

**IT COMES KNOCKING**  
**MC 450 Short Film Script**

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**INT. CLASSROOM - EVENING**

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR stands at the front of a classroom, offering her closing remarks.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS

That'll have to be it for today! Remember, we'll be moving on to exam prep Tuesday, so be sure to drop by if you want help preparing any of your study guides... For now, though, stay safe, and have a good weekend!

STUDENTS haphazardly put away their books and writing utensils. There's little organization to the way they move, and they rise from their seats in a staggered manner.

One student, BELLA, moves slower than the rest. She's more methodical with her movements, seemingly taking her time.

Meanwhile, Professor Matthews takes her attention away from the students departing, while she packs her stuff away into a briefcase full of various papers and folders.

BELLA

(hesitant)

Professor Matthews?

Matthews looks up from her briefcase and sees Bella standing at the edge of her desk.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS

(joyful)

Ah, Bella! How can I help you?

Bella pauses at the response. Her expression changes from pleasant to confused, as if she wasn't expecting Matthews to respond that way.

BELLA

Oh... um, I was just wondering if you had gotten the chance to... read my paper yet?

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS

I haven't yet, that was actually a part of my evening plans. Uh... expect feedback some time tonight! Does that sound good?

BELLA

(stuttering)

Uh... it does, thank you so much. Have a good night, Professor Matthews.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS

Likewise, Bella.

Bella leaves the room in a hurry, as Matthews goes back to packing.

Once the door is shut, Matthews sighs. She puts away the last of her things when, suddenly, a KNOCK comes from the classroom door.

She doesn't look up, but she does respond.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
Come in!

SILENCE. Matthews pushes a hand through her hair and sighs again. She looks towards the door.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS (cont.)  
(louder)  
Come in!

Still silence.

Matthews grabs her briefcase and walks toward the door, turning off the light, as it swings open.

Nobody is on the other side.

She steps out into the hall and shuts the door, making sure to lock it behind her.

**INT. HALLWAY - EVENING**

She peaks left and right, trying to see where the anonymous knocker could have gone, but sees no one in either direction. She rubs the side of her face with her free hand.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(mumbling)  
Really should have gotten more sleep..

She heads down the hall to an office door with a name plate reading "DR. ERIN MATTHEWS". She grabs her keys and unlocks the door.

**INT. MATTHEWS' OFFICE - EVENING**

Matthews steps inside the office, letting her briefcase drop to the floor with a THUMP.

She shuts the door behind her, stepping further into the office. She yawns.

Suddenly, another KNOCK raps on the door.

She feigns excitement, putting on a bright smile, despite the earlier yawn.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS

(playfully)

Dang... I thought I made it out alive! (laugh) Come on in!

Again, SILENCE. Nothing moves, and there's no response.

Matthews opens the door, her smile unwavering. She peers out into the hallway just as before, but still, no one is present.

She furrows her brow but chuckles to himself.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS

(sarcastically; to herself)

Pranking me when they could actually be studying... Tisk tisk...

Matthews turns back and kneels down, beside her briefcase. She unlatches its locks and opens it to reveal a cluttered mess. Still, she rummages through it quickly and removes her laptop, a notebook, and a stray pencil.

She moves to sit at her desk and opens the computer once situated. She navigates the system until landing on what appears to be students' papers.

She places the notebook beside the computer, holding the pencil above, ready to take notes.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MATTHEWS' OFFICE - NIGHT**

Matthews is in a similar position as before, only now it's dark outside, and she's slumped further into her chair. Her stare is vacant and relatively lifeless.

Her cell phone RINGS and the caller ID reads "EVAN". She reaches over and picks up the phone.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS

Hello?

EVAN

Hey, where you at? Mom and I been sitting here chatting for a little bit, but we weren't sure if we should head on in. Or...?

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS

(taken aback)

Shoot!

Matthews looks at the time on her laptop, and her eyes widen. She brings her unoccupied hand to her face, rubbing her eyes.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS (cont'd.)  
(disgruntled)

I... didn't realize what time it was... I was grading papers and I guess time slipped away from me.

EVAN  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah yeah, likely excuse..

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(playfully)  
Hey, now! I'm a busy woman!

EVAN  
(laughs)  
I'm just messing with you... get here soon, though, would ya'? I'm hungry as hell and don't feel like waiting.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
Okay okay, I'm coming... Uh, go ahead and get us a table... it'll be a while with the drive. I'll just see y'all when I get there

EVAN  
Finally! (laughs) We'll see you soon!

Matthews laughs to herself as she hangs up the phone.

She begins packing her things hastily, grabbing the briefcase as she rises from her chair. She turns to leave, and in her rushing, trips and drops her unlatched briefcase.

She kneels down quickly, packing in the papers that slipped out as the case hit the ground. A KNOCK raps at the door once again.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
Just a second!

Another KNOCK, this time louder and more forceful than before.

Matthews grits her teeth.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(slightly frustrated)  
I said give me a \*second\*!

Her response is met with more KNOCKING, this time insistent and continuous. It gets progressively louder, angering Matthews more and more.

She slams her briefcase down, not giving the new mess a second glance. She stands and stomps to the door, her jaw set and stiff.

She grabs the door handle and swings it open, hard. The knocking ceases right as she starts to pull. Visibly upset, she calls out.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(voice raised; angry)  
Can I help you??

She peers out into the hall, but no one is there.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS (cont'd.)  
(voice raised; still frustrated)  
Hellooo...?

She rustles her hands through her already messy hair, before turning back into the office. She pushes the door closer to a nearly closed position.

Her frame is tense, her appearance is disheveled. Her expression just as disgruntled.

She bends down again, letting out a deep, frustrated sigh.

She grabs her things, cramming the loose sheets of paper into the briefcase, paying no regard to how much she crinkles them. Once everything is packed away, she stands again, turning to find the door she had just swung to close now being fully open.

Her expression turns angry. Her brows are furrowed. Her jaw is tight.

#### **INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

She walks out the door, raising her voice once again as she sets her briefcase on the ground. She pulls out a set of keys and attempts to find the one to lock her door.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(voice raised; angry)  
You know, it's a little too late for this type of shit! \*I'm\* heading home, and I think it'd be in your best interest if \*you\* did as well!

Suddenly, another KNOCK echoes from the other end of the building.

Matthews stops rustling through the keys, and stares down a vacant hallway. The rest of the building is SILENT.

Her expression of anger has subsided, now leaving what looks like confusion or fear.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(hesitant)  
Hello-

Her words are cut short by another KNOCK, this one closer than the last.

Matthews visibly becomes uncomfortable and goes back to looking for the correct key. But, as soon as her gaze turns down again, the KNOCKS continue to rap across more doors along the otherwise vacant hallway.

With each instance of KNOCKING, Matthews becomes more and more frantic, mishandling the keys and losing her focus. Her eyes continue to widen, her breath quickening.

She manages to find the right key and inserts it into the lock.

The KNOCKS continue to echo from each door lining the hallway, leading up to the office right next to hers.

As the KNOCKS persist, Matthews twists the key until she hears the sound of the lock latching the door to its frame. And with that CLICK, the sounds of KNOCKING stop.

SILENCE. Matthews appears frazzled now, her hands shaking.

She pulls the key from its position in the handle and drops them into her pocket.

A beat of SILENCE. Matthews continues to breathe abnormally.

Matthews re-adjusts herself, moving her shirt and coat back into its original place. She rubs both of her hands against her face before picking up the briefcase and beginning her stride down the hallway.

Yet, before she can even take more than three steps, another firm KNOCK raps from inside her now-vacant and locked office.

She slowly turns to look at the door behind her, before another KNOCK, this one far louder and heavier than the others before it, echoes throughout the building.

Matthews jumps at its sound and frantically rushes down the hallway, with her briefcase tightly gripped in hand.

As she passes each door, KNOCKING drums from behind them. The further she advances, the more intense they become.

She reaches an open lobby-like area, but behind her, the KNOCKS continue to roar louder and louder with each passing moment.

**INT. LOBBY - NIGHT**

As she approaches a set of glass double doors, its fragile surface also begins to THUMP. The sound is similar to the KNOCKS echoing down the hall. And just like the KNOCKING, no physical presence accompanies its sound.

Matthews' breathing becomes sharp and intense. She drops her briefcase again, this time not knowing where exactly to go.

The KNOCKING continues to become louder and more consuming, until finally, Matthews cries out to the vacant yet deafening building.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(screaming)  
STOP!!!

SILENCE.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(distressed)  
Just please... stop...

Matthews is now sat on the floor. Her hands covering her ears, and her eyes shut tight. Beneath her, her knees are practically pinned to the lobby floor.

Her breathing is uneven, each breath different from the last.

A beat.

She opens her eyes and slowly pulls her hands from her ears. She looks around her, as if she was expecting someone to now be present.

It's completely silent.

She picks herself up, stumbling in the process. Once stable and upright, she grabs her things and storms through the exit.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

She scurries down a set of stairs, pulling the set of keys from her pocket once again. This time, she finds a key fob and repeatedly clicks the button to unlock her car door.

She reaches her car and quickly swings the door open. As she grips the frame of the door, she throws her briefcase toward the back seat.

Without hesitation, she pulls herself in and locks the door as it closes behind her.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Matthews, clearly anxious, bounces her gaze from one thing to another. Finally, she lands her sight on the glass double-doors that had rattled only moments ago.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(panicked, yet attempting to laugh)  
What the hell..

Matthews lets out a big sigh.

As she laughs and mumbles to herself, a subtle THUMPING beats from the back of her car. The sound is muffled but resonates like it's coming from inside the trunk.

Her laugh quickly fades into an uncomfortable sound.

Matthews looks back, behind the car, through the rear window, but still, nothing is there. She shakes her head and looks forward once again.

She closes her eyes and uses her hands to apply pressure to her face. With her eyes still closed, she lightly slaps her hands on both of her cheeks, as if to help wake herself up.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS  
(to herself; laughing)  
I look like such an idiot...

Her frame is more relaxed now, and she seems to be calming herself down with each exhale.

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS (cont'd.)  
(to herself; laughing)  
Maybe I just need a damn drink.

Matthews continues rubbing her face, eventually dropping her hands and opening her eyes.

One final KNOCK abruptly pierces the safe confines of her car. This time, coming from the driver's side window.

Matthews eyes widen once again, but she cannot force herself to see what lies beyond the window.

A beat.

Suddenly, the overhead lights turn on as the driver's side door slowly swings open. Still, no one is there.

Matthews remains rigid and relatively unmoving, despite the slight shakes in her locked position. Her eyes remain forward. With the door now fully open, her frame is exposed to the outside world again.

A beat.

Finally, her eyes anxiously drift to the side, looking to see what exactly broke the safety of her locked car.

Upon setting her gaze, her eyes widen in fear, and Matthews lets out a horrific scream.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

A CAR ALARM blares into the air. The car, still in the same position as it was before, now appears empty. Matthews is nowhere to be found, and the driver's side door is still wide open.