

OFGLEN

(low)

No.

Offred is shaking, unhinged as Ofglen leads her away. They pass the spot of the Particution. 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. Ofglen walks with her head down. Speaks in low, secret whispers as they walk.

OFGLEN

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

Offred nods. She is 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 nods, and then...

OFFRED

And before.

A beat...

OFGLEN

Was there ever a before?

Ofglen gives Offred a thin smile. A moment of connection. Trust, almost. But should she trust Ofglen? Ofglen nods towards a storefront across the street. The sign is just a pictograph -- Bees and a round loaf -- Bread and Honey.

OFGLEN (CONT'D)

That used to be an ice cream place.

OFFRED

I remember.

"Pilot"

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(CONTINUED)

OFGLEN

They had this amazing salted caramel. (and then) That stuff was better than sex.

Offred reacts to this blasphemy, surprised.

OFFRED

I always thought... (and then) You were always such a 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 head off in silence. Offred looks back as the van follows for a block, then peels off.

TIME CUT TO: EXT. 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.

OFGLEN

How old is your daughter?

Offred reacts, surprised.

OFGLEN (CONT'D) (off her look)

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

"Pilot"

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(CONTINUED)

Ofglen has been watching. Taking note.

OFFRED

She would be six. Hannah.

This is the first time we have heard her name. Ofglen smiles. OFGLEN Pretty name.

OFFRED She's the only thing keeping me from stepping in front of a car.

OFGLEN (I get it)

My wife and I had a son. Oliver. He's almost ten by now.

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 killed him. (and then) His name was Luke.

Now he has a name. You can hear the guilt in her voice.

OFGLEN If you were together, they would've done the same thing. They didn't want him, and they weren't going to let any of us get away. Not if you had a red tag.

OFFRED

I know. (and then) When I left him, I didn't even look back.

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

"Pilot"

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EXT. WATERFORD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS They stop in front of the Waterford House.

OFGLEN

This is your stop. As they used to say. (and then) I'm Emily.

Offred hesitates -- after keeping herself secret for so long, saying her own name feels wrong.

OFFRED

June. I'm June. JUNE.

IT IS THE FIRST TIME THE AUDIENCE HAS HEARD HER NAME. Has Offred found a friend? Someone she can trust?

OFGLEN

Nice to meet you, June.

Ofglen leans close.

OFGLEN (CONT'D) (very low) Listen to me. They're watching. There's an Eye in the house. (and then) Be careful.

Offred REACTS -- someone in the house is an Eye? And how in the world could Ofglen know this? Is she helping Offred, or is this some kind of trap? 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.