

# The Last Queen of Wonderland

A play by

JEREMY SONY

Freely Inspired and borrowed from  
the works of Lewis Carroll

THE LAST QUEEN OF WONDERLAND

**CHARACTERS**

LACIE  
CHARLIE  
RABBIT/HARRY  
HATTER  
MARCH HARE  
QUEEN OF HEARTS  
THE WHITE QUEEN  
THE RED QUEEN

*Supporting*

CHESHIRE CAT  
THE RED KING  
THE WHITE KING  
THE RED KNIGHT  
THE CATERPILLAR  
TWEEDLEDUM  
TWEEDLEDEE  
THE WALRUS  
THE CARPENTER  
THE LION  
THE UNICORN

*Ensemble*

LORY / ROSE / ACE OF HEARTS  
MOUSE / TIGER-LILLY / DEUCE OF HEARTS  
DUCK / LARKSPUR / THREE OF HEARTS  
DODO / DAISY / FOUR OF HEARTS  
EAGLET / PETUNIA / FIVE OF HEARTS  
BILL THE LIZARD / VIOLET / HUMPTY DUMPTY  
PAT THE PIG / DAFFODIL / THE GRYPHON

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## **SOME NOTES ON CASTING**

The Ensemble is designed for flexible casting (as is most of the Supporting cast). Each Ensemble member plays multiple small roles as grouped. These can be separated and expanded if you have the casting pool (i.e. you can cast anywhere from 7-21 actors to play these parts).

After casting the main characters, if you cannot cast the supporting players AND the ensemble, any of the following supporting players can take on an ensemble role:

*The Caterpillar, Tweedledum, Tweedledee, the Walrus, the Carpenter, the Lion, and the Unicorn.*

## **SOME NOTES ON SCENES**

As much as possible, scene changes should flow from one to the other, almost dreamlike.

## **PLACE**

Wonderland. And the Otherland.

## **TIME**

Broken. One year after Lacie's sister vanished.

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# THE LAST QUEEN OF WONDERLAND

ACT I

SCENE 1

*Rabbit stands center. In the shadows around him, the characters of Wonderland appear frozen, like statues in a wax museum.*

RABBIT.

All in the golden afternoon  
Full leisurely we glide;

No. That's not how we start.

Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,  
Beneath such dreamy weather,  
To beg a tale of breath too weak  
To stir the tiniest feather!

No, that's still all wrong.

Imperious Prima flashes forth  
Her edict "to begin it"—  
In gentler tones Secunda hopes  
"There will be nonsense in it!"—

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Nonsense. Now we're getting somewhere!

The dream-child moving through a land  
Of wonders wild and new,  
In friendly chat with bird or beast —

None of this is true. None of this is right. Wonderland... this isn't where it starts. Maybe where it ends. Maybe I'm too late. Because, see... there's no wonder here; not anymore. There was. Absolutely. Until she arrived. And we saw the dark side of the looking glass. No, no leisure here, no dreams, no golden afternoon. (*The characters of Wonderland vanish into the darkness. Rabbit is alone.*) I wish I'd never brought her to Wonderland. I wish I'd never brought any of them. If only time moved backwards instead of forwards. Time — (*He checks his pocket watch.*) Oh dear, oh dear, I should've left already. I'll be late. And I can't be late. Because this is where it starts. (*Rabbit rushes off.*)

SCENE 2

*And then, Lacie appears. She holds two old books, copies of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass. She speaks to the audience.*

LACIE.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.  
“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious — !”

Bandersnatch, I didn't even introduce myself. I mean they'll probably know who I am, but on the off chance. Hi, I'm Lacie. Hattie's big sister. And I can't even tell you how much it means to our family... No... um... Right before she... Last year... Hattie gave me this necklace and I never take it off because I have hope that... c'mon Lacie, you got this. *(Harry appears. It's Rabbit; he can even be dressed like Rabbit, but with a human face, and no rabbit ears, etc.)*

HARRY. Talking to yourself in the mirror?

LACIE. I... no...

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HARRY. We all do it.

LACIE. It's only bad if the people in the mirror talk back, right?

HARRY. Don't they always?

LACIE. I'm sorry, are you here for the vigil?

HARRY. I'm not too late am I?

LACIE. No, my parents asked me to say something. I was practicing... should I know who you are?

HARRY. No. I'm... call me Harry.

LACIE. Lacie.

HARRY. You're Hattie's sister. Who was saying something.

LACIE. I was. I am... Jabberwocky.

HARRY. (*He jumps.*) Where?!

LACIE. You're funny. She would have liked you. And this. She'd be in the front row. Jabberwocky was her favorite Lewis Carroll poem.

HARRY. "Was her favorite Lewis Carroll poem"?

LACIE. Is her favorite. I mean, I assume it still is. Or maybe it's just how I wish for things to be.

HARRY. No one wishes for the Jabberwock.

LACIE. At least it would be a monster we could fight, that, hopefully, she's still fighting... wherever she is.

She took her vorpal sword in hand;

Long time the manxome foe she sought—

So rested she by the Tumtum tree

And stood awhile in thought.

HARRY. You know about Tumtum trees?

LACIE. We've been reading about Wonderland since before we could read. And I've read them almost every day, since I lost her. Like it could have changed things.

HARRY. It wasn't your fault.

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LACIE. In my dreams she had a sword, and she was strong, and she battled.

And, as in uffish thought she stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
She left it dead, and with its head  
She came galumphing back.

... wouldn't that be awesome?

HARRY. A Jabberwock didn't take your sister.

LACIE. If only one had. It'd be less frightening than reality.

HARRY. It's been a year hasn't it?

LACIE. To the day.

HARRY. Yesterday, actually.

LACIE. I'm sorry?

HARRY. That's what I should be saying.

LACIE. Why did you say yesterday?

HARRY. Or maybe tomorrow, but not today. Never today. (*Harry checks his pocket watch. Shakes it.*) It's almost time. I think. Never mind time. We'll have to hurry. What am I thinking?! You haven't even packed yet!

LACIE. I'm not going anywhere.

HARRY. Was I not clear? I don't often get to speak English the way you speak it.

LACIE. How else would you speak it?

HARRY. That is a curious question. Even curiouser: who am I?



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LACIE. Who are you?

HARRY. More questions, more important, where am I from? Who sent me? And why do I have this? (*He produces a necklace.*)

LACIE. My necklace, give that back! (*Lacie drops the books and lunges for the necklace, but Harry is quick and dodges her grasp. He grabs up one of the books.*)

HARRY. You know, I've never read the Wonderland stories.

LACIE. My sister gave me that! (*They circle each other.*)

HARRY. Oh come on, I don't look like that at all, who drew these?

LACIE. I'm going to call the cops!

HARRY. No one who's ever been to Wonderland, that's for absolute certain.

LACIE. I'll scream.

HARRY. Save your voice; your neck is laced, as it has been, always. This isn't yours. It's hers. (*Lacie checks under collar and indeed, has a matching necklace still around her neck.*)

LACIE. Hattie?

HARRY. I told you.

LACIE. You never said anything of the sort!

HARRY. Just because I hadn't said it yet doesn't mean you hadn't heard it — wait, time moves differently here.

LACIE. What are you talking about? Where is she?!

HARRY. She's fine! Well, she's sort of fine, well she's sort of in prison — but she's totally fine.

LACIE. She's sort of in prison?!

HARRY. More like a dungeon, but she's in Wonderland. It's a Wonderland dungeon, well "The" Wonderland Dungeon, there's just the one, so, but she's there... completely fine.

LACIE. You should leave.

HARRY. We should leave. Your books, let's bring them,

they might be helpful. I mean they look full of nonsense and lunacy from a cursory read, but then so is Wonderland.

LACIE. Get out.

HARRY. I told you it would be easier to show you.

LACIE. You're some sad little boy making a sick joke.

HARRY. Lacie.

LACIE. Out!

HARRY. I'm telling you the truth! If I looked like myself, you'd believe me, you couldn't not believe me, but I don't look like myself here, my ears are wrong, my tail's gone, and I look like a boy to you, a stupid boy.

LACIE. What else would you look like?! *(Harry walks up and grabs one of the books and opens it for her.)*

HARRY. There, right there, that's me — I mean it doesn't look like me it's a horrible drawing — but that is me, Lacie.

LACIE. You think... you're the white rabbit... from Alice in Wonderland. You're insane.

HARRY. Well yes, but that doesn't change anything. Hattie is in trouble, she needs you, I can't get her out by myself, she's trapped in Wonderland. Why is this so hard to understand? I have her necklace!

LACIE. That doesn't make me trust you, it makes you suspicious!

HARRY. Trust! Snowdrop! She said to tell you Snowdrop — I almost forgot — that you would know what it meant. ...what does it mean? *(Lacie sinks to the floor, overwhelmed.)*

LACIE. When did she tell you that?

HARRY. Yesterday. When she gave me the necklace. *(Harry hands the necklace to Lacie, she clutches it tight. He checks his watch.)* It's almost time. *(He stands in front of the mirror. Reassuring himself.)* This is going to work, Harry, well,

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mostly work, well, maybe it'll take weekends off, but the point is —

LACIE. You're talking to yourself in the mirror.

HARRY. It'll work! And it's not a mirror. In just a moment, it's going to become a looking glass, a gateway between Wonderland and the Otherland, your land. All mirrors have the potential. *(Harry opens his pocket watch for her.)* This watch tells me when to come home. You can't be late for a looking glass. Once you miss it. There's no going back. *(Lacie moves away from him.)* What's wrong?

LACIE. I want to believe you, Harry. You don't know how much I want to believe you.

HARRY. Don't believe me. Believe that. *(A large frame appears, like the kind that would go around a fancy mirror. Big enough to step through. The frame begins to glow.)* Can you see it? More importantly, can you see what's on the other side?

LACIE. Wonderland... No! This isn't happening. I'm having a nervous breakdown.

HARRY. Maybe it's a confident breakdown. Or maybe it's what I said, it's not a mirror anymore. The looking glass will only be open for a moment. You just walk through. It'll feel like falling. Only you can save your sister. Remember — snowdrop. Don't be late. *(Harry steps through the looking glass and disappears on the other side.)*

LACIE. Whoa. *(She approaches the mirror.)* I must be mad. Completely mad. *(She gingerly reaches out to touch the glass. Her hand passes through and she laughs.)* Okay... this is happening. Hattie, you're the only who would have known to say snowdrop. You've been in Wonderland. All this time. Don't worry little sister, I'm going to bring you home. *(Lacie steps through the looking glass.)*

SCENE 3

*Suddenly, everything spins about; her, the looking glass, everything in motion — like she's falling — and then she's through, and the looking glass is pulled away into the darkness, leaving Lacie alone.*

LACIE. Hello?! Harry? Harry where are you?

CHESHIRE CAT. *(Off Stage.)* Harry where are you?

LACIE. Who's there? *(The Cheshire Cat appears.)*

CHESHIRE CAT. Not who, I never who. I purr. You may call me Cheshire.

LACIE. The Cheshire Cat?

CHESHIRE CAT. I suppose since you were so nice to recognize me, you can call me that. Is that my name?

LACIE. You just said it was.

CHESHIRE CAT. No, you did. That's how I knew what to tell you to call me.

LACIE. I hadn't said it yet.

CHESHIRE CAT. And you haven't said it now.

LACIE. I'm sorry.

CHESHIRE CAT. You should be.

LACIE. For what?

CHESHIRE CAT. For what you're going to do. You don't remember?

LACIE. How can I remember something that hasn't happened yet?

CHESHIRE CAT. Talk to the White Queen, it will

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become quite clear.

LACIE. I'm looking for someone. Harry. He's a boy.

CHESHIRE CAT. Not who you're looking for, Lacie.

LACIE. How do you know my name?

CHESHIRE CAT. You're going to say it in a minute.

LACIE. His name is Harry. He came through just before me. Could you tell me where to find him?

CHESHIRE CAT. That depends a great deal on where you want to get to.

LACIE. I don't honestly care as long as I find Harry.

CHESHIRE CAT. Then it doesn't matter which way you go.

LACIE. I remember this. Sort of this. This story.

CHESHIRE CAT. No stories here.

LACIE. When Alice first met you.

CHESHIRE CAT. When Lacie first met me.

LACIE. You're not going to tell me. You don't tell people what they want to hear.

CHESHIRE CAT. She was confused and rude.

LACIE. She was lost and you were never going to help. It's all a game to you.

CHESHIRE CAT. If you knew where you were, the game would be over. We'd have no reason to speak, and I do enjoy speaking. And playing. How do you know that?

LACIE. This is all strangely familiar.

CHESHIRE CAT. Good, then you're getting the hang of it. What am I going to say next?

LACIE. You're going to look me in the eye and say "Lacie, Harry went that way," and then point.

CHESHIRE CAT. Lacie, Harry went that way. (*Cheshire Cat points.*) And that way. And that way. And that way. You didn't specify which time he went which way, so you'll find him everywhere, in time.

LACIE. Confident breakdown, it is. (*Rabbit enters. As we*

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*saw him in the beginning. A rabbit again, as he should be.)*

RABBIT. Mary Ann, there you are! How long does it take to fetch gloves?

LACIE. Mary Ann? What? No, my name is Lacie, I'm looking for a boy, his name is Harry. He came through the looking glass just before me.

RABBIT. Lacie! Yes, yes of course, that would be you, you look different — well, not different, no that would be me. I look different, that's it. No wonder I didn't recognize you, different eyes and all that. It's me, the white rabbit.

LACIE. Harry!

RABBIT. Nobody calls me that here. I mean, you do, but you shouldn't, it just confusing. Call me Rabbit. It's my name. Just Rabbit, no need to stand on ceremony, that's for Queens and Kings. Right let's go.

CHESHIRE CAT. You can't just waltz in there and waltz out. The timing's off. You'll trip.

LACIE. Waltz in where?

CHESHIRE CAT. The Queen's dungeon. It's that way.  
*(Cheshire Cat points and grins. And vanishes.)*

LACIE. My sister is being held in the Queen's dungeon? The Queen of Hearts?

RABBIT. Yeah, I probably should have mentioned something about that, it'll be fine, don't worry about it. This will be the easiest thing you've ever done.

LACIE. And what if we run into the Queen of Hearts?

RABBIT. Try to keep your head about you. C'mon, and try not to get lost this time. *(Rabbit rushes off. Lacie follows.)*

LACIE. Hey, you're the one who lost me! *(And they're gone.)*

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### SCENE 4

*The darkness is replaced by the Wonderland Dungeon. Two or three cells appear. Simple, with some benches for the prisoners. In one cell, the Red Queen, White Queen, Red King, and White King are trapped and bored; in another we find the Walrus and the Carpenter, Humpty Dumpty, and the Gryphon. And finally, a teenage boy, named Charlie.*

CHARLIE. We haven't eaten today. Hello?! Guards! Could we perhaps trouble you for some nourishment as we sit confined to our fates?

WALRUS. Good luck. They're beyond reasonable.

CARPENTER. You tried to bribe them.

WALRUS. A perfectly reasonable thing to do in the given situation.

CHARLIE. It's obscene and torturous is what it is. The given situation? They haven't given us anything. If anything, they have taken and robbed us of our liberties!  
*(Ace of Hearts and Deuce of Hearts enter.)*

ACE OF HEARTS. You. Loud one. Hush.

CHARLIE. I will not be hushed. I will not be silenced by a playing card.

DEUCE OF HEARTS. We are guards of the royal court, protectors of her majesty, the Queen of Hearts.

CHARLIE. You are the lowest ranking of order and I shudder to think what will happen to you when the

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Queen finds herself dissatisfied with you.

DEUCE OF HEARTS. Why would the —

ACE OF HEARTS. Listen to none of his shenanigans good Deuce. Do your duty to Queen and Heart.

CHARLIE. Oh yes, your duty. To stand idly by as I wither and perish right here upon this floor.

RED KING. They won't feed you today. They'll feed you tomorrow.

RED QUEEN. And yesterday, don't forget yesterday.

WHITE KING. But not today.

WHITE QUEEN. Never ever today.

CHARLIE. Then perish I shall, thus denying her majesty of the enjoyment of seeing my head removed forthwith from my body. To deny her that, well, it's your funeral.  
*(Ace and Deuce exchange nervous glances. Charlie enjoys his budding victory.)*

ACE OF HEARTS. Alright, but you will only eat as to not expire. You will not enjoy it, not one bite, do you understand?

CHARLIE. I shall detest each delectable morsel and my chewing will be heavy with burden.

DEUCE OF HEARTS. Don't move. We'll be back.  
With jam if you're lucky. *(Ace and Deuce exit.)*

WHITE KING. Imperial fiddlesticks! Did you see that?

HUMPTY DUMPTY. Yes, he was brilliant.

WHITE KING. The cunning and bravery demonstrated! You're new here aren't you? Make a memorandum, he is a new person.

RED QUEEN. And to whom are you dictating?

WHITE KING. Oh yes, the bishops aren't here. That's perplexing.

RED QUEEN. New person, are you a pawn?

HUMPTY DUMPTY. They think everyone's a pawn. They thought I was a pawn for ages. I think I'm decidedly



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not a pawn.

CHARLIE. Nor am I. I'm quite capable of making my own decisions. Calling me a pawn. You insult my station. I'm a king to my own self.

RED KING. A king making his own decisions?

WHITE QUEEN. Poor boy doesn't know much about kings now does he? That's alright, poor little dear, she'll teach you. Good Lacie.

CHARLIE. What are you talking about?

WHITE QUEEN. He doesn't remember yet.

RED QUEEN. Well it hasn't happened for him. He's from the other side.

CARPENTER. Of Wonderland?

RED QUEEN. Of the looking glass.

WALRUS. Isn't that a bit of interesting?

CARPENTER. That is a very big bit of interesting. How did you get here?

WHITE QUEEN. How is not so important — when, now that mind you, that is all important. It will be. (*The sound of squawking birds is heard all around.*)

CHARLIE. What is that? Are those birds?

WHITE QUEEN. It's the perimeter warning. Someone's breaking in to the dungeon.

WALRUS. What lunatic would break into a prison?  
(*Rabbit appears with Lacie right after. They are clearly out of breath.*)

RABBIT. That was incredibly close! Can you believe how close that was? We're talking my whiskers, that close! The Red Knight almost saw us! Oh look, that's a lot of people.

LACIE. Hattie! Hattie are you back in there? Rabbit, I don't see her anywhere.

RABBIT. Where did you all come from?

WALRUS. Us? What about you? Fancy that you're

standing right there, convenient to opening these cells. And before you argue with me, I promise that you won't regret it.

CARPENTER. Arguing with you or letting you out?

WALRUS. Both.

RABBIT. We're not here for you. She was right here. I left her right here in this cell yesterday.

RED QUEEN. Yesterday, you say? No, I think not.

LACIE. What is she talking about? What do you mean you think not?

RED QUEEN. I don't know what I mean if I don't think it. Speak when you are spoken to, child. I am a queen. This is no way to address me. She didn't even bow, can you believe that?

RED KING. It's terrible. No respect for her place on the board.

LACIE. You're in a dungeon. Clearly, your place isn't what you thought it was.

WHITE KING. How dare she!?

RABBIT. Alright, let's not lose our heads — and that could be a real thing, so let's go back to square one and the reason we're here.

LACIE. My sister. Please, one of you must know where she is. *(The squawking kicks up again.)*

RED QUEEN. The guards will be back soon.

WHITE QUEEN. They'll bring the Red Knight. You shant want to meet him.

RED QUEEN. Remind me not of his treachery. It breaks my heart, it does, to see him bow to her.

LACIE. Please — a girl, about eight years old, maybe nine. Nice smile, talks a lot. Can't tell a joke. Someone had to have seen her.

THE GRYPHON. I saw her. Ages ago she was here, when the Queen of Hearts done stuck her in this cell.

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RABBIT. Yes! Yesterday! I remember that. Gryphon, you and Hattie came in together.

THE GRYPHON. But we didn't leave together, no sir.

RABBIT. Did they move her?

THE GRYPHON. Aye. Well no, see, she moved herself. Escaped. She ran. Said she was going home. But fancy that, that was longer ago than I care to remember.

LACIE. I don't understand. How can she have been here yesterday but it was ages ago?

CHARLIE. Maybe it was yesterday for you. Or him. You weren't here yesterday, were you? In Wonderland, I'm being specific.

LACIE. No. We weren't. Why?

THE GRYPHON. No more yesterdays. Rabbit got out when there was still tick-tocks to be had. No more. Your little girl, she's somewhere out there in Wonderland. Has been since the end of time.

LACIE. This doesn't make sense, she's supposed to be here, we have to find her!

CHARLIE. I could help. If you let me out.

WALRUS. We could all help!

CARPENTER. We could?

CHARLIE. No, you wouldn't. I would. I will.

LACIE. I'm sure if you're in prison, there's a reason.

CHARLIE. Certainly there's a reason. Does it adhere to any actual semblance of truth or fairness? I never asked to come to this wretched place. So I beg of you not to leave me in it.

RABBIT. Leave him in it, Lacie, we have to go. If we're going to find your sister, we cannot be captured here. Then all this will be in vain.

CHARLIE. Wonderland is a big place. You would be wise to bring along someone who knows it.

RABBIT. No one knows it better than I.

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LACIE. Except maybe Lewis Carroll.

CHARLIE. Who?

LACIE. I grew up thinking this place was a hallucination of a slightly deranged Englishman; but now I know it was all real. And he wrote it all down.

CHARLIE. Someone's been here before and didn't bother to inform the rest of us? Yes, let us all jump to read that published diary. I'm certain it's riveting.

LACIE. Look, we have to go, I'm sorry.

CHARLIE. Charlie. At the very least, you should know the name of the person you've condemned. And if you find yourself near Croft-on-Tees, North Yorkshire, find my parents. Name of Dodgson. Tell 'em what happened.

LACIE. Charlie *Dodgson*? Were you born in Daresbury?

CHARLIE. Do we know each other?

LACIE. You've got to be kidding me!

*(Rabbit has his ears to the stone floor.)*

RABBIT. Lacie, they're almost here, I can hear them, the guards.

LACIE. Rabbit, we have to get him out of here!

RABBIT. There's no time!

LACIE. Then make some! *(The prisoners start talking over each other, pleading/ demanding not to be left behind.)*

WALRUS. You can't just take him. You have to get us all out!

CARPENTER. *(Overlapping.)* What about my kids? You have to get me out too!

RED QUEEN. *(Overlapping.)* I won't have him rescued before the royal house of chess.

WHITE KING. *(Overlapping.)* Absolute fiddlewallabee that is.

HUMPTY DUMPTY. *(Overlapping.)* The fragileness of my nature will not do well to stay here.

THE GRYPHON. *(Overlapping.)* That child doesn't look

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like much of a growing up type.

RED KING. (*Overlapping.*) We demand to be released in descending order of import, it's the only fairest way.

RABBIT. (*Overlapping.*) And how do you think we're going to manage that? (*All of this jumbled cacophony builds until Lacie becomes overwhelmed.*)

LACIE. Everyone, please stop talking!

WHITE QUEEN. Don't worry dear, you'll remember the right decision, just think outside your head.

LACIE. Just tell me how to open the cells. You — the one that's met my sister. Do you know?

THE GRYPHON. Fancy that, I do. There's a lock, there is, right on the end. (*Lacie goes to the end of the row.*)

LACIE. There's a little sign. "I passed by his garden, and marked with one eye, how the owl and the panther were sharing a —" It stops. Sharing a what?

THE GRYPHON. That's the key isn't it?

LACIE. But where's the actual key?

RED QUEEN. Oh sweet child, all locks in Wonderland are made of riddles. Rabbit, have you told her nothing about this place?

RABBIT. I've told her of its dangers, which are rapidly approaching.

THE GRYPHON. The words, they change for every person who reads it — it's keyed into you now.

LACIE. I'm the key?

THE GRYPHON. Clever, isn't it?

LACIE. No, not clever. Annoying, very annoying. Wait! The panther and the owl... (*She flips through her books.*)

CHARLIE. The owl and the panther, I'm quite certain you have to say them in the right order. (*From offstage, we hear a commotion.*)

RED KNIGHT. (*Off Stage.*) Guards, this way!

RABBIT. Now would be a good time and then would be

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even better! Let's go, they'll be fine.

LACIE. (*Pointing at Charlie.*) Rabbit, that's Lewis Carroll!

RABBIT. No, that's Charlie Dodgson —

LACIE. — Of Croft-on-Tees, North Yorkshire,  
originally of Daresbury, yes, they're one and the same!

CHARLIE. Who's Lewis Carroll?

LACIE. He just doesn't know it yet.

CHARLIE. Know what?

WHITE QUEEN. Who you will become.

CHARLIE. And how does she know who or what I will  
become. Does anyone else not think that strange?

LACIE. This is Wonderland, welcome to strange, you  
said it yourself.

CHARLIE. I've never said that.

WHITE QUEEN. Never that *you* remember.

LACIE. Rabbit, this guy here, he's gonna grow up to  
write these books — Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,  
Through the Looking Glass — these books that have the  
clues to help us find Hattie, so if he never writes them  
because I leave him to the mercy of the Queen, well that's  
bad right? Yes, the answer is yes, it's bad.

RABBIT. Then you need to open the cells now! You're  
the key, Lacie — we are out of time!

LACIE. I'm not the key, the key's in here. In these pages.  
Here... the Gryphon... the Mock Turtle... here! "I passed  
by his garden, and marked with one eye, how the owl and  
the panther were sharing a pie!" (*The cells open.*)

WHITE KING. She did it!

WHITE QUEEN. Everyone, move along with dignity  
and grace, we won't be seen fleeing as cowards!

RED QUEEN. You move with dignity, I'll move with  
haste! Thanks, dear! (*The prisoners all run off. Lacie grabs  
Charlie by the arm.*)

LACIE. Come on, Charlie, you're coming with me.

## THE LAST QUEEN OF WONDERLAND

Rabbit, get us out of here. *(Rabbit starts to go one way, but Charlie pulls them in another direction.)*

CHARLIE. That way's the worst way, trust me. That's how I ended up in here.

RED KNIGHT. *(Off Stage.)* Guards! To the dungeons!

LACIE. Your way it is! *(Rabbit, Charlie, and Lacie rush off into the darkness as the Red Knight enters with several card guards, including Ace and Deuce.)*

RED KNIGHT. Where is everyone?!

DEUCE OF HEARTS. I think they've gone, sir.

ACE OF HEARTS. Oh this is bad. *(Suddenly we hear a trumpet bugle. It's just something we hear every time Queen Of Hearts enters. All the cards immediately drop to a knee to bow. Red Knight bows at the waist as she enters. As she isn't a regular card, she looks more like a person, very regal, and stately, and not just a playing card like the guards.)*

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Do you know what I thought to myself this morning, Red Knight?

RED KNIGHT. No your majesty, but I'm certain the thought was glorious.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. It was indeed, oh how it was. I thought, "oh my, self, we are a happy queen of Wonderland. For the traitorous royal family of Chess are secure in the bowels of my castle, awaiting to have their heads removed. Is nothing so wonderful?" I thought this all the morning, and all the minutes up until this very one.

ACE OF HEARTS. Your majesty, please forgive us. These criminals —

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Traitors to the crown!!

ACE OF HEARTS. These traitors to the crown, my Queen, they are treacherous indeed. We do not know how they could have escaped.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Of course you don't know. If you'd have known, then they would not have escaped.

JEREMY SONY

You would have been here to stop it. That tells me that you're not paying a bit of attention to what's about to happen, and any guard worth his head knows everything that is about to happen. Do you know what's going to happen now?

DEUCE OF HEARTS. Off with our heads?

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Ah, there, yes! If you were paying attention then as you're paying attention now to what's about to happen, what's about to happen wouldn't happen anymore. OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! *(The other guards drag them away. She turns to the Red Knight.)* And you.

RED KNIGHT. My queen.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. You're a chess.

RED KNIGHT. Your loyal knight, my Queen.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. If you weren't with me when this happened, I would blame you entirely.

RED KNIGHT. I aligned myself with the winning side long ago, your majesty. The Suits had the war — the Hearts most of all. My loyalty is forever yours.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. Good. Because I need you to hunt them all down and bring me their heads. Except for the knave who stole my tarts. The boy, Charlie. Be a dear and bring him to me so that I can remove his still beating heart from his chest.

RED KNIGHT. Yes, my Queen! *(He bows and hurries off.)*

QUEEN OF HEARTS. That will make for such a fun afternoon. *(The lights shift as the Queen of Hearts exits and the prison disappears.)*

[ Download the full script on my NPX profile.  
Questions? Email [jeremy@jeremysony.com](mailto:jeremy@jeremysony.com). ]

THANKS FOR READING!



## ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT

**Jeremy Sony** is a Midwest-based writer who likes to re-imagine classic literature, mess with history, and write about family. His full-length plays include *Mars Ohio*, *Madeline Shelley and the World of Monsters*, *The Last Queen of Wonderland*, *Robin Hood & the Secret of Sherwood*, *The Century Box*, and *Sleepy Hollow: The Lost Chapter*. His plays have been staged at ClassAct Dramatics at Street Theatre Co., Theatre Daedalus, MadLab Theatre, Available Light, Curtain Players, LTOB, Luna Theatre, New Covenant Players, and Mouth of the Wolf Productions. His plays have also been seen and developed at Tantrum East, Nashville Rep, Penobscot Theater, Playhouse Nashville's Ten Minute Playhouse, The Last Frontier Theatre Conference, Ohio University MFA Playwrights Workshop, and the Kennedy Center American College Theatre Festival. Sony holds an M.F.A. in Playwriting from Ohio University and a B.A. in Film & Television from the University of Notre Dame. Sony lives in central Ohio with his wife and sons, who inspire him daily.

Read more at [jeremywrites.com](http://jeremywrites.com).