

EXT. HOUSE ON 18TH AVENUE - DAY

LOREN sits in the passenger seat of a Mercedes, leans forward, looks out driver's side window toward house. JULIO ANTONIO walks toward car. He enters driver's side and slams door.

LOREN

What happened in there? Why do you look so pissed?

JULIO ANTONIO

Something just wasn't right.

Julio Antonio pulls the car out of the driveway, makes a right turn. A WHITE CAR slides to a stop in front of him at that moment. He swerves to avoid it.

LOREN

Watch out!

JULIO ANTONIO

Crazy idiot!

Another CAR swerves in front of Julio Antonio. He swerves and avoids it. He watches in his rear view mirror as he speeds off.

LOREN

Why the hell is everyone driving so crazy?

JULIO ANTONIO

Shit. Look.

Loren glances at rear view mirror, sees blue and red lights, then winces. The sirens start.

JULIO ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Please keep your mouth shut.

LOREN

What's going on?

JULIO ANTONIO

We will find out.

Julio Antonio scans the area, accelerates. The chase is on. He drives a short distance to an auto parts store. Just as he reaches it, he cuts the corner into the parking lot too fast and his car flips and sails through the air. The car slams down right side up. All the windows and the windshield break into projectiles that fill the air.

The tires explode, and the engine block is dislodged, which knocks the hood wide open. Julio Antonio and Loren are bloody. Just as Julio Antonio tries to take off his seat belt, the two cars that almost hit him earlier pull in, along with two MORE CARS, and sixteen AGENTS who surround Julio Antonio's car. The agents get out with their weapons drawn.

LOREN

What do they want?

Julio Antonio signals to her to be quiet. PAT MCCAIN, tall, built like a line-backer, is on the driver's side of the car, draws his weapon. DANIEL ESQUIVEL, is on the other side of the car, draws his weapon.

PAT MCCAIN

Special Agent Pat McCain of the Secret Service! Get out of your car and put your hands behind your neck!

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

Come on, you mother fuckers! Get out of the car right now!

Julio Antonio looks around. He whispers to Loren-

JULIO ANTONIO

What the hell? Don't do anything to provoke these people. They seem to be trigger happy.

Julio Antonio and Loren raise their hands and open the doors to get out, but are yanked out by agents. Two agents grab Julio Antonio's arms, one grabs his neck and bends him across the roof of the car. His face slams into roof and chips his tooth and splits his lip. They handcuff him. The same thing happens to Loren on the other side of the car, but there is no split lip.

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

Finally! We got the big fish!

Daniel walks toward his patrol car. Pat initiates a search of Julio Antonio, who is still face down across the roof of the car. Begins with his rear pocket, fishes out a roll of bills, holds them up.

PAT MCCAIN

Bingo!

JULIO ANTONIO'S POV

Julio Antonio, still face down on the car, strains to turn his head and see what is going on, but is held in place by Pat McCain. He scans the SEA OF AGENTS and notices Daniel Esquivel, who walks toward Julio's car with a stuffed grocery bag. The agent places the bag on the back seat of Julio's car, leaves the car door ajar.

JULIO ANTONIO

You son of a bitch! That is not mine!

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

It is now, pal.

Daniel smirks, slams car door shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECRET SERVICE HQS SANTA ANA - DAY

We establish the outside of the building before we see Pat McCain's car circle around to the back and Julio Antonio yanked out of the car by other agents who drag him into the building.

INT. SECRET SERVICE HQS SANTA ANA - DAY

Agents toss Julio Antonio into a chair reminiscent of the grade school chair desk combination, in hand cuffs, blood oozes from facial wounds, his skin is bruised and his clothes are blood soaked. The door to the room is open and he makes eye contact with Loren in the next room, who cries and is also handcuffed to a regular chair. A muffled confusion is heard in the room with her. Daniel hovers over Julio Antonio, kicks his chair.

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

You're going to be in prison until you're in your eighties. You'll be in a wheel chair before you get out!

Daniel kicks Julio Antonio's chair again. Julio Antonio glares at him, then smiles.

JULIO ANTONIO

I'll be out of here before you know it, you abusive son of a bitch!

Daniel grabs Julio Antonio's throat.

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

Shut up or I am going to kick your ass,  
mother fucker!

With his free hand, removes handcuff keys from his pocket. He dangles them in front of Julio Antonio's face.

JULIO ANTONIO

Let me out of these handcuffs and I will  
show you what an ass kicking is.

Daniel leans in, presses his nose to Julio Antonio's. Sweat and blood drip from Julio Antonio's face.

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

Let's see what you've got.

Loren screams from the other room. Julio Antonio averts his eyes to her direction. Pat saunters into room from where Loren is. He drops into a chair next to Julio Antonio.

JULIO ANTONIO

She has nothing to do with this.

Daniel suddenly stands upright, walks in Loren's direction, slams door shut behind him.

LOREN (O.S.)

Don't touch me you piece of shit!

PAT MCCAIN

You have the power to stop all of this.  
Tell me who you work for, and where this  
money came from, amigo.

JULIO ANTONIO

The money you planted in my car? I've  
done nothing wrong, believe it, or don't.

Pat stands, then takes a step back, slaps Julio Antonio hard across the face. He then kneels beside Julio Antonio.

PAT MCCAIN

Jacobo, remember him? He has told us  
most of what we need to know. How do you  
think we knew you'd be at his house  
today?

Pat spits on the floor, gets to his feet. Julio Antonio watches him for a brief moment, then hangs his head as Loren screams again.

JULIO ANTONIO

First, tell that son of a bitch to stop antagonizing Loren. Next, bring your boss here.

PAT MCCAIN

And then?

JULIO ANTONIO

And then, I will need to talk to whomever can grant immunity to Loren. After that I will take you to the place I have as much as forty million sitting.

Pat stares at Julio Antonio. He spits again. He doesn't turn his back as he yells into the next room.

PAT MCCAIN

Guys! Get in here!

Pat drags a chair so he can face Julio Antonio. He plops down, leans back.

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

What's up?

PAT MCCAIN

Amigo, tell them what you just told me.

JULIO ANTONIO

Let her go and I'll tell you where the rest of the money is, all forty million dollars or so.

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

Bullshit! This asshole is playing with us!

JULIO ANTONIO

Do you really want to blow this opportunity? It could be the biggest seizure of counterfeit money this country has ever seen.

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

Why should we negotiate with you? All we have to do is get a warrant.

JULIO ANTONIO

And search where? You think I keep this money at my house? In my office? Think again.

Daniel and Pat shoot each other a look.

PAT MCCAIN

Can you tell us everything we need to know?

JULIO ANTONIO

Get her some food, and I'll tell you what you need to know. And a tea. Get me a nice hot cup of tea, please.

Pat laughs aloud.

PAT MCCAIN

Yeah, ok. I think we can do that. Give me a second to call this up the chain. Esquivel, handle their catering order.

Pat hops up from his seat, looks at Julio Antonio, chuckles, then leaves the room.

JULIO ANTONIO

Please, just get Loren something to eat. She hasn't had anything all day.

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

I thought I'd get you your tea first, seeing how I'm already here. We have a coffee pot right over there.

Walks over to kitchenette behind Julio Antonio. Dumps out coffee from pot. Rinses. Refills and puts water through coffee maker. As water boils, he methodically takes a cup out of the cupboard and walks it to Julio Antonio. He slams it down on the desk of Julio's chair.

DANIEL ESQUIVEL (CONT'D)

Do you want honey or sugar in your tea?

Daniel retrieves the pot full of hot water and begins to fill the cup until it overflows. He then pushes the cup with the pot, spills hot water all over Julio Antonio's groin. Julio Antonio screams.

JULIO ANTONIO

You burned my balls, mother fucker!

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

Oops! I'm sorry.

Pat bursts into room.

PAT MCCAIN

What happened?

DANIEL ESQUIVEL

It was an accident, man. Wasn't it, my friend?

JULIO ANTONIO

Bullshit! Keep this psychopath away from me or I'm not showing you where the money is.

PAT MCCAIN

Move his cuffs to the front. Take him to the bathroom so he can check himself out.

An AGENT repositions the handcuffs.

JULIO ANTONIO

He made boiled eggs out of my balls!

PAT MCCAIN

You want me to call a doctor? That might delay your little princess getting home.

Julio Antonio stares at the floor, then looks up.

JULIO ANTONIO

Can I just call my parents? They're elderly and they will be worried. I'm already ten hours late to dinner.

PAT MCCAIN

Yeah, sure.

JULIO ANTONIO

And my attorney?

PAT MCCAIN

Yeah, sure.

Points to phone on table. Julio moves toward it, sits at table, rubs his bloody head wounds. Begins to dial a number, then looks back at Pat.

JULIO ANTONIO

Is your boss on the way?

PAT MCCAIN

Yes, along with the District Attorney. They've agreed to work with you.

Julio Antonio nods his head, dials number.

JULIO ANTONIO

(into the phone)

Dad?

(MORE)

JULIO ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry to wake you up this late, but  
 I've been arrested for manufacturing  
 counterfeit money.

JULIO'S DAD (ON THE PHONE)  
 Is that true?

JULIO ANTONIO  
 (into the phone)  
 I will explain later. Listen to me very  
 carefully. Are you awake?

JULIO'S DAD (ON THE PHONE)  
 Yes. Go ahead.

JULIO ANTONIO  
 (into the phone)  
 I want all my friends to know what  
 happened today. I have been interrogated  
 by the Secret Service for several hours.

JULIO'S DAD (ON THE PHONE)  
 You want me to tell all of your friends?

JULIO ANTONIO  
 (into the phone)  
 Yes. All of them. Tell them not to  
 worry, but to stay at your house until I  
 contact them.

An agent enters, nods to Pat. Pat looks at Julio Antonio  
 and signals for him to wrap up his call.

JULIO ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 I'm sorry, Dad. I have to go. Just tell  
 everyone not to worry and to stay close.

PAT MCCAIN  
 My boss, Albert is here. He wants to  
 talk to you.

JULIO ANTONIO  
 I didn't even get to call my lawyer yet.

PAT MCCAIN  
 I'll call him for you. Don't worry.

JULIO ANTONIO  
 Ok. Let's deal.

DISSOLVE TO:



EXT. DEL MARMOL HOUSE - 3 AM

Pat McCain, another AGENT and Julio Antonio sit in the driveway. The house comes into view through the windshield of the Secret Service agent's car. Pat McCain turns from the front seat to address Julio Antonio in the back.

PAT MCCAIN

Who's house is this?

JULIO ANTONIO

Technically, it's not mine. All you need to know is the money I promised is there.

Pat McCain hops out of the car, walks toward the front of the house. Other agents carry crow bars and tools as they make their way to the front door. We see them enter the house one by one, the way they learned in training. Julio Antonio watches from the back seat, through the car window, beads of blood and sweat trickle down his face. AGENTS can be heard yelling "Clear," etc.

PAT MCCAIN

Open the garage door!

An agent opens the garage door, Pat steps inside. A red DeLorean and black Mercedes sedan are parked inside. Julio Antonio presses his face against the car window to get a better look. He smirks.

PAT MCCAIN (CONT'D)

Get a team in here to move these cars out of the way!

Pat walks over to Julio Antonio, opens his car door.

PAT MCCAIN (CONT'D)

I need the keys to the cars.

JULIO ANTONIO

I have no idea where they are.

The two men stare at each other for a moment before Pat slams the door shut again, and walks back toward the garage.

PAT MCCAIN

Break the windows out, put 'em in neutral, and push them out of the way. Try not to scratch the paint.

Pat looks back at Julio Antonio. Julio Antonio presses his face against the glass and just as the fog begins to form on the glass, the window of the DeLorean smashes, then the Mercedes. We hear grunts as the agents push the cars down the driveway.

THROUGH A SERIES OF  
DISSOLVES:

--Julio Antonio sees through the open front door agents as they toss the house. He sees into the garage as agents comb every inch of a handyman's workshop. His attention shifts and stays with a closet door that an agent finally pries open--

AGENT

What's behind door number ten, ladies and gents?

AGENT reaches in and grabs one of many boxes that fill the entire space of the closet. He opens up the box, smiles. He takes the box over to Pat who stands with one foot in the garage and one foot out, as he smokes. He extinguishes his cigarette and takes the box. He opens it. He sees crisp, new cash.

PAT MCCAIN

Ho-ly shit! There's more of these in there?

AGENT

Yes, too many too count. At least a hundred, maybe more.

Pat walks toward Julio Antonio with the box.

PAT MCCAIN

I knew you were telling the truth, but I have one more question.

Julio Antonio continues to look straight ahead.

PAT MCCAIN (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

**SNAP TO BLACK**

**TITLE:**

**The Zipper**

