



**Sample Pages from
The Pretty Princess Dollhouse for Pretty
Princesses**

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://folk.me/p449> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

THE PRETTY PRINCESS DOLLHOUSE FOR PRETTY PRINCESSES

A PLAY IN ONE ACT BY
Emma Fonseca Halverson



The Pretty Princess Dollhouse for Pretty Princesses
Copyright © 2022 Emma Fonseca Halverson

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

Theatrefolk
theatrefolk.com
help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

Characters

2W

ELENA: 15, F, Latina. The “mom friend” of any friend group. Has strong opinions on whether flan or tres leches should be the staple party desert. A little more than a little gay for GABI.

GABI: 16, F, Latina. Waiting for her big poetry breakthrough. Enjoys reading in the dark for fun.

Staging Notes

This play is intended to be flexible – the set, costume, and props can be adapted to any scale. For a bigger budget and space, a theatre could use full-size sets, a middle-sized budget and space might use a few key dollhouse set pieces to display the same effect, and a small budget and space can pantomime.

For lighting – a big theatre could have a spotlight on the girls and a small space around them for the majority of the show until the end, where very bright lights could illuminate the entire stage. A medium-sized theatre might use dim lighting for the majority, and then at the end using brighter lights. A small theatre can use flashlights or lamps for the spotlight effect, and any regular ceiling lights available.

For moments such as the dresses flying out of the walls, a larger theatre could build an opening window into the set from which dresses pour out. A smaller theatre could have stagehands throwing them from the wings or sides of the performance area.

My hope is that any theatre can perform this – please adapt this to what works best for you.

A children's playroom, empty of children, scattered with toys, half-eaten plates of food and dress-up clothes, the aftermath of a kids' birthday party at GABI's grandmother's house. It's almost dark, but a couple of prayer candles sitting in the middle of the floor illuminate the floor and shadows in a pool of light. GABI lays on her stomach near the light, a notebook in front of her. She taps her pen against the floor, impatient, bored. The door opens and closes; ELENA enters, balancing two plates of flan on her arm. As soon as the doorknob turns, GABI pretends to be deep in concentration in her writing. ELENA sets one plate down directly on the notebook and sits cross-legged near GABI.

GABI: Took you two whole poems to get some flan?

ELENA: Sorry – you're a fast writer I guess. *(she puts a bite of flan into her mouth and speaks while eating)* Was putting the kids to bed. *(GABI snorts without comment)* It was late, they were tired. Your family all seemed too drunk to do it so... Someone had to, right? *(GABI takes a bite in turn and does not respond)* God – it's too dark in here for you to be writing, let me turn on the light.

ELENA stands and turns on the lights. Not much of the room is exposed still, the shadows remain lurking in the corners, unidentifiable. A harsh light blares down on just where GABI works.

Oh my god. Gabi!! You didn't do anything to clean up while I was gone??

GABI: UGH EW TURN THAT OFF!

ELENA: This place is a health hazard. *(GABI shrugs)* I'm not cleaning this place up for you again, this isn't even my house.

ELENA says this as she does the opposite, picking up paper plates from the floor and tossing them in a trash bag. GABI ignores her, getting up and shutting off the lights. She flops back down on the ground.

GABI: You're turning into a housewife sooner than I thought.

ELENA: And you are going to lose your vision in this lighting.

GABI: Stop telling me what to do, Elena. You're missing all the romance.

ELENA: Oh! Ermm – yeah!

GABI: For my writing. Obviously. I meant like – the mood for writing I didn't mean like –

ELENA: Yeah obviously um of course. (*ELENA stands and GABI sits in a mutual long awkward silence*) Can I read what you wrote?

GABI: Yeah. (*ELENA outstretches her hand for the notebook*) No thanks. (*she clears her throat*)
 Crappy poems in the middle of July
 Wondering why it's so easy to cry
 My lights placed in the middle of the floor
 Begging me to turn down the sound,
 Just a little bit more.

ELENA: Oh. It's not crappy.

GABI: I know.

Beat.

ELENA: I bet you could send it to the school newspaper for them to publish in this month's edition. Oh! And there was this thing I saw of like a county-wide writing thing, I think there was like a fifty-dollar Amazon gift card for it or something if you win!

GABI: Ugh.

ELENA: Ugh!?! C'mon, I believe in you, you could win!

GABI: A county-wide contest? Fifty dollars? Missing the fame and "world-renowned poet" title and the – like plaque on an office door with the name Gabriella Castillo on the front.

ELENA: I think you can just buy a plaque online if you really want one.

GABI: What I want is the achievement that comes with it.

ELENA: Well – you're only 16. You can think a little smaller than that.

GABI: Not if I plan on being actually successful.

ELENA: You can be a good writer. And have a good family. And enough money. That's all you really need.

GABI: Is that what you want?

ELENA: Yes.

GABI: Really?

ELENA: A family to love. A happy life. Of course.

GABI laughs.

GABI: Mmmmm. Elena the housewife. And her husband. Bet you'll just LOVE being married to a man for the rest of your life. A nice, manly, macho, testosterone oozing, biceps bursting, male, man of the house.

ELENA: Well – not all of that has to come true.

GABI: But it will. If you stay. We can leave, Elena. We don't have to stay here trapped in the walls of this tiny ass room, we can leave!

ELENA: I don't wan –

GABI: If we're successful we can leave.

Beat.

ELENA: *(playing with the word on her tongue)* Successful.

GABI: Yes.

ELENA: Word of the day.

GABI: Really?

ELENA: At school and stuff – “Be successful. Go to college. Go to an ivy league. Go get a job. Open all the doors to your future. Get awards and succeed and be known.” Everything we're not.

GABI: Who's we? That's my plan.

ELENA: Oh. Yeah. Of course.

GABI: Here. *(GABI gets up and joins ELENA standing)* It almost seems... like there aren't any doors. For me to open.

ELENA: What do you mean?

GABI: ...Not anymore. Someone closed them all for me.

ELENA starts pacing the room, looking at the toys and mess. She stops near a large toy dollhouse, kneels down at the front of it and sits, examining it, pulled in.

ELENA: No, look.

GABI peers over without much interest.

GABI: Yes?

ELENA points out a door.

ELENA: There's a door in here.

GABI sits and looks intrigued.

GABI: Doors are nice. Doors don't trap you. You come in through a door. You leave through a door.

ELENA opens the door. There is a shift in the set, perhaps in lighting or merely in the way ELENA and GABI interact with their new space. They are "in the dollhouse."

GABI: What's that on your shirt?

ELENA looks down and brushes off a piece of dried food that has gotten stuck there.

ELENA: Oh. Just some beans. Probably one of the kids, you know they can be a little messy.

GABI: Elena.

ELENA: Yes?

GABI: You have to stop.

ELENA: Doing what?

GABI: You're going to trap yourself, can't you see! You already started.

ELENA: I am not trapped. There's a door right there.

GABI walks over, knocks on the door. The knock echoes. Nobody answers the door.

I just don't want to open it right now.

GABI grabs the door handle, and pulls. The door is locked. She turns back to ELENA, walks back calmly.

GABI: It will open. *(beat)* You have to be better than the other people. Do you really want to like – clean houses or or you know – be married to some greasy MAN – *(gay pause)* – Or – whatever – and trapped! – for the rest of your life?? Listen to the teachers. Do you want to be like your mom??

ELENA: You think my mom is trapped?

GABI: Or your grandma or your aunts or your cousins or your sister – literally anyone in your family. Or mine.

ELENA: None of them are trapped.

GABI: You think years of having to work minimum wage and being married to – to a man or or whoever – I mean – really Elena, is putting yourself in a trap of cleaning houses for 50 years not a trap to you??

ELENA: No. It's not.

GABI: We just have to work hard. Be successful. Leave. When we leave, we won't be trapped.

ELENA: I'm perfectly happy being here.

GABI: No you're not.

ELENA: Don't tell me what I'm feeling.

GABI: Come on, Elena. I know you weren't happy when that kid spilled juice all over your dress.

ELENA: That's your cousin. You should be taking care of him, not me!! And no, I was plenty happy. It's just a part of real life, Gabi. I don't need to escape to your fantasy world.

GABI: Fantasy? (*pause*) Whatever – I mean you don't even want to, so it's not – just –

ELENA: Not fantasy. Or –

GABI: Ok.

ELENA: Yep.

ELENA reaches out, towards GABI's hand, hesitates and pulls away, grabs her plate of flan closer to her instead.

GABI: Um... you really don't want to go?

ELENA: We're kids. Where could we even go?

GABI: I don't know. I do know. Out of here. It's stifling, there are walls blocking me in everywhere – it's like I can't breathe.

ELENA: Really? Maybe you have asthma or something.

GABI: Metaphorically.

ELENA: Oh.

ELENA takes a deep, exaggerated breath.

GABI: I don't want to be in this house. I want to move to a big city. Or – or maybe a ranch. Or an igloo. I haven't decided.

ELENA: Mmm. I would move to an igloo with you.

GABI: Really?

ELENA: No, I was kidding.

GABI: Right.

ELENA: I would miss my family too much. And my flan. And playing the piano. I don't think I could bring my piano to an igloo.

GABI: You could. You could bring that stuff.

ELENA: My piano wouldn't even fit through the doorway.

GABI: You don't have to leave it, though. You can come back, we don't have to leave forever. It's not one or the other. I think.

ELENA: You might leave forever.

Beat.

GABI: Will you miss me? (*ELENA starts to answer, but GABI cuts her off, flustered*) Nevermind I'm not – um – sorry yeah.

ELENA: Yeah.

GABI: The air supply in here really needs to be checked oh my gosh.

ELENA: Are you okay?

GABI: No, I think I need to open a door or something, it's so stuffy – (*GABI is nearly panting*) Where's the door? I need to get out for some air or something–

ELENA: I thought you said there weren't any in here.

GABI: What?? It's here, it's just dark. (*GABI starts feeling down the walls, patting everything down, looking for the door which she does not find*) Help me find it!

ELENA: You know it's not here... but ok.

ELENA joins halfheartedly patting the walls, searching. The two get around the entire room and have not found the door. GABI begins to panic.

GABI: There needs to be a door.

ELENA: It's fine in here, we don't need one –

GABI: Yes we do I can't breathe I – I'm just – I'm not getting trapped ok and you're not getting trapped and we're not getting fucking trapped in this room and I'm leaving and I'm not getting trapped I'm not doing what they did like – trapped and – where the fuck is the door???? (the curse words may be omitted if necessary)

ELENA: There's no door in here.

GABI: YOU TRAPPED ME IN HERE???

ELENA: ME?? I didn't do anything, there was never –

GABI: You trapped me!!! You told it that you didn't want it to open, Elena, look what it did!!

ELENA: No! We're not trapped, that's impossible, we just –

GABI leaps back up unable to stay still, desperately grabbing at the walls, willing them to open. After a few seconds when GABI hits a part of the wall, a piece comes caving down and a mountain of children's pageant dresses comes raining on top of them.

GABI: OH!!!... Oh yeah.

GABI flops down, panting, onto the pile of dresses. ELENA picks one up, feeling along the fabric, observing. They stay there a moment, together.

ELENA: Do you remember?

GABI is silent, toying with one of the dresses, not seeming to hear ELENA.

ELENA: My pretty princess dress. I was such a pretty princess. You were a pretty princess.

GABI: Yes! I was.

ELENA: I liked that.

GABI: So did I. I remember being so pretty. And little. With you.

ELENA: I still do like it.

GABI: What?

ELENA: Do you remember?

GABI: Yes.

ELENA pulls on the dress, seams ripping as it doesn't fit her anymore. She begins twirling around the room, spinning the skirt so it flies around her. She pulls GABI up by the hand and begins to dance with her.

ELENA: Wheeeeeee!

GABI: We can't dance.

ELENA keeps dancing and bringing GABI along.

ELENA: I would have left with you then. When I was a pretty princess. When we could play. But I changed my mind.

GABI: Hmm?

ELENA: I don't want to anymore. I liked it before.

GABI: Yes.

ELENA: You were my friend.

GABI: Am I?

ELENA: Now?

GABI nods.

ELENA: ...Maybe.

Beat. ELENA drops GABI's hand and they stop dancing.

I mean – you don't agree with me. On anything. You think the entire world is going to burn up and be in ashes if you can't be the most successful – whoever – in the world and leave your whole family behind. I want to be a good daughter – y'know? I need to help my family. I owe it to them. I can't leave. Not that I even want to.

GABI: Do I need to? To be your friend?

ELENA: I can't be friends with someone who is about to leave.

Beat.

GABI: The world won't burn but – my life would be wasted, that's for sure.

ELENA: Cynical.

GABI: I may be cynical. But I am also right.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

Want to Read More?

Order a full script through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).