

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Screenplay by

Les Carpenter and Sean Gates

Les Carpenter: spitenz@aol.com
407.492.4298
Sean Gates: srgates@va.metrocast.net
540.419.8369

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, TENNESSEE - MORNING

Late winter. The world is still asleep for the season, stark and grey in the cold, distant sun.

A view from above, two sets of railroad tracks crossing a country road. A railroad sign saying "DOUBLE TRACK CROSSING," the X graffiti'd over and the word "TRACK" obscured by the silver divot left by shotgun blasts. A blue '72 Chevy Nova with orange flames stenciled in a V across the hood and trailing down the fenders and doors, easing over the crossing.

The Nova crossing the valley floor, revealing the mountain in background.

Title: LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

The Nova wending its way along the mountain road.

INT. THE NOVA - CONTINUOUS

Three passengers, two dudebros in front, both mid-20's and a girl in back, early 20's. The driver, CALEB, an upper-middle class spunktrumpet with an affected tough-guy persona, a plain-black beanie pulled low on his head. Leather jacket and sunglasses. Riding shotgun is his friend GARRETT, bearded, working-class, fleece-lined flannel, t-shirt with a pot leaf, and sherpa hat.

In the backseat, ABBIE in braids and a crocheted slouchy hat, an upper-class girl careening wildly towards trash.

Caleb keeps taking his eyes off the road to talk to Garrett, hands off the wheel gesticulating while he talks. The mountain road is narrow and winding and Abbie in the backseat looks nervous as hell.

ABBIE

LOOK OUT! Caleb, you need to pay attention! You got precious cargo, here.

CALEB

(glares in rearview)
Calm your tits. This ain't a production of Taming of the Shoe.

Abbie leaning forward between the front seats.

ABBIE

Shrew, Caleb. Taming of the SHREW.

GARRETT
 Fucking theater majors, man.
 Always so... dramatic. (a beat)
 I've seen better acting on PornHub.

Abbie sits back in her seat, putting some distance between them.

CALEB
 What's so great about fuckin'
 Shakespeare anyway? Shit's
 straight gibberish.

ABBIE
 Well, I enjoy it. Most of the
 world enjoys it.

CALEB
 Most of the world couldn't find
 it's ass with it's... ass...

ABBIE
 Maybe it's just too complex for you
 guys.

CALEB
 Bitch you think making a sandwich
 is complex.

ABBIE
 (snorts)
 Whatever.

EXT. TOP OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, ROADSIDE NEAR MANSION - DAY

Looking up at the big antebellum home as the car slowly drives past. Stately red brick with columns, hipped roof with twin gable-fronted dormers and tall chimneys.

CALEB
 And welcome to the fucking Globe
 Theatre. Butler home or anything?

ABBIE
 They're all in Boca Raton.
 Everything's closed up tight for
 the winter.

Car pulls over maybe 500 yards beyond the mansion, rolling to a gentle stop. Caleb and Garrett get out and both close their doors, leaving Abbie to extricate herself.

Caleb pops the hood and Garrett roots around in the trunk, coming out with a toolbox and an old welcome mat he tosses over the fender to protect it as they make a show of monkeying around in the still-ticking engine compartment.

Abbie finally getting the door open and stumbling out; as she shuts the door we can see she is heavily pregnant.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Thanks guys. And they say chivalry is dead.

GARRETT

Chicks and fucking horses, man.

Abbie looking at Garrett as if he's said something as stupid as he has in fact just said.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Why's this loopy bitch even here? Fucking nine months pregnant, she can barely walk, I'm surprised the fucking engine didn't give out halfway up here, I mean look at the size of her--

Abbie bending over retching, clutching her swollen belly. Something green or yellow dribbling into the grass.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Aw fucksakes...what's it coming out now?

CALEB

They don't come out that end, genius. We need her to get past the security system, okay? And she knows the floorplan, all the ins and outs.

GARRETT

SOMEbody gave her the ins and outs.

CALEB

Hey don't look at me, I wore my fucking raincoat man. It ain't mine, and I didn't tell her to keep the fucking thing.

ABBIE

(straightening up, wobbly)
I'm pregnant not deaf, assholes.
And you were the only one.

CALEB

I wore my fucking raincoat.

ABBIE

Yeah well your raincoat sprung a leak. Maybe you shouldn't trust something you got out of a gas station men's room.

GARRETT

I got to listen to this shit again...

CALEB

So carry your sorry ass across the street and make sure the gardener's not back there screwing the actual pooch, wouldja?

GARRETT

You wants pics if he is?

CALEB

You know it.

Garrett stepping on an empty Campbell's pea soup can as he walks off, looks down, regards it, rolls it under his foot, then kicks it into the street. As he walks back down the street he kicks it again, then crosses and heads up to the porch, knocking on the door and ringing the bell, cupping his hands between his face and the sidelights, looking for movement inside. Satisfied nobody's coming, he heads around the left side of the mansion, to the back, looking for any signs of habitation.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Abigail. I know you're nervous, all right? So your folks cut you out. When we pull this off--

ABBIE

If.

CALEB

When we pull this off, you and your kid can go wherever you want. Start your acting career. Hollywood, Broadway. Fucking Medieval Times. You don't need those fucking stiffs. You could be the next--

(Trying to think of somebody popular)

Caleb's phone buzzes. Pulling it out of his pocket, it's a text from Garrett with a .gif of Shaggy sodomizing Scooby. The message with it says "all clear, dickface."

ABBIE

Tell me it wasn't a dick pic.

Caleb shows her the phone.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Eww. What is wrong with that guy?

CALEB

Drugs. Lots and lots of drugs.

He puts the phone away and they walk across the street, down the driveway and towards the back of the house.

EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, MANSION DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

CALEB

Be easier if you could just unlock the door.

ABBIE

Been easier if you'd been taking my calls the last nine months.

CALEB

I came and saw your play, didn't I? We had fun. You give me a line on a job and spring a baby on me, too? I never said I wanted to marry you.

ABBIE

I never wanted to be a one-night stand.

CALEB

What'd the old man say when he saw you all knocked up and shit?

ABBIE

I don't want to talk about it. If I get my key back is pretty much riding on my grades.

CALEB

Well, you and the kid are gonna be set after today. Don't worry. Your buyer's coming today, right?

ABBIE

Yeah, I doctored dad's letter to the Antebellum Society. He'll be here .

As they're following the driveway, she stops and lays a hand on her belly. Caleb stops and looks at her.

CALEB

You okay?

ABBIE

The baby's kicking! Here, feel--

She takes Caleb's hand and tries to place it on her belly, but he jerks the hand away.

CALEB

Fuck no. It's your body, right? Your problem.

Coming up to the back door. Garrett waiting, looking at Facebook on his phone.

EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, MANSION BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

GARRETT

Oh, hey. Took you long enough, what'd you put another one in her?

ABBIE

You're such an asshole.

GARRETT

HE's an asshole. I'm more of a dick, really. Know your anatomy.

He puts away his phone and produces a short prybar from inside his jacket, busts open the lock on the basement door.

INT. MANSION, BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

An insistent beeping starts, Abbie rushing up the steps to the white keypad in the hall. Flips the panel down, enters the passcode. The beeping stops just before the alarm goes ballistic. You can hear the sharp blast of the siren just before it cuts off.

As the guys come up the stairs, the faint tinkling of a piano can be heard from above them. There in the parlor, Abbie standing at the piano, half-heartedly plinking away at Clair de Lune.

Caleb and Garrett in the hallway, coming from the cellar door, toward the sound of the piano.

INT. MANSION, PARLOR - DAY, NINE MONTHS AGO [FLASHBACK]

A noticeably not-pregnant Abbie, sitting at the same piano in her prissy rich girl clothes, playing beautifully. Caleb in a coverall, wheeling a carpet steamer through on his way to the next room. Notices her and stops to put his bid in.

CALEB
Mmm, beautiful.

ABBIE
It's Debussy.

CALEB
What?

ABBIE
The music. Clair de Lune.
Debussy.

CALEB
Never heard of her.

ABBIE
It's not a... but you said...
Who even are you?

Caleb looks at the steamer, at the coverall.

CALEB
Obviously I'm here to mow the lawn.

ABBIE
It's outside.

CALEB
Well shit, then what did I just do
in the library?

She finally takes a serious look at him, smiles. Caleb looking around the room at all the expensive stuff.

ABBIE
Casing the joint?

CALEB
Something like that.

ABBIE
Find anything you want?

Gives her the up and down.

CALEB
Oh, yeah.

ABBIE
(blushing)
Is there anything you'd care to
hear?

CALEB
What, on the piano?

ABBIE
(slides her hands across
the keys)
Am I playing bongos?

CALEB
Do you know Bohemian Rhapsody?

Abbie goes right into the piano part from Bohemian Rhapsody, sort of in the style of the Live Aid performance. Trails off without singing any of it.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Hey that was actually pretty good.
Why'd you stop?

ABBIE
I'm not much of a singer. I'm a
theater major, actually.

Caleb seems to shut down a bit, his attention returning to the objects around the room.

CALEB
Nice to have money I guess. Some
of us got to work.

ABBIE
Hey, I'm working. I'm playing
Portia in Merchant of Venice.
Y'know, Shakespeare. I can get you
in if you want to come.

Caleb's full attention comes back to her. Touches her hair.

CALEB
(suggestively)
I'm not really about Shakespeare,
but I do want to get in and I do
want to come.

Abbie turns bright red. Caleb grins.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Hey, I gotta look out for my own needs, right?

Abbie's mom breezes into the room.

MOTHER
Abigail, why aren't you playing? And you. I don't know who you think you are but you do not touch her. And you, missy, certainly do not fraternize with the hired help.

Garrett appears in the doorway.

GARRETT
Sorry ma'am. He heard you needed a douche and signed up.

MOTHER
...And you are both dismissed.
GET. OUT.

INT. MANSION, KITCHEN - THE PRESENT

Abbie in the kitchen getting a bottle of water.

GARRETT
Your mom ever get that condition of hers taken care of?

ABBIE
No but she's still my mom, so shut up, okay?

CALEB
She's not here to fire us this time.

GARRETT
What are we looking for?

CALEB
The house was built before the Civil War. You ever hear about that lost Confederate gold? It's here. Or that's what Abbie says, anyway.

GARRETT

Wait, you're saying there's
treasure in this house?

CALEB

Why not? Look around this place,
you can believe just about
anything.

GARRETT

Fairy tales.

ABBIE

Oh it's real. My parents were
doing some renovations and they
found a gold bar wrapped up in an
old wedding dress, hidden in the
brickwork in one of the fireplaces.

GARRETT

Holy shit.

ABBIE

That's what father said. One of
these bars is worth about a million
and a half. He fired the
contractors on the spot. They've
been arguing about it ever since.

GARRETT

Your mom? Disagreeable? She
seemed so sweet to me...

ABBIE

Yeah, well. They may not be
together much longer. Father
doesn't want to share the money
with her or have it taxed all to
hell, so he's stashed it away
somewhere in the house.

Garrett examining a few items on a shelf, selecting a small
keepsake box and dropping it into his jacket pocket.

CALEB

You gonna set up a fuckin flea
market? Why you wasting your time
with that knickknack shit? There's
gold to be found here.

ABBIE

That's my mom's prayer box.

GARRETT
What's in it?

ABBIE
Prayers.

GARRETT
No way.

He opens it up, and there are little scraps of paper with things like "Abigail" and "world peace" written on them.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Well. What a cunt.

Puts it back on the shelf.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
So where's it, like under the mattress?

CALEB
Well let's get looking, huh?

ABBIE
My back's killing me. Try not to break anything, okay? Some of this stuff isn't replaceable.

Abbie sitting in the parlor.

GARRETT
So what's a bunch of lost treasure doing in this fucking haunted house anyway?

ABBIE
Ever hear of General Beauregard?

GARRETT
Didn't that chicken used to talk about him?

ABBIE
(perplexed)
I don't...anyway, he was assigned to protect a shipment of confederate gold and it mysteriously went missing after he took it out of the bank down in Columbus, Georgia.

Caleb moving pictures on the walls, looking for a safe. Garrett looking under sofas, a lot of stupid places, eventually going through the pantry. Garrett drinking milk out of the carton. Among the boxes and cans in the pantry are some familiar-looking cans of Campbell's pea soup.

ABBIE (V.O.)

When we moved in here we heard legends, but you hear a lot of stuff like that and we didn't believe it.

CALEB

You saw the gold, right?

ABBIE (V.O.)

Yeah, there's no question it's here, we just have to figure out where Father put it. The legend is after he seized the gold, one of Beaugard's men stole it and deserted in the dead of night. He couldn't carry all of it, and ended up with just one bar. He must've hidden the rest somewhere along the way, but nobody knows where.

The guys still searching. Garrett drinking wine out of the bottle, spits it out in a potted plant.

ABBIE (V.O.)

The soldier walked the countryside all the way to Lookout Mountain. They say he worked as a stable boy here and hid the gold, waiting until things settled down. But he fell in love with the landowner's daughter and tarried here, until the army arrived.

Garrett has reappeared, rummaging through a desk, and shoots a meaningful look at Caleb.

GARRETT

His dick got him in trouble.
Classic.

Abbie ignores him, massaging her lower back.

ABBIE

God when this baby gets the hell off my bladder it'll be such a relief.

(MORE)

ABBIE (CONT'D)

So this young man was here for months leading up to the battle of Lookout Mountain. The confederate general Braxton Bragg set up a headquarters in the house, and I guess somebody recognized the private hiding out in the stables. He told them he was robbed, and the gold was never recovered.

CALEB

He should've run away when he had the chance.

ABBIE

Probably. They shot him to death out behind the stables. They say the girl grieved the rest of her life, and never married. Beautiful and tragic, don't you think?

CALEB

I don't care if Bob Lee's horse shat it out in the swamp. Gold's gold.

GARRETT

So that's the story, huh? Some dude thinking he's slick 'til he caught a bullet and got his head sawed off by a quack doctor.

CALEB

What are you even talking about?

GARRETT

Whatever man, I don't know what the shit they did back in the 1970's. I'm just saying, what if they buried it with the guy?

ABBIE

He wasn't buried. He was cremated, the girl paid for it and saved his ashes.

The camera moving past them, zooming in on an urn on the mantel.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

You know, I think that's the urn up... on the... mantel...

The two guys follow her gaze to the urn as the camera pushes past them.

CALEB
Holy shit.

Caleb and Garrett rushing to the mantel, briefly fumbling with the urn. It's heavy and they drop it... it dumps out in the fireplace and a gold bar comes out with the ashes.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Oh fuck, man. We found it.

GARRETT
You dumped his ashes!

Caleb smacks him across the back of the head.

CALEB
Who gives a good hard fuck? We're rich, man, we're fucking rich!

GARRETT
I mean that dude's ghost might.

ABBIE
Is that really important to you?

GARRETT
Well not to ME personally, but...

Somewhere above them, a toilet flushes. All three look in the direction of upstairs. Footsteps creaking across the floor above.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Oh fuck, the ghost is pissed!!!

CALEB
You think a ghost took a shit in the upstairs bathroom? Who the fuck is home, Abbie?

ABBIE
I don't know, really. Maybe somebody broke in.

GARRETT
That was us, WE broke in.

ABBIE
I meant somebody else, you FUCKING KNUCKLEDRAGGER.

Whoa.
GARRETT

Savage.
CALEB

ABBIE
Sorry, pregnant hormones, can we
focus on the upstairs problem here?

Caleb snatching the gold bar away from Garrett, jamming it under a couch cushion. The man who comes downstairs is not old, but not as young as the other three. He's dressed well, jeans and a blazer over a pink oxford, brown ankle boots. Nice watch -- because he's the guy who still wears watches. Glasses, perfectly coiffed hair. Black duffel bag full of money. STEVEN D'ADDARIO.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Professor D'addario?

INT. STEVEN D'ADDARIO'S OFFICE, UNIVERSITY, DAY [FLASHBACK]

The office is full of books and scripts, the walls, where they aren't shelved, hung with posters for plays -- Anything Goes, On The Town. D'addario has his feet up on his desk, a cup of coffee in his hand, reading a book. Abbie standing in the doorway.

STEVEN
Come in, Abigail. Sit down.

Taking a seat across the desk from him is a visibly not-pregnant Abbie.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
So I want to be clear on this.
"Merchant" got lousy reviews. We
lost money. Also your father's
donation was smaller than I
expected.

ABBIE
Okay.

STEVEN
I need to make a change. What I'm
getting at is... look, it's not
personal, but I've decided to offer
the role to Deana.

ABBIE
Really?

D'addario takes his feet off his desk, sits up.

STEVEN

It's true she's not quite as pretty as you, but she's the better actress, and makeup is still a thing that exists.

ABBIE

I know I'm good enough, professor. What's this really about?

D'addario stands up, sets the coffee cup on his desk.

STEVEN

I'm just telling it like it is.
 (takes off his glasses)
 I must be honest with you. I've bigger ambitions than baby-sitting college kids playing dress-up. I simply can't afford for this production to fail. We do need some extra help in the wardrobe department and I think your skills are better suited to that task.

Comes around the desk, hands on her shoulders, smells her hair.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I mean, it may be that you have Eliza Doolittle in you, but it's going to take some work. If you're, ah, willing to do that work, then I'm certain I could be convinced.

He leans down closer to her.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I mean, I've got to look out for my own needs here.

Abbie's eyes change as she's triggered by the line.

INT. MANSION, HALLWAY, THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS - THE PRESENT

STEVEN

Hello Abigail. I heard the piano and--

CALEB

You know this prick?

ABBIE
From school, yes Caleb.

STEVEN
I received the letter from your
father, and--

ABBIE
He's here to buy the gold.

CALEB
You're the money.

STEVEN
I'm the money.

CALEB
Sure as fuck not the chauffeur,
where's your car?

STEVEN
My Uber dropped me off about an
hour ago.

Pulls a folded piece of paper out of his shirt-pocket, holds
it between the two middle fingers of his right hand.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I found your father's note along
with the key. I own I should have
waited down here, but I couldn't
help exploring this grand old home.
Nice Disney Princess motif, by the
way.

Abbie's face somewhere between embarrassed and creeped-out.

GARRETT
Wait, yo, hang on. I know I'm not
exactly a genius or nothing, but
what the fuck's Niles Crane here
want with a gold bar?

CALEB
Yeah, what about it, doc?

STEVEN
It's, it's professor. Not, ah, not
doctor. I have a masters. I also
have one-hundred and fifty thousand
dollars, if you ever produce
anything interesting.

Offers a brief glimpse of bands of 20's inside the bag.

CALEB

A hundred and fifty large? It's worth ten times that. What kinda bullshit is this?

STEVEN

Love and the Cannonade.

GARRETT

We don't give a shit if you're thirsty.

ABBIE

It's his play. "Love and the Cannonade." It's about two Confederate artillerymen who fall in love.

GARRETT

What, with each other?

STEVEN

And what's wrong with that, my dear fellow?

CALEB

Guess there's no role for you in this sausage-fest, right Abs?

STEVEN

She's got potential but she squanders it with her poor life-choices.

GARRETT

I dunno, I think she could play a dude.

ABBIE

At least one of us can.

GARRETT

Oh did I say play? I meant ride. RIDE a dude.

Abbie backs out of the conversation as Caleb and Garrett are laughing at her. Steven looks sort of apathetic towards her as she goes.

STEVEN

So are we talking or am I walking?
I've got the money.
(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You need my connections from the Society. You can't just take something like Confederate gold to the bank.

CALEB

You're lowballing me, bro.

STEVEN

It's absolutely all I've got. I'll have cleaned out the entire budget for the spring play. You each get fifty grand, that's more than you've got now, I'll wager. I can offload the gold, and open "Cannonade" on Broadway. We all get what we want.

ABBIE

It IS better than nothing.

STEVEN

Have we a deal, then?

CALEB

No we don't have a fucking deal! You're trying to steal my fucking gold!

Steven, with an air of boredom, takes out his telephone.

STEVEN

I'm not yet convinced it even exists. I'll waste no more of my time.

Garrett leaves the room to retrieve the urn.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Yeah I'm ready to go, you can come get me.

(to Abbie)

Your father's key.

Steven fishes in his pocket and holds out a key, phone still in the other hand.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(phone)

Yes, as quickly as possible, please.

Garrett comes back in with the urn and whangs it across Steven's head. He goes sprawling.

CALEB
Holy shit, is he dead?

Abbie checks to make sure D'addario's okay.

ABBIE
No, but he's out cold.

CALEB
Let's just grab the gold and get
the fuck outta here.

INT. MANSION, PARLOR - DAY

Caleb fumbling around under the couch cushions, flinging them aside, the gold bar is gone.

CALEB
It was right here, what the hell?
What'd you do with it, Garrett?

GARRETT
Man I didn't do shit, I swear. The
fucking ghost got it.

CALEB
There's no fucking ghost you
goddamn lunatic, it was just an
upstairs pussy and you brained him,
okay?

GARRETT
Then where the fuck is the gold,
genius? Huh?

CALEB
That's what I'm asking you, you
klepto fucking sonofabitch.

GARRETT
Kiss my ass, you arrogant shitlick!

Camera panning over the prone, moaning form of Steven, a 911 operator's voice from the phone clutched in his hand.

ABBIE
Guys, we don't have time, he called
the cops. Let's just get the money
and go!

Caleb grabbing Garrett's jacket, patting him down.

GARRETT
Get the fuck off me, bro!

CALEB
Where the fuck is that bar,
motherfucker?

GARRETT
I put it up my ass, what do you
think? What can I POSSIBLY have
done with it?

Caleb jumps at Garrett, tackles him to the ground.

ABBIE
Um, guys...

In the distance, the sound of approaching sirens. The two men wrestling on the floor don't notice them, or don't react.

GARRETT
Get off me you fucking homo!

CALEB
I'm not the one obsessed with
dicks, bro.

GARRETT
Fuck you!

ABBIE
...guys! GUYS!!! A little help
here?

The two stop arguing long enough to look at Abbie. There's a puddle between her feet and she's clutching her belly. The sirens are louder now.

GARRETT
Now lookit, you made her piss on
the rug.

ABBIE
My water broke!

Garrett and Caleb looking at her, confused.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
IT MEANS THE BABY'S COMING.

Caleb gets to his feet, Garrett sits up.

CALEB
So are the fucking cops, let's go!

GARRETT
This ain't over, Caleb.

Caleb grabs Abbie's arm, rushing her out to the car. Garrett picks up the black bag and rushes out the door, stops short on the porch, opening the bag.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
It's fucking empty! Where's the money?

EXT. TOP OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, ROAD - DAY

CALEB
Man, never bring a bitch to a B&E!

ABBIE
You did this to me!!

CALEB
This is a fucking disaster!

GARRETT
Where's the fucking money, Caleb?!

CALEB
Professor dickless can take the fall for this shit.

ABBIE
Please, just get me to the hospital at the bottom of the mountain.

Sirens growing louder, Caleb jumping in the driver seat of the Nova, Abbie taking shotgun, Garrett flailing at the door, realizing he can't get in.

GARRETT
Hey, wait, I'm--

The car peels out, the doors still closing, the police cars approaching from the other direction.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
CALEB GODDAMMIT!!!

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, TENNESSEE - DAY

ABBIE

I've got to get to the hospital.
Please, hurry!

CALEB

Well don't have the fucking thing
in here, Jesus.

ABBIE

I can't help it, just hurry! You
think I wanted to bring a child
into this...? The rich girl nobody
ever sees for herself...? You
never cared about me... Steven
never saw my talent... Jesus even
my parents treat me... like another
fucking collectible on a shelf...
I'm about to bring an innocent life
into this piece of shit world...
and all you care about is the
STUPID SEATS IN YOUR STUPID SHITTY
CAR...!!!

She's breathing hard, trying to keep steady. Caleb's freaked out, white-knuckled, hauling ass hell-for-leather down the mountain.

EXT. HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY

The Nova screeching up to the emergency entrance at the hospital. Abbie's door opening, she staggers out as men and women in scrubs approach her with a wheelchair.

The Nova takes off without waiting for the door to close, and is blocked at the exit by a couple of police cruisers. Doors pop open on the cruisers, cops covering behind them, sidearms drawn. His hands come out of the side, raised in surrender as one of the officers approaches, gun drawn, and hauls him from the car, spins him around, bends him over the hood of the Nova, kicks his feet apart, and cuffs him.

CALEB

Abbie! Abbie tell him I was with
you! Tell him it was your parents'
house!!!

As the arresting officer pushes Caleb into the backseat of the cruiser, hand pushing down on his head, Abbie waves away the nurses and doctor, getting out of the wheelchair they've brought her.

Caleb in the backseat of the cruiser as it pulls away, looking back over his shoulder to see Abbie unzip her hoodie, and cut a strap, the pregnant belly and fake swollen tits just a prop, falling away. In her hand the gold bar and several bands of \$20 bills out of a compartment inside the belly.

A quick montage; Abbie back at college in the wardrobe department making her fake pregnant belly; later, putting a letter into Steven's mailbox; Steven in his office opening an envelope from Abigail's father saying Abigail will be meeting him at the house to make the exchange; Steven finding the note on the porch inviting him to come in and make himself at home; Back on the mountain road near the house, Abbie pulling the top off a pea soup can, taking a mouthful of the cold soup, throwing the can away, faking throwing it up. Taking the gold bar while the guys are arguing in the next room; taking the money; dialing 911 on Steven's phone; pouring water out of the bottle onto the floor between her feet while they're busy fighting.

ABBIE

Go to hell, you narcissistic
pricks. I've got to look out for
my own needs.

She smiles; the smile settles to more of a smirk, watching Caleb as the cruiser pulls away.

FADE TO BLACK

CARD: LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN