

EXT. HARPER VALLEY SCHOOL - DAY

Sandra walks onto the front lawn of the school, wearing her shortest skirt. Her outfit is bright red. She sees Shirley Thompson walking in the same direction as her.

SANDRA

Mrs. Thompson! Good evening!

MRS. THOMPSON

Hello Mrs. Reilly. What are you doing here? Did Sally have to stay late?

SANDRA

No, nothing like that. You know Sally is a wonderful girl.

Mrs. Thompson makes a face of disagreement.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I'm here for the P.T.A. meeting!

MRS. THOMPSON

Really! You've never shown up before...

SANDRA

I thought I would just check in... Make sure my community is upholding the moral values it preaches so hard!

Sandra maintains the biggest smile possible, trying to kill Mrs. Thompson with her kindness.

MRS. THOMPSON

(nodding slowly)

I see. Well, I'll join you inside.

Sandra nods.

INT. HARPER VALLEY SCHOOL - DAY

The P.T.A. is gathered in a classroom. Bobby Taylor stands at the front of the room while the rest of the members sit at desks, facing him.

BOBBY TAYLOR

Good evening. I would like to thank everyone for being here and showing your concern for the good of our community.

(MORE)

## BOBBY TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Before we begin, I have a few announcements. The bake sale to benefit the fourth-grade soccer team will be held in the main hall of the school this Wednesday. On Friday, the Harper Valley High School swim team faces their rivals at the community center. Support for the team will be appreciated. Now, does anyone have any -

Bobby Taylor is interrupted by Sandra's hand shooting up into the air.

## BOBBY TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Mrs. Reilly. Yes?

Time stops.

## MONTAGE

-- Sandra opens the front door of her house to Bobby Taylor. He extends his arm to offer her the bouquet of flowers he's holding, but she slams the door.

-- Sandra is pushing a cart through a perfectly organized supermarket. She sees Shirley Thompson. Shirley reaches into her purse and discreetly chugs from a flask.

-- While walking hand in hand with Sally down the street, Sandra looks into a local bar named Kelley's. Mr. Harper is slumped over the counter. Sandra shoots the side of his head a disapproving look. --

-- Sandra is in her kitchen, washing dishes. The window above the sink overlooks the backyard and provides a view into the living room of the house behind her. She sees Widow Jones kissing and being undressed by a younger man. Her blinds are completely open, much to Sandra's shock.

-- Sandra drinks orange juice and reads the Harper Valley Herald in bed. She sees a job posting for a secretary for John Baker, Attorney at Law.

-- Sandra sits on the porch, the Harper Valley Herald in her hand. There is another job posting for a secretary, posted by Mr. Baker. She scowls.

-- She walks down the street and sees a flyer stapled to a telephone pole. It's the same job posting from Mr. Baker. Sandra looks exasperated.

END MONTAGE

SANDRA

I'd like to address this meeting of  
the Harper Valley P.T.A.

Sandra walks to the front of the room, making Bobby Taylor  
scoot over to make space for her in the middle of the room.

She pulls the note from the P.T.A. from her purse.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Yesterday, I received a note from  
this P.T.A. Ya'll seem awful  
concerned about my moral character  
and my influence on Sally. I  
understand this, I really do. But  
first, I think as a community we  
should make a clear definition of  
what exactly these expectations  
are. So, Mr. Bobby Taylor, would  
you say that hounding me for a date  
at every opportunity is an example  
of strong moral character?

The entire P.T.A. becomes blank-faced, their gaze turning to  
Bobby. His face is tomato red.

BOBBY TAYLOR

Now, Mrs. Reilly, I didn't mean any-

SANDRA

And Mrs. Thompson, are you and the  
hidden flask in your purse  
representative of morality? I don't  
know much, but drinking in the  
supermarket doesn't seem like the  
behavior of a fine, upstanding  
woman to me.

The P.T.A.'s heads dramatically turn to Mrs. Thompson, their  
mouths open wide.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You all had a lot to say about the  
men I spend my time with being  
harmful to Sally, but Mr. Baker, do  
your children know why you've had  
three secretaries in the past 4  
months?

Their heads turn again, facing Mr. Baker in shock.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Now Widow Jones, what you do with the milkman in the privacy of your own home is your business, but don't forget to close your blinds so it doesn't become mine. I shouldn't dare become influenced by such low behavior.

The P.T.A.'s heads dramatically turn again, trying to lock eyes with a distraught Widow Jones.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

And here I am, addressing this concern and the head of the P.T.A. is nursing his drink at Kelley's bar again. How shameful.

Sandra scans the crowd, absorbing their shocked faces.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Before you insinuate that I am anything less than a wonderful mother to Sally, make sure you have your own lives in order. You do not know anything about me.

Sandra storms out of the room, the rest of the P.T.A. still speechless.