PUMPKIN SPICE MILFS

A 10-minute play

By Jenna Jane

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Summary

This play shows us how we can all embrace our inner Pumpkin Spice MILF – undaunted by gender expectations, the commercialization of nostalgia, or the Pumpkin Spice Industrial Complex.

Cast of Characters

If presenting this play in a short play festival, the playwright suggests using actors from other plays for these roles and/or as extras to fill out the onstage "audience."

A note from the playwright on gender references, below: These are only suggestions. Gender is just a performative social construct, anyway. Do whatever feels right to you.

MEREDITH: Female, 30s-50s. Self-assured. Proud to be feminine. #Blessed. Probably has a sign in her kitchen that says "Gather." Takes everything personally. Enjoys confrontation. Wife of Duane.

DUANE: Male, 30s-50s. An alpha male. 100 percent confident that he's right about everything. Supportive husband of Meredith.

ALANA: Female, any age. Wholesome. Loves pumpkin spice everything. She's clinging to nostalgia for stability. She tries to exude a cheerful persona, but it barely masks that she's hanging on by a thread.

STEVE: Male, any age. Low key. Sensible. Low tolerance for bullshit.

JACKIE: Female, 20s-40s. Outspoken feminist. Believes she's the smartest person in any room. Superiority complex. Attention-seeking.

ISAAC: Male, any age. He's really excited to be here. Hardcore fan of MILFs.

LAURA: Female, 20s-30s. At first, she's perplexed. By the end, she's the only one who gets it.

RAMONA: Female, 20s-30s. Passionate and unpredictable.

TAYLOR: Any and all genders, any age. The director of Pumpkin Spice MILFs. A flair for the dramatic. An entertainer to their core.

Setting

A theater. At least two rows of stadium style seating. Before lights up, there are no chairs on the stage, just risers. During the blackout before lights up, each actor carries on their own matching chair.

This play can also be done as an immersive piece with the actors sitting in the house amongst the actual audience, preferably in the round.

Content warnings: Y'all, there is a lot of **vulgar language** plus references to **sexuality** in this. Hide your kids.

Lights up. There is another audience on the stage. They are waiting to see "Pumpkin Spice MILFs." They are flipping through the same "Pumpkin Spice MILFs" programs that the real audience has. You can use extras to make this audience as big as your space allows. They sit in silence, flipping through their programs for at least 15 seconds.

MEREDITH

(To DUANE.)

When's this show going to start?

DUANE

Why, what time is it?

(DUANE takes out his phone and looks.)

Well, it was supposed to start five minutes ago.

MEREDITH

What's this play about, anyway?

DUANE

(Putting his phone away.)

MILFs.

(JACKIE, in the front row, looks alarmed. She closes her program and looks at the front page in horror.)

MEREDITH

Yeah, but like, what's the plot?

DUANE

Who cares? I'm here for the MILFs.

ALANA

(Chiming in.)

I'm actually here for the pumpkin spice.

JACKIE

(Throwing her program to the ground.)

Oh, what the fuck.

(ALL stare at JACKIE.)

STEVE

(To JACKIE.)

Excuse me, miss, are you OK?

JACKIE

I thought this play was called "Pumpkin Spice MILKS" – not "Pumpkin Spice MILFs."

STEVE

Milks?

JACKIE

Milks! You know, like, almond, soy, coconut, cow.

STEVE

Oh.

(A brief pause.)

No, it’s definitely MILFs.

DUANE

100 percent MILFs.

ISAAC

(Joining the conversation from the back corner chair, enthusiastically.)

MILFs!

JACKIE

I never would have bought a ticket if I’d known this was about MILFs.

ISAAC

(Offended.)

What do you have against MILFs?

MEREDITH

Yeah, what’s wrong with MILFs? I identify as a MILF. And I happen to love pumpkin spice. So, yeah, this production seemed ideal. For me.

JACKIE

(Looks at MEREDITH, incredulous.)

What do you mean, you identify as a MILF?

DUANE

What are you trying to say? My wife is 100 percent a MILF. I mean, look at her. She's the mother of my children. She's a 10. I would fuck her.

MEREDITH

In fact, we have fucked. On multiple occasions.

JACKIE

I'm just saying, you can't identify as a MILF. Being a MILF, by definition, means you're the object, not the subject. I can't be a mother I'D like to fuck. Because I can't go fuck myself.

ALANA

Hey, watch your language. There might be kids in this audience.

(Everyone looks around. There are definitely no kids.)

Well, there might be.

STEVE

Who the hell would bring their kids to this?

JACKIE

All I'm saying is being a MILF cannot be an identity you choose for yourself. Being a MILF is bestowed upon you. By others.

ALANA

Look, I just came for the pumpkin spice, OK? I love pumpkin spice everything. Pumpkin spice lattes, pumpkin spice bagels, pumpkin spice mortgages --

MEREDITH

(To JACKIE.)

You don’t get to tell me what I can identify as, lady.

ALANA

-- Pumpkin spice muffins, pumpkin spice candles, pumpkin spice hemorrhoid cream --

ISAAC

Jesus, when is this show going to start?

ALANA

-- Pumpkin spice iPhones, pumpkin spice tires, pumpkin spice vaccines --

ISAAC

(Getting increasingly impatient.)

Bring on the MILFs already!

ALANA

-- Pumpkin spice MILFs!

JACKIE

(Turning to ALANA.)

Why do you like pumpkin spice so much, anyway?

LAURA

(Turning to whoever is next to her.)

Excuse me, I’ve never been to a play before. Is there usually this much discussion beforehand?

ALANA

What's not to love about pumpkin spice? It's like a warm hug in a cable knit sweater. It's like I'm walking out to my mailbox and I feel the first chill in the air after a long, hot summer. It's like the sound of leaves crunching under my sneakers while I trick or treat with my dad a week before he walks out on me and Mom.

STEVE

Yikes.

JACKIE

See, this is what I'm always telling my therapist. Pumpkin spice is really just the commercialization of nostalgia.

STEVE

You're "always telling" your therapist about this?

JACKIE

(Kind of making it up as she goes.)

And much like the viral consumerism that is pumpkin spice, MILFs are the viral consumerism of women as sexual objects disguised as something wholesome.

MEREDITH

That makes zero sense.

JACKIE

You know what makes zero sense, Cheryl? The patriarchy.

MEREDITH

My name’s not Cheryl.

JACKIE

Well, you look like a Cheryl.

MEREDITH

So, you just guessed?

DUANE

She looks nothing like a Cheryl!

MEREDITH

You’re trying to tell me what I can identify as, AGAIN!

DUANE

Yeah, that’s 100 percent fucked up.

ALANA

Watch your language!

ISAAC

Bring on the Pumpkin Spice MILFs, already!

MEREDITH

You know what? I’m proud to be a MILF.

LAURA

(Looking at her watch.)

Seriously, when is this play going to start?

MEREDITH

(Standing up.)

Being a MILF is the crowning achievement of womanhood. It's the most likable thing a woman can aspire to be: A mother who is also fuckable. You really can have it all.

(All men shout agreements. Except STEVE. So, #NotAllMen, I guess. DUANE is dazzled.)

ALANA

(Standing.)

But, just like women, people love to hate pumpkin spice. Just for existing! Why?!

JACKIE

(Dryly.)

I don't know, is it the fact that pumpkin spice starts popping up everywhere in August? The cloying sweetness? The fact that it involves the blandest spices in the grocery store? The preposterous variety of pumpkin spice products?

ALANA

Variety is the pumpkin spice of life!

STEVE

(Almost under his breath, shaking his head.)

What the fuck are you talking about?

JACKIE

Variety isn’t seasonal!

ALANA

Sugar, and spice, and everything nice!

JACKIE

Gag me.

RAMONA

No, gag me!

(RAMONA pulls out a ball gag and puts it in her mouth. Everyone watches. MEREDITH and ALANA sit.)

STEVE

You brought a ball gag to the theater?

MEREDITH

Don’t gag shame her!

STEVE

Nobody else thinks that’s weird?

LAURA

(Standing up.)

Don’t you guys get it? There is no show. There is no “Pumpkin Spice MILFs.” We all came here for nothing.

DUANE

No!

ISAAC

That can’t be true!

ALANA

I’m going to die from this!

(RAMONA tries to speak, but alas, she has a ball gag in her mouth.)

LAURA

Don’t you get it? This is the show. We’re the show. It’s some kind of bullshit performance art.

DUANE

I fucking hate audience participation! 100 percent!

(DUANE looks directly out at the real audience.)

Don’t you?!

(TAYLOR enters from down left carrying an outrageous pair of stilettos. The more ornate, the better. They address the onstage audience.)

TAYLOR

Hello, everyone! Thank you so much for your patience. I’m Taylor LaBelle, the director of Pumpkin Spice MILFs!

(TAYLOR pauses, expecting applause. There’s a long beat of silence. STEVE claps a little.)

Oh, please. Please. Hold your applause. Please.