“The House”

Opening Narration

At the corner of time and imagination, there stands a house whose breadth and width cannot be measured, whose depth is sounded only in absent voices, with a facade of light passing into shadow.

It is not marked on maps, and the postman never calls, because the property has an address located only in The Twilight Zone.

Closing Narration

Time ticks on, and space moves by, but the house remains, fixed and changeless. The man waits, his voice joining the others, faded and echoing through the halls and rooms.

But his name is inscribed on the list of those who wait with him, endlessly looking for the door that opens onto another place, somewhere outside.