

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

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

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

OFFRED

*They took my daughter. I don't
need oranges. I need her back. I
need to scream. I need to grab the
nearest machine gun.
(and then)
I need someone to talk to.
(and then)
I wish Moira was here.*

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 a 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 desk -- 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It shows a graph of FALLING BIRTH RATES.

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 OFFRED.

Offred shuffles, 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 about like beasts.
Such *wickedness*.

(and then)

They were dirty women. They were
sluts.

The Guardians leads the women to the desks. Offred looks over the room of women. She spots MOIRA. Eyes connect. Recognition. WE **FLASHBACK** TO:

INT. CAMBRIDGE APARTMENT - MORNING - **FLASHBACK**

Offred, in normal clothes, sits at the kitchen table, working on a laptop. Notes and books are scattered across the table. She sips coffee.

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

Moira enters, T-shirt and pajama bottoms. Bed head.

MOIRA

Got any cigarettes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFRED
In my jacket maybe.

MOIRA
Where's your jacket?

OFFRED
(exasperated)
Dude, I need to finish this. It's
due by ten.

MOIRA
For Dietrich's class?
(off her nod)
What's it about?

OFFRED
Campus sexual assault.

MOIRA
For or against?

This gets a little grin from Offred. A PRETTY WOMAN comes
out of Moira's bedroom, leans into the kitchen.

WOMAN
Moira honey? I've got to get to
work.
(and then)
We should do this again.

MOIRA
Babe, I would love that.

The woman smiles, waves politely to Offred, then heads out.
Offred looks to Moira.

OFFRED
You don't even remember her name,
do you?

MOIRA
(busted)
Just give me a fucking cigarette.

Two friends.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. RED CENTER - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUING

Moira and Offred meet eyes. Moira shakes her head just
slightly.

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Moira looks away.

Offred 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 (23, ballsy) another new arrival, sits down behind
Offred. 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!?

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

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 prod and jams it into
Janine's neck. She SHOCKS HER, HOLDING THE PROD AGAINST HER
SKIN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Janine screams, cowering. Three Aunts descend, pulling Janine to her feet and dragging her away.

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

OFFRED (V.O.)
Blessed are the meek.
(and then)
*They always leave out the part
about inheriting the earth.*

AUNT LYDIA
Back to work, shall we, girls?

On Offred, as Aunt Lydia returns to her lecture.

INT. RED CENTER - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

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 Offred lie in their beds, talking quietly, carefully.

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

MOIRA
(so much sympathy)
Hey, I know.
(and then)
Those motherfuckers were chasing
you with machine guns. None of this
is your fault.

OFFRED
(doesn't know)
I know.
(and then)
Then I heard shots. He must have
tried to slow them down somehow,
give us a better chance to get to
the border.
(and then)
They just shot him.

Moira reaches out, touches her face.

(CONTINUED)