

Invisible
A Monologue By Dana Hall

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Dana Hall

Magnoliawrites120@gmail.com

DanaHallCreates.com

Synopsis:

No one likes rejection but there's something worse... being forgotten.

A lifetime of feeling invisible leaves John contemplating if he matters.

Character

John: A writer in his 20s-30s that is used to disappointment.

At Rise: John is talking to a friend over a drink while checking his email.

How dare they. *(realizing)* They just left me off the list. They emailed me last night my play was accepted in the festival but they just sent out the ‘official list’ and- nope. I’m not on it. I checked it like five times just to be sure. *(emailing)* That’s my baby. A piece of my heart and soul went into that play.

Oh look- they respond, “Oops- it’s an oversight.”

An oversight? *(gestures to the screen)*

It’s like I’m 9 all over again. *(Realizing he needs to explain what he means.)*

That time I fell asleep on the school bus. I was the last stop - a packed bus would dwindle down to just me. I hated it. But I had no choice since no one was ever home to pick me up.

Did I tell you they took that bus all the way back to the garage before they noticed me!

Some big guy pushes my shoulder- “*Hey kid. Kid! Wake up. Who are you?*” I was so scared I could barely speak- I mumbled to the driver my name- J-J-John Schmidt. I heard him calling my school then my mom, “*Uhh Hi. It’s Tony over at the Bus Depot we found Johnny sleeping on his backpack in row 6.*” I sat there trying to not make eye contact with the dog that guards the yard when I heard him say- “*Oh, I’m glad you understand it’s just an ‘oversight’ -sure take your time we’ll see you in a bit.*”

Surprise- Helen Schmidt was NOT out with a search party or plastering my face on milk cartons! Even the bus guy seemed taken aback at her lack of concern. When she pulled up he was long gone. I was sitting alone with Fideo the squirrel killer.

Am I fucking invisible? No, seriously? Can you see me? I’m pretty sure I’m a person. I filled out my census and everything yet - no one seems to account for me. I can’t walk

down an aisle of a grocery store without someone walking directly into me. “Hey, I’m walking here! Watch where you’re going- jerk!” They don’t even say sorry they just keep going.

Story of my life.

(Beat) So instead of therapy- you know what I do? (*Knowing his friend would likely give him a jab*) Besides drink. I tell other people’s stories. I give their lives a platform, a voice- meaning.

But you want to know something- every time I submit my plays I feel like that scared kid again just waiting there- wondering if I’ll be forgotten.

- End Monologue-