

HARMONY

Episode 1: "Pilot"

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HARMONY
"Pilot"

FADE IN:

COLD OPEN

EXT. MAKESHIFT WALL / HARMONY - DAY

A hastily constructed log pole wall surrounds the village of Harmony. A six foot high dirt rampart buttresses the wall. It's reminiscent of an early American fort.

Atop the gate, an old green street sign reads: HARMONY LN. The abbreviation for lane is painted over with an "X" and scrawled next to it are the letters "GA". This is Harmony, Georgia.

Behind the wall, a main street divides two rows of structures. The road is paved, but cracked, uneven and peppered with weeds and grass. There are no cars in sight.

Some of the newer structures are simple wooden buildings. The older ones are 21st Century suburban homes.

Windows are shuttered. Doors are barricaded.

Outside the wall, there is a clearing twenty feet wide. Beyond, the forest is dense. Nature seems to have swallowed everything outside Harmony.

Past the clearing, the road disappears at the forest's edge. It's as if someone simply cut the asphalt at the tree line.

Near the gate, FRANK BALDWIN (28) keeps watch. He is fit, with a slender build and dark eyes that scan the horizon. He is charismatic, strong and smart; however, he is emotional and often imprudent as a result.

Frank wears a pistol on his hip and clutches a hunting rifle. He paces nervously, scanning as much of the tree line as peeks through various firing slits in the wall allow.

At intervals along the wall, Frank is flanked by a HALF DOZEN VILLAGERS. Some are men, others women. All are armed with rifles.

Among them is HEATHER PARKE (21). She is fit, tom boyish, and tough. She peers through a firing slit in the wall.

A low RUMBLING resonates in the distance.

As the RUMBLING grows louder, it is accompanied by loud CRACKING.

Frank aims his rifle toward the sound.

The trees shake. The RUMBLING is now just beyond the tree line.

Trees disappear just inside the forest. They CRACK and CRUMBLE crushed by something hidden in the trees.

FRANK

They're here!

Trees along the clearing bend. CRACK! Trees SNAP. Branches and limbs EXPLODE in every direction.

Frank tightens his grip on his rifle. His finger hovers over the trigger.

An M1-A1 tank pushes through the tree line.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Run!

Frank and the others bolt away from the wall.

The turret on the tank swings toward the gate. BOOOM! The turret rocks with the shot. The BLAST is deafening.

The gate and a good portion of the wall are BLOWN to smithereens. Frank flies through the air, smashing hard to the ground. Debris rains down around him.

A Humvee follows the path the tank just cut through the forest. It pulls into the village, stopping just inside where the gate stood seconds ago.

Combat boots hit the ground as SOLDIERS leap from the Humvee. One pair belongs to GENERAL VICTOR "VIC" DRAKE (late 30s).

Vic has very fair skin, he's not ugly but no Adonis either. He is a brick house of a man. His deep, sunken eyes squint in the bright sun. He is precise, confident and judgemental.

Heather scampers from the debris. A SOLDIER swings his assault rifle toward the running woman. The barrel ERUPTS with a BURST of FIRE. Heather is cut down as she runs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What have I done?

Vic sees Frank struggling to crawl out from under a pile of debris. Vic calmly walks over to the fallen man.

A large piece of wooden shrapnel protrudes from Frank's lower abdomen. Frank GASPS for air.

VIC

Did you think you could hide behind
sticks and mounds of dirt?

Frank tries to pull away. Vic slams his foot down on Frank's
shoulder pinning him to the ground.

Frank spits up blood as he speaks.

FRANK

Wasn't hiding.

VIC

Where is Captain Alexander? And
where are the rest of your little
insect friends?

FRANK

Check in hell.

Frank swings his pistol up to fire. Vic calmly steps on
Frank's forearm, pushing his the gun away.

BANG! The gun goes off harmlessly SPLINTERING nearby debris.

Vic yanks his side arm from its holster. BANG! He puts a
round into Frank's forehead.

Vic nods to his DRIVER. He scampers from the Humvee and
scurries up what remains of the wall.

The driver pulls a folded object from the satchel he carries.
He discards the satchel. With a flick, he unfurls the folded
cloth. It is an American flag. The driver hangs the flag from
the tallest remaining wall post.

The American flag flutters in the wind.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HARMONY - DAYBREAK

Superimpose: Two weeks earlier.

The village is unguarded in the clearing. There is no wall. No dirt rampart. There are no armed villagers patrolling the perimeter.

None of the windows are shuttered. Nor are the doors barricaded.

The sun rises over the quiet town.

Smoke wafts from a small chimney haphazardly protruding from one of the older 21st Century homes. This is a secondary chimney, as opposed to the primary fireplace chimney common on most homes.

INT. KITCHEN / HAINSWORTH HOME - DAY

The chimney terminates atop a wood fire oven that is built in the nook where an electric or gas stove once might have been.

CAROLINE HAINSWORTH (37) is attractive, naturally beautiful and simple in her elegance. A purple ribbon holds back her hair. She's dressed in a handmade shirt and pants. She's spiritual, creative, inviting, and caring.

Caroline slides a wooden peel into the oven. She pulls out a fresh baked loaf of bread. She deposits the bread on the counter.

CAROLINE

Breakfast!

She puts four apples on the counter. Then she carefully slices four large pieces of the hot bread.

Caroline returns to the oven. She inserts a grill over the wood. She places a kettle of water on the grill.

JASON HAINSWORTH (12) a bright eyed, energetic, typical boy bounces into the kitchen. He snatches a piece of bread and plops himself at the table.

SETH HAINSWORTH (15) is disheveled, skinny, and a bit dirty. His shirt is stained.

Seth grabs both bread and an apple before slouching into a seat across from Jason.

SETH

You didn't take an apple, Jason.
Have to have an apple! You have to!

Jason scowls at his brother. Without looking, Caroline mediates.

CAROLINE

Jason, you need your fruit. And be nice to your brother.

SETH

Gotta eat your fruit. And be nice to your brother.

JASON

I'm sick of apples.

CAROLINE

Next time you're off on one of your little adventures, see if you can find a banana tree.

ANDY (O.S.)

No adventures today.

ANDY HAINSWORTH (38) has taut weathered skin, a flock of hair and a full beard and moustache. His eyes are permanently squinted from years in the sun. He looks older than his age. He is strong, candid, and direct.

Andy leans a hunting rifle near the door before taking an apple and bread. He sits with the boys.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I want you boys to stay in the village today.

Caroline pulls the kettle from the oven. She pours two cups of tea before joining the family at the table.

JASON

We always have an adventure after school.

SETH

Yes adventure! Adventures after school.

ANDY

Not today. I don't want you boys
outside alone.

JASON

We always go out alone.

ANDY

Don't argue. Promise me, no
adventures after school.

JASON

We promise. No adventures after
school.

SETH

I promise too, Dad.

CAROLINE

Off we go.

Seth and Jason collect their chalk boards and wait by the door.

Caroline grabs Seth, spins him around and wipes some smudges from his cheeks and straightens his messy hair.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You need a different shirt.

SETH

It's OK, Mom.

CAROLINE

I think you better change.

Caroline hands him a clean shirt from a nearby laundry pile.

SETH

It's OK.

Caroline pulls the dirty shirt over Seth's head and tosses it in the laundry basket. Seth puts on the clean one.

SETH (CONT'D)

This one's OK too.

CAROLINE

Wait outside.

Seth darts out with Jason on his heels. Caroline catches Jason by the shirt collar. Seth lingers in the door frame.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Forgetting something?

Caroline hands Jason an apple.

ANDY

Learn something today.

SETH

OK, Dad.

JASON

Always do.

Caroline shoos the boys out the door. She slides the door shut behind them.

CAROLINE

What's going on?

Andy grabs a belt and holster from a hook near the door. He straps it on.

ANDY

Scavengers.

Andy takes a pistol from a lock box on the counter and deposits it in the holster.

CAROLINE

During the day?

ANDY

Frank thinks he saw one in the corn field yesterday.

CAROLINE

Be careful.

ANDY

Tell that to the scavengers.

Andy slings a rifle over his shoulder.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE / HARMONY - DAY

This is one of the newer, simple wood structures. It's a 300 square foot rectangular building, pressed up against a similar building with a small fenced in pen holding chickens.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE / HARMONY - DAY

The interior is a single room with a blackboard on the far wall. A desk faces the STUDENTS who sit in simple chairs. Ten

KIDS range in age from 4 to 14. Seth and Jason sit among them.

The front door and several windows are open to allow a breeze.

A dozen math problems are written on the blackboard.

Caroline sits on the front edge of her desk as she instructs the students.

CAROLINE

Upper class, take out your boards
and work the math problems.

Five of the ten kids are 9 years old and up. They pull out small chalkboards and begin to solve the math problems.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Under class, let's form a circle.

The five younger kids pull their chairs together in a circle on the left side of the room. Caroline puts her chair in the circle with them.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

We'll go around the circle. Paul
you first. Tell us what job you
might want to do when you grow up.

PAUL WRIGHT (6) stands in front of his chair in the circle.

PAUL

I want to be the leader, like Mr.
Andy.

CAROLINE

Why?

PAUL

So I can be the boss of my jerk
brothers.

The other kids in the circle laugh. Some of the upper class kids stifle laughter and hide grins.

DENNY WRIGHT (8) blurts out of turn.

DENNY

You have to be smart to be the
leader.

PAUL

See. Jerks.

CASEY WRIGHT (7) leaps up.

CASEY
I didn't say anything.

He smacks Paul in the shoulder.

CASEY (CONT'D)
How am I a jerk?

Caroline yanks Casey by the shirt collar, and deposits him back in his seat.

PAUL
You just hit me.

CAROLINE
That's enough. Mike, you're next.

MIKE WASHINGTON (7) stands up as Paul sits down.

MIKE
I want work with metal, like my Dad.

CAROLINE
A blacksmith.

MIKE
I'm good at making stuff.

CAROLINE
Very good. Casey?

Casey stands up. Mike sits.

CASEY
I'll be leader, since I'm older than Paul.

PAUL
By just one year.

CAROLINE
We can't all be the leader. Is there any work that you think you'd be good at?

Seth has forgotten about his board and the math problems. He is leaning in toward the circle, trying to be a part of their discussion.

CASEY
I like to play.

CAROLINE

OK. What kind of games do you play?

CASEY

We play kill the scavengers.

DENNY

You're too weak to kill a scavenger.

CAROLINE

Denny, since you can't seem to wait your turn, tell us what you want to do.

Denny stands up.

DENNY

My dad is already teaching me carpentry. But I want to be a hunter.

Seth is practically falling out of his chair. His board slips from his lap and CRASHES on the floor. This startles Seth who leaps up.

The students laugh.

CAROLINE

Calm down, class. Is there something you want to add, Seth.

Denny whispers to Casey.

DENNY

This ought to be good.

SETH

I know what job I want to do.

DENNY

You're fifteen. You should already have one, retard.

CAROLINE

Denny! In the corner. Now!

On his way to the corner, Denny glares at Seth.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Go on, Seth.

SETH

I want to fly.

The other kids laugh.

CAROLINE

It's very good to have an imagination. But people don't fly, Seth.

SETH

They do so. I saw it at the comic place.

CAROLINE

Back to your math now, upper class.

Seth takes his seat.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Sarah?

SARAH DEEGAN (6) stands in front of her chair.

SARAH

I want to be a teacher like you, Miss Caroline.

A chicken SQUAWKS (O.S). The upper class kids leap to the window on their side of the room.

DENNY

They're gonna chop its head off.

CAROLINE

Back to your seats.

A chicken scurries into the school through the open front door. Heather chases it in.

HEATHER

I'm sorry, Caroline.

All of the kids focus on the chicken. Sarah SCREAMS and leaps onto her chair. The Wright brothers chase the chicken around the room.

The class is in utter chaos.

Heather tries to wrangle the chicken.

Caroline struggles to wrangle in the Wright boys.

Jason seizes the opportunity. He grabs Seth by the arm and drags him out the front door.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE / HARMONY - DAY

Jason and Seth dart out of the schoolhouse.

SETH

We're supposed to be in school.

JASON

Don't you want to go on an
adventure?

SETH

We promised Dad. No adventures.

JASON

We promised no adventures after
school. Right now it's during
school.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE / HARMONY - DAY

The kids are still running, LAUGHING and SCREAMING as Heather chases the chicken around the room. She lunges for the bird. She slides across the floor and scoops the chicken up by the legs.

The kids love it.

CAROLINE

Take your seats.

The kids all gather around Heather.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Back to your seats. It's all over.

HEATHER

I'm really sorry, Caroline.

CAROLINE

Back to your seats. Now!

The kids rush back to their chairs. As the seats fill up, it is obvious that Seth and Jason are no longer here.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Where are Seth and Jason?

DENNY

I don't know. I was in the corner.

HEATHER

I'll go collect them.

CAROLINE

Wait. Will you watch the class for me?

HEATHER

Of course.

CAROLINE

Class, behave for Miss Heather.

CLASS

(in unison)

Yes, Miss Caroline.

CAROLINE

Denny, back to your seat. And I better not hear that you caused any trouble for Miss Heather.

Denny slinks back to his desk.

DENNY

(muttering)

I guess you better not listen then.

CAROLINE

What was that?

DENNY

I guess I'll be better and listen then.

CAROLINE

Good.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The forest is dense. A narrow, well worn trail cuts through the vegetation. Andy, Frank, and CONNOR DEEGAN (32) stalk silently down the trail. They are all armed with hunting rifles.

Birds CHIRP and SQUAWK. The CHATTER of small prey animals accompanies them in a melodic symphony.

Pythons slither in the branches above.

The hunting party scans the trees.

CRACK.

Andy stops. He holds up a hand, signalling the others to likewise stop.

Their eyes dart back and forth.

A short distance off the path, the bushes sway.

Frank swings his rifle into firing position. BANG! BANG! He pops off two rounds.

ANDY

Stop shooting!

Frank BLASTS off another round.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Frank! Enough.

CONNER

Hit it?

FRANK

Don't think so.

Frank kneels down and searches along the trail. He locates one of his expended shell casings and pockets it.

ANDY

Do you even know what you were shooting at?

FRANK

Whatever the hell was sneaking up on us.

ANDY

Not every creature's out to do you harm.

FRANK

It only takes one.

ANDY

What if it was one of our kids?

FRANK

What if it was a scavenger?

Frank spies another shell casing. He snatches it from the grass.

CONNER

I saw something move.

FRANK

We all saw something.

ANDY

Something you had no idea who or what it was. Yet you fired anyway.

FRANK

I'm not waiting for one of these filthy savages to get the jump on me.

ANDY

You're a goddamn hothead. And it's going to get you killed.

FRANK

At least I won't die from lack of action.

Frank turns his back on Andy. Andy grabs Frank by the shoulder and spins him around.

ANDY

You don't like the way I lead, feel free to bring it up with the others.

FRANK

I might just call for a vote.

ANDY

Don't bother thinking it through. Formulating complete plans or even a complete thought are rarely requirements for leadership.

Frank tears himself away, and stomps off down the path.

Andy spots Frank's other spent shell casing. He scoops it up and tosses it at Frank. The shell casing bounces off the back of Frank's head.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You missed one.

EXT. ATLANTA - DAY

The city is overgrown. Peachtree Street is now a raging river. The once proud buildings are now nothing more than skeletons for unfettered growth.

Birds soar overhead. Animals dwell in the hollowed out remnants of the skyscrapers.

Seth and Jason climb over a mound of vines.