

# **Excerpt Terms & Conditions**

This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

**You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.**

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity of scripts.

## **Family Plays**



# The Invisible People

By  
William Lavender

# The Invisible People

**AATE Unpublished Play Reading Project Award Winner**

**Musical. By William Lavender.** *Cast: 2m., 2w., 4 either gender, plus extra villagers.* This musical is a lively romp filled with songs and fantasy. In a village of colorful characters, the invisible people exist only in the imagination of the children who invented them. Cindy's two special invisible friends are a fun-loving pair named Nubbins and Glopp who entertain her with song and dance. When Cindy asks to visit their Invisible Village, the two are skeptical, but agree to take her. There she meets the colorful Invisible Villagers, all invented by children like Cindy. All is well until General Grumpdump decides he must capture a real person in order to become dictator. Cindy is the unlucky candidate, and must stay in a picket-fence prison while Nubbins and Glopp work to free her. They discover that when an invisible person touches the shoulders of a real person, it changes their character. With nothing to lose, they devise a plan to trick old General Grumpdump into undergoing a character change. The plan works as Cindy is freed and General Grumpdump is transformed into a generous sort. At summer's end, Cindy realizes she's too old for invisible friends, and bids Nubbins and Glopp goodbye. Luckily, they are quickly re-invented by a younger child in need of some "true and faithful friends" who will be there "through thin and thick!" *Simple or elaborate set. One int., two ext. sets. Colorful costumes. Present time. Approximate running time: 60 minutes. Code: 1B5.*

## Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098-3308

Phone: (800) 448-7469 / (815) 338-7170

Fax: (800) 334-5302 / (815) 338-8981

**[www.FamilyPlays.com](http://www.FamilyPlays.com)**

ISBN-13 978-0-87602-400-3



The Invisible People

# The Invisible People

By

WILLIAM LAVENDER

**Family Plays**

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by FAMILY PLAYS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website [www.FamilyPlays.com](http://www.FamilyPlays.com), or we may be contacted by mail at: FAMILY PLAYS, 311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

© 1965, 1971, 1995, 2000 by  
ANCHORAGE PRESS, INC.

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(THE INVISIBLE PEOPLE)

ISBN: 978-0-87602-400-3

## IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author(s) of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author(s) *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author(s), if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with  
Family Plays of Woodstock, Illinois”

**Dedicated  
to  
MADELEINE, BRIDGET and SPENCER,  
Grandchildren of the author**

## CHARACTERS

### Real People

CINDY, a little girl with a giant-sized imagination.

JIMMY, her big brother, a teen-ager.

BOBBY, a neighborhood friend, slightly younger than Cindy.

### Invisible People

MR. GLOPP, a stout middle-aged gentleman - - kind, genial, fatherly, and a little pompous. His dress and manners are formal and old-fashioned.

NUBBINS, the younger sidekick of Mr. Glopp. He is fun-loving, impetuous, and comical, part pixy and part clown. His clothes are wildly colorful.

GENERAL GRUMPDUMP, an arrogant Napoleonic character, who is driven by ambition and egotism. He is magnificently uniformed, complete with cape and plumed hat, and is armed with a long wooden sword.

WINCE, General Grumpdump's slave-like servant. Small, timid, and a bit dim-witted, he follows the General around like an obedient puppy.

TINSEL, an inhabitant of the Invisible Village, a girl or young woman in a shiny, glittery costume.

CHORUS, a group of inhabitants of the Invisible Village. Male and female, they wear a wide variety of flamboyant and outlandish costumes.



The time is the present, and it is late summer. The action takes place in CINDY's room, in her neighborhood, and at the Invisible Village, a fantastic, storybook-like jumble of colorful housefronts, shops, walls, roofs, gables and chimneys.

## MUSICAL CONTENTS

OVERTURE (Instrumental, leading into Scene 1)

Act I:	Scene 1	HERE WE GO AGAIN (NUBBINS and GLOPP) LULLABY (NUBBINS)
	Scene 2	THE INVISIBLE PEOPLE (GLOPP, NUBBINS and Chorus) THE INVISIBLE PEOPLE Fragment (Chorus)
	Scene 3	AN INVISIBLE FRIEND (CINDY, GLOPP & NUBBINS)
	Scene 4	HELLO CINDY (Chorus) GENERAL GRUMPDUMP (All the Invisible People & CINDY)
Act II:	Scene 4	LOST LITTLE GIRL (JIMMY and CINDY)
	Scene 6	THE DICTATOR'S DEAD (GLOPP, NUBBINS, WINCE & Chorus)
	Scene 7	SOME SUNNY DAY (CINDY) LULLABY, Second Ending (NUBBINS)
	Scene 8	HERE WE GO AGAIN Short Reprise (GLOPP & NUBBINS) THE INVISIBLE PEOPLE Reprise, Finale (All the Invisible People and CINDY)

---

### Desired Voice Ranges

CINDY:* . . . . . Soprano	JIMMY* . . . . . Tenor
NUBBINS:* . . . . . Tenor	TINSEL+ . . . . . Soprano
GLOPP:* . . . . . Tenor-Baritone	WINCE# . . . . . Tenor
GRUMPDUMP* . . . . . Baritone-Bass	CHORUS . . . . . Sopranos, Altos Tenors, Bases

\* Parts involve some solo singing

+ TINSEL uses Soprano Chorus part, participates in all Chorus singing

# WINCE uses Tenor Chorus part, participates in General Grumpdump Song after Grumpdump's entrance; The Dictator's Dead; and the Finale

(BOBBY is not involved in singing)

OVERTURE.        A musical introduction, played with stage dark. The music subsides as lights come up on Scene 1.

**ACT I, Scene 1. CINDY's room. Night.**

*(It is the typical bedroom of a little girl. Various dolls, teddy bears, etc. are lying about. The bed is at rear left. A small lamp on a bedside table provides subdued light. Stage right is obscured in darkness.)*

*CINDY is in bed, covers pulled up, eyes closed - - apparently fast asleep.*

*In a moment GLOPP and NUBBINS emerge cautiously from the shadows of stage right. They look carefully around, then, silently shushing each other, tip-toe over to CINDY's bedside and peer down at her.)*

NUBBINS:        *(half-whispering)* Ps-s-st! CINDY! Are you awake?

CINDY:           *(not moving)* No.

NUBBINS:        Are you asleep?

CINDY:           Yes.

NUBBINS:        *(winking at GLOPP)* Oh. Well, in that case, we'll go away and come back tomorrow.

*(NUBBINS & GLOPP start to tip-toe away.)*

CINDY:           *(loudly, suddenly sitting up)* I'm awake!

*(GLOPP & NUBBINS laugh extravagantly at her little joke.)*

GLOPP:           I hope we're not disturbing you, my dear.

CINDY:           That's okay, Mr. GLOPP. I wasn't sleeping anyway.

GLOPP:           It's just that NUBBINS and I have a new song-and-dance routine, and - -

NUBBINS: *(twitching with eagerness)* And we can't wait to show it to you, CINDY! Have you got time?

CINDY: *(enthusiastically)* Sure! I've always got time.

*(GLOPP & NUBBINS scamper to center stage.)*

GLOPP: *(shouts a command)* Lights!

*(SPOTLIGHT on.)*

Music!

*(Lively MUSIC begins. GLOPP & NUBBINS launch into a jaunty comic dance step, then sing:)*

NUBBINS: I'm Nubbins.

GLOPP: I'm Glopp.

BOTH: We never never stop  
Trying to be int'resting,  
With laughs and jokes and songs to sing,  
Or this or that or anything will do.  
We're in there, performing,  
All day and night and then,  
It's clear the decks and here we go again.

*(They engage in a bit of foot-work, then deliver an outrageously corny vaudeville-type joke. These should be varied, but the following can be taken as an example:)*

GLOPP: *(spoken, while MUSIC continues soft in background)*  
Say, Nubbins, do you know what the hat said to the hatrack?

NUBBINS: No, what did the hat say to the hatrack?

GLOPP: *(as MUSIC stops)* "You stay here, I'll go on a-head."

*(GLOPP slaps his thigh and doubles up with laughter.)*

*NUBBINS looks on scornfully, not amused. Then MUSIC and singing suddenly resume.)*

BOTH: *(singing)* We're in there, performing,  
All day and night and then,  
It's clear the decks and here we go again.

NUBBINS: We're Nubbins.

GLOPP: And Glopp.

BOTH: We hope we never flop.  
We're not after fame or gain,  
We only want to entertain,  
And bring a little joy and fun to you.  
We're in there, performing,  
All day and night and then,  
It's clear the decks and here we go again.

*(As before, NUBBINS takes a turn delivering a corny joke, such as:)*

NUBBINS: *(spoken)* Say, Glopp, did you hear what happened  
when the baby duck tried to fly?

GLOPP: No, what happened when the baby duck tried to fly?

NUBBINS: *(hardly able to control his own laughter long enough to deliver the line, as MUSIC stops)* It . . . It quacked up!

*(He dissolves in laughter while GLOPP looks on in stern disapproval. MUSIC begins, and the song continues.)*

BOTH: *(singing)* We're in there, performing  
All day and night and then,  
It's clear the decks and here we go again.

GLOPP: It's chilly.

NUBBINS: It's hot.

GLOPP: You're silly.

NUBBINS: I'm not!

GLOPP: We argue,  
NUBBINS: We bicker,  
BOTH: We never can agree.

GLOPP: *(spoken)* Except for one small thing - -

BOTH: *(singing)* We're the greatest entertainers  
You will ever ever see.

GLOPP: He's Nubbins.

NUBBINS: He's Glopp.

BOTH: We never never stop

*(Tempo gradually increases to a break-neck pace:)*

NUBBINS: Entertaining all the time,  
GLOPP: A trick, a tune, a clever rhyme,  
NUBBINS: And crack a joke and sing a song,  
GLOPP: And keep the rhythm going strong,  
NUBBINS: And antic after crazy antic,  
GLOPP: Driving everybody frantic,  
NUBBINS: Monkey-shines of every kind,  
GLOPP: Until you think you'll lose your mind,  
BOTH: And then - -  
Clear the decks and here we go,  
Putting on another show,  
Clear the decks and here we go again!

*(As the song ends they strike a grand pose, and CINDY applauds enthusiastically. GLOPP & NUBBINS take formal bows to audience, to CINDY, and to each other.)*

*(JIMMY enters from left, looks around the room, then stares suspiciously at CINDY, who abruptly stops clapping. GLOPP & NUBBINS beat a hasty retreat to safety in the darkness of stage right.)*

JIMMY: CINDY, what's going on in here?

CINDY:           *(all innocence)* Nothing, Jimmy.

JIMMY:           Nothing? Then why were you clapping?

CINDY:           Was I clapping?

JIMMY:           Come on, Cindy. I'm your big brother, remember?  
You can't fool me.

*(JIMMY strolls around the room, and when he comes near NUBBINS & GLOPP they shrink back to keep out of his way.)*

You're supposed to be sleeping, but I'll bet those silly imaginary friends of yours are around here, keeping you awake.

*(Reacting angrily at hearing himself called silly, NUBBINS makes a belligerent move toward JIMMY, but GLOPP restrains him.)*

CINDY:           They're not imaginary, Jimmy. They're real honest-to-goodness Invisible People.

JIMMY:           Oh yeah? Well, tell me this, Cindy. If they're so invisible, how can you see them?

CINDY:           That's easy. I can see them because I invented them.

JIMMY:           Oh, so that's how it works.

CINDY:           Mr. Glopp explained it to me. He says the only people who can see or hear Invisible People are people who truly believe in them. To everybody else they're just sort of . . . well . . . invisible.

JIMMY:           *(smirking)* Sure, right!

CINDY:           Mr. Glopp says that if people only had the sense to have Invisible People for friends, they would have some true and faithful friends, who would always stick by them, through thin and thick.

JIMMY: You mean thick and thin.

CINDY: *(defiantly)* If Mr. Glopp says thin and thick, then I say thin and thick!

JIMMY: And you'll both be wrong, because it's thick and thin!

CINDY: Anyway, Mr. Glopp says - -

JIMMY: My gosh! That Mr. Flop has quite a lot to say, doesn't he?

*(NUBBINS giggles at this, but GLOPP is offended.)*

GLOPP: *(indignantly)* I beg your pardon!

JIMMY: And who's that other character he hangs around with? Stubbins? Flubbins?

*(Now the reactions are reversed - - GLOPP amused, NUBBINS indignant.)*

NUBBINS: It's Nubbins, you idiot!

*(Again he starts for JIMMY, again is restrained by GLOPP.)*

JIMMY: I just wonder how you tell them apart.

CINDY: They're not at all alike. Mr. Glopp's very wise, but he's not as funny as Nubbins. Nubbins makes me laugh a lot, but he's not as smart as Mr. Glopp. They're both very nice. It's really too bad you can't see them, Jimmy.

JIMMY: *(shakes his head)* You crazy kid! Seriously, Cindy, I think you're spending way too much time with this Crubbins and Flopp, or whatever their names are.

*(NUBBINS & GLOPP throw up their hands in exasperation.)*



CINDY:           *(annoyed)* Their names are Nubbins and Mr. Glopp!

JIMMY:           Whatever - - but Mom and Dad are worried about you, I can tell you that.

*(While he talks JIMMY again strolls around the room, and once or twice, when he suddenly turns and walks toward NUBBINS and GLOPP, they scramble to get out of his way.)*

                    They think you should give up all this foolishness and start growing up. And I think so too.

CINDY:           I am growing! I grew over an inch this summer.

JIMMY:           You know that's not what I mean. I mean growing up. Acting more your age. Thinking about more important things.

CINDY:           Like what?

JIMMY:           Well, like going back to school, for instance. Maybe you lost track of time, but summer's over, you know? Your school starts again day after tomorrow.

NUBBINS:        So, what's that got to do with anything?

JIMMY:           You're going to be so busy making new friends - - and I mean real friends - - you won't have time for those fake friends anymore.

NUBBINS:        *(outraged)* Fake friends?! What d'ya mean, fake friends?!

JIMMY:           Oh, I know you think they're real too. But they're for little kids. You're getting too old for that kind of thing.

NUBBINS:        *(now following JIMMY around)* Too old?! What does she look like to you, Buster - - somebody's little old gray-haired grandmother?!

JIMMY:           *(stopping at CINDY's bedside)* In other words, I think

it's about time you got rid of those guys. Know what I mean?

NUBBINS: Why, of all the - - Augh!

*(NUBBINS is so furious that this time GLOPP has a hard time restraining him.)*

GLOPP: Easy, Nubbins!

JIMMY: *(after waiting for a reply from CINDY and getting none)*  
Well, Cindy? What do you say?

CINDY: *(yawning)* I say I have to go to sleep now. G'night, Jimmy.

JIMMY: *(with a resigned sigh)* Okay, g'night, crazy kid. *(Starts to exit left, then pauses for another look around.)* And g'night, Stubbins and Plopp. I know you're around here somewhere. *(Exits)*

NUBBINS: *(agitated, rushes to CINDY'S bedside)* Cindy, you've got to do something about that brother of yours! He's trying to ruin us!

CINDY: *(settles herself down as if for sleep)* Don't be mad at Jimmy, Nubbins, it's not his fault. He just doesn't get it..

GLOPP: *(drawing NUBBINS aside)* Nubbins, you must learn to control that temper! You almost got yourself into serious trouble!

NUBBINS: *(still simmering)* Says who!

GLOPP: Says the Book of Regulations of the Ancient Order of the Invisible People, that's who! *(He has pulled a tiny black book from his pocket, and holds it up close to his face, thumbing through it rapidly.)* Let me just refresh your memory, my friend. *(Finds the place)* Ah, here we are. Law Number 408-97, Section 12, Paragraph 33A states: *(He reads, with pompous dignity)* "An

Invisible Person who lays hands on a Real Person to hurt, harm, or do mischief, is guilty of a heinous crime.”  
(*Seeing NUBBINS looking baffled, he pauses to explain the word.*) Heinous means very bad.

NUBBINS: Oh.

GLOPP: (*continues reading*) “In such a case, this character shall be destroyed by a clap of thunder, with nothing left but a dirty gray smudge where he stood.”

(*GLOPP has rendered this in dark ominous tones, and as he finishes, a faint rumble of thunder is heard in the distance. NUBBINS is shaken, but tries not to show it.*)

NUBBINS: Aw, that’s a bunch of baloney, Glopp.

GLOPP: Is it?

NUBBINS: Everybody knows thunder can’t hurt you!

GLOPP: (*mysteriously*) Can’t it?

NUBBINS: (*annoyed, in a louder voice*) Listen, Glopp, if you’re trying to scare me - -

GLOPP: Sh-h-h! You’ll wake Cindy!

(*They look toward CINDY, who appears to be fast asleep.*)

(*cont., whispering*) I think we’d better be going now.

(*They tip-toe toward exit, right.*)

CINDY: (*Suddenly sitting up*) Stop!

(*GLOPP & NUBBINS freeze.*)

You have not been dismissed. Come back.

(*They scamper obediently back to her bedside.*)

GLOPP: What would you like, my dear?

CINDY: There's something I've always wondered about, Mr. Glopp. Where do you and Nubbins go every night?

GLOPP: Why, back to where we live. The Invisible Village, where all the Invisible People live.

CINDY: *(in wonderment)* The Invisible Village! I'll bet it's pretty there.

*(NUBBINS & GLOPP exchange proud smiles.)*

NUBBINS: I'll say! You've never seen such a pretty place, Cindy!

CINDY: No, I guess I haven't. But I want to.

*(NUBBINS & GLOPP stare at her, their smiles having turned to looks of alarm.)*

NUBBINS: What did you say?

CINDY: I said, I want to see the Invisible Village. I want you both to promise me that tomorrow you'll take me there for a visit.

GLOPP: *(horried)* Goodness gracious me!

CINDY: What's the matter, Mr. Glopp?

GLOPP: I'm sorry, my dear, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be a good idea for you to visit the Invisible Village. In fact, it might be downright dangerous.

CINDY: Why should it be dangerous?

GLOPP: You see . . . well, it's like this - - not all children over the years have invented such charming, talented, intelligent, altogether superior friends as you have.

*(NUBBINS beams with pride, considering this an exact description of himself. But CINDY is puzzled.)*

CINDY: What do you mean, Mr. Glopp?

NUBBINS: He means . . . General Grumpdump!

*(NUBBINS' mock-menacing tone only makes CINDY clasp her hands in delight.)*

CINDY: Oh, yes - - General Grumpdump! I especially want to meet him!

NUBBINS: *(pityingly)* Poor innocent! She doesn't know what she's saying!

GLOPP: Indeed you do not, my dear. You don't ever want to meet General Grumpdump. He's a most unpleasant character.

NUBBINS: To say the very least!

CINDY: I'm sure he's very nice, once you get to know him. Anyway, I'd like to meet him. And I want to see the Invisible Village.

GLOPP: *(turning thoughtful)* Well, well, this is highly irregular. No real person has ever visited the Invisible Village before. I wonder if there's anything in the Book of Regulations about that. Let me see. *(Takes out his little black book, begins to thumb through it.)*

NUBBINS: Aw, it'll be okay, Glopp. If Grumpydump tries to make trouble, I can handle him.

CLOPP: Can you, now! Nubbins, old lad, you get more foolish with every passing day.

CINDY: *(eagerly)* So can we go, Mr. Glopp? Please?

GLOPP: *(puts his book away)* I'll probably regret this, but - - all right, just this once. We'll take you there tomorrow.

CINDY: Oh, thank you, thank you!

GLOPP: *(briskly)* Well, come along, Nubbins. Better let Cindy get to sleep now. Busy day tomorrow. Goodnight, my dear.

NUBBINS: G'night, Cindy. See you tomorrow.

*(NUBBINS and GLOPP start for exit, right. GLOPP goes out, but before NUBBINS can follow, CINDY calls to him.)*

CINDY: Oh, Nubbins?

*(He stops and looks back.)*

I'm so excited about tomorrow, I don't know if I'll be able to get to sleep.

NUBBINS: *(smiles indulgently)* All right. I'll sing your lullaby.

*(CINDY turns off the bedside lamp and lies down, as NUBBINS returns to her bedside. SOFT MUSIC begins. CINDY lies very still while NUBBINS sings a lullaby.)*

*(singing)*

Goodnight, little friend,  
Now it's quiet time around your rumpled bed.  
Sleep tight, little friend,  
Soon a dream will steal around your tumbled head.  
Tiny stars will twinkle through,  
And sprinkle you  
With stardust, softly.

Here's a wish tonight - -  
Ten thousand happy hours may there be,  
Sparkling bright,  
Ever ringing with your laughter light.  
Dream on, little friend,  
Good night.

*(Nearing the end of the song, NUBBINS has retreated quietly to the darkness at stage right, and as the music*