

# ***The Intelligent Kind***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

Copyright © 2022

[www.MonologueBlogger.com](http://www.MonologueBlogger.com)

All rights reserved. No part of this ePlay may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or any other storage and retrieval system, without the written permission of the author or publisher.

Cast of Characters

TRUDY : 40's  
SAMUEL : 40's  
CHARLES : 7  
MR. HAWLEY : 50's

Place  
Cabin

Time  
There is no time.

Setting: The play takes place inside a small cabin on a large farm. There is no set time period, though the style of the cabin reflects 1900's Americana in the midwest.

At Rise: The play opens with Trudy(*mother*), Samuel(*father*) and Mr. Hawley in the dining room area. Samuel sits at the head of a small round wooden table wearing a checkered white/blue flannel patterned shirt, blue jeans with disheveled hair and five o'clock shadow, Mr. Hawley stands wearing a black three quarter length summer jacket, a black fedora and round eye seeing glasses. Trudy stands in front of the window, watching her son play in the front yard. When Charles(*son*) enters the play, he is to be wearing a black suit with white shirt and black tie, hair combed back and parted to one side.

*Trudy stares out the window, watching her son Charles play.*

*Samuel is staring down at a document and signs. He looks up at Mr. Hawley and nods, then looks to his wife Trudy.*

SAMUEL: We need you to sign, Trudy.

*Trudy takes a moment before turning to face Samuel. She doesn't make eye contact with him as she walks over and sits at the table.*

*Samuel slides the document over to Trudy with the pen on top of it.*

SAMUEL: ...Go on, darling, it's the right thing for him.

TRUDY: He's only seven years old. A boy that age needs his mother.

SAMUEL: Damn it Trudy, now we've been through this, sign the paper!

TRUDY: I won't sign it! *(sulks)*

*Samuel looks at Mr. Hawley.*

SAMUEL: Mr. Hawley -

MR. HAWLEY: It's entirely understandable. What mother would ever wish to part ways with their child under such conditions? Please, Mrs. Klauster, sit and try to gather yourself. I'll momentarily step outside while the two of you discuss the matter further.

*Mr. Hawley exits through the front door.*

SAMUEL: What in God's name...we have discussed the hell outta this thing. The boy is gifted. There ain't a damn thing we could do for him here. His abilities will only be wasting away on this dying farm. You know where we're headed! We've tried everything, Trudy...haven't we? We're gonna give our son the life he deserves, the life he should have, reaching his full potential and doing some good in this world. We can be proud of him and watch over him from afar.

TRUDY: I don't have a good feeling about any of this.

SAMUEL: That's on you. It's got nothing to do with the program.

TRUDY: Mr. Hawley is a strange man.

SAMUEL: He ain't strange, he's only serious.

TRUDY: You don't think he seems a bit unnatural to you?

SAMUEL: He's a corporate fella. They're always standoffish.

TRUDY: I don't mean standoffish, Samuel. It's something more, something I can't quite put into my limited vocabulary.

SAMUEL: Your mind is playing tricks on you.

TRUDY: And what if it's not. You pacify things. I don't. I look things square in the eye.

SAMUEL: Mr. Hawley is a decent man.

TRUDY: ...

SAMUEL: Just sign on the dotted line and let's get through this.

TRUDY: I'm telling you...there's, something ain't right about his eyes, the way he looks, it's something in his eyes.

SAMUEL: Oh hell, I'm about to forge your name on this here paper!

TRUDY: Don't you dare!

*Trudy grabs the document and stands up  
from the table.*

I'll set this thing on fire!

SAMUEL: Aww hell, Trudy...Trudy I thought we decided all this...there's no need for all this acting up.

TRUDY: You wanted this to happen!

SAMUEL: Don't say that.

TRUDY: You wanted this to happen, didn't you? So you can watch this farm die, come home for supper and drink yourself to death along with it. You don't love your son. You've never loved your son. "Always gettin' in the way." Isn't that what you say, "That boy's always gettin' in the way!". Complainin' 'bout him ever since he was born, how he's, how he's a financial strain hanging over our heads, making matters worse with this depression! What better time to send him off to some program? Off to a place we know nothing about, a place where there is no public address, no additional information other than this document and that man's word, no contact with our boy until he turns twenty-one. Mr. Hawley found us...don't that make you suspect? Don't that make you scared for our son? For all we know we could be legally handing him to the devil! You aren't strong enough to be the father you are supposed to be. Oh, you turn my stomach you do, this is your way out and I say NO! To hell with you! And to hell with the program!

*Samuel grabs Trudy by the wrists.*

SAMUEL: Listen here now, one way or the other that paper's gonna get signed and our boy's gonna have a future. There ain't no future for him here! Look what happened to McDougal's kid? Or Mr. and Mrs. Johnsons? What about the Anderson's and how they got wiped out, never to be heard from again...they were our closest, our dearest friends, like family...vanished. Charles is special. He has a chance. Mr. Hawley came into our lives for a reason. It was fate. Charles is gonna make good all because you loved him enough to sign that document. Give that boy what he needs, what he deserves Trudy...

TRUDY: Go to hell.

SAMUEL: SIGN THAT DOCUMENT!!!

TRUDY: I'd rather DIE than give our son away!!!

*Samuel lunges for the document that Trudy holds. The two of them struggle, each fighting to hold their son's future in their hands.*

*Enter Charles.*

CHARLES: *(calmly)* Why are you forcing the issue?

*Samuel and Trudy freeze as if caught by their own parents doing something bad.*

SAMUEL: Charles...(clears throat) Son..this is a little more complicated than you -

CHARLES: I've read the document over.

SAMUEL: You have?

CHARLES: Yes.

SAMUEL: How?

CHARLES: Don't be silly.

SAMUEL: I mean, sure, I know you can read but how did you get your hands on it?

CHARLES: *(Ignoring his father)* Are you okay, Trudy?

TRUDY: I'm okay, darling.

CHARLES: Did Samuel strike you?

TRUDY: Not at all.

*Charles gently takes the document from his mother.*

CHARLES: There, there, Trudy.

*Charles turns to his father.*

Samuel...Trudy's wrist is sore. I told you what would happen if you laid a finger on her.

TRUDY: No, no! Charles, dear. Father and I were fighting and things got out of hand. He did not approach me to hurt me. This is my fault just as much as it is his...

*Charles stares Samuel down, who looks at the floor.*

SAMUEL: I would never hurt your mother.

CHARLES: Trudy...Mother...I'm going to be alright. Shed no more tears. I promise you, the program I am entering is necessary work. I have been chosen and I must honor my responsibility. Mr. Hawley and I had a detailed conversation, we spoke at length about the importance of my purpose. I will be serving for the good of mankind. My life, my sacrifice, my duty, it will benefit billions of people worldwide. You will miss me, as I will miss you equally, terribly, but this cause is bigger than all of us and we must bow our heads and act on what's right.

TRUDY: Charles, my son, are you sure this is what you want?

CHARLES: Yes.

TRUDY: And you believe Mr. Hawley?

CHARLES: He is trustworthy, mother.

TRUDY: Then I will sign.

*Charles hands the document to his mother, she signs it.*

*Mr. Hawley enters the front doorway.*

TRUDY: Take care of my son.

*Mr. Hawley enters the room and hands an envelope of money to Samuel.*

*Charles and Trudy hug.*

*Charles breaks it off. Trudy sulks.  
Charles shakes hands with Samuel.*

CHARLES: Remember...remember...remember...

*Samuel puts his head down and Charles  
pats it.*

*Charles turns and picks up his tiny  
suitcase luggage.*

*Charles holds hands with Mr. Hawley and the  
two walk out from the house front door  
together.*

*There are the sounds of an unfamiliar engine  
turning on.*

*A burst of light and wind push through the  
entire house, knocking things over.*

*The engine sound trails off, the wind and  
light do the same.*

*Everything is quiet but the cries of Trudy.*

**END OF PLAY**