

SINDRELLA - QUEEN OF THE NIGHT by CHRIS WALKER

CAST LIST

SINDRELLA
ZIPPER - Sindrella's best friend
HER FAIRLY GOTH-MOTHER
HER STEPMOTHER
SEXIA - stepsister to Sindrella
RAUNCHIA - stepsister to Sindrella
PRINCE CHARMLESS
KING OF BAKWARDLAND
QUEEN OF BAKWARDLAND
THE ROYAL SERVANT
THE ROYAL DRESSER
THE PRINCE'S CHARM INSTRUCTOR
THE PRINCE'S DANCE INSTRUCTOR
THE ROYAL COOK
BLOODY MARY - leader of the band 'The Deaf Beetles.'
4 DEAF BEETLES
CLUB MANAGER
4 BOUNCERS
GIRLS AT THE CLUB
5 GIRLS ON THE STREET WITH HANDBAGS:
 SHARON
 TRACEY
 TIFFANY
 TANYA
 MICHELLE
THE COUNT - Sindrella's 'late' father, discovered at the end

If a predominantly female cast is needed, this play can be performed with as few as three males: the King, the Prince and the Count.

By casting the Servant, Dresser, Cook, Club Manager, some of the Deaf Beetles, some of the Bouncers and some of the Club Attenders as men, however, it is also possible to have a balanced mixed cast.

The size of the cast can be as high as 30 + around 20 club attenders. Doubling can be employed as follows, however, for a total cast of about 37 [assuming 20 club attenders]:

Club Manager / Count; Charm Instructor / Cook; Handbaggers / Clubbers;
Dance Instructor / Clubber.

Smaller club attendance would bring these numbers down even further.

There are some lovely character parts here, giving a large number of people a fair crack of the whip. All but the four Bouncers and the Deaf Beetles have a decent amount to say.

The play is full length, running at approx. 2 hours.

EXTRACT ONE

A main living-room in the home of Sindrella. There is an old-fashioned fire-place upstage centre, with an earth-filled hearth. Sindrella, in ripped blue denim jeans, has a Walkman on her hip and is singing along to 'Bat Out of Hell' using a broom as an imaginary microphone.

SINDRELLA *stopping, surveying the room and pouting*

I hate housework! I hate my stepmother! I hate my stepsisters! Why can't I have a life?

As lights dim on Sindrella, a spotlight picks out Zipper, dressed very fashionably, far downstage right. She addresses the audience.

ZIPPER

At least she's got one! Not like me. My name's Zipper and I'm dead, if you can believe that! Hey! It's no biggie! I can live with it. In fact, it's kind of fun being a ghost, invisible to everyone but those I want to be seen by. And the best part is I can be dressed in whatever I care to imagine. A girls' got to keep up with fashion, no matter what! [*Gesturing to the stage.*] That's my best friend, Sindrella, over there. We've been friends like forever. You may think you've heard of her before - rags, housework, slave-driving step-mum - but don't be so sure! This is SIN-drella and she may look sweet and innocent, but don't judge a book by its cover! Stick around and you'll see what I mean.

Zipper comes up behind Sindrella, still singing and sweeping. She is unseen until she is right next to her.

ZIPPER

Hi, Sindrella!

SINDRELLA *jumping*

Zipper! You gotta stop sneaking up on me like that!

ZIPPER

You look pretty busy.

SINDRELLA

Busy? Busy?! You don't know the half of it! That rotten stepmother of mine expects me to make all the beds, do the laundry, clear the cobwebs, dust the gargoyles and sweep the floors before I even get a dead rat to eat. They treat me like a servant.

Oooh! If my father were here ...

ZIPPER

What happened to him again?

SINDRELLA

He ... er ... died from a bad stake. Don't like to think of it. I get a pain right here. [*Puts hand on chest.*]

ZIPPER

That's probably just hunger. I saw a nice lettuce sandwich in the larder.

SINDRELLA

Lettuce sandwich! Lettuce sandwich! Do I look like a lettuce muncher?

ZIPPER

Don't get like that. Only trying to help. So, you got any plans for tonight?

SINDRELLA

Sure. Thought I'd paint my nails, have a nice bubble bath, generally pamper myself, and have a night on the town. What do YOU think? I NEVER go out! [*Glumly.*] Chance would be a fine thing. How about you?

ZIPPER

I've got a hot date tonight. I'm so excited!

SINDRELLA

Oh? Who with?

ZIPPER

You know, one of the perks of being a ghost is I can date anyone who's ever died. And tonight I'm hitting Vegas with 'The King!' Elvis!...

SINDRELLA

Elvis?! He's SO last century! And I heard he can't snog!

ZIPPER

I just love the way he goes 'Uh huh huh.' [*Gyrating pelvis.*]

SINDRELLA

But that's so dated. It's more 'Uh huh' now. [*Thrusting groin forward.*] I thought you kept up with the fashions.

ZIPPER

Well, maybe I will stay and keep you company instead and we'll have a good time anyway, just us girls together.

SINDRELLA

Oh sure! Don't forget at night my rotten stepmother chains me to this fireplace full of earth, with my hands behind my back! Kind of limits our options.

Stepmother enters from stage left. Zipper moves upstage to watch from the fireplace.

ZIPPER

Well, speak of the devil.

STEPMOTHER

Sindrella! You obviously don't have enough to do. So, when you're finished with those few tasks, I want you to pluck the chickens and bath the cat.

SINDRELLA

Few jobs! I never get a moment's rest before you give me extra chores to do. All I ever do is work my fingers to the bone. Wash these. Iron those. Clean this. Scrub that. And I do everything I tell you to do.

STEPMOTHER

Not exactly without complaint.

SINDRELLA

Why can't you get your own daughters to help out? While I'm here slaving, the only work those airheads do each day is their cleanse, tone and moisturise!

STEPMOTHER

Now ... you know very well they are not in your ... condition. I do wish, Sindrella, you could appreciate all that I do for you.

ZIPPER

Cue the violins.

SINDRELLA

You're right of course. Thank you so much for keeping me a prisoner in the house!

STEPMOTHER

I know I must seem very hard on you, but just think how much worse it could be. I could make you go to church or have the dentist yank your teeth out. Instead, you have this nice room with no windows, and a bed of earth to sleep on. It's not been easy for me since your father went out for a meal and never came back. I owe it to him to see the same doesn't happen to you.

SINDRELLA

Can I go out if I promise not to drink?

STEPMOTHER

I'm sorry but we both know you wouldn't keep your word. You're just like your father when it comes to exercising self-control. He'd be here now if he hadn't had such an appetite. Just couldn't help himself....

EXTRACT TWO

KING

We have to face the facts. Our son is not the sharpest knife in the drawer.

QUEEN

He is the only heir to the throne and has neither wife nor child.

KING

It is imperative that we find him a bride. We can't let the royal line end with - that!

QUEEN

But what if our son does not wish to marry?

KING

It's time the boy understood his duty ... to his family and to the kingdom. Why don't YOU explain it to him? [*He sits on the couch.*]

QUEEN

Very well. Charmless, darling, we need to have a little talk.

PRINCE

Oh, not the birds and the bees again. That was quite frightful. One has never been able to look at a rabbit the same since.

QUEEN

We need you to find a young woman who can be your very own princess, and one day your queen, so you can have your own little princes and princesses and continue our royal line long after your father and oneself are gone. Do you understand?

PRINCE *thinking for a moment*

Why?

QUEEN

Why what, darling?

PRINCE

Why does there have to be a Royal Family?

KING *jumping up*

What sort of fool question is that? The nation couldn't survive without us. We bring stability to the land and set an example for the unwashed masses!

QUEEN

Who on earth would meet those other kings and queens?

KING

Don't you realise tourists come from all over the world just to stand gaping at our splendid castle, hoping for a quick glimpse of your mother and I?

QUEEN

Just think what might happen to our castle and country homes if we weren't here. [*A look of horror.*] They might be turned into theme parks!

KING

And what would happen to our money? Just get wasted on some idiot programme to help people who don't help themselves.

QUEEN

Who would take care of the Royal poodles?

KING

And what's the alternative? A president? [*Appalled.*] We can't have that, can we?

QUEEN *sudden inspiration*

Do you want to be on one of those stamps in your collection?

PRINCE *brightening*

That would be nice.

QUEEN

Well, you can only be on one if you get married.

KING

The kingdom needs a royal wedding. There hasn't been one since ... since ... [*He looks puzzled.*] ..

QUEEN *moving to her husband*

Since our own blessed union...

EXTRACT THREE

STEPMOTHER *advancing on her*

Sin - drel - la!

ZIPPER

Chains! You don't think she wants to play 'Dungeons and Dragons'?

SINDRELLA *backing away, pleading*

Not the chains again. They're not necessary. Really!

STEPMOTHER

Now come along, Sindrella. You know you don't have a choice. I can't let you prowl the streets at night.

SINDRELLA *backing towards the fireplace*

I'll be good. Cross my heart.

ZIPPER

You SURE about that one?

SINDRELLA

I'll stay home and knit. Do a jigsaw. Times crossword?

The Stepmother pushes Sindrella down onto the stool left of the fireplace and proceeds to chain her hands behind her back, attaching the chains to the fireplace.

SINDRELLA

This is SO demeaning. Don't you know you're emotionally scarring me? I'll be in therapy for centuries!

STEPMOTHER *attaching a large padlock and holding up the key*

And just to be sure you aren't getting out... [*She drops the key into her pocket.*] Now, my daughters and I are going to buy our outfits, then go to the club to meet the mystery man! We'll see you in the morning.

SINDRELLA

Morning!! What about my dinner?

STEPMOTHER

Oh, yes, of course. Can't have you going hungry, can we? [*Briefly going off stage right and returning straightaway with a plate.*] A nice, rare sirloin with black pudding sprinkles. Enjoy! [*She places this on the floor, just out of reach and exits.*]

Sindrella strains forward to try and get her mouth down to it, without success.

SINDRELLA *noticing Zipper watching with amusement*

You just going to stand watching, or give me a hand?

ZIPPER

Sorry. I've not learnt to move things yet. Didn't you see 'Ghost?' But, anyway, aren't you forgetting something? Or someONE?

SINDRELLA

Oh, yes! My Fairly Goth Mother! Does she do Thursday nights?

ZIPPER

You know what they say - 'No rest for the wicked.'

SINDRELLA

Well, I can't summon her on my own. I'm a little tied up at the moment. You'll have to do the funky hand thing while I recite the scary words. What were they again?

ZIPPER *carelessly*

Rethom Thog Ylref, To Your Children Come. [*Striking a pose.*] Ready?

SINDRELLA

If she's MY Fairly Goth Mother, what's with the 'children' bit?

ZIPPER

Hey, I'm here as well.

SINDRELLA

Yes, but, duhh! I'm the one in chains, wanting her help!

ZIPPER

Fine. She's YOUR Fairly Goth Mother. Shall we summon her then? [*Striking pose.*]

SINDRELLA *solemn ritual voice*

Rhythm Frog Hillrave, To SINDRELLA Come!

ZIPPER *exasperated*

What ... was... that? Name of a new pop group?

SINDRELLA

I only said what YOU said.

ZIPPER

I didn't say anything about rhythmic frogs on a hillside! I said ... [*Making every word and gesture as mysterious as possible.*] ... 'Rethom Thog Ylref, To ... SINDRELLA, Come!

There is a blackout.

SINDRELLA *in the darkness*

Aaahh! The lights have gone out! Oh no! [*Eerie laughter.*] Help! I'm so scared!

When the lights return, the Fairly Goth Mother is standing in the hearth behind Sindrella.

GOTH MOTHER

Really, darling! Chains! So last season! Some people have no class!

SINDRELLA

You think this is my idea? Do I look like I'm having fun? I need you to get me out of here!

ZIPPER

Hey, Sin, a little respect wouldn't hurt!

GOTH MOTHER

You have plans for the evening?

SINDRELLA

You bet! And these kind of cramp my style, so enough talk and do your spooky stuff.

ZIPPER

Have you seen the size of those things? You're going to have to use the magic words.

GOTH MOTHER

'Please' and 'Thankyou.'

ZIPPER

MAGIC words! Abracadabra?

GOTH MOTHER *disgusted*

Do I look like a child's party magician?

ZIPPER *disappointed*

I like magic words.

SINDRELLA

Which century did you die in? Look, I don't care how you do it, just get these chains off me.

GOTH MOTHER

Perhaps you need to remember a 'magic word' yourself, my dear.

SINDRELLA *realising*

Please. Puh-lease. Pretty please.

GOTH MOTHER

That should have done the trick.

SINDRELLA *pulling her arms apart. The chains fall away*

Yes!!

GOTH MOTHER

Such a pleasure to see you again. We must do supper one night. [*She raises her arms once again as if to bring down the darkness and departs.*]

SINDRELLA

Wait! There's another problem. I don't have anything to wear.

GOTH MOTHER

Do I look like a mobile wardrobe?

SINDRELLA

Not at all. It's just that you have such great taste. Surely you can magic a few things up for me? [*Childlike.*] I'll do anything. Launder your cloak. Polish your boots. Oil your zips.

GOTH MOTHER

Oh, very well. Where is it you plan to go?

SINDRELLA

A rock and roll club.

EXTRACT FOUR

Sindrella scans the club, licks her lips and begins stalking the stage with a sultry predatory air, like a cat spoilt for choice of mice to play with.

SINDRELLA *approaching a girl*

That top is so fetching on you. Where did you get it?

CLUBBER 1 *shrugging*

I can't remember. Might've been 'Next.'

SINDRELLA

Can I see the label? [*Without waiting, she pulls the top back as if to read the label.*]

CLUBBER 1

What are you doing?

SINDRELLA

Stop wriggling! [*Biting her neck.*]

CLUBBER 1

Hey! That hurts! Look, if you're that desperate to know, it was 'Tammy Girl' or 'Empire' maybe. Ooohh! I think these drinks must be going to my head. I feel all ... all ... [*She slowly passes out and slips to the floor.*]

SINDRELLA *licking her lips*

Mmm! Tasty!

Bouncers scurry over, pick the Clubber up and carry her out upstage centre.

A PASSING CLUBBER

Some people just can't take their drink.

SINDRELLA *approaching another girl*

Hello! [*Touching the girl's face.*] Your skin is so soft.

CLUBBER 2 *uneasily*

Oh! Thank you.

SINDRELLA

I simply have to know ... where do you get your moisturiser?

CLUBBER 2 *flattered*

'Savers', I think.

SINDRELLA

And your earring. So sparkly! Let me look more closely. [*Leaning into her neck.*]

CLUBBER 2 *giggling*

Hey. What are you doing? You're tickling me. Oooh! That feels so nice. Sort of dreamy ... like ... like ... [*She passes out.*]

SINDRELLA *licking her lips thoughtfully*

Vegetarian option.

As before, the Bouncers rush up and carry her out.

CLUBBER

Another lightweight! Bet she's under-age!

SINDRELLA *putting her hands on shoulder of a passing guy*

Excuse me, I'd like some help.

CLUBBER 3

Sorry, love. What's that?

SINDRELLA

Come here. I need you 'up close and personal.'

CLUBBER 3

Can't hear you. My ears are still ringing from the music.

SINDRELLA *smiling*

I just want to bite you!

CLUBBER 3 *shouting*

WHAT?

SINDRELLA *leaning in and shouting*

I ... WANT ... TO ... BITE ... YOU!

CLUBBER 3 *confused*

BITE me?

SINDRELLA *smiling*

Well, since you ask! [*She sinks her teeth into his neck with relish.*]

CLUBBER 3

Aaah! What're you doing? Help! I'm being ... being ... Uuuuh!..*[As he sinks to the floor.]*

Once he has collapsed, the Bouncers rush in and remove the body as before.

CLUBBER

Did you see what they were doing? That shouldn't be allowed! Good riddance!

Meanwhile, the Manager, who has been talking to Bloody Mary, gets on the bandstand and picks up the microphone. During the following, the Clubbers all crowd expectantly round the bandstand stage left, but Sindrella, spotting her Stepmother and Sisters remains stage right to watch from the bar area, out of sight.

CLUB MANAGER

Awright everybody! Let's have your attention now! You having a good time? [*Cheers from Clubbers.*] I said ... ARE YOU HAVING A GOOD TIME? [*Louder cheers from the Clubbers.*] Well, just wait until you see what we got for you now! Right up here on stage in just a few seconds, our mystery guest. Get ready for a guy that needs no introduction - [*Aside.*] - but I'd better give him one anyway. [*Out loud again.*] He's talked about the length and breadth of the kingdom. He's rich. He's single. He's ... [*Trying to hide his unease, pulling a pained face.*] ... witty gorgeous ... AND sexy ... [*Building to a big climax.*] So put your hands together and give a big 'Cave' dwellers welcome to the one ... the only ... His Royal Highness ... PRINCE ... CHARMLESS!!!

EXTRACT FIVE

The Prince stands trembling as Sindrella proceeds to undo buttons and nuzzle against his chest, as if listening to the blood flowing. During this, she is suddenly spotted by the Stepmother, stage right.

STEPMOTHER

Good heavens, girls! Isn't that Sindrella?

RAUNCHIA

No. It's not.

SEXIA

We'd recognise her anywhere.

STEPMOTHER

It IS I tell you. And look who she's about to get her fangs into!

RAUNCHIA

It's that really handsome bloke.

SEXIA

The one who ran away!

STEPMOTHER

Prince Charmless! We have to save him! [*She runs downstage to confront the pair, just as Sindrella is about to sink her fangs into his neck.*] Your Highness! Get away from that woman. She's not what she seems.

PRINCE

One feels light-headed.

STEPMOTHER

You're in terrible danger. She's a VAMPIRE!

SINDRELLA *with her arms around the Prince's neck*
Honestly! The things some women will say when they can't get a man of their own.

STEPMOTHER

Sindrella ! What do you think you're doing?

SINDRELLA

I know exactly what I'm doing - and it's so GOOD!

STEPMOTHER

Please! Just once, try to control yourself.

During the above the Sisters shuffle gleefully closer to the Prince, smiling and waving at him when he looks their way.

CLUB MANAGER *approaching*

What exactly is going on here?

STEPMOTHER

The prince is in danger.

CLUB MANAGER

He looked to be enjoying himself to me.

STEPMOTHER

You don't understand. This is my stepdaughter, and at night she becomes an evil, blood-lusting vampire - and she's going to kill him!...

EXTRACT SIX

The Prince appears in the doorway upstage centre giving a thumbs up sign. He is wearing a black leather jacket, white Tee-shirt and blue denim jeans with his favourite tie around his head like a bandana.

QUEEN

Charmless, dear?

PRINCE

Yo, mother! Yo, father!

KING

Whatever's the meaning of this strange garb, boy?

QUEEN

And this manner of speech?

PRINCE

One is now a hip and with-it cool dude like others at the club.

KING

Couldn't you at least find your neck with that tie?

PRINCE

One needs it up here so GIRLS can find one's neck!

KING

Ah! Up for some necking, was she, m'boy?

PRINCE

Oh yes! Sindrella found one's neck good and proper! Now, instead of being a square, one is ready to get crazy with the cats!

The King and Queen look at each other in horror.

QUEEN

The cats!

KING

Just where did you get these strange ideas?

PRINCE *proudly*

At the rock club.

QUEEN

The rock club! [*Looking at the King.*] One wonders whose idea that was!

KING

Hmmph! And a fine one it was, or we would not now be looking forward to entertaining our son's future bride!

As they continue to talk, the stage begins filling with mist as used for the Rock Club in Act 1, Scene 5.

QUEEN

Perhaps now would be a good time to tell us more about this young lady.

PRINCE

Well - she's about so high - in heels. Blonde. Red lips. Sharp teeth. Scary ...

KING *coughing*

Where on earth is all this smoke coming from?

QUEEN

Charmless? You've not been experimenting with your chemistry set again?

PRINCE

Not since setting light to one's eyebrows!

KING

Cook must have burnt the dinner.

The lights suddenly dim and there is a flash of lightning.

KING

And there's the electricity on the blink again.

A crash of thunder.

QUEEN

Oh dear. There must be a storm brewing.

PRINCE

That's probably Sindrella. She likes to make an entrance.

At this point, Sindrella appears in the doorway upstage centre, clad in a different outfit to the rock club, but similarly gothic and sexy. They all spin around on hearing her voice.

SINDRELLA *giggling*

You called? I do hope I'm not too early ... or late.

PRINCE *moving closer but keeping his distance*

Mother. Father. This is ... [*Pointing.*]

SINDRELLA *nearly biting his finger*

Don't you know it's rude to point?

KING *striding up to Sindrella and turning on the charm*

Sindrella! Enchanted! [*He takes her hand and kisses it.*] Our son failed to do you justice.

QUEEN

Ahem!

KING *leading her centre stage*

Allow me to introduce you to her Majesty, the Queen. My wife.

QUEEN *shaking her hand*

One is so very pleased and delighted to have the opportunity of meeting the daughter of Count ... Count ...? [*Confused and hoping for help.*]

SINDRELLA

Oh, what's in a name?

QUEEN

Everything, actually.

SINDRELLA

I'm sorry but my father died very suddenly, in his prime. Terrible it was. Just saying his

name brings back all the memories and pain of that awful time. Mother and I don't even know what happened to his body! I still can't bring myself to talk about him...

EXTRACT from Production Notes

PRODUCTION NOTES + TECHNICAL CUES, ETC.

PLOT SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

Prince Charmless, only heir to the throne of Bakwardland and most gormless twit in the kingdom, needs a wife, but no more suitable girls can be found who are willing to come to the castle and meet him. He himself would much rather stay at home and peruse his stamps, but the King and Queen insist that it is his duty to the nation to marry and to continue the Royal line. As a 'last, desperate roll of the dice', they decide to send him to 'Ladies' Night' at the Rock & Roll club, and to prepare him for this, the Royal Dance Instructor, the Charm Instructor and Dresser go to work.

Meanwhile, a seemingly ordinary teenage girl named Sindrella, is kept locked in a windowless room doing all the housework and sleeping on a 'bed' of earth in the fireplace by her apparently heartless Stepmother and Barbie-doll' sisters, Sexia and Raunchia. Sindrella's best friend is a wise-cracking, fashion-conscious ghost called Zipper. As revealed later, Sindrella is actually a vampire, and restricted to the house in order to protect her from the sun's rays by day whilst protecting the outside world from her cravings at night. Her Stepmother lives in fear that if she goes out she will meet the same mysterious fate as her 'late' father, Count 'someone-or-other'!

When it is announced that an eligible mystery celebrity is to attend the local Rock & Roll club, however, the Stepmother and sisters are tempted away for a night and Sindrella's Fairly Goth-Mother is summoned to set her free, 'dressed to kill,' after darkness falls. She heads to the club 'for a drink' and here the real Sindrella, a seductive predatory vampire, is revealed as she feasts on the clubbers. After Charmless has been introduced and been persuaded to sing with Bloody Mary and the Deaf Beetles, Sindrella, attracted to his Royal blood, moves in to seduce him. Despite the efforts of her Stepmother to warn him of his danger, Sindrella almost has her fangs into the hapless Prince when her Fairly Goth-Mother warns her of dawn's approach and she dashes out of the door, having earlier slipped the Prince's tie down her top.

ACT TWO

The King and Queen launch a kingdom-wide campaign to find the mystery woman, decreeing that the girl with the tie must marry their son [who is desperate to reclaim his favourite tie.] It is in fact such a hideous tie that finding the only one which has not been burnt is not so difficult a task and Zipper eventually leads the Prince and his Servant to the home of Sindrella. After the Fairly Goth-Mother lets them in and a strip-search of the Stepmother and Sisters fails to reveal the tie, it is produced by Sindrella, who is invited to meet the family for dinner at the castle.

To the horror of his dresser and parents, Charmless is now garbed in black leather jacket and blue jeans, with the tie worn as a bandana. When Sindrella arrives, the King immediately takes a fancy to her himself. While the four are in conversation the Stepmother takes the place of the cook, with Sexia and Raunchia disguised as maids and announces a meal in which everything is heavily laced with garlic! Feigning loss of appetite, Sindrella prevails upon the King to keep his promise to give her a tour of the

catacombs beneath the castle.

There it is that each character's final fate is decided and all the plot threads are neatly tied up, with the help of a surprise [hopefully] appearance by Sindrella's father and a twist of an ending.

THE INTENTIONS OF THE PLAY

In the words of the author, 'the idea of the play was to take the universally known story of 'Cinderella' and turn it on its head, taking advantage of all the audience's preconceptions to spring surprises. Reflecting the appeal to modern audiences of 'bad girls' and of vampires, which blend wit with gothic icons, the central character is a vampire and the Prince is anything but the ideal man! Imagine a fusion of rock & roll, vampire comedy, the sexiness of the 'Rocky Horror Show' and a Cinderella spoof!'

'Definitely not a pantomime', says Chris Walker - though it capitalises on our preconceptions of pantomime too, and the characterisations are played for humour in a slick comic style that will require excellent pace and timing from the whole cast. There are opportunities for strong contrasts amongst the characters, which should be achieved through careful exaggeration of the modern archetypes that this play offers.

THE CHARACTERS

SINDRELLA - innocent teenage girl by day, seductive predatory vampiress by night.

ZIPPER - her best friend, a wise-cracking, fashion-conscious teenage girl, who happens to be a ghost.

FAIRLY GOTH-MOTHER - a supernatural mentor, stylishly gothic and classy

STEPMOTHER - responsible for ensuring Sindrella doesn't go out on a killing spree.

SEXIA & RAUNCHIA - Sindrella's pretty and sweet-natured, but very dim, step-sisters.

PRINCE CHARMLESS - gormless unwed heir to the throne of Bakwardland.

KING - an arrogant womaniser, anxious to see the Royal line continue.

QUEEN - oblivious of her husband's affairs, innocent and unworldly. Dotes on her son.

THE ROYAL SERVANT - feels superior to both commoners and the Royal family.

THE ROYAL DRESSER - responsible for clothing the Prince and trying to instil some fashion sense into him, consequently at his wit's end.

THE PRINCE'S DANCE INSTRUCTOR - a mistress of the King's, who tries to teach the Prince the dance moves required for clubbing.

THE PRINCE'S CHARM INSTRUCTOR - a mistress of the King's, enlisted to teach the Prince how to chat-up girls.

THE ROYAL COOK - responsible for following the culinary whims of the Royal family.

BLOODY MARY - lead singer of the band playing the rock & roll club - punk era or similar personality.

4 DEAF BEETLES - the back-up band to Bloody Mary.

CLUB MANAGER - tough no-nonsense boss.

4 BOUNCERS - all below five-foot, like scary munchkins who drag people out of the club

GIRLS AT THE CLUB - some chatted up unsuccessfully by Charmless and some to fall prey to Sindrella.

5 GIRLS ON THE STREET WITH HANDBAGS - all a bit tarty, the kind of girls you can imagine dancing round their handbags.

THE COUNT - Sindrella's 'late' father, discovered in the finale. A stereo-typical vampire Count.

