

INT. AIBILEEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aibileen wears the same yellow dress she wore in the first scene.

SKEETER

I parked way up on State Street and caught a cab here like you asked.

AIBILEEN

Got dropped two streets over?

Skeeter nods.

SKEETER

Aibileen, I now know it's against the law for us to meet like this.

Skeeter stares Aibileen up and down. Aibileen self-consciously flattens out her dress.

SKEETER (CONT'D)

I've never seen you out of uniform before. You look nice, Aibileen.

AIBILEEN

Thank you.

Aibileen motions for Skeeter to sit on a narrow sofa behind a coffee table covered in hand-tatted lace.

A tray holds a teapot, two cups that don't match and cookies resting on folded napkins.

As Aibileen pours the tea, her hand shakes.

AIBILEEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I've never had a white person in my house before.

Skeeter sips her tea.

SKEETER

I've never been in a colored person's home before. I think we're both doing great. This tea is really nice.

Aibileen watches as Skeeter takes a bite of the cookie.

AIBILEEN

Miss Skeeter, What if...What if you don't like what I got to say? About white peoples?

SKEETER

I...this isn't about my opinion. It doesn't matter how I feel.

AIBILEEN

You gone have to change my name. Mine, Miss Leefolt's, everbody's.

SKEETER

Everybody? So, you know other maids who might be interested?

Aibileen is quiet for a moment. She shakes her head.

AIBILEEN

It gone be hard.

SKEETER

What about Minny?

AIBILEEN

Mিনny got her some stories, sho nuff. But, she ain't real keen on talking to white peoples right now.

INT. AIBILEEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

We continue with the interview seen on page one.

SKEETER

What does it feel like, to raise a white child when your own child's at home, being...looked after by somebody else?

AIBILEEN

It feel...Uh.

Aibileen glances up to the framed picture of Treelore.

SKEETER

Is that your son?

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AIBILEEN

Yes, ma'am. He dead two years now. Got run over at the lumber yard. Lungs were crushed.

SKEETER

I'm so sorry. That's horrible.
And, Aibileen, you don't have to
call me "ma'am." Not here anyway.

Aibileen nods. Skeeter stares at her list of questions.

SKEETER (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk about the
bathroom? Or, about Elizab--Miss
Leefolt? Anything about the way
she pays you? Has she ever yelled
at you in front of Mae Mobley?

Aibileen shakes her head.

AIBILEEN

I'm sorry, I-

Aibileen covers her mouth with her hand. Skeeter
becomes disgusted with herself.

SKEETER

No, I am.

She pulls out a stack of Miss Myrna letters.

SKEETER (CONT'D)

Let's just do a couple of Miss
Myrna letters, and I'll run on...

AIBILEEN

I thought I might write my stories
down and read them to you.

SKEETER

Well, sure I guess.

AIBILEEN

It no different than writing down
my prayers.

SKEETER

You don't say your prayers aloud?

AIBILEEN

Prayer like electricity. It keep
life going. Writing it down make
it more powerful. Lot a ailing,
sick peoples in this town.

SKEETER

I'm sure.

AIBILEEN

I didn't get a chance to pray for
Treelore.

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AIBILEEN (CONT'D)

God took him fast `cause he didn't
want to argue with me. He was just
twenty-four years old. The best
part of a person's life.

SKEETER

Oh, Aibileen.

AIBILEEN

But he'd like we's doing this. He
always said we gone have a writer
in the family one day...After my
prayers last night, I got some
stories down too.

Skeeter nods. Aibileen opens her notebook and reads.

AIBILEEN (CONT'D)

My first white baby to ever look after was named Alton Carrington Speers. It was 1938, and I'd just turned fourteen years old. Daddy had left us, so I dropped out a school to help momma with the bills.