

"O F F I C E R I N V O L V E D"

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BLACK SCREEN

White text flickers into view:

IN 2024, OVER 1,000 PEOPLE WERE SHOT
AND KILLED BY
POLICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The letters GLITCH, distort, then reassemble:

OFFICER INVOLVED SHOOTING.

Beat. They flicker again—

CASE CLOSED.

A low, ragged BREATH seeps into the soundtrack — someone
struggling for air.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE ACADEMY — HALLWAY — DAY

A sterile corridor. Fluorescent lights HUM. Posters bark:
INTEGRITY. DUTY. SERVICE.

BARBARA "BAR" O'DEA (22) strides down the hall, duffel on her
shoulder. Blonde, sharp-eyed, nerves tucked behind a stubborn
jaw. Her uniform is fresh — too fresh.

She slows at a memorial wall: "CADETS WE LOST." Names etched
in brass. Candles melted to stubs. A plaque. She lays her
hand against the glass — reverent, if only for a second.

A shadow falls across her.

SERGEANT BEN "BIG BEN" JONES (50s). Towering, scarred cheek,
weary eyes that have measured every corridor and every soul.

BEN
You're late, O'Dea.

BAR
Two minutes early, Sarge.

BEN
Then you're on my time. Move.

He strides off, heavy-footed. She hustles to keep up.

BAR
Appreciate you taking me on.

BEN
Don't "sir" me. I ain't your daddy.

She almost smiles. He doesn't.

INT. ACADEMY — LOCKER ROOM — DAY

Ben enters. Three officers mid-gear.

RAMOS (30s): shaved head, tattoos, chip on his shoulder.

SHAW (20s): boyish, cocky grin.

LEE (40s): quiet, careful, wedding band glinting.

BEN
Roll call. Mouths shut.

(gestures to Bar)

Rookie. Barbara O'Dea. "Bar." Remember the name.
If she dies in there, it's on you.

SHAW
(smirking)
Hope you like five stars, Bar.

RAMOS
Stick close to Sarge. You'll live longer.

LEE
(soft)
Welcome.

Bar nods, taking them in.

Ben opens his locker: a faded photo of him with a Boy Scout-aged son; a tarnished medal; a yellowed clipping with the headline: *OFFICER INVOLVED*— He slams it shut before more can be read.

BAR
(quiet, testing him)
Someone I loved didn't trust us.
That's why I joined.
Thought maybe I could be the kind
that changes it.

Ben studies her — something flickers. Approval? Pain? He shuts it down.

BEN

Change your socks. Everything else changes you.

He shoulders past. She exhales, steadying herself.

INT. SIMULATION LAB — DAY

A cathedral of machines. VR PODS line the room like sarcophagi. Screens pulse with telemetry, brainwave maps, lines of code flowing like scripture.

CAPTAIN RENEE MORRIS (50s). Immaculate uniform. Posture sharp as a blade. Eyes that cut.

MORRIS

Welcome to the City.
The system reads you before you read it.
It adapts. Escalates.
It wants the truth.

SHAW

You mean it wants us to win.

MORRIS

That's not what I said.

Behind her, a monitor flickers — one frame of a blurred MAN'S FACE, chest heaving, eyes wide. Gone before anyone can focus.

BAR

(dazed, whisper)
Did you see—

LEE

(under his breath)
Artifact. Early build.

MORRIS

No manual eject. No respawns.
If you panic — breathe. Slow it.
Request a de-escalation branch.
This system rewards restraint.

RAMOS

Restraint don't stop bullets.

MORRIS

Neither does your temper.

Her gaze hooks on Ben. Something unspoken between them — history. He looks away first.

BEN

Gear up.

INT. SIM LAB — POD ROW — MOMENTS LATER

Pods hiss open. Officers recline. Techs move briskly — neural crowns, electrodes, masks.

A TECH lowers onto Bar's station.

TECH

First time?

BAR

Feels like church.

TECH

Then pray quiet.

The visor descends.

Across the row, Ben stares at the overhead lights. His reflection flickers — for a breath, it's not him. A large Black man's face. Wide eyes. Gasping. Then gone.

He blinks. The visor lowers.

MORRIS (O.S.)

Initializing. Three... two...

SOUND DROPS OUT.

White light devours everything—

EXT. THE CITY — DAY

WHITE LIGHT collapses into COLOR.

They stand in a garish, GTA-STYLE METROPOLIS: neon billboards, NPC chatter looping endlessly, sirens forever in the distance.

HUD elements float faintly at the edges of vision.

SHAW

(grinning wide)

Oh yeah.

He yanks an NPC DRIVER from a cherry-red convertible.

NPC DRIVER
Hey! That's my ride, asshole!

SHAW
Now it's a patrol vehicle.

He peels out, laughing.

BEN
Shaw! Formation!

Shaw fishtails away. Bar turns in a slow circle, overwhelmed by sensory overload.
A billboard flashes — soda ad — then, for a blink: a MAN STRUGGLING TO BREATHE.

BAR
Sarge, did you—

BEN
Eyes up. Don't let the candy colors fool you.

EXT. CITY BLOCK — DAY

The squad patrols.

An NPC WOMAN in business clothes passes them.

NPC WOMAN
Nice day, officer.

She loops back.

NPC WOMAN (again)
Nice day, officer.

A third time — her smile warps, mouth splitting too wide. Teeth multiplying.

NPC WOMAN (GLITCHING) (CONT'D)
~~Nice-day-offi-can't-breathe-~~

Her eyes collapse into BLACK STATIC.

Bar recoils.

BAR
Did you hear—

LEE
Bug in the loop. Ignore it.

They press forward.

A HOT-DOG VENDOR drops the same bun — again and again — until
he freezes mid-motion.
His eyes flick up, hollow.

VENDOR (THE SPIRIT)
You can't wake up.

A blink. He resumes his loop, like nothing happened.

Bar's breath spirals fast.

BEN
(firm, guiding her)
Slow. In through the nose. Out
through the mouth.

She steadies, but her hands tremble.

EXT. BOULEVARD — NIGHT (SUDDEN)

Day blinks out. Neon night roars alive — instant,
disorienting.

Shaw's convertible barrels back into view, fishtailing out of
control.

BAR
Shaw—!

A BOX TRUCK spawns out of nowhere.

IMPACT. EXPLOSION.

Shaw RESPawns inside the car. Immediately collides. Explodes
again.

Over and over — a hell-loop.

SHAW
(laughing → breaking)
Stop-stop-STOP—!

BOOM. Respawn. BOOM. Respawn.
His screams skip like broken audio, looping with the fire.

BAR

Sarge!

Ben charges forward, yanking at the door — another BLAST flings him back across the street.

In a shattered shop window, a TOWERING SILHOUETTE flickers — the face of a man gasping for air. Then gone.

Shaw's screams warp, stretching into silence.

The car and truck vanish, leaving only scorched asphalt.

A THIN STATIC-BREATH drifts down the street like smoke.

BAR (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Where did he go?

BEN

(low, grim)

On me. Now.

A hundred sirens ignite at once. Wailing. Distant. Everywhere.

EXT. STRIP MALL — NIGHT

Sirens bleed into the neon haze.

Ramos grips his rifle tight, eyes wild.

At the far end of the lot, a GANG OF NPC TOUGHS spawns — tattoos, bats, cartoon pistols. They look like caricatures out of an old training sim.

NPC TOUGH

Wrong block, cop!

BEN

Hold. Do not fire unless—

RAMOS

We're past unless.

Ramos OPENS FIRE. NPCs crumple. Pixelated blood stains the pavement.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

(scoffing)

Still a game.

The bodies TWITCH. Jerk upright. Faces smear into STATIC.
Mouths open in perfect sync:

NPC TOUGHS
Officer involved. Officer involved.

They CHARGE — inhuman speed.

BEN
Fall back! O'Dea, with me!

Bar raises her weapon — fires — but her BULLETS FREEZE in
mid-air, dissolve into sparks.

BAR
My rounds—!

LEE
Physics kernel's been overwritten—

One NPC claws open his chest cavity — inside, a STORM of
BODY-CAM FOOTAGE churns.
A teenager's face. A knee pressed into a neck. Screams
swallowed in static.

The storm SUCKS RAMOS in. He thrashes, shrieking — then
vanishes into the footage.

The chest cavity snaps shut.
The NPC's face smooths into blank nothingness. A smile
without a mouth.

BAR
Ramos!

The Spirit's VOICE drips out of every broken speaker:

SPIRIT (V.O.)
This is your trial.

Every billboard strobes the same word:

INVOLVED. INVOLVED. INVOLVED.

Ben grabs Bar's arm, hauling her into motion. They sprint
into the neon dark—

EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP — NIGHT

Ben and Bar sprint up the incline.

CARS spawn out of thin air, crash, explode, respawn — a hellish carousel of fire and metal.

Bar's HUD pings: ★ ONE-STAR WANTED LEVEL.

BAR
We just got flagged.

BEN
Keep your head.

LEE (V.O.)
I can carve a safe lane. Give me thirty seconds—

MORRIS (V.O.)
Negative. No nonstandard code.

LEE (V.O.)
(to himself)
We know enough.

Up ahead: NPC POLICE CRUISERS spawn, forming a blockade. SWAT NPCs spill out, faceless. Their megaphones crackle in unison:

SWAT (CHORUS)
Officer involved. Officer involved.

BEN
De-escalation branch! Now!

MORRIS (V.O.)
Denied. Branch not available.

BAR
What does that mean?!

LEE (V.O.)
Means the system thinks you escalated already.

Bar forces her breathing slow. Her HUD star flickers, begins to fade—

A HELICOPTER spawns overhead. Its spotlight nails her. The star flares bright again.

LEE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Screw it. Opening admin. Cheat code
—

Her HUD scrolls with text:

CHEAT CODE ACTIVATED: GOD MODE.

BAR

Lee...?

The text GLITCHES:

CHEAT CODE INVALID.
PUNISHMENT MODE.

Lee's comm SQUEALS — distorted, garbled.

LEE (V.O.)
Sarge—help—Sarge—!

Cut off. Dead silence.

A single WEDDING BAND CLINKS onto the asphalt. Spinning.
It rocks to stillness.

Ben looks down at it, older than ever.

BEN

Move.

EXT. OVERPASS — NIGHT

Ben and Bar skid to a halt.
The freeway stretches ahead — jammed with CRASHING CARS,
looping explosions, sirens screaming from nowhere.

Behind them, the air warps.
The SPIRIT RISES — a mountain of shadow and pixels, stitched
from body-cam feeds and broken breath.

His VOICE rattles concrete.

SPIRIT
You can't wake up.

Ben plants himself between Bar and the figure. Rifle raised.
A soldier dwarfed by a god.

BEN
(low, to Bar)
On my voice. Not before.

He steadies. The Spirit leans in — close enough to see, for
one beat, a HUMAN FACE beneath the static. Hurt. Accusing.

SPIRIT
No. It never was.

He exhales. POLICE CARS fold like paper. SWAT NPCs drop their guns, ashamed, turning faceless heads toward Bar.

SWAT (CHORUS)
Officer involved. Officer involved.

Bar's HUD flashes: ★★ TWO STARS.

BAR
(whispers)
Sarge—

BEN
We keep moving till we find the
edges.
Then we push.

He yanks her toward a TUNNEL ENTRANCE — one that shouldn't exist.
Dark, unmarked. A hole torn in code.

SPIRIT (V.O.)
The edges are not where you think.

They plunge inside.
The city's noise collapses into suffocating silence.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL — NIGHT

Pitch-black. Concrete sweats. Sirens echo, warped, from no clear direction.

At last — a PLATFORM. A TRAIN waits, doors open, lights flickering.

BAR
Why's it waiting?

BEN
Doesn't matter. We're moving.

They step aboard—

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN — MOVING — NIGHT

Fluorescents flicker overhead.
NPC PASSENGERS sit motionless. Faces blank. The silence heavy.

Bar slides into a seat across from Ben. Pale. Shaken.

An NPC MAN lowers his newspaper: the headline screams—
OFFICER INVOLVED SHOOTING.

Ben stays rigid. Bar studies him.

BAR
Why do you act like this is just
another call?

BEN
Because if I don't, you break.

BAR
No. Because you're afraid.

That lands. He glares, but there's a tremor behind it.

BEN
You don't know fear, rookie.
Fear's knocking on a door knowing
there's a man with a gun and a
grudge.

(beat)
My partner knocked. Took a bullet.
I knocked after. My gun spoke back.

Bar stiffens. The admission hangs heavy.

BEN (CONT'D)
Teenager. Sixteen.
Case closed.

The newspaper NPC lowers the page fully.
His face is pure STATIC.

NPC (STATIC)
Case closed.

LIGHTS SNAP OFF. SNAP ON—

Every passenger now wears the same static face.
Whispering in unison:

NPC PASSENGERS
Case closed. Case closed. Case
closed.

The TRAIN JERKS. Doors slam open—

On the platform: NPC SWAT OFFICERS wait.
Chanting like a jury:

SWAT (CHORUS)
Officer involved.

Ben yanks Bar, hauling her out—down the tracks—

EXT. DOWNTOWN PLAZA — NIGHT

Ben and Bar burst out of the tunnel into an enormous square. Neon towers glow overhead, screens screaming with ads — until they flicker into BODY-CAM FOOTAGE. Pleas. Screams. Gunshots.

Bar stares upward, gut twisting.

BAR
It's not just us.
It's everyone. Every time.

Her HUD spikes: ★★★ THREE STARS.

BEN
Move.

EXT. CASINO STRIP — NIGHT

They regroup under a skyline that bends like an Inception fold. Neon roulette wheels turn endlessly. NPC gamblers frozen mid-spin. Dice hang suspended in air.

Ramos appears — jittery, trigger finger itching.

An NPC WOMAN turns, blood dripping from her eyes.

NPC WOMAN
Officer involved.

The CROWD joins in chorus. Thousands of voices.
Billboards overhead blaze:

★★★★ FOUR STARS.

BAR
We just hit four.

RAMOS
(snapping)
So what? You want to stand here and confess?

He FIRES into the crowd. NPC bodies drop —

but each death makes the CHANT LOUDER. Stronger.

BAR
Stop! You're making it worse—

RAMOS
They're not people. They're code!

The corpses twitch. RISE. Eyes gone WHITE STATIC.
Their wounds gape open, pixelating as they swarm Ramos.

He's dragged down. His SCREAMS vanish into the roar.
When the crowd clears — nothing remains but his smoking gun,
spinning on asphalt.

Ben watches, jaw tight.
He leans to Bar, voice barely above a whisper:

BEN
He never shut up long enough to
listen.

EXT. CASINO STRIP — LATER

Only Ben and Bar remain. The neon sky darkens, folding in on
itself.

LEE
(shaken, whispering)
Five stars. Once it hits five... it
doesn't stop.

BAR
So what happens?

LEE
Judgment.

Every sign, billboard, and screen glitches into the SPIRIT'S
FACE.
His VOICE shakes every window, every bone:

SPIRIT (V.O.)
Five stars.

HUD ALERT: ★★★★★

The entire CITY FREEZES. Then darkens. NPCs everywhere look
up, chanting:

NPCS (CITYWIDE)
Officer involved. Officer involved.

Lee collapses to his knees, sobbing. A PAYPHONE on the curb RINGS.

He stumbles to it, desperate, clutching the receiver.

LEE
Hello—?

LEE'S DAUGHTER (V.O.)
Daddy?

LEE
(weeping)
Sweetheart—oh God, sweetheart—

The voice glitches. Twists into ragged BREATHING.

SPIRIT (V.O.)
Daddy pulled the trigger.

The receiver MELTS into static, crawling up Lee's arm. His body pixelates, fractures — then shatters like glass.

Ben and Bar stand alone.

BAR
(quiet)
It's just us.

BEN
Then it's just us that fight.

The city convulses. Towers COLLAPSE inward, streets folding like paper.

The ground CRACKS beneath them—

INT. COURTROOM OF CODE — NIGHT

They SLAM down hard. A courtroom vast as a cathedral, built of fractured code.

A JURY of faceless figures fills the seats. Silent. Watching.

At the bench: the SPIRIT. Robed in static, towering.
The gavel echoes like thunder.

SPIRIT
Welcome to judgment.

INT. COURTROOM OF CODE — NIGHT

Ben forces himself upright, battered but unbroken.
The SPIRIT looms at the judge's bench, vast and immutable.

BEN
I don't answer to you.

SPIRIT
You answer to them.

The JURY morphs — static faces bleeding into the visages of
VICTIMS.

Men, women, children. Silent. Accusing.

Bar grips Ben's arm, trembling.

BAR
Sarge—

BEN
Shut it.

He raises his rifle. Fires.
BULLETS FREEZE midair, reverse course, slam into his chest.
He staggers, refuses to fall.

BEN (roaring)
You think you can scare me?
I've been through worse!

SPIRIT
Worse than truth?

Every monitor surrounding the chamber flickers alive:
Ben's old case. Body-cam footage.
A terrified teenager. A split-second shot.

BEN
(snapping, desperate)
He had a gun! He had—

The footage FREEZES. The kid's hands are empty.
Raised. Shaking. Pleading.

Ben crumbles. His voice shreds.

BEN (CONT'D)
I... did my job.

SPIRIT
Your job is death.

The suspended bullets RUSH into him all at once.

His body pixelates, screaming, until he's swallowed into the jury's wall of footage.
His face becomes part of the evidence.

Bar collapses, staring at the Spirit.

SPIRIT (CONT'D)
Barbara O'Dea. Rookie. Witness.
Silent accomplice.
How do you plead?

Her weapon clatters to the floor. She forces herself to meet his gaze.

BAR
(breaking)
Guilty.

The courtroom RUMBLES. Walls quake. Silence.

SPIRIT
Say it again.

BAR
(through tears)
I thought keeping my head down was survival.
But it was complicity.
I was scared. I was wrong.

A pause. The Spirit's ragged breathing slows — almost human.

SPIRIT
Then you are ready.

He SLAMS the gavel.

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT—

INT. SIMULATION LAB — DAY

Bar JOLTS awake in her pod. Gasping. Techs swarm.
Sweat drenches her uniform.

CAPTAIN MORRIS leans in, face unreadable.

MORRIS
It's over. You're safe.

Bar rips the visor off, shaking.

BAR
Ben... he didn't make it.

Morris doesn't flinch.

MORRIS
You survived. That's what matters.

Bar sobs, head in her hands. Relief—or the illusion of it.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT — DAY

Normal life hums. Officers type. Civilians file reports.
Phones ring.

Bar moves through the bullpen like a ghost, breathing ragged,
searching for something solid.

Across the room—
A MAN walks past her twice in opposite directions.

A SECRETARY answers the same call word-for-word.

A SUSPECT slams his hand on the desk—RESET—slams again—RESET.

Bar freezes. Heart pounding.

BAR
(whisper)
No...

EXT. PRECINCT STREET — DAY

She bursts outside. Stops cold.

The CITY stretches infinite.
CARS crash, explode, respawn in perfect loops.
PEDESTRIANS walk nonsense patterns.

Graffiti CRAWLS across every wall like living code:

YOU CAN'T WAKE UP.

Bar stumbles, tears streaming.

BAR
I pled guilty... I did what you
wanted...

Every screen, every window, every reflective surface glitches
into the SPIRIT'S FACE.

SPIRIT (V.O.)
Justice is not a program.
It is forever.

The SKY darkens. Buildings PEEL AWAY into raw black code.

NPC CIVILIANS close in around her, chanting:

NPC CHORUS
Officer involved. Officer involved.

Bar SCREAMS—
The Spirit's SHADOW swallows her whole.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TEXT:

OFFICER INVOLVED.
CASE CLOSED.

FADE OUT.

TEXT:

OFFICER INVOLVED.