

Audio file

[119038-TheOthers.mp3](#)

Transcript

Now, children, are you sitting comfortably?

Then I'll begin. This story started many thousands of years ago.

But it was all over in just seven days.

All that long, long time ago, none of the things we can see now, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the animals and plants, not a single one existed.

Only God existed. And so only He could have created them.

And He did.

Simpson, what a character he was. I wonder whatever became of?

An old-- I imagine he's dead like all the rest.

Those were the days. Mr. Tuttle, your hair.

Yes.

Good morning, ma'am. We've come about the...

Oh, yes, of course. Come in. I wasn't expecting you so soon. You are.

I'm Bertha Mills, ma'am. And this is Edmund Tuttle.

Pleased to meet you, ma'am.

You must be the gardener.

Oh, that's right, the gardener.

And this young lady is called Lydia.

Have you had much experience in service?

Oh, don't let that angel face fool you, ma'am. She's older than she looks.

Can you iron? What's the matter? Has the cat got your tongue?

She can't talk, ma'am. The poor little mite's a mute. Oh, but she's a good little worker. I can promise you that.

All right. The other girl I had spoke too much anyway. Follow me. Mrs. Mills, you and the girl, you'll sleep in the attic room at the top of the stairs. And you, Mr... Tuttle, ma'am. A tuttle. You could sleep in the shed around the back. As you can see, the housework has been rather neglected since the servants disappeared almost a week ago.

You mean they just vanished?

Into the net. No notice, nothing. They didn't even collect their wages. They... just left us.

What a strange thing to do.

You'll soon find out there are times when this house is not exactly an ideal home. Hence my advertisement in the newspaper requesting honest. Hard-working people.

There's nobody more honest or hard-working than us. Isn't that right, Mr. Tuttle.

Oh, we're very honest and very hard-working.

The kitchen. I have breakfast at 8, the children at 9, lunch will be served at 1 and dinner at half past seven.

The master, ma'am.

The master went off to war. A year and a half ago. I've had no news since the war ended. Which of you does the cooking?

I'm so sorry, ma'am.

Which of you does the cooking?

Have you all noticed what I'm doing?

In this house, no door must be opened without the previous one being closed first. It is vital that you remember this. It's not as easy as it may seem. There are 15 different keys for all of the 50 doors, depending on which area of the house you're in at the time. Mrs. Mills, from tomorrow onwards, I will be leaving a set of keys in your charge.

Yes, ma'am. The music room.

That old piano was already here when we moved in. Please do not let the children thump away on it. It's so soft, my migraine. Silence is something that we prize very highly in this house. That is why you will not find a telephone, a radio or anything else that makes a racket. We don't have electricity either. During the war, the Germans kept cutting it off, so we just learned to live without it. Let's continue.

Ma'am, there's really no need to show us around the whole house.

Yes. there is. Because here most of the time you can hardly see your way. It's often difficult to make out if there is a table, a chair, a door, a sideboard, or one of my children playing hide and seek.

What do you mean, ma'am?

Perhaps I should introduce you to the children. Mr. Tuttle, you can see to the garden now. You'll find tools in the shed.

Yes, ma'am.

You 2 could start closing the curtains. All of them. Come. I'll wake them. You wait here. Whatever you do, don't open the curtains. Now, come on. Eyes closed, hands together.

Blessed be the light of day, Jesus, doom now I may pray. Blessed be the virgin pure, whom a great good face is short. Jesus, very spotless rose, keep us till this day look close.

They're still half asleep.

What sweet little children.

Well, what do you say?

How do you do? How do you do?

How do you do, children? My name is Mrs Mills, but you can call me Bertha if you like. What are your names?

Anne. Nicholas.

Anne and Nicholas. What pretty names?

Are you going to be our new nanny?

Yes, my dears. I'm your new nanny.

It's time for their breakfast. Lydia, go to the kitchen and close every shutter. The doctors were never able to find a cure.

For what?

Their condition. The children have a very serious allergy to light. They are photosensitive and they must never be exposed to any light much stronger than this. Otherwise, in a matter of minutes, they would break out in sores and blisters and begin to suffocate.

It would eventually be fatal. Good heavens.

I don't like this toast.

Oh, why not?

It tastes funny. I liked it better before.

That's because before somebody else made it.

When are they coming back?

They're not coming back, child.

Just like Daddy. Daddy is coming back, though. Mrs. Mills, our father's fighting in a war in France, you know. It's the world war. I know, but he's in France.

That's enough chatterboxes. Finish up your breakfasts.

Are you going to leave us too?

Of course not. Why should I leave you?

The others said they wouldn't, but they did. And then it happened. Quiet.

What do you mean, Anne? What happened?

Mummy went mad. Nothing happened. Yes, it did. No, it didn't. Yes, it did.

Quiet.

What's going on?

I want to see those plates empty in less than a minute. Is that clear? Mrs. Mills, would you come outside a moment? I'd like a word with you.

Yes, ma'am.

The postman usually comes every Wednesday. But I just checked the letterbox, and this week he hasn't.

I'm afraid I don't follow, ma'am.

This letter should have been collected and delivered to the newspaper five days ago. It's an advertisement for servants. Since it was never published, would you mind explaining to me what you're doing here?

I understand. Well, ma'am, that's exactly what I was going to say to you when you opened the door to us. The truth is that we just come by on the off chance. You know, a big house like this is always in need of someone who knows the ropes.

You mean you've served in a house like this one before?

This may come as a surprise to you, ma'am, but we in fact used to work here. Oh, now... It was a few years ago. If you don't mind my saying so, ma'am, they were the best years of my life. That's why we come by, because this house means a lot to us. Perhaps I best show you our references, ma'am.

No, Don't bother. There's no need. So you say you know the house well.

Like the back of my hand. that is always assuming that the walls haven't sprouted legs and moved in the meantime.

The only thing that moves here is the light. But it changes everything. It's rather difficult, to say the least. One might almost say, unbearable. The only way of enduring it is by keeping a cool head.

Oh, yes, ma'am.

I don't like fantasies. Strange ideas. Do you know what I mean? I think so, ma'am. My children sometimes have strange ideas. But you mustn't pay any attention to them. Children will be children.

Yes, of course, ma'am.

All right. You can stay.

Thank you very much, ma'am.

It did happen. The Roman governor tried to make them change their minds afterwards.

To make them change their minds, full stop.

Afterwards. He ordered them to be beaten, but Justice and Pastor, far from being afraid, rejoiced and showed themselves willing to die for Christ. When he saw this, the Roman governor was filled with rage and ordered their heads to be cut off. What do you find so amusing? Well...

What?

Those children were really stupid.

Why?

Because they said they only believed in Jesus, and then they got killed for it.

And what would you have done to Nicholas?

Oh, yes. Inside I would have believed in him, but I wouldn't have told the Romans that.

Is that what you think too, Nicholas?

I see. So you both would have lied to the point of denying Christ. Oh, you'd have saved your heads being chopped off by the Romans, that's true. But what would have happened afterwards?

When?

In the next life. The one that's waiting for us after we die, where would you have gone?

Oh. Where, Nicholas?

To the children's limbo.

What is the children's limbo, Anne?

One of the four hells.

Which are.

Me.

No, Let him answer. Which are.

There's the hell where the damned go, then there's purgatory, and the bosom of Abraham where they just go, and Limbo where children go.

At the centre of the earth, where it's very, very hot. That's where children go who tell lies, but they don't just go there for a few days. Oh, no. they're damned. Forever.

Think about it.

Try to imagine the end of eternity. Close your eyes.

Close your eyes and try to imagine it.

Forever. Pain.

Forever.

I'm getting dizzy.

Now do you understand why Justice and Pastor told the truth? Right. Open your readers at lesson 6. Can't we go and play? You most certainly cannot. First you're going to read the lesson and then you're going to learn it by heart.

All of it.

And any more protests and there'll be no playing for you at all today. In fact, I think you can study in separate rooms here. No, Yes, We get scared if we're separated. You get scared? As if you weren't used to this house by now. What if we see a ghost? Has your sister been telling you one of her stories?

I haven't told him anything.

Well, if you see a ghost, you say hello and you continue on studying. Anne, come with me to the music room. Why me? Because I say so. Now, come on. Take your book. Nicholas, I want to see that lesson learned in less than an hour.

Mummy.

What?

Give me a kiss. Give me a kiss. Give me a kiss. Give me a kiss.

Anne, wait for me outside.

You know I can't.

Over there. Mrs. Mills, close all the curtains. My daughter is going to cross the living room.

Yes, ma'am.

All right, Anne. Darling, Mummy can't be with you all the time. You must learn to be on your own. Where's your rosary? Whenever you feel afraid, I want you to squeeze it with all your might and say, and our Father, and then your fear will go away. It won't. Yes, it will, honestly.

Don't you see that when you do that, the Lord is with you? There's no reason to be afraid.

The house and the family. We all live in a house with our family. The family is usually made-up of parents, children and their grandparents. We must be obedient and kind towards other members of our family. And we must never argue or fight with our brothers and sisters.

Do you have any children? No. Mr. Tuttle and the girl, Lady, are all I've got. I'm all they've got. Was she born like that? Beg your pardon, ma'am. The girl. Was she born a mute? No. I think I've finished here, ma'am. If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go and see if Mr. Tuttle needs a hand.

Nicholas. Nicholas, I'm coming. Nicholas. What's the matter? Why were you crying?

I wasn't crying, I was reading.

But I just heard you. Anne! Anne.

I haven't learned it yet, Mummy.

Are you all right?

Yes.

Why were you crying?

I wasn't crying.

But I just heard you a moment ago.

There's no need to feel ashamed, darling.

I don't. If I'd been crying, I'd tell you.

Oh, really? So I imagined it, did I?

No, it was that boy.

What boy?

Victor.

Who's Victor?

The boy that was here a moment ago. I told him to let me study, but he wouldn't stop crying. I think he's a spoiled brat. You said we'd have to leave the house.

Did he now? Why was he crying?

Because he doesn't like this house, but he has to live here. His father's a pianist.

Oh, his father's a pianist, is he?

Yes. And I've already told him he's not allowed to touch the piano. He isn't, is he, Mummy?

So you've spoken to his father as well?

No, only with Victor. His father's with the others in the hall.

But I've just come from the hall. There's no one there.

They must have gone upstairs. They're viewing the house.

That'll do, Anne. That's enough. Now, why were you crying?

It was Victor.

So where is he now?

He went out through there.

Would you mind telling me how a boy can get in and out of this room if it's locked? I thought I made myself quite clear. No door is to be opened without the previous one being closed first. Is that so hard to understand? This house is like a ship. The light must be contained as if it were water by opening and closing the doors. My children's lives are at stake.

But, Mum, I...

Do not argue with me. Be quiet. Now, which was the last of you to enter that room?

Lydia.

She hasn't got a key. I already told you that. Well, that leaves you then. But I was in the hall the whole time. And then I went out into the garden. You saw me with your own eyes. I hope you are not suggesting that it was me. Do you think that I would overlook such a thing and endanger the life of my own daughter?

You're not supposed to read at the table. Oh, really? Who's going to tell Mummy? You? Or perhaps you? It's a really fair boy. Yes, he's called Victor. Is he a ghost? Don't be stupid. Ghosts aren't like that. What are they like? I've told you 1000 times. They go about in white sheets and carry chains. How do you know? Because I've seen them. They come out at night. Fibber? Where? You're stupid. Not half as much as you. I don't believe you saw that boy. Believe what you like. You'll soon be begging us to play with you. What? Look. Why have you opened the curtains? It wasn't me. Who was it then? It was Victor. He's been doing it all night. You're lying. I'm going to tell Mummy. So I'm a liar, am I? Yes. Victor. Come out from behind that curtain so my stupid brother can see you. Leave me alone. So you don't want to see me now, hey? You're a cowardly custard. Cowdy, cowardly custard. Cowdy, cowardly custard. I'll just have to do it myself then.

Tell him to leave the garden alone.

You won't listen to me.

Stop it.

It's off my bed, both of you. This is our bed. No, it's mine. Anne, please stop putting on that voice.

You be quiet, Cowdy Custer.

Listen, if you don't stop, I'll call my mother, she'll kick you out. You don't know my mother. And you don't know my parents. Anne, I'm going to tell Mummy about you. Don't be stupid. Can't you say it's not me? I need to touch his cheeks. I know you're real. What is it? What is it?

She was biting at me and I told her to be quiet.

I'm fed up. Do you hear me?

I am fed up with you.

I didn't do anything. Therefore, the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man and placed at the east of the Garden of Eden cherubims and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life. There, I finished.

Very good.

Now you can ask the Virgin for forgiveness. What?

That's not what we agreed.

We didn't agree anything, young lady. Today you're being punished and you'll do as I say.

You can't make me ask the Virgin for forgiveness.

How dare you?

Mummy, I won't ask forgiveness for something I didn't do.

You told your brother that there was someone else in the room.

There was.

You're lying. I am not. Anne. And do you remember the story about Justice and Pastor? Children who don't tell the truth end up in limbo.

That's what you say. But I read the other day that limbo's only for children who haven't been baptized. And I have. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it upon Isaac his son. And he took the fire in his hand in the night, and they went both of them together. I was a baby unto Abraham, his father, and said, my father, and he said, here I am, my son, and he...

Did you look in on Nicholas? Yes, ma'am. The little angel is fast asleep.

What about Anne? She's still on the stairs.

Yes, ma'am.

I'd prefer to have her where I can see her, but I can't embroider in such poor light.

How long is this punishment going to go on? It's been three days now.

It's up to her. She's got to learn to swallow her pride and ask for forgiveness. Anyway, it's about time she started to read the Bible.

Well... The priest will be very pleased to hear that, ma'am.

If he ever dares to pay us another visit, he knows perfectly well that the children can't go out.

Oh, he told me yesterday he'd be by as soon as possible.

I'm beginning to feel totally cut off from the world. This fog doesn't exactly help. It's never lasted this long before.

Oh, that's true, ma'am.

Even the seagulls have gone quiet. Anne.

Anne, I can't hear you.

Incidentally, Mrs. Mills, I've had to put up with the noise of Lydia running around above my head. She's been hurtling backwards and forwards as if there were three of her. Would you kindly tell her it's not necessary to kick up quite such a rumpus just to do a little cleaning? I couldn't bear to get another migraine attack.

I'll tell her, Mum.

Thank you. Now she's really gone too far. Lydia? Lydia.

Of the Lord shall be seen. And the angel of the Lord... What's going on up there?

Nothing, Mummy. I'm just reading like you told me.

Did you hear it as well?

Hear what? And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven the second time, and said, By myself I have sworn, saith the Lord...

What was that?

I don't know.

Anne, tell me who's making that noise.

I can't tell you, Mummy.

You tell me.

I told you there was someone in the room, and you punished me. Now I don't know what to say.

Anne, I want the truth.

Tell me if there is someone upstairs.

There, in that junk room. Mummy, you're letting the light in.

Where did they go?

They just came past here. Didn't you see them?

Where did they go?

Over there, over there. Oh, and down there as well. They're everywhere. They say this house is theirs. And they say they're going to take the curtains down as well.

Mums. Stay calm, please. I will not stay calm. For 5 full years during the occupation, I managed to avoid a single Nazi ever stepping foot in this house, and now there is someone here.

Under my nose, opening and closing the doors.

Ma'am, this is a very old house. Where the floorboards squeak and the plumbing clanks...

Your voices, I'm telling you. A boy and two women and a boy together.

Mummy, look. I did it yesterday. This is the father, this is the mother, this is Victor, and this is the old woman.

What do these numbers stand for?

That's the number of times I've seen them. I've seen the old woman the most.

Oh, God, in heaven. Mrs. Must go and call Mr. Tuddleton that we have to search the whole house immediately before it gets stuck. Yes, ma'am, right there.

Mummy. Yes, darling.

It's all right. Nothing's going to happen to you while Mummy's here.

Look, Mummy. She really scares me. It's as if she's not looking at you because she can see you. And she's always around, saying, come with me. No, Anne, don't lie to me. Honestly, Mummy. And she asked me things. Victor told me she's a witch.

What did she ask you?

Things. The breasts smell.

We have to open all the curtains. I don't want any dark corners where someone could hide.

Yes, ma'am.

You both search the right side, and I'll take the left, and then we'll search upstairs.

Perhaps they're ghosts who lived in this house before. Don't be stupid. I've already told you. Ghosts go about in white sheets and carry chains and go...

Now, Anne, why do you make up such stories?

I don't. I read them in books.

Well, you shouldn't believe everything that you read in books.

That's what our mother says. She says that all this stuff about ghosts is rubbish. And then she expects us to believe everything written in the Bible.

And don't you believe it?

I believe some things. But for example, I don't believe that God made the world in seven days. And I don't believe that Noah got all those animals into one boat. Or the Holy Spirit is a dove. No, I don't believe that either. Doves are anything but holy. They poo on our windows.

Have you mentioned any of this to your mother? Ma'am. Yes. They've searched everywhere, ma'am. There's no one.

I see.

Mrs. Mills. Yes, ma'am.

Do you have any idea what this might be?

No, it is a photograph album, ma'am. No, but look, they're all asleep. They're not asleep, ma'am. They're dead. It is a book of the dead. In the last century, I believe they used to take photographs of the dead in the hopes that their souls would go on living through the portraits. They're even group portraits.

And children. How could these people be so superstitious?

Grief over the death of a loved one can lead people to do the strangest things.

Get rid of it. I don't want it in the house.

Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Mills was cold. Why don't you come and sit by the fire?

Thank you very much, ma'am.

So, tell me about when you worked here before. Did you have to look after children then as well?

No, I was in charge of organising the housework.

Were there many servants?

Oh, about 15. Though in the end, there were just the three of us left.

Why?

My employer's moved to London. Hey. Came here less and less. It'd been so out of the way, like. So gradually the house just became empty.

Everybody ends up leaving this damned island. My family left in the summer of 1940, just before the invasion. That was the last I've heard of them. Oh. I don't blame them.

Actually, we left too. Although sometimes when you leave a place, it's like it's there with you all the time. I always felt like I never left this house.

Why did you leave?

Oh, it was on account of the tuberculosis. The whole area was evacuated.

Was that when Lydia went dumb?

Yes, I think so. So, my memory's a bit rusty these days, ma'am. What happened to her? Well, suddenly one day, she just stopped talking.

Well, there must have been a reason. People don't just stop talking. These things are always the result of some sort of trauma. Something must have happened to her. Did your employers treat you well?

Oh, they were always very kind to us. They treated us just like family. You know, ma'am, I think I will go to bed. I'll never be able to get up in the morning. Off you go.

I'm going to stay here a while longer.

Yes, ma'am.

I'm sorry I was so hard on you. Can you forgive me?

Mummy.

What?

When's Daddy coming home?

When the war's over.

Why did he go to war? I mean, nobody's done anything bad to us.

Daddy went. Daddy went because he's very brave. And because he wasn't prepared to let the Germans tell him what he had to do. Hi. Jones. Where are you? Mrs. Mills! Mrs. Mills.

What's the matter, ma'am?

The key to the music room. Give it to me. Quickly. What's happening, ma'am? Come on.

Oh, my God.

I checked that room myself. It was empty.

Take these tablets, ma'am.

And yet...

And yet I felt.

As if there was someone else there. It wasn't human. There is something in this house. Something diabolic.

Ma'am.

Something which is not... not at rest. I know you don't believe it. You don't believe it, do you? I don't blame you. I used to not believe these things.

I do believe it, ma'am. I've always believed in those things. Oh, they're not easy to explain, but they do happen. We've all heard stories of the beyond, now and then. And I think that sometimes the world of the dead gets mixed up. world of the living.

But it's impossible. The Lord would never allow such an aberration. The living and the dead, they will only meet at the end of eternity. It says so in the Bible.

Ma'am, there isn't always an answer for everything. Where are you off to, ma'am?

I'm going to the village to my father-in-law grand visit. If he won't come here, then I should go to him, and I should bring him back.

Ma'am, you should wait for the weather and fools.

I've waited long enough.

Mum, the priest told me that...

I don't care what he told you. I want him to tell me personally. He must come today.

But what are you going to tell him?

That we have searched every room in there, inch by inch. And now I need them to be blessed. Mr. Tuttle.

Morning, ma'am.

I need you to search the whole garden for gravestones.

Gravestones.

Yes, when my husband bought this house, we were told there was a little cemetery. I think it was somewhere over there, amongst the trees.

I've not seen anything.

Check carefully. It could be overgrown.

Yes, ma'am.

I need to know if there was a family buried here. And if they had a little boy, Victor.

Now she thinks the house is haunted.

Do you think it's safe to let her go?

Don't worry, the fog won't let her get very far.

Oh, yes, the fog. The fog, of course. And when do you think we should bring all this out into the open?

All in good time, Mr. Tuttle. All in good time. Speaking of which...

Oh.

Charles.

Grace.

You're here. You're here. They said there was no hope. They said I should give you up for dead. They.

Say a lot of things.

Oh. Oh, thank you. Thank you, God. Thank you. Every night I pray for this, begging God to bring you back. Bring the children, their father, back for you. Where have you been all this time?

Out there. Looking for my home.

You're so different. So different.

Sometimes I bleed.

Ma'am.

Mrs. Mills. This is my husband.

I'm very pleased to meet you, sir.

He's very weak. I want you to prepare a hot bath and some clean clothes and something to eat.

Right away, ma'am.

How are my little ones?

Daddy! Why did you take so long?

Hello, Nicholas.

I told you, you see? I told you he'd come back.

Have you both been well-behaved?

We've been very good.

Have you been good to your mother?

Very good. We study every day for our first communion. Daddy, did you kill anyone?

Here he comes.

Darling, we've prepared lunch for you. Are you coming down or would you prefer the...

When's Daddy coming down? Be patient, Dan. Daddy is not well.

He said he'd seen a lot of dead men.

Shh.

Mummy, when people die in the war, where do they go?

Oh, what a question. It depends. On what? Well, on whether they fought on the side of the goodies or the baddies. Your father, for example, fought for England on the side of the goodies.

How do you know who the goodies and the baddies are?

That's enough questions. Eat your food. You'll never go to war.

We'll never go anywhere.

Oh, you're not missing out on anything. You're much better off at home with your mummy and your daddy, who love you very, very much.

And the intruders.

There are no intruders here.

But you said that by what?

No, I said that there are no intruders here, and I don't want to hear another word on the subject. But you said... That is enough.

Can I say something?

No. Why not? Because... you can't. Anne, stop breathing like that. You heard me. Stop it.

Stop breathing.

Right, you go to your room. Go to your room. There's no dessert for you today.

Oh, no crying now. No crying.

Oh, stop that here.

Oh, look what an awful face you've got when you cry.

I don't care.

There, You listen to me. I've seen them too. You have? Yes.

Then why don't you tell my mother? Then maybe she'll believe me.

Her things your mother doesn't want to hear. She only believes in what she was taught. Don't worry. Sooner or later, she'll see them. Then everything will be different. How?

Oh, you will see.

There are going to be some big surprises. There are going to be...

Changes. Changes.

Now she's behaving as if nothing had happened.

What about her daughter?

Oh, she's not so stubborn. The children will be easier to convince. Oh, it's the mother who's going to cause us problems.

Do you think her husband suspects anything? No.

I don't think he even knows where he is. Oh, look what a pretty daughter I've got.

Mummy made this veil especially for you. Hmm.

I look like a bride.

Yes, you do. Now I need to shorten the sleeves a little. You can take it off now. No. And this dress has to be spotless for your first community.

I promise I won't dirty it. Just let me wear it for a little longer. Just a little. Oh, just a little.

All right. I'll be back shortly. No sitting on the floor and no leaning against the walls.

Monsieur, would you like to dance? I'd love to.

Charles, you can't go home like this. You must eat something.

Ooh.

In the sky. I don't know if it's cloudy or bright, but I only have eyes for you, dear. The moon may be high. Anne, you need to take the dress off now. Anne, are you listening to me? Anne? What did I tell you about sitting on the floor?

It's clean. It makes no difference. Why can't you ever do as you're told?

What's the matter?

Where is my daughter? What have you done with my daughter?

Are you mad? I am your daughter.

You're not my daughter! No! You're not my daughter! No.

Mom, my heart shoves.

She wants to kill me. She won't stop until she kills us. She won't stop. She won't stop until she kills us.

Come with me.

Come with me. You're wicked. You're wicked, wicked, wicked.

How is she?

There's no calming her. So I've left her with her father. She insisted on speaking with him. What happened? Why did you fight?

It wasn't her. It was the old woman. With the strange eyes, she was imitating my daughter's voice. I'd swear to God that it wasn't my daughter. Oh, God. God, help me. God, help me. What's the matter with me? I don't know what's the matter with me.

You must get more rest. You can't take on the whole responsibility of this house. Leave it to us. We know what has to be done.

What do you mean by that? What do you mean you know what has to be done?

Nothing, ma'am. I was just suggesting...

There's nothing to suggest. Who do you think you are? You have no idea what has to be done.

What do you? What are these? The tablet's for your migraine, ma'am. The ones you always take.

Please, I need to be on my own.

Yes, ma'am. I'm jerked.

Anne told me everything.

I wish I had an explanation, but I haven't. First I thought there was someone else in the house, even thought that there were ghosts.

I'm not talking about the ghosts. I'm talking about what happened that day.

I don't know what you're talking about.

Tell me it's not true. Tell me what happened.

Happened? I don't know what came over me that day. I... The servants had left during the night. They had the courage to tell me to my face. And they knew. That I couldn't leave the house. They knew and there. Anne. Anne, what happened?

She hit me. She went mad like she did that day. Do you remember? No.

You must forgive me, Chance.

Not me. The children.

They know that I love them. They know I'd never hurt them.

I'd die first.

What are you going to do?

Are you angry with me?

I just came back to say goodbye to my wife and children. I must go.

Go where?

To the front.

No, the war's over.

The war is not over.

What are you talking about?

You're not going. Do you hear me? You left us once already. You can't go.

Why? did you have to go to that stupid war that had nothing to do with us? Why couldn't you have stayed here like the others did?

The others surrendered.

We all surrendered. The whole island was occupied. What... did you expect? What were you trying to prove by going to war? Your place was here with us. With your family. I loved you. That was enough for me. Living in this darkness. In this prison. But not for you. That wasn't enough for you. That's why you left.

It wasn't just the war.

You want to leave me, don't you? Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Oh, my God. No. No! Where are the contents? Let me see. Let me see. Oh, you're all right. You're all right. I want my daddy. Daddy's gone. It's not true. Yes, it is. It is true. I love you, Mommy. Who was it? Who did this? Tell me. Tell me. You know what's happening here. because it happened to you too. You tell me. Write it down. Write it down. Please.

That attitude won't solve anything, ma'am. I know where she can't write.

Where are they?

What? The curtains. The curtains my children's lives depend on. Someone has taken the curtains. I have noticed, ma'am. There's no need for you to raise your voice. Oh, Mr. Tuttle, I was just on the point of calling you. Did you know that someone has taken all the curtains?

The curtains? Oh, dear. Why should anyone want to take all the curtains?

Well, to let some daylight into this house, I imagine.

Daylight? Of course.

Someone wants to kill my children. Now, why do you think that the daylight would kill them? Are you mad? I told you. I already told you the children are photosensitive. The light will kill them. Yes, but that was before. The condition could have cleared up by

itself. I mean, if you never exposed them to daylight, how do you know they're not cured?

My sister-in-law used to get terrible attacks of rheumatism in her legs and back. Then one fine day... They disappeared.

I am going to find those curtains. And when you have finished helping me hang them, you will leave this house.

And what about the master, ma'am? What has he got to say about all of this? Give me your keys.

I want your keys now. I know what you want. You want to frighten us. You want to get us out, me and my children. You've wanted to take over this house ever since the first day you arrived. Now you give me those keys. I will not ask again.

You should try and calm down now.

Give me the keys. Give them to me. Time now get out of here.

You know something, Mr. Tuttle? I think I've reached the end of my tether. What about you?

Oh, yes. Definitely.

We'd better go and uncover the gravestones.

What's Mummy doing? I've already told you she's gone mad. Liar. She's gone mad. Liar, liar. She's gone mad, she's gone mad, she's gone mad.

Night time.

Where are you going? I've had enough. I'm going to the woods to look for Daddy. Are you going to run away? If I hang on to the pipe, I can climb down to the ground. It's very easy. If Mummy finds out, you're in for it. Yes, yes, yes.

Wait. I want to come and look for Daddy too.

Liar, you just don't want to be left on your own. Scaredy pants, scaredy pants. Be quiet. Anne, I think we've got lost. We still haven't left the garden yet, silly. I'm scared. You shouldn't have come then. Say something. What shall I say? I don't know. Anything. Let's see. My name's Anne and I'm walking. I'm walking and my name is Anne. What's that over there? I think they're graves. Don't go near.

Why not?

What if a ghost jumps out? Graves don't have ghosts, only skeletons. There's something written here. Let's go. Wait. Anne! What does it say?

You must be strong now, children.

Natalie, let's come here! Mrs. Mild, please don't tell Mummy we've run away. Don't speak to them! Why? They're dead! What? The ghosts, please come here. The ghosts, why aren't they wearing sheets and clanking chains? You said that. I don't care what I said. Get away from them. You're always teasing me and telling lies. And I'm stupid. I'm not teasing you. I'm telling the truth. Come here. Quick.

Children! Run! Run! Don't come any closer! Don't move.

Don't trouble yourself, ma'am. Tuberculosis finished us off. More than half a century ago.

Go away. Open the door, ma'am.

Please.

What do you want?

Mommy, don't open the door. Don't. I'll see the brains.

Go upstairs and hide. Go on. I'm scared. Don't separate. I want you to don't separate. Go hide. Go. Go.

I've been trying to make you understand.

Understand what?

About the house. About the new situation.

What situation?

We must all learn to live together. The living and the dead.

Leave you dead. Leave us in peace. Leave us in peace! Leave us in peace.

In here. Get inside.

And suppose we do leave you. Do you think they will? Who? The intruders. There are no intruders.

They took the curtains down. Oh, yes, I assure you it was them. And now they're in there with you and the children.

Waiting for you. No! Yes. And believe me. Sooner or later, they'll find you.

Listen, my dear, and I'll be back in a minute. No, Mummy said we shouldn't separate. I can't leave her on her own. Stop breathing like that. Nicholas, stop breathing like that. Stop breathing.

Can't you hear it? Someone heard. Come with us. Come with us. Nicholas? Anne.

Where are you? Oh, it's okay. The intruders have found them.

There's nothing we can do now.

You will have to go upstairs and talk to them.

Our Father, our father Helen, I love me that day, my kingdom come, my woman to Allah, my sister said, give us this day our telegraph and.

Forgive us our transmissors. Why are you afraid, children? Why don't you want us to be your friend? Come on. Speak. Speak.

Tell me what happened. Don't tell her.

Don't tell her.

Don't tell her.

If I tell her, they'll leave us in peace.

Mummy.

Mummy.

Why are you crying, children? What happened in this room? What did your mother do to you?

Something about a pillow.

Is that how she killed you? With a pillow.

She didn't kill us.

Children, if you're dead... Why do you remain in this house?

We're not dead.

Why do you remain in this house?

We're not dead! We're not dead.

We're not dead! We're not dead.

We're not dead! Why do you remain in this house? We're not dead.

We're not dead! We're not dead! We're not dead.

We're not dead.

We're not dead.

We're not dead! We're not dead.

Are you all right?

Yes. Just a bit dizzy, that's all. What happened?

They made contact.

All three.

Apparently, yes.

The mother and the two children.

Quite interesting, don't you think?

Interesting? I was scared out of my wits.

Darling, calm down.

No.

So far we have handled this matter your way.

But now you listen to me. We can't possibly stay in this house any longer. It is quite clear that these beings do not want us to live here.

We don't know anything about them yet. Yes, we do. We know the woman went mad, smothered her two children and then shot herself. That's quite enough. Think of our son.

There's nothing wrong with Victor.

Yes, there is.

He has nightmares. He says he has seen that girl, and even this lady has been possessed by her. Please, let us leave this house.

All right.

We will leave tomorrow morning.

Oh, thank God for that. I'll just go and check on Victor.

Once again, thank you so much for coming. Pleasure. I hope it will get some help. Oh, yes, of course. But I must admit, that was not the most pleasure.

At first, I couldn't understand what the bellow was doing in my hands. And why you didn't move. But then I knew. It had happened. I killed my children. I got the rifle.

I put it to my forehead.

And I pulled the trigger. Nothing. Then I heard your laughter in the bedroom. You were playing with the pillows as if nothing had happened. And I thought, the Lord in his great mercy was giving me another chance. Telling me, don't give up. Be strong. Be a good mother. Mother. But now... How... What does all this mean? Where are we?

Young Lydia said the very same thing when she realized the three of us were dead. And that was the last time she ever spoke. But I couldn't tell you that before now. Shall I make us a nice cup of tea? The intruders are leaving, but others will come. Now, sometimes we'll sense them, other times we won't. But that's the way it's always been.

Ma'am.

Mummy, Daddy died in the war, didn't he?

Yes.

Will we ever see him again?

I don't know.

If we're dead, where's limbo?

I don't know if there even is a limbo. I'm no wiser than you are. But I do know that I love you. I've always loved you. And this house is ours. You say it with me. This house is ours. This house is ours.

Mummy, look, it doesn't hurt anymore.

No one can make us leave this house.