

I FOUND YOU

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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 ZOEY. 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?

ZOEY

(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?

ZOEY

Kinda.

CHASE

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

ZOEY

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.

ZOEY

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

(curt)  
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.

ZOEY

(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. COFFE 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?

ZOEY  
My soulmate.

ETHAN  
Is he here?

Ethan looks around.

ZOEY  
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.

ZOEY  
(laughing)  
Very.

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

ETHAN  
I'm Ethan.

Zoey takes his hand.

ZOEY  
Zoey.

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

ZOEY  
(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?

ZOEY

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.

ZOEY

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.

ZOEY

(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.

ZOEY

(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.

ZOEY

What are you doing here?

CHASE

You forgot this

Chase hands her the note-book.

ZOEY  
My dream-journal!

CHASE  
It looked important to you.

ZOEY  
It is!

Beat.

ZOEY  
How did you find me?

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

ZOEY  
(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.

ZOEY  
Wow, you're a mountain! How tall  
are you?

CHASE  
6 foot 2, I think.

ZoeY smiles at the information.

ZOEY  
(sotto)  
Found you!

END