

# INVISIBLE EYE FOR THE NERD GUY

6F, 6M

**WHO:**

FEMALES


Autumn  
Celine  
Kim  
Michelle  
Tami  
Teacher


MALES

Charlie  
Fred  
Leroy  
Mark  
Robbie  
Todd

**WHERE** Various locations around school.

**WHEN** Scene 1: Monday; Scene 2: Tuesday.

 Know your objective. Your objective is what you want most in a scene. Never forget your objective! It's what makes acting look real compared to just reading off lines.

 Write your own guide telling people how to be invisible.

## Scene 1: The Disappearance

*(CHARLIE sits in the center of a classroom.)*

CHARLIE: *(Standing.)* This is about the day I became invisible.

*(CHARLIE sits. TEACHER stands in front of the kids.)*

TEACHER: Who knows the answer to my question?

*(CHARLIE, and only CHARLIE, raises his hand and grows increasingly frantic.)*

TEACHER: *(Looking around.)* Anyone? Anyone at all? No one in this room can answer my question?

*(TEACHER sits. CHARLIE stands again.)*

CHARLIE: See? It just gets worse. One day, with no warning at all, everything started to go wrong. Or right. Well, different.

*(MICHELLE and MARK stand. When a name is called out, someone from the group stands and exits.)*

MICHELLE: Robbie.

MARK: Todd.

MICHELLE: Kim.

MARK: Leroy.

MICHELLE: Autumn.

MARK: Celine.

MICHELLE: Tami.

MARK: *(Reluctantly.)* Fred, I guess.

*(Everyone's been picked except CHARLIE.)*

MARK: I guess that's it. Let's play!

*(MARK and MICHELLE exit. CHARLIE sits alone.)*

CHARLIE: What's going on? I really couldn't figure it out. Suddenly, no one seemed to notice me anymore. Like I just wasn't there. I started to wonder if I actually existed.

*(KIM, AUTUMN, MICHELLE, and CELINE enter. CHARLIE goes over to stand right beside KIM.)*

KIM: Boys are so stupid.

AUTUMN: I know!

CELINE: I wish we didn't have to have anything to do with them.

KIM: I don't even want to be near one!

AUTUMN: But still, you know you like Robbie.

KIM: I wish I didn't.

MICHELLE: But you do.

KIM: Remember, I swore you guys to secrecy. No one is

ever supposed to know. Especially since I sent him that note. No one is ever allowed to know!

CELINE: You don't want him to ever know?

KIM: Never!

AUTUMN: Not even if he likes you back? I think he might like you back.

KIM: He pushed me in softball!

MICHELLE: Maybe he pushed you because he likes you.

KIM: I never understood that. I don't think that's actually true.

CELINE: Maybe he did it to get your attention.

KIM: That doesn't make any sense to me. Why would anyone be horrible to you if they want your attention? If they *like* you? I think parents tell us that to make us feel better. If a girl pushed me, no one would say, "Maybe she wants to be your friend." Why do people think that when it's a boy? If I liked someone I'd try being nice to him. Give him some compliments, maybe. That's what I'd like. Just like in the movies. I certainly wouldn't act like a bully. No, Robbie hates me. He was just trying to be mean. *Especially* because I was trying to be nice to him. He was going out of his way to be a jerk. No other explanation makes sense.

CELINE: Boys don't make sense, though.

MICHELLE: Didn't you ever want to do something, anything to someone to get them to pay attention to you?

KIM: I guess sometimes I might want to do something like punch Robbie to get his attention. But I don't because that's crazy. Boys are crazy. And why would we have that instinct anyway? It's so cave-man; it's embarrassing. Haven't we evolved at all as a species?

AUTUMN: So how come you didn't sign the note?

KIM: In case something like this happened. Plus, I wrote totally personal things in the note. Plus, I'd know he liked me back if he could tell or wanted it to be me who wrote it.

CELINE: But what if he can recognize your handwriting?

KIM: He won't.

MICHELLE: But if he does?

KIM: He can't! I wrote totally personal things in that note. He just can't!

AUTUMN: You put it in his locker? Maybe he hasn't seen it yet.

CELINE: Yeah! Maybe we could get it.

KIM: How? His locker is *locked*.

MICHELLE: I'm so glad I don't like anyone in our class. It makes life so complicated.

AUTUMN: I wouldn't want any of the boys in our class within ten feet of me if I had the choice.

KIM: Love stinks.

*(CHARLIE tentatively reaches out and pokes AUTUMN. She doesn't react. CHARLIE then puts his whole hand on her head while she says the following line. She does not acknowledge him at all.)*

AUTUMN: Well, let's see what we can do about that note.

*(ROBBIE, TODD, and LEROY enter. ROBBIE pretends to open a locker.)*

KIM: I don't know what to do! How can we get close?

CELINE: I have no idea! This is going to be harder than I thought.

*(ROBBIE, TODD, MARK, and LEROY stand in a tight group blocking the "locker." CHARLIE walks right up, reaches his hand in the middle of the group and comes out with a folded note in his hand.)*

KIM: Oh God! I'd love to be invisible! This is impossible!

MICHELLE: Maybe we should distract them.

*(While the girls plot, CHARLIE reads the letter and is amused and amazed by what he reads.)*

CELINE: How?

*(AUTUMN falls to the ground.)*

AUTUMN: Ow! My ankle!

*(The boys don't respond.)*

AUTUMN: OW! MY ANKLE!

CELINE: *(Loudly.)* Oh, look! Autumn hurt her ankle!  
Who can help? We need help!

TODD: One of you should get the nurse.

AUTUMN: They're so stupid.

MICHELLE: Todd, maybe you could help.

TODD: You have legs.

AUTUMN: I need to get to class. Some strong people have  
to take me.

*(ROBBIE, TODD, MARK, and LEROY all stare  
at her.)*

ROBBIE: Fine. I'll just close my locker—

KIM/CELINE/AUTUMN: No!

*(ROBBIE shuts his locker.)*

ROBBIE: OK. Todd, pick up Autumn.

TODD: I can't pick her up!

MARK: You should go to the nurse, not to class.

*(AUTUMN jumps up.)*

AUTUMN: Actually, I think it was a minor sprain. I feel  
better.

LEROY: Weird. It's like a miracle or something.

ROBBIE: Let's go, then.

TODD: Girls are crazy, man.

*(LEROY, TODD, MARK, and ROBBIE exit.)*

KIM: It's hopeless! I'll never get that note!

*(KIM, CELINE, MICHELLE, and AUTUMN exit.)*

CHARLIE: This note is excellent! There's enough dirt  
in here to blackmail Kim forever. But how come no  
one is noticing me? Am I really invisible? And if I  
am, what can I do about it? Do I want to do any-  
thing about it? Or do I want to enjoy it? Think of  
all the things I can do: listen in on private conver-  
sations, steal things, never go to school—Is this a  
good thing or not? And what do I do with this note?  
I can't help thinking there's a reason I have it.  
There's got to be one perfect thing that I can do  
with this information. But what? Kim isn't the  
nicest person, once she told a girl I liked her just  
to mean—I didn't like her *at all*, she was just try-  
ing to humiliate me—but I don't think I want to  
blackmail her, either. This note actually makes me  
like her more. 'Cause her life isn't great either, I  
guess. For some reason, I thought everybody's life  
was great except mine. Well, I think I'll go home  
and take a nap. I'll figure all this out tomorrow.

## Scene 2: Supernerd Lives!

CHARLIE: Today's the day I figure out what to do with my invisibility.

*(ROBBIE, TODD, MARK, and LEROY return, dragging FRED behind them. They stop right next to Charlie.)*

LEROY: Get moving!

FRED: I don't want to go in the lockers again! Don't you ever get sick of that?

CHARLIE: They used to do that to me all the time.

TODD: No.

ROBBIE: Never. We can beat you up first.

FRED: Oh, come on, guys. Give me a break. There are three of you; it's not fair.

CHARLIE: That's not going to stop them. Trust me.

TODD: Hey, why don't we hang his pants on the flagpole?

LEROY: Great idea! We've never done that!

MARK: Do you know how to use the flagpole?

LEROY: We can figure that out, right?

LEROY: It can't be that hard.

FRED: You're going to take my pants off? That's sick!

ROBBIE: That'll teach you not to cover your paper during a test.

FRED: I didn't want you to cheat off of me!

ROBBIE: Exactly, nerd.

TODD: Let's take him outside.

*(TODD, LEROY, MARK, and ROBBIE start to drag FRED offstage.)*

FRED: Come on. Give me a break. I won't do it again! *(To CHARLIE.)* Help me!

CHARLIE: *Are you talking to me? (To audience.)* Was he talking to me? I thought I was invisible. Why could that guy see me? None of the girls see me. They've been saying a lot of secrets right in front of me. Like today, Angela is mad at Miranda because she has the same sweater as Angela and she already knew that Angela had it even though she hasn't worn it to school yet so now everyone's going to think that Angela copied Miranda when it's really the other way around. Did you know girls talk like that? Seriously, they do. And the guys don't notice me—at least the popular guys. No one's beat me up or called me a name all day. Teachers don't see me. I danced on Mrs. Pullman's desk this morning during quiet reading time. So how come that guy saw me? Do nerds have special vision? If so, how come they don't see a wedgie coming in time?

*(TAMI enters, clearly upset.)*

TAMI: No one even knows I'm alive. No one cares, either!  
I hate this school. I hate everything!

(TAMI looks up and sees CHARLIE.)

TAMI: What are you looking at?

CHARLIE: So much for the girl theory.

TAMI: What? You're not making any sense.

CHARLIE: I thought I was invisible to girls.

TAMI: That's stupid. I can see you perfectly well.

CHARLIE: You're not very nice, are you?

TAMI: Sure I am. I'm always nice, and I'm sick of it. What did it ever get me, being nice? People just take advantage. All I've ever done is try to be friends with people. I try so hard, you wouldn't even understand. I'll do anything—make someone's bed, do any dare, tell them nice things *all* the time—but it doesn't make any difference. People are just jerks. I hate everyone. Including you.

CHARLIE: You don't even know me.

TAMI: I've never even seen you before. But that doesn't matter. I have a whole new outlook on the world ever since—well, since today.

CHARLIE: What happened today?

TAMI: I don't want to talk any more about it. It's just—

It's just—really, really, *really* embarrassing. You wouldn't understand.

CHARLIE: Are you kidding? I'm the king of humiliation.

TAMI: Promise you won't tell anyone?

CHARLIE: OK. I promise. Who would I tell? I'm invisible to most everyone.

TAMI: They—a bunch of girls in my grade—took a picture of me . . . in my . . . underwear and they're showing it around the school. It's beyond embarrassing. I just don't want to exist anymore.

CHARLIE: I can help you with that.

TAMI: You can?

CHARLIE: I think so.

TAMI: How?

CHARLIE: Well, like I said, I'm invisible to most everyone now. I think only nerds, geeks, and losers can see me.

TAMI: Thanks a lot!

CHARLIE: Well, sorry, but it would explain why you didn't see me before today.

TAMI: I guess. But I'm not a nerd or a geek or a loser.

CHARLIE: What are you then?

TAMI: Maybe . . . an outcast.

CHARLIE: OK. I'll add that to my list.

TAMI: So? Tell me your secret.

CHARLIE: Let me think it through. I just realized I was invisible yesterday, so this might take me a minute.

*(A few beats go by as CHARLIE thinks.)*

CHARLIE: Got it! I gave up! I gave in. And I got a new haircut.

*(FRED stumbles in rubbing his backside. ROBBIE, LEROY, and TODD trail behind.)*

LEROY: Well, at least we gave him an atomic wedgie.

ROBBIE: We'll have to learn how to use the flagpole.

TODD: Next time.

*(FRED sits down near TAMI and CHARLIE; TODD, LEROY, and ROBBIE exit.)*

FRED: That hurt. Thanks a lot, by the way. You were a big help.

CHARLIE: Like you would have helped me. What could I have done?

FRED: I dunno. I guess you're right.

TAMI: So he can see you, too? But no one else can.

CHARLIE: Doesn't seem like it.

FRED: What's going on?

TAMI: This kid—

CHARLIE: I'm Charlie—

TAMI: —was telling me he's invisible.

FRED: What?

TAMI: He became invisible and now he's going to tell me how.

FRED: Aren't you the girl in that picture—

TAMI: Oh my God! I want to die!

CHARLIE: OK! OK! Be quiet now because I think I have the answer. *(To Fred.)* You'll want to know this, too.

FRED: Go on, then.

CHARLIE: The day I became invisible, yesterday, I stopped caring and I got a haircut.

*(Beat.)*

TAMI: So? What else?

CHARLIE: I think that's it. I wasn't mad anymore at all the bullies; I was too tired to be mad. And I didn't care if anyone liked me. I decided to just like being alone. I would just daydream when people I didn't like came near me instead of getting tense.

I became, like, a blob instead of a kid. It was almost like I thought myself invisible. If anyone started to pay attention to me, I just went away. I wasn't scared and I wasn't angry and I wasn't good and I wasn't bad and I wasn't too weird and I wasn't cool at all. I was just in the middle, nothing, all the time. Invisible! Plus, before I had a haircut like a newscaster, you know, really flat and combed and all that—

TAMI: I remember you now! You got locked in a locker once.

CHARLIE: Right! So I went to a new barber and he did my hair differently. It's not great, but it's not so geeky. My mom hates it. I think it's key that your parents should think you're a little odd if the kids at school are going to think you're normal.

TAMI: So how's that supposed to help me?

CHARLIE: You're too visible now because you care what those girls think about you. Maybe if you were like, "Yeah. That's my underwear. I think it's cute," maybe they would lay off you.

FRED: It was cute underwear. (*Embarrassed.*) I mean, I guess! It had flowers on it!

TAMI: Shut up, geek!

CHARLIE: See, you still want everyone to like you. That makes you visible. You try too hard. The popular kids can tell that you'll let them get away with anything. Like you'll probably forgive them immediately for what they did.

TAMI: Well, if they apologized . . .

FRED: Are you serious?

TAMI: But if I don't forgive them, then where will I be?

CHARLIE: Then you'll have power over them. They'll want to get you back in their circle. You'll be in control.

TAMI: I guess that would be good. But I don't know if I'm strong enough to do that. What if they just decided not to bother with me?

FRED: Look at how they're treating you now. How could it get worse?

TAMI: I don't know . . . I'd really hate to be ignored.

CHARLIE: You have to work through it. And other people will talk to you.

FRED: Get some *real* friends.

TAMI: At least I *have* friends.

FRED: You don't have to be cruel.

CHARLIE: You can do it, Tami. Look—I'm proof!

(*A bunch of kids enter. CHARLIE starts going completely nuts—singing, dancing, yelping, and jumping up and down. None of the kids react; the kids exit.*)

CHARLIE: See? I'm totally invisible.



FRED: But that doesn't make sense. You were trying to get their attention.

CHARLIE: Nah. Not exactly. The important part is I didn't care if they make fun of me if they saw me. I've been made fun of so many times I don't think there's anything more they could say that I haven't heard before.

FRED: But what about me?

CHARLIE: This is easy. I've been you. You need a makeover. A new haircut, for starters. Then, maybe wear a T-shirt instead of a button-down shirt tucked in and buttoned all the way up.

FRED: How am I supposed to get my mother to buy me all new things?

CHARLIE: You must have T-shirts for the summer and weekends, right?

FRED: Right.

CHARLIE: So, you wear them under your other shirt and then unbutton or take off the button-down shirt when you get to school.

TAMI: Girls do that kind of stuff all the time.

FRED: Oh! I get it!

CHARLIE: And you have to stop snorting when you laugh. You can still be yourself; you just have to be less extreme. I'm a nerd; I'll always be a nerd. But as long as I'm not the biggest, most obvious nerd, I'm OK. As

long as I don't get upset or angry or sad that other people make fun of me or don't like me, I'm not a good target anymore. The bullies want to see you suffer. If you don't suffer, they're not interested in you.

TAMI: You are really wise.

CHARLIE: *(To the audience.)* Suddenly, in that moment, I became . . . SUPERNERD! My power is, obviously, invisibility and the ability to assist nerds everywhere. I've even thought about wearing my underpants on the outside, like Superman. Maybe I will, who knows? I guess I'll be seeing you. Oh, don't look surprised. You see me now, don't you? I'm not invisible to you, and you know what that means. Are you a geek, a nerd, a loser, or an outcast? Doesn't matter to me. But if you're in trouble, if you find yourself surrounded by the tag football team in the locker room or called names like Skinny Ginny or Farty Barty, I'll be there. Thank you, and good day.