

**LESS THAN,  
GREATER THAN,  
Equal To**

Written by

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FIRST DRAFT

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LESS THAN



GREATER THAN



EQUAL TO

A FLASH OF INSTAGRAM DIRECT MESSAGES:  
Starting with the date/time, each line pops up one at a time,  
a "bloop" heard as each message appears. Pauses between each  
message.

Monday 5:18 PM

Love your new pic.

Let me take you out.

Monday 9:17 PM

Why don't you ever reply? Don't  
you like money?



Haha 😂

Did you see my new pic?

Wednesday 10:03 am

You're DJing this week? That's  
so cool, bro. If I was in Florida,  
I'd come see you.

Wednesday 7:41 pm


Do you have an Amazon  
wishlist? I want to send you  
some stuff.




Yea [https://www.amazon.com  
/he/wishlist  
/ls/18GXPGQ670V9M?ref\\_=wl\\_  
share](https://www.amazon.com/he/wishlist/ls/18GXPGQ670V9M?ref_=wl_share)

Sweet.


Saturday 1:14 pm

 Dudeee you bought EVERYTHING?!


 Your the best!

I told you I'd take care of you.


Do you have a car? Maybe I could buy you one.

 Yeah but it's a piece of shit


Why don't I come to Florida? And we can go car shopping?

 YES!!!! Come!

You'll pick me up at the airport?

 Yes daddy. I love you so much!  
❤️💕

Okay. I'm booking my flight now. Give me your number.

 786-433-0635.

I'll text you so we can start talking offline.

 😄

TITLE CARD: "LESS THAN..."

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Travelers dart every which way off of an escalator, clearing a path to REVEAL:

WALTER RODOWSKY, a small elderly gay man, dressed up in a cheap suit with a carnation in his lapel. It's an antiquated look but he doesn't realize. There is a hint of sexual hunger in his eyes, a look of eager perversion but also utter insecurity. He pans the room looking for his suitor.

Texts him. "Where are you?"

The crowd is thin and one by one, parties spot who they're looking for, hugs are exchanged, people disperse.

Walter stays optimistic. But then SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHTTIME

Walter is still waiting patiently, hoping his suitor is just delayed. He accepts that he's been forgotten.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Walter rides silently in a Lyft, looks out at the lit-up streets of Miami.

THROUGH WINDOW, we see the vibrancy of young people goofing around on the sidewalk.

Walter turns his attention away, looks at the ground instead.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Walter sits on his hotel bed, sad. He finally gets the energy to pull out his suitcase.

CLOSE ON SUITCASE as it's opened and he begins unpacking -- a beach towel, a wad of cash, suntan lotion. Then CONDOMS. A glimpse of handcuffs. He pulls out his pajamas. Puts everything else back.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

It's morning time. Walter walks shirtless onto the Miami beach, passing families with their children (including MARISOL'S FAMILY who we will meet later). He stares out at the water. He doesn't feel like going in.

He turns and sees a hunky man rubbing another hunk with suntan lotion. He smiles at them. The two pick this up but ignore him, grimacing, annoyed. He gives up. Turns to find a young lady in a bikini, holding flyers.

FEMALE PROMOTER  
Come to Club Juggernaut tonight.  
Free admission with \$10 drink  
purchase.

Walter takes the flyer. She continues on.

EXT. HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Walter sits on a bench outside the hotel, sending texts. They span over an hour and read:  
- I'm here. When are we meeting?  
- WHAT'S YOUR DEAL, MAN?  
- Don't you want a car????

He stares at the screen, waiting for a reply. Unmoving.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Walter steps towards a night club. The bouncer stops him.

BOUNCER  
Get in line.

Walter turns and notices a huge array of young people, dressed up, waiting to go in. He moves to the back of the line, alone.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Walter is finally let in. We scan the room, in full swing, with everyone dancing. It's a gay club. All men sans for a few women who love dancing with their gay friends. He takes it all in.

And then Walter's eyes perk up. We realize he isn't there just to dance. He crosses over to

THE DJ BOOTH

Where the young guy from Instagram is behind the deck. He shouts up...

WALTER  
WHY DIDN'T YOU PICK ME UP?

But the DJ is oblivious to him because of the loud music.

Walter reaches into his pocket, pulls out the waded-up flyer for another club. Throws it and it hits the DJ in the head. He notices Walter below. His eyes widen.

EXT. CLUB - LATER

Walter is standing in the alley behind the club. The door opens. The DJ emerges. When Walter speaks, he's soft-spoken, trying to sound tough but it's not in his nature --

WALTER  
Why'd you leave me stranded?

YOUNG GUY  
Dude...

WALTER  
We were supposed to hang together.

YOUNG GUY  
I know. But my girlfriend told me not to.

This irks Walter. He shrugs it off, now getting bitchy, like someone 40 years younger --

WALTER  
You couldn't have told me? Before I flew all the way here?

YOUNG GUY  
Well, I was going to see you.  
'Cause you said you'd help me out.  
But I'm sick of doing gay stuff.  
That's why I'm going to be a rapper.

Walter groans, gives up. Storms back inside the club through the side exit.

INT. CLUB - NIGHTTIME

Everyone is dancing to POP SONG X (TBD). Walter, trying to show how unshaken he is, joins in. Takes his shirt off. The young people laugh but are encouraging. Cheer him on.

The DJ watches from a distance, not sure how to take this in.

A young gay guy finds him alluring. He goes up and dances with him. A beat as Walter takes him in, falls in love.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Walter and the young man, all glittered up, sit outside the club as commotion can be heard in the distance. It is silent where they are. The young man takes some ecstasy. Offers some to Walter.

WALTER

Oh... I...

His first inclination is to refuse but instead he takes it, trying to show he can hang with the kid.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I used to do drugs when I was your age. It feels so long ago now. I never thought I'd be old.

The young guy doesn't respond. Just snorts some coke. Walter lets the drugs kick in. Begins speaking, pouring out his heart... to the kid, to himself.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I don't know. I feel the world is ready to discard me now. I'm not even rich; I just cashed out everything I had to impress this boy. And he's a boy. I mean, he's 22, I'm not a creep. But here I was thinking if I gave him enough, it would be enough. It would even the playing field. And he would love me for my money, they way he could love someone else for his looks. But no, of course that's not enough. It may never be. I just want to feel love again. I want to see someone beautiful and get to kiss their lips. That's all I really need. Just to be kissed. But I suppose I'm not allowed. I spent so long scared of who I was and when I finally found out, I guess I was too old. I waited too long and it's like my turkey got burnt and now it's no use to anyone. I just walk the earth alone, falling in love but being told "How silly are you? You think you're worthy of someone like him? All you're fit for is to die alone and miserable." I guess it's what I deserve for being alive as long as I have, for not being a hunk like all these men online. But I can't help it. I don't have anything to give. I never will.



The guy leans in and kisses him. Fireworks go off in Walter's head. He is completely in love. He stares at the young guy, smiles, realizing his life is about to change --

WALTER (CONT'D)

Maybe this visit wasn't about him.  
Maybe I was meant to meet you --

And off screen, we hear...

MALE VOICE

Who is THIS?

CAMERA TURNS to reveal another young man, glittered up, glaring at the couple. He's standing next to a female friend, who went and got him. The first man pipes up --

YOUNG GUY

We were just dancing!

HIS BOYFRIEND

(over-dramatically)  
Sharon saw you kiss him!

YOUNG GUY

I was being friendly.

The boyfriend turns to Walter, queening out --

HIS BOYFRIEND

I don't know who you think you are  
but you're nothing. Just an old  
shriveled up queer.

Walter loves this. He's made someone jealous.

WALTER

That's not what your boyfriend's  
lips said.

The boyfriend is shocked, as if he's been slapped. He takes off his shoe but before he can throw it, the first guy pushes him away, back into the club.

We pan over to Walter. He cracks into a smile. For a moment, he's felt alive again. For a moment, he feels like he's part of this community. He's not on the outside.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "GREATER THAN..."

INT. SHOPPING MALL - CLOTHING STORE - MIAMI - DAY

Three girls, 12, are shopping in a clothing store. They wear feminine clothes and look like the trio from "Mean Girls" although they're not mean. Their ringleader, a blonde in pink, SARAH, admires an outfit --

SARAH  
Oh, my gosh. This is so cute.

She finds the price tag.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Ugh... it's too much.

HER FRIEND  
Save up!

SARAH  
It will take forever. Ugh.

We PULL BACK to reveal a heavy-set Mexican girl, 12, with her overbearing mom, dressed in designer clothes, shopping.

MOM  
Marisol, these tops are so cute.  
Try them on!

MARISOL  
No, Mom. We've been here too long.

She hears the other girls behind her. Spots them and gasps. Marisol hides behind a mannequin.

MOM  
Marisol!

MARISOL  
Shut the hell up!  
(gesturing to the girls)  
I know them from school!

The trio walk past her, pause for a second when they see her spying on them, but continue on, without any reaction.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA TABLES

Marisol is at an outdoor table with her two outcast friends, both overweight. They glare at Sarah and her friends, eating further away.

MARISOL  
Ew, she thinks she's so perfect.

OUTCAST FRIEND #1  
What did she say to you?

MARISOL  
Nothing. She just walked by me but she didn't say hi.

OUTCAST FRIEND #1  
Does she know you?

MARISOL  
I'm in her Algebra class!

OUTCAST FRIEND #2  
I want to stick those stupid slippers up her ass.

The girls giggle.

MARISOL  
Everyone gives her attention just because she was the first to get boobs. She's not even pretty.

The girls nod but very unenthusiastically. We see Sarah charming the other kids in her clique. She's loved.

OUTCAST FRIEND #2  
She probably gives BJs to all the guys to make them like her.

Marisol glares in her direction.

MARISOL  
She can't even afford clothes. Her parents are poor so she has to buy them herself.

Outcast Friend #1 giggles, out of obligation. Her other friend is stone-faced.

OUTCAST FRIEND #2  
Hey, I'm not rich either.

MARISOL  
But you're not stuck up. I'm much smarter than her. If only other kids got to know me.

They watch as a teacher stops by Sarah's table.

TEACHER  
Hi, guys.

The group of "popular kids" greets him, as a friend.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Sarah, are you running for class president? I saw your petition on Mrs. McConnell's desk.

SARAH

Yep.

Overhearing, Marisol grimaces.

MARISOL

Ugh, of course she thinks she'll win. It's always some dumb girl and not someone who actually represents the student body. I'd make a better president.

The other two nod but unconvincingly.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Marisol eats with her two younger siblings at the table. Her mom is trying to corral conversation. Her dad is fixated on the TV behind him.

MARISOL'S MOM

How did you get a "D" on your test?  
You need to study more!

MARISOL

Mom, shut up!

MARISOL'S MOM

No me respondas, pequeña mocosa!

MARISOL

You never care what I do. So why now?

MARISOL'S MOM

You have to apply yourself more!

MARISOL

I am!

MARISOL'S MOM

No, you aren't.

MARISOL

Yes, I am!

MARISOL'S MOM

How?

MARISOL

I'm running for school president!

MARISOL'S MOM

¿Cómo vas a ser elegido? No eres un buen estudiante.

MARISOL

Verás!

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS

Kids dart every which way, on their way to lunch. Marisol is holding up a handmade poster that says MARISOL ROBLES 4 PRESIDENT. She tells passersby --

MARISOL

Vote for Marisol! A vote for Marisol is a vote for you!

Some alternative girl takes note.

ALTERNATIVE GIRL

Dude, do you have, like, stickers or something?

MARISOL

Uh... no.

ALTERNATIVE GIRL

Damn, dude. If you gave me a button or a pencil or something, I'd vote for you.

As she continues on, Marisol has a bright idea.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - ANOTHER DAY

Marisol is now in a similar position, handing out items.

MARISOL

Vote for Marisol for class president. I'll work for YOU!

A slacker guy walks by.

SLACKER GUY

Why should I vote for you?

MARISOL

I'll be the people's president.

SLACKER GUY

Why would I care? I hate this school.

She doesn't know how to respond.

SLACKER GUY (CONT'D)

Give me a dollar and I'll vote for you.

His friends chuckle. Marisol is ready to debate but then finally reaches in her backpack, pulls out her wallet. As she hands over a \$1 bill, her friends "ooh" in response.

HIS FRIEND

Give me a dollar. I'll vote for you.

HIS OTHER FRIEND

Give me five bucks... heh heh heh.

Marisol starts handing out bills.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - ANOTHER DAY

Marisol, now in an expensive outfit, is stopping by every cluster of kids.

MARISOL

I'm taking requests for whatever people want. All I ask in return is your vote.

CLASSMATE #1

It can be anything? A car!

Everyone laughs.

MARISOL

I've got a ten dollar limit.

CLASSMATE #1

Okay... give me ten dollars.

MARISOL

I'm buying everything on Amazon and it will be here the day after tomorrow. We have Prime.

CLASSMATE #1

Okay, get me a \$10 gift card for League of Legends.

She writes down his name.

MARISOL

Okay. I'll order it tonight Just remember to vote for me.

CLASSMATE #1

Hell yeah, I'll vote for you.

Marisol thinks. And then --

MARISOL  
And come to my birthday party on  
the 14th.

CLASSMATE #1  
Okay. Where at?

MARISOL  
My house. It's a giant mansion in  
Silver Oaks. I'm only inviting a  
few people.

CLASSMATE #1  
Okay, I'll come.

Marisol addresses their whole group --

MARISOL  
You all should come.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - ANOTHER DAY

Marisol goes from group to group, handing out what they  
ordered on Amazon.

MARISOL  
Arnie McElfresh?

She cross-references the list with purchases. Hands over a  
goody bag. Stapled to it is a piece of paper. Arnie  
inquires --

ARNIE  
What's this?

MARISOL  
Directions to my party on the 14th.

ARNIE  
Oh, cool. I'll make it.

She scans the list. Hands over another goody bag.

ARNIE (CONT'D)  
Charlotte Laurier. Don't forget to  
come to my party.

She accepts the present.

CHARLOTTE  
The 14th? I'll be there. Thanks.

As she continues down the hall, other kids take note of her--

OTHER STUDENT  
Hey, Marisol!

MARISOL

Hey!

She inadvertently breaks into a smile, continues on.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - OUTDOOR STAGE - DAY

It's another day. Students are seated in chairs on a concrete stage as the rest of the student body watch from the grass. One by one, candidates give speeches. Sarah's in progress, doing a sketch where her friends pretend to be valley girls --

SARAH'S FRIEND

Like, oh my gosh, why should I vote for you?

SARAH

(as herself)

Well, Bridgett, don't you know that I totally care about the students? And that I'm a straight-A student who's a member of the Tennis Club, Mock Trial, and Yearbook. The effort I put into my schooling, I also want to put into my school. I think we can create a democracy where we all have a voice in changes we'd like to see, including a no-bullying policy that would keep us all protected. And for those who want to better service the community, I'll create the option to give back by helping out the homeless and cleaning up our roads.

SARAH'S FRIEND

Like, that is totally rad. I think I'll vote for you.

SARAH

(addressing crowd)

And I hope you do, too.

The crowd cheers, giving healthy applause. The principal steps up to the microphone --

THE PRINCIPAL

Our last candidate for student president is Marisol Robles.

A whole chunk of students cheer, like she's a rock star. She beams. Steps up to the microphone, nervous. She unfolds her paper that's been waded up. Points her nose to her speech and reads, without inflection, without charisma --



MARISOL

Hello, everyone. Are you sick of the same old people running things? Well, then I'm here to make some changes. A vote for me is a vote for you. Why should we let people always be in charge just 'cause they tell us they're cool when they're really not? We just think they are because they pretend to be. If you vote me, I'll represent you -- the students -- and show you what "cool" really is. I might even get a skate park built for the school and if they say they can't afford it, maybe my family can help out. But I can only do this if you vote for me to be your next student president. So come on, Peacocks. Be the noblest. Go out and vote for Marisol Robles.

She looks up, finished, proud. The crowd isn't impressed. Some polite clapping. And then her fan base begins screaming, cheering for her. She beams.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Marisol is eating Oreos at the dining room table. Her mom SCREAMS from upstairs.

MARISOL'S MOM (O.S.)

MARISOL!

She is terrified. Jumps out of her seat but her mom gets to her instead --

MARISOL'S MOM (CONT'D)

Pequeño ladrón, ¿qué estás pensando? Did you spend \$546 on Amazon?

MARISOL

It was supplies for my presidential campaign.

MARISOL'S MOM

Mocosa estúpida! It was 50 different items.

MARISOL

People said they'd vote for me if I bought them stuff.

MARISOL'S MOM

Oh Dios mío. Do you have to buy  
your friends? You're grounded!

As she exits, Marisol protests --

MARISOL

It's not my fault! I have low self-  
esteem, Mom!

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - MATH CLASS - DAY

Algebra problems are on the white board. A message can be heard over the intercom --

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

Hello, everyone. We have the  
results for the student body  
president and we're announcing them  
now. So if everyone can give me a  
few moments, we'll start with  
student body president.

CLOSE ON Marisol, in the back of class, invisible from her classmates. She is waiting for the moment of truth.

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

We have Eric Hellner with 14 votes.

Now we see Sarah, front row, center, astute, the model student.

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

Sarah Hurlbert, 113 votes.

She beams. And back on Marisol, as we hear...

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

Marisol Robles, 37 votes.  
Congratulations to Sarah, our new  
school president.

The other students in the class SCREAM, congratulate her, give her hugs. Marisol remains in the back corner, expressionless, as if she's not even there.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Marisol is all dressed up in her favorite outfit, a party hat on her head, sitting in front of a decorated table with a cake on display, a handful of presents scattered around. She sits on a stool, waiting, miserable.

MARISOL'S MOM

Are you sure they know it's today?

MARISOL  
 (rudely)  
 Yes, Mom! They all got  
 invitations.

Her mom glances at her watch. Looks back at Marisol, non-judgmentally, sympathetically.

MARISOL'S MOM  
 Did you check in with them? Maybe  
 they forgot.

MARISOL  
 No, Mom. It's not my job to police  
 everybody I invited.

MARISOL'S MOM  
 Okay.

The mom seems crestfallen. Marisol just fumes with annoyance, covering her hurt.

MARISOL'S MOM (CONT'D)  
 Well, what about Ali and Rebecca?  
 Where are they?

MARISOL  
 I didn't invite them.

MARISOL'S MOM  
 What? Why, bebé?

MARISOL  
 Because I could only invite so  
 many. And I didn't think they'd  
 fit in...

Marisol's Mom understands. She holds out her phone --

MARISOL'S MOM  
 Call them.

MARISOL  
 No, Mom! And say what?

And now tears form in her eyes, although she isn't cognizant of being sad --

MARISOL (CONT'D)  
 "Oh, hi, guys, I threw a party and  
 nobody showed up. So I decided to  
 invite you finally."

MARISOL'S MOM  
 Just say, "Hey, guys... it's my  
 birthday and my mom is throwing a  
 party."

Marisol considers this. Takes the phone.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - LATER

The doorbell rings. And there are Marisol's friends, with duffel bags packed for the night. They squeal, hug her.

OUTCAST FRIEND #2  
Hey, girl. Happy birthday!

OUTCAST FRIEND #1  
Happy birthday!

Marisol cracks a smile.

MARISOL  
Thanks.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - EVEN LATER

As POP SONG X plays, the girls all dance and have a fun time, being their dorky selves.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "EQUAL TO..."

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

TIGHT ON a male Black teenager's face as he sits front row center, studious, serious. PULL OUT to reveal the other students, less focused.

TEACHER  
And what does that mean, "Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."

The Black man, SHELDON, is the only one to raise his hand.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Sheldon?

SHELDON  
It means if we don't believe in ourselves, we'll never achieve what we actually could if we just tried.

The teacher smiles.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - TRACK

In his gym clothes, Sheldon does the long jump. He's great.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - TENNIS COURT - AFTERNOON

Sheldon helps his teacher clean up after school.

INT. SHELDON'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Sheldon drives in his Honda, past students walking home, into a nice community. He pulls up to his house.

INT. SHELDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Sheldon sits at the kitchen table, doing homework. His mom comes in from the side door, carrying groceries.

SHELDON'S MOM

Hi, honey.

SHELDON

Hi, Mom.

SHELDON'S MOM

You doing homework?

SHELDON

Yep.

SHELDON'S MOM

I saw Mrs. Johnson at the market. She said her son's having trouble in school.

SHELDON

With homework or his behavior?

SHELDON'S MOM

His schoolwork. I said you'd stop by this weekend and tutor him.

SHELDON

Aw... Ma. I wish you would have talked to me first.

SHELDON'S MOM

You can go over and help the boy out. He's got no father!

INT. OLD HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Sheldon is sitting at a beat-up table, trying to go over schoolwork with a boy. He's one of the students from Marisol's segment; a flyer for Marisol as president is among his laid-out homework. He isn't paying attention.

SHELDON  
Hey! Are you listening?

The boy shrugs.

SHELDON (CONT'D)  
Yes or no? Use your words.

THE BOY  
I don't understand.

SHELDON  
Well, that's why I'm trying to help you.

THE BOY  
I don't think I'll ever get it. I ain't smart.

SHELDON  
Hey -- don't let me hear you say that! You are smart if you want to be. It's a choice.

The side door slams open. Mrs. Johnson comes in.

MRS. JOHNSON  
Who be leaving they toys all on the front yard?

The boy's sister screams, runs away.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Was it both of you? What are you, ignorant? Someone coulda tripped! I almost did!

The sister screams, runs in circles.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Oh, you think you funny? Actin' all silly 'cause we have someone over?

SHELDON  
We'll pick up the toys, Mrs. Johnson.

EXT. FRONT YARD - LATER

Sheldon and the boy finish placing the last of the items back in the garage. They go out in the yard. Begin to play catch with a baseball. The boy misses each pass.

SHELDON

Have you ever played catch before?

The boy shakes his head, no. And then --

THE BOY

Well, yeah. Once.

They continue throwing the ball.

SHELDON

Let me tell you something. Just in case no one ever has. You've got to succeed, brother. You've got to start paying attention and proving everyone wrong. There's no room to say you're not smart or you can't do something. The world wants you to be less than. They want Black men to go to jail so they can get rid of us and keep the White man in power. We can't let them. You've got to be greater than. You being born the color that you are shouldn't keep you from being a great man one day. There are people who think if everyone is equal, then they're not special anymore. They can only feel good by putting us down. Don't do it to yourself. Be better. Don't accept being inferior. If people underestimate you... and doubt you... prove them wrong. Black kids are going to change the world. But you've got to stay focused. And you've got to make sure you don't fall in with the wrong crowd. And then there's no stopping you. Not even if people wanted to.

He holds the ball. Inquires --

SHELDON (CONT'D)

What do you want to be when you grow up?

THE BOY

I dunno. A rapper?

SHELDON

A rapper? That's good. You can be whatever you want to be. Me? I'm going to be a scientist.

He continues to throw the ball.

THE BOY

Cool.

SHELDON

Yeah. But I've got to study hard. And go to college. And I'm going to.

They continue tossing the ball.

INT. SHELDON'S CAR - EVENING

It's now dusk; the sun is setting. Sheldon is driving home. He thinks about his tutor session. Smiles. He's proud of himself. He's proud of who he's become, where his life is headed. He reaches forward, turns on the radio. POP SONG X is on. He smiles, bops his head to the beat. Finally sings along. A happiness, a laughter in his voice. He is passing along the goodness. He is making a difference.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END.

And then...

A FLASH OF RED AND BLUE STROBES. A bleep of a siren.

We're back in the story.

EXT. SHELDON'S NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Sheldon's been pulled over by the police.

INT. SHELDON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sheldon waits patiently in the driver's seat. He is passive but subtly annoyed.

The cop comes to his window. Sheldon rolls it down. Waits to hear the cop speak. Finally offers --

SHELDON

Is there a problem, Officer?

The officer, a gruff white man, a DEAN NORRIS type, leans in.



POLICEMAN  
How are you tonight?

SHELDON  
Fine. May I ask why you pulled me  
over?

The officer glances over the passenger seat.

POLICEMAN  
Is this your car?

SHELDON  
(mildly sardonic)  
Yeesss.

The officer continues surveying the interior.

POLICEMAN  
What are you doing in this  
neighborhood?

SHELDON  
I live here.

The officer isn't convinced. Continues looking around.

POLICEMAN  
My partner and I tailed you all the  
way from the boondocks.

SHELDON  
I was tutoring a kid.

The cop isn't buying it.

POLICEMAN  
Uh huh.

SHELDON  
I live here. 3027 Corte Portofino.

POLICEMAN  
Step out of the car.

SHELDON  
Look at my license!

He reaches into his pocket, for his wallet --

POLICEMAN  
PUT YOUR HANDS...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

A flash of gunfire. We...

SMASH TO BLACK.

All we hear is the sound of a police scanner. Footsteps. A panicked policeman.

POLICEMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God.

TITLE CARD: "LESS THAN,"

And then... "GREATER THAN,"

And then... "EQUAL TO."

THE END.