

JULY 3RD, 2015

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A hand is shown holding a glowing, spherical orb. Inside the orb, the word "iDo" is written in a simple, sans-serif font. The orb has a bright, starburst-like glow emanating from its center. The background is a light gray with faint, concentric circular patterns.

TIME

The End of Divorce?

Silicon Valley startup iDo seeks
to engineer the future of marriage

iDo

a Silicon Valley rom.com

by

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WGA registered: 1791090

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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?