

What Ever Happened To Luella Beans?

by

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Cast of Characters

REBECCA: 38

CLARABELLE: 19

Place

Rebecca's home – Kitchen

Time

Morning

REBECCA: I tol' ya already, I ain't goin' back.

CLARABELLE: You been so miserable for too damn long. How you gonna lie to yourself all these years?

REBECCA: I don't want that life no more! I changed.

CLARABELLE: There's a bank, not more than two whole miles from here. What you know about that?

REBECCA: I didn't even know there was no bank near here.

CLARABELLE: Oh, stop it! I seen the withdrawal receipts.

REBECCA: You mean Grover?

CLARABELLE: That's the one.

REBECCA: Yeah, I know Grover Bank.

CLARABELLE: What you *really* know about it?

REBECCA: I am a customer with an account. What more am I s'pposed to know than that?

CLARABELLE: Momma, how long you been scopin' things out?

REBECCA: I am living a normal life.

CLARABELLE: Tell me...for shits and giggles.

REBECCA: Shits and giggles?

CLARABELLE: Just two girls having a laugh over some random bullshit.

REBECCA: Nail salon chit chat?

CLARABELLE: We never go to no nail salon but yeah, whatever works.

REBECCA: I know the bank manager Daniel Lander is a real dip shit of a man. Works there six days a week but he's a clock puncher. Never lifts his fingers to do any real work. Too dumb, too lazy. He's not the one to watch out for. There's Debra Binger. She's all about climbing the corporate ladder. She can't stand Daniel Lander cause she wants his job, not to mention he's always cracking crude jokes at her...won't be long before she captures him in her net and takes his position. By then, it will be too late to get serious on the place.

REBECCA: (cont'd) There's a total of sixteen cameras. Four at the front entrance. Four at the drive through. Two above each counter, which makes eight more. Five more in the ceiling that covers all the desks and two more at the vault entrance.

CLARABELLE: That's more than sixteen cameras.

REBECCA: There's only sixteen *working* cameras.

CLARABELLE: How you know that?

REBECCA: Well, if you're the observant type, you would notice the actual security monitors over in the next room when you go through the drive-through.

CLARABELLE: You serious?

REBECCA: With nine second delays.

CLARABELLE: What does that mean?

REBECCA: Means they need bigger servers, long story.

CLARABELLE: When we going?

REBECCA: Going where?

CLARABELLE: When we crackin' open that safe, Ma?

REBECCA: Oh, listen, you caught me, alright? All that talkin' I just did is only on account of not having anything else to do around here but fish in the creek, drink and barbeque and that's just the way I like it.

CLARABELLE: We could do this one, you know.

REBECCA: We? What you talkin' 'bout we? There ain't no we sunshine. I said, no! I'm retired.

CLARABELLE: And what you retire to anyway. Look at yourself! Wearing old lady pajamas, watching tv and gettin' fat.

REBECCA: Fat?!

CLARABELLE: Fat.

REBECCA: How dare you call me fat? Might be two or three pounds overweight but fat is pushing it.

CLARABELLE: I wanna rob that bank.

REBECCA: It's one thing to dream it, it's another thing to do it.

CLARABELLE: How long you dreamin' about that delicious bank, Momma? How long?

REBECCA: Sixteen months.

CLARABELLE: Sixteen months?! That's a *long time* to dream.

REBECCA: ...It is, honey, it is...

CLARABELLE: You retired cause you scared.

REBECCA: I ain't scared.

CLARABELLE: You scared.

REBECCA: I ain't scared!

CLARABELLE: I read all about it in the papers, Momma. You can't hide the truth from me.

REBECCA: Truth? What truth you talkin'?

CLARABELLE: The truth about Luella Beans.

REBECCA: Luella? What about Luella?

CLARABELLE: Paper headline read, "Whatever Happened To Luella Beans?"

REBECCA: We all know what happened to her. I don't wanna go into all that business.

CLARABELLE: I'm your daughter. Can't you tell me the story?

REBECCA: There's really not much to tell.

CLARABELLE: They said in the papers that two armed persons held up Smithesons Bank and mid-way through you, well, one of the two armed persons shot the other one in the face. They never caught who it was but they had all the info they needed on Luella Beans...she died inside that bank.

CLARABELLE: (cont'd) You ain't never pulled another job since that day and I aim to find out why that is...I wanna know why we moved out here in the shitty ass boondocks, living like a couple of cave women, when we can go out there and make success. Teach me the trade.

REBECCA: It's best to just leave well enough alone.

CLARABELLE: No. You always pull that card. I need to know what happened.

REBECCA: Why you need to know what happened so bad?

CLARABELLE: Cause I need to know who my Momma is and where I come from.

REBECCA: You think I ain't your Momma?

CLARABELLE: I ain't never said that.

REBECCA: Cause I ain't.

CLARABELLE: ...What you say to me?

REBECCA: I ain't your Momma, at least not in the biological sense of it.

CLARABELLE: You puttin' me on?

REBECCA: I ain't puttin' you on.

CLARABELLE: I wasn't askin' if you was my Momma, though.

REBECCA: I killed your real Momma. (beat) Shot her in the face, just like them papers say. (beat) You had to have known something was off all these years, deep inside...raised you as my own ever since Luella had you. It's a miracle you came out as healthy as you did...

Your mother was in no condition to raise a baby. She had no one else but me. We were closer than sisters...promised her I'd do my best to raise you as my own on her behalf...she'd recover from drugs, relapse, recover, relapse...this went on forever.

I met and fell in love with a woman named Diamond and she was a diamond alright, she could shine as bright as the sun but hurt you real bad if you stared too long...somewhere along the way Luella must have gotten jealous and somehow or other Luella and Diamond became an thing...I was betrayed, destroyed and well...

REBECCA: (cont'd) ...I tied Diamond up to a row boat, rowed her on out to the swamp...shot a few holes into the boat and watched it sink with Diamond's shiny eyes starin' back at me the entire time...waited till she drowned out...I rowed on back out of the darkness in a different row boat, of course.

Wasn't so sure what to do about Luella but her drugging got out of control and I think the last straw came when she threatened me, saying she was gonna go to the police in order to take you away from me. She was planning on sellin' you for drug money. I had a decision to make, didn't I? I made up a bank robbery job that we could pull together...promised her all the money in the world and that it would get us back on track.

I thought long and hard as to what I was gonna do on that day and the final verdict in my mind decided I was gonna take Luella down..and so, that's what I did...

CLARABELLE: I'm leaving.

REBECCA: I understand.

CLARABELLE: You didn't have to kill her!!

REBECCA: I had no choice.

CLARABELLE: The money from the bank could have gotten her clean, she could have went to rehab and gotten well. Why did you lie to her and kill her?

REBECCA: She was too far gone!

CLARABELLE: Bullshit!

REBECCA: Clarabelle, I am telling you your Momma would have died within a matter of weeks...she was hanging on by a thread, could barely stand as it was, skinny as a shoelace, there was no way in hell she was coming out of it...her mind was gone, she burned out whatever reason she had left a long time before that and she was too unpredictable...I couldn't risk losing you.

CLARABELLE: She deserved the chance.

REBECCA: We all deserve a chance but we don't always get one.

CLARABELLE: Who are you to decide that for her?

REBECCA: She did it to herself.

CLARABELLE: What if?

REBECCA: What if what?

CLARABELLE: What if she made it? What if she would have survived? What if she would have gotten better...for me...didn't she care about me?

REBECCA: Clara, darling...she loved you, she loved me but she loved her addicitons more. She became someone unrecognizable and that's not your fault...

CLARABELLE: I'm robbing that bank with or without you.

REBECCA: You ain't gonna do a Goddamn thing!

CLARABELLE: You ain't even my mother!

REBECCA: You don't have to rob no bank.

CLARABELLE: It's what I want to do!

REBECCA: I have two million.

CLARABELLE: ...What?

REBECCA: We have two million dollars.

CLARABELLE: How?

REBECCA: That last job I did with your Momma, we scored two million. Half is yours. You want it now, it's yours but I don't ever want to see your face again. If you stay with me, we can leave together and find a new life, a good life, without robbing banks. Your choice.

END OF PLAY