

**"There's Nobody Here"**

a short film written by Carlos Rivera Fernandez

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EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

We **START** on a **CLOSE-UP** of a blunt as a hand moves in to light it. A **SLOW PULL** reveals the face of **MARTY**, who, once the blunt is lit, takes a long drag and looks **BEYOND** the camera - behind him, the silhouettes of people moving, and around him, LAUGHTER and TALK like there is a party going on, underscored by MUSIC.

He smiles aimlessly and looks about before **JARED** taps his knee -

JARED

Yo.

- the PEOPLE disappear, the LAUGHTER, MUSIC and TALK **CEASE** as Marty looks at Jared. He motions for the blunt.

JARED

You gonna pass that?

Marty looks at the blunt and snorts. He takes a smaller hit before passing it to Jared.

MARTY

My bad.

JARED

Thanks.

Marty looks off again as Jared takes his hit.

MARTY

Got lost in the vibes, bro.

JARED

You're fine.

MARTY

Yeah... it's a dope-ass party though.

Jared blinks. Looks towards the blunt comedically, returns to Marty.

JARED

What?

MARTY

The party... it's pretty dope bro.

JARED

There's nobody here, bro.

Marty looks at his friend with the same aimless gaze with which he had been staring. He bursts, LAUGHING UNCONTROLLABLY before calming down and motioning for the blunt. Jared passes it.

MARTY

I don't like it when they laugh.

As Marty takes another hit, RIP TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A **CLOSE-UP** of the faucet dripping bits of water perpetually, as though someone had not managed to shut the tap off completely. Through the mirror, we **PULL FOCUS INTO:**

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marty sits at the edge of his bed, distraught, confused, staring at the dripping tap. He hugs his one knee to his chest and rocks

himself before lowering it and rubbing his eyes with force. He sighs.

MARTY

It's a really cool party. So many people came. It's so... crowded. I can barely move through the crowd. Its like I'm in a vat of people and we're all just... swallowing each other up. I'm stuck. I can't move... there's nobody here... there's nobody here... You're fine. You should just go to sleep... There's nobody here.

Marty bows his head for a moment before looking back up. Sitting before him on his desk, staring, smiling invitingly, is HIMSELF. He has brilliant eyes which glow in the low, amber light of the lamp beside him, and he waits for Marty to speak once more. When Marty does not, he does:

HIMSELF

I am.

**FADE TO WHITE.**

**CREDITS.**