SOULSHADOWS II:
KEY TO MY HEART

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Tanis By
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FADE IN:

INT. THE ALCOVE

Tonight, the alcove is filled with smoke...and somebody COUGHING from somewhere within.

We follow the sound, moving through the thick smoke towards a flickering fire barely seen through the haze.

AT THE FIRE

Tanis is there. She wears a chef's hat. It looks a bit silly, but somehow it suits her.

She cranks the handle of a creaking spit -- upon which something is skewered above the crackling flames.

Visible only in fleeting glimpses, we can only discern that her grisly meal is less than appetizing.

Sensing our presence, as she always does, Tanis speaks without turning from her preparations.

TANIS
Murder...it be more common with cooks than any other job. Did you be knowin' that?

Now Tanis turns, and waves her hand before her face in a futile attempt to clear the air.

TANIS (CONT'D)
Tanis believe it.

She coughs again.

TANIS (CONT'D)
Tanis can't be findin' nothin' tonight...she can't be findin' what she needs to cook up her stories.

She reaches back and rips a small chunk from the meat suspended above the fire.

She pops it into her mouth and chews on it.

TANIS (CONT'D)
Still a bit raw...but some people be likin' it that way.

She spits the chunk of meat into the fire.
TANIS (CONT'D)
But don't you be frettin' none.
Tanis, she be knowin' tonight's tale by heart...and the chef's surprise that Tanis be cookin' up...well, maybe that gonna be a little raw, too.

Tanis smiles, then leans forward and stirs the coals.

The sound of SIZZLING MEAT -- and a fresh cloud of thick smoke rises to obscure our view of anything.

SOMEBWHERE WITHIN THE SMOKE

TANIS (O.S.)
And this tale...for the fans of the red meat...she be called..."Key to my Heart".

SUPER: Key to my Heart

The smoke begins to thin, slowly revealing...

EXT. GREEN BAY, WI. - MORNING

Smoke from thousands of BBQ grills wafts into the sky. Tail gate parties of all sizes are in full swing.

Traffic is at a standstill for miles around Lambeau Field.

SUPER: GREEN BAY, WI - SUNDAY 10/18/09

EXT. K-MART PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

MADISON, ALYSSA, and EMMA, all 25, sporting Green Bay Packers jerseys, hats, mittens, and jeans, hop out of their SUV.

The lot is packed around them.

MADISON
See, Em? What did I tell you?

Emma looks around at the throng of green clad fans.

EMMA
It's only 9:00, and it's already mobbed. This is Party Town!

Alyssa hands a Leinenkugle beer to each.
ALYSSA
Title Town, actually. Not too early for a Leinie's though!

Emma makes a face at the can in her hand.

EMMA
What about good old Miller Light?

They all crack open their beers.

MADISON
Em, if you're gonna hang with born and raised Sconsinites, you're gonna have to get used to Leinie's.

ALYSSA
Exactly! Leinie's has flavor, Miller Light's like drinking piss water.

A football SLAMS into the SUV.

Emma whirls around in surprise, drops her beer. It explodes in a torrent, sprays all over her jeans.

EMMA
What the...oh damnit! I'm soaked.

Madison and Alyssa break out in laughter.

MADISON
Oh yeah...and get used to wayward footballs coming in from all angles.

ALYSSA
You've got alot to learn, girl, but we'll be your guides.

LOGAN, 30, classic boy next door good looks, also in a Packers jersey, runs up.

LOGAN
Oh shit...I'm so sorry. Errant throw, though...never had a chance at it.

He looks over his shoulder to where the ball came from.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
That guy can't throw worth a shit.

Madison and Alyssa both give him the eye, with a smile.

MADISON
That's some introduction. Is that the best you've got?
Logan picks up the ball, throws a perfect spiral, and takes a swig of his Miller Light.

LOGAN
I'm seriously sorry. I'd say I owe you a beer at least. I'm Tyler.

Emma reaches out to shake his outstretched hand.

EMMA
Hi Tyler, I'm Emma.

Madison moves closer.

MADISON
I'm Madison and this is Alyssa. Way to break the ice, champ.

ALYSSA
Well, Em, you just may be in luck...looks like he's got your Miller Light covered. Now all you need is some dry pants.

Logan laughs.

LOGAN
Well, I just may have you covered there also...got some brats cooking, too, if you're interested.

EXT. K-MART PARKING LOT - LATER

Logan and the girls sit in camp chairs next to a black Range Rover, beers in hand. Brats sizzle on a portable gas grill.

Emma now wears green Packers fleece pants.

EMMA
These are great. That was really nice of you, Tyler.

Logan stands, carefully tends to the brats, which simmer in a bubbling beer bath.

LOGAN
Don't mention it. They're my Mom's, but she's not gonna make it today. She had to help Dad with some work on the boat. I'm meeting them later for a sunset cruise, actually.

Madison looks to Alyssa.
5.

MADISON
The boat, huh? Nice.

LOGAN
Yeah, it's a sweet little forty-five foot sailboat.

Alyssa's eyes go wide.

ALYSSA
Little forty-five footer?

Logan laughs.

LOGAN
Well, it's little compared to their yacht in Florida.

EMMA
Wow, sounds amazing.

LOGAN
They've got a place up in Door...it's really beautiful up there.

ALYSSA
It sure is! Lots of money up that way, too. Must be nice.

EMMA
What's Door?

Madison frowns. Alyssa puts her hands on her hips.

MADISON
Em, you really do have alot to learn about Sconsin, don't you?

EMMA
What can I say? I've only been here three weeks. I'll get it down.

Logan laughs as he passes out steaming brats in fresh buns.

LOGAN
Door's about an hour and a half north of here, right on the bay of Green Bay. It's laid back, and quiet. I do alot of my writing up there.

Another wayward football comes flying in. Logan reaches up with his free hand and catches it before it does any damage.

EMMA
Wo, that was close. You're good.
Alyssa
He is good... and cute. And a writer?

Logan throws the ball back to where it came from. He scowls at a group of guys a few cars over.

Logan
C'mon guys! Watch what you're doing.

He takes a swig of his beer, smiles.

Logan (cont'd)
Yeah, I do a little writing here and there... mostly horror stuff. It pays the bills.

Madison looks at the Range Rover.

Madison
I'd sure say it does.

Emma
Hey, speaking of horror, you guys hear about those two missing girls? They were abducted at the last two home games, right around here.

Logan takes a bite of his brat, wipes his mouth with his sleeve, eyes on all three girls.

Alyssa
Yeah, creepy shit! The police think a serial killer's on the loose.

Logan
Totally true. My Dad's an ex cop. Still close with some guys on the force. No leads whatsoever.

Madison takes a swig of her beer, lets out a thunderous belch!

Madison
Shit, sorry. Moral of the story is stay away from the freaks.

Logan
Yeah, and watch out for the horror writers, as well.

They all laugh.
EXT. KROLL'S WEST RESTAURANT - LATER

The place is completely packed...a sea of green and yellow clad fans.

Logan and Emma sit together near the outermost corner.

LOGAN
Emma, you're really sweet. I really like you. I mean, I can't believe how much I'm attracted to you.

EMMA
I can't believe how much we have in common. It's seriously crazy, huh?

Emma giggles, looks embarrassed.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I really like you, too, Tyler.

Logan reaches into his pocket, pulls out an old fashioned ornate key.

Emma looks confused.

LOGAN
I want to offer you something. It might seem a bit cheesy...

EMMA
But we're in Wisconsin, right?

Logan laughs.

LOGAN
Funny. Seriously though...

He hands the key to her.

EMMA
The key to your place? Tyler, c'mon, that's a bit forward, isn't it?

LOGAN
No, uh...it's the key to my heart, and you've already got it. I know us writers tend to be a bit over dramatic, but my heart's in the right place...I'm not very good at this stuff.

Their eyes lock and they embrace. They kiss passionately.

Emma pulls back, wipes at her lips, an odd smile on her face.
EMMA
Wo...what is happening here? Tyler...

LOGAN
I'm sorry. I don't know, but I can assure you I'm not usually like this...I'm really not.

EMMA
I'm not either. Are you for real?

Logan laughs, drinks some beer.

LOGAN
Listen, I'm totally for real and I'm serious. I think you're amazing. Come up to Door with me, meet my parents, take a sunset cruise. It'll be a blast.

EMMA
Seriously?

LOGAN
Yeah, totally. I'm leaving after the third quarter, around 3:00. I'll have you back here no later than 8:00. What do you say?

Madison and Alyssa approach, both wearing huge cheese head hats. Madison holds an extra one in her hand.

MADISON
What'd we miss, you two lovebirds?

EXT. LAMBEAU FIELD - MAIN GATE - LATER

The girls stand in line to enter the field. As everywhere else, it's loud and boisterous. Emma now wears a cheese head as well.

EMMA
Well...should I?

MADISON
Definitely! I say definitely. He seems really sweet...and...real.

Alyssa scowls.

ALYSSA
Are you kidding me? The key to his heart? How much more cheesy can you get?
They continue to slowly move forward in line.

MADISON
Lyss, c'mon, we're in Sconsin...cheesy is good! He's really cute...and rich.

Emma laughs.

EMMA
Exactly.

ALYSSA
It's your life. Just make sure you call us. Cell coverage is spotty up there. OK?

EMMA
Definitely.

EXT. K-MART PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Logan stands next to his Range Rover, a cell phone in hand.

Emma runs up behind him, a big smile on her face. Her cheese hat flutters in the breeze.

Logan turns around at the last instant to face her. A big smile forms on his face.

She jumps into his arms, wraps her legs around his body, they kiss. He spins her around and around.

LOGAN
Emma! You made it. I was just about to call you.

EMMA
Wouldn't miss it for the world!

An older GENTLEMAN approaches. Logan turns his attention to him.

LOGAN
Thanks, buddy. Looks like I don't need it after all.

Logan tosses the cell phone to him, puts Emma down. They stare dreamily into each other's eyes.

EMMA
What's up? You don't have a cell?
LOGAN
Yeah, it's charging...I was on it
with my editor the entire game.

EMMA
Oh, cool. We ready?

Logan opens the passenger door, helps her in politely.

LOGAN
We're set. Let's do this.

EXT. HIGHWAY 42 - LATER

The Range Rover cruises along. Leafless trees and quiet
farm houses dot the countryside.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Logan has his cell phone to his ear, as he drives.

LOGAN
Yes, Dad, I think you guys will love
her.
(beat)
Yes...she's very pretty.

Logan looks over to Emma, flashes a smile. She blushes.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Dad! C'mon, we just met this morning.
(beat)
OK, sounds good. We'll stop at the
house and grab a few more fleeces.
(beat)
Yep, we'll see you in thirty minutes
at the dock.
(beat)
Love you too, Dad.

Logan pockets his phone, shakes his head.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Well, they sure are looking forward
to meeting you.

EMMA
Now I'm nervous. What if they don't
like me?
LOGAN
Em, c'mon, don't even worry about
that. We're just gonna have a nice
time and that's it. OK?

EMMA
OK.

Emma's cell phone rings. She grabs it out of her purse and
puts it to her ear.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Hey Mad! Did we win?
(beat)
Sweet!
(beat)
Yessss...everything's perfect.
(beat)
I'll call you after the cruise.
(beat)
Yessss, he is being a total gentleman.
Don't worry about me. Bye!

EXT. HIGHWAY 42 - CONTINUOUS
The SUV approaches a big wooden sign that reads, "Welcome to
Beautiful Door County, Wisconsin", and speeds past.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - LATER
The Range Rover pulls up in a long driveway, in front of a
massive three story cottage. No other houses are in sight.

Logan hops out.

LOGAN
Come in with me while I grab a few
warmer jackets. Get's cold out on
the bay.

Emma climbs out, admires the beautiful surroundings.

EMMA
Tyler, this is gorgeous! Wow...

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER
The door opens, Emma walks inside, followed closely by Logan.
Emma gazes around the beautiful abode.

EMMA
This is absolutely stun...
WHAM! Logan smacks her in the back of the head with a heavy walking stick.

She falls down, face first...out cold.

Logan replaces the weapon in a metal bin filled with other sticks, next to the front door.

He quickly shuts the door.

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - EVENING

Darkness.

An eerie CLANK, as a lock turns.

A heavy door opens, faint light filters in. An overhead florescent light kicks on and illuminates the room.

Emma, unconscious, stands against the back wall, her hair stuck tightly to the wall, her hands shackled behind her.

To her right, KAYLEE, 24, lies on the concrete floor, naked and bloody. Savage, blood clotted wounds are all that are left of her breasts. Her hair and scalp hang from the wall above her....Dried blood streaks down to the floor.

To her left, HANNAH, 26, lies in a similar condition, although her body is much more decomposed.

Logan enters, SLAMS the door shut behind him.

He approaches Emma, takes her face in his hand, squeezes her nose between his fingers. No response.

LOGAN
Mornin', Sunshine. Rise and shine.

He slaps her face violently three times. Her eyes flutter, as she regains consciousness.

She eyes her surroundings, lets out a blood curdling SCREAM!

She tries to step forward but is pulled back by her hair. Her face contorts in pain.

EMMA
Tyler, what the fuck is this? What's going on?

Tyler squints his eyes, cocks his head sideways.
LOGAN
I'm sorry, dear, Tyler's not here any longer. I'm Logan, and I'm damned pleased to meet you.

Emma's eyes widen in panic. She twists her head back and forth, but is held firmly in place.

EMMA
Tyler...this isn't funny. Let me go...now! Let me go!

Logan walks back to the door, opens it, peers out.

LOGAN
Tyler! Tyler, can you come down and play? Emma wants to talk with you.

The silence is pierced by Emma's SCREAMS.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Nope, like I said, Tyler's gone, but he did tell me he really liked you.

Emma SCREAMS again.

EMMA
Oh my God...you're fucking crazy! Let me out of here!

Logan backs away, runs his hands through his hair.

LOGAN
Crazy? Well, actually, it is pretty fucking crazy just how fucking crazy I am, I guess. We all have our little faults though, you know?

Emma's eyes pan left and right, but her head is stuck where it is.

EMMA
What do you want? My parents have money. Please...they'll pay whatever you want.

LOGAN
They do, huh? My parents had money, too. That's the main reason I killed them a few years back. I don't need money anymore. I'm sorry.

Tears stream down Emma's face.
LOGAN (CONT'D)
I want to introduce a few friends of mine to you before we do anything.

He stoops down to Emma's left, picks up Hannah's decomposed corpse.

Emma SCREAMS. She tries to shake her head free to no avail.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Emma, meet Hannah...Hannah, this is Emma.

EMMA
Oh my God!  No!

Logan raises Hannah's arm in a waving motion.

LOGAN
Your friend, Tyler picked Hannah up at the Packers Bears game, five weeks ago. She didn't like me too much. Bitch didn't last long.

Logan drops the body in a pile, stoops to Emma's right, picks up Kaylee's corpse.

Emma SCREAMS again, struggles to free herself. A thin stream of blood trickles down her neck, from behind her ear.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
And this is Kaylee. Tyler met her four weeks ago at the Packers Bengals game.

He raises her arm in a waving motion.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
little girl's voice)
Hi, Emma, I'm Kaylee...want to play with me?  You're really pretty.

EMMA
You're fucking nuts!  Let me go...please let me go.  Don't do this.  You don't need to do this.

Logan laughs as he dumps Kaylee in a heap.

LOGAN
I don't know if I need to do this...well...maybe I do.

(MORE)
LOGAN (CONT'D)
But one thing I do know is that we are doing this, so you can either enjoy it with me, or end up like these two sluts...choice is yours, Em.

Emma continues to cry.

EMMA
OK...OK, I'll do whatever you want. Just...don't hurt me...

LOGAN
That a girl, Emma! Love the attitude...really do. Let's get to some details, so you're up to speed with the situation. You can probably tell that I've glued your hair to the wall, and I'll tell ya, it's some amazing shit. Can't really reveal the secret recipe, or...well, you know...I'd have to kill you.

He laughs, wipes some dribble away from his mouth.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I also made a tiny, little incision on the back of your neck...right at your hairline. If you try and pull too hard, you'll actually scalp yourself.

He looks at the wall next to her where the two scalps still hang.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Now, I know you can't see 'em, but right next to you, on both sides, are Kaylee and Hannah's scalps...and uh, hair. Pretty gross, actually. Didn't even realize it was possible at first.

Emma shakes and sobbs uncontrollably. Logan wipes her tears away, plants a kiss on her lips.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
So keep that in mind, cause you really do have a beautiful head of hair, and I'd hate to see you lose it.

Logan takes a step back. His eyes go down to her breasts. He licks his lips, shakes his head.
LOGAN (CONT'D)
I also gotta tell you that I'm what you call a breast man. Know what I mean? Damn, I love breasts!

Emma whimpers.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I mean, what can I say? Breasts are just so fucking cool, aren't they? As much as they're all the same, they're all so different, too. They all have their own unique shape, feel, look...I just can't get enough of 'em.

He grabs her breasts through her jersey with both hands. Massages up and down, back and forth...a sick, twisted smile on his lips.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I took a little peek at yours while you were sleeping, and I gotta tell you, I was damned impressed.

Emma squirms. Tears continue to fall from her eyes.

Logan steps back, produces a utility knife from his pocket.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Let's let them puppies out...what'd ya say?

EMMA
No...please, Tyler...don't do this.

LOGAN
Listen...carefully...very carefully. You see what happened to your new friends Kaylee and Hannah? They didn't like their breasts being touched. They complained. They cried. They carried on. So...I had to slice their breasts right off since they weren't doing us any good. Is that what's gonna happen here?

Emma tries to shake her head again. More blood leaks down her neck. She takes a big gulp of air.

EMMA
No...no, that's not what's going to happen here. You can...touch me. I...I like it. I really do.
Logan smiles. He takes the knife and slits open her jersey, exposing her breasts. He steps back and admires her body.

LOGAN
That's what I'm talking about. I knew you were a good girl, Em. I could tell you'd be different.

He fondles her breasts, massages her nipples. Drool drips from the corner of his mouth.

EMMA
Just be gentle. I...I like it when it's gentle.

LOGAN
Wow, you weren't kidding when you said we had alot in common. I like it gentle, too. Isn't that special?

Emma whimpers...blinks her eyes in rapid succession.

EMMA
You can...kiss 'em if you like, too. Just be gentle.

Logan moves in, fondles and kisses her breasts.

Emma shuts her eyes, skooches her lips in disgust.

He bites down hard on her nipple...a line of blood runs down her bare stomach.

She opens her eyes wide, SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

EXT. K-MART PARKING LOT - MORNING

The crowds have yet to descend in mass on the lot, but numerous tail gate parties are under way.

MAIA, 28, shockingly attractive, steps out of her candy-apple red Porsche Cayenne. A Brett Favre Packers jersey covers her more than ample bosom. She lights up a cigarette.

SUPER: SUNDAY 11/1/09

A football SLAMS into her shoulder, knocking her cigarette from her mouth.

MAIA
Damnit! What the...

Logan, also in a Packers jersey, runs up.
LOGAN
Shit...I'm so sorry. Errant throw, though...never had a chance at it.

He looks over his shoulder to where the ball came from.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
That guy can't throw worth a shit.

Maia eyes him up and down, bends over, retrieves her cigarette.

MAIA
I guess not. You boys need to be a little more careful.

Logan picks up the ball, throws a perfect spiral, and takes a swig of his Miller Light.

LOGAN
I'm seriously sorry. I'd say I owe you a beer at least. I'm Tyler.

Maia reaches out to shake his outstretched hand.

MAIA
Tyler, huh? I'm Maia. Interesting introduction.

LOGAN
Would you like a beer? I've got brats cooking also, if you're interested. I'm actually here by myself.

EXT. K-MART PARKING LOT - LATER

Logan and Maia sit in camp chairs next to his Range Rover, beers in hand. Brats sizzle on a portable gas grill.

MAIA
Your parents sound like lovely people, Tyler. I'd love to meet them.

Logan grabs two more beers from a cooler, hands one to Maia.

LOGAN
Well, we're taking the boat out after the game for a moonlight cruise. Could be the last of the year.

Maia lights another cigarette, eyes directly on Logan. She laughs.
MAIA
Is that an invitation? You're quite forward.

LOGAN
Yeah, it is. Maia, you're gorgeous. I can't believe how much I'm attracted to you. I'm not usually very good at this stuff...seriously.

Maia takes a swig of her beer, licks her red lips.

MAIA
You're not, huh? I don't know about that. But I've got to say that I'm pretty attracted to you, too.

Logan reaches into his pocket, pulls out an old fashioned ornate key.

Maia raises her eyebrows.

LOGAN
I want to give you something. It might seem a bit cheesy...

MAIA
But we're in Wisconsin, right?

Logan laughs.

LOGAN
Funny. Seriously though...

He hands the key to her.

MAIA
Let me guess...the key to your heart? That's really sweet...cheesy for sure, but sweet.

Logan looks confused.

LOGAN
How'd you know?

MAIA
I don't know, but it feels like you've already got the key to my heart. It's all just happening so fast. It's crazy.

Their eyes lock and they embrace. They kiss passionately.

Maia pulls back, wipes at her lips, an odd smile on her face.
MAIA (CONT'D)
I'd love to take a moonlight cruise with you tonight.

Logan smiles nervously.

LOGAN
Wow...you're incredible.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT
Logan has his cell phone to his ear, as he drives.

LOGAN
OK, sounds good, Dad. We'll stop at the house and grab some blankets.
(beat)
Yep, we'll see you in thirty minutes at the dock.
(beat)
Love you too, Dad.

Maia has a smile on her lips, as she watches Logan.

MAIA
That's so sweet, Tyler. I'm so used to dealing with complete assholes. It's refreshing to actually meet a nice guy for a change.

LOGAN
Yeah? Really?

Maia reaches down, places her hand on Logan's thigh.

MAIA
Yeah, really. Most of the guys I meet are such arrogant pricks.
(beat)
This is going to be so much fun.

Logan smiles.

LOGAN
It sure is.

EXT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - LATER
The Range Rover pulls up in front of the cottage.
Logan hops out.
LOGAN
Come in with me while I grab some blankets. It'll be cold tonight.

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens, Maia walks inside, followed closely by Logan. Logan hits a light switch, and the interior is bathed in warm light.

MAIA
This is beautiful. I love your...

WHAM! Logan smacks her in the back of the head with a heavy walking stick.

She falls down, face first...out cold.

Logan slams the door, with a THUD.

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Darkness.

An eerie CLANK, as a lock turns.

A heavy door opens, faint light filters in. An overhead florescent light kicks on and illuminates the room.

Maia, eyes wide open, a strange grin on her face, stands against the back wall, her hair stuck tightly to the wall, her hands shackled behind her.

To her right, Emma lies on the concrete floor, naked and bloody. Savage, blood clotted wounds are all that are left of her breasts. Her hair and scalp hang from the wall above her. Dried blood streaks down to the floor.

Logan enters, SLAMS the door shut behind him.

He approaches Maia, a look of surprise on his face.

MAIA
Mornin', Sunshine. I missed you.

Logan stops in his tracks, squints, cocks his head to the right.

LOGAN
What the fuck? You're awake?
MAIA
You didn't hit me hard enough, Logan. You gotta send a man to do a man's job, know what I'm saying?

Logan pulls out the utility knife, holds it out in front of him, nervously.

LOGAN
What's going on here? How'd you know my name?

MAIA
Logan, I know who you are...and I know what you've been doing here. I'm here to put an end to it.

LOGAN
You a fuckin' cop? Huh? You a fuckin' pig, bitch?

Maia twists her head slowly back and forth. Hair pulls out in clumps, but she remains glued in place.

MAIA
Nope. Sorry, guess again.

LOGAN
One of these bitch's sister?

Maia twists her head again, more violently this time. Her head pulls away from her scalp. Blood pours down over her shoulders and neck.

MAIA
Nope, sorry, wrong again. Give up, you pathetic excuse for a man?

Logan's face contorts into an angry snarl.

LOGAN
You fucking bitch! I'm gonna cut your fucking tits off and feed 'em to you. You like that idea?

He lunges forward, knife first. Maia frees a hand from the shackles behind her, with a powerful thrust. The knife buries itself in her hand, breaks through the other side. Blood splatters her face.

She twists her arm powerfully, taking Logan's hand with the motion. His wrist breaks. He lets go of the knife, buried in her hand. His arm falls to his side.

Logan's face twists in pain.
LOGAN (CONT'D)

Fuck! You cunt...

Maia slams him hard, face first, into the concrete wall. His nose shatters on impact. A blood trail follows him down the wall, as he collapses.

With another heave, Maia frees her other hand from the wall cuffs. She steps away, cracks her neck from side to side, pulls the knife out of her hand.

Her head is a bloody, hairless mess.

She smiles, exposing sharp white, canine teeth.

MAIA

Fuck you too, bitch! Let's have some real fun.

INT. LOGAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Logan, completely naked and unconscious, is glued to the wall in a crucifix position. Blood pours from his broken nose, creating a horrific red mask.

Maia squeezes his nose between her fingers.

MAIA

Mornin', Sunshine. Rise and shine.

Logan comes to, spits out a mouthful of blood.

LOGAN

What the fuck? Who are you, bitch?

Maia, smiles, reveals an unholy maw of insanely sharp teeth. Her face and body is bathed in blood from her scalpless head.

MAIA

Not who...more like what. I'm the protector...the protector of innocent girls that fucks like you take advantage of. I don't always arrive on time, but God knows I try.

She lunges forward with the utility knife, slicing Logan's left cheek down to his mouth. Blood leaks out in torrents.

Logan SCREAMS out in pain.

LOGAN

(slurring)

You cunt! You fucking cunt!
Maia slices open the other side of his face with one sweeping motion. His mouth falls open, hangs in a sickening fashion.

It flaps up and down, as he tries to speak.

MAIA

What's a matter? Cat got your tongue?

Blood flows freely down Logan's convulsing body. His eyes blink, scan back and forth, left to right...wide with terror.

MAIA (CONT'D)

You gave me the key to your heart...I want to see if it actually fits. Or were you lying about that, as well?

Logan squirms, but is held firmly in place.

Maia stabs the key into Logan's chest. She digs deeper, turning it left and right. A blood geyser shoots out, showering her jersey and face.

Logan SCREAMS, but it's muted by gurgling blood.

Maia pulls the key out, steps back. She takes off her jersey, revealing the most perfect set of breasts any man has ever laid eyes on. Blood spills over them.

MAIA (CONT'D)

So...what'd ya think of these? Nice huh? Bet you'd love to get your hands on 'em, huh?

She moves close, rubs her breasts against Logan's ruined mouth.

MAIA (CONT'D)

If you promise to be gentle, you can even give them a kiss. Oh, that's right...you can't kiss anymore, can you?

Maia pulls away, traces her nipples in slow circles.

MAIA (CONT'D)

Last sight you'll ever see...enjoy it, motherfucker.

She lunges forward, plunges the key deep inside again, twisting back and forth. She steps back, leaves it buried deep in his chest.

She cocks her head from left to right, licks her bloody lips with a serpentine tongue.
MAIA (CONT'D)
I don't know...I don't think it quite fits, do you. You were lying, weren't you? Rot in Hell.

Logan moans one last time, as thick rivulets of dark, cardiac blood -- the darkest sort there is -- snake down his chest and abdomen, finally dripping onto...

DISSOLVE TO:

TANIS' FIRE

Ribbons of blood drip down onto the last glowing embers of the fire.

Sssssssss.

The coals are all but extinguished now.

TANIS (O.S.)
So the fire..he die...as even the monstrous got to be havin' they end.

WIDER

Tanis hovers over the spit -- the smoke clearing -- a large knife now clutched in her fist.

TANIS
Tanis, she be hearin' that the quickest way to a man's heart...it be through his chest.

As the smoke dissipates, the meat that revolves on the spit is finally revealed...a human heart!

It quivers and contracts, pulsating grotesquely on the skewer, as Tanis prods it with the point of her blade.

TANIS (CONT'D)
Hmm...nearly done!

Tanis grabs the handle of her spit and gives it a turn.

As the heart revolves on the spit, something glistens. It's a key...Logan's key, protruding from the muscle.

Tanis brightens.

TANIS (CONT'D)
And there it be!
She tugs on the key, and pulls it free.

TANIS (CONT'D)
Tanis be lookin' everywhere for you. You think you be hidin' from Tanis.

She licks the juices from the wet key.

TANIS (CONT'D)
Don't nobody be hidin' from their fate...she always be findin' you.

Tanis now holds the key upright, gazes at us through the ornate, wrought iron metalwork of it's handle.

TANIS (CONT'D)
You may be thinkin' you safe...but you go peerin' through the keyhole in that safest place...

ON THE KEY -- AND TANIS' EYE

From behind the key, Tanis' bright green eye fills the screen like a malevolent, piercing laser.

TANIS
...what you gonna do when somebody be lookin' back?

And Tanis laughs, as her great, unblinking eye peers out at us -- seeing all, missing nothing...and waiting for us to blink first.

FADE OUT: