

# THE HANDMAID'S TALE

EPISODE 101:

"Offred"

BY

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Based on the novel by Margaret Atwood

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EXT. MAINE - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A road curves through the Maine countryside.

AN SUV appears, driving too fast. It swerves, fishtails, then SKIDS OFF THE ROAD.

The car bounces across a grassy pasture and stops. The engine revs. The wheels spin, but the car doesn't move.

LUKE (27, former hipster) jumps out, looks under the car. The wheels are buried in the soft ground.

JUNE (28) gets out. Carelessly pretty. On a normal day, she's feisty and capable. But today she's fighting panic.

She leans into the back seat and pulls out HANNAH. The five-year-old is scared, crying a bit.

JUNE

(to Hannah)

Shhh, you're okay. Did the car go bump?

(to Luke, urgent)

Can we push it out?

LUKE

(mind racing, fearful)

I don't know. I think.

(and then)

We need to put something under the wheels.

Luke moves around the car, pops the rear door. Rushing.

SIRENS SCREAM IN THE DISTANCE. Coming closer.

Luke and June FREEZE -- pure terror. They're out of time. Luke makes a decision.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Go, take her.

There's an augural certainty in his voice. But June is less sure.

JUNE

We need the car.

Luke grabs a BACKPACK, starts tossing in water bottles, energy bars, a small ziploc bag with GOLD JEWELRY.

LUKE

Just keep going north.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Luke points, across the field to the woods.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
It's about two miles, he said  
someone would meet us.  
(and then)  
Go, I'll catch up.

The sirens grow louder. Engines GROWL nearby.

June hesitates, but just for a moment -- there's no time for sentiment.

June pulls Hannah close and RUNS FOR THE WOODS.

She doesn't look back.

EXT. MAINE - WOODS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Tall box elders and sugar maples shade an undergrowth of spindly balsam pines.

June runs, carrying Hannah as she weaves between the trees.

She's gone a few hundred yards when --

THREE QUICK GUNSHOTS ECHO.

JUNE STOPS SHORT. She turns back and scans the woods for a long, terrible beat.

Nothing. Just the sounds of the forest. Trees creaking in the wind.

Then, she sees MOVEMENT.

NOT LUKE.

Men in BLACK UNIFORMS. She can hear their faint SHOUTS. They carry SNUBBY AUTOMATIC RIFLES.

FUCK. June RUNS FOR HER LIFE. AND HANNAH'S.

She stumbles, almost falls, keeps running. As fast as she can. She's gasping from fear and exertion.

But she isn't going to outrun them, not carrying Hannah. She looks around for somewhere to hide -- makes a quick decision.

June pulls Hannah to the ground behind a FALLEN TREE. Hannah CRIES. June covers her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNE  
(almost silent)  
Shhh, baby girl. Please.

Her pursuers close in. Six, eight of them. All men.

We can see them clearly now.

These aren't police, and they aren't soldiers. There are no American Flags on these uniforms. Just a symbol on the shoulder.

Two Angel wings.

These are GUARDIANS OF THE FAITH.

GUARDIAN #1  
(pointing)  
Go up around there...

GUARDIAN #2  
Do you see her?

June holds Hannah tightly as the Guardians move closer. Her mind races.

Then, suddenly, her most primal instincts take over. June GETS UP AND RUNS WITH HANNAH IN HER ARMS.

A Guardian immediately spots them.

GUARDIAN #1  
There!

June runs HARD, FAST -- fueled by crystalline panic.

A GUARDIAN sprints after her, catches up. HE GRABS JUNE by the collar.

June twists VICIOUSLY. She punches the Guardian, a few hard jabs, and manages to pull free.

June runs, holding Hannah close.

But more Guardians have caught up. They grab her, pull her to the ground.

JUNE  
Get off, get the fuck off me...!

June SCREAMS, CLAWS, PUNCHES, KICKS. A Guardian pulls away, his eye bloody. Another Guardian stumbles back clasping his groin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's a fighter. But there are too many. The Guardians manage to hold her down.

They drag Hannah from her arms.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
No no no! Don't touch her...!

HANNAH  
Mommmmmmy!

June desperately tries to get free. Guardian #2 hits June in the head with a truncheon.

June FALLS BACK as the world swims gray.

GUARDIAN #1  
(re: June)  
Be careful! She's a red tag.

HANNAH  
Mommmmmmy!

JUNE turns her head. Half-conscious, she sees HANNAH REACHING OUT FOR HER as a GUARDIAN CARRIES HER AWAY.

ON JUNE'S FACE as her eyes flutter into unconsciousness --

FADE TO PURE  
WHITE:

EXT. MAINE - WOODS - DAY - LATER

OVER WHITE. VOICES. DRY LEAVES, STICKS CRACKING -- THE SOUND OF BOOTS WALKING ON THE FOREST FLOOR.

JUNE'S FACE as she drifts awake.

She tries to focus -- she can see the trees up above, stretching into the gray sky.

She is MOVING.

PULLING BACK, we see that June is strapped to a STRETCHER. Guardians carry her out of the woods.

EXT. MAINE - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Guardians carry June towards the road. June can see the SUV, still sitting in the field where she left it.

No sign of Luke. No sign of Hannah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THREE BLACK SUVs sit parked on the road. Official vehicles with flashing lights. They are all marked with the same angel wings symbol. More GUARDIANS mill around.

A RED VAN waits. Doors open. Like a trap.

The Guardians load June into the van. THEY LOCK THE DOORS.

THE BLOOD-RED VAN drives away down the country road. As it grows smaller in the distance, we hear JUNE'S VOICE.

JUNE (V.O.)

(calm)

*A chair. A table. A lamp.*

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is perfectly neat, decorated in muted colors. Polished wood floor, braided rug. A folksy touch.

It could be a room in a quaint New England B&B.

JUNE (V.O.)

*Above, on the ceiling in the middle of the room, there's a spot that's been plastered over.*

(and then)

*There must have been a chandelier once. They've taken out anything you could tie a rope to.*

JUNE sits, hands folded, looking out of the window. She wears a full RED DRESS, almost a cloak.

A starched-white bonnet covers her head.

JUNE (V.O.)

*There's a window with white curtains. The glass is shatterproof. But it isn't running away they're afraid of. A Handmaid wouldn't get far. It's those other escapes. The ones you can open in yourself.*

(and then)

*Given a cutting edge.*

It is an otherworldly tableaux. A woman draped in red, in this dollhouse-perfect bedroom.

JUNE (V.O.)

*Or a twisted sheet and a chandelier.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long beat passes, and then --

JUNE (V.O.)

*I try not to think about those escapes. Especially on Ceremony days.*

*(and then)*

*Because thinking can hurt your chances.*

*(and then)*

*My name is Offred. I had another name, but it's forbidden now.*

*(and then)*

*So many things are forbidden now.*

June is now OFFRED. Welcome to Gilead.

Somewhere outside, campanile BELLS toll. Marking time.

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - HALLWAY/STAIRS - DAY

Offred walks down the stairs. She moves so quietly, it's as if she doesn't disturb any air around her. As if she doesn't exist.

She stops outside the kitchen door.

IN THE KITCHEN, RITA (50, gruff) kneads bread. She wears a DULL GREEN DRESS -- the uniform of a "Martha" -- the caste of domestic workers in this society.

Offred watches her kneading the heavy bread dough.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*Rita makes the bread from scratch. It's the kind of thing they like the Marthas to do.*

*(and then)*

*A return to traditional values. That's what they fought for.*

Rita sees Offred.

RITA

*(annoyed)*

*Always showing up when I'm in the midst of something. Hold your horses.*

She wipes her floury hands on her apron and pulls a set of KEYS from her pocket. She crosses to a cabinet, unlocks it.

Offred waits in the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SOFT CLICK of plates catches her attention.

Offred looks across the hall. A door, slightly open, reveals a perfectly-decorated SITTING ROOM.

In the sitting room, Offred can see SERENA JOY and COMMANDER WATERFORD. She wears her signature blue, he wears a suit with obvious military details.

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small table is set for breakfast. Serena Joy and the COMMANDER sit in silence.

She eats as he taps on his iPad.

After a long beat, the Commander looks at his watch. He takes a sip of coffee as he stands, wipes his mouth with a napkin.

SERENA JOY  
Just coffee?

COMMANDER  
Duty calls, I'm afraid. I'll be in my office.

He offers no details. She's curious, but plays cool.

SERENA JOY  
Nothing wrong, I hope.

COMMANDER  
Just a conference call with my field commanders. Then meetings. Always lots of meetings.

He turns to go.

Serena Joy reaches out for his hand, stopping him.

SERENA JOY  
Fred.  
(and then)  
You need to be home early tonight.

COMMANDER  
Of course.

We can see the fear and doubt in their gaze. But the Commander musters a hopeful smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

It's so hard, Dear, I know. But  
keep faith and we will soon be  
blessed. We will be rewarded.

The Commander kisses her hand -- chaste, but warm.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

I promise.

They hold hands for a long, intimate beat.

ON OFFRED, watching from the hall, we --

**FLASHBACK TO:**

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Outside the sitting room window, a hard rain falls.

OFFRED stands in her RED CLOAK, a red suitcase beside her.  
They are still damp from the rain.

She is alone in the room. Eyes cast down. An unmoving figure  
in red.

There are no books in the room. No visible writing of any  
kind. And no technology.

The only sound is the rain hitting the window. A spring rain,  
with plump, cold drops.

SERENA JOY strides in. She's a brittle 40, in the signature  
pale blue of a Commander's wife.

Offred starts to look towards Serena -- it's a reflex. But  
she stops herself, keeps her head down.

Eyes to the floor.

Serena sees Offred twitch and catch herself. Serena takes a  
beat to enjoy her power at work. And then --

SERENA JOY

So. Here you are.

Offred keeps her eyes lowered.

Serena Joy sits, looks Offred up and down.

After a long beat --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)

You can sit down. I don't make a practice of it, but just this time.

Offred considers -- she is carefully choosing every word, every movement. This is a dance. If Offred missteps, there will be consequences.

Offred sits, folds her hands in her lap.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)

So, old what's-his-name didn't work out?

OFFRED

No, ma'am.

SERENA JOY

Tough luck. This is your second posting, then?

OFFRED

Yes, ma'am.

SERENA JOY

Good. Our last one was brand new. It was like training a dog. And not a very smart one.

(and then)

I expect you know the rules?

OFFRED

Yes, ma'am.

SERENA JOY

Don't call me ma'am. You're not a Martha.

From the doorway, someone CLEARS THEIR THROAT. Offred glances over and sees COMMANDER WATERFORD (50's). Tall, not necessarily handsome, but... *commanding*.

Offred IMMEDIATELY stands up, bows her head obediently.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)

Well. Look what the cat dragged in.

(re: Offred)

This is the new one.

COMMANDER

(to Offred, too casual)

Hello.

(then, catching himself)

Blessed be the fruit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED  
May the Lord open.

A beat. And then --

COMMANDER  
I'm Commander Waterford. Fred  
Waterford.

OFFRED  
(proscribed, submissive)  
Praised be to you. May God make me  
truly worthy.

COMMANDER  
Right.  
(and then)  
Well. Good.

The whole process is unnatural. The Commander turns to leave,  
pauses --

COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
(brightly)  
Nice to meet you.

Serena Joy REACTS with a glare -- this isn't part of the  
ritual greeting. It is far too intimate.

Offred turns the words, and the rules, over in her head. She  
doesn't know how to play it, what to say. She chooses --

OFFRED  
You, too.

The Commander leaves.

Offred shifts in the uncomfortable silence. The rain hits the  
window. An uneven rhythm of taps.

Offred doesn't know what to do. She sits down again.

SERENA JOY  
(sharply)  
Get up.

Offred gets up.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)  
I want to see as little of you as  
possible. Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED

Yes, ma'am...  
(and then, correcting)  
Yes.

SERENA JOY

Mrs. Waterford.  
(and then)  
He is my husband, until death do us  
part. Don't get ideas.  
(and then)  
If I get trouble, believe me, I  
will give trouble back.

Offred stares down at the floor, as we --

**END FLASHBACK:**

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - HALLWAY/STAIRS - DAY

Rita steps up, bringing Offred out of her memory.

RITA

The Commander likes his eggs  
lately. Make sure they're fresh,  
not like last time. Tell them who  
it's for and they won't mess  
around.

OFFRED

All right.

Rita hands her a shopping basket, then tears some paper  
tokens from a ration book.

They have pictures on them, but no words. Twelve eggs, a  
piece of cheese, a fish.

She hands the tokens to Offred. Offred risks a small, warm  
smile.

OFFRED (CONT'D)

(friendly)  
Thanks.

Rita offers a frown and heads back to the work.

OFFRED (V.O.)

(off her frown)  
*I shouldn't take it personally.  
It's really the red dress she  
disapproves of.*  
(and then)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*I've heard her talking to other  
Marthas, from other houses. "I  
wouldn't debase myself like that,"  
they say. Or, "It's not what you  
call hard work."*

Rita kneads the bread, sinking her hands into the soft, warm dough.

Offred watches, hungrily.

Flour dust floats in the kitchen sunlight. It's kind of beautiful.

RITA  
You gonna stand there all day? Be  
rude, leaving your friend out there  
waiting.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*I want to tell her that Ofglen is  
not my friend, that I've exchanged  
barely fifty words with her in the  
two months since I got here. I want  
to tell her that I sincerely  
believe that Ofglen is a pious  
little shit with a broomstick up  
her ass.*

And then, instead, she says softly...

OFFRED  
Under his eye.

Offred leaves. Off Rita -- back to work.

EXT. WATERFORD HOUSE - DAY

Offred comes out, walks down a path bordered with flowers. The garden is beautiful, perfectly kept.

A FEW GUARDIANS patrol, guns slung over their shoulders.

NICK BLAINE (26) digs in the flowerbed. He's attractive in a boyish sort of way. He wears a Guardian's uniform, with the jacket off and the shirt open at the throat.

Offred stops. Nick's wheelbarrow and garden tools block the path. She doesn't say anything, waits for him to notice.

NICK  
(re: the roadblock)  
Oh, sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Offred gives a tiny nod, doesn't look up. Nick starts to clear the path.

Offred watches his sweaty, muscled forearms as he lifts the tools. She forces herself to look away.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Going shopping?

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*No, Nick, I'm gonna knock back a few at the Oyster House Bar. Wanna come along?*

And then, aloud, softly --

OFFRED  
Yes.

NICK  
If you're going to *All Flesh*, avoid the chicken. I read they've got crazy levels of dioxin.

Offred hesitates, weighs her responses. Always so careful.

OFFRED  
I'm going to *Loaves and Fishes*.

NICK  
Then you should definitely avoid the tuna.

Offred hesitates --

OFFRED  
Mercury?

NICK  
No, I just don't like tuna very much.

Nick smiles. It is *almost* a normal moment.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*He's the Commander's driver, he lives over the garage. Low status. He hasn't even been issued a woman.*  
(and then)  
*Maybe he's lonely. Maybe he watches me.*  
(and then, horribly)  
*Maybe he's an Eye.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oh FUCK. We can see the terror in her eyes, even if we don't know exactly why. Later, we'll find out "The Eyes" are the secret police of Gilead.

The Gestapo.

Offred goes pale, looks away.

OFFRED  
(as saintly as possible)  
Peace be with you.

She hurries away, through the gate. OFGLEN waits on the sidewalk. In her red cloak and white bonnet, she is another Handmaid.

Offred's twin, dressed exactly alike. Head bowed.

OFGLEN  
Blessed be the fruit.

Offred is still rattled -- did she make a mistake with Nick? A fatal mistake? It's possible.

OFFRED  
(shaky)  
May the Lord open.

Ofglen notices that she is agitated.

OFGLEN  
Offred? Are you okay?

OFFRED  
Yes, very well, praised be. Thanks  
for asking.  
(and then, V.O.)  
*Pious little shit.*

Offred tries to calm herself as she walks off with Ofglen.

EXT. GILEAD - UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Idyllic. Stately homes, with beautiful gardens. Hiding so much darkness.

MARTHAS walk on the streets, some GUARDIANS. No wives, no Commanders.

Commander-black cars and a few MILITARY HUMVEES pass -- black with the winged symbol on the doors.

Offred walks with Ofglen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED (V.O.)

*We go everywhere in twos. It's supposed to be for our protection. For companionship. But that's bullshit. There are no friends here, there can't be. The truth is we're watching each other.*

(and then)

*She is my spy, as I am hers.*

(and then)

*She has never said anything that wasn't strictly orthodox. But then again, neither have I. Because here, trust is dangerous. It's fatal. That's how you end up on the Wall.*

And then...

OFFRED

We've been sent good weather.

OFGLEN

Which I receive with joy.

(and then)

The war is going well, I hear.

Offred reacts, hungry to hear any news. But she quickly buries her desire, answers as evenly as possible.

OFFRED

(eager, playing cool)

By His hand.

Offred waits, eagerly.

OFGLEN

They've defeated more of the rebels.

OFFRED

Praised be.

(and then, very carefully)

What were they? The rebels I mean.

Ofglen hesitates. Any curiosity is suspicious.

OFGLEN

Baptists, I think. Suicide bombers. They had a stronghold in the Blue Hills.

(and then)

We smoked them out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Offred waits, eager to see if Ofglen will offer more. She doesn't. After a long beat, Offred abandons her hopes --

OFFRED  
(unfulfilled)  
Praised be.

Offred and Ofglen pass a SMALL WHITE CHURCH.

Behind a wrought iron gate, Commander's Wives in blue dresses stand chatting near a line of black SUVs. The door to the church opens.

A dozen pre-pubescent GIRLS emerge from the church, dressed in long, pink and white smocks. Virginal. A TEAM OF ARMED GUARDIANS escorts them.

Offred STOPS -- stares at the girls. ONE GIRL looks her way, smiles. On OFFRED as we --

**FLASHBACK TO:**

EXT. BEACH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Three-year-old HANNAH runs into the breaking waves, squealing and laughing. LUKE chases her into the water. Pure joy.

**END FLASHBACK:**

EXT. GILEAD - UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD / CHURCH - DAY

Back on Offred, rocked by her memory.

OFGLEN  
Offred.  
(and then)  
We should go.

She turns, trembling slightly, fighting her emotions. They walk on.

INT. LOAVES AND FISHES - DAY

Offred and Ofglen enter. A sign shows a LOAF OF BREAD and a FISH. Pictures, no writing.

Only women are shopping -- Handmaids, some Marthas, and a few ECONOWIVES -- working-class wives in gray dresses.

It is a grocery store. Some bare shelves, fewer choices, but otherwise it's pretty ordinary.

Most of the produce is in-season -- Gilead has embraced the organic farm-to-table locally grown philosophy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's like *Ralphs*. Except for the guards patrolling with machine guns, and the packages of food marked with pictures.

There is no writing anywhere.

Offred is still shaken by her memory of Hannah. She follows Ofglen by rote, not thinking.

Two Handmaids, OFSAMUEL (19, talker) and OFERIC (32, observant) step up. Excited whispers.

OFSAMUEL  
Hey, under his eye.  
(chatty)  
Did you see? They have oranges.

OFGLEN  
Praised be. The fighting in Florida  
must be going well.

OFSAMUEL  
I know, right?

OFGLEN  
(to Offred)  
Your Mistress likes oranges.

OFERIC  
(cynical)  
Make sure she knows you got them.  
Don't let a Martha take the credit.

Offred fights to focus on the conversation. Finally says...

OFFRED  
I don't have a token for oranges.

OFSAMUEL  
Tell them you're Commander  
Waterford's. He's really high up.  
His name's in the news...

Oferic looks to her, sharply. Ofsamuel realizes, goes ashen.

OFSAMUEL (CONT'D)  
I didn't read it. I promise.

Ofglen comes to the rescue.

OFGLEN  
We should get some oranges before  
they're all gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all walk off. Offred waits a moment, still shuddering from her memory of her daughter. A beat, then she follows.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. LOAVES AND FISHES - MINUTES LATER

Crates of oranges are stacked into a makeshift display. Women crowd around. Ofglen, Oferic, and the other Handmaids take oranges.

Offred just stares at the crates. Mind elsewhere.

OFGLEN

Praised be His bounty.  
(to Offred)  
Take some.

Offred takes a few oranges, puts them in her basket. As she does --

OFFRED (V.O.)

*They took my daughter. I need her back. I don't need oranges. I need to scream. I need to grab the nearest machine gun.*

OFGLEN

Should we walk home by the river?

Offred struggles to change gears, to sound serene. Half-succeeds.

OFFRED

That would be nice.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILEAD - RIVERSIDE - DAY

Offred and Ofglen walk along the river. Trees and benches line the path. It's beautiful.

A few GUARDIANS patrol. Some Marthas and Econowives head home with shopping baskets.

There are no runners in shorts, no lovers walking hand in hand.

No children.

They pass a GUARDIAN POST. Piled sandbags surround a MACHINE GUN NEST.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Offred and Ofglen don't look up, don't seem to notice. This is the new normal.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILEAD - THE WALL - DAY

THREE BODIES -- all men -- hang from hooks set into the brickwork. Hands tied in front, white bags over their heads.

Each body has a placard hung around its neck: A Catholic Ichthys fish, a human fetus, a pink triangle...

Pull back to reveal OFFRED and OFGLEN looking at the wall.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*A priest, a doctor, a gay man.*

*(and then)*

*I think I heard that joke once.*

*This wasn't the punchline.*

**FLASHBACK TO:**

INT. RED CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY - FLASHBACK

ANGLE ON a young woman -- MOIRA (28, quick and profane) seems to be listening intently. She wears a red Handmaid's dress, sits at a SCHOOL DESK.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

A former high school has been turned into an indoctrination center for Handmaids.

AUNT LYDIA (O.S.)

They made such a mess of everything. They filled the air with chemicals and radiation and poison.

In the gym, Moira and other WOMEN in red dresses sit at rows of desks -- hands folded, silent, obedient, eyes front.

Stern women in brown uniforms watch the class. Cattle prods hang from their belts.

These are AUNTS -- brutal overseers of the Handmaids.

AUNT LYDIA (50, pleasant and sadistic) lectures to the women. A computer projects power-point slides on a screen.

It shows a graph of FALLING BIRTH RATES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

So God whipped up a special plague,  
just for them. A plague of  
infertility. Do you blame Him? I  
most certainly do not.

A door opens. Moira turns her head slightly, just enough to see.

Across the room, GUARDIANS lead in a group of NEW ARRIVALS, including JANINE (22, ballsy) and JUNE.

A HANDMAID-IN-TRAINING at a desk turns to look. WHACK -- an Aunt immediately smacks her on the back of her head. Hard.

The chastened Handmaid looks back towards Aunt Lydia.

June shuffles in, looking a little sleepy. Drugged.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

And as birthrates fell, what did  
they do? They made things worse.  
Can you imagine? Birth control  
pills, morning-after pills,  
murdering babies in the womb?  
Cutting them into *pieces*.

Aunt Lydia takes a beat, as if the pain is too much for her. She steadies herself, goes on.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

How could they have done such  
things? Just so they could have  
their orgies. Their Tinder. So they  
could rut around like beasts. Such  
*wickedness*.

(and then)

They were dirty women. They were  
sluts.

The Guardians leads the women to the desks. June looks over the room of women. She spots MOIRA. Eyes connect. Recognition.

They know each other, from before all this.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

EXT. CONSTITUTION PARK - BOSTON - DAY - FLASHBACK

Last days of summer.

OFFRED/JUNE sits on a picnic table. Normal clothes, Solo cup in hand. MOIRA sits beside her, lighting a joint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A dozen college kids gather nearby. Music, a keg, food cooking on a grill.

It all seems so normal, and so decadent, compared to life in Gilead.

Moira offers the joint to June. June gently demurs.

JUNE

No thanks.

MOIRA

(needling)

Twelve stepping it? About time, we've all been waiting.

JUNE

(friendly)

Fuck you.

(and then)

I've got to finish writing that thing later.

MOIRA

For Dietrich's class? What's it about?

JUNE

Campus sexual assault.

MOIRA

For or against?

This gets a laugh. A PRETTY WOMAN steps up, towel in hand. Flirty.

WOMAN

Moira, come on. Come swimming.

MOIRA

It's too cold, Babe.

The Woman leans, whispers into Moira's ear. Brief and naughty. It gets a smile from Moira.

June watches, amused.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

(to the Woman)

I'll be right there.

The Woman waves politely to June, then heads off. A beat, then June looks to Moira.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNE

You don't even know her name, do you?

MOIRA

(busted)

Don't you have a fucking paper to write?

Two friends.

**BACK TO:**

INT. RED CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY - FLASHBACK

June looks towards her friend -- Moira shakes her head just slightly.

No.

Then Moira looks away.

June understands the message -- *don't let anyone see that we know each other.*

She walks past Moira, not offering any recognition. She sits down.

Aunt Lydia continues her lecture, full of devotion.

AUNT LYDIA

...but you are special girls.  
Fertility is a gift directly from  
God. He left you intact for a  
Biblical purpose.

(and then)

Like Bilhah served Rachel, you  
girls will serve the Leaders of the  
Faithful and their barren wives.  
You'll bear children for them. You  
are so lucky. So *privileged*.

Janine sits down behind June. Leans to her --

JANINE

(whisper)

Welcome to the friggin' looney bin,  
right?

Janine grins. Immediately, an AUNT strides over. Without a word, she HITS JANINE IN THE HEAD.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Jesus, what the fuck!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aunt Lydia comes over. A murmur runs through the women.

AUNT LYDIA

All right, girls. We'll have quiet.  
Like little mice.

(to Janine)

Welcome to the Rachel and Leah  
Center.

(and then)

Up.

JANINE

(defiant)

Fuck you.

AUNT LYDIA

Blessed are the meek, Dear.

Aunt Lydia quickly pulls out her CATTLE PROD and jams it into Janine's neck. She SHOCKS HER, HOLDING THE PROD AGAINST HER SKIN.

THE PAIN IS EXCRUCIATING.

Janine SCREAMS, sliding off her seat onto the ground, retreating and cowering. Three Aunts descend, pulling Janine to her feet and dragging her away.

On June, watching.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*Blessed are the meek.*

(and then)

*They always left out the part about  
inheriting the earth.*

Aunt Lydia heads back to the front of the makeshift classroom.

AUNT LYDIA

(full of sympathy)

Girls. I know this all feels very  
strange right now. But "ordinary"  
is just what you're used to.

(and then)

This may not seem ordinary to you  
now, but after a time it will. It  
will become ordinary.

On June -- absorbing this horrible idea. All this will become ordinary? Dear God...

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

So. Back to work, shall we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On June, as Aunt Lydia returns to her lecture.

INT. RED CENTER - CAFETERIA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK CONTINUES

The cafeteria has been converted into a dorm for the Handmaids-in-training.

Blue moonlight glows through the windows, illuminating neat rows of narrow cots.

Moira and June lie in their beds, talking in secret whispers.

JUNE

(whispers)

He must have tried to slow them down somehow, give us a better chance to get away.

(and then)

I heard the shots.

MOIRA

Don't lose hope. He's tougher than he looks.

June tries to share Moira's positive thinking. Fails.

JUNE

I tried to run with her, but she was so heavy.

(and then)

I tried...

(breaking down)

Shit...

MOIRA

(so much sympathy)

Hey. I know.

(and then)

You're gonna get her back, all right? You just have to keep your head down.

(and then)

All this crazy shit is gonna end and then we *will find her*. I swear.

This buoys June a tiny bit.

JUNE

*Pinky* swear?

MOIRA

Yeah, I fucking pinky swear.

A beat. June's momentary optimism fades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNE  
(doesn't believe)  
Okay.  
(and then)  
What about Odette?

MOIRA  
Rounded up in one of the dyke  
hunts.

JUNE  
(horrified)  
My God...

MOIRA  
(overlapping)  
She was reclassified as an Unwoman  
and sent to the Colonies.

JUNE  
I'm... I'm sorry.

Moira stops, for a beat. And then --

MOIRA  
We were stupid. They told us  
exactly what they believed in.  
(and then)  
We should've taken them seriously.  
We didn't look up from our fucking  
phones until it was too fucking  
late.

Across the cafeteria, the door opens loudly. June and Moira immediately close their eyes and feign sleep.

Two Aunts drag JANINE into the room. She's limp, moaning.

A BANDAGE COVERS HER RIGHT EYE. There is a small stain of BLOOD on the gauze.

They drop Janine onto her cot and leave. After the door shuts, the room is silent.

Janine curls up and whimpers, softly.

June listens. It is a terrible sound.

JUNE  
What did they do to her?

MOIRA  
"If my right eye offends thee,  
pluck it out."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
(and then)  
We're breeding stock. You don't  
need eyes for that.

June tries to absorb this unreality. Janine whimpers.

JUNE  
We are down the rabbit hole.

MOIRA  
No joke.  
(and then)  
Christ, I'd kill for a fucking  
cigarette.

June musters a smile. Off these friends, we --

**END FLASHBACK:**

EXT. GILEAD - THE WALL - DAY

Three dead bodies hang.

CHURCH BELLS ring, bringing Offred out of her memory. She  
stands at the Wall with Ofglen.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Moira isn't up here. I know, there  
are a hundred other walls in a  
hundred towns, a thousand mass  
graves in the woods.*  
(and then)  
*But she isn't here, and that gives  
me hope. It may be false hope, but  
that's a sort of hope nonetheless.*  
(and then)  
*So this is what I believe. I  
believe my friend is safe,  
somewhere. And I believe we'll find  
each other, I believe I will see  
her again.*  
(and then)  
*Because I need to believe.  
Believing is all I have for now.  
Believing is surviving.*

Time to head home.

OFGLEN  
Should we take the long way?

Offred nods, then remembers. Painfully.

It's Ceremony day for Offred.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED

I can't.

(and then)

I have to get ready for the  
Ceremony.

Offred looks gray. But Ofglen reacts with restrained joy.

OFGLEN

Praised be. We'll go straight home  
then.

(and then)

May God bless your endeavor and  
bring forth His miracle.

OFFRED

(hiding dread)

Praised be.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - BATHROOM - TWILIGHT

The bathroom is decorated with blue wallpaper, curtains, a blue fake-fur cover on the toilet seat. Perfectly neat.

It's a bathroom that might belong to your great-aunt.

Steam rises from the full bathtub.

Offred undresses, removing her bonnet. Shaking loose her long hair.

She runs her hands through her hair, luxuriating in this sliver of sensuality, this private freedom.

She removes her heavy red cloak, the petticoats, the red stockings, the loose white cotton pantaloons.

Offred slides into the tub. Hot water.

It feels lovely.

SCARS criss-cross the soles of her feet.

Offred washes her hair.

For the first time, we notice a small RED METAL CUFF on the top curve of one ear -- there's a six digit number etched in the surface.

The cuff could be jewelry, in another time, edgy and urban. But this isn't jewelry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is an ear tag, akin to the identity tags used on cattle.

Offred lays back and closes her eyes.

On OFFRED, we --

**FLASHBACK TO:**

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

June takes a bath with baby HANNAH -- she's six months old, fat and slippery. LUKE sits beside the tub, drinking wine and waiting with a towel.

Hannah squeals. June buries her face in Hannah's wet neck. Inhales deeply.

Luke snaps a picture with his phone. A perfect memory.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*She comes to me so clearly in the bath.*

Dark questions intrude...

OFFRED (V.O.)

*(rising fear)*

*When do I come to her?*

*(and then)*

*Does she remember me? Please, God, let her remember me.*

The memory bursts abruptly --

**END FLASHBACK:**

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - BATHROOM - TWILIGHT

...as Offred jerks back into reality.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*What did they tell her, when she was delivered to her new home?*

*(choking on the thought)*

*To her new parents? A Commander and wife, most likely. Somewhere.*

*They'd be high status, heroes of the faith, that's who would've gotten the first children rescued from unfit parents. Unfit, like us. The heretics. Apostates. Adulterers.*

*(and then)*

*They probably told her I was dead.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*That's what they would do. Best  
thing for everyone, they'd say.*  
(and then)  
*When people say that, they always  
mean that it's the best thing for  
them. It never means the best thing  
for you.*

Off her face...

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Offred sits on the bed, dressed and still. Hands folded in her lap. A tableaux. Her mind alive.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*The bath is required before the  
Ceremony. I am to make myself  
clean.*  
(and then)  
*Washed and brushed like a prize  
pig.*  
(and then)  
*I want to know what I did. To  
deserve this.*

**FLASHBACK TO:**

INT. RED CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chairs are arranged in a circle, with a single chair at the center. June, Moira, and the other Handmaids-in-training sit on the perimeter.

Janine sits in the central chair. She wears a SMALLER BANDAGE over her missing eye. Aunt Lydia stands beside her.

Other Aunts stalk the outside of the circle, watching all the women, cattle prods ready.

JANINE  
The boys kept coming down into the basement for hours, it felt like. At first they took turns, but later I think there were two or three at a time. I knew most of them from school. I just couldn't believe they were doing it, that it was happening.

AUNT LYDIA  
But it did happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANINE

Yeah.

AUNT LYDIA

And who led them on? Whose fault was it?

Janine shrugs, weakly. She hangs her head.

June watches Janine.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

Whose fault was it, girls?

Moira and the other women in the circle respond, pointing and chanting in unison. June joins, weakly.

WOMEN

Her fault! Her fault! Her fault!

Aunt Lydia gives June a stern look -- she is not showing enough *enthusiasm*. Moira leans to her.

MOIRA

(urgent whisper)  
Come on, do it.

AUNT LYDIA

And why did God allow such a terrible thing to happen?

Aunt Lydia glares at June. June steels herself and joins in with terrible energy. The women point at Janine, accusing.

WOMEN

Teach her a lesson! Teach her a lesson! Teach her a lesson!

It's a scene of horror from another century.

**END FLASHBACK:**

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BELLS CHIME, bringing Offred out of her memory.

Offred wonders -- What lesson is God trying to teach her?

She stands up, walks out of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Offred enters. The room is quiet, empty.

Offred steps to her spot, marked by a small RED CUSHION. She kneels. Head down, hands in her lap.

A long, silent beat passes.

She waits. Obediently.

Rita enters, wiping her hands on a dish towel. She takes her place, standing behind Offred.

Rita looks down at Offred -- her normal scowl slips.

RITA

(whispers)

Those eggs you got today were nice  
and fresh.

Offred glances up, sees the pity in Rita's eyes.

Whatever is about to happen, it's bad enough to make Rita feel sorry for Offred.

Offred nods in thanks, lowers her head again.

Nick enters next. Stands beside Rita. A long beat.

RITA (CONT'D)

(surly again)

Wish they'd hurry up. Some of us  
got things to do, you know.

NICK

Hurry up and wait.

Footsteps in the hall, then Serena Joy enters. She sits down. Lights a cigarette. A beat, and then...

SERENA JOY

Late again, as usual.

(then, to no one)

What is it about men?

A long beat. There is a knock at the door.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*The knock is prescribed. Tonight,  
this room is her domain. It's a  
little thing, but in this house,  
little things mean everything.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERENA JOY

Come in.

The Commander opens the door. He is dressed in his black uniform. He looks over the assembled group.

COMMANDER

Good evening.

(and then, to Serena Joy)

Dear.

He smiles. Almost warmly. She nods in return. He pulls out a key on a brass ring.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Then let's get started.

A polished wooden box sits on the table beside his chair. The commander uses the key to unlock the box. Extracts a King James BIBLE, opens to a marked passage.

Clears his throat.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

(reading)

*And when Rachel saw that she bare  
Jacob no children, Rachel envied  
her sister, and said unto Jacob,  
Give me children or else I die...*

He continues reading in V.O. As we --

CUT TO:

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - SERENA JOY'S BEDROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON OFFRED'S FACE. We can hear a soft GRUNTING. Offred moves a bit, in the same rhythm.

COMMANDER (V.O.)

*And she said, Behold my maid  
Bilhah, go in unto her...*

PULLING BACK, we reveal that Offred is lying between Serena Joy's open legs.

Serena Joy lies, fully clothed, on her outsized Colonial four-poster bed. She holds Offred's hands, pulling them back awkwardly.

Offred's red skirt is hitched up to her waist. No higher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMANDER (V.O.)

*...and she shall bear upon my knees  
that I may also have children by  
her. And she gave him Bilhah her  
Handmaid to wife, and Jacob went  
unto her.*

Below that, the Commander fucks Offred. Methodically. With monotonous exertion.

ON OFFRED. Her back hitting against Serena Joy's pubic bone. Trying not to wince. Her face blank.

ON THE COMMANDER, pumping. Dutifully. He glances at Offred for a moment. She avoids eye contact.

ON SERENA JOY. Pained. She grips Offred's wrists tightly, digs her nails in.

ON OFFRED -- What lesson is God teaching her?

The Commander grunts softly.

Serena Joy twists Offred's wrists PAINFULLY, contorting her into a posture that looks like sadomasochistic bondage.

Offred bites back a moan. The Commander grunts loudly and COMES.

Offred looks relieved.

The Commander rests for a beat. Then he steps back and pulls up his pants. Neatens his clothes.

He nods formally, then leaves.

The door CLOSES.

Offred is left entangled with Serena Joy. They lay there for a beat, then Serena Joy roughly extracts herself and sits up. She finds a cigarette, lights it.

SERENA JOY

Get out.

Offred hesitates, startled by her venom.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)

Are you deaf?

OFFRED

(respectfully)

The chances are better if I lay on my back afterwards...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERENA JOY  
(slow, fierce)  
Just get out.

Offred gets off the bed and leaves. ON SERENA JOY for a miserable beat --

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Offred lies in her bed, awake. Moonlight through the curtains makes patterns on her face.

The grotesque horror of the Ceremony replays in her mind. She tries to settle her thoughts. It's not working.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*The moon is the same. That's something. They haven't changed that.*  
(and then)  
*I'll think about the moon.*  
(and then, terribly)  
*I can feel the Commander's come running out of me.*  
(and then, rising panic)  
*I can smell it.*

Offred gets out of bed. Driven by waves of claustrophobic panic, she heads out of the room.

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Offred runs down the staircase. She's freaking out.

EXT. WATERFORD HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Offred runs out the back door and into the yard. A tall fence protects the garden.

She stops on the grass, breathing hard, trying to calm down.

She looks up at the moon. Pale white.

Suddenly, she *feels* someone watching. She turns.

NICK sits on the garage steps, outside his room. He holds a worn paperback book. He was reading in the cool night.

Offred and Nick lock eyes.

The moonlight shines through her nightgown. Nick can see the silhouette of her body.

Offred is frozen for a beat. Then she turns and runs inside.

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Offred comes in, reeling, pacing manically.

She went outside. She broke the strict rules. When Nick tells the Commander, she will be punished.

And in this world, punishments can be harsh. Horrifying.

Fatal.

As she fights panic...

**FLASHBACK TO:**INT. RED CENTER - CAFETERIA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Moonlight shines on the rows of cots. Handmaids-in-training sleep.

ON JUNE, sleeping. A far off MUMBLING wakes her. She sits up, looks across the room.

JANINE stands at the windows, naked. Her eye is still bandaged.

Her red nightgown is tangled on the floor beside her. She stares out, mumbling. June walks to her.

JANINE

(mumbling)

Hello, can I help you?

(and then)

Good morning, welcome...

JUNE

Janine?

June stops, noticing her face. Janine's mouth is fixed in a strange, tight smile.

By now, other Handmaids are stirring. Redheaded ALMA steps up.

ALMA

Put your clothes on, Dummy. Aunt Beth is on bedcheck. I don't want extra prayers on account of you.

JANINE

(scary friendly)

Hello, welcome. How can I help you this morning?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moira steps up.

MOIRA  
(to the other Handmaids)  
Go to bed, don't make this a thing.

Most of the Handmaids head back to bed.

JUNE  
Janine, wake up. You're having a  
dream...

Janine looks at June. But Janine isn't talking to her. She's  
talking to an imagined world.

JANINE  
Hello. My name's Janine. I'm your  
server this morning. Can I get you  
some coffee to start?

MOIRA  
Oh, Christ.

ALMA  
Don't swear.

MOIRA  
Alma, go back to your Goddamn bed.

Alma slinks away.

JUNE  
Snap out of it, Janine. Come on.

JANINE  
(smiling)  
You have a nice day, now.

Moira grabs Janine by her shoulders, then SLAPS HER HARD.

MOIRA  
You aren't there anymore. That's  
all gone. Now go back to your bed.

Janine touches her cheek, confused.

JANINE  
What'd you hit me for? Wasn't it  
good? I can bring you another one.

MOIRA  
My name is Moira and this is the  
Red Center.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANINE

I don't know any Moira.

MOIRA

Don't you know what they'll do?  
They'll send you to the Colonies.  
You'll be cleaning up toxic waste.  
Your skin will peel off in sheets  
and then you'll die. You will die,  
Janine.

JANINE

(breaking)

I want to go home. I want my mom.

June pushes the nightgown into her hands.

JUNE

Put on your clothes, Janine. Get  
into bed.

Janine nods. She pulls on her nightgown. Whimpering, she  
shuffles back to her cot.

MOIRA

And shut up.  
(low, to June)  
She does that again and I'm not  
around, slap her. Hard, don't be a  
fucking pussy about it.

JUNE

Yeah, okay.

MOIRA

I'm serious. That shit's  
contagious.  
(and then, unflinching)  
Hey. You want to see your baby girl  
again? You need to keep your  
fucking shit together.

They are all close to breaking. June nods, strengthened.

**END FLASHBACK:**

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Offred paces, Moira's words in her head.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*Keep your fucking shit together.*

Offred takes a breath, calms down a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*You're alive.*  
(and then, thinking of  
Hannah)  
*That's all that matters. Moira  
said, if we're alive, we will find  
her. We will find my baby girl.*

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFORD HOUSE - MORNING

MORNING. Nick polishes the Commander's black car with a soft rag. Tilting up, we see Offred watching from the bedroom window.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*That hasn't changed. The way men  
caress cars. I still don't get it.*

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Offred looks out the window, watching Nick.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*He saw me outside last night. I  
know he did. But the Eyes haven't  
come for me. No black van. No boots  
on the staircase.*  
(and then)  
*I am not safe, I know that.*  
(and then)  
*But he hasn't told anyone. Not yet.*  
(and then)  
*Why not?*

Offred considers. The question hangs, unanswered.

In the distance, a BELL TOLLS. THREE SLOW CHIMES. Offred reacts --

It is a signal. The Handmaids are being summoned.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Three bells.*  
(and then)  
*There's a Salvaging today.*

Offred heads out.

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Offred enters. Rita gets out the shopping basket and the food tokens. She's not happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED  
Blessed day.  
(and then)  
I've been called...

RITA  
(crabby)  
Yeah, I heard. Now I've got my work  
to do *and* your shopping.

OFFRED  
I'm sorry.

Nick enters. Offred stops, surprised to see him. He hesitates as well. Offred feels the danger, waits for a sign.

NICK  
Good morning.

Offred reacts, parses his words. It is a suspiciously casual greeting, definitely a breach of the strict etiquette.

Rita shoots him a look, taking note. She plays it casual.

RITA  
Good morning to you.

Offred plays it safe.

OFFRED  
Praised be.

NICK  
(to Rita)  
The Commander wants you to get more  
oranges, if they still have any.

RITA  
(bitter)  
Yes, Sir. My pleasure.  
(and then)  
Any other special requests?

Offred thinks, then decides to be bold.

OFFRED  
They had tuna at Loaves and Fishes  
yesterday. It looked good, you  
should get some.

Offred looks to Nick -- the tuna is an inside joke. She knows he doesn't like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In this world of nuance and danger, she's sending a message, asking a question -- *We had a moment, remember? We're friends, aren't we?*

She's trying to charm him. It might keep her alive.

RITA

(yuck)

Oranges and tuna. Sounds delicious.

(offhand)

Under His eye.

OFFRED

Under His eye.

Rita leaves.

Offred and Nick stand in silence. Nick is cool, unreadable.

After a long beat, NICK SMILES. Detente. Maybe Offred has bought herself a little safety, some good will.

THE BELLS TOLL AGAIN. THREE SLOW CHIMES.

NICK

Go in Grace.

OFFRED

In Grace I go.

Offred leaves. PRELAP the sound of THE BELL, tolling again, slowly. A steady chime now.

EXT. GILEAD - PATH TO THE COMMON - DAY

The path curves through trees. Bells ring.

HANDMAIDS converge.

In their cloaks, they make a red river, flowing. THEY ARE GATHERING FOR THE SALVAGING.

GUARDIANS line the path, herding the Handmaids. Watching, listening.

In the crowd, we find OFFRED. She waits as the other Handmaids pass. They exchange greetings. *Praised be... Blessed... May the Lord open...*

OFFRED (V.O.)

*This is a district Salvaging, for Handmaids only. They don't have them very often anymore.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*There's less need, we are all so  
well-behaved.*

OFGLEN steps up.

OFGLEN  
Blessed be the fruit.

OFFRED  
May the Lord open.

Paired, they join the others heading to the Common.

EXT. GILEAD - THE COMMON - CONTINUOUS

At the front of the lawn is a large STAGE, with microphones.

RED CUSHIONS sit in rows on the grass. Handmaids come in,  
choose cushions, kneel.

Guardians watch everyone.

As Offred crosses the grass, she looks for any familiar faces  
among the sea of Handmaids.

They all keep their eyes down. Submissively, obediently.

Offred spots someone. It's redheaded ALMA, from the Red  
Center. Their eyes meet, just for a moment.

Connection. Recognition. A friend.

Offred drifts over to her.

OFFRED  
Under His eye.

ALMA  
(casual, with recognition)  
Under His eye.

There are Guardians everywhere. Alma only glances up. They  
speak in very low whispers.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Hey.

OFFRED  
(whispers)  
Where are you posted?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALMA  
Commander Ellis. He can barely get  
it up. Where're you?

OFFRED  
Waterford.

ALMA  
Fancypants. Nice house I bet.

OFFRED  
Have you heard about anyone? I saw  
Gabby a few months ago. She had a  
miscarriage.

A somber beat, mourning the lost pregnancy. And then...

ALMA  
That sucks.  
(and then)  
Have you seen Moira?

OFFRED  
No. Not since the Center.

ALMA  
Me neither.

A few feet away, a Handmaid turns around.

IT IS JANINE -- we know her by the SCARRED LID AND EMPTY  
SOCKET where her right eye used to be. She smiles, clearly a  
bit insane.

Janine's stomach swells under her red cloak -- she is VERY  
PREGNANT.

JANINE  
(brightly)  
Oh, she's dead.

ALMA  
Janine?

A nearby Guardian glares.

GUARDIAN #3  
Quiet!

They fall silent, look down meekly.

But Offred's mind is racing. Moira, dead?

The Guardian moves off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE COMMON, a procession of Aunts and Guardians files onto the stage.

Offred leans close to Janine.

OFFRED  
(whispering)  
Janine? Who's dead?

JANINE  
(brightly)  
Moira. She tried to run away.  
(and then)  
She shouldn't have done that. They caught her, they sent her to the Colonies. She's dead by now.

OFFRED CAN'T BREATHE. MOIRA, sent away to the horror of the Colonies? She has no time to process as -- AUNT LYDIA steps to the microphone.

AUNT LYDIA  
To your places, now. Quick, quick.

Janine moves away, leaving Offred shaking. Ofglen watches her -- always watching and listening.

All across the grass, the Handmaids sort themselves into neat rows. They kneel. When they are still --

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)  
Well. Good morning girls.

HANDMAIDS  
(in unison)  
GOOD MORNING, AUNT LYDIA...

Offred doesn't respond. She is still in shock. Guardians patrol, ensuring obedience. Ofglen notices Offred's silence, leans to warn her --

OFGLEN  
Offred...

But Offred is lost, thinking about Moira. Reeling.

AUNT LYDIA  
I'm sure we are all aware of the unfortunate circumstances that bring us together on this beautiful morning, when I am certain we would all rather be doing something else. But duty is a hard taskmistress.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

And it is in the name of duty that  
we are here today.

Aunt Lydia pauses. The Handmaids rustle, restlessly.

ONSTAGE -- two SALVAGERS appear -- wearing ALL BLACK with  
BLACK HOODS over their heads. They drag A PRISONER onto the  
stage.

Wrists bound, he wears a torn Guardian uniform. His face is  
bruised and bloodied.

Offred comes out of her fog, looks at the Prisoner. His  
Guardian uniform. Her eyes fill with vengeful anger.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

This man has been convicted of  
rape.

(low moan from the crowd)

He was once a Guardian of the  
Faithful. But he has disgraced his  
uniform.

(and then)

The penalty for rape, as you know,  
is death.

Excitement ripples through the Handmaids. Aunt Lydia looks  
out, proudly.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

This disgusting *creature* has given  
us no choice. Am I correct, girls?

HANDMAIDS

(in unison)

YES, AUNT LYDIA...!

AUNT LYDIA

But that is not the worst of it.

(and then)

Now, you know that I do my very  
best to protect you. The world can  
be quite an ugly place. But we  
cannot hide from that ugliness. We  
cannot wish it away.

(and then, pained)

This man raped a Handmaid.

(whispers dramatic)

She was pregnant. And the baby  
died.

A WAVE OF RAGE moves through the Handmaids. As if they each  
have been personally violated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aunt Lydia raises her hand.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

Quiet, please.

(and then)

Now. You may stand up and form a circle.

An excited murmur runs through the Handmaids.

Aunt Lydia looks down at them -- generous. Munificent. Somber, but bestowing a gift.

The Handmaids shove as they move into a circle -- they're anxious, expectant.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

Orderly, now. Best behavior.

The Salvagers drag the Prisoner down from the stage, into the circle of Handmaids.

On OFFRED -- glaring at the Prisoner, her thoughts starting to spin.

-- Losing Hannah. Moira's exile. Luke's death. Her own sexual enslavement in this vicious society.

All of Offred's anger focuses on this man. This Guardian.

Rightly or wrongly, in this moment, he represents the entire oppressive patriarchy of Gilead.

Offred BOILS WITH FURY, READY TO POUNCE. Other Handmaids are ready to charge as well.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

You all know the rules for a particicipation. When I blow the whistle, what you do is up to you. Until I blow it again. Are you ready?

HANDMAIDS

(in unison)

YES, AUNT LYDIA!

AUNT LYDIA

Wonderful.

(and then)

Hands, please.

Moving together, all the Handmaids put one hand over their hearts. Aunt Lydia does the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

All together now.  
(and then)  
His will be done.

HANDMAIDS

(in unison)  
HIS WILL BE DONE.

On Offred...

OFFRED

(feral)  
His will be done.

Aunt Lydia raises her whistle to her lips.

The Salvagers release the Prisoner's arms.

He staggers, falls to his knees.

Aunt Lydia's lips close around the whistle and then --

SHE BLOWS THE WHISTLE -- A SHRILL, HIGH-PITCHED TONE --

OFFRED SCREAMS and attacks. All around her, the crowd surges.  
A tide of rage and red.

Offred is the first to get to the Guardian. He looks up at her with pleading eyes.

He hisses something unintelligible -- a plea? A curse? It doesn't matter.

Offred kicks him, viciously. Then again.

He crumples backwards. She STOMPS ON HIM --

FROM ABOVE, OFFRED VANISHES IN THE RED THROG as the Handmaids descend on the Prisoner.

The Prisoner disappears beneath the red cloaks. We see and hear FLASHES -- blood, fists, screaming, choking.

UP ON THE STAGE, Aunt Lydia raises her whistle to her lips and starts blowing. As the SOUND ECHOES --

Ofglen finds Offred, pulls her back.

OFGLEN

Are you all right?

No answer. Offred looks down to see A CLUMP OF HAIR IN HER HAND. There's BLOOD under her fingernails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Janine passes. A smear of blood on her face. She smiles.

JANINE  
Have a nice day.

Janine starts to walk away. Offred calls after her -- she might know more about Moira.

OFFRED  
Janine.  
(and then, louder)  
Janine!

This is DANGEROUS -- even using Janine's name is dangerous. The murmuring crowd camouflages her voice, but a few nearby GUARDIANS turn.

Offred starts to follow Janine. Ofglen grabs Offred's arm, pulls her away.

OFGLEN  
(low)  
No.

Offred is shaking, unhinged as Ofglen leads her away.

They pass the spot of the Particicution. A WHITE SHEET now covers the remains of the dead Guardian. Blood seeps through the sheet.

On Offred -- *What did I do?*

OFGLEN (CONT'D)  
(low)  
Walk.

Offred obeys, following Ofglen from the Common.

EXT. GILEAD - STREETS - DAY

Handmaids leave the Salvaging. They split into pairs and head in different directions.

Ofglen leads Offred by her arm. The sidewalks are emptier now -- most of the Handmaids have peeled off in other directions.

ON OFFRED, we **FLASHBACK TO:**

EXT. CAMBRIDGE CAFE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A popular lunch place. People stand outside in the cold, waiting for tables.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

June stands among them. She holds her cell phone. She looks distant, distracted.

Moira steps up.

MOIRA

Hey, Sorry. Fucking Uber. Did you put our name in?

June takes a beat, tries to focus.

JUNE

What?

(and then)

Yeah, they said twenty minutes.

MOIRA

We'll freeze our nuts off. You want to go somewhere else?

June doesn't seem to be listening.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Hey, what's wrong?

JUNE

Nothing. I just can't get ahold of Luke. He's on a jobsite in Essex and the cell service is terrible. So.

Moira considers this non-answer.

MOIRA

Okay.

June takes a beat. Steels herself.

JUNE

I think...

(and then)

I'm pregnant.

Moira blooms into a huge smile.

MOIRA

Oh my God, oh my God, that's amazing.

Moira hugs June tightly. When they separate, Moira can see the fear in June's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Hey, don't worry, okay? Getting pregnant's the hard part, that's what they're saying. And you did it.

JUNE

Not everyone's saying that.  
(and then)  
Five women in my office had miscarriages this year, some were really far along.

MOIRA

That's not going to happen to you.

JUNE

And that woman Terri in marketing, she made it to term but her son only lived for a few days.  
(and then)  
They said he was born without a brain.

A beat.

MOIRA

That's not going to happen.

JUNE

You don't know that. It could.

MOIRA

Okay, you're right. And if it does, you've got a good man. And you've got me.  
(and then)  
No matter what happens, I'll be here, all right? You and me, just like always.

They hold a long stare. June slowly settles, gaining strength from her friend.

June's PHONE RINGS. She looks at the screen -- it's Luke. A beat, then she answers.

JUNE

(into phone)  
Hey.  
(and then)  
No, sorry, I'm okay. Everything's okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

June looks to Moira. Finally, June is feeling hopeful.  
Excited.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
It's really good actually.

Off June and Moira, we --

**END FLASHBACK:**

EXT. GILEAD - STREETS - DAY

Offred and Ofglen, walking back from the salvaging.

Ofglen walks with her head down. Speaks in low, secret  
whispers.

OFGLEN  
(whispers)  
I'm so sorry about your friend.  
Moira?

Offred doesn't answer.

She's still shaken from everything that's happened, but she  
recognizes that Ofglen is breaking rules here. This is  
dangerous talk.

OFGLEN (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
You knew her from the Red Center?

Offred takes a long, careful beat. Should she answer?

Finally, she nods warily.

OFFRED  
(softly)  
And before.

A beat...

OFGLEN  
Was there ever a before?

Ofglen gives Offred a thin smile. A moment of connection.  
Trust, almost. But should Offred trust Ofglen?

Ofglen nods towards a storefront across the street. The sign  
is just a pictograph -- bees and a cow -- *Milk and Honey*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  OFGLEN (CONT'D)  
                  That used to be an ice cream place.

Offred looks that way, but doesn't answer.

                  OFGLEN (CONT'D)  
                  They had this amazing salted  
                  caramel.  
                                    (and then)  
                  That stuff was better than sex.  
                  Like, *good* sex.

Offred reacts to this blasphemy. Surprised.

                  OFFRED  
                  (extremely carefully)  
                  I always thought...  
                                    (and then)  
                  You were always such a...  
                                    (and then)  
                  ...true believer.

                  OFGLEN  
                  So were you. So stinking pious.  
                                    (and then)  
                  They do that really well. Make us  
                  distrust each other.

A BLACK VAN PASSES, SLOWLY. The windows are tinted. On the side is painted a simple but terrifying image:

AN EYE, with two angel wings. The secret police are on the prowl.

Offred watches it go past. Terrified.

                  OFFRED  
                  Eyes.

                  OFGLEN  
                  Come on. Just keep walking.

They walk in silence. Offred looks back as the van follows for a block, then heads off.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. GILEAD - UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Offred and Ofglen walk towards home. It's quiet, only a few people on the streets.

They look down, speak in low voices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFGLEN

How old is your daughter?

Offred reacts, surprised.

OFGLEN (CONT'D)

(off her look)

When you saw the girls outside the church....

Ofglen has been watching. Taking note.

OFFRED

Eight.

(and then)

She'd be eight.

Ofglen smiles.

OFGLEN

Cute age.

(and then)

My wife and I had a son. Oliver.

He's almost five.

A beat, and then --

OFFRED

Do you know where they are?

OFGLEN

Montreal. She had family there,  
they had Canadian passports.

(and then)

I didn't. I got caught at the  
airport.

OFFRED

We were trying to cross in Maine.

With my husband. We split up.

(and then)

They shot him.

You can hear the guilt in her voice.

OFGLEN

They weren't going to let any of us  
get away. Not if you had a red tag.

OFFRED

(nods, and then)

When I left him, I didn't even look  
back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This clearly tortures Offred. Ofglen has nothing to say, no solace to offer.

EXT. WATERFORD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They stop in front of the Waterford House.

OFGLEN

This is your stop. As they used to say.

(and then)

Nice to finally meet you.

Offred considers, for a beat. Has she found a friend?

OFFRED

You too.

Ofglen leans close.

OFGLEN

(very low)

There's an Eye in the house.

(and then)

Be careful.

Offred REACTS -- someone in the house is an Eye?

How could Ofglen know this? Her mind races.

TWO GUARDIANS walk towards them. Ofglen steps back, bows her head. The image of a docile Handmaid.

OFGLEN (CONT'D)

(to Offred)

Blessed be the fruit.

Ofglen offers a genuine smile, then walks away. Still stunned, Offred looks up at the WATERFORD HOUSE.

A beautiful tableaux -- this woman in red, in front of this stately, dangerous house.

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS

Offred enters. The house is busy -- they're having guests for dinner.

Extra armed Guardians stand by the doors for security. Other Guardians carry bags of ice, cases of wine.

Extra Marthas, including RITA, cook in the kitchen.

Offred hangs up her cloak and wings, looks around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Someone is watching. In Gilead, someone is always watching.

Offred goes through the kitchen into the hallway.

IN THE SITTING ROOM, Offred can see Serena Joy, chatting with a few other WIVES.

Serena Joy exits the sitting room, passes Offred as if she is invisible.

Offred tries her best to oblige, falling into stillness.

Serena Joy leans into the kitchen.

SERENA JOY

Come on, then.

Serena heads off. Two MARTHAS follow, each carrying platters of hors d'oeuvres, bottles of wine.

The platters look heavy.

Offred reaches for a platter, trying to help. The Martha smiles, gratefully.

Offred follows Serena Joy and the two Marthas down the hall to the Commander's office.

Serena Joy knocks.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen?

NICK opens the door. Past him, Offred sees Commander holding court with a few other COMMANDERS.

Waterford is clearly the center of attention, the big dog.

COMMANDER

Lovely, thank you, Dear.

Nick and other Guardians take the trays from Offred and the Marthas.

None of the women enter the office. It is forbidden territory.

The Marthas head towards the kitchen. Offred follows. Serena waits in the doorway for a beat.

Serena looks hungrily into this inner sanctum, this hub of male power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

We need to finish talking through a few more things. No rest for the weary.

(and then)

We'll see you for dinner.

Serena Joy is being dismissed. With a practiced smile, she closes the door.

Offred watches as Serena takes a beat outside the closed office door. She's been shut out, and it hurts.

It's a moment of vulnerability. Then Serena spots Offred. Serena Joy immediately goes hard.

SERENA JOY

Go to your room.

OFFRED

Yes, Mrs. Waterford.

Offred turns and heads down the hall.

As she climbs the narrow stairs, we --

CUT TO:

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - DAY

Offred sits, looking out of the window.

OFFRED (V.O.)

(calm)

*A chair. A table. A lamp.*

It is the image from the start of the episode.

That otherworldly tableaux. A woman draped in red, in this dollhouse-perfect bedroom.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*I sit and watch the curtains move in the breeze. I'm alone.*

(and then)

*Moirra's gone. And there's a man lying bloody and dead in a field of grass, a man I did not know, a man I helped to kill.*

(and then)

*And there's Ofglen. Is she a friend, or a trap? I don't know, but I do know she's right. Someone is watching.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Here, someone is always watching.*

*(and then)*

*So nothing can change. Everything  
has to look the same.*

*(and then)*

*Because I intend to survive. I  
intend to survive for her.*

*(and then)*

*Her name is Hannah. My husband was  
Luke. My name is June.*

JUNE. IT IS THE FIRST TIME THE AUDIENCE HAS HEARD HER NAME.

OFFRED sits. Still. Seemingly docile. But there is a new defiance in her eyes.

**END OF EPISODE**