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Altar

By Nick Willing

I spy with my little eye
something beginning with "Y".

Yorkshire.

Ooh, no, you can't see Yorkshire.

Yellow.

I don't see anything yellow.

Hey, Pet, these walls
have been inspiration
for a lot of great
British artists.

Maybe they'll be
good for you, too.

Oh, look. Look, kids.

There's Heathcliff
chasing Catherine
across the moor.

I don't see anybody,
just a lot of... empty.

Creepy.

- Ow!

- I think it looks nice.

Wait 'til your
mum's done with it.

Rock stars and royalty will
be lining up around the block
to get into one of
Brad Mason's parties.

What block?

All I see is green stuff.

Come on. It's
only for 6 months.

- 6 months?

- I thought it was 4 months.

Well, it depends what I find!

If there's woodworm
and dry rot, it could
take longer than that.

Come on, we're going to
enjoy ourselves, aren't we?

This is an adventure!

An adventure that pays well.

I'll drink to that.

There it is!

Who would pay money to

stay in a dump like this?
Come on. Let's
get settled in.
Mum, there's no signal.
And what kind of hotel
doesn't have bathrooms?
It wasn't a hotel.
It was a B&B.
And there's a bathroom
down the hall.
Yeah, still.
Is there no water?
Sorry, darling.
I'll fix it tomorrow.
Oooh.
Come on, budge up. Let me in.
Do you think you're gonna
be able to work here?
I think I can work
anywhere, but right now,
I just really wanna go to sleep.
All right, let's...
OK.
Right down.
2, 1...
Oh, yeah, it's perfect.
What was it before?
A games room, but originally
when it was first built,
it was an artists' studio.
Radcliffe had an artist?
No, Radcliffe was an
artist, a landscape painter.
I shouldn't wonder with all
this landscape lying about.
It's not too late for
you to join the fun.
I'd go crazy up here.
Since when has that ever
been bad for an artist?
True, if you'll make
something worth selling.
What?
And ruin my marriage?

Is she all right?
She has a broken jaw
and a few cracked ribs.
The car's a write-off.
Jesus!
It could be serious.
They want to do a brain scan.
I'm sorry, Meg.
I can't leave her.
Maybe you could get
Tony to help you instead.
But Tony's on a
build in Scotland.
Look, they're calling me back.
What about that
Italian guy you used...
Can you hear me?
Frank?
Greg left.
Couldn't get out of
here fast enough.
Everything all right?
Celia's had a car accident.
Oh, my God. Is she all right?
Yeah, but Frank's got to
stay and look after her.
What are you gonna do?
I don't know.
I'll... find a local guy?
Can you help me with something?
Thing must be nailed shut.
What's in there?
I've no idea but from the
skylight, it's worth a look.
That's it.
Nearly there.
Oh! Damn!
Ooh, are you all right?
Yeah, it's just a nick.
- OK.
- Come on.
Come on. On 3. Ready?
1...2... 3.
Whoo!

Ohh! What do you
think this place was?
I have no idea.
It's not on any of the plans.
I wonder why.
What are you going
to do with it?
Turn it into a playroom
for one of Brad's kids?
I have a feeling this
house is full of surprises.
What the hell is that?
Wow.
Right. I've got
a builder to find.
Right.
I'm looking for Mr. Donnelly?
Sean Donnelly?
I'm not available.
- I've come about
a long-term job.
At Radcliffe.
Yeah, wow, how
do you know that?
You're the American
banker's designer from London.
Why do I get the feeling
you don't approve?
I don't mind who
lives in that house.
Just don't want to be the one
who turns it into Disneyland.
That's not what we're doing.
Is it true he hasn't
even set foot in the place,
that he bought it
on the Internet?
Well, he doesn't want to see
it until it's fully restored
to the original state.
Many of those skills
are long gone, Miss...?
Hamilton. Meg.
And what do you know

about Yorkshire stone?

I know that if you try
and fix a bronze dial plate
by F. Baker and Sons to a
Mark Blanchard pedestal
using hydrated cement paste,
it'll probably corrode
in the next 3 years.

You need to use the old stuff,
lime mortar and a French
binding agent... if
you want it to last.

Mrs. Hamilton?

- Ow!

- Sorry, I'm doing laps!

- What the hell...

- Harper, can you...!

What is that horrible thing?

It's the fountain
that used to live
outside the back of the house.

And it won't be horrible
once you've cleaned it up.

No, mum. I've got books
to read for school.

- Mum?

- Mm-hmm.

- Oh, my God, Mum.

- What is it?

Wait, come see this.

What?

What is that?

I don't know. It's a flare
or reflection or something.

No, it looks like...

Is that a ghost?

Ooooh!

Knock twice if you can hear me.

Look, come on. Blow
it up on your screen.

- No, don't touch my...

- OK. Sorry.

- What do you want to look at?

- The picture.

There you go.
Wait, no, I don't
see anything.
How can it be there
and not here?
I don't know. Printer's screwed.
It's a rubbish printer.
Yeah, well, maybe it's
a different picture...
It's not. Look. It's
the only one I took.
See? Nothing there.
Come on, let's go
and get some lunch.
I'm starving, and you should be
doing differential calculus.
- Come on.
- OK.
It's nothing.
It's in your head.
- Mrs. Hamilton!
- Ohh!
Donnelly.
I knocked. Figured
you couldn't hear me.
Yeah, thanks for coming.
You did want me here at 4:00?
Yes, yeah, no... God, sorry.
I was miles away.
What have you found?
Well, I dunno.
I think it's a
bricked-up doorway.
That would have been the
root cellar way back when
the house was first built.
People closed them up
when fridges came in.
OK, well, give me
a couple of secs.
I'm just gonna patch this up.
I can only do 3 days a
week and my lad even less,
if that still suits.

Well, you know, I'll
take what I can get.
I think we should start at
the top of the house and work
our way down.
As I said, my client
wants to see the place
returned to its original state.
I think we might
get away with...
What was that?
It's just the boiler.
Well, are you sure
that's was it was?
It's not going to do
that all night, is it?
Can you go check, Dad?
Your mom wears the plumber's
pants in this house, sweetie.
Oooh!
Where do you think you're going?
I'm gonna shut down
the bloody boiler.
I'm not finished with you yet.
Jesus!
Oooh!
Whew.
Huh.
Aah!
Whoo! That felt great.
You've had a shower?
Yeah, piping hot
and great pressure.
I gotta hand it to you, Meg.
Alec, I turned the boiler off.
Yeah, very funny.
I thought I saw a woman
wandering around the garden.
Probably just some nosy
neighbor curious about
the newly arrived
aliens from London.
Maybe I'm just tired.
You know what I think?

I think you're more beautiful
now than when we first met.
I don't believe you.
Why?
I think you're wishing
I'd never cut my hair.
I'm obviously not the woman
you fell in love with, Alec.
I don't know what's
happened to her.
This... is your moment.
You're perfect as you are now.
But that's not me.
It's not.
Mmm...
Mmm...
What are you fucking
doing to me?
Aah! Aah!
Aah!
Alec, stop it!
Don't take my picture!
No! Stop!
Stop it, Alec!
Please. Please.
No.
Stop it!
Penny?
Penny, the door's locked.
The key must have
dropped out somewhere.
Can you see it on the floor?
Penny!
Have you got your inhaler?
Shit!
Shit.
Coming!
Coming!
Oh, shit!
Penny, stand clear!
Uhh!
Where's your inhaler?
Here we go.
Exhale... and in, big one!

Good girl, and again.
And in.
There we go.
Let the medicine work.
OK. Deep breath.
Shhh, you're OK. You're OK.
There was a woman!
There was a woman.
No, it was just a bad dream.
No, I saw her.
It was just a dream.
What's happening?!
Don't worry, Harper. She's
just had an asthma attack.
Go on back to bed, darling.
No way. I'm sleeping
in your bed now.
You OK?
Yeah.
OK, so, who wants to
go to the beach today?
There's a town on the coast
called Whitby not far from here.
That's where Dracula landed.
They put him in in a coffin
because the sunlight
burnt his skin.
Shut up, Harper.
I'm telling you, we're at the
center of the creepy universe.
Since when do you
work all night?
I'm on the brink of something.
Where's the tea?
We don't have tea.
Don't tell me you
forgot the tea.
I didn't forget the tea
'cause we don't drink it.
There's coffee on the stove.
- Penny saw a ghost.
- What?
She had a nightmare.
She got wound up and

had an asthma attack.

It was a real fucking ghost!

- Penny!

- Whoa!

What kind of language

is that, young lady?

It's the language of a
girl who's being neglected
by her father, which is
why you're taking them to
the bloody seaside today.
Today's no good.

Alec!

Alec, we agreed, you were
going to look after the kids
till they start
school next week.

And I will, most
days, just not today.

I'm in the middle of
something very important.

I'm very pleased for you.

And you can pick it up
where you left off when
they start school next week.

This isn't something that
you can pick up and drop off.

It's very important that
you position it exactly
in line with the study window,
10 yards from the house.

It's this distance here.

There were these cuts and
scars all the way up her arms.

I know I didn't dream it, Mum.

I really didn't.

No, I know it must seem like
that but sometimes we just
can't tell.

OK, then why was
the door locked?

The door wasn't locked.

Penny, the door
doesn't have a lock.

- The door was jammed.

- Jammed?

Old houses move over time.

Things stick.

OK, well, you know Emily?

Well, her uncle bought this place near Manchester which was haunted, and he got this guy who came and sorted it out in, like, one visit.

Now, have you been tweeting about this?

Mum, we've got to do something!

He's not like... he's not like a priest or anything.

He just says he was born with a gift.

Oh, my God, you've contacted him.

No, Mum, not yet. Emily just sent me the link to his homepage so we could check him out.

Let me see that.

You've got to be kidding.

What? He's super discreet!

Promise me that you're not going to talk about this online anymore!

My God, Mum!

This is my work you're dissing, Penny!

I'm gonna get a reputation.

Fix yourselves some lunch. I'm going to check on the guys.

Donnelly?

"Sorry we missed you."

What happened?

We have a little problem.

Ah! Wow!

My lad's not normally superstitious, and neither am I.

But we thought with the
history of the place and all,
you'd wanna keep it covered.
Thought you understood.
The history of the place
is exactly what we're
here to to restore.
Then I'm afraid
you're on your own.
But why is it such a big deal?
I've got a reputation, Mrs.
Hamilton.
Small, but enough
to keep me in work.
If word spreads that Sean
Donnelly has invited the wrong
kind of publicity,
I'll lose my business.
What kind of publicity?
There've always been rumors
that Radcliffe built the place
as some sort of temple, but
it was so long ago that
thankfully it's all
they are... rumors.
Now I'm not so sure.
But it's just a work of art.
No, it's the
work of the devil.
- Now, that is ridiculous!
- Is it?!

He killed his wife in some
sort of ritual, and to get her
revenge, she haunted him
day and night until he
threw himself from a window.
If I were you, I'd persuade
your American banker to tear
it all down and
start from scratch.
You've been in there all day?
How was the beach?
Alec, you missed
the phone engineer!

I'm sorry, babe.
Can you stop walking away from me?
I'm trying to talk to you!
Alec, this is important!
Listen.
Donnelly's just quit. I've
got to find someone else.
If we're gonna
make the deadline,
I really need you to pitch in!
- Would you sit for me?
- Alec, this is serious!
Just a couple sessions.
I can't do this on my own!
I'm right in the
thick of it, Meg!
Look, this is
our paycheck, OK?
It's our only paycheck
since your last show.
We don't have any money!
And I understand all that,
but what I'm doing will
change our lives forever.
Alec, I'm really glad for you.
I'm so happy that you've found
something new, but right
now, I just need your help!
OK.
OK?
OK.
Really?
Really?
I'll set aside some
time in the afternoons.
Thank God.
Hello?
Is that you, Petal?
Who is this?
Oh!
Aah! Aah! Aah!
Oh, God! Aah!
Alec!
Oh, you scared me. Ha ha ha!

What are you doing in here?
Well, I... I just... I was
answering the phone.
I guess the engineer must
have connected it after all.
The phone?
You didn't hear the phone?
Listen, I don't think we
should leave this light on.
Did you put this light on?
No, I thought you did.
OK, let's get out of here.
Let's not do this in here.
Can we go upstairs?
Alec, can we go? This room
really gives me the creeps.
I don't... I don't like it here.
No!
Alec, no, please! No!
I don't like it here. Please!
Please, no! Please, no!
Please, Alec!
Alec!
Hi. Thanks for coming back.
Just through there.
Just on the table
at the end there.
Unless that's been
converted to digital,
it's never gonna work.
It was working last night
but dead again this morning.
Well, I can't see
how that's possible.
It's not connected.
In fact, I can't even see a
telephone socket down there.
Madam?
OK, let's go.
Uhh!
Absolutely, Bradley, yep.
Not only are we on schedule
but we're also finding
some amazing stuff.

- Great.

- Yeah, it looks like many original features are still intact...

Excellent.

Which is why I imagine you wanted to buy it in the first place.

I didn't buy it.

I inherited it.

- You inherited it?

- Yeah. I thought you knew that.

No, I...

Yeah. The will showed up after 150 years buried in some trust somewhere.

The original owner has a sister who turns out to be my great-great-aunt.

And you just discovered that?

Yep. I guess Victorian paperwork was just not all it was cracked up to be.

I see.

The only condition is that the house is maintained in its original state.

Listen, I gotta jump on another call.

When you're done, all I need to do is get the executors to check over your work.

Then they'll officially sign over the deed.

What will you do with it?

Sell it. Oh, and keep up the good work.

Hello?

Hello?

I believe you've found some artwork of historical interest in the house.

I'm sorry. You are...

Charles Kendrick Walker.
I've always wondered
about this place.
You've been
talking to Donnelly?
I'd love to take a peek.
I'm sorry, we're not
open to the public.
You misunderstand, Mrs.
Hamilton.
I'm somewhat of an
expert on the era.
I may be able to help.
I don't need any
help, thank you.
Word spreads pretty
fast round Malton,
good as well as bad.
If we can dispel superstition,
encourage people
to regard Radcliffe with
fascination rather than fear,
you may be able to restore
it to the status it deserves.
I'm a historian, Mrs. Hamilton.
Believe me, you
need my expertise.
Good heavens.
The glass is 1860,
but I think the design
is a lot earlier.
It goes back to the ancients.
You know what it is?
A map of the human soul.
Rosicrucians call it the
Emerald Tablet of Hermes.
Radcliffe was an alchemist?
Oh, yes. A very good one.
What happened here?
I guess somebody didn't
like the mermaid's face.
The glass was
completely shattered.
It must have been hit

with something very hard.

Will you be able

to restore it?

If I can find out what

she looked like, yes.

There's a painting at the

Victorian Museum of Art

in Leeds.

Radcliffe was a landscape

artist but he left one portrait

of his wife, Isabella.

This amazing illumati

features in the background.

Great. I'll check it out.

There would have been an

effigy of the Hermetic ray

hanging over the tablet.

The altar.

Will you be restoring the

house to its original state?

Yeah, that's the plan. I'm

not really sure what to do

with this room, though.

Do? I thought you said you

were going to restore it.

Oh, well, my employer

doesn't really have a use

for a Rosicrucian altar.

And then there are the

rumors around town.

Well, these are simple folk, Mrs.

Hamilton.

The miracle of metempsychosis

is not something they would

ever understand.

But Radcliffe

did kill his wife.

It was an accident.

He loved her more

than life itself.

Why don't you come

and meet my husband?

I'm afraid I'm a

little pushed for time.

But you will put in a
good word for us in town?
I'll do my best.
Uhh!
I'd say that was a tie.
Ha ha! Just leave that here.
Uh, hi. Is there
anything to eat?
Ah, yep, there are coldcuts
in the fridge and there's that
bread you like. Can
you grab something?
"Oh, hi, Pen. How
was your bike ride?"
Internet's working.
- Oh, my God, that's her!
- Oh, God, you scared me!
The woman in my room.
That's her!
What... it's just some
stupid picture, Pen.
Why were you looking at that?
What are you doing?
It just came up randomly
when I was researching!
Mum, that is definitely her!
Listen, Penny, calm down!
Look, it's very common,
it's like a deja vu.
When you're tired and stressed,
and you feel like you've seen
someone in a dream
and you haven't.
Oh, my God! Bullshit, Mum.
It wasn't a dream.
That is her. I promise you!
That is the woman with
the cuts up her arm!
I thought you told me she was
looking out of the window.
Yeah.
Well, then, how
can you be sure?
Because I'm sure. She looked at me.

I saw her face.
Please, we've got to leave now!
Please!
What's going on?
Harper, can you just go?
I'll be up in a minute, OK?
What have I done wrong now?
Just go upstairs now, please!
Listen, Penny, I
know you're upset.
If you're really not happy here,
I can try and
organize for you to go
and live with Grandpa in London.
Would you like to do that,
just for a couple of months?
Is that what you want?
No, Mum, please.
We have to all leave right now.
I can't leave.
I have to finish this job.
We need the money.
Try and understand, OK?
I fixed the hot water. I'm
gonna run you a nice hot bath,
and we'll all snuggle
down in the bed together
and watch a movie
on the iPad, yeah?
Something, you know,
like a comedy...
Was it the Reverend Green
in the cellar with
the lead pipe?
Who's that?
May I help you?
Nigel Lean at your service.
This the old spooky pile?
Oh, God. You're the ghost
whisperer, aren't you?
This is Bessie.
Look, I'm terribly sorry.
There's been a misunderstanding.
I know you've come a long...

Mum?

Well, come on, at least
show him round, OK?

So, you're a plumber
as well, are you?

Yeah, a man's got
to make a living.

I'd have thought exorcism...

I don't charge for
me cleansing work.

There's rules about
that sort of thing.

But I will take a cup of coffee.

Don't tell me.

Milk and two sugars.

Oh, you're psychic, Mrs. H.

It kind of looked like a smudge,
but then definitely, there was
definitely a figure there.

And then the other night,
I was going to bed.

Well, my mum says

it was a dream,

but I saw this woman.

Here we are.

Now, I should just explain
my husband and I don't
believe in ghosts or spirits, Mr.
Lean.

Ah, no one does, Mrs. H, until
they experience one firsthand.

Are you feeling one right now?

The house has a
very strong aura.

No doubt about it.

Can I take a look around?

As long as you

don't break anything.

Been cooking, have we?

Hmm.

Yep.

Metempsychotic Pharisee.

What?

It's a nasty red potion,

takes a while to kick in.

Word of caution, be very
careful what you drink.

Understood?

OK, that's it.

Upstairs both of you!

- Mum!

- I've heard enough!

- No, Mum, no, no!

- I said upstairs!

Mum, he said we could watch!

I will be leaving Mr. Lean
to find his own way out.

I want to watch!

Mum, Mum, please, please,
let him do the cleansing.

He's not helping Penny. He's
just spooking us, that's all.

I'm sorry, Mr. Lean.

I can't have you scaring
the kids like that.

Is something wrong?

He's still here.

Who?

It's not safe.

He wants to take
over, take control.

Mr. Lean, you're
not making any sense.

He was a painter.

He died on that
fountain from the fall.

Oh, my God. Radcliffe.

Penny, go upstairs, please.

No, not Radcliffe.

His name was different.

Walker, I think.

Yeah. I'll leave you this in
case of anything untoward.

Basically, it's holy
water with a few add-ons.

It's pukka.

- OK, good-bye, Mr. Lean.

There's something else.

The feeling I picked up...
I've never quite... you
have to be careful.
What do you mean careful?
He loved her. That's
the problem you see?
He loved her too much.
And now... he wants
to take control.
Control of what? The house?
No, no, not the house, of you.
- Good-bye, Mr. Lean.
Penny, back in the
house, please.
He said a painter lived here
and Radcliffe was a painter.
All that information is
available on the Internet
for anyone who wants to see, OK?
These guys always
do their research.
Go and hang with your brother.
I'll be up in a minute.
OK. Wait, where
are you going?
I'm just going
to check on Dad.
Oh, well, I'll come with you.
No. Penny, your
Dad and I need a bit
of private time, OK?
Here, take this... in
case of anything untoward.
Metempsychosis...
Metempsychosis Pharisee.
Jesus!
"Walker, Radcliffe."
Charles Kendrick Walker.
You know, I've always
wondered about this place.
1845?
Alec?
Alec?
- What do you think?

- Aah!

What is this?

Jesus!

Different, huh?

I wanted to wait till she was
a little but further along,
but I suppose now is
as good a time as any.

I could have done with a
couple more sessions with you,
but in the end, I had to
settle for sketching you
while you slept.

Me?

Alec, this isn't me.

Well, wait 'til she's
cast and finished.

You'll see.

You're quite difficult
to nail down.

Jesus!

What have you done to yourself?

I know it sounds
crazy, but the blood
makes the clay easier to work.

The woman in
Radcliffe's portrait.

His wife that...

Why are you sculpting
Radcliffe's wife?

What are you talking about?

It's exactly the same face,
the same position, everything!

Meg, it's supposed to be you.

Alec, he was a Rosicrucian.

He killed his wife
in some ritual in this house!

This job has pushed
you over the edge.

I think you need to
get back to therapy.

Our daughter is having a
breakdown because she believes
she saw this woman

in her bedroom.

You said that was a nightmare.

You said so yourself!

- I'm going back to London.

- No.

I'm taking the kids and I'm gonna run the job from there.

No!

I'm not going anywhere and neither are you.

Don't you care about our daughter?

Of course I do, but I also care about me for a change.

This is the best work I've ever done.

Probably ever!

And I'm not about to give that up now!

This isn't your work, Alec.

What are you talking about!

You don't draw like this!

This is what you do. This is your stuff and I love it!

It's real! This is not yours!

Get out!

Um... first thing tomorrow morning after we've had a good sleep, I'm gonna have a family meeting.

I'm... ready to...

Go back to London and work the build from there.

Really?

It's going to cost a lot more money, but I think I can persuade Bradley to step up.

Mum, we should leave now.

Your father's not ready to leave yet.

And, um, I'm not leaving him here on his own.

Harper?

Mum, mum!

- Harper?
- - Mum!
Harper?
Are you there?
Mum! Mum!
Harper?
- Mum!
- Harper? Where are you?
Stuck! I'm stuck!
Mum, I'm stuck!
- Where are you? I can't...
- Mum?
Mum? Mum!
- Harper!
- - Help!
Mum, open the door!
Mum, I can't get out! Help!
Harper, is that you?
Are you there?
Answer me!
Shit!
Aah! For Christ's sake, Penny!
Where's Harper?
I think he's fallen
into the root cellar.
The what?
OK, I'll find Dad.
No!
Harper! Get back from the wall!
Get back from the wall!
Dad?
Dad?
Dad?
Dad?
Dad?
Dad?
Dad?
Mum!
Mum! Mum!
Mum!
Mum!
Mum!
Mum!
Mum!
Aah! Aah!
Oh, God. Oh, God.

Oh, God. Oh, God.
Aah! Aah!
Oh! It's you, Harper!
Oh, God. Harper, it's you!
Come on!
Let's go.
Did you see Dad?
No, I was down
there when I woke up.
How do you think
you got there?
It wasn't Dad, Mum.
It was the ghost.
Shit!
My keys are upstairs in my bag.
No, don't, Mum, please.
Please don't leave us!
Well, come with me, then!
- No, mum!
- We can't sit here all night.
You need your inhaler.
I'm going back upstairs.
Lock the door!
Oh, God.
Oh, God.
- W-What?
Penny?
Penny? Penny?
Shh, it's OK. We're
safe in here, OK?
Aah! Aah!
We're gonna die!
Uhh!
How are you feeling?
Where have you been, Alec?
I went for a walk on the moor.
To clear my head.
Are you sure you're feeling OK?
You're wearing a coat.
Are you leaving?
I thought I'd take the kids to
Grandpa's for a couple of days,
but I'll come right back.
But we're getting so close.

I just think we
all need a break.
Why don't we just talk
about this when I get back?
You can't abandon me.
There's so much to be done.
Why are you behaving like this?
Harper?
Penny? Where's the car?!
Penny?!
Harper?!
Where's the fucking car?
Help me, somebody, please!?
Penny! Harper!
We need to talk.
The kids have gone!
Someone's taken the car. We
need to call to call the police!
What kids?
Let go of me! Let go of me!
Isabella, what are
you doing in here?
It's nearly time. We
have to get ready.
What's happening to us, Alec?
Who's Alec? One
of your lovers?
Stop it! Stop it!
Keep away from me! You're
losing your fucking mind!
We made a sacred pact.
You can't lose heart, Isabella.
I think Radcliffe's trying
to possess you somehow.
You've got to be strong.
You've got to fight this!
I love you more than
life itself, Petal.
Are you OK?
I think I peed.
When I say run,
you run with me, OK?
OK. Ready? 1, 2, 3, run!
Aah!

What now?

Oh, my gosh, why isn't
there ever any signal
in this stupid place?

OK, I think it's this way.

What if the ghost
has killed Mum?

- Stop thinking those thoughts.

- You think those thoughts.

Well, I'm older than you.

What will we do if he has?

It's fine.

We'll get home and find Dad
and he'll know what to do.

What if the ghost
has killed Dad?

Then we'll run away
and go back to London.

OK, if we have to run, Harper,
you stay close to me, OK?

You! You there!

- Harper!

- Yeah!

Harper!

Harper!

Penny!

Oh, God.

Harper?

Uhh...

Daddy! Daddy!

Oh!

Dad? Stop it, Dad.

Aah! Ow! Dad, ow!

Dad! Dad!

Aah! Dad! Aah!

No!

Dad! Let me out!

Dad!

Dad!

Aah! Aah!

Harper.

We need to get you out of there.

Harper, stand back
from the window, OK?

You OK? OK.
Dad's gone mad.
We've got to find Mum.
Have you seen her?
No, what are we going to do?
We've got to find her.
Penny, he's changed.
He locked me in the room.
The ghost got inside him.
OK. Let's go.
Uhh!
Boy!
Mum!
Mum! Wake up.
Are you all right?
Yeah.
Mum come on, we have to hurry.
- I think I can.
- OK.
Oh, my God. What's happening?
The window! I think we
can reach the fire escape
from the rooftop.
- Aah!
- Ohh!
Isabella? Please?
Don't look down. Don't look down.
Please?
Please!
Charles!
Uhh!
Oof!
Why did you do that?
Are you all right?
Oh, my head! My back.
What happened?
Oh!
Oh, you scared us!
I love you, Petal.