

QUIET MOUNTAIN

Episode 1 - "Good Girl"

By

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SAMPLE

1

OVER BLACK

1

We hear shallow breathing. The quiet clink of chains.

Words fade slowly in and out on the black screen:

If you are a victim of human sex trafficking or have information about a potential trafficking situation, contact the National Human Trafficking Hotline at 888.373.7778.

Those words fade away. Then:

If you or someone you know is in immediate danger, call 911.

'911' lingers on the screen before disappearing into the dark.

2

EXT. LIV'S HOUSE. DAY.

2

An old farmhouse tucked away on an older mountain. Douglas firs stab the sky and a fog is settling. Turkey vultures overhead, drifting on air. High in the trees, a door swings slightly from rusty hinges.

The RV planted in the yard is overgrown with poison oak. A gravel driveway leads to a rusted gate and a dinged up mailbox.

A dirty white pickup truck pulls up to the gate. The door opens and LIV (16) hops out from the backseat. She kicks up a little mud on the hem of her sundress.

She lugs the gate open. The truck passes through and drives up the hill towards the house, leaving her to walk.

She shuts the gate and walks up the gravel path.

She looks at the house. The rickety wooden porch, the chipped paint.

Her kennel.

The truck pulls into the detached garage. She approaches as LEON (12) swings the door of the truck open and jumps out.

LEON

Finally.

LEON yanks at the tie around his neck and the knot unravels.

GREG (45) steps out of the truck.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Leon.

LEON

Liv, you ready?

GREG

Leon. I'm talking to you.

LEON

oh. Sorry, sir.

CHERYL (46) gets out of the passenger seat. GREG points to the tie.

GREG

(to LEON)

You know the rule. Church clothes stay on until we're back home from church.

CHERYL

Greg, honey. C'mon.

LEON

Cool. We are back from church. So.

GREG

Doesn't look like we're in the house yet.

LEON

What, seriously?

GREG

Yes, seriously. Put it back on.

CHERYL

Honey, it's fine--

LEON puffs up his chest.

LEON

Dad, I'm old enough to make my own decisions now.

GREG

(bemused)

Oh are you now?

LEON

Yeah. I'll be old enough to have a Bar Mitzvah a year from TODAY.

He points at the ground to drive his point home. *TODAY.*

(CONTINUED)

GREG
We're not Jewish.

LEON
Yeah, but still.

GREG
Tell you what. When you have a Bar Mitzvah, you can make your own decisions.

LEON
But we're not Jewish.

GREG puts on a big fake smile.

GREG
Funny how that works.

LEON
Aw what--I wasn't even gonna wear this shirt. I'm gonna look like an idiot.

GREG
Sorry, kid. We follow rules in this house.

LEON
But--

GREG
Or you could spend some time in the basement. Your choice.

Silence.

GREG (cont'd)
Good. I'm going to the RV. I'll come back for the party.

ALL
(even CHERYL)
Yes, sir.

GREG stalks across the yard to the RV. Goes to the back wheel well, grabs the spare key from under it.

He unlocks the RV. LIV watches him disappear into it.

3 **OVER BLACK**

3

The sounds get louder. Chains clink. Something scrapes on concrete.

The shallow breathing, faster now.

WOMAN (OS)

guh...

4 **INT. LIV'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. DAY.**

4

A purple ribbon snakes out of a beat-up old LilacLovlies box. A few boxes just like it take up most of the dining room table; recycled decorations from other occasions.

LIV balances on a groaning wooden chair, tacking swaths of purple ribbon onto the walls around the room. A few tacks stick out of her lips.

CHERYL paces in and out of the room. She shuffles a stack of Rolodex cards, reciting words under her breath.

LIV turns towards CHERYL, still holding up the ribbon. She starts to talk, stops, then starts again.

LIV

Hey. You think Dad was a little harsh on Leon?

CHERYL

(absentminded)

Hmm? Oh, you know how he is. It's easier to just go along with what he tells us.

Liv sighs and gets down from the chair. CHERYL doesn't stop shuffling the Rolodex cards.

CHERYL (cont'd)

And....okay! Perfect. Now all I need are a few names to fill these out.

She waves the stack of cards in the air.

CHERYL (cont'd)

I know, I know, it's old fashioned, whatever. The girls like it.

They both stand back and look at the decorations. Loops of uneven ribbon; pink balloons on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL (cont'd)
 This looks a little...

She gestures to the walls.

 LIV
 Yeah.

 CHERYL
 Do we still have that "HAPPY
 BIRTHDAY" banner thing? The one
 with the letters? Your dad would
 know.

 LIV
 He's still in the RV.

 CHERYL
 Oh. Well, I guess we can do without
 it.

 LIV
 It's fine. It's in the basement.

 CHERYL
 Really?

 LIV
 In the plastic tub behind the
 workbench.

 CHERYL
 Are you sure?

LIV looks at CHERYL. *Of course I'm sure.*

 LIV
 Here. I'll show you.

 CHERYL
 No, no, sorry, you're right. I'll
 go get it.

 LIV
 You sure?

 CHERYL
 I'm sure I can find it. You go grab
 your brother. People are supposed
 to be getting here soon.

(CONTINUED)

LIV
Yes, ma'am.

CHERYL
Sorry, honey. I'll be right back.

CHERYL disappears deeper into the house. LIV heads towards the stairs.

5 **OVER BLACK**

5

Click. The black screen buzzes to life. A record symbol in the corner, a crosshair in the middle. We're looking through a video camera. [We will for this whole scene.]

We hear someone pull at a chain in the darkness.

WOMAN
h...hello?

6 **INT. LIV'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY.**

6

LIV walks up the stairs and down the hall, stepping lightly. The old house creaks under the long, plush, decorative rug at her feet.

She's in front of the door to LEON'S room. Her room, too.

One half of the door is covered in stickers and drawings. In big block letters: *LEON'S ROOM*. The other half of the wall is blank except for a tiny note: *LIV'S room*.

She listens for a second, then taps on the door with a knuckle.

LIV
Buddy? Your friends are gonna be here soon.

Nothing.

LIV (cont'd)
Little man.

LEON
(behind the door)
They're not my friends. They're gonna laugh at me.

(CONTINUED)

LIV
That's not true.

LEON
Mom just invited whoever for her
dumb Mary Kay bullshit. They're
gonna laugh at me.

LIV
No they won't. And if they do, I'll
beat them up for you.

A beat. Then LEON opens the door.

He's wearing his favorite Sasquatch t-shirt. A tie hangs
around his neck, limp. If he didn't look so pathetic it'd be
funny.

LIV (cont'd)
See? Snazzy.

She lies like he needs her to. Pulls him in, musses his
hair.

LEON
stop let go i hate you

They laugh.

LIV
C'mon.

She follows him down the stairs.

LEON
God, I look like a fucking idiot.

LIV
Language.

LEON
I'd literally rather go naked.

7

INT. DARK ROOM. DAY.

7

WOMAN
(whispering)
anybody?

A spotlight snaps to life.

(CONTINUED)

We see a woman in ripped underwear hanging from a chain. Curly black hair, petite build. Her feet barely touch the concrete floor. There's a rusty cot in frame behind her.

She's bloody in a few places; nothing that would leave a scar.

Deer in headlights.

8

INT. LIV'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

8

LIV ices a lopsided cake, trying her best to render a Bigfoot out of frosting. She sticks out her tongue in concentration. Pushes a lock of blond hair behind her ear.

She hears the murmur of people arriving. She glances over the kitchen counter into the living room.

A group of kids and their parents loiter in the room. More trickle in from the front hall.

CHERYL floats into the kitchen.

CHERYL

You almost finished?

LIV

Almost. Fifteen minutes.

CHERYL spots the bottle of white wine she was looking for and grabs it.

She looks at the cake.

CHERYL

Is that a... monkey?

LIV

What? No. It's a--it's supposed to be a Bigfoot.

CHERYL

A Bigfoot?

LIV

Yeah. Sasquatch? That's Leon's whole thing.

CHERYL

I thought it was monkeys. Like, apes or whatever.

(CONTINUED)

LIV
Woodland apes. That's what he calls them.

CHERYL
 That's what I said.

LIV
 I...yeah, alright.

LIV returns her attention back to the cake.

LIV
 I'm almost done.

CHERYL
 Perfect. I'm gonna circle; see if any of the mom's need a top off.

LIV watches CHERYL disappear into the group of parents.
 She goes back to decorating.

9 **INT. DARK ROOM. DAY.**

9

Someone dressed in a white HAZMAT suit enters the frame. They walk quickly towards the woman. She writhes in fear.

WOMAN
 ohmigod what do you want from--HEL--

A gloved hand shoves a washcloth into her mouth. She moans.
 The figure walks back behind the camera.

10 **INT. LIV'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.**

10

The cake is finished. It's a little messy, and it's leaning to the side. LIV leans back and assesses her work. Hopes Leon will like it.

She takes a second to look up at the party that's unfolding in front of her over the counter, the different cliques forming, m.o.s.

The popular girls. A few boys from the baseball team. The kids in the middle. One sitting on the stairs petting the Hill family cat.

The parents, awkwardly mingling around the periphery.

(CONTINUED)

Her brother and his two real friends, NATHAN and WYATT, in the corner. Trying to repel the energy of the strangers in the room.

CHERYL

Here.

LIV snaps out of it as CHERYL pushes a couple of empty plastic bowls into LIV's arms.

CHERYL (cont'd)

We need more chips.

LIV silently opens a cupboard behind her and pulls out two fresh bag of chips. She empties them into the bowls.

CHERYL (cont'd)

(re: cake)

Is it...done?

LIV

Yeah.

CHERYL

Oh. Okay. Good. It looks good.

LIV

...thanks.

CHERYL

Now get those snacks out there.

LIV

Yes, ma'am.

CHERYL

Good girl.

11 **INT. DARK ROOM. DAY.**

11

The figure adjusts the camera angle from behind. Then they're back, holding index cards up to the camera. We can see the woman in the background, struggling.

The first index card reads: *MARIA*

The second reads: *32-25-34*

The third: *\$1500*

12

INT. LIV'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

12

LIV carries the bowls from the kitchen through the living room.

The 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' banner now has a prominent place, tacked over Liv's decorations.

Liv passes the group of popular girls.

POPULAR GIRL 1

I still don't know why my mom made me come. He's so weird.

POPULAR GIRL 2

Cuz his mom's tryna sell perfume or lotion or whatever to everyone here. Like one of those attendants at Macy's. It's embarrassing.

POPULAR GIRL 3

And what's with the tie and t-shirt thing? He looks like an idiot.

And LIV is out of earshot. She weaves around the parents that line the walls of the room. Puts the chips down on the fold out table.

LIV sees LEON and his friends huddled in the corner.

She walks over to them.

LIV

Hey, buddy. Having fun?

LEON

Hey, Olivia. Yeah, sure. We're okay, I guess.

LIV

Just okay?

LEON

Good. We're really good.

LIV looks at him with wet eyes.

Then the lights go out.

15

OVER BLACK

15

From darkness, we can hear the woman quietly sob. Trying to talk around the cloth in her mouth. Whimpering.

No music.

TITLE: **QUIET MOUNTAIN.**

16

INT. LIV'S HOUSE. LIV & LEON'S ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

16

LIV's phone beeps once before she can turn off the alarm. She blinks at the bright screen. *4:30am.*

A message from ZOE: *rise and shine bb*

LIV in the top bunk, too close to the fan. She wriggles out from under it and down the ladder.

She hits the ground. LEON, in the bottom bunk, rouses.

LEON
(groggy)
Liv..? Where are you going?

LIV sits on LEON's bed and puts a finger to her lips.

LIV
Shhh. I just need some air.

LEON
..okay.

LIV
If Mom or Dad ask, you didn't see me. All right?

LEON
(joking)
See who?

They smile at each other.

LIV
Go back to sleep.

He turns over, back in dreamland. She heads for the door.