

INT. ETHEL EINSTEIN'S SENIOR LIVING APARTMENT -- INTERCUT

ETHEL EINSTEIN (70) a zoffig woman sits at her 50'S FORMICA KITCHEN TABLE with SCISSORS and a pile of freshly cut GROCERY COUPONS. Chair faces window. Two brass CANDLEHOLDERS are centered on the table, a doilie under them.

Across the street is the Farmer's Market. From her window, she can see the clock and watch street activity.

ETHEL

You're not listening to me. I'm the one with hearing aides. My Solly ...

SARA (O.S.)

My God! Half the squad room can hear you.
(modulated)

He's a 38 years old man. We've been married for two years. Let him go. He's fine. And Sol or Solomon hasn't been Solly since junior high and he's MY Sol now.

ETHEL

I will always be his mother and he will always be my Solly.

(under her breath)

Wives can come and go.

Sara turns to Chris and mutters.

SARA (O.S.)

I heard that. And if you had your way, you'd put Solly on his grave stone.

In the background, sofa cushions are in clear plastic covers.

ETHEL

So, what's so wrong with that? And if you had your way....

(beat)

There's a sale on smoked tongue. You know how Solly loves that. You won't buy it, so I'll have to.

SARA (O.S.)

Tongue? That's disgusting.

ETHEL

And the food, when you do cook for him, isn't? It a wonder he hasn't starved to death. The only decent meal he gets is when you let him come to my house. I always have to send him home with a care package.

SARA

And the first thing he does is feed it to the dog.

ETHEL

Even if you could cook, you're never home long enough to make a decent meal, let alone give me grandchildren. It's a good thing he lives close to a deli. Do you *really* put mayonnaise on your corned beef sandwich?

SARA

No. Only on ham and cheese.

INT. POLICE STATION - MID MORNING -SAME TIME

Sara grimaces.

ETHEL (O.S.)

I think I'm gonna to have t'take a bus.

SARA

Look. When my shift ends, if he hasn't come, I'll take you if I have to, MOTHER.
(under breath)
Nothing like bonding.

ETHEL (O.S.)

That would be great and he can go home and tape CSI for me.

SARA

If I hear from him, I'll have him call you.

ETHEL (O.S.)

Better you shouldn't plan his funeral.

Sara sighs and puts the phone down; sinks into her chair and sees Harrison Jeffers, chief of detectives, standing behind her.

JEFFERS

So Princess Kojack, taping CSI again? Why aren't you sucking on a lollipop?

SARA

(stands abruptly)
I didn't have to suck *anything* to become a detective...Sir.

Men in the room SNICKER.

JEFFERS

(to room)

Maybe you'd like to make us all some coffee?
I take cream; two sugars.

SARA

Sir, excuse me, I have a case to work on.
I'm not the one standing around eating
doughnuts while harassing my female
employees.

His face reddens.

JEFFERS

Where's your partner?

Chris sighs; drops his NEWSPAPER behind the desk; raises his hand.

JEFFERS (CONT'D)

Right. You better teach her royal highness
some manners.

(to next desk)

Benson, how many cases you and Ling got?

Benson and his partner, Ling, smile. Behind the captain's back,
Benson makes a face. Jeffers turns toward Benson.

BENSON

At least 15 active, maybe more. Sir!

JEFFERS

Good. The princess can help you.

BENSON

Einstein, I like my coffee French roasted.

Sara flips him off.

JEFFERS (CONT'D)

The Chung case...it's a waste of time.

SARA

Sir, I don't think...

JEFFERS

I agree with your last three words. Leave
the thinking to professionals.

SARA (CONT'D)

But it's my case. Sir.

JEFFERS (CONT'D)

Then come up with something solid by the
end of the week. If things don't improve,
I'll transfer you to parking detail.

He looks to Chris and Benson and shakes his head.

As he walks off, Benson and others around stifled laughter.

BENSON

Can't you take a joke, Princess?

SARA

Yeah, sure. You wearing a badge.

Everyone laughs out loud this time except Benson.

She puts her CASE FILE in her BRIEFCASE and purposely walks out the door.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris catches up with her.

CHRIS

Cool it. Upsetting the Brass is the last thing you want.

SARA

It's not just Jeffers. It's my mother-in-law --

CHRIS

You need some balls with the lady.

SARA

I know matza balls.

CHRIS

Not matza balls, cannon balls.

SARA

You've never tasted my matza balls. Do you ever get so uptight you feel like shooting someone?

CHRIS

Yeah. At least once a week. This time, twice.

SARA (CONT'D)

I can't let go of this case. Life would be much easier if my mother-in-law would cut me some slack.

CHRIS

Don't let her get to you. It takes time for the job and your marriage. Come on. We've got people to talk to.

Sunlight glints on his DIAMOND PINKY RING.

SARA
Is that real?

CHRIS
What do you think?

EXT. POLICE STATION - MID MORNING

Standing beside an unmarked car, Sara puts the key into the door lock. Her cell phone plays HAVA NEGLIA. Chris smiles.

SARA
(into phone)
Someone's in tro...ub...le.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

A frantic Sol calls from his cell as he drives and looks all around.

SOL
Didn't you get my message?

SARA
It's only your mother.

SOL
Not that, I've got to talk to you.

SARA
Call your mother now.

She hangs up.

Hava Nagila plays again. Sara silences the phone as they get in the car. Her phone rings a third time.

CHRIS
He's gotta get a life.

SARA
He's got one - his mother.

Starts the car.

INT. ETHEL EINSTEIN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Ethel stands at her window watching the street. A black sedan is parked across the way. PHONE rings.

ETHEL
Don't knock yourself out, Solomon.
(MORE)

ETHEL (CONT'D)

Maybe you should come next week? I can starve. Who needs food? Or a son for that matter.

SOL (O.S.)

Mom!

ETHEL

Maybe I can call Meals-on-Wheels. They do kosher you know? Better yet, I can stand on the corner with a sign - "Orphaned Mother, I'll work for food."

SOL (O.S.)

Mother. I'll be there in a few minutes.

EXT. STREET -

Sol's familiar TOYOTA CAMARY pulling up.

The car door opens.

INT. ETHEL EINSTEIN'S APARTMENT

She opens her door before he can knock. He walks in past her. Before he can say anything, he pulls her in and closes the door behind him. He looks out the window and to see if he's been followed.

ETHEL

You've forgotten something.

He looks questioningly.

She points to her cheek.

Obediently, he walks over and gives her a perfunctorily kiss.

ETHEL

That's my boy. You should be more like Barbara Neiman's son, the doctor. He doesn't have to be reminded to kiss his mother. So?

SOL

And he still lives at home. We have to leave. Now! Something...

ETHEL (CONT'D)

..came up. You were supposed to be here three hours ago and what's so important you couldn't call.

(MORE)

ETHEL (CONT'D)

If you'd married a normal Jewish girl,
I'd be a grandmother by now. She'd be at
home taking care of you and my grandson.
Then you'd have time to take good care of
me.

SOL

Do we have to do this now?

ETHEL

Fine. We're leaving right now.

She gathers her knit CARRY BAG and pushes him out.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Sol fidgets and looks around nervously.

The two men start to get out of the black car.

SOL

Shit!

ETHEL

What did you say?

SOL

Get into the car now!

He pushes her into the front seat and closes the door. He looks
around nervously at the two men and gets in behind the wheel.

The two men return to their car.

He starts the Camary, pulls into traffic, nearly hitting another
car.

ETHEL

Are you trying to kill me? Do you want to
get rid of me? I know she wants to. She
thinks I control you. You don't think
that, do you? Putting me with the *alta*
cockers is not going to stop me from knowing
what's best for you. When I die, I'll
still come back to take care of you. God
knows. She can't or won't. She won't
even buy your favorite - smoked tongue.

SOL

Not now mother. Put your seat belt on.

INT. SOL'S CAR

ETHEL

So, everything all right at home? I should have grandchildren, by now.

He buckles up. Another glance up the street and through the MIRROR.

She hits his arm.

ETHEL

Where are we going?

SOL

Mother... stop that. We have to find Sara.

ETHEL

Why we? Why her? You have a mouse in your pocket?

SOL

Please Mom... She's my wife. Her name is Sara Theresa Cardoza *Einstein*. Rabbi Blockkoff converted her. She is just as Jewish as you are and she traces her ancestry back to the Inquisition.

ETHEL

Whose side were they on?

She hits his arm again.

SOL

Stop it. I'm driving. Keep that up and you'll kill us both.

ETHEL

Well, at least it got your attention.

EXT. NORTH BOUND CRESCENT HEIGHTS BLVD -- MOMENTS LATER

Sol negotiates around a car making a left turn.

ETHEL

Drive slower, Solly. A heart attack you'll give me.

The BLACK CAR is directly behind them.

SOL

Mom, we have to find to Sara.

ETHEL

Oh her.

(MORE)

ETHEL (CONT'D)

What do we have to see her about that you can't talk to me about? You never talk to your mother anymore.

SOL

Mom! Not now, I'm driving.

ETHEL

Fine.

LAUREL CANYON CORNER GROCERY STORE

A second BLACK CAR moves out into the main flow of traffic.

NEARING MULLHOLLAND INTERSECTION AND LAUREL CANYON

Both black cars are still behind him. He adjusts his mirror. 100 feet before the intersection, one car pulls next to him on his right as they stop for the RED LIGHT. The other stays behind him. He turns his head and sees a gun.

The light turns GREEN. The car on his right swerves out in front of him, blocking his forward motion, forcing him to turn left - against SOUTHBOUND TRAFFIC that narrowly misses his car.

He is now westbound on Mullholland. The two black cars still follow.

INT. SOL'S CAR

He adjusts the mirror, glances at it. Adjusts it again. Swears under his breath and sees his mom looking at him with a scared questioning look.

ETHEL

I'm not ready to join your father yet.

All three cars are SCREECHING around the curves in the road.

ETHEL

Who are you - Evel Knieval?

SOL

Not now, Mom.

ETHEL

Solomon Hyaim Einstein---

SOL

Shut up, Mom..or we'll both join Dad.

He crosses the double line and passes around another car with the two cars in hot pursuit. HORNS HONK. The tires SQUEAL.

He quickly pulls back into the his lane, narrowly missing another on coming car.

ETHEL

You think you could tell me why before--

SOL (CONT'D)

We're not going to die.

He concentrates on the driving but is clearly shaken. He tightly grips the steering wheel.

EXT. CSUN DORMS - PARKING AREA - DAY

Sara and Chris head toward their car as students go to classes.

CHRIS

Don't over think this.

SARA

We need to follow up at the clinics.

CELL PHONE RINGS. Chris flips his open. Listens and looks at Sara.

CHRIS

(listening-repeating)

2 vics - GS, DOA, liquor store, Roscoe and Lankershim. We're on it..

EXT. MULLHOLLAND.

The BLACK car behind RAMS Sol's Toyota.

INT. SOL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sol and Ethel jerk forward in the car and bounce back.

EXT. SOL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sol's car swerves back and forth before he regains control.

The black car accelerates again and hits a second time.

Sol's car crosses the double line into on-coming traffic. Sol fights for control, nearly causing a collision.

Ethel turns as the black sedan pulls along Sol's side, nudging the Camray toward the cliff.

ETHEL

I don't think you car insurance will cover this.

INT. SOL'S CAR

He accelerates pulling ahead. The other car is forced back behind Sol by on coming traffic.

Ethel isn't looking too well. She is mumbling *The Shema*.

SOL

Hold tight.

EXT. MULLHOLLAND

The rear car rams Sol's a third time causing the fender to bend into his rear driver side tire, BLOWING it out.

The car swerves across the road, crashing through a barrier. Sol reaches out to protect his mother.

The car rolls over three or four times.

Sol's car lands upside down. CLOUDS OF WHITE STEAM from the radiator billow up.

Both Sol and Ethel are at odd angles, restrained upside down by their seat belts. Blood flowing down from Sol's head.

At the point where Sol's car went over, the two black cars park. Their doors open.

EXT. ANDRUSKIAN'S LIQUOR MARKET - AFTERNOON

Window with BULLET HOLES in it. EIGHT POLICE CARS are at the scene. RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASH.

UNIFORMS walk the area keeping onlookers behind yellow tape.

Sara walks by, flashes her BADGE. Chris walks by, gives the UNIFORM a high five.

SARA

What do we got?

UNIFORM

Robbery, gone bad.

Points to the BULLET HOLES in the window and SHELL CASINGS on ground.

CHRIS

How many?

UNIFORM

Two. On their way to Mission for autopsy.

SARA
Really? That's fast.

CHRIS
Yeah. Usually we're waiting for them.
Let's check with the techs.

INT. ANDRUSKIAN'S LIQUOR MARKET - CONTINUOUS

BROKEN GLASS everywhere from BROKEN BOTTLES. MAGAZINES have been thrown to the floor. The glass case is CRACKED; the whole place looks trashed. Techs walk around photographing and gathering evidence.

CHRIS
Looks like someone threw quite a party.

SARA
Anything taken?

UNIFORM #2
\$63 dollars in the register. Still there.
Wife's on her way.

Chris studies the BLOOD SPLATTER. He motions to Sara.

CHRIS
Here's where the vic was standing.... ..the bullet...

She watches Chris's actions as he walks around looking.

SARA
Any witnesses?

UNIFORM #2
Not so far. Still canvassing.

SARA
Where was the other vic?

UNIFORM #2
Back room. Center tapped.

CHRIS
I'll bet Mr. Andruskian was doing more than selling magazines and beer.

Uniform shrugs.

Sara nods. She bends down. With LATEX GLOVES, she goes through pieces of BROKEN GLASS and notes a TIME magazine. She nods to the tech who brings over a paper BAG.

SARA
Bag, tag and print.

CHRIS
Why?

SARA
Aren't you the one that trained me to be
thorough?