



**CHRISTMAS SUPERPOWERS
AND BELIEVING IN BLITZEN**

Tara Meddaugh

EXCERPT



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EXCERPT

Christmas Superpowers and Believing in Blitzen

a one-act play

by Tara Meddaugh

EXCERPT

For Dylan,

Because your life has brought me more magic than I could have ever imagined.

EXCERPT

Christmas Superpowers and Believing in Blitzen EXCERPT

Character Breakdown

Doubling Cast: 5 total (3 male, 2 female)

MAN*	A man who plays the roles: SANTA/MR. JORDAN/ MR. WENDELL/BLITZEN
LAUREN	A girl around 5-12 years old.
SAM	A boy around 5-12 years old.
ANNIE	A girl around 5-12 years old.
DYLAN	A boy around 5-12 years old.

Cast without doubling: 8 total (3 male, 2 female, 3 male/female/neutral/flexible)

SANTA	Santa Claus, male
MR. JORDAN	Adult, male or female.
MR. WENDELL	Adult male or female.
BLITZEN	Any age, male or female.
LAUREN	A girl around 5-12 years old.
SAM	A boy around 5-12 years old.
ANNIE	A girl around 5-12 years old.
DYLAN	A boy around 5-12 years old.

Setting

A mall, a house, a church. Set need not be realistic, but may be merely an impression of location.

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AT RISE: LAUREN, SAM, ANNIE and DYLAN are on stage. They are about 5-12 years old. Scenes shift around them, in and out, through monologues and dialogue.

To me...Christmas is...family.

LAUREN (out)

The Christmas pageant at church.

SAM (out)

And cookies.

LAUREN (out)

It's reindeer and snow.

ANNIE (out)

Christmas is getting to finally talk to Santa face to face after a year of basically being banned from seeing him.

LAUREN (out)

And asking him for things you can't find in a store yourself.

DYLAN (out)

It's seeing things that only happen in movies.

ANNIE (out)

Wishing for something that will make you stand out!

DYLAN (out)

Hearing your little brother squeal when he opens his stocking!

LAUREN (out)

Christmas is Baby Jesus being born. And the shepherds seeing him.

SAM (out)

Christmas is...

DYLAN (out)

Magical.

ANNIE (out)

(DYLAN, LAUREN and SAM fall back)

ANNIE (out)

The first time I see him, I think it's just in my head. You know, like, I've been watching too many Disney movies or something? There's always some sort of stuffed animal that comes to life or a goldfish who can fly. And right after Thanksgiving ends, I'm watching as many Christmas movies as I can. Thanksgiving is basically just my dad and his girlfriend trying to talk to me about music I know they don't listen to, and trying to be cool by letting me watch R-rated movies.

(pause)

But I don't want to watch R-rated movies.

(pause)

I want to watch the Christmas movies. The baby falling into Santa's sleigh, the snowman coming to life, the donkey who carried Mary to Bethlehem. I don't want to watch people killing each other and swearing. I want to feel happy.

(pause)

I don't know why my dad doesn't get that.

(pause)

But Blitzen does.

(pause)

And he's not in my head.

LAUREN (out)

His head is way bigger than I thought it'd be. Santa's.

(SANTA enters and takes a seat. They are at the Mall. LAUREN and DYLAN form a line toward him)

I think it's bigger than last year. Maybe his head grows? My mom told me that ears keep growing all your life and that's why old people have big ears. My little brother started crying when she said that and he will not sit on Santa's lap now. He's only three and I think it scared him. He's a really sensitive kid. Plus he saw Dumbo for the first time a couple weeks ago and he cried during that too. So.

(pause)

The line to see Santa is always so long. Especially on the day before Christmas Eve.

(pause)

Maybe his hat is just smaller this year?

DYLAN (out)

Lauren keeps talking about Santa's head and this is a very long line so I hope it starts to move faster. I try to tell her about this Super Blaster Rocket I'm gonna make when I grow up, and how it has thrusters in the back that shoot out lasers when it takes off. And how the thrusters can also turn into legs, so it can walk on the moon if it needs to and stuff. But Lauren just keeps talking about Santa. She looks really nervous.

(pause)

I'm kind of nervous too. This is the first time I've ever had anything really big to ask Santa for.

SAM (out)

My mom is totally into Christmas. We're having a cookie party tomorrow with my friends from school, and we see Santa today—I just ask him to cut out the oranges in my stocking and give me some candy. My parents get me anything else I want. We're also going caroling tonight. And I always have to be in the Christmas pageant. I was one of the kings last year, and I did such a good job Mrs. Wendell said I could be the head shepherd this year and make sure all the little kid sheep didn't run off the stage. Gracie and Charlie did that last year and the shepherds last year just stood there and didn't even try to bring them back on stage. I already know how I'll do it and I've practiced in rehearsals too, because this year, it's Abby and Jennie who are always trying to run off the stage. I just go over to them, and I sort of tap them with my cane thing and when they look at me, I kinda scowl and scrunch up my eyes and shake my head like I'm a bad guy or something, and then I point at the stage, because we're not supposed to talk, and they usually just go right back over. I've got it all figured out.

ANNIE (out)

This year, at Sam's Christmas cookie party, I'm making Blitzen a candy cane cookie. I already decided. I'll use white icing but I'll put red sprinkles on it for the stripes. I already gave Blitzen a reeces peanut butter cup and also some starbursts and he liked them. He comes every day now. Around 3:30. A few minutes after I get home from school. My mom isn't home yet, so it's just me and Blitzen. He comes to the living room window—the one facing the back yard. I open the window, he sticks his head in. And then...sometimes we talk about things. He has some back pain right now. I gave him a heating pad yesterday for it. He asks me about my mom and dad, and I tell him if Connor called me a Scaredy-Cat in school. Sometimes we just watch tv together. He likes Rudolph, but says the story is totally made up. I tell him that's why it's a movie, and he says Well, it makes people think that's how it happened. And I say, Well, if it's not, then *you* write a book, and then he laughs and says, A reindeer? Writing a book? Are you crazy?

(pause)

Actually...

(pause)

I might be crazy.

(At the Mall.)

LAUREN

This line is crazy! We've been here for, like, ten hours.

DYLAN

Probably 20.

LAUREN

I think that girl on his lap has already been up there once.

DYLAN

That's not fair. You should say something.

LAUREN

Well, it is almost our turn anyway. What's the point.

DYLAN

It's almost our turn?

LAUREN

Yeah—you're next.

DYLAN

You go ahead of me.

LAUREN

Really?

DYLAN

Yeah.

LAUREN

Okay!

(moves ahead of him)

Wait—why?

DYLAN

I don't know.

LAUREN

Is there—is something going to happen if I go first?

DYLAN

What would happen?

LAUREN

I don't know. Like, will someone drop a bucket of water on my head?

DYLAN

No.

LAUREN

'Cause when my brother gives me part of his candy bar, it's usually because it fell on the floor.

DYLAN

I'm not your brother.

LAUREN

I know.

(pause)

But still...why do you want me to go first?

DYLAN

I just...

LAUREN

Yeah?

DYLAN

I just want to go after you. That's all.

(pause)

LAUREN

You're nervous to ask him, aren't you?

DYLAN

Well, aren't you?

LAUREN

Of course I am! And you know I have a bone to pick with him this year.

DYLAN

A what?

LAUREN

A bone to pick.

DYLAN

What does that mean?

LAUREN

Like—he messed up. I have to talk with him about that. That's not easy, you know. He's a big man.

DYLAN

Yeah.

LAUREN

So do you have a bone to pick with Santa?

DYLAN

No...I just...I don't know if he can get me what I want.

LAUREN

Of course he can! If he wants to.

DYLAN

It's kind of hard.

LAUREN

Well, do you really want it? Like, really bad?

DYLAN

Yeah—I mean, it's the kind of thing that will, I don't know, change everything.

LAUREN

And it's not like a totally lame thing, like a tree that grows chocolate?

DYLAN

No—it's, it's something that will make me help the world. It's a good thing.

LAUREN

Okay. So here's what you do. You have to go in with confidence, Dylan. Make your case like a grown-up. Say what you want. Back it up with reasons.

DYLAN

Okay.

LAUREN

And don't let him make you change your mind. He might try to make you ask for something easy instead, like a box of crayons or something, but don't agree to that. Don't let him talk you out of it. If he tries, just get off his lap and leave. If it's the only thing you ask for, he has to listen. You only have one chance, so you have to be prepared.

DYLAN

Thanks, Lauren.

(pause)

LAUREN

It's good you're going after me then. It'll give you some more time. I have a lot to tell him.

DYLAN

You're up.

LAUREN

Okay. Wish me luck.

DYLAN

Good luck.

(LAUREN walks over to Santa)

SANTA

Hello, there, little Lauren.

LAUREN

Hi, Santa.

SANTA

How has your year been?

LAUREN

It's been fine. Thanks for asking. I know five songs on the piano now, "Hot Cross Buns," "Jingle Bells"—

SANTA

Ah, a wonderful song.

LAUREN

I knew you'd like that. Also "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "Twinkle Twinkle" and, um..."Happy Birthday."

SANTA

That's very impressive.

LAUREN

It's not bad. Plus my little brother, Jason, he started taekwondo.

SANTA

That's very exciting.

LAUREN

He's cute. How was your year?

SANTA

Wonderful! Mrs. Claus has perfected her sugar cookie recipe.

LAUREN

That's great, Santa. I'm sure they're good. Look, I have something I need to talk to you about.

SANTA

Would you like to tell me what you want for Christmas?

LAUREN

I would. But I need to...first, I need to...Look...I'll just put it out there.

(pause)

You did a really bad job last year. I know I'm just a kid, and I know they say what you do is hard, but I mean, I could have done a way better job. And I'm not even a teenager. Like, here's a tip. Girls like to build things too. Okay? If you knew me at all, you'd know that. You give my brother, like, 4 Lego packages and you give me, what? A stuffed dog, a stuffed rabbit with a baby rabbit, a stuffed kangaroo with a baby kangaroo and a...what was the other one?

SANTA

Uh...

LAUREN

A stuffed alligator. With an egg. I mean, do you think I'm like those babies who throw everything at people's heads so you have to only give me soft things so if I throw them I'm not gonna hurt anyone?

SANTA

No...

LAUREN

Do you know how bored those poor babies are who only have stuffed animals? They have nothing fun to play with! And clearly, Santa, I'm not a baby. I don't have a problem with hard toys. So this year, please. Some Legos. And my brother wants a stuffed dinosaur.

(pause)

SANTA

Very well then, Lauren. Your points are all taken. Legos, for you.

LAUREN

And not the girlie kind either.

SANTA

Noted.

LAUREN

Okay, then. I guess we're done?

SANTA

Wait—a candy cane before you go.

LAUREN

Thank you, Santa.

SANTA

And one for your brother.

LAUREN

Thank you. He's too scared to talk to you himself.

SANTA

Tell him I'll look into that dinosaur.

LAUREN

Bye.

SANTA

Now, Dylan. You're next...

(Annie's living room)

ANNIE (out)

I love making Christmas presents but this year, I'm having a lot of trouble. I decided to make star ornaments out of popsicle sticks and yarn, but it is not as easy as I thought it'd be. I saw a picture of it in a magazine, and I think I'm doing it how I'm supposed to, but I really need a grown up to help me. I never see my dad and my mom's not home until dinner, and I can't really ask her anyway because it's for her. So I'm struggling with this ball of yarn and so much glue, and pieces of little wood, watching an old Christmas cartoon, when Blitzen comes over. I'm so glad to see him!

(BLITZEN appears in the window. He may be a puppet or other such creation)

BLITZEN

Hi, Annie!

ANNIE

Blitzen!

BLITZEN

I missed you this morning.

ANNIE

I missed you too. We had Gym today and had to skip all over the floor and I was thinking, if Blitzen was here, we could skip around together! Or we could fly!

BLITZEN

I wish I could have been there. Did you have fun in Gym anyway?

ANNIE

I guess. Hey, I'm watching this movie about a bear who falls asleep on a train. Have you seen it?

BLITZEN

I think when I was two I saw part of it. Maybe just the ending. It looks familiar though.

ANNIE

You have such a good memory. I don't remember anything from when I was two. But I do remember when I went to the hospital when I was four. My dad lived with us then. I fell down the stairs. That's why I have that scar on my forehead. See?

BLITZEN

I see.

ANNIE

Yeah, but it's fine now.

BLITZEN

That must have been scary.

ANNIE

It was. 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)

BLITZEN

Dogs are not the same as Santa's reindeer.

ANNIE

That's true... So if you're free, I was wondering if you could...help me with something?

BLITZEN

You know I'd help you with anything, Annie.

ANNIE

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.

BLITZEN

If there is one thing I know how to do—other than to fly Santa's sleigh, of course—it's to make Christmas ornaments. I'd be happy to help you, Annie!

(ANNIE beams)

ANNIE (out)

And that's all it takes. It's amazing being best friends with a magical reindeer.

(BLITZEN exits.)

SAM (out)

When we go caroling, I really want to wear my astronaut costume from Halloween because it looks really cool, but my mom says it's not Christmassy and I can't wear it. She says I can wear my shepherd costume if I want, but I gotta ask Mrs. Wendell first if I can borrow it. A shepherd is fine, but my astronaut costume actually has real buttons on it that beep, and a space helmet that makes my voice sound all weird and loud when I talk in the speaker. So I think it would be perfect for singing Christmas songs into. But my mom doesn't get it when I explain it to her like that. So I ask her, I say, "Who are we going to be caroling to again? I forgot." But I didn't. And she says, "The elderly"—that means old—"people from the church who have a hard time getting out in the snow." So I ask her if they get to see their grandkids when much in the winter, and she says, probably not that much unless the kids visit them, because they don't drive much in the winter. And I say, "Well, that's too bad because they probably miss all the cute funny things the little grandkids do," and she says, "I'm sure they do, Sam, and that's very nice of you to think how they would feel." And I say, "Sure," or something like that. And then I kind of walk away, sort of like I'm sad, and then I turn back and I tell her I have a great idea. And she's like, "What?" And I say, "Don't you think if the elderly people saw me in my astronaut costume they'd think it was really funny and cute?" I tell her, of course, I don't have to wear it, but I was just thinking of how it might make them really happy for Christmas, so I figured I'd tell her. And I point out how I'm not that tall and in my astronaut costume they might even think I was one or two years younger than I am, and then it would be even cuter and funnier. So. She takes a minute, like she's trying to figure me out. Like maybe she knows. But then she smiles. And she strokes my hair like when she's really trying to show me she loves me. And she kisses my head and says, of course I can wear my astronaut costume.

(pause)

But she's taking the battery out of the helmet.

(At the Mall.)

SANTA

Well, hello, Dylan. How has your year been?

DYLAN

Good.

SANTA

How do you like school?

DYLAN

It's fine. I'm in a nautical engineering class.

SANTA

Nautical engineering! Wow!

DYLAN

Yeah, that means how boats work and stuff. But it's after school.

SANTA

I'm sure you're learning a lot.

DYLAN

I made this boat out of an old milk carton.

SANTA

That's great. So tell me, Dylan. What do you want for Christmas this year?

DYLAN

Well, first, thanks for the cash register you got me last year.

SANTA

You're welcome.

DYLAN

It's really cool. Even if the drawer does pop out really fast and the money kind of flies on the floor.

SANTA

Oh, sorry about that.

DYLAN

It's okay. I still like it. You can do math problems on it.

SANTA

I'm glad you like it. So do you know what you want this year?

(pause)

DYLAN

Can I whisper it to you?

SANTA

Of course.

DYLAN

Okay.

(HE whispers to Santa)

SANTA

Oh, my.

DYLAN

Yeah. So.

SANTA

Hm. I'm not sure Santa can get that for you.

DYLAN

Really?

SANTA

Maybe you'd like—

DYLAN

I really don't think it's too much to ask. I've done everything you told me to in your letter last year. I've stopped hitting my little brother. I don't complain—very much—when I have to do homework. I even donated seven toys to Goodwill yesterday 'cause Mom said I didn't have enough room for anything more. So I'm ready, Santa. I'm only asking you for one thing this year. And you can try to steer me away from it all you want by telling me about how you made a new truck this year and how I can do hundreds of things with a big set of blocks and how there are some funny books out there you know I'll like.

SANTA

Those are all good options—

DYLAN

But it won't stop me from asking for it. It's why I've been so good this year and why I know you're going to listen to me. So I'll tell you again.

(leans in)

I want a Super-Power Machine that will make me fast like The Flash and create force fields like the Green Lantern and make me fly like Superman. Or one of your reindeers.

(pause)

It's not too much to ask.

SANTA

Well—

DYLAN

I look forward to Christmas morning.

(DYLAN gets off Santa's lap and walks off.)

END OF EXCERPT

For the complete one-act play, [*CHRISTMAS SUPERPOWERS AND BELIEVING IN BLITZEN*](#), visit:

www.tameddaugh.com/christmas-superpowers-and-believing-in-blitzen

To learn more about Tara Meddaugh and her plays, visit:

www.tameddaugh.com

ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT



Tara's work has been presented by theater companies such as Fusion Theatre, Mosaic Theater Company of DC, The Directors Company, Le Petit Theatre de Terrebonne, Theatre One, Westchester Collaborative Theater, Possibilities Theater, Tagragg Productions, One Armed Man, Oracle Theatre, Inc, The Acme Theatre Company, The Harlequin Players, *Woman Seeking...*, and numerous schools, universities and colleges including Gardner-Webb, Prince Williams, and Colgate. Her work has also showcased at festivals such as the Artists of Tomorrow Festival in NYC, The Bangkok Community Theatre Fringe Festival, the Pittsburgh New Works Series and the Last Frontier Theatre Conference in Alaska. Tara's work has been published by YouthPLAYS, Oxford Press South Africa, the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts (LAMDA), Limelight Editions/Applause Acting Series, The Hunger Journal, Meriweather Publishing, Applause Theatre & Cinema, Performer Stuff and Ace-Your-Audition. Tens of thousands of teachers, actors and students world-wide have utilized her monologues for competitions, course material, auditions, performances, and showcases. Serial monologues she wrote were performed for two years by the internationally recognized receptionist-robot, Valerie. She has taught Playwriting and Screenwriting at Carnegie Mellon, the Pittsburgh Public Theatre, and for The Westport Country Playhouse, and she has taught Creative Dramatics Workshops for children throughout New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Additionally, she toured in a Children's Theatre Troupe, which she wrote for, co-directed, and performed in. She has won writing awards such as the Shubert Fellowship in Dramatic Writing, the Sloan Screenwriting Fellowship, the New Works for Young Women [Actors] Award, and The Write Stuff Award. Tara is a graduate of Carnegie Mellon University's MFA program in Dramatic Writing and is a member of the Dramatists Guild. She lives in Westchester County, NY, with her husband and two creative kids. At Christmastime, you might find her sipping (okay, guzzling) eggnog, watching Elf or organizing an outdoor candy cane hunt.

For more information about Tara Meddaugh and her work, visit:

www.tameddaugh.com