

**THE HANDMAID'S TALE**

"Sleeper"

Written by

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## NOTE:

My teleplay, *Sleeper*, is a spec-script based on Hulu's dystopian drama, *The Handmaid's Tale*. The television show is based upon Margaret Atwood's novel of the same title.

I've written this story as Episode 2.5 which takes place within the series' 10-episode first season. The narrative specifically follows the timeline after Ofglen's replaced by a new Handmaid (Episode 2) and precedes Offred visiting baby Angela (Episode 3).

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**INT. RED CENTER - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Empty school desks. All but one.

OFFRED projects herself as an obedient HANDMAID. She watches images of Chemical Plants, Diseases & Infections, in part of remedial training on the causality of the infertility plague.

Its devastation birthed the new world order, from what was left of a divisive United States.

OFFRED

Where was I?

VIDEO PROJECTOR LIGHT flashes intermittently.

AUNT LYDIA, the unofficial warden of THE RACHEL & LEAH CENTER a/k/a "The Red Center" taps the projector.

Skipping stops.

AUNT LYDIA

Where?

Aunt Lydia snickers with her back turned. Then she spins around to corner Offred.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

Good question! You were stuck in a fable. Just like all the others.

Offred's head jerks in response.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)

Engrossed in that filthy reality. We had to sanitize our future. Did we do right?

OFFRED

Yes, Aunt Lydia.

AUNT LYDIA

I know the life of a Handmaid is tiresome. A twenty-four-hour shift. Seven days a week. Three-hundred and sixty-five sunrises of the year. So you mustn't grow weary.

(and then)

You must remember why you're here.

(MORE)

To reproduce and help reverse the effects of this nasty infertility plague... Do you believe, Offred?

OFFRED  
Yes, Aunt Lydia.

ON THE SCREEN -- we see pages of redacted BIBLE VERSES. Then, Aunt Lydia stops on an image of art drawn BIBLICAL FIGURES.

AUNT LYDIA (O.S.)  
Our new regime was inspired by two sisters' Biblical tryst with the same husband and one envious sister's goal to bear children.  
(and then)  
A responsibility given to her Handmaid.  
(and then)  
I want you to think of Leah and Rachel. And Rachel's struggle to bear Jacob children. Albeit at any cost.

WE SEE, a LIVE SONOGRAM of a healthy baby. WE HEAR, an ultrasound frequency of a fast pumping heartbeat turn into a slowly fading heartbeat. The baby dies.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)  
Uh huh... Take a look.

Offred redirects her focus.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)  
These aren't God's design flaws.

Aunt Lydia grits her teeth in Offred's face.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)  
This was inevitable. There's nothing no one can do. Handmaids are ordained by him. Not Rebels.

She loosens her brown trench-coat and gives Offred the skeeviest of looks. This turns into an interrogation.

AUNT LYDIA (CONT'D)  
You think I don't know about your snake of a friend?

OFFRED  
Not sure what you're talking about.

AUNT LYDIA  
 (shouts)  
 Ofglen!

OFFRED  
 I don't know what you mean.

AUNT LYDIA  
 Games are activities for  
 children... Don't waste my time.  
 (and then)  
 Did she ever mention where we can  
 find, this so-called network of  
 rebel campers?

Nervousness in Offred's bosom creeps up.

OFFRED  
 No. I know nothing.

AUNT LYDIA  
 That's too bad.

Out comes Aunt Lydia's CATTLE PROD. She turns it upside down  
 and twists it upwards into Offred's neck. WE SEE --

UNSIGHTLY PAIN forces Offred's eyes to glaze over.

**END DREAM SEQUENCE:**

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - HALLWAY / STAIRS - NIGHT**

Offred runs out of her bedroom... Breathes heavily. She goes  
 downstairs to the Commander's quarters. The door is locked.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Could it be the resistance...*

**EXT. WATERFORD HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Offred barely goes outside. Looks onward for visible light,  
 over at the garage home. Nothing.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Why else would they be after her?*

She contemplates going to Nick's anyway, but the RAIN starts.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*God forbid she wrote me a farewell.  
 As we're not permitted to read or  
 write. Per anti-female legislation.*

Offred runs back inside.

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

Offred stares at her disheveled bed from the floor.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*I must've missed the preempted news  
bulletin... and the water-cooler  
talk or the lecture where they  
taught us this would happen.*

*(and then)*

*No bedtime stories or an  
environmentally friendly take on  
birds and the bees.*

She starts to braid her hair down one side.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*I did, however, meddle with a  
Prince Charming. He was married at  
the time. Where was the causality  
in that? Exactly!*

Offred crawls up to her accent chair. Sits up. Crosses leg.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*There was no such chapter... No  
exposition that supports me giving  
myself to a pseudo Commander. As if  
I was his barren wife.*

*(and then)*

*I mean. No sappy fairytale warning?  
For any of this? Ever?*

TEARY-EYED. Offred creates not one, but two messy pigtails.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*I'll have to read twice as much to  
Hannah... if I can get her back in  
one piece.*

*(and then)*

*We could've stopped this  
affliction. Right from the very  
beginning. But we didn't. We didn't  
stop this. And no preventative  
medication could've eased the onset  
or prepared us for The Republic of  
Gilead.*

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONEEXT. SONS OF JACOB – WASHINGTON BASE – RUNWAY – DAWN

A Falcon 5X PRIVATE JET lands onto the asphalt.

INT./EXT. SONS OF JACOB – WASHINGTON BASE – DAWN

COMMANDER FRED WATERFORD and military officials exit wearing Grainger Industrial GAS MASKS with double-breasted suits.

Unmasked GUARDIANS OF THE FAITH lead the long walk, carrying heavy ASSAULT RIFLES.

GUARDIAN #1

Under his eye.

Our COMMANDERS march to base with handy ROLLING TOTES. WE HEAR, INSULATED VOICES due to the privilege of hollow masks.

COMMANDER WATERFORD

Yes. Under his eye.

GUARDIAN #1

Don't worry Sir. You'll be safe from any attacks.

COMMANDER WATERFORD

That's funny. We built this bunker. To stay on the offense, and ensure Gilead's superiority.

GUARDIAN #1

Yes, Sir.

COMMANDER WATERFORD

It's why we conquered the country. To save it from herself.

(and then)

Don't worry. Regardless of today, God will have the last laugh.

Commander Waterford uses his other hand to clinch onto his trusty King James BIBLE.

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE – SITTING ROOM – DAY

It THUNDERS outside... Offred dozes off in the sofa chair, but the loud crack jolts her into an upright position. The bolstering weather frightens her. Then she nods off again.

The Waterford's driver, sometimes lackey NICK BLAINE and their domestic worker RITA a/k/a Gilead's "MARTHA" both stand, as Offred sits waiting. Then --

SERENA JOY WATERFORD, wife to the second highest-ranking Commander enters dressed in PEA GREEN from head to toe. Uniformity is a requirement in Gilead, just like manners.

Offred stands to greet the MISTRESS of the house.

SERENA JOY  
Morning. Blessed be the fruit.

OFFRED  
May the Lord open.

SERENA JOY  
Resting on your laurels, I see.

OFFRED  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Waterford -- I couldn't get much sleep last night.

SERENA JOY  
Are you pregnant yet?

Offred looks at Nick and Rita for sympathy.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)  
Well then. Save your excuses. We have a big day today.  
(and then)  
I'm hosting Mrs. Putnam's Prayvaganza.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Oh, Christ! Another self-serving Prayvaganza?*

SERENA JOY  
You all may not know. But she's been strained for months with this pregnancy.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Strained? She's holding a woman captive. Stripping her of her free will. Praying for the day to take her child. Poor Mrs. Putnam.*

RITA  
Praised be.



SERENA JOY

So let's get started... Nick will bring in the extra tables and chairs from the garage.

(and then)

These Prayvaganzas always have a few stragglers.

NICK

Get right on it.

SERENA JOY

Rita?

Nick exits.

RITA

Yes, ma'am.

SERENA JOY

I want you to make your special macarons. Those are Mrs. Putnam's favorites.

(and then)

This isn't tradition to go all out but I feel its necessary... The best way to receive a blessing is to be a blessing.

RITA

Absolutely ma'am.

SERENA JOY

I'm going to finish up on Baby Angela's gift.

OFFRED

What about me?

SERENA JOY

What about you?

Rita dismisses herself too.

OFFRED

How can I help, Mrs. Waterford?

SERENA JOY

I don't suppose you know how to sew. Do you?

OFFRED

I'm sorry. I don't know how.

SERENA JOY

Then I'll call for you if you're needed.

(and then)

I hope you enjoy your beauteous time-off...

Offred is left seated all alone. Dog-tired.

SERENA JOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Sabbath was made for man. Not man for the Sabbath.

**INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - MRS. PUTNAM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

CLOSE ON -- Baby Angela, crying and coughing uncontrollably.

Batty OFWARREN, Handmaid to the Putnams -- enters.

She shifts the curtains aside. Closes the WINDOW. Ofwarren grabs an extra blanket to warm her precious child. Baby Angela still cries from the drafty room.

Ofwarren takes her out of the BASSINET. Then walks over to Mrs. Putnam's bedside. Gives her a shrewd look. Head down, she rocks Baby Angela to sleep.

NAOMI PUTNAM wakes without Ofwarren's knowledge.

OFWARREN (O.S.)

(sotto)

You're not that bitch's daughter. Remember that.

Groggy but functioning, Naomi hears Ofwarren. Squints from confusion. Then flings her covers off.

NAOMI

Excuse me?

OFWARREN

Menopause or not... How could you leave the window open? Do you want her sick?

NAOMI

Give me my baby...

OFWARREN

Aunt Lydia told us breathing in Sulphur can harm a fetus and especially young babies.

Mrs. Putnam snatches the baby out of Ofwarren's hands, without regard for safety. Then saunters over to the closet.

NAOMI

They're having a Prayvaganza today.  
To celebrate this little victory...

Ofwarren smirks. Shakes her head.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

And it won't be here.

OFWARREN

What time should we get ready?

NAOMI

We?

Ofwarren is taken aback... She clasps her hands forward. Waits for an explanation.

OFWARREN

Why not?  
(and then)  
I should be there. I'm her mother.

NAOMI

Because you should know... This is about me.

Mrs. Putnam leaves with crying Baby Angela.

OFWARREN

And you should know... He doesn't love you.

Ofwarren stares at a painted wall portrait of Mr. Putnam with his barren wife.

**EXT./INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - FOYER / SITTING ROOM - DAY**

Sweat perspiration swirls down Nick's forehead. He brings the last of the chairs inside the sitting room. Then drops them.

**INT. WATERFORD GARAGE HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER**

Nick painfully urinates, grunting through the whole process.

What could it be?

NICK

FUCKKK--

Nick bites down on his tongue and takes a wider stance. Nothing left. He tussles with his manhood.

Nick can barely bring himself to look inside the LATRINE.

He makes a disgusting face toward the murky yellowish water.

FLUSH...

Zippering his pants up, Nick is lost in thought. He looks at his palm veins for hope.

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

The kitchen is spotless.

Rita turns the corner with tons of BAKING GOODS. The splurge was incumbent upon catering guests for Mrs. Putnam's event.

She washes her hands. Then takes out all her tools. Rita reaches into her bag. Pulls out the raw dough and finds a strange item. Something's protruding outward. It's --

A CLEAR BAG OF YELLOW PILLS.

RITA

AAHHH...

Unsure of what it is exactly, Rita tip-toes backward into the counter. She takes a chance and opens the bag. The smell of the drugs startles Rita. She drops the bag, as --

ONE HUNDRED PILL CAPSULES spill out onto the floor.

Terrified of getting caught, Rita attempts to leave the messy scene. However, she can't avoid stepping on the pills...

NICK (O.S.)

What's this?

RITA

It's not mine. It's not mine. I swear.

NICK

Okay, okay. Tell me...

A panic attack is inevitable.

RITA

I don't know. I came back from Loaves & Fishes and--

NICK

And the pills? Don't worry. I'm not going to say anything. Breathe.

RITA

It was in the dough. What are they?

He examines the pill in the palm of his hand.

NICK

Opioids? Hidden in the dough...

RITA

Yeah. Wrapped like keepsakes.

Nick starts hauling pills back into the bag.

NICK

They mistook you for another Martha or someone... Is there more?

RITA

This isn't enough meds for you?

NICK

Shhhh! Keep it down... Look let me pick these up.

Still a nervous wreck, Rita tries to help Nick recollect the pills.

NICK (CONT'D)

No. I need you to watch out for anybody else.

RITA

Okay. Sure.

NICK

Don't let anybody come in here.

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY**

Offred rearranges the chairs and table furniture. She picks up the feather duster to help contribute in some fashion. Then arrives at the FIREPLACE. Front and center.

An unlocked WOODEN BOX sits atop the mantle. It's slightly cracked open. Offred opens the box, as we REVEAL -- nothing. It's empty... Commander Waterford stores his Bible here.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*What's a glass prison without a  
 Bible? A hard knock life.  
 (and then)  
 Does it hold something pale as snow  
 white? In the dead of winter. Clear  
 as sin for the world to see.*

WE SEE, Offred's reflection in the PICTURE FRAME above the mantle. She's distracted...

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*SNOW WHITE--*

Offred's face is covered with a look of nostalgia, as she DUSTS inside the empty box.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Written by Enzo Lauderdale.*

Dust lingers everywhere. Offred holds back her sneeze. Both of them. Parched Offred, heads to the kitchen for water.

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Nick steadily recruits more pills.

NICK  
 Almost over.

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN / HALLWAY - DAY (INTERCUT)**

Offred approaches the kitchen from the hallway. Meanwhile, Nick desperately works to recover the pills into the bag. Everyone is out of Offred's line of sight, when --

A FRENCH ROLLING PIN lands right in the back of Offred's head...

THWACK!

As she crumples toward the scattered pills. More and more Opioids begin to trickle further away from Nick.

WHAM!

Offred's face hits the floor.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

CLOSE ON Offred. She lies face down, unconscious and surrounded by Opioid pills. We pull back to REVEAL --

Rita. Faced flushed. About to melt into tears. She rests the ROLLING PIN down on the counter. Then wipes her tears with a dirty apron.

NICK

What the hell did you do that for?

RITA

You said. Watch out if anybody... I don't... We don't know her yet.

NICK

We won't know her at all if she's not breathing.

Nick checks Offred's pulse above her neck.

RITA

Please don't be dead!

Rita fans herself. Then takes deep breaths.

RITA (CONT'D)

Is she?

ANGLE ON --

Offred's face still pressed to the floor. She's surrounded by what seems like a surplus of Opioids.

The answer to Rita's question is still a mystery. We can't tell if Offred is breathing or not. OFF this uncertainty...

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - BALLROOM - DUSK (FLASHBACK)**

Near the doorway, feisty MOIRA and June pass out event programs for Barro & Monroe's latest client:

**ENZO LAUDERDALE** (37), Black Gay Male-Feminist/Epidemiologist and Activist readies to release his third book...

*Snow White: A Sleeper on Epidemiology.*

ENZO

Hi there.

Enzo shakes hands with Barro & Monroe staffers who work to ensure a successful book-launch. He waits by stage entrance.

ROGER, Publisher of Barro & Monroe and June's boss; adjusts the microphone. Roger's straightforward-ness is due to his stage fright, as he introduces the guest speaker.

ROGER

He's a Scientist. Activist and Male-Feminist. Here to speak to the conscientious minds of today...

Female audience members cheer emphatically. Enzo enters stage left. Waves profusely. Some attendees rise to their feet.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Welcome this month's guest speaker and author of Snow White: A Sleeper on Epidemiology.  
(and then)  
Mr. Enzo Lauderdale.

Unanimous applause from the floor as Enzo takes the microphone. Roger exits the stage.

ENZO

Thank you Roger... but you folks truly deserve the applause. You're alive and healthy. Not to mention, you're here supporting me. For that I'm grateful.

As Enzo continues to speak to a mesmerized crowd, WE FIND --

June. She makes a slightly smug look toward the stage area. Watches with little interest.

JUNE

He's kind of arrogant.

MOIRA

What do you mean?

JUNE

I copied cliff notes of his other book from archives and he literally thinks everything is going to hell in a hand-basket.



MOIRA

Like one of those Michael Moore,  
conspiracy theorists?

JUNE

Sort of but its creepy. Almost like  
he's channeling a soothsayer or  
something... It's interesting.

MOIRA

What are you... like a closet fan?

June disregards Moira. Then checks her phone.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Maybe he knows something your phone  
doesn't.

JUNE

As if he knows what the government  
or Congress is really up to?

With June's face buried in said phone, Moira turns her focus  
back to Enzo.

ENZO

Our children today don't stay up at  
night wondering about the lapse in  
Healthcare along with steadily  
declining Birth rates in the U.S.  
and abroad.

(and then)

However, we do need to reel them in  
from pillow-talking at night via  
social media and help them truly  
learn about survival in these  
volatile times...

He drinks water.

ENZO (CONT'D)

How to exceed beyond our years to  
dream of a unified civilization and  
deliver on fruitful causes that  
will nourish this nation.

June receives a text. She blushes and checks inconspicuously.

ENZO (CONT'D)

We, adults, need to take an active  
role in our communities and  
hotbeds...

A fan RAISES FIST and shouts with affirmation.

ENZO (CONT'D)  
No, I don't mean sex!

Latecomers arrive in hopes of hearing the guest speaker. Attendees approach June over Moira. She passes out event programs. Tries to diminish the sullen look on her face.

JUNE  
(re: Attendee)  
Here you go. Enjoy!

ENZO  
However, if that's really what it takes for you guys to see the problems we're facing. So be it.

MOIRA  
Who's that?

JUNE  
Ummm...

CLOSE ON JUNE'S PHONE, A TEXT: *To: Luke -- Where are you?*

MOIRA  
The married guy?

JUNE  
Really?

MOIRA  
Whatever!

ENZO  
In my book. I arbitrarily ask America's prized jewel a few questions about the state of the world... Who I'm talking about?

AUDIENCE  
Women!

ENZO  
Yes, women. Although I prefer men.

The audience humors Enzo Lauderdale.

ENZO (CONT'D)  
I asked a myriad of women from Baby Boomers to Millennials. Asian, Hispanic, White & Black...

Another slowpoke grabs a program and enters.

ATTENDEE #1

Thank you.

JUNE

You're welcome.

ENZO

This book was an invitation to their thoughts on Epidemiology and whether they're aware of the impact of these government disasters. Like Opioids in our water supply or mishaps while testing H-Bombs.

(and then)

Also, non-labeling of GMO foods... and the discharge of air pollutants fighting every other chemical floating around out there.

(and then)

Do you see a pattern?

MOIRA

That's specifically why the other countries are laughing at us. In our feeble state... Hey June?

June listens dazedly. Texting on her phone.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You're not even paying attention... This isn't just about my people.

JUNE

C'mon how many of these book launches have we done?

MOIRA

You're deflecting...

JUNE

I'm sorry. I don't necessarily think we're being poisoned when it comes to male-supremacy.

MOIRA

We're not? Seriously?

JUNE

I'm just talking... I don't know.

MOIRA

Just look at TV. Twitter. It's called privilege sweetheart and you're not affected because you're already poisoned. You were born comatose to that shit. No offense.

(and then)

Everything was designed to protect the woman's virtue... especially the white woman.

JUNE

I thought this wasn't racial...

MOIRA

Race. Gender. Both apply here. Don't be naive, June.

Moira backs off. June places her flyers on the table.

ENZO

We need to challenge these issues.

(and then)

But we can't do that asleep in the R-E-M phase, pale as Snow White!

June's TEXT ALERT cuts off Moira's next remark. Distracts Enzo, who looks directly in their vicinity. Onlookers refocus their attention. June puts her phone on silent.

MOIRA

(sotto)

You know... Everything that happens in the dark. Always comes to light!

JUNE

What does that mean?

CLOSE ON JUNE'S PHONE, A TEXT: *Fr: Luke -- OMW*

June sighs. Stuffs phone in her jean-pocket.

**END FLASHBACK:**

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Offred still lies motionless on the floor. Nick looks back. Finds Rita in tears. Nick comforts Rita with a warm hand on the shoulder. He gives her a brief moment to collect herself.

NICK

She's going to be okay. Offred's--

RITA  
Fine... Are you sure?

NICK  
Just relax. All we need to do is  
get her upstairs. Quietly.

RITA  
Should we get her help?

NICK  
No Rita... We just need to get her  
into bed. Before the Misses--

Nick checks for any more Opioids. Then stashes the bag under the kitchen sink. He pauses from groin pain.

Rita watches Nick's discomfort, as Offred is wielded off the ground. Grabbed by her wrists and ankles.

Rita looks back one last time to scan the area for any remaining pills. A flagrant crime like this is worth the triple-check.

Nick & Rita begin to transport Offred upstairs.

**INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - MR. PUTNAM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Vacant home office...

WE SEE, a loose hand rise up slowly from behind the desk. It finally lands on top of the desk. The mysterious hand roams and inches closer to grab the phone as we, REVEAL --

Ofwarren. Still in her nightgown. She sits on the ground. Adjacent to Commander Putnam's desk.

Ofwarren dials a number. Looks over her shoulder discreetly.

Phone RINGS on the other end. A click as its answered, then Ofwarren chokes herself with her free hand. This helps to disguise her voice.

GUARDIAN #2 (V.O.)  
*Sons of Jacob--*

OFWARREN  
Commander Putnam, please...

She waits nervously as we begin an INTERCUT with --

INT. SONS OF JACOB – WASHINGTON BASE – WAR ROOM – DAY

No Mistresses, Handmaids or Marthas in sight. The thick masculine energy in the room is quiet but deadly.

Stares are met with grim faces, as several high-priority Commanders sit sternly at the elongated conference desk; straight across four double-stacked 4K DISPLAY MONITORS.

COMMANDER WARREN PUTNAM and Commander Waterford debate strategies for an alternate point of attack to keep the Republic of Gilead safe from rebels.

COMMANDER PUTNAM

We should wait until we have confirmation.

COMMANDER WATERFORD

I disagree.

FOLDERS of photographic proof exchange hands.

COMMANDER PUTNAM (O.S.)

The Guardians have already made multiple arrests. Leave some of our duplicitous Handmaids, Marthas, and Drivers for another day.

WE SEE -- sheets of evidence, targets, and potential rebel camp locations.

COMMANDER WATERFORD

That's my point. Their day is due.

COMMANDER PUTNAM

Bombing those coordinates will only bury our chances...

COMMANDER WATERFORD

To what? Extract more information?  
(and then)  
If we get their attention now? The message becomes clear. Remember. We indoctrinate holiness. Anything that tries to undo his work.

Commander Waterford stands. Points up.

COMMANDER WATERFORD (CONT'D)

That's a direct threat.

(and then)

We're going to take a vote. Amongst districts. If its all the same to you. Commanders in favor...

Commander Waterford raises his hand.

GUARDIAN #2

One moment.

GUARDIAN #2 interrupts Commander Waterford's impromptu vote to wave down Commander Putnam, who hesitates in his seat. Then Commander Putnam excuses himself.

Several Commanders mumble to themselves. Annoyed.

COMMANDER WATERFORD

We'll wait.

OFF Commander Waterford's intrusive glance -- Commander Putnam walks toward the phone. Then Commander Waterford evaluates the photos again, without further distraction.

COMMANDER PUTNAM

Hello?

WE HEAR, the tone of a geeked little girl:

OFWARREN (V.O.)

*Hey honey.*

COMMANDER PUTNAM

(sotto)

Janine?

She laughs.

OFWARREN

Of course silly.

COMMANDER PUTNAM

(sotto)

What are you doing calling me here?  
You're mental. You know that?

A few Commanders cough at the end of the table.

OFWARREN

I missed you.

COMMANDER PUTNAM

Wonderful. But now's not the time.

One gentleman coughs and gets up. He beelines toward Commander Putnam. Another commander follows suit.

OFWARREN

Do you believe your wife left the window open last night... with our newborn Charlotte in the room?

Commander Putnam tenses up in the chest. Watches more footsteps head in his direction.

COMMANDER PUTNAM

(sotto)

Look I've gotta go.

Coincidentally, the WATER DISPENSER is right next to the phone. The gentlemen reach for paper cups and water. Commander Putnam attempts to muffle the receiver.

OFWARREN (V.O.)

*Fine.*

He smiles, as they quickly sip their water. Then turns in the opposite direction. Now he faces a Guardian. Commander Putnam gives a gentle nod, as both Commanders return to their seats.

COMMANDER PUTNAM

I'm not going to warn you. Don't call here again... I'll see you when I get back. Praised be.

Click. Dial tone.

OFWARREN

Under his stupid freakin' eye.

CLOSE ON -- Ofwarren's mangled eye.

**INT. SONS OF JACOB – WASHINGTON BASE – WAR ROOM – DAY**

We stay with Commander Putnam as he hangs up the phone. His eyes cut to the nearby Guardian. 'Don't say a word' is implied when he nods his head. Then he revisits the others.

COMMANDER WATERFORD

Blessed day Commander Putnam has returned... Are we going to need bio-breaks next?

COMMANDER PUTNAM

No thank you. I'm fine.

Commander Waterford holds the PHOTOS up to the LIGHT. WE SEE, 13.1254125 bleeding through the print.



COMMANDER WATERFORD

We've already verified these set of numbers with the runaway Handmaids in custody.

(and then)

And interestingly they recognized the same numbers. Tattooed on several slain rebels.

Commander Waterford slides down PHOTOS of various deceased rebels -- tattooed with numbers.

COMMANDER WATERFORD (CONT'D)

The S-O-J's league of investigators are eighty percent sure these numbers are relative to physical geographic coordinates. Located on the borders of Gilead.

(and then)

That means. A vote's in order.

COMMANDER PUTNAM

This is ludicrous.

A tense stare down, as Commander Waterford takes a seat.

COMMANDER WATERFORD

Warren? Let me say with or without a confirmation of these locations. Sons of Jacob cannot show an ounce of clemency. Especially for an army who opposes us.

(and then)

All in favor of staging an attack on these coordinates...

Commander Waterford motions the basic parliamentary procedure to begin voting. Commander Putnam blocks Commander Waterford from raising his hand.

COMMANDER WATERFORD (CONT'D)

Raise your hand.

A unanimous decision. CLOSE ON -- Commander Waterford's satisfied face.

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - HALLWAY / STAIRS - DAY**

Nick & Rita teeter up and down the stairs. He tries to avoid the squeakiest steps.

NICK  
How'd I go from driving the  
Waterfords to aiding and abetting  
their uppity Martha?

RITA  
You've done worse. I'm sure.

NICK  
We're almost there.

Rita almost loses her grip on Offred's ankles.

RITA  
I may have to feed this one... Less  
of my crepes.

NICK  
Shhhh...

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - DAY**

WE SEE -- Offred's bruised wrists from Nick's tight grip, as  
she's tossed onto the bed.

NICK  
Be careful with her feet.

Rita removes Offred's heavy boots.

RITA  
We should've done that first.

Nick scratches his groin trying to relieve himself.

RITA (CONT'D)  
It's not contagious. Is it?

NICK  
What?

RITA  
You've been scratching all morning.  
Quite irregularly...

NICK  
So.

RITA  
What is it, Nick? Show me.

NICK  
No.

Rita gives Nick a leering but motherly look. Then --  
Closes the door.

Nick apprehensively drops his pants. Rita drops to the floor to examine for herself.

RITA  
Uh huh, edema.

NICK  
What the hell does that mean?

RITA  
It means you have V-D. Besides the swelling. Who did it?

Rita looks back to Offred.

NICK  
It's not her and you can't tell her either.

RITA  
Then who? Not--

NICK  
A Martha.

RITA  
Who?

NICK  
I'm not--

RITA  
I just hope what's her face is okay, but you need to go see a doctor.

Nick tucks his shirt back into his pants.

RITA (CONT'D)  
I'm serious. Before this thing gets worse.

NICK  
I know of someone. A physician. Off the grid.

RITA  
Not a rebel?  
(off Nick's look)  
That's dangerous. Don't be foolish.

NICK

As if making another harrowing  
mistake is going to make a  
difference at this point.

RITA

Nick?

NICK

I have to go.

RITA

Just get back. Before the  
Prayvaganza or Mrs. Waterford--

NICK

Secrets don't always lie still.  
(and then)  
Watch her. See if she wakes and  
says anything!

RITA

(sotto)  
Go in grace.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT./EXT. BOSTON CITY STREET - DRIVING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

LUCAS "LUKE" BANKOLE approaches the parking lot. He texts  
June back and forth.

However, Luke is completely unaware he's being directly  
followed. We FIND --

An EDGY WOMAN. Tailing him from an unmarked car.

TRAFFIC LIGHTS, HONKS, and noisy PEDESTRIANS seem inescapable  
as Luke enters the library.

**INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - BALLROOM - NIGHT**

June proudly waits at the double doors... Meanwhile, Moira  
holds onto the guest speaker's every word.

However, June's tone-deaf and all smiles, as Luke walks up.

He offers NO real public display of affection. Only A HALF  
HUG, at best.

JUNE

Luke remember Moira?

LUKE  
Nice to see you again.

Moira's uninterested. She greets guests and continues to pass out event programs.

ATTENDEE #2  
Thank you.

MOIRA  
No problem.

JUNE  
This is only like the second time,  
you guys have met... Moira?

LUKE  
Second impressions are overrated.

MOIRA  
(occupied)  
I'm sorry Luke. Hello.

An awkward beat of silence, then -- Moira nods. Looks away.

LUKE  
Politics and Global Health. Good  
stuff right?

June shakes her head as if to say *'Please ignore her.'*

ENZO  
Don't overlook the loopholes in the  
C-D-C data and research either.  
(and then)  
Otherwise, you're being poisoned or  
as I say in my book, "red-appled"  
and basically chewing up all their  
propaganda.

HECKLER #1 (O.S.)  
Oh please. Go back to where you  
came from.

MOIRA  
(sotto)  
Oh, my God.

June readies to leave her post. She taps Moira to get her attention. Moira's agitated by HECKLER #1.

HECKLER #1

You heard me. You're nothing but a fraud.

MOIRA

Hey... Folks are trying to enjoy the lecture lady.

JUNE

(sotto)

Moira?

The commotion steers Enzo's focus into the crowd. Right near Moira and the heckler. Luke and June walk-off discreetly.

It appears they're leaving the event out of boredom. June makes eye-contact with Enzo. Ashamed. She looks away.

ENZO

Ma'am? You're entitled to your opinion.

Another random woman jumps out of her chair. HECKLER #2 yells at Enzo too. She hooks onto her clutch purse. Then points at Enzo with it -- just to emphasize her point.

HECKLER #2

How about you stop feeding us with these padded conspiracy stories.

SECURITY shuffles through a crowd to isolate the disruption.

No longer hanging back, Luke & June head upstairs. Time for some much-needed privacy.

Security makes haste to seize the women. Veins pop out of one's neck, as she's grabbed by both arms.

HECKLER #2 (CONT'D)

Let me go. You piece-of-shit!

MOIRA

Yes, take them away.

Moira finally turns around. Stunned. Luke & June nowhere in sight. Spots them going upstairs.

HECKLER #1

White male supremacists aren't the ones flushing diseases down the pike. You pansy ass-hole.

(and then)

Fucking queer.

HECKLER #2  
Goddamn liar... That's what he is.

ENZO (O.S.)  
Those blasphemous "Alt-rights". Go  
easy on them security.

Laughs fill the room.

ENZO (CONT'D)  
Matter of fact. Don't.  
(and then)  
This is how people in power act.  
When they don't want to accept the  
cracks in their foundation.

The edgy woman who was tailing Luke enters. She looks up at  
the library ceiling with disgust.

ENZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
They turn into little brats.

**END FLASHBACK:**

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - NURSERY - DAY**

A SEWING MACHINE fires away. Serena Joy sits behind the desk  
of her study and/or makeshift nursery. She sews Baby Angela's  
quilt in honor of Mrs. Putnam.

Serena Joy stitches square patches with her heels kicked off  
to the side. Nearly finished, she stands barefoot to check  
her progress.

Eyes closed. Serena Joy pulls the QUILT up to her face. Then  
SMELLS the fabric, as she mumbles a prayer for her child. She  
backs up slowly. Spins around the room.

CLOSE ON, moving feet as the BONES in her toes CRACK.

Serena Joy has a brief moment of bliss. Then CRIES--

SERENA JOY  
DEARRR LORD...

She throws the quilt on the ground. Then reaches for her  
chair to take a seat.

Serena Joy examines the bottom of her sandy foot. She pulls  
out A DEEP SPLINTER OF WOOD and draws plenty of BLOOD.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)  
Rita?

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Rita finishes baking MACARONS. She begins plating her trays with the kitchen counter a mess. Then Rita listens close, as if she hears her name being called from upstairs...

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - HALLWAY / FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Rita barely makes her way up the staircase, when --  
Just then the DOORBELL rings.

SERENA JOY (O.S.)

Rita?

Rita's hesitant, but chooses to grab the door:

RITA

She's two hours early.

It's Naomi Putnam.

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - NURSERY - DAY**

A crimson drop of BLOOD splashes against the floor...

Serena Joy holds her discolored foot and tries to stop the bleeding. No response from Rita. Then goes for second option.

SERENA JOY

Offred?

Unable to soothe her grief, Serena Joy shouts louder.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)

Offred!

She turns and faces the door. Then finds her strength for one second.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)

Of--

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - DAY**

PULLING BACK, Offred subtly twitches her head. And then --  
WE HEAR, the softest of murmurs.

**END OF ACT TWO**



ACT THREEINT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rapid eye movement. Still unconscious. Offred drools down the side of her face.

ANGLE ON --

Offred's décolleté. WE SEE, straight down the right-lateral side of her CRANBERRY UNIFORM. Until we're lost in fabric, as we INVISIBLE CUT to --

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

POMEGRANATES swirl in a glass. Rita adds spoonful of SUGAR to Mrs. Putnam's non-alcoholic drink. Topped with exotic fruit.

SERENA JOY (O.S.)

Tell me why--

Mrs. Waterford turns the corner and to her surprise... She's greeted by the wife of Commander Putnam. Rita closes the SUGAR JAR, as Naomi sips her beverage.

NAOMI

Blessed be the fruit.

SERENA JOY

May the Lord open.

NAOMI

Serena... I know I'm like two hours early, but I just had to get out of that house.

Serena Joy struggles to give a warm embrace. Unnatural hug. WE SEE an elastic GAUZE BANDAGE wrapped around her foot.

Naomi Putnam sees it too.

SERENA JOY

Oh, this is nothing. Tell me what happened?

Modest Rita tries to get out of the way quietly. However she spots a spec on the floor, REVEAL --

A single Opioid. Directly in the crosshairs between Mrs. Waterford and Mrs. Putnam.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)  
Everything okay with Angela?

Rita stands nervously by her post next to the wall.

Meanwhile, the wives conversation ping-pong's back and forth.  
Between sips of juice.

NAOMI  
With the baby sure. Not me.

The pill has Rita's attention.

She's numb from all the sudden side-to-side movement. The  
Mistresses' PEA-GREEN HEELS shift again. Every clack on the  
floor is one step closer to discovering Rita's secret.

SERENA JOY  
What's going on?

NAOMI  
I'm just being melodramatic.

SERENA JOY  
Are you hungry? Let me have Rita  
get you something to eat.

Rita perspires.

NAOMI  
No thanks. Not yet.

SERENA JOY  
Least the weather's cleared. Let's  
have a seat in the sitting room.

Mrs. Waterford is within centimeters of stepping on the pill.

Naomi roams over to the sitting room.

Rita hangs her head to be polite, but her nerves race wild.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)  
Pardon me, Naomi. I'll be right in.

Mrs. Waterford clings to the doorway with one foot in the  
hallway and the other in the kitchen.

SERENA JOY (CONT'D)  
(re: Rita)  
Did you not hear me call your name?

RITA  
I was only trying--

SERENA JOY  
Speak up.

RITA  
You--

SERENA JOY  
Never mind. Just hurry up in here.

RITA  
Yes, ma'am.

SERENA JOY  
And where's Offred?

Rita stutters.

NAOMI (O.S.)  
Serena?

Serena Joy gives Rita a HALF-SMILE. Then rejoins her guest.

SERENA JOY  
Under his eye.

WE HEAR, the hallway sliding door close.

Rita dives onto the pill. She pockets the Opioid in her dull APRON. Then wipes her hands on her garment.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

WE HEAR -- Enzo's lecture bounce off the walls.

Intense lip-lock between Luke & June. They barely navigate the 2ND FLOOR of Boston University Library. Maybe June has snuck up here before...

She backs Luke into a WALL PLAQUE, REVEAL --

LACTATION ROOM. June toggles on the door-knob twice before it opens. Enters darkness.

**INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - LACTATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The PITCH BLACK room creates two distinct shadows, as the door closes.

Luke is thrown to the couch. June's aggression is new to him. He still plays along. Removes his SHIRT. June loses her PANTS. She straddles Luke. He recoils but June pins him down.

A lusty beat, then -- the real love-making begins. Thrust after thrust, Luke builds up a sweat as he licks his lips. June whispers in his right ear, as she bounces on top of him.

JUNE  
(sotto)  
Luke...

June gazes into his soul. Luke is truly the object of her affection. Then Luke scrunches face and his specs tilt.

LUKE  
JUNE...

Suddenly Luke CLIMAXES --

**END FLASHBACK:**

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - OFFRED'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Offred's EYES BULGE open... She takes several strained breaths. Then rubs her HEAD-KNOT.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*How could I forget that night?*

She feels her HEARTBEAT. Then sits upright. Offred's feet dangle at the bottom of the bed. She stands but quickly sits back down.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Sad to say, but I almost rather  
Ceremonies with Commander Waterford  
than to be "Flintstoned" behind my  
back... The question is who--*

Offred walks over to the window. Looks out and turns around, rubbing her head a second time. She uses her hand to put pressure on the pain, but wait...

Offred saw something, REVEAL --

TIRE TRACKS. Offred looks for Nick's vehicle in the driveway.

**INT. MERCEDES-BENZ G-WAGEN - BYWAY - DAY**

Poor Nick GROANS from his lower groin pain. He fights to keep control of the wheel, as he speeds down the BYWAY. WE SEE --

An unforeseen EXPLOSION in the distance.

NICK  
Holy shit!

Nick swerves Commander Waterford's BLACK G-WAGEN. Then, pulls over onto the shoulder of the road.

**EXT. BYWAY - GILEAD BORDERS - DAY**

Nick stands on one foot with half his body in the vehicle. He watches the smoke dissipate from the explosion aftermath.

Suddenly, out of nowhere a MILITIA GROUP of camouflaged men emerge from the TREE FOREST wearing tactical gear.

REBEL #1 cocks weapon. Points RUSSIAN AN-94 into the air. The automatic sound makes Nick quiver with fear. Turns around to his worst nightmare.

NICK  
Whoa, whoa... Hey--

REBEL #1  
Up, up...

WARNING SHOTS fire into the air.

REBEL #1 (CONT'D)  
Put 'em up.

NICK  
Okay.

Nick raises his hand steadily. The militia group expands to the front. REBEL #2 steps forward to frisk Nick up and down.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Easy guy... What do you want? I'm just a driver.

REBEL #2  
Where's your Commander?

NICK  
My who?

REBEL #2  
Don't play stupid with me.

NICK  
He's in Washington.

Someone searches the truck and confiscates the bag of pills. He holds them up. Opens bag. The not-so-nice armed gunman uses the butt of his rifle to punch Nick in the stomach.

REBEL #1

Who do you think he belongs to?

Two rebels grab Nick by his arms, from both sides. Nick is jumpy. He looks around, as there are no cars in sight or anyone available to help.

REBEL #2

Ask him.

NICK

I'm not telling you guys anything else.

REBEL #2

Okay... We'll see.

Rebel #2 radios his camp via CB WALKIE TALKIE.

REBEL #2 (CONT'D)

Alpha team. Headed back now.

A BURLAP BAG is slung over Nick's head. It obscures his eyesight. Rebels throw Nick into the backseat, as all remaining enter the BLACK SUV.

REBEL #3 (V.O.)

*Copy.*

WE SEE -- Rebel roll down the PARTITION, revealing helpless Nick. Doors close. Nick COUGHS through burlap bag. CLOSE ON, REAR TIRE kicking up grass, as it grips onto the pavement.

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Rita enters. In a series of shots, WE SEE:

Rita stacks serving trays. Sets them aside. Then --

She finishes wiping the counter-top. Even the kitchen island is free and clear. Then --

Rita reaches into her apron pocket. The pill reemerges.

CLOSE ON, capsule.

She examines and quickly kneels down below the sink. Rita searches for where Nick stashed the bag of pills.

She reaches deep in the back. TAPS bottom shelf. However, the hollow sound indicates it's gone. Rita checks. Still nothing.

Rita stands up straight. Turns around. Reaches for an empty glass. Drinks water from the faucet. Then pulls out the pill.

Rita contemplates soothing her misery and refills her glass. Then, the door SPLITS OPEN -- revealing Serena Joy.

SERENA JOY

It's time.

She re-pockets the pill. Turns around. Hands at her side, Rita nods back.

Mrs. Waterford leaves. Rita lets out a deep sigh of relief.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Indistinct chatter all around. Enzo Lauderdale sits to AUTOGRAPH copies of his book.

Roger's head bobbles through the crowd. He stops STAFFERS, as Moira hangs left to get in the massive line for autographs.

ROGER

Have you seen June?

STAFFER #1

June? I don't know.

Roger has no luck, as Moira faces the crowd. Opposite of June's boss.

ROGER (O.S.)

I can't find my hired hands either.

STAFFER #2

The big guys?

ROGER

Yes, the guys who are supposed to be setting up the mixer segment.

MOIRA

Hurry up. Junie...

ROGER

Speak of the devil.

Barro & Monroe's TEMPORARY WORKERS for the evening, enter from outside. REVEAL --

The same sinister militia group from the borders of Gilead. Nick just encountered them in present-day, only on this night, they're disguised as civilian temps-for-hire.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
C'mon guys. We're late. Let's go.

Stink of smoke trails; one temp-for-hire puts out his cigarette in the hallway carpet. Moira peeks. Roger's gone.

**INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - LACTATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Luke & June struggle to get redressed. He realizes a BREAST PUMP is crushing into his back. Both laugh and kiss sloppily.

Then, the DOOR sways open...

Luke & June squint from HALLWAY LIGHT -- outlining a woman's figure in the doorway.

A long beat as June drapes her shirt over her bare skin...

Its the edgy woman -- Luke's wife **ANNIE** (34), who's been following him all night long.

She immediately ATTACKS Luke, then approaches June.

LUKE  
Wait... Stop... Annie?

JUNE  
Luke? What's going on...

LUKE  
This is my wife.

June is on the defensive as Annie takes a swing at her face. Luke moves in front of June, blocks his wife's fists. But Annie swings again -- her fists SWOOSH through the air.

Luke grabs Annie's wrists, holding tight.

JUNE  
No--

Luke's heartbroken wife, waits for them to drop their defenses.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
For this... I'm sorry.



LUKE

Hold it right there. Dammit. Relax.

June feels safe as things calm for a moment. Then Annie breaks free and she SLAPS Luke. Annie walks to the door, turns to look at them one last time.

ANNIE

I hope you two, sleep in peace!

June is puzzled. Luke grabs her hand, as they follow Annie.

**END FLASHBACK:**

**INT. SONS OF JACOB – WASHINGTON BASE – WAR ROOM – DAY**

Some of the Commanders HIGH-FIVE in celebration after annihilating one of the potential enemy locations. The male camaraderie is a little awkward, following earlier's tension.

Commander Waterford readies to lead the group in prayer. He stands at the end of the conference table with his BIBLE, ready to begin the PRAYVAGANZA.

COMMANDER WATERFORD

...Target neutralized. Let's gather gentlemen... I must make this congratulatory praise shorter than expected. We just received the call.

(and then)

Mexico. Our trade delegation.

(and then)

May still be on the table. The plane leaves within an hour. But first things, first.

This tradition is followed by every military victory and successful birth, as we begin an INTERCUT with --

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE – SITTING ROOM – DAY**

MISTRESSES of the Commanders sit alongside Serena Joy's FIRE PIT for their Prayvaganza -- celebrating Mrs. Putnam. Some even rub Naomi's back in circular motions.

The female version of Prayvaganza is dedicated strictly to barren wives who are unable to conceive children on their own, yet produce a baby by way of their loyal Handmaids.

Mrs. Waterford faces the women without the use of any Bible. Reading is prohibited for all women. No matter the occasion.

SERENA JOY  
Ladies? Let's get started.

ALL PARTIES STAND, as we begin SPLIT SCREEN --

COMMANDER WATERFORD	SERENA JOY (CONT'D)
Peace be to you. May God know thine is grateful for victories.	Peace be to you. May God know thine is grateful for victories.

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

Slightly faint, Offred remembers the Prayvaganza. Then, puts on her boots and begins to walk downstairs.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Why would they do this? Keep me in  
the dark like this... Why am I not  
bogged down in the back of the  
Black van en route to the colonies?  
(and then)  
Rita has to know something I don't.  
Maybe Nick does? He has to be an  
Eye. Has Gilead's secret police-dog  
grown soft on me?*

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - STAIRS - DAY**

Offred hesitantly reaches the bottom of the staircase.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*As for Serena Joy. She knows I'm  
sleeping with Commander Waterford.  
His Mistress pins me down on  
Ceremony days. No smoke there.  
(and then)  
After all. I'm a good harlot. And  
I've never even asked for money.  
But I get slug on the head?  
(and then)  
I should request compensation.  
Demand it. Only if it would later  
afford me freedom.*

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY**

Naomi Putnam sits in the crowded sitting room with open arms.

SERENA JOY (O.S.)  
My pleasure.

Serena Joy passes her quilt wrapped with a saccharine bow.

NAOMI

You guys don't know how complete my home feels with Baby Angela.

(and then)

I can't describe it. All I can say is warm wishes to all of you.

Serena Joy holds back her smile, as she lays sight on an observer. Cold stares.

NAOMI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Your day will come.

ON OFFRED, peeking from the hallway as we go to --

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Offred closes the door.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*Could it be Mrs. Waterford that tried to take me out? Stealing joy from a marriage is punishment enough.*

She walks away from the festivities.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*Actually, there are two women who would slumber with ease, knowing that I'm finally six-feet under. Cooking in Lucifer's eternal oven.*

(and then)

*One's within striking distance. The other? From my before life. I'm not quite sure where she is...*

(and then)

*Although. I wouldn't bet on Annie to pick out a wreath for my funeral. Not yet anyway. I think I have much more dying to do. In order to get out of this Godforsaken place.*

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

OVER BLACK. VOICES. WINE GLASSES CLINK as we HARD CUT to --

**INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - BALLROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Luke & June return to Mr. Lauderdale's event with pensive looks on their faces. The two of them, hand in hand. They've missed the lecture and book-signing segments.

However, the mixer continues as they search for Annie...

JUNE

It's too late for apologies now.  
She's long gone.

Luke considers, for a beat. June loosens her grip. Then --

A LOUD APPLAUSE greets them at the entryway. It bewilders June & Luke for a moment, as we REVEAL -- Enzo Lauderdale behind them.

He re-enters the ballroom after signing autographs in the hallway. They're cut off by guests in attendance, as June stands with mouth agape. She pivots as if she saw Annie.

OFF, June's roundabout expression -- WE SEE, Annie in the distance. AUDIENCE MEMBERS continue to float around drunkenly. Now June's lost her in the crowd.

Annie exits the building. Meanwhile, Roger waits for Enzo on stage with CHAMPAGNE in tow. Luke & June give up on Annie.

LUKE

I'm sorry about this. It wasn't my  
intention--

Luke kisses June's hand.

MOIRA (O.S.)

June?

Moira treks over. Luke & June's melancholy faces come as a surprise.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Welcome back... You two look like  
shit. What happened?  
(and then)  
Did he do something?

JUNE

No Moira. I'll tell you later.

MOIRA

Tell me now--

Mr. Lauderdale's grabs microphone to share his last few remarks on resisting the government.

ENZO

Kings and Queens. I just want to say thanks for coming out... Barro and Monroe, I am very appreciative of your tireless efforts in putting on this event. To all of you. Good night. Remember. Stay woke.

Moira's empowered. She joins in on the applause. Elated to have received a signed copy of Mr. Lauderdale's book. Enzo waves to make his exit.

MOIRA

A signed book and a righteous message... Not bad for a slow night. You guys?

JUNE

Where's my copy?

MOIRA

Sorry. Might not be too late.

Enzo's PUBLICITY TEAM tries to escort him out the building. He walks by shaking hands with attendees, including Luke and very quickly with a disappointed June.

LUKE

Alright brother.

JUNE

(re: Enzo)

Wait. I wanted to ask you...

Noisy crowd level rises. Luke & Moira standby for June.

ENZO

Go ahead.

JUNE

Are you shooting for the Pulitzer?  
This time...

ENZO

That's the plan. Wish me luck.

PUBLICIST

We've got to go... The car's out front.

MOIRA

When are you coming back to Massachusetts?

ENZO

I'm hoping real soon... Thanks for coming.

Barro & Monroe's alpha temp-for-hires leave their posts. They barge straight through the crowd, distancing June and Moira.

JUNE

Excuse us...

June scoffs. Luke too. We follow the brute men. They speed-walk out of the ballroom. Through the hallway. Exiting lobby.

**EXT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - SIDEWALK - NIGHT**

Enzo's car service peels off. The team of men -- gawk.

**END FLASHBACK:**

**EXT. REBEL CAMP - GILEAD BORDERS - DAY**

Rebels drag Nick, face still covered, out of the SUV. The camp is fortified in the woods. TENTS are set-up everywhere. Random Gilead RUNAWAYS appear impoverished and weakened.

NICK

Don't kill me...

They stop unexpectedly. Nick can only see SHADOWS of men through the BURLAP BAG. However, REBEL #3 is female. She walks up from behind.

REBEL #3

Who is this?

REBEL #2

Nick Blaine. Driver for Fred Waterford.

Rebel #2 holds up Nick's LICENSE, REGISTRATION, and OPIOIDS.

REBEL #1  
We think he may also be one of  
Gilead's sleeper agents.

They take off the bag over his head. Nick drops to the dirt.  
WE SEE, improvised TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT, BINOCULARS, KNIVES,  
FOOD, SLEEPING BAGS and various high-end LAPTOPS.

REBEL #3  
That must be a good gig. But what  
the hell is he doing here?

REBEL #2  
Showed right after the explosion.

Nick is held down. Now he has another LONG-GUN in his face.

REBEL #1  
Talk.

NICK  
I'm looking for, Dr. Savoy.

REBEL #3  
For what?

NICK  
I needed penicillin... You can keep  
the pills. Just help me out.

The rebels whisper. Nick ignores LAUGHS from their inside  
joke. Then **DR. PHILLIP SAVOY** (46), ex-physician, exits from  
one of the tents and approaches.

REBEL #1  
Who's the lucky girl?

DR. SAVOY  
Put your weapon down.

REBEL #3  
Do you know... A Nick Blaine?

DR. SAVOY  
No. I don't.

REBEL #3  
Well then. I guess your reputation  
precedes you.

DR. SAVOY  
I can see that. Let him loose.

OFF Nick's pitiful face.

**EXT. REBEL CAMP - GILEAD BORDERS - LATER**

Surrounded by GIANT SEQUOIA trees. Four gunmen stand and drink liquor from a FLASK. Weapons on their backs. They reminisce about their past lives before Gilead.

REBEL #2

We live to fight another day.

A BLUE TARP hangs from the tree tied to another tent, as the gunmen socialize nearby.

ON NICK, walking behind the tarp. Gunman on his back.

The rebels are inebriated. They pass the flask around, as we begin an INTERCUT with --

**EXT. REBEL CAMP - GILEAD BORDERS - TAPERED AREA - DAY**

Dr. Savoy enters the tapered area.

Armed REBEL #4 stands nearby. He's there to insure Nick doesn't try to do anything stupid.

Nick drops his pants. Bends over for Dr. Savoy. Then gunman exits tapered area.

REBEL #4

Make it quick.

WE HEAR, laughs from the other side. Dr. Savoy preps syringe.

DR. SAVOY

It's not ready yet.

NICK

Who are these guys?

DR. SAVOY

(shouts)

Say... What did you guys do before this?

REBEL #1

Before what? Gilead?

DR. SAVOY

(shouts)

Yeah.

REBEL #2

We were contract killers for those sons-of-bitches.



REBEL #1

Their organization had a different name then. We didn't care like that. Long as the checks cleared.

DR. SAVOY (O.S.)

(shouts)

Do we know any of your old targets?

REBEL #1

Definitely--

REBEL #2

Doc? You should've seen us... It was like nine foreign leaders, two mogul CEOs. Several lawyers that we personally executed in cold blood for them.

Rebel #1 drinks from FLASK. Then hits Rebel #2 over the head.

REBEL #1

More than that. So don't cross us.

REBEL #2

Why are you asking?

Nick gets his shot of PENICILLIN.

DR. SAVOY

(shouts)

Give me a sec guys.

NICK

That's not hard to believe. No mercy these guys.

(and then)

They're worse than any of the Gileadean practitioners and Commanders combined. Why'd you run?

Nick pulls up his pants.

DR. SAVOY

Waking up every day. Administering prenatal visits for rape victims? Not the legacy I want to leave behind.

NICK

You're really helping folks out here. Versus...

DR. SAVOY  
 ...Being a "Yes-man" around the  
 clock?

Nick swallows his spit. ADAM's APPLE motions up and down.

REBEL #2 (O.S.)  
 It's almost nightfall.

DR. SAVOY  
 It wasn't a society that I could  
 ever abide by. Not one that purged  
 everything. To create some phobic  
 totalitarian cult that--

NICK  
 I understand. For me? I had no  
 other choice. But to leave my  
 journey and judgment to God.

DR. SAVOY  
 Remember that. Next time you--

REBEL #4  
 Alright, that's enough. Out.

Nick & Dr. Savoy exit the tapered section of the camp.

NICK  
 Thanks.

DR. SAVOY  
 Don't let me see you back here.

REBEL #4 (O.S.)  
 Let's get a move on.

**INT. MERCEDES-BENZ G-WAGEN - BYWAY - DUSK**

Nick sits in the back. Middle seat. Bookended by two rebels,  
 as Rebel #3 drives them further away from camp. Nick jerks  
 from the driver's impetuous STOP.

REBEL #2  
 Shit. Easy on the brakes.

They're barely on the shoulder of the road.

REBEL #2 (CONT'D)  
 Right here is good.

Rebel #2 turns on the BACK CAR LIGHTS. A resentful group  
 member grabs Nick by his shirt, to stress the point.

REBEL #3

If you spy for them... You can certainly spy for us too.

(and then)

How do you think we were able to leave our base? Hours before the explosion.

NICK

There's a Commander in your pocket?

REBEL #3

We have a whole network. Within Gilead.

(and then)

Your leaders decoded our coordinates. And now they think we're dead.

Nick is speechless, as he admires the SERIES OF NUMBERS TATTOOED on one of the rebel's WRIST, REVEAL --

13-1254125. It's the same set of numbers Commander Waterford and his cohorts studied earlier.

REBEL #1

Sounds like an advantage to me.

NICK

What do I call you guys?

REBEL #3

This type of operation is on a need-to-know basis only.

REBEL #3 (CONT'D)

But we're ex-mercenaries if you haven't noticed. We know how to find you. If need be.

(and then)

Don't give us a reason to send you back to the doctor. Okay?

NICK

Got it.

REBEL #2

No threats... Just promises.

Rebel #2 turns off back car light. Then everyone exits the vehicle. Nick hops in the driver seat. Locks up doors and windows. Drives off.

REBEL #1 (O.S.)  
Stay off the byway--

**INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - OFWARREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Ofwarren cuddles sleeping Baby Angela in her hands.

OFWARREN  
My baby's so cute... Yes, she is--

Ofwarren looks up like a deer in headlights. WE HEAR, Mrs. Putnam's footsteps marching through the hall.

NAOMI (O.S.)  
Angela... Mommy's home early.

Mrs. Putnam barges into Ofwarren's room with several large recyclable GIFT-BAGS. She drops the items at the door. Then pulls out her favorite gift, as we REVEAL -

Serena Joy's QUILT held high and fully displayed. WE SEE, etchings of A STEEP HILL, the SUN, and BLUE SKIES.

OFWARREN  
What is it?

NAOMI  
The hill of testimony...  
(and then)  
It represents Gilead.

OFF Ofwarren's look, their Martha enters the room to retrieve the gifts. Naomi hands her the quilt. Then hurries to pluck Baby Angela, straight from Ofwarren's hands.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Come to your mother.

Ofwarren resists.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Let her go...

The struggle could potentially harm the baby. This infuriates Mrs. Putnam. Ofwarren finally loosens her grip.

OFWARREN  
(sotto)  
That's my baby... Don't wake her.

Mrs. Putnam kisses Baby Angela on the forehead. Then, Baby Angela starts crying. Ofwarren is left alone and vulnerable.

INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - HALLWAY / FOYER - NIGHT

Offred posts by the door in the foyer, as several guests exit the home with umbrellas. Mistresses retreat from the sitting room. So does the lady of the house, REVEAL --

Serena Joy. She walks by in a lighter mood. Grips handrail on the staircase.

OFFRED (O.S.)  
Blessed evening.

SERENA JOY  
Where were you?

Offred looks down to the floor. Dumbstruck.

OFFRED  
Praying Mrs. Waterford.

A beat of silence, then -- Mrs. Waterford journeys upstairs. She stops to look back at Offred.

SERENA JOY  
Praying? Okay.  
(and then)  
You know sometimes its best, to let  
sleeping dogs lie.

She bids adieu to Offred.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*She knows that's not true at all.  
Our symbiotic relationship has  
grown deeper since I arrived here.*

All the guests are gone. She watches Mrs. Waterford turn the corner upstairs.

Triggered by the BATHROOM LIGHT in the hallway, Offred's curious as to who's still in the house. She slowly walks over to the hallway bathroom. WE SEE --

Rita bent over the toilet. She's yet to rid herself of the PILL. Finally, Rita drops it. Somber face.

WE HEAR, FLUSH... As Rita closes toilet lid and stands up. Offred waits by the door. Startles Rita back inside.

RITA  
Offred?

OFFRED

What happened today? Me being  
knocked out... Was this the  
resistance? Something else?

Rita can't control her facial expressions. She's relieved  
Offred knows nothing about what really happened this morning.

OFFRED (CONT'D)

Did they kill--

RITA

I have something to tell you.

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

Arms shrugged. A saddened Offred leans back on the counter.  
Meanwhile, Rita washes the dishes next to her. Whispers.

RITA

I'm sorry. I just reacted.

Rita turns off the sink. She hugs Offred with her wet hands.  
Then, continues washing dishes.

OFFRED

So it was unrelated. And Ofglen?

RITA

The girl from next door? All I know  
is that Marthas have their own  
channels and ways of doing things,  
but I never get involved.

(and then)

I'm not built like a criminal. I'm  
only here to provide a duty to the  
Waterfords, not to barter pills or  
keep up with unlawful Handmaids.

OFFRED

Do you think she--

Nick enters. Buttons up, A NEW SHIRT.

NICK

Everything okay?

A long beat as Offred tries to find the right words, then --  
looks to Rita.

OFFRED

We're copacetic... All is forgiven.

RITA  
 (re: Nick)  
 And your little friend?

Nick clears his throat. Rita gives a look, but Nick is unsure if Rita shared his medical situation with Offred.

NICK  
 He's fine.

RITA  
 Praised be.

Nick walks back into the hallway.

NICK  
 I'll be going now.

OFFRED  
 Under his eye.

RITA  
 I'm sorry I can't help you with  
 what's her name.

Offred delays leaving. OFF Rita, back to work.

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT**

Overwhelmed. Offred walks into the dim but empty sitting room. Slides the door close. She immediately walks over to the FIREPLACE MANTLE. Eyes the empty wooden box. Closes it.

Offred drops to her knees. Clamps her hands. Shuts her eyes. Maybe to pray for Ofglen? Possibly. She begins with silent meditation.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*I don't know where in the hell you  
 are...*

Instead of praying to God, Offred struggles with an apology to someone from her past life.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

North of Boston. Quiet neighborhood. WE SEE, classic RANCH HOMES galore. Then --

HEADLIGHTS and FOG LIGHTS approach the curbside, from two separate vehicles. The drivers come to a complete stop.

Parked next to a WHITE-PICKET FENCE, WE FIND --

A fresh NEWPORT trashing the SIDEWALK. SMOKE TRAILS from the cigarette butt fade away. WE SEE, TINTED-WINDOWS close.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*But something arose in my psyche  
today.*

Seven rugged men exit TWO BLACK SUVs. They take off their SERVANT GARB. Throwing clothes into the trunk area. As they disrobe, now they appear to be vigilant mercenaries.

GUNS are being unloaded from the trunk. Distributed to each professional. This is more than a RECON MISSION.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*And like sunshine you were there.  
To tell me... The purity of my  
ignorance has faded.*

One male looks familiar. He's the same distinguished Rebel, who escorted Nick to his vehicle -- following his penicillin shot. Minus WRIST TATTOO. There's movement, as we REVEAL --

An elegant RANCH HOME. The armed GUNMEN form a perimeter around the property. Then, reunite at the BACK ENTRANCE.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*When I met you in that meaningless  
second...*

**INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Shadows swiftly creep inside. Weapon-mounted lights ricochet throughout the living room and kitchen. Instinctively, all SEVEN HOSTILES meet at the MASTER BEDROOM.

WE HEAR, snores from behind the door.

OFFRED (V.O.)

*I didn't have the intestinal  
fortitude to tell you -- how wrong  
you were about the state of our  
country and its undying resilience.  
(and then)  
What would've been a self-righteous  
mistake on my part? Turned into a  
missed opportunity. To see things  
clearly.*

(MORE)



(and then)  
*I know that now.*

**INT. RANCH HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (SILENT)**

DOOR SWINGS OPEN, as we REVEAL --

Enzo Lauderdale. Sound asleep in the BUFF. The gunmen section off the bedroom.

A tense beat as the gunman receives the HAND SIGNAL, then WE SEE -- endless GUNFIRE.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Forgive my overt privilege. You were right about the depths of an infertility crisis. Patterns of this nightmarish plague still exist post-USA.*

Enzo Lauderdale is slain as his bloodstained BOOK -- *Snow White: A Sleeper on Epidemiology* rests above the marble nightstand.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*My single regret was not reading your book for a conceivable solution. At best the appendix. It's exactly like you said...*

Enzo's eyes gaze out the window. Mouth shut. Beyond dead.

**END FLASHBACK:**

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT**

On her knees. Offred recalls Enzo's lecture...

ENZO (O.S.)  
 (sotto)  
 ...We've got to see the forest. For the trees.

ANGLE ON -- June's back.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*So here I am... Paying the price for having working ovaries.*

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. HOTEL - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

In a series of shots, WE SEE:

June & Luke frolic around the hotel room. Then --

Luke sits eating a shiny RED APPLE. Attempts to read the newspaper headlines. Then --

Room Service arrives at the door.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Here I am...*

June glows with happiness. Teeters over to breakfast table.

Luke & June passionately kiss. Then Luke folds his newspaper. He lands on the society pages. Half-wrinkled. CLOSE ON --

"MISSING AUTHOR" plastered in black bold font.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*After being "red-appled" into  
darkness...*

The news photo clearly establishes the missing person as Activist / Author, Enzo Lauderdale.

**END FLASHBACK:**

**INT. WATERFORD HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT**

Offred continues to make atonement...

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Dear Lord. Am I...*

Still in the same kneeling position, as we REVEAL --

A CATATONIC STARE.

OFFRED (V.O.)  
*Officially woke?*

FADE OUT.

**THE END**