I FOUND YOU

WRITTEN BY

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INT. POLICE STATION. RECEPTION DESK – DAY

CHASE, 40’s, the police receptionist, sits behind the front desk absent-mindedly doing a crossword. The doors open and in comes ZOEV. Early 30’s woman, dressed in a quirky sweater, a large ribbon on her head and a puffy flower print Petticoat. Chase is startled by her appearance, but quickly gathers his wits. Zoey walks up to the desk.

CHASE
Can I help you, ma’am?

ZOEV
(dramatic)
I’m searching for someone.

CHASE
Woah. Okay.

Chase straightens up in his seat. He pulls out a notepad.

CHASE
So, a missing persons?

ZOEV
Kinda.

CHASE
Kinda? Do you have a recent photo of...?

ZOEV
Him. Wow! this is would be A LOT easier if I did.

Zoey lets an exasperated sigh.

CHASE
Umm...Could you describe him?

Zoey ponders for a moment. She pulls out a small notebook from her over-sized bag. She goes through the pages.

ZOEV
Let’s see. Black or Brown hair.
Chase jots down the information.

ZOEY
Average build. At least 6 feet. Green or blue eyes, it doesn’t really matter.

Chase looks up quizzically from his notes. Zoey carries on undistracted.

ZOEY
Late 20s to early 30s. I don’t want anyone too old.

Chase stops writing. He stares at Zoey.

ZOEY
Race isn’t an issue, but he needs to speak English. I am horrible at picking up a new language!

CHASE
(re: notebook)
Could I have a look at that?

ZOEY
Sure.

Chase goes through the notebook. Its pages are filled with cut-out pictures of different features of men, along with side notes from Zoey pointing out what’s hot and not.

CHASE
When you say you’re searching for someone, you mean….

ZOEY
My soulmate, yes. I figured an APB was a good place to start.

CHASE
(curst)
Get out.

ZOEY
What?
CHASE
Get out. And you better not let me catch you pulling this stunt again, or I’ll have you arrested.

ZOEP
(offended)
On what charge? Searching for true love?!

CHASE
Wasting my time!

Zoey bristles and stomps out of the police station in a huff. Chase watches her leave.

CHASE
Nutjob...

Chase is about to go back to his crosswords, when he sees the notebook still in his hands.

CHASE
(yells)
Hey, Lady! You forgot your book!

But Zoey is already gone. Chase grumbles to himself as he puts the notebook aside and goes back to his crossword. He taps at the paper, throwing side glances at the notebook as if it has offended him. A moment of indecision and he lets out a growl. Chase grabs the notebook.

CHASE
Drew!

DREW
(O.S)
yeah?!

CHASE
Man the desk. Imma step out for a sec.

Chase rushes out the police station.
INT. COFFEE SHOP – DAY

Zoey sits alone at a crowded coffee shop, sadly nursing her steaming cup of coffee. She holds a French copy of a HARRY POTTER novel in front of her. Her eyes unfocused. A well-dressed man, ETHAN, 30s, approaches her. He’s wearing a turtle neck, sunglasses, beret and carries a large duffle bag.

ETHAN
Excuse me, do you mind?

Ethan gestures at the empty seat opposite her.

ETHAN
Everywhere else is full.

ZOEY
Go ahead.

ETHAN
Thanks.

Ethan places his bag on the ground and pulls off his sunglasses, revealing sparkling blue-green eyes. Zoey is immediately taken. Ethan flashes her a charming smile. He notices the book.

ETHAN
N'êtes-vous pas un peu vieux pour harry potter?

ZOEY
I’m sorry, I don’t speak French.

Ethan stares at her quizzically.

ETHAN
But your book?

Zoey notices the book in her hand.

ZOEY
Oh, this! I just grabbed the first thing from the self so I would look more interesting.
ETHAN
(amused)
Interesting to whom?

ZOYEY
My soulmate.

ETHAN
Is he here?

Ethan looks around.

ZOYEY
I don’t know, I can’t find him.

ETHAN
(smooth)
Maybe you just did?

The couple share an intense look. Beat. They burst out laughing.

ETHAN
I’m sorry, that was corny.

ZOYEY
(laughing)
Very.

As the laughter simmers down, they hold a look. Ethan holds out a hand.

ETHAN
I’m Ethan.

Zoey takes his hand.

ZOYEY
Zoey.

The two hold on to the handshake much longer than usual. Their eyes connected. They break the handshake slowly.

ZOYEY
(forced casual)
Nice weather, we’re having.
ETHAN
A little hot for my tastes.

Ethan pulls off his beret, revealing a mane of tousled brown hair. Zoey draws in a sharp breath.

ZOEY
(sotto)
Brown hair. Blue eyes...

Ethan notices her staring.

ETHAN
What?

ZOEY
Ummm...How tall are you?

ETHAN
5 foot 8. Why?

ZOEY
(disappointed)
oh. Just curious.

Ethan responds with an inquisitive smile. Zoey catches herself staring. She blushes. She opens her bag and begins rummaging through. Something is missing.

ZOEY
Shoot!

ETHAN
What’s wrong?

ZOEY
My dream-journal. I can’t find it!

ETHAN
Dream-journal?

ZOEY
(embarrassed)
Oh! It’s nothing. It’s just this stupid book where I list all the qualities of my ideal soulmate.
ETHAN

(serious)
It doesn’t sound like nothing.
True love is no joking matter.

Zoey stares at the man, startled by his words. She leans in closer in her seat, staring deeply at Ethan. He inches closer in his.

ETHAN
So what is your ideal soulmate?

ZOEY
Well...Brown hair, blue eyes...

ETHAN
Check and check.

Zoey giggles.

ZOEY
I mean there are pages describing him, but what’s really important, is his soul.

ETHAN
His soul?

ZOEY
Yeah, he could be nothing like my pages but we need to connect on a spiritual level.

Ethan is listening intently. The air around them is charged with electricity. They edge even closer in their seats.

ZOEY
(jokes)
And he needs to be at least 6 feet.

ETHAN
6 feet, why?

ZOEY
I want someone taller than me.
ETHAN
(laughs)
Damn. That puts me out of your list.

ZOEY
Too bad, you were perfect.

The couple share a laugh again. The laughing dies into a comfortable silence. Zoey looks down and sees her hands in his.

ETHAN
I feel like...there’s this...connection between us. It’s a like...
(struggling for the words)

ZOEY
It’s like electricity, this current, that has nowhere to go but through each other.

ETHAN
Exactly! You feel it too, don’t you?

Zoey gives Ethan a warm smile.

ETHAN
Zoey, I know I just met you but I feel like I can trust you completely.

ZOEY
I know exactly how you feel!

Beat. They hold the gaze.

ETHAN
I know this is sudden...but do you want to... I mean, if you’re not busy...do you want to...

ZOEY
(overlapping)
Yes!
ETHAN
...Rob this place together?

ZOYE
Wait, what?

Ethan is overjoyed.

ETHAN
I got an extra ski mask, just in case.

Ethan puts on his sunglasses and beret. He picks up his duffle bag and pulls out a shotgun.

ETHAN
It’s easy, just wear the mask and collect the money from the customers.

Zoey is completely baffled. Ethan plops the bag in front of her and quickly gives her an affectionate peck on the cheek.

ETHAN
You’ll do great!

He pulls up the folded collar of his shirt up to his nose and cocks the shotgun.

ZOYE
Ethan, wait...

Ethan stands up and lets out a loud blast into the ceiling.

ETHAN
EVERYONE, FREEZE! THIS IS A ROBBERY. WALLETS AND VALUABLES OUT, OR ELSE.

Ethan cocks the shotgun again. The crowd holds their breath.

ZOYE
(loud whisper)
Ethan! What are you doing? Sit down!
ETHAN
Don’t worry, I was nervous the first time too. You got this.

Zoey looks around the room, apologizing to the people staring at her.

CHASE
(O.S)
Freeze!

Chase stands at the doorway with gun trained on Ethan. Ethan turns his shotgun on the officer.

CHASE
Put the weapon down, and lay on the ground with your hands behind your head!

Zoey watches the intensity unfold. The coffee house is pin drop silence. Chase and Ethan stare each other down. WHAM! Zoey smashes a plate across Ethan’s head. Ethan goes down. The crowd lets out a universal wince. That was painful. Chase rushes forward, kicks the weapon from Ethan and quickly handcuffs the unconscious man.

ZOYEY
(shaken)
Is he...?

CHASE
Just knocked out. That was very dangerous by the way.

Zoey looks down. Chase softens.

CHASE
Nice back arm, though.

Zoey smiles. She stares at Chase curiously.

ZOYEY
What are you doing here?

CHASE
You forgot this
Chase hands her the note-book.

ZOYE
My dream-journal!

CHASE
It looked important to you.

ZOYE
It is!

Beat.

ZOYE
How did you find me?

CHASE
Just asked around for a pretty woman wearing an umbrella for a skirt.

ZOYE
(smiles)
Pretty?

Chase realizes what he just said. He clears his throat, embarrassed. He pulls up the barely-conscious Ethan.

CHASE
Better get this guy back to the station.

Chase stands upright.

ZOYE
Wow, you’re a mountain! How tall are you?

CHASE
6 foot 2, I think.

Zoey smiles at the information.

ZOYE
(sotto)
Found you!