

Find Him  
Episode 1: Atlas Didn't Shrug He Actually Had a Pretty Strong  
Opinion  
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INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT HALLWAY / DOOR - MIDNIGHT

A shitty, classic, Harlem apartment complex hallway. Peeling wallpaper, little light, chipping pale tile, and a window that looks out at a brick wall. A THUNDERSTORM rages outside; lightning FLASHES.

A big black apartment door at the end of the hall, with a gold number "6A" over an eye hole. And presently, KNOCKING furiously at the door, soaking wet in a hoodie, is DYLAN-- this is the real Dylan, the Dylan who wrote this script, he's, in this moment, in his mid twenties wearing a worn out hoodie and jeans rolled up in an attempt at style--He's BANGING on the door and shouting repeatedly.

DYLAN

DAVID!!!!!! ANSWER THE DOOR!!!!  
DAVID!!!!!! ARE YOU HOME???!  
DAVID!!!!!!

Dylan is WAILING, pounding at the door in the storm. And then suddenly he stops. It's quick. It's too quick for the emotion he's exhibiting. He turns to the camera.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(to the camera)

This is probably too much, right?  
This is like a lot? This is also  
not how it happened. It happened  
more like this:

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dylan is sitting in his bedroom--clothes strewn everywhere, a broken dresser, too many glasses on a side table next to an unmade bed-- in his underwear texting a man named David on the phone.

The text reads: "David, one last attempt, sorry I keep messaging you, just want to make sure you're okay." And above those messages, are a bunch of other messages Dylan sent that read, in order from first sent to last, "Hey David!"- "David"- "Where are you?"- "hey dude you could respond."- "Sorry, that was rude"- "What did I do?"- "David are you okay?"-"David?"

BACK TO:

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT HALLWAY / DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dylan standing exactly as before, time hasn't progressed

DYLAN

(to camera)

And there wasn't a thunderstorm--

The thunder stops.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 (to camera)  
 And I don't remember what I was  
 wearing.

Dylan's outfit snap! changes into a cardigan and jeans.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 (to the camera)  
 Sorry, this is all based on truth.  
 Well, this is all the truth.  
 Everything in this actually  
 happened. If that wasn't clear.  
 Sometimes I worry I'm not being  
 clear.  
 (beat)  
 All the time.  
 (beat)  
 Sorry, this probably... "*why is he  
 banging on a door*". Right. Well, I  
didn't. Like I said it was more--

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dylan is back in his bed, but in the clothes he was wearing  
 in David's hallway. He's clutching his phone.

DYLAN  
 (to camera)  
 --like this. Me sitting on my bed  
 texting a-- sorry, you don't even  
 know who David is yet. Or why I was  
 banging on his door, which again, I  
 didn't do. Let me explain:

SCREEN- SCRUFF PROFILE:

We are on David's Scruff profile. The photo is DAVID standing  
 on a balcony, the sunlight behind him, casting an almost  
 angelic glow. He is gorgeous. Maybe. His face has been  
 blurred out by production. His profile headline is "DW". His  
 location reads 1,420 Feet away.

DYLAN (V.O.)  
This is David. I blurred his face  
 out because I didn't ask him if I  
 could do this. He's a twenty-four  
 year old--

A "24" appears next to his name, as if on the profile.

DYLAN (V.O.)  
Five foot eight inch.

His height appears.

DYLAN (V.O.)  
Man.

His gender "Male" appears next to the height.

DYLAN (V.O.)  
From France.

A French flag appears under the "bio" section of the profile.

DYLAN (V.O.)  
And David is important because...he  
went missing.

The screen blacks out. It's jarring. Darkness...DYLAN steps out into the darkness in a t-shirt, blazer, and matching slacks.

DYLAN  
(to camera)  
And I'm trying to Find Him.

BEAT.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
That was cool right? The screen  
blacked out and then I stepped in  
to it. You thought you were staring  
at an image, and then the image  
went out and I stepped into the  
darkness.

BEAT.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
But yeah. Yes. David is a man I was  
kind-of sort-of dating kind-of sort-  
of not who went missing on a cold  
night in November of 2016. And  
this...  
(Dylan gestures around  
the blackness, the  
emptiness)  
...is my search for him.

The TITLE "FIND HIM" appears over Dylan. He's behind the title. And then Dylan disappears. And then it's just the title and LOUD orchestral music.

