

NULL

written by

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SCENE 1

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SOUND of a gavel striking

The room is packed. MICHELLE MUIR, dressed in an orange jumpsuit, stands before JUDGE ELARA VANCE Her face is a mask of indifference, almost amusement.

JUDGE VANCE

Michelle Muir, you stand convicted of violating the Good Samaritan Law While an elderly woman, confined to a handicapped cart, was violently robbed and assaulted, you not only failed to render aid but actively recorded and live-streamed the heinous act, showing a callous disregard for human suffering

A collective murmur goes through the courtroom. Michelle smirks, scanning the faces in the crowd.

JUDGE VANCE (CONT'D)

The court finds your actions reprehensible. Therefore, in lieu of traditional incarceration, the court imposes a sentence designed to reflect the very isolation you imposed on your victim.

Michelle's smirk falters

JUDGE VANCE (CONT'D)

You are hereby sentenced to one year of absolute shunning Effective immediately, you will wear an electronic collar. This device, known as a "NULL Collar," will emit a signal alerting everyone in your vicinity to your status It will compel them, by law, to ignore you completely. No interaction, no assistance, no acknowledgement

Michelle's eyes widen slightly.

JUDGE VANCE (CONT'D)

Should you attempt to remove the collar, it will detonate, resulting in immediate incapacitation.

(MORE)

JUDGE VANCE (CONT'D)

It also contains a listening device, ensuring full compliance. You will be provided a basic stipend for living expenses. Good luck, Ms. Muir. And may God have mercy on your soul. You are now truly alone.

A POLICE OFFICER steps forward and, with a click, locks a sleek, metallic collar around Michelle's neck. It glows with a faint blue light.

## SCENE 2

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Months later Michelle, collar visible, walks into a bustling grocery store. The blue light on her collar pulses subtly. Shoppers glance, then immediately turn away, their faces blank, as if she doesn't exist.

Michelle, initially defiant, sees an opportunity. She grabs a bag of chips from a shelf, pops it open, and begins eating. No one reacts. She grins, a flicker of her old arrogance returning.

She fills a basket with various snacks, drinks, and even a small, expensive electronic gadget. She walks past the self-checkout, past the cashier. No one stops her.

MICHELLE

Muttering to herself, pleased  
Well, this isn't so bad. Free groceries, no lines. Might as well enjoy it.

## SCENE 3

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Weeks later Michelle sits on a park bench, surrounded by families and laughing children. She's trying to read a book, but her gaze keeps drifting to the people around her.

A child drops their ice cream cone near her feet. Michelle instinctively reaches out, then stops. The child's parent walks over, picks up the cone, and wipes the child's hand, completely oblivious to Michelle's presence.

Michelle tries to engage.

MICHELLE  
 (To a woman pushing a  
 stroller)  
 What a beautiful baby!

The woman glances directly at Michelle, then her eyes slide away, unseeing. It's unsettling. Michelle shrinks back, a knot forming in her stomach[.

The initial thrill of "free" everything has faded, replaced by a chilling void. The laughter of others feels like a cruel mockery.

#### SCENE 4

#### EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Michelle walks down a crowded street, head down. She looks sick and gaunt, her clothes a bit The blue light on her NULL Collar still pulses.

Suddenly, a TAXI CAB, distracted, rounds a corner too fast and CLIPS Michelle, knocking her to the ground.

Her head hits the pavement with a sickening thud. Blood begins to pool beneath her head.

She gasps, clutching her head. People walk past, stepping over her, around her. They see her, their eyes register her, but they don't react. It's as if an invisible wall surrounds Michelle's breathing becomes shallow. Her eyes flutter.

From the other side of the street, an ELDERLY WOMAN in a motorized handicapped cart slowly approaches. It's the same woman Michelle filmed being attacked. The elderly woman, her face etched with the memory of that day, stops her cart a few feet from Michelle.

She looks down at Michelle, bleeding and fading. For a long moment, compassion flickers in her eyes. Her hand trembles slightly as she seems to reach out, a gesture of help, of humanity.

But then, her expression hardens. A cold, knowing look replaces the pity. Slowly, deliberately, she reaches into the basket of her cart and pulls out a smartphone. She raises the phone, framing Michelle's dying form in the viewfinder.

The blue light of Michelle's NULL Collar pulses weakly. The elderly woman's finger hovers over the record button. A faint, grim satisfaction touches her lips as she begins to record.

FADE OUT.