

AMERICA'S LEAST WANTED

(COLD OPEN)

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. FAMILY FUN CENTER, ARCADE - NIGHT

Arcade games and giant animatronic puppets fill the darkened room. The handle of a door in the back starts to shake as its lock is picked. It opens and SCOTT (40's) silently enters, dressed all in black.

Closely following him is KONRAD (30's, suave, cocky). Last is CONNIE (40's, beautiful but intense). Their outfits match Scott's, down to the black beanies and boots.

Scott takes one step forward and a giant robotic weasel springs to life. Its face is hideously lit and its arms move erratically. Scott falls backwards, SCREAMING like a little girl. Connie walks up behind him.

CONNIE

Are you okay?

SCOTT

I'm fine, it was just... a squirrel?

CONNIE

It looks more like a weasel.

Konrad jumps up from behind the weasel and tries to snap its neck. Its face pops off, revealing a Terminator-type chrome skull. Electricity arcs out of the weasel's eye-sockets.

KONRAD

Weasel neutralized.

Scott shakes his head and holds a pink plastic walkie-talkie up to his mouth.

SCOTT

Ambyrly, any police chatter?

INT/EXT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

A baby blue minivan sits in the Fun Center parking lot. CHUY (early 30's, puppy-dog sweet and earnest), sits in the driver's seat in a black turtleneck and watch cap. He holds another toy walkie-talkie and speaks with a light Mexican accent. In the back of the van sits JUSTIN (20's), a bit too portly for the skinny jeans he's wearing, and AMBYRLY (19, blonde), also in turtleneck and watch cap, though hers are in bright day-glo colors. She wears headphones. Justin holds a laptop.

AMBYRLY
 (cheerfully)
 A guy got arrested at the zoo for
 flashing the marmots.

INT. FAMILY FUN CENTER, ARCADE - NIGHT

Konrad snickers.

SCOTT
 But nothing actually relevant?

AMBYRLY
 Nope!

SCOTT
 Great. Let's secure the safe.

Scott walks casually past a row of big stuffed bears. Konrad and Connie follow, both darting around corners and behind pillars. Konrad rolls behind an arcade game.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 You don't have to sneak around.
 Justin disabled the cameras.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
 No I didn't! You told me to disable
security.

Scott frantically dives behind a skeeball game.

SCOTT
 Which includes cameras!

INT/EXT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Justin holds his own plastic walkie-talkie.

JUSTIN
 Ugh. I can wipe them later.

The walkie starts blaring with static. Justin jerks it away from his ear.

CHUY
 Hey, ask him about prizes. They
 have big bears?

The static stops, but the voice from the walkie is breaking up.

SCOTT (O.S.)
 Ambyrly... couldn't have...
 better... radios?

AMBYRLY
 Hello? They, like, aren't on police
 frequencies?

INT. FAMILY FUN CENTER, ARCADE - NIGHT

Konrad looks down at his Hello Kitty walkie-talkie as he continues down the hall with Connie and Scott.

KONRAD
 They're covered in Hello Kitty
 decals!

CONNIE
 Mine has a Ninja Turtle.

KONRAD
 (whiny)
 How come Connie got a Ninja Turtle?

SCOTT
 Guys! Focus.

Beat. They stand outside a door. Scott's walkie chirps:

CHUY (O.S.)
 Can you get me some big bears?!

Scott shakes his head. They open the door and enter.

INT. FAMILY FUN CENTER, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

There's a small safe against one wall.

SCOTT
 All right, let's do this.

He kneels in front of the safe and pulls out a stethoscope.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Just like Dad taught me.

He puts the stethoscope to the safe and starts cracking.

CONNIE
 Do you smell that?

She pokes her head into the hall and quickly pulls it back in and shuts the door.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Um, Scott?

SCOTT
(concentrating)
Shh.

Konrad pokes his head out the door and also quickly shuts the door.

KONRAD
Scott.

SCOTT
Quiet! Do you have any idea how hard it is to crack a safe?

KONRAD
Bet it's a lot harder when the building's on fire.

SCOTT
I'm sure it is... What?!

Konrad opens the door wide, revealing the robotic weasel he disfigured earlier. Its head is now engulfed in flames that lick at the banners hanging above.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Oh.

The banners catch fire. The inferno spreads through the arcade.

KONRAD
Looks like I can finally add arson to my rap sheet!

Scott looks at him, incredulous.

KONRAD (CONT'D)
I mean, unless we burn to death.

END OF COLD OPEN