

THE AMAZING DORIS MAPLES

By JJ Jonas

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by
J.J. Jonas

CAST: *one female*

People called us trailer trash. Or white trash. Leastways that's what they'd yell at us when they'd pass by the mobile home park. I'd be sitting out on the screened-in porch with Grandma when some done-up cutie in a red mustang convertible would roar by, kicking up dust like a turbo plow.

They'd have their custom speakers blaring and booming the bass. Flicking their cigarettes out the window, sending fast food garbage sailing across our dirt lawn. "Derned Republicans," my grandma would say and she'd spit on the floor. I don't know how that hurt the passerby. Seems like it just caused me the pain of walking around spit.

Anyways, I wasn't gonna worry about it. I was waiting for Nadine Sewell to come by and give me a ride to work. I had just acquired a job bussing tables at the House of Waffles and the manager said he was gonna let me wait on tables soon. I was underage, but we lived in a small town where most folks bent the rules a little so the young 'uns could find work. The trailer trash ones anyways. The other ones didn't need the work. The ones with the redmustang convertibles. They lived on the other side of town in the bright new houses and the lush green lawns. The only time they had dirt in their yards was when they were seeding new grass.

But I wouldn't let myself think on that. I had more important things to think about. I was going to be a waitress and get discovered by a

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Hollywood agent. I would be so light on my feet and swirl a tray of food with such finesse that one could not help but wonder at my grace.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is your roving entertainment reporter live from the Academy Awards. Wait, I think I see her, the one you’ve all been dying to see! It is!! It is the darling, sophisticated starlet herself discovered at the House of Waffles. Miss Doris Maples!”

No, hold that, I needed a stage name. Doris Maples wasn’t someone men would hold their breath over. Darla Maples. Yes, Darla Maples would be just fine.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the hopeful for tonight’s Oscar for Best Actress! Miss Darla Maples.”

I would blow kisses into the wind and wave to my admiring public. I would be a star!

The House of Waffles was busy on Friday nights after the football game. Jimmy Joe Walker and his bunch of letter jackets came in for chicken fried steaks and homemade biscuits with real butter and cream gravy. They sat at their regular table and blew the straw covers at each other, hemming and hawing over this tackle and that pass. They recalled the game play by play and wore their victory like a laurel crown. I always volunteered for the late shift on Friday nights because it was exciting to be near them. To feel their worth. To bask in the glow of their celebrity. I wanted any small part of it that they would throw my way.

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by J.J. JONAS. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
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