold of Nina's arms.

CARRIE

Nina! Let go of her!

In return the strong woman slips one arm away giving Carrie a swift elbow to the groin forcing him to the ground. Carrie rolls around in the fetal position while looking towards his shotgun lying on the far side of the room. Amelia strikes Nina in the stomach while desperately attempting to keep her hands off her neck.

CARRIE

Ahhgh!

AMELIA

You bitch! Get off me!

Garret slams his glass down in frustration before walking behind the bar grabbing out a simple rope. He swiftly lets out a two and a half foot length tying it into a noose. Carrie rises still injured but attempts once more to get Nina off by pulling on her dress and hair.

NINA

Ahhh! I'm gonna kill her!

Carrie gets enough of Nina to briefly let go of Amelia's arms allowing her to take in a couple more gasps of air.

CARRIE

Nina stop it!

Nina rises back up hitting Amelia again and again keeping her down then ferociously going for Carrie right next to them scratching him across his face raking his eye's. With one hand on his face Carrie grabs a hold of Nina attempting to pull her off.

CARRIE

God damn bitch! Garret! Garret!

Blood streams down Carries face blinding him as he attempts to wipe his eye's clean.

GARRET

Carrie! Carrie let her go!

Carrie spots Garret holding the noose up for him to see. With a nod Carrie releases Nina's arm while standing up. Garret is in a ready position behind them and points up to a low hanging beam directly above the fighting woman. Garret tosses the rope over it motioning Carrie to grab it. Carrie wipes his bloody face and neck as Nina continues to squeeze on Amelia's neck chocking her with all her might.

NINA

I'm gonna fucking kill you! You pretty little bitch! Aaahhh!

AMELIA

Heeelp! Heeelllp!

Amelia desperately swings and scratches at Nina fighting for her life.

GARRET

Get Nina!

Amelia's eye's roll back into her head and is nearly on the verge of blacking out. Nina yells with a crazed look on her face as Amelia slips away.

NINA

You fucking little bitch! I told you! I fucking told you!

Carrie quickly slips the noose around Nina's neck backing away motioning with his thumb for Garret to lift her. Garret turns away from them moving fast heaving Nina into the air Squeezing her neck savagely.

NINA

I aaagggghhh!

Amelia rolls to her side gasping for air and clutching her neck. Nina kicks above her struggling and yanking down on the rope forcing Garret off his feet briefly while loosing some of his grip.

GARRET

Carrie get your ass over here and grab a piece!

Carrie darts across the room to assist Garret grabbing a hold of an open piece of rope. The two men easily lift the crazed woman back up high into the air choking her fully. Amelia scoots away until her back hits the wall still holding her neck with one hand trying to catch her breath.

NINA

Arrrrgh! Garret!

Nina looks around with a frenzied and desperate expression for anyone to help her. The two men strain gritting their teeth while trying to hold her high. Nina continues yelling as blood begins to stream out of her nose and wide eye's

while staring directly at Amelia forcing her to cover her eye's. She can only listen to the horrible sounds Garret and Carrie grunting from holding her up. Until only a final gurgle is heard followed by the eerie sound of Nina's dripping blood splashing onto the dusty wooden floor.

GARRET

You fucking bitch! Die already!
Aaahhh!

Amelia peers between her fingers to see Carrie release his grip first then finally Garret drop Nina's limp body down to the bloody floor with a thud. Amelia shakes wildly scared and desperate dropping her hands she notices Nina's bloody silent eye's staring directly at her. In a state of extreme fright she uses this opportunity to run for the exit.

GARRET

Amelia! Carrie quick!

Before she can reach the door she is knocked in the back of the head by the butt of Carries shotgun. Hitting the floor the woozy Amelia tries to rise again but cannot. She hears Garrets words before going out.

GARRET

God dammit I didn't need this! Shit! I didn't need this! Get Lenny in here with some men to clean up this mess! But first take Amelia down below. Shit! I need some time to think on this one.

CARRIE

Sure thing Boss.

INT. INSIDE THE TUNNELS CORRIDOR

The loud sound of dripping water begins to wake a cold Amelia slowly. Amelia is lying in darkness face down in a cage with no broken glass in it barely big enough for a man. Moist thick air chokes Amelia forcing her to sit up swiftly while coughing. As a result Amelia lifts part of her dress covering her mouth breathing heavily into it. Rats scurry over and around Amelia's legs and hands surprising her and forcing her to stand striking her head against a low ceiling. Amelia grasps a hold of the sturdy steel bars shaking them attempting to get out. A solid lock on the outside of the cage holds the firm and heavy door closed. Amelia attempts to

see it clearly through the bars while pulling on it frantically again and again with both hands.

AMELIA

Dammit ugh! Hello? Can anyone hear me?

She strains to see out down through the dimly lit corridor. Seeing nothing she presses her ear up against the steel to listen. Feeling the coldness she pulls away quickly.

AMELIA

Ahh! Cold.

Amelia leans in close to the bars blowing warm air onto them.

AMELIA

Hhuuuugh. Hhuuuuhg.

Amelia again presses her ear back against the same spot. Amelia listens intently for several moments hearing nothing but dripping water. She yells out once more this time louder.

AMELIA

Hello! Please!...Somebody get me out of here! Hello is anyone there?

With no apparent answer and only the chilling sound of her echo again Amelia slides back falling into her arms and begins sobbing. She speaks to herself softly.

AMELIA

Why did they do this to me. Ann I am so sorry Ann...please help me.

At that moment Amelia hears the faint and familiar sound of crunching glass forcing her to lift her head out of her arms. The excited woman presses her ear once again against the steel bars slowing down her breathing and listening intently. Her wide eye's dance around in the darkness attempting to seek out any movement from the origin of the sounds.

Out of the shadow appears a LITTLE PERSON walking towards Amelia in a strange manner. Amelia positions her body towards the incoming figure as the crunching glass becomes louder and louder. As he approaches the Little Person ominously lowers the out pour of light from his kerosene lantern.

AMELIA

Oh thank you! Pleases sir! Please will you help me? I was mistakenly put here...I work with Garret up above

sir..please .can you get me out of here?

Amelia moves as he approaches expecting him to stop. The Little Person does not even lift his head as he almost walks past her. In desperation Amelia grabs a hold of his arm from out of her cage.

AMELIA

Please! Can you help me?

The Little Person stops slowly turning his head towards Amelia revealing a severely disfigured face. Amelia struggles to not express her disgust.

AMELIA

Oh god! Sorry um could you help me? I need to get out of here and speak with Garret right away. You know Garret?

The Little Person ominously glares at Amelia's hand holding his arm then back up to her face. He smiles exposing his grotesque and blackened teeth. Without any warning the Little Person grabs a hold of her arm tugging viciously on it smashing her face against the steel bars splitting her lip wide open. He speaks to her with heavy saliva dripping from out his mouth

LITTLE PERSON

You want help whore. Ssss how bout I help my self!

Holding her mouth Amelia scoots away from the crazed man. Laughing the Little Person runs around the cage grabbing and pulling at a frightened Amelia.

AMELIA

Oh no stop! Some one please!

LITTLE PERSON

You shut your mouth! I gonna love tasting you!

Like a rabid animal the Little Person stops in front of the cage door shaking it wildly. Amelia watches the insane Little Persons eye's and notices he is watching the pin holding the cage door in. Amelia reacts swiftly kicking at his hands smashing his stubby fingers commanding him reel back in pain and anger.

LITTLE PERSON

Raahh! I'm gonna kill you! Then I'll
taste you sweet Amelia!

Amelia thoroughly frightened cry's and screams for help.

AMELIA

Nooo! No! Please stop! Please leave me
alone!

With renewed determination the Little Person continues to shake on the door forcing the pin to move. Amelia lunges forward covering the pin with both hands holding it in place with all her might. The enraged Little Person is seething mad and foaming at the mouth as he struggles to open the door. He repositions his grip on the steel cage while also putting his feet up on them as well to put his full amount of weight into pulling off the cage door. Amelia screeches out once again in total desperation.

AMELIA

Someone help me! Please! Please stop
him!

The Little Person finally notices Amelia holding down the pin with her hands stopping it from coming out. He quickly jumps down and punches her firmly in the ribs making her let go and keel over in pain. Amelia scoots to the far corner of the cage holding her side.

AMELIA

Uugghh!

Jumping back on the door the Little Person immediately goes back to work attempting to shake it free. The pin inches out little by little effecting the Little Person forcing him become more and more frantic. His eye's bulge while dripping saliva watching the pin as it looks to be almost out.

Suddenly from out of view Carrie appears snatching the Little Person up by his collar and heaving him head first into the wall behind them cracking his head against it and instantly leaving blood splattered on the wall.

CARRIE

Huaaa!

Amelia screams covering her head sobbing into her hands uncontrollably and almost hyperventilating.

CARRIE

Amelia! Amelia! Quiet down!

Freezing from the sudden silence and Carrie's familiar voice Amelia peeks out from her hands spotting Carrie standing silent in front of the cage breathing heavily.

AMELIA

Carrie? Is that you? Please get me out of here I need to speak with Garret please!

Carrie stands remaining silent pulling out his keys sifting through the many until he finally finds the right one. Holding the key Carrie motions for Amelia to scoot back again with his other hand.

AMELIA

Carrie please! Answer me...is Garret still angry with me?

Carrie waves his arm more forcefully again.

CARRIE

Put you back against the cage.

Amelia remains still.

AMELIA

Carrie! I'm sorry for all the trouble if he let's me out there will be no more from me I promise!

CARRIE

Amelia your back against the cage!

Amelia sits on her knees continuing to plead and still not obeying Carrie's request. In turn Carrie lifts his shotgun up from beside the cage cocking back the twin hammers.

AMELIA

Carrie wait! Ok...ok just stop I'll move.

CARRIE

Amelia do as you told. I'm not here to hurt you but you must obey me. Now move on back!

Amelia scoots placing her back against the far side of the cage clutching her knees with her arms. Before opening the

door Carrie slings his shotgun over his shoulder and pulls out a flattened old leather shoe from his back pocket. He tosses it inside the cage landing it next to Amelia. Amelia's eye's widen at the sight of it.

CARRIE

Put that on your right foot.

Amelia shakes her head looking down at the shoe continuing to cry.

AMELIA

Carrie please you don't have to do this. Can't you just let me go?

Aggravated Carrie sternly responds back loudly in the silent corridor.

CARRIE

God dammit Amelia! Just do what I fucking told you! I'm not here to argue with you.

Intimidated by Carries thundering voice Amelia jumps briefly before hurriedly slipping off one of her shoes and placing her little foot into the thin old leather shoe. Carrie speaks in a lighter tone towards Amelia who has her head hanging down low while still sobbing.

CARRIE

Now Amelia...Look at me.

Amelia raises her head slightly peering through her hair at Carrie.

CARRIE

Garret will meet with you after supper. For now I am here to move you to a more accommodating place and out of this cage alright. You can work things out with him at that time.

Amelia nods in acceptance before Carrie pushes against the cage door with one leg allowing him to unlock and release the pad lock easily. The steel door squeaks open while Amelia remains hesitant for a brief second waiting for Carrie to back up. She cautiously begins to get out placing her foot onto the shimmering glass shards.

Just as she stands Amelia peers back over towards the Little Person and notices he is beginning to rise back up. The

Little Person shakes his bloody head refocusing his devilish eyes on Amelia. She gasps in fear as he aims to charge at her fiercely with the sure intent to kill her. Amelia in a state of horror grabs onto Carrie's arm.

AMELIA

Oh god Carrie he...

Carrie with his shotgun in hand lifts and takes aim at the Little Person. With a pull of both triggers the thundering sound of his shotgun fills the air with white smoke. Amelia dives back into the cage as the molten lead rips through the Little Person's head and chest forcing him to fly backwards falling silent and dying next to the wall. Carrie nonchalantly drops the spent shell casings down as they bounce lightly on the broken glass releasing residual smoke beneath his feet. He swiftly slides two more shells into his shotgun and flipping it closed. Carrie holds it firmly watching the Little Person with the shotgun at his hip waiting for any movement.

Amelia looks up to Carrie who in turn extends out his hand helping her to her feet. Carrie motions her to walk with his shotgun pointing straight up in the air. Stunned and scared Amelia obeys walking slowly past the dead Little Person and into the direction away from the cage. Down the dark corridor only the crunching of the glass beneath their feet is heard until they come around a sharp corner. Long walls are lined with many flickering candles which stretch beyond view.

Amelia glances back towards Carrie wide eyed for instructions who in turn only motions for her to go down the eerie candle lit hall. The two crunch on down through the corridor drifting by the candles which briefly light up their dramatic faces. Amelia stops suddenly raising her foot in pain as a shard of glass sticks into her foot.

AMELIA

Ah! Ouch! My foot!

Amelia lifts her leg bending her foot backward attempting to see. Carrie abruptly stops glancing down at her foot.

CARRIE

You got a piece? Here let me take a look. Hold still.

Carrie shifts his heavy shotgun to the other shoulder while Amelia balances on one leg exposing the shimmering shard in her foot. Carrie repositions his body before standing his shotgun on the glass leaning it against the wall as Amelia

steals a quick glance at it. Carrie shoots Amelia a look of caution before delicately placing one hand underneath her foot while with the other slowly pulling out the shallow shard releasing a small amount of blood. Carrie holds the small piece of glass up showing Amelia how she overreacted.

AMELIA

Well!...It hurt.

Carrie stands snatching up his shotgun rolling his eye's at Amelia's smiling face. He in turn remains stern speaking plainly.

CARRIE

Amelia c'mon we've got to keep movin.
Just a littler farther.

Carrie taps her with the barrel of his shotgun lightly on her shoulder. Amelia frowns continuing to gingerly walk on her cut foot. The two move down the long hall all the while still walking on broken glass. Finally they come to an end at a solid door trimmed with metal. Amelia's eye's are quickly drawn to the center of the door which are staunchly braced with solid iron and ending with a locking mechanism built into the wall.

CARRIE

Stop here.

Amelia steps aside checking her bloody foot again.

AMELIA

Is Garret in there?

Carrie remains silent again pulling out his ring of key's flipping them around until he finds the right one. Carrie inserts a large key turning it and pulling on a heavy lever releasing the heavy lock. Carrie puts his full weight into it heaving it open. A sudden rush of cold air along with more rats pour out into the hallway. Amelia jumps aside placing her back against the wall. Carrie stands solid tugging at the nearest candle lifting it out from its glass holder in the wall.

With one hand Carrie pulls Amelia inside roughly sitting her at a single table in the small room with only one chair in it. Amelia notices there is no glass on the floor and begins inspecting the bottom of her foot. Carrie lights two more candles inside the room then places one candle in the center of the table.

Amelia winches picking out some more small shards from her foot. Carrie hands her a piece of cloth to wrap around her foot.

AMELIA

Mmmm thank you.

Amelia quickly presses it tightly over her wound. Carrie begins to turn as Amelia speaks desperately.

AMELIA

Carrie wait! Where are you going?
Please don't leave me in here!

Carrie pauses standing sideways intentionally not looking at her

CARRIE

I have no choice Amelia. Garret should
be along shortly.

Amelia moves out of her chair quickly dropping to her knees begging and pleading holding onto one of Carries hands.

AMELIA

No don't you leave me in here!

CARRIE

Amelia It is not my decision! If I
could help you out of this mess I
would and you know that. Garret right
know has lots to think on. Times are
changing and our way of life will too.
For now you must wait here until he
returns.

Amelia disagrees shaking her head passionately.

AMELIA

No! No! I know what happens in these
rooms. I wont stay here! You say
you'll come back and forget about the
people in here! Don't you lie to me!

Carrie turns looking Amelia in her eye's.

CARRIE

Amelia I'm not lying to you.

AMELIA

You are! You'll come back and rat's

will have eaten my face or some other
unimaginable horror!

Amelia becomes overwhelmed with panic. Tears stream down her face as she quickly stands attempting to force her way past Carrie. Carrie try's holding her back with one arm. Amelia feverishly shoves and wiggles her way almost through him to the door. Carrie in an act of desperation snatches Amelia by her collar forcing her backwards onto the ground.

CARRIE

You will stay here!

Amelia pleads crying and displaying a sincere sense of fear.

AMELIA

No! You can't leave me here! Please!

Carrie in desperation pulls and fires a pistol he keeps tucked in his waistband into the room making her duck away. With Amelia turned away Carrie takes advantage of his opportunity slamming then locking the door behind him blowing out the candles and leaving Amelia in total darkness.

AMELIA

Nooooo! You let me oooout! Carrie!
Heeellllp! Carrie! Nooooo! I'm sorry!
I'm sorry!

Amelia thrashes around loudly while hysterically screaming for help.

AMELIA

Help! Let me out! I'm going to die in
here! Carrie! Carrieeeeee Heeeeeeeelp!

Carrie stares at the door being pounded on by the desperate woman. He reaches out his shaking hand with the key stopping just short of the lock and the door handle. Listening to Amelia Carrie shakes his head as a single tear falls from his eye splashing down onto the broken glass under his feet. As he listens to Amelia plead for mercy Carrie puts his keys away before reaching into his back pocket pulling out Amelia's journal.

Carrie peers back up towards the door still being pounded on before shaking his head again no and putting the journal back into his pocket. Unable to help Carrie turns around slowly wiping a tear away walking down the long corridor away from Amelia's screams. Amelia's screams fade as the sound of the

crunching glass grows louder and louder.

SOPHIA ROSE (V.O.)

I do not know what ultimately happened to that young woman or anyone else of that time. Reports from different sources state these kidnappings went on from as early as 1870 till up to as late as 1917.

More sounds of crunching glass as Sophia Rose pauses briefly.

SOPHIA ROSE (V.O.)

In fact you yourself may be able to see a part of Portland's buried secret past. That is if you dare to come and explore what still lies...Beneath The City of Roses.

The camera moves by Carrie slowly lumbering through the tunnels passing several scenes of murderers, assaults, beatings and the opium being manufactured. From there the camera bursts into the sky looking down on the modern day city of Portland in color before fading to a black and white picture. The routes of underground tunnels are lit up for a few seconds blinking bright red like a heartbeat before the screen finally fades to total darkness silently until finally ending with the sounds of the eerie and loud crunching of glass beneath ones feet.

END CREDITS