**Knock Knock, who’s there?
Treatment**Ivy Baxter is an ordinary teenager of 17 years old, clamorous and outgoing, pretty and sensitive, stroppy and stubborn. She attends a college nearby and has always had the same group of friends, she feels safe and comfortable in the environment she has been brought up in all her life, some may say she hasn’t experience life outside the ‘bubble’ of London. Her parents have always mothered her in such a way that her social life is restrained, she doesn’t mind much as she wants to get into the University of Oxford to study Medical Sciences; she is ambitious and driven, especially to leave home to get a taste of freedom.

On the evening of Sunday 13th November, Ivy (still in her school uniform, the regular navy skirt, white shirt and tie) is sitting on her bed in the only lit room of the house. She receives a text from her parents instructing her that she must do her coursework and they won’t be home till late. She closes the text and retrieves her school bag from the corner of her room. She decides to put her favourite CD in the stereo on the shelf and listen to her music for comfort, a way of blocking out the consistent expectations of her behaviour every day. Her parents are out, they can’t fault the noise, so she turns the music up and starts dancing around her room. A rush of joy and freedom makes her escape from the noise outside; she lives on a busy town road in London where busses, cars, cyclists and people are constantly hectic. As she goes to change the song, she hears a powerful knock at the front door, taken by surprise she turns down the music at once.

Ivy contemplates on the matter of opening the door. She knows her parents would disapprove, they have always told her to be cautious and weary, but her friends have always laughed at how she is ‘wrapped up in cotton wool’. What is the harm in answering the door? She edges down the stairs, feeling flustered, but wanting to make a decision of her own for once. Ivy rushes down the hallway to the door, and hesitates. Through the glass window at the side of the door, she notices four younger teenage boys running away from the gate towards the next house. Watching them knock on the neighbour’s house she sighs. Realising that they were playing the immature prank of knock-door-run and that she unnecessarily worked herself up just to feel mature herself, she makes her way back up the stairs. Another two knocks echo from the front door. In frustration of the pathetic prank, she rapidly walks straight to the door. Yet another hesitation. She briskly pulls the door open, takes a timid step forward and looks for the boys. Silence. Not a sight of a single person outside. The boys aren’t there. The street is dark, dull and eerie. The wind’s the only sign of life. Who knocked? Who could exit the road in the time it took to open the door? Who’s there?
Bewildered, Ivy shuts the door carefully and jogs up the stairs.

Out of frustration she slams her bedroom door shut, leaning on it from the inside. Ivy makes a loud exhalation of air. Picking up her bag she walks to her desk, places her books and pencil case down and ties her hair up. She picks up her pen, opens her notepad and starts filling in her coursework in an attempt to shift her worry. Only the sound of ticking fills the room, the repetitive pace puts her at ease and lures her into a sense of calmness. Ivy continues writing. Until suddenly, she hears yet another two knocks.
But this time, not on her front door...
on her bedroom door.