Seven For a Secret
INT. ATTIC - DAY

The attic is dusty and barren. A shaft of sunlight from a lone window illuminates a corner. In the corner rests a large trunk.

A fly BUZZES around the trunk.

Black clouds quickly blot the sunlight, followed by the pounding PATTER of rain.

The doorbell DINGS from downstairs. The fly zooms down the attic steps into the--

INT. HALLWAY

The fly zips down the hallway. The WHIMPERING cries of a child emanate from behind a closed bedroom door.

INT. KITCHEN

The fly lands on the table next to DARLA. White trash, badly permed hair dyed black. She looks up from her beer as the bell DINGS.

    DARLA
    Who in the hell?

The bell DINGS again. Darla slams her beer on the table.

    DARLA
    Hold your fucking nuts, I’m comin’!

THUNDER shakes the house as Darla waddles to the front door.

She pulls the front door open as a blinding flash of lightening illuminates the sky.

Darla squints through the open door. As the white flash fades, the silhouette of a young girl takes shape.

    DARLA
    Who is it? Who’s out there?

Kalli (10) stands in the doorway, hands behind her back. Black pigtails, blue gingham dress bloody around the stomach.

She cocks her head to the side, watching Darla like a curious animal.

    DARLA
    What is it, what do you want?
KALLI
Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?

Darla steps back, shocked.

DARLA
Kalli? No fuckin' way, it can't be.
This has gotta be a joke.

Kalli steps into the house, hands still behind her back.
Blood flows down her legs, pooling on the floor.

DARLA
This can't be real. I'm drunk and
passed out of the table.

Kalli takes another step closer.

KALLI
Georgie Porgie, puddin' and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.

DARLA
Huh? Oh, George? He's upstairs,
with your sister. Is that why
you're here? I can't believe I'm
even asking you that. I gotta be
drunk and passed out somewhere.

Kalli finally moves her hands in front--holding a very sharp axe!

DARLA
Whoa, Kalli, baby, watch it, you
don't want to hurt mommy. It was
George, he did it, it wasn't me!
He's upstairs, go on up, just don't
hurt mommy!

KALLI
Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their
choice, And so will I have mine.

She swings the axe hard.

Darla leans back, but not enough. The axe cuts through most
of her shoulder, leaving her arm swinging by strings of
tendons.
Blood sprays as Darla falls to the ground. She starts to crawl away, her lifeless arm dragging behind.

Kalli grabs a handful of Darla’s hair and pulls her back. She drops the axe and grabs Darla’s neck with the other hand.

She pulls both directions at once. Darla’s neck stretches, the skin thinning, then starts to tear. Blood trickles, then flows harder, until her head comes off with a loud WET POP.

INT. BEDROOM

ERIN (7) cowers on the bed, naked and crying. Bruises of various ages cover her back and thighs.

Fat, shirtless GEORGE finishes pulling up his pants.

GEORGE
What’s all that fuckin’ ruckus?

He spits a mouthful of tobacco juice onto Erin.

GEORGE
Stay put, I ain’t done with you.

INT. STAIRS

Kalli ascends the stairs, axe in one hand, Darla’s head swinging in the other. Blood splashes across the walls with each swing.

KALLI
It’s raining, it’s pouring; the old man is snoring.

INT. HALLWAY

George sticks his head out of the bedroom doorway.

WHAM! Kalli cracks him over the head with the blunt side of the axe.

KALLI
Bumped his head, And he went to bed, And he couldn’t get up in the morning.

George stumbles into the hallway, between Kalli and the stairs. He holds his head, trying to focus.
GEORGE
Who the fuck—-you? No way, can’t be.

Kalli raises the axe. George steadies himself against the wall at the top of the stairs.

GEORGE
Come on, try it, ya little bitch. I killed ya once, I can do it again.

KALLI
There I met an old man
Who wouldn’t say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg
And threw him down the stairs.

She chops George’s leg at the knee. The axe goes clean through and sticks into the wall.

George tumbles down the stairs, his leg still standing at the top. Kalli calmly follows him down.

INT. KITCHEN
George crawls weakly backwards as Kalli approaches. She steps over him and grabs two large knives from the counter.

Erin quietly comes down the stairs, now covered in a too big shirt.

KALLI
This old man, he played six,
He played knick knack with his sticks.

She slams a knife through each of George’s shoulders, pinning him to the floor. George screams.

Erin moves closer, cautiously eyeing Kalli.

ERIN
You’re her, aren’t you? My real mother, I mean.

KALLI
Up, little baby, stand up clear;
Mother will hold you, do not fear.

Erin rushes over and wraps her arms around her. Kalli kisses her forehead, then pushes her away.
Kalli pulls another knife from the counter and holds it out to Erin.

**KALLI**
Cut thistles in May, They'll grow in a day; Cut them in June, That is too soon; Cut them in July, Then they will die.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Kalli and Erin kneel in front of the trunk. A garbage bag next to them.

**ERIN**
One for sorrow, Two for joy,

She flips the latch and opens the lid. It's full of books, all types of nursery rhymes.

Erin peers in closer and sees a bony fingertip sticking up through the books.

**KALLI**
Three for a girl, Four for a boy,

Kalli scoops out the books and tosses them on the floor revealing--

A body. The remnants of black pigtails on the decomposed head. Blue gingham dress stained around the stomach.

**KALLI**
Five for silver, Six for gold,

She reaches in the bag and pulls out the heads of Darla and George.

INT. TRUNK

Kalli holds the heads above the trunk. She drops them in, then starts covering them with books.

**KALLI**
Seven for a secret
Never to be told.

She slams the trunk closed.

FADE TO BLACK.