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BEGGING BLITZEN By Tara Meddaugh © 2015

From the one-act comedy, Christmas Superpowers and Believing in Blitzen.

ANNIE, a girl of 5-10 years old, speaks to Blitzen, one of Santa's reindeer who has been visiting her in the afternoons. She is in her living room speaking to him through the window as he stands outside.

ANNIE

Hey...you're magical, right? Like, you don't have wings, I know that. But I know you fly. I've seen you on Christmas Eve. Plus, I think I saw you practicing your route on Thanksgiving night—right before we met. And, you talk, which has got to be magical because I keep talking to Bilbo—you know, my golden retriever—and he never talks back. Most of the time, I don't think he even understands me except when I said "go for a walk."

(pause)

I know you have hooves, not fingers and hands, but we've already established you're magical, so that shouldn't stop you. So...do you think you can magically make all these Christmas ornaments for me? Cause I really keep getting glue all over my hands.

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