

JULY 3RD, 2015

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A hand is shown holding the word "TIME" in large, bold, red, serif capital letters. The hand is positioned on the left side of the word, with fingers gripping the letters. The background is a light gray with a subtle circular pattern.

TIME

A hand is shown pointing towards the word "iDo". The hand is positioned on the right side of the word, with the index finger pointing towards the "i". The background is a light gray with a subtle circular pattern.

iDo

The End of Divorce?

Silicon Valley startup iDo seeks
to engineer the future of marriage

iDo

a Silicon Valley rom.com

by

Suzanne Christopher

WGA registered: 1791090

July 14, 2015

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON HEATHER (29), BEAUTIFULLY UNAWARE OF HER OWN BEAUTY

HEATHER (V.O.)
*Why do I deserve the Pitkins grant?
Well, I am so glad you asked...*

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

"DARTH TATER", an alarm clock powered by potatoes, BLARES.

HEATHER (V.O.)
*Imagine a world where we could save
fifty billion a year in legal fees.*

Heather wakes with a start. She is swaddled in two sweaters, a sweatshirt and years and years of therapy.

HEATHER (V.O.)
*Twenty-two billion in psychiatry
bills. Sixty-one billion in child
support. And countless billions ...*

Her BOYFRIEND (39) snores with macramé sleep mask on.

HEATHER (V.O.)
*... in lost productivity due to
depression, angst, trauma ...*

The cramped pad looks like a meth lab for nerds: computer parts, oscilloscopes, and back issues of VEGAN WORLD.

HEATHER (V.O.)
... and just kinda feeling blue.

Oddly what looks to be a real PICASSO hangs on a wall. Askew.

EXT. EAST PALO ALTO STREETS - DAY

Exiting her low-rent apartment, she walks past graffiti of Garfield the cat with a rather impressive ten-foot-long penis.

HEATHER (V.O.)
*Which is why I've spent four years
working on a device that measures
ocular-psychographic correlation of
long-term affinity. In other words--*

She unlocks her ten speed bike (three Kryptonite locks).

EXT. UNIVERSITY DRIVE, EAST PALO ALTO - DAY

With helmet and safety flag, she bikes over the 101 freeway.

HEATHER (V.O.)
*A quick test two people take before
 they get married to let them know
if they should be married at all.*

EXT. STANFORD QUAD - DAY

Heather bombs through the sandstone quad on her bike.

HEATHER (V.O.)
*Just like a test for diabetes,
 heart murmurs, or gonorrhoea.*

She madly pedals, mouthing her speech. STUDENTS scatter.

HEATHER (V.O.)
*But instead of measuring sexually
 transmitted diseases...*

Strangely OTHER BICYCLERS start to follow her.

HEATHER (V.O.)
*My test will predict with 100%
 accuracy if two people will suffer
romantically-transmitted diseases.
 Like boredom. Isolation.
 Infidelity.*

More and more cyclists gather behind her. Is this a dream?

HEATHER (V.O.)
*Diseases that 52.3% of couples
 catch during their failed
 marriages. In short...*

She whips off her helmet, and shakes out her glossy hair.

HEATHER
*I promise nothing less than to
eradicate divorce in our time.*

Like a crazed wrestler, she SNAPS her bike in half over her knee. The crowd GOES APESHIT. A MAN'S voice cuts through.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
*So, Heather. Why do you think you
 deserve the Pitkins grant?*

INT. TRUSTEE OFFICE / STANFORD - DAY

Heather sits facing two TRUSTEES and advisor DEAN LYLE (50s, invisi-braces, corduroy everything). She grasps her helmet as if it were an accordion on the last day of a Zydeco festival.

HEATHER

I thought you might ask that, so I came prepared with a little speech.
(stands up)
"Imagine a world where we could--"

TRUSTEE VANSLYKE

Oh-oh! That's quite alright. No speeches. Please.

TRUSTEE VANSLYKE (immaculate hair, 49) holds up a checklist.

TRUSTEE VANSLYKE (CONT'D)

Just need the testing plan, working prototype, and Omega sequence.

Heather looks at the Dean. He shrugs. She slides a report.

HEATHER

Right. Here it is. Printed on vegan paper. Ha, obviously I'm kidding. All paper is vegan--

MR. PITKINS

--HIYA! WHO'S THIS?

Heather jumps. MR. PITKINS (97, potential Titanic survivor) at the far end of the table has apparently woken up.

TRUSTEE VANSLYKE

SHE'S A CANDIDATE, MR. PITKINS. FOR YOUR GRANT.

(to Heather)

Hmmm. The testing plan is ... acceptable. Very thorough.

Dean Lyle gives her a thumbs up and a wink: *way to go.*

TRUSTEE VANSLYKE (CONT'D)

Your prototype?

From a public radio "Every day is Science Friday" tote bag, she assembles the following like a practiced gunsmith: a CD player, two Soviet-era night vision goggles, a Game Boy, alligator clips, motherboard, and what looks to be a fecal sample on aluminum foil.

TRUSTEE VANSLYKE (CONT'D)

Is that --uh-- what I think it is?

HEATHER

Mushroom gum? Yes it is. My own brew. Help yourself!

MR. PITKINS

WHAT'S THE POOP FOR?