



## Ghost Story

### Brief:

Historical gothic novel.

A traveller who has been walking through a storm reaches a run-down cottage and knocks on the door.

### Script:

"Why have you come here?" asked the man with the withered arm.

I looked past him through the gap in the weather-beaten door. The figure of a woman sat hunched, rocking slowly in a chair in front of the smoldering embers of a fire which dimly lit the room. A candle, flickering in the draft, threw her shadow onto the stone walls in a crazed, twisting dance. The woman stared straight ahead into the dying fire, not turning to show her face. All I could see was the shape of her crooked back and the tangled flow of long grey hair that hung from her head.

Without turning she spoke. "You're late"