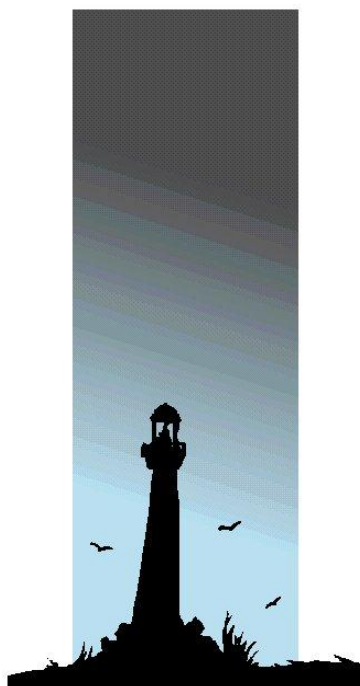


Jimmy Knock Knock



**A short film concept by
Mark Haynes-Kershaw**

Jimmy Knock Knock
By
Mark Haynes-Kershaw

Kate sat one quiet winter evening reading her favorite novel, as the night got darker she lit the candles to give a warmer glow in the already dark and musty room.

Her room was small and modest, one side of the room was wall full of shelves, some mounted at a crooked angle giving the impression that they were in need of some repair, she often thought of getting around to sorting it out but then always came to the same old conclusion that it gave the house its own character.

On the shelves were many books, cook books, romance novels, philosophy and the supernatural. Even though the shelves were in disarray her books were immaculate, each one in pristine condition, and logged as if they were in the British library.

The rest of the room was very minimal,, a couple of family pictures hung there, like they were somehow suspended in time. in the middle of the room was a table where she ate and wrote letters and in the evening where she sipped tea and read. A solitary candle lit the table and a couple of her favorite books would be perched on it waiting to be opened like Pandora's box and feed her fertile imagination. On the table was a mirror, no one really knows why it was on the table and not hung on the wall like other mirrors. Some said that she was vain and like looking at herself, others said that she talked to herself, there was one theory that she liked to look over her shoulder, and another theory was that she used it for witchcraft.

Kate herself was a beautiful woman, people would describe her as the archetypal English rose and somewhat pre Raphaelite in appearance, she had a dainty face, pale, yet her eyes were filled with wisdom and knowledge. her favorite lipstick was deep crimson and her beautiful pale cheeks were painted with the finest rose blusher. Her hair was long and dark, she always wore it up in some elaborate design, held together with a diamond studded or emerald hair clip. She was a statuesque woman and wore dresses to match her beautiful figure, to watch her walk across the room was like watching a swan glide across the lake, all this beauty yet there was something dark about this dear Kate.

This particular evening Kate was restless, she wanted to go out but the storm wind and rain were now beating at the window with great force. Kate was looking in the mirror on the table when all of a sudden the window flew open with a great crash letting in the forceful elements from outside blowing out all the candles in the room. She ran quickly to the window and with a bit of force almost like she was arm wrestling with this alive window pane, she caged the elements from getting inside.

One by one she re lit the candles, composed herself and made her way to the book case to choose a book for the evening. This night she wanted to read about the supernatural, she stroked he finger along the titles until she came to a book called

"Let the Dead be your Friend"

She didn't remember this book being on her shelf before, nor did she remember buying it, it's almost like it just appeared from nowhere,... or somewhere,....

She took it off the shelf being careful not to disturb the rest of the books, took it to her table and opened the first page.

'*Say Welcome*', were the first words,

'say welcome to your new friend who is soon to be knocking at your door'

A sudden chill went down her spine, she closed the book. 5 minutes elapsed and the intrigue was too strong, she had to read more.

'Say welcome to your new friend who is soon to be knocking at your door, you can have a friend like no other, a friend who can walk through walls, a friend who can do magical things, a friend who will never forsake you or leave you, a friend from the dead!!!!!!'

'Mmmm A friend from the dead' She thought.

'What a wonderful idea'.

With nervous enthusiasm she read some more

HOW TO MATERIALISE YOUR FRIEND

'take a candle and a mirror

and

knock knock knock

and place them face to face

and

knock knock knock

light the white candle

and

knock knock knock

sit back and wait

and

knock knock knock.'

Kate took a candle from her kitchen drawer, as she closed the drawer she made three knocks on the kitchen table, she arranged the candle carefully in front of the mirror already on the table. With hesitant movements she knocked three times on the table top, paused then lit the candle, she waited for the candle flame to rise and settle she made the next three knocks on the table, she sat back and looked in the mirror and proceeded to make the final three knocks on the table.

She waited but nothing happened, then suddenly the candle flame blew out. she waited, five or even ten minutes but nothing happened. She decided to abandon this now boring game and continue to read a sensible novel instead.

Half an hour must have lapsed and Kate noticed a white slip of paper had been posted under her door, she could not recall hearing anyone come up the stairs, she made her way towards the door, she picked up the slip of paper that was folded in two, on it read

'Jimmy knock knock is here'

Kate froze as she held the little slip of paper in her hand,

"who is this" she thought

With a swift turn of the key she immediately locked the door, composed herself and walked back into the living room. She put the water on to boil and made a cup of tea. Tea was always a remedy for calming ones nerves; and imagination. She started to read her novel again to take her mind off the strange note, she was convinced it was just a stray piece of paper blown

in by the wind from the next village, it could have even got caught on the post mans shoe, and he trod it in a some point during the day.

It certainly wasn't neighbors, she had no neighbors, she lived by the sea alone, her nearest neighbor was 200 miles away.

The night seemed to be getting blacker and a storm was brewing, Kate decided to get ready for bed and commenced snuffing out the candles one by one starting with the candles nearest the bookshelf. She snuffed out the second candle when she heard a strange noise near the front door, when she got to the door she realised that the noise was coming from the bottom of the stairs, as she listened she could hear a faint

knock knock knock

a little like someone tapping from the other side of a wall, faint, but loud enough to hear.

she continued to listen, it got louder and slightly closer

knock knock knock

Kate stood motionless by the door, she did not know if she should open the door just to satisfy her fertile imagination that it was just the wind.

She listened again, she was sure she heard a foot step, then it happened again only closer and louder

knock knock knock

This knocking was too calculated and too deliberate for it now to be just the wind, with her heart in her throat she ran to the other side of the room, she heard more slow clumsy footsteps and an even louder and closer

knock knock knock

The sound was now on the level below her and she was sure she heard heavy breathing.

knock knock knock

it got louder and she knew the knocking was now deliberate and on the wall,

"Jesus" she thought

It's that spell, that spell, she grabbed the book flicking through the pages to find a reversal spell, she came to the last page, the text read as follows,.....

A word of warning my dear friend

one can never guess in what state

frame of mind of appearance

your friend will appear.

Once you activate the spell

nothing can stop it.

Kate slammed the book closed and threw it to the other side of the room in frustration.

She faced the door, she decided that she would open the door and face what was ever behind it and command it to leave her house.

The noise was getting closer, it now sounded like a man walking with his lame foot dragging behind him, a hint of heavy breath and a slight moan.

knock knock knock

It stated again, that bloody knocking was getting into her head, it was now outside the door

knock knock knock

then silence,.....

Kate edged her way towards the door

Knock Knock Knock

step after step she got closer

knock knock knock

she turned the key to unlock the door

knock knock knock

she placed her hand on the door handle and began to turn

knock knock knock

JESUS!!!!!!!!!!!!, its outside!!!!!!!!!!!! the door, the door flew open,.....

KNOCK!!

The End