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Crimson Peak

By Guillermo del Toro

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Ghosts are real.
This much, I know.
The first time I saw one,
I was 10 years old.
It was my mother's.
Black cholera
had taken her.
So, Father ordered a closed casket,
asked me not to look.
There were to be
no parting kisses.
No goodbyes.
"And the Lord
said unto me..."
No last words.
"...take thy
place beside me..."
That is
until the night
she came back.
My child.
When the time comes
Beware of Crimson Peak.
It would be years before
I again heard such a voice
or understood its
desperate warning.
A warning from
out of time
and one that I
came to understand
only when it
was too late.
Barley mead and ale!
I got sweet and bitter!
Barley mead and ale!
Apple, sir?
Straight out of
the oven this morning.
Edith!
Alan. When did you get back?
Two weeks ago.
I thought Eunice

had told you.
No,
I hadn't heard.
Oh. She made a
conquest in London.
What are
you doing here?
I'm setting up my
practice upstairs.
I'm to meet

Ogilvie at 10:

to see if he wants to
publish my manuscript.
You do know

it's only 9:

I know, but I couldn't
wait any longer.
And I want to make some
corrections anyway, so...
If you have any free time,
please come and visit.
We met him at
the British Museum
last fall, when we
were visiting Alan.
Mother. You wouldn't believe it.
He's so handsome.
And he has crossed the ocean with
his sister, only to see Eunice again.
Mother, he's here
on business.
It seems he's a baronet.
What's a baronet?
Well, an aristocrat
of some sort.
A man that feeds off land
that others work for him.
A parasite with a title.
This parasite is perfectly charming and
a magnificent dancer.
Although, that wouldn't
concern you, would it, Edith,

our very young
Jane Austen?
Though, she died
a spinster, no?
Mother, please.
That's all right.
Actually, Mrs. McMichael,
I would prefer to
be Mary Shelley.
She died a widow.
Alan.
Ah, Miss Cushing.
You're early.
Just a little.
A ghost story.
Your father didn't tell me
it was a ghost story.
Oh, it's not.
It's more a story with a ghost in it.
Mmm-hmm...
The ghost is
just a metaphor.
A metaphor?
For the past.
Well...
Lovely handwriting.
Nice confident loops.
Miss Cushing,
may I offer a
word of advice?
He told me it
needed a love story.
Can you believe that?
Ogilvie's
old-fashioned.
He said that just
because I'm a woman.
Everyone falls in love,
dear. Even women.
I don't want to write
a love story like that.
Well, my darling, I was hoping
to make this a celebratory gift.
I'm a builder, dear.

If there's one
thing I know,
it's the importance of
the right tool for the job.
It's beautiful.
But actually, Father,
I was hoping to type it,
in your office.
Type it?
I'm submitting it to
The Atlantic Monthly,
but I realize now that my
handwriting is too feminine.
It gives me away.
Without a doubt.
But what you
must appreciate,
is the way that the molding
is incorporated into
the overall design
of the clock.
It'll take me all day,
but it does make it look rather handsome,
don't you think?
Yes.
Good morning, miss.
Forgive the interruption.
I have an appointment with
Mr. Carter Everett Cushing.
Goodness. With the
great man himself.
I'm afraid so.
"Sir Thomas Sharpe,
Baronet."
He'll be here shortly.
Thank you.
You're not late,
are you?
He hates that.
Uh, not at all. In fact,
I'm a little early.
Oh, I'm afraid he
hates that, too.
I'm sorry,

I don't mean to pry,
but this is a piece
of fiction, is it not?

Yes.

Who are you transcribing this for?

It's to be sent to New York tomorrow,
to The Atlantic Monthly.

Well, whoever wrote it,
it's rather good,
don't you think?

Really?

It's certainly captured my attention.

I wrote it.

It's mine.

Ghosts?

Well, the ghosts are
just a metaphor...

They've always
fascinated me.

You see,

where I come from
ghosts are not to
be taken lightly.

Sir Thomas Sharpe.

Welcome to our
fair city.

Sir. It's my pleasure.

I see you've already
met my daughter, Edith.

The Sharpe clay mines
have been royal purveyors
of the purest scarlet
clay since 1796.

In its liquid form,
it is so rich in ore
and so malleable
that it can produce
the strongest bricks and tiles.

Excessive mining
in the last 20 years
has caused most of our
old deposits to collapse.
This is a clay harvester
of my own design.

It transports
the clay upwards
as it digs deep.
I have absolutely
no doubt
this machine will revolutionize clay
mining as we know it.
Turn it off, please.
Have you tested it?
Full-scale?
Not yet, sir.
We're very close.
But we hope that,
with funding...
So, actually, what you have is a toy,
and some fancy words.
Mr. Cushing, I...
You've already tried,
and failed,
to raise capital
in London,
Edinburgh,
Milan.
Yes, that's correct, sir.
And now you're here.
Correct again, sir.
The men at this table,
all of us,
came up through
honest, hard work.
Well, maybe not all of us.
Mr. Ferguson, here, is a lawyer.
But even he
can't help that.
I started as
a steel worker
raising buildings before
I could own them.
My hands.
Feel them.
Rough.
The reflection
of who I am.
Now, you, sir,

when I shook your hand...
You've got the softest
hands I've ever felt.
In America, we bank on effort,
not privilege.
That is how we
built this country.
I'm here with all
that I possess, sir.
A name,
a patch of land
and the will to
make it yield.
The least that you
can grant me
is the courtesy
of your time
and the chance to prove to you
and these fine gentlemen
that my will, dear sir,
is, at the very least,
as strong as yours.
I need a corset.
No, you don't.
You look very handsome.
Do I?
Yes, you do,
young man.
I do wish you'd change your mind
and come along tonight.
Mrs. McMichael has
gone to a lot of trouble.
Little Lord Fauntleroy
will be there.
You mean Thomas Sharpe?
Sir Thomas Sharpe,
Baronet.
Apparently, he's taken
an interest in young Eunice.
I saw you spying
on us, child.
Was his proposal
so outrageous
as to merit such a

harsh answer from you?
It wasn't his
proposal, my love.
It was him.
There's something about
him that I don't like.
What, I don't know.
And I don't like
not knowing.
What I saw was
a dreamer facing defeat.
Did you see his suit?
It was beautifully tailored,
but at least a decade old.
I can see that you observed
far more than I did.
And his shoes were
handmade, but worn.
That'll be young
Dr. McMichael.
He's brought his new
motorcar to collect me.
Come and see it.
Say hello to him.
He's just opened
his new practice.
And he's always been
awfully fond of you.
I know that, Father.
Good evening, Marie.
Good evening,
Dr. McMichael.
Good evening,
Mr. Cushing.
Alan.
Hello, Edith.
My, don't we look
smart, Alan.
Oh, it's just something
I threw together.
It's Edith who should be
the belle of the ball this evening.
Don't you agree, Alan?
As I recall, Edith takes a dim view

of social frivolity.
You lads enjoy
the party.
Don't let him
drink too much.
Hey.
So, she's not coming?
Stubborn to the bone.
Where does she
get that from?
I'm not complaining.
I like it.
"Allerdale Hall."
Father, did you
forget something?
What is it?
What do you want?
Beware of Crimson Peak.
Excuse me, miss.
Are you all right, miss?
Whatever is it?
Please, help me up.
There's a Sir Thomas
Sharpe at the door.
Thomas Sharpe?
He's dripping wet,
and most insistent on coming in.
Well, that's absolutely
out of the question, Annie.
Please just tell
him to go away.
I tried.
And?
He wants to
talk to you.
Miss Cushing.
Are you all right?
You seem a little pale.
I'm not all too well,
Sir Thomas, I'm afraid.
Father isn't home.
Oh, I know.
I waited in the rain
for him to leave.

Oh.

I know he's going to the reception at
the McMichael house,
which is my
destination, too.

But that's in
Bidwell Parkway, sir.

This is Masten Park.
You're very, very lost.
That I am.

And I desperately
need your help.

My help with what?

Miss Cushing, the language,
for one thing.

As you can plainly see,
I do not speak a word of American.

Tell me, why would you
want to stay here?

All alone.

Alan, this is
Sir Thomas Sharpe.

Sir Thomas,
Dr. Alan McMichael.

Best man in town if
you're feeling poorly.

I've heard so much about you
from Mother and my sister.

Although, I must confess,
I had a little trouble understanding your title.
"Baronet."

Edith kindly
explained it to me.

Edith,
this is Lady Lucille Sharpe.

My sister.

I'm delighted to
meet you, Miss Cushing.

You've managed to delay
my brother quite a bit.

Now's the time.

Poor Eunice was
growing desperate.

She claims no gentleman in America knows

how to dance a proper waltz.
Come with me.
Interesting development,
don't you think?
Indeed.
Ladies and gentlemen,
please make some space.
The baronet would like to
demonstrate for us the waltz.
European style.
Mrs. McMichael,
I wanted to apologize.
Edith, we weren't
expecting you.
I know. And I'm sure
there's no place for me...
Don't worry,
my child.
Everybody has their place.
I'll make sure
you find yours.
The waltz.
Not a complicated
dance, really.
The lady takes her place slightly to
the left of the leading gentleman.
Six basic steps,
and that's all.
However, it is said that
the true test of the perfect waltz
is for it to
be so swift,
so delicate
and so smooth
that a candle flame will not be extinguished
in the hand of the lead dancer.
Now, that requires
the perfect partner.
Would you be mine?
I don't think so.
Thank you.
But I'm sure Eunice
would be delighted.
I dare say.

But I have asked you.
Why are
we doing this?
I've always closed my eyes to things
that made me uncomfortable.
It makes
everything easier.
I don't want to
close my eyes.
I want to keep
them open.
Mr. Holly!
Mr. Cushing.
I like the club the first
thing in the morning.
I have it all
to myself.
A great way to
start the day, sir.
There's a young gentleman
and his sister.
I want you to
investigate for me.
There's something not
quite right about them.
I want results.
As soon as possible.
You have not been using
the drops regularly...
Edith, come in.
...and I must insist
you do so.
Take this to the druggist
and ask him to prepare it exactly.
And resume the dose.
"Toxicology of the Eye."
"Morphology of the Optic Nerve."
"Principles of Optical
Refraction."
And "Arthur Conan Doyle."
Fancy yourself
a detective?
Well, not really,
but he is an ophthalmologist

just like me.

Come.

I think you're going to like
what I have to show you.

Ghost photography
is easy to fake.

However, with
glass plates
it is, by definition,
impossible.

I got these in London.

They're genuine.

The image is captured using
a coating of silver salts,
invisible to the naked eye.

It's called
a latent image.

Now, it's my belief
that houses,
places, be it by chemical
compounds in the earth
or the minerals in the stone
can retain impressions
or a person that is
no longer living.

But not everyone
can see them.

The man that just left,
amongst other ailments,
is color blind.

Now, that man will never
perceive the colors red or green.

He only accepts their existence because
the majority around him does.

Perhaps we only
notice things
when the time comes
for us to see them.

You've never spoken to me
about these interests of yours, Alan.

You've never given
me the chance.

Edith, I understand your
fascination with the Sharpes,

but in your own
best interest,
proceed with caution
is all I ask.
You've been gone
a long time and, well,
I've managed somewhat.
No, Edith.
I think every time I read it,
it gets better and better.
And I don't mind
the love story at all.
Just a chapter or two.
Well, I like it.
Let me know
what you think.
I'll finish it now.
Is it a butterfly?
No.
But it will be soon.
Oh, I hadn't
seen them.
They're dying.
They take their heat
from the sun
and when it deserts them,
they die.
That's sad.
No, it's not sad,
Edith. It's nature.
It's a savage world
of things dying
or eating each other,
right beneath our feet.
Surely there's
more to it than that.
Beautiful things
are fragile.
At home, we have
only black moths.
Formidable creatures,
to be sure,
but they lack beauty.
They thrive on the

dark and the cold.
What do they
feed on?
Butterflies,
I'm afraid.
Are you sure
about this?
I don't think she's the right choice.
She's too young.
She's just
a child, Thomas.
Lucille, I've
explained all this.
I will need the ring.
The ring's mine.
I earned it.
I will want it back.
Then you'd better
hope I'm successful.
This is the last thing
we have to sell.
You're not selling it.
We are buying
something with it.
Mr. Holly.
Is something the matter?
Mr. Cushing.
It is not often that I am
the bearer of bad news,
but when I am,
I insist upon delivering it myself.
Don't open it here.
Now is the time.
Edith, may I
have a word?
Just one moment.
Let me get my father.
Father.
Everybody's waiting.
I'll be there shortly.
Miss Cushing.
Edith. I really have no
right to ask this, but...
Sir Thomas.

May I speak with you
in my study, please?
You and your sister,
if you would be so kind as to fetch her.
Child, please tell our guests that
we will join them presently.
Now, Lady Lucille.
Sir Thomas,
the first time we met
I imagine it was hard for
you to realize that I didn't like you.
You made that
clear enough, sir.
But I had hoped that
now, with time...
Your time, Sir Thomas,
is up.
Could you speak
plainly, Mr. Cushing?
Plain I will be, missy.
Plainer than you
might like to hear.
In the past few days
your brother has
deemed it fine enough
to mix business with pleasure
by repeatedly engaging
socially with my daughter.
My only daughter.
Sir, I'm aware that I have
no position to offer,
but the fact is...
You are falling
in love with her.
Is that it?
You play the part well.
The other day, my daughter asked me
why I didn't like you.
Honestly, at the time,
I had no good answer.
But now, I do.
That document there
gave me my answer.
That's the first honest

reaction I've seen from you.

Does she know?

No.

But I will tell her,
if that's what it takes
to send you on your way.

Sir, I know you will
find this hard to believe...

You love her.

I know.

You're repeating yourself.

Now, you,
you seem to be the more
collected one, dear.

It's overly
generous, I know.

But if you want that check to clear,
there are two conditions.

There's a train for New York City leaving
first thing tomorrow morning.

You and your brother
better be on it.

Do we understand
each other?

We do.

What is the second
condition?

That concerns my daughter.

Tonight you must
thoroughly break
her heart.

Ladies and gentlemen,
we have an unexpected
announcement.

Sir Thomas.

Thank you, Mr. Cushing.

Ladies and gentlemen,
when I first came to
America, my heart was
brimming with a
sense of adventure.

Here, the future actually
seemed to mean something.

I have found warmth and

friendship among you all.
But for now,
farewell.
May we meet again.
Perhaps on
a different shore.
My sister and I
depart for England
just in time
for the winter.
To lasting friendship.
To lasting friendship.
Excuse me. Sorry.
Edith.
You're leaving us.
We must return home immediately
and attend to our interests.
And with nothing to
hold us in America...
I see.
Your novel.
I read the new chapters.
I'll have them delivered in the morning.
That's very good of you,
thank you.
Would you still like
to know my thoughts?
If we must.
It's absurdly sentimental.
The aches that you describe
with such earnestness.
The pain, the loss.
You clearly haven't
lived at all.
In fact, you only seem to know
what other writers tell you.
That's enough!
You insist on describing
the torments of love
when you clearly know
nothing about them.
I'm not done yet!
What do you dream of?
A kind man?

A pure soul
to be redeemed?
A wounded bird
you can nourish?
Perfection.
Perfection has no
place in love, Edith.
I advise you to return
to your ghosts and fancies.
The sooner, the better.
You know precious little
of the human heart, or love,
or the pain that
comes with it.
You're nothing but
a spoiled child!
How's the water
today, Benton?
Piping hot.
Just the way
you like it, sir.
Very well.
Be kind enough to order
me some ham and eggs.
I'll start with
coffee, if it's hot
and a sip of port.
Right away, sir.
And The Times?
If you'd be so kind.
No. No.
Miss?
What is it, Annie?
Your manuscript was delivered
this morning by Sir Thomas Sharpe,
but I didn't want
to wake you early.
It's all the same, Annie.
Thank you.
Just leave it there.
The letter, too?
Yes, the letter, too.
Dear Edith.
By the time you read this,

I will be gone.
Your father made evident to me
that in my present economic condition
I was not in a position
to provide for you.
And to this I agreed.
Annie!
He also asked me
to break your heart.
My Coat!
To take the blame.
And to this
I agreed, too.
By this time, surely I have
accomplished both tasks.
But know this.
When I can prove
to your father
that all I ask of him is his consent
and nothing more,
then, and only then,
will I come back for you.
Yours ever,
Thomas.
Thomas and Lucille Sharpe.
Uh, room 107
and 108.
But wait!
Wait!
Miss? Wait!
Thomas?
Thomas!
Uh, they, um...
They checked out
this morning, miss.
In time for
the early train.
Are you all right, miss?
Edith.
Lucille has gone.
Your father bribed me
to leave.
I cannot leave you, Edith.
In fact, I find myself

thinking of you even at the most
inopportune moments
of the day.
I feel as if
a link exists between
your heart and mine.
And should that link be broken
either by distance or by time
my heart would cease
to beat and I would die.
And you,
you'd soon
forget about me.
Never
I would never
forget you.
I'm afraid you have
to identify the body, Edith.
There's no other way.
Wait!
I came as soon
as I heard.
Edith,
don't look at him.
I'll give you a
positive identification.
That is
not possible.
I was his physician,
Ferguson, you know that.
And I am his
lawyer, Dr. McMichael.
I'm sorry. This is not
a legal formality.
It's obligatory,
I'm afraid.
How did it happen?
Apparently,
he was alone.
The floor was wet.
No one really knows.
May I, sir?
Help me turn him.
Don't touch him

like that.
Stop! Don't touch
him like that!
That's my father!
Forgive me, I was...
He's turning
60 next week.
He's afraid of looking
his age, you see.
That's why he
dresses so well.
Why he likes taking
long walks.
His hand feels cold.
Why is it so cold?
I'm here for you now.
I'm here.
Whoa!
Ah, young Master Sharpe.
Hello, Finlay.
How have you
been keeping?
Never better,
Sir Thomas.
Finlay,
this is my wife.
I know, my Lord.
I know.
You've been
married a while.
Awhile?
What is he
talking about?
I'm not sure what
he was talking about.
His family worked for ours
for centuries. In fact...
Who is this?
You never told me
about him.
He has a collar.
Is he a stray,
you think?
That's impossible.

There's no other house for miles and
the town's half a day's walk away.
Oh, the poor thing.
He's famished.
Can we keep it?
As you wish.
Now, Your Ladyship,
may I have the honor?
Goodness. How many
rooms are there?
I don't know.
Would you like to
count them?
What do you think?
Does it look the part?
It does.
Although, it's even
colder inside than out.
I know, it's a disgrace.
We try to maintain
the house as best we can,
but with the cold and the rain
it's impossible to stop the damp and erosion.
And with the mines
right below, well,
the wood is rotting
and the house is sinking.
Take it upstairs,
Young Master?
Oh, yes, please.
This one goes to the dressing room.
Let me show you.
But how do you
manage this house?
Just you and Lucille?
It's a privilege
we were born into
and one we can
never relinquish.
But we manage somehow,
my darling.
My workshop's
in the attic.
I can't wait

to show you.
Please, Finlay.
Would you take my bags to the attic?
I'll be up shortly.
Edith.
Lucille?
Look, these curtains
have been closed for too long.
- Would you bring that over here?
- Yes.
Hey.
Where did you
get this?
Thomas, I saw a woman
in the elevator.
A woman?
You mean Lucille?
No, it wasn't
Lucille.
Must have been
a shadow.
That contraption has
a mind of its own.
The wires are affected
by the damp in the house.
Connects to the
clay pits, you see.
Never, ever,
go below this level.
What's this thing
doing here?
Lucille.
Thomas.
Welcome, Edith.
Thank you.
Well, I went to
the post office.
Your machine parts are
here from Birmingham.
You'll need Finlay
to fetch them.
Excellent.
Is something the matter
with you, Edith?

Something startled me,
that's all.
A shadow.
All that lives in this
house are shadows
and creaks and groans.
So, you better soothe
that boundless imagination of yours.
I just need a proper
welcome, that's all.
From now on,
I want this house
to contain nothing but friendship,
and love and warmth.
Warmth would be
an excellent start.
Thomas, your
bride is frozen.
Of course. Forgive me.
Let's go upstairs,
start a fire at once.
I'll run you
a hot bath.
The pipes will run red
at first because of the clay,
but soon the water
will clear.
Oh, Lucille.
When it's convenient
would you mind getting me
a copy of the house keys, please?
You don't need one.
I'm sorry?
There are parts of the house
that are unsafe.
It will take you a few days
to familiarize yourself.
Then, should you still
feel you need them,
I'll have copies made.
Come on,
Edith, come with me.
Let's take you upstairs.
I thought you said

the dog was dead.
I left it out there
on its own.
Thought it would
perish in the cold.
How has it survived
all this time?
On scraps,
I suppose.
As we all do.
Well, you needn't worry.
We won't have to
do that anymore.
Won't we?
Her money's not
here, is it?
Not yet.
You have to trust me.
You chose her.
Why?
All right.
Okay, ready?
Fetch!
Come on!
To my hand. Come on,
to my hand.
Come on.
Go fetch!
Hi.
Where's your ball?
Did you lose your ball?
Hi.
Where'd it go?
Hey, where's the ball?
Hi.
This will make
you feel better.
What is it?
Firethorn berries.
They're very good
for you.
You don't like it?
It's a little bitter.
I'm afraid nothing gentle

ever grows in this land.
You need a measure
of bitterness
not to be eaten.
What was that?
That's the east wind.
When it picks up,
the chimneys form a vacuum
and with the windows all
shuttered up, the house...
Well, the house breathes.
It's ghastly, I know.
Now, come here.
I'll have a bath,
I think.
And if you do happen to fall asleep,
I won't wake you.
"To the hills we
raise our eyes."
I'm sorry,
I interrupted you.
That music,
what is it?
An old lullaby I used to sing
to Thomas when we were young.
I can imagine the two of you
in here as children.
You, playing music
and Thomas coming up
with wild inventions.
We were not allowed
in here as children.
We were confined
to the nursery
in the attic.
Mother played the piano
sometimes.
We'd hear her
through the floor.
That's how we knew she
was back in the country.
Mother.
She looks quite...
Horrible?

Yes.
It's an excellent likeness.
I like to think she can
see us from up there.
I don't want her to miss
a single thing we do.
Are all of these
books yours?
Mother collected
most of these.
Have you heard of
a fore-edge illustration?
No.
There are images hidden
in the book's fore-edge.
Carefully dissimulated
until you bend the pages.
So...
Secrets everywhere.
Well, this can't
shock you,
now that Thomas
and you have...
He was very respectful
of my mourning.
Nothing happened.
We traveled in
separate cabins.
How considerate.
In time everything
will be right.
It's a pity to
liquidate all this.
So quickly,
so soon.
Too soon,
don't you think?
All a matter of
opinion, it seems.
I will need these
crates shipped.
And then to make sure we get an invoice,
you will send them to me.
"Thomas Sharpe."

Baronet.

Do you like my
workshop, Edith?

It's wonderful.

Did you make
all of these?

I used to carve
toys for Lucille.

And make little trinkets
to keep her happy.

Were you alone,
here in the attic, all the time?

Father was always
traveling.

The family fortune
didn't lose itself.

Papa really had to
put his back into it.

It's wonderful.

You're so different.

From who?

From everyone.

What is it?

I thought I heard a noise.

We were hoping
you were here.

I found him wandering
the hallway.

Made us some tea.

Oh, you're too kind.

Don't mention it.

We needed the company.

Thomas?

Uh, not for me,
thank you.

Drink your tea.

It'll warm you.

Let the wind

Blow kindly

Thomas?

In the sails

Of your dreams

And the moon

light your journey

And bring you to me
Thomas?
How did you get in there,
you silly doggie?
Wax cylinder
recordings.
No, wait!
"Enola."
Keep her steady, Finlay.
Yes, sir.
We need more coal, Finlay.
Yes.
Thomas!
Thomas.
Thomas, listen,
I need to talk to you.
Well, Edith, now's not a good time.
Lucille is inside.
No, I don't want
to talk to Lucille.
I want to talk to you.
Very well.
What is it?
Listen, has anyone
died in this house?
Edith, the house is
hundreds of years old.
I'd venture many souls
have come and gone.
But I mean specific deaths,
violent deaths.
Master Sharpe?
Edith, now is really
not a good time.
Try it again,
Finlay!
There.
It should feel
better soon.
My hands are
getting rough.
Your father
would approve.
My machine will

never work.
Never. Why do I keep
deluding myself?
Why did I
bring you here?
Who did you marry?
A failure.
Don't say that.
You're all that I have.
The men leave
at nightfall.
We'll be racing
against the snow.
Soon we won't be able
to make any progress.
That's when you'll find out
why they call this Crimson Peak.
What did you say?
Crimson Peak.
That's what they call it.
The ore and the red clay leach up
from the ground and stain the snow.
It turns
bright red, so,
"Crimson Peak."
So,
you asked to see me.
Perhaps it all ended
for the best.
Edith seems to have found happiness,
don't you agree?
I wouldn't know.
I haven't heard a word.
I have.
She has asked me to transfer
all her assets to England.
Seems to be investing
all of it in that clay machine of his,
and I have no recourse
but to obey.
There's something about all this,
Ferguson.
The manner of Cushing's death,
the impact on his head.

The last check Cushing made
was to Sir Thomas Sharpe.
If I may confide.
Before Cushing died,
he hired a New York man,
Mr. Holly.
Now, he digs up
these unsavory facts.
The fact that this Holly
got involved in all this,
just gives me pause.
Thomas?
If you're here with me,
give me a signal.
Touch my hand.
Leave now.
Thomas! Thomas!
Edith...
His blood
will be on your hands.
Edith!
Thomas!
Thomas, come quick!
A woman in the corridor, there!
Edith, what's the matter?
There was such
hatred in her eyes.
And intelligence.
She knows who I am and
she wants me to leave.
Nonsense, my dear.
You're not
going anywhere.
You had a bad dream.
You were sleepwalking.
No! I'm afraid I shall
go mad if I stay.
My darling, you're
imagining things.
Tomorrow, why
don't we go out,
to the post office.
I think some fresh air
will do you good.

No. I have to leave.
I have to get
away from here.
Edith, this is
your home now.
You have nowhere
else to go.
What is she doing?
How could she know
about Mother?
I have no idea.
I haven't told her a thing.
What's she
trying to do?
I don't know.
She's in quite a state.
Tomorrow
I'll go to the depot, pick up the
machine parts and take her with me.
Let her get
some fresh air.
Yes. Get her
out of here.
Once she signs
the final papers,
I want this over with.
This is a valve controller
I had fabricated in Glasgow.
This could make
all the difference.
Think lucky
thoughts, Edith.
The Sharpe mines might reopen
if this thing cooperates.
Mr. Sharpe?
Ah, excellent.
Thank you.
You're Lady Sharpe,
then?
Forgive me, mum,
but there's a few letters for you.
Two of them are certified
letters from your solicitor.
And another one comes all

the way from Milan, Italy.

I don't know

anyone in Italy.

Respectfully, your Ladyship,

it's apparent that you do.

Edith.

The storm's picking up.

We ought to leave soon.

Otherwise we won't make

it back to the house.

If you need to stay

the night, Sir Thomas,

we've a small

room downstairs.

Why not?

And you're sure this is

their forwarding address?

Thomas and Lucille Sharpe,

yes, in Cumberland, England, sir.

Thank you.

Dr. McMichael.

Mr. Holly.

At your service, sir.

Did you bring the copy

of the information?

It took some time to obtain

that newspaper clipping.

It's damn gruesome,

if you ask me.

It's a shame.

The only relevant information I could pass

to Mr. Cushing were the civil documents.

But it was enough to impede

any further relationship

between Sir Thomas

and Miss Cushing.

Prevent them

from marrying.

Why was that?

Because, you see,

Sir Thomas is

already married.

This fellow, Cavendish,

your hero.

There's a darkness
to him. I like him.
Does he make it
all the way through?
It's entirely
up to him.
What do you mean?
Characters talk to you.
They transform.
They make choices.
Choices.
As to who
they become.
Well, this is rather dismal,
I'm sorry to say.
But at least it's warm.
Oh, I like it
much better.
Better than what?
Better than the house.
Why don't we leave?
The house is
all we have.
I left everything
I was behind.
Everything I had.
We could live anywhere you want.
Anywhere?
London.
London?
Paris.
Paris is beautiful.
Milan.
Have you ever
been to Italy?
Yes, I have once.
The past, Thomas.
You're always looking
to the past.
You won't find me there.
I'm here.
I'm here, too.
Finlay, help me carry
this valve controller.

Lucille?
Lucille,
we're back.
I was making breakfast.
It was burning.
I moved it.
Where were you?
We, uh...
We got snowed in.
You didn't come
home last night.
We spent the night
at the depot.
You slept there?
What's wrong with that, Lucille?
He's my husband.
This is all
a game to you?
I was frantic!
What are you
talking about?
You two
alone
in the storm.
I didn't know if you
had an accident.
I was all alone.
I can't be alone.
Are these from America?
I don't feel well.
I'll make you tea.
That dreadful noise.
The more the house sinks,
the worse it gets.
We must do
something about it.
My dear Edith.
Please be advised that
the first transfer of your father's estate
has been completed.
Now, the final transaction
for the remaining sum
will require your signature
on the document enclosed.

Yours very truly,
William Ferguson.
"Enola."
It's working, Finlay!
Right, Master.
A gramophone player.
"Milan."
"Edinburgh."
You've already tried,
and failed, to raise capital
in London,
Edinburgh, Milan.
And now you're here.
Isn't it beautiful?
It's been working
perfectly for an hour.
We've done it.
We've done it, Lucille.
I can't wait for
Edith to see it.
Edith?
I did this with you.
Of course you did.
We did this together.
Lady Sharpe!
No one else.
We'll need more coal
to test the steamer.
Would you mind, Lucille,
sparing a bit more coal?
You just need to give him the key.
He'll fetch it.
Lucille?
Edith?
Edith?
Edith?
I want to apologize for my
behavior this morning.
I was concerned that...
You didn't
drink your tea.
Oh, I don't
feel so well.
Would you mind bringing me

some cold water?
Of course.
Have you had a chance
to read your letters?
Yes. Just some
papers for me to sign.
From my lawyers,
to finish the transfer of funds.
I should let you rest.
You'll feel better soon.
Let's see what
we have here.
This is
Pamela Upton,
testing the wax
cylinder recording,
bought in this most
jubilant year, 1887,
for my beloved
Thomas Sharpe.
Thomas, speak
into the horn.
Say something.
It's a beautiful
machine, Pamela.
But, no, thank you,
I'd rather not.
Just for me, Thomas.
Well, what do you
want me to say, exactly?
Say that
you love me.
"Margaret McDermott."
Ding, dong, bell
Kitty's in the well
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Thin
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout
Oh, what a naughty
boy was that
To try to drown
poor pussycat
"Enola Sciotti." E.S.

I wish I had
the strength to leave, but I can't.
All they want
is my money
to work on that infernal
machine of his.
That's all
they care about.
I will hide these cylinders
away in the linen closet.
Should anyone
find them,
let it be known
that they did this.
I must stop recording now.
I can hear them coming.
A baby.
To whoever finds this,
know that they are killing me.
I'm dying.
The poison is
in the tea.
Find my body,
take it home.
I don't want to die
this far from home.
I have to get
out of here.
You're awake.
We found you at the
bottom of the stairs.
Do you feel better?
I need to go to town.
See a doctor.
Yes, of course.
But I'm afraid
we're snowed in.
No.
Then you must eat.
You must get stronger.
I tended Mother
in this bed.
Father was a brute.
He hated Mother.

Broke her leg.
Snapped it in two
under his boot.
She never quite healed.
She was bedridden
for a long time.
But I
cared for her.
Fed her. Bathed her.
Combed her hair.
Rubbed liniment
on her scars.
I made her better.
I'll do the same
with you.
I'll make you better.
May I have a moment
alone with my wife?
You'll be
out of this bed soon.
I promise.
Don't drink that.
Never
Lucille, she's very
sick. She's dying.
Of course she's dying.
She knows everything.
She stopped
drinking the tea.
Doesn't matter.
I put the poison in the porridge.
Lucille, stop it!
Do we have to
do this? Must we?
Yes.
You have no idea
what they'd do.
I would be taken
from here.
Locked away.
You would be hanged.
We stay together.
Never apart.
Never apart.

You couldn't leave me.
You wouldn't.
I can't.
I can't.
I know.
There's a gentleman out there
asking for directions to Allerdale Hall.
At this hour? Surely not.
Yeah.
You can't get there on that horse.
It's exhausted.
Can I hire one
from you?
We're closed
for the winter.
Well, can I get
there on foot?
It's well over four hours
following the road.
Then I'd better
get going.
Sir!
Meet me there.
After the storm.
I know who you are.
Your name is
Enola Sciotti.
Tell me what you
want from me.
And the sweet Tide carry
In the arms
of the sea
Let the wind
Blow kindly
In the sails
Of your dreams
And the moon
light your journey
And bring you to me
It's all out
in the open now.
No need to pretend.
This is who I am.
This is who he is!

I knew it.
Don't do it,
Lucille! I knew it!
Someone's at the door!
You're not his sister!
That's delightful.
I am.
Don't do it!
Hello, Edith.
Try not to move
or talk just yet.
You're heavily sedated.
I needed to sedate you
to set your leg.
You're going to be fine.
Forgive me for
dropping in unannounced.
Heaven-sent,
as it turns out.
I should have
sent a wire,
but I thought you'd
enjoy the surprise.
It's a miracle.
We didn't know what to do.
She's so ill.
Delirious.
Then she fell down
the stairs.
She spoke to me.
Who spoke to you?
My mother.
She was delivering
a warning.
Crimson Peak.
Delirious,
you see? Poor thing.
Yes, I see.
Here. Try to drink.
No, not that.
Not that.
You will stay here
with us, won't you?
Wait for the

storm to pass.
If you insist.
But now, I need a moment
alone with my patient.
We'll leave you
then, Doctor.
Edith, listen to me.
I'm here to
take you away.
Do you hear?
I'm taking you with me now.
Somebody has
to stop him.
Lucille, please.
What are you doing?
I just want to
know, brother.
Is it going to be
you this time?
Show me you
can stand up.
All right.
I won't let
them harm you.
I'm going to
find you a coat.
Don't go.
I'll be right back.
Things are getting a bit emotional,
I see, Doctor.
She's exhausted.
She's showing
signs of anemia.
I'm going to take
her to a hospital.
That won't be
necessary.
I'm afraid it is.
You've been poisoning her.
Edith.
Front page.
The Cumberland Ledger.
Lady Beatrice Sharpe was
murdered in the bathtub.

One brutal blow almost
split her head in two.
No suspect was
ever arrested.
There was no one else
in the house at the time.
Only the children.
The truth was too horrible to consider.
Doctor, stop it.
You did this.
No.
Sir Thomas, you were
only 12 at the time.
After questioning
by the police,
you were sent to
boarding school.
As for Lucille, at 14,
her story is less clear.
A convent education in Switzerland,
the news account says,
but I think a different
kind of institution.
Sir Thomas is
already married.
He married a
Miss Pamela Upton.
Margaret McDermott
and Enola Sciotti.
"E.S."
Edith, you don't know...
Edith and I
are leaving.
You stay there.
Edith.
Edith.
You should do this!
Get your hands dirty.
Come here, doggie.
Little shit!
If I don't do it,
she will.
But listen to me.
You're a doctor.

Show me where.
No!
Alan!
You're monsters.
Both of you!
Funny.
That's the last thing
Mother said, too.
Lucille has taken Edith
to sign the papers.
The moment she signs those papers,
she is dead.
I have to go.
I'll bring her down here.
I'll find a way.
The mine shaft is open,
you understand?
Get out up there.
Can you hold on?
Go.
You thought you
were a writer.
With your ghosts.
What are you waiting for?
You have nothing
to live for now.
Sign.
All the women we found...
London, Edinburgh,
Milan.
America.
Yes, America.
All had what
was necessary.
Money, broken dreams
and no living relatives.
No one ever
looked for them.
Mercy killings, really.
Is that what
I'm going to be?
What about the Italian
woman? Enola?
You killed her baby.

I did not.
None of them ever
fucked Thomas.
Don't you understand?
It was mine.
It was born wrong.
We should have
let it die at birth,
but I wanted it.
She told me
she could save it.
She was determined.
She lied.
All this horror,
for what? The money?
To keep the mansion?
The Sharpe name?
The mines?
The marriages were
for money, of course.
But the horror,
the horror was for love.
The things we do for
a love like this are ugly,
mad,
full of sweat
and regret.
This love burns you
and maims you
and twists you
inside out.
It is a monstrous love
and it makes
monsters of us all.
But you should
have seen him,
as a child, Thomas.
He was perfect.
So, from all his
small infractions,
from my mother's cane,
I protected him.
I took so
many beatings.

And when she
found out about us,
well...
The only love Thomas and
I ever knew was from one another.
In these rotting walls.
Hiding.
That's not true.
You suffocate him.
Sign your name!
Sign your bloody name!
My father,
who killed him?
Such a coarse,
condescending man.
He loved you.
You should have
seen his sad face
when I smashed it
on the sink.
You!
Don't come near me!
Listen to me. Please.
You get away!
Edith, please. Listen.
McMichael is still alive.
He's still alive.
You lied to me!
I did.
You poisoned me!
I did.
You told me
you loved me!
I do.
Edith, please.
Please trust me one more time.
You can leave if you want,
or you can wait here for me.
I'm going to get
those papers back.
I'm going to
finish this.
You burnt them.
Lucille.

You burnt them.
Yes, she will live.
You're not to touch her.
You're ordering me?
We can leave, Lucille.
Leave Allerdale Hall.
Leave?
Think about it.
We can start a new life.
Where?
Anywhere. It doesn't matter.
We can leave it behind.
We let the Sharpe name
die with the mines.
We let this edifice
sink in the ground.
All these years holding
these walls together.
We would be free.
Free, Lucille.
We can all be together.
All?
Do you love her?
This day had to come.
We've been dead for years, Lucille.
You promised...
You and I in this
rotting place.
Do you love her
more than me?
Look at what
we've become!
You promised you would not
fall in love with anyone else.
Yes, but it happened.
Lucille.
Lucille.
Thomas?
Thomas?
She's coming.
I'm going to get us out of here.
I will get help.
You have to trust me.
I'll come back for you.

I promise I will.
Shh, hide.
Before they put me away
I kept a little souvenir
from Mother.
Edith?
I won't stop till
you kill me
or I kill you.
Help me.
There's no one
here to help you.
Yes, there is!
Look at him!
Turn around!
Thomas.
Lucille.
I won't stop
till you kill me
or I kill you.
I heard you
the first time.
Ghosts are real.
This much, I know.
Lady Sharpe!
Lady Sharpe!
There are things that
tie them to a place,
very much like
they do us.
Some remain tethered
to a patch of land.
A time and date.
The spilling of blood.
A terrible crime.
But there are others.
Others that hold
onto an emotion.
A drive.
Loss.
Revenge.
Or love.
Those,
they never go away.