**From Novel to Script: An adaptation by Jessica Scannell**

**Extract from: Wuthering Heights, Emily Bronte**

I listened doubtingly an instant; detected the disturber, then turned and dozed, and dreamt again; if possible, still more disagreeably than before.

This time, I remembered I was lying in the oak closet, and I heard distinctly the gusty wind, and the driving of the snow; I heard, also, the fir-bough repeat its teasing sound, and ascribed it to the right cause: but, it annoyed me so much, that I resolved to silence it, if possible; and, I thought, I rose and endeavored to unhasp the casement. The hook was soldered into the staple, a circumstance observed by me, when awake, but forgotten.

'I must stop it, nevertheless!' I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate branch: instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand!

The intense horror of nightmare came over me; I tried to draw back my arm, but, the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed,

'Let me in - let me in!'

'Who are you?' I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself.

'Catherine Linton,' it replied, shiveringly (why did I think of *Linton?* I had read *Earnshaw* twenty times for Linton). 'I'm come home, I'd lost my way on the moor!'

As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child's face looking through the window - Terror made me cruel; and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bedclothes: still it wailed, 'Let m ein!' and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost maddening me with fear.

'How can I?' I said at length. 'Let *me* go, if you want me to let you in!'

The fingers relaxed, I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable prayer.

I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour, yet, the instant I listened again, there was the doleful cry moaning on!

'Begone!' I shouted, 'I'll never let you in, not if you beg for twenty years!'

'It's twenty years,' mourned the voice, 'twenty years I've been a waif for twenty years!'

Thereat began a feeble scratching outside, and the pile of books moveda s if thrust forward.

I tried to jump up; but, could not stir a limb; and so yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright.

To my confusion, I discovered the yell was not ideal. Hasty footsteps approached my chamber door: somebody pushed it open, with a vigorous hand, and a light glimmered through the squares at the top of the bed. I sat shuddering yet, and wiping the perspiration from my forehand, the intruder appeared to hesitate and muttered to himself.

At last, he said in a half-whisper, plainly not expecting an answer,

'Is anyone here?'

I considered it best to confess my presence, for I knew Heathcliff's accents, and feared he might search further, if I kept quiet.

With this intention, I turned and opened the panels - I shall not soon forget the effect my action produced.

MASTER SCENE FORMAT SCRIPT

FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE establishing shot of 18th century style old English country manor bedroom. MR. LOCKWOOD is seen tossing and turning trying to sleep in bed. Large glass paneled window and bookshelf are also in room. Large fir tree is seen through window. One branch is sticking though the window causing it to blow open and back from the wind because it does not properly close. It is snowing heavily snow can be seen from the window. Window sways open and back quicker with building wind SFX: howling wind crashing window. MR. LOCKWOOD SITS UP IN THE BED AND SIGHS.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DOLLY ZOOM SHOT FOLLOWS MR. LOCKWOOD. LOCKWOOD gets up and walks toward window. SFX: louder wind crash from outside. LOCKWOOD takes hold of branch and attempts to push it outside window.

CUT TO

INT. SPECIAL EFFECTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

CU OF LOCKWOOD holding branch. Branch morphs into hand and grabs hold of LOCKWOOD. LOCKWOOD screams and begins to struggle. ZOOM OUT TO LS of struggle to break free of grip.

Hand is trying to pull LOCKWOOD out of window.

FADE IN: eerie music

CATHERINE GHOST

Let me in, let me in!

LOCKWOOD

(voice quivering)

Who are you?

CATHERINE GHOST

Catherine Linton. I’m come home. I’d lost

My way one the Moore!

Let me in!

LOCKWOOD

How can I? (screaming)

Let me go. If you want me to

Let you in.

CUT TO

EXT. MANOR - NIGHT

TILT CAMERA SHOT looking up and angle can see front wall of large 18th century style English country manor. Large fir tree beside large second story window is in view. Wind blows at gale force. Heavy snow. Tree branches are crashing against window.

ZOOM TO CU of tree branch poking through window. Window crashes open and closed violently but no people are seen in shot.

SFX: Eerie music louder, wind and crashing loudest.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

CU VIEW OF WINDOW. LOCKWOOD’S blurred frame seen still struggling in foreground. Tree branch and tree seen poking through. Suddenly flash to special effect CU shot young girl ghost face shot - striking image.

Freeze

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

LS SHOT OF BEDROOM. Struggle continues between LOCKWOOD and CATHERINE GHOST’S hand.

LOCKWOOD

(shouting)

Be gone!

I’ll never let you in. Not if

you beg for twenty years.

CATHERINE GHOST

(crying/screaming)

It’s been twenty years. I’ve been away

For twenty years.

FADE OUT: Eerie music

LOCKWOOD. Unable to break free of grip. Pushes off with leg against wall. Pulling hand inside window, smashing glass, and cutting hand in the process. Blood spills onto LOCKWOOD. LOCKWOOD falls can be seen lying on floor. Image not clear, very dark.

CUT TO

CU of LOCKWOOD lying on floor. Face and shoulders are in view. Breathing heavily. Eyes wide open. Horrified look. LOCKWOOD looks down at his chest. CAMERA PANS DOWN to view LOCKWOOD’S arms clenched against his bloodstained night gown. The tree branch is gripped tightly in his arms.

ZOOM OUT to LS view of LOCKWOOD sitting up on floor. Bed, bookshelf and window are seen in background.

LOCKWOOD

AAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

LOCKWOOD screams and throws branch at wall beside window. It hits bookshelf and books fall, bookshelf knocks against wall. SFX: crashing and thumping.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE SHOT OF BEDROOM. Very dim lighting. LOCKWOOD sits on floor with knees against chest, rocking. View of LOCKWOOD is from behind he is almost in silhouette. LOCKWOOD is in foreground. Bedroom door is in background. A light can be seen to be lit, it shines through the side and bottom gap in the door. It is the only light that can be seen. Lockwood rocks quicker and breathes heavily. SFX: Shuffling of feet from outside door.

HEATHCLIFF

(mumbled, in a whisper, from outside door)

Is anyone there?

Fade out

CUT