

A mother and father sit on a sofa with their arms crossed, and a teary eyed young boy sits on a chair. All are watching a TV. The curtains are closed and the lighting is bright. The boy turns to his dad and asks 'How come there are no Christmas decorations in or outside this house? All we've got is a snowman that I built!' The dad sighs 'For the last time me and your mum hate Christmas. It promotes materialism, greed, psychopathic behaviour and insanity. Do you want to spend the rest of your life in jail? Or would you rather sit here, bored?' The mother joins the conversation 'Your dad is right. Jeffrey Dahmer, the BTK killer and Jack the Ripper all celebrated Christmas and look what happened to them.' The boy pulls a funny face 'I don't understand the connection...' The dad replies 'That's because you're not as smart as me. Name me ONE killer who never celebrated Christmas! THAT'S logic.' The boy responds 'Can I Google that?' The dad jolts 'No! Look, I don't like you using Google. Smart people think for themselves. Or listen to other people who think for themselves. Like me. Name me one killer has never used Google. Now be quiet or I'll call the police.'

From outside the room a loud kicking sound is heard. The mother runs to the living room door and screams 'We're being burgled! We're being burgled! What do I do??' The father also walks to the door 'Don't open it. Whoever that madman is, he'll run out of steam. Christmas is a holiday and therefore promotes laziness. Which is just another reason we don't celebrate it. Even so, if he does try to get in here, I'll karate chop him on the head.' It's heard that an outer door has been kicked down. Someone is then heard marching towards the room occupied by the family. An angry voice comes from outside the area 'Why are there no Christmas decorations outside??' The father is nervous 'We're not feeling festive... That's all.' The angry man continues 'Well, I'm Father Christmas and I'm not happy.' There are knocks on the room's door. FC continues 'Can I come in, please?' The mother tries to be calm 'Sorry no. You don't exist. Good day.' The door gets kicked down, too.

FC, a white-bearded man wearing a red and white cloak and carrying a huge, full bag stares through the father and speaks confidently 'I don't exist eh?' The mother is deadpan 'No.' FC drops the bag on the floor and shouts 'You conspiracy believing scumbag! Ten press-ups now! Do it!' The mother stares passively then does what she's told. FC calms down and speaks over the exercising 'Well done. Now... on a scale of 1 to 10, how Christmassy are you all feeling? Be honest.' The father backs away 'Oh... 10 out of 10. No question.' FC nods 'Well done. Now here is your present.' FC reaches into the bag and picks out a hammer. He hands it to the father and smiles 'There you go...' He reaches into the bag again and picks out a slice of ham, which he hands to the mother as she stands. He speaks to her 'Yum yum...' The mum replies in a daze 'Thank you.' He reaches in the bag one last time and picks out a hamster wheel which he hands to the boy. The boy is thoughtful 'Well... it's about the experiences in life, isn't it? And this has been an experience...'

Santa shakes the boy's hand and comments 'You're very wise. Now I have some presents to deliver and some non-festive people to sort out.' He then exits the room, enters the hallway and leaves the house. Now he is in a quiet snowy street with semi-detached buildings on both sides of the road. It's nighttime and most of the lighting comes from multicoloured fairy lights. Snowmen are in gardens, as are model Father Christmases and reindeers. Santa walks down the street as he talks to himself 'Did I really have the authority to do that? I mean I tell myself I do the right

thing, but deep down I think I made those people feel even less Christmassy.' Santa exhales deeply 'No. I'm just motivating people, that's all. Sure not all people like being forced to do press-ups, star jumps, half marathons, etc. but in the end it is good for them. A bit too military-styled for some, a bit supermax prison guard but yeah. These people need discipline. Santa style!!'

After a few more seconds of strolling, Santa sees a house at the end of the street with not even a single light OR a snowman. He sprints to it at full speed. Out of breath, he finally reaches the home, throws his sack of toys through the window and enters another living room. Here, a family of a mother, father and two daughters sit around a table with the Monopoly board game on it. A bin is in the corner of the room. The space is otherwise completely bare. Everyone stares at Santa looking traumatised. The father finally speaks 'Yes?' Santa grinds his teeth then replies 'So, not even a snowman eh?' The dad responds 'Is that why you've broken into my house?' Santa is cold 'Yeah.' The father looks puzzled 'Why?' Santa replies 'Why? Because this is Christmas and you should be partying!' The mother joins the conversation 'We're sorry. It's just that we're going through some serious financial difficulties and we can't really afford to do anything Christmassy. We were going to get around to building a snowman, but we haven't had much time. We've been busy selling off our possessions!'

Santa nods 'Ok. So, on a scale of 1 to 10, how Christmassy have you all been feeling?' The dad replies 'Not very, to be honest...'. Santa replies 'Give me a number.' The dad replies '2?' Santa punches the wall and shouts 'Right!' He then stamps his way to the door and kicks it, breaking it. The father stands up and shouts 'Now that's too far!' Santa opens his bag. He mutters to himself 'Hmm. Let's see what I should give to you...'. He picks out a bottle of suntan lotion, a glove and a Sega Megadrive controller. He puts them on the floor and says 'Merry Christmas'. The mum whispers in a daughter's ear 'I'll call the police.' Santa says 'NOW how Christmassy are you feeling? I have helped you, haven't I? Please, tell me you're feeling ten out of ten.... The mother tries to smile 'Oh, 11... Easy...'. Santa looks pleased as he climbs out of the smashed window with his sack.

Back in the streets, Santa strolls forwards whilst gazing at the various decorations. He hears a police car behind him. He turns to face it as the car pulls up beside him. Its window lowers down and the lone driver starts a conversation 'Hello, Santa. Do you know why I'm talking to you?' Santa looks up in thought then speaks 'No...'. The cop continues 'There have been several complaints about you...'. Santa puts his hand on his chin 'Oh?' The cop replies 'Yes. Complaints of breaking into houses and vandalism.' Santa nods 'Ohhhhhh. Ok.' The cop continues 'So? How are you feeling in yourself?' Santa replies 'Actually, I have a question for YOU...'. The cop is confused 'Ok?...'. Santa responds 'How Christmassy are you feeling? Out of ten?' The policeman answers 'I guess an 8?' Santa is curious 'Not a ten?' The cop chuckles 'I would be a ten, but work has to come first...'. Santa is cold 'Ok. I understand.'

Santa puts his sack on the ground and picks out a foot long log as the cop stares blankly. Santa is calm 'Say... would you like a gift?' The cop smiles 'Sure! Now I'm feeling 9 out of ten!' Santa replies 'Not a ten?' The cop winks 'Almost!' He gets out of the car and Santa waves the log in his face with enthusiasm. The cop says 'Is that

really a log? Or a log-shaped gift?' Santa rages 'HERE'S YOUR GIFT!' He hits the cop's arm with the item. The cop screams 'Now I'm not feeling festive at all!' That only enrages Santa more. He hits the cop on the head, knocking him out. Santa gets into the cop car and presses various buttons on the dashboard as he speaks 'Where's the radio station? Come on there must be one somewhere...' He gives up and comments to himself 'No Christmas radio stations, huh? I guess I'll have to sing for myself 'Oh I wish it could be Christmas ever... oh forget it'. He starts the ignition and turn the car around.

He then drives up to the poor family's house and stops. He comments to himself again 'Don't have any possessions, huh? How about a smashed up cop car? Merry Christmas.' He then puts the pedal to the metal and speeds into the house, smashing through the wall. Rubble is flown everywhere. The family of four have gone back to playing Monopoly and the gifts have been binned. Still as statues, they stare through the cracked windscreen and into Santa's eyes. The father eventually yells 'Now that's too far!!' The woman shouts, too 'Now we're feeling MINUS Christmassy!!' A daughter trying to keep cool, has a question 'Are you feeling ok, Santa? You've been acting really strangely. When I feel stressed out, I like to have a cup of cocoa. Would you like some cocoa?' Santa is curious 'You have a cocoa machine? I thought you sold all of your possessions....' He leaves the wrecked vehicle with his sack and stands over the seated family.

The girl continues 'I don't have any of the drink here, but people are friendly around here. Our neighbours can get you some of the stuff very easily!' Santa walks around the table and speaks 'I'm the one giving presents. About my mental health, I'm not feeling FANTASTIC, but...' FC stops and stares at the bin 'Hang on... my presents... You've thrown them away!' The other girl says 'It's not it looks like... It's just we're poor and that was the only place we could put them...' The mother nods dramatically 'Yes! That's all! We very much appreciate your gifts, in fact! Wow! What a great guy you are!' Santa smiles 'That's all I wanted to hear. I'm so impressed in fact, you can have another present!' The woman shakes her fists with enthusiasm 'Oh joy!' FC puts the sack on the floor and searches inside. He speaks to himself 'Hmmm... Let's see... Let's get a really big gift for the whole family...' Everyone else stares, afraid.

FC pulls out a spade and places it on the table, knocking over some tiny houses and hotels. The mother puts her hands on her face in shock 'It's... it's perfect!!' Santa nods, turns his back on the family and walks towards the car with his bag. Moments later, he sees the cop he previously battered, outside and limping towards him. The policeman shouts 'You MORON!' Santa stands still by the wreckage and looks down in shame as the cop continues 'You're going to jail for a LONG time, Santa!' The woman sighs with relief 'We were so scared!' Santa turns to her 'But... you said you were feeling Christmassy... I thought I was doing the right thing... I thought I was spreading joy... love...' The cop puts his hand on Santa's shoulder and speaks with a warm voice 'Are you really Santa?' Santa mumbles, eyes fixed to the floor again 'No.' The cop asks 'Who are you then?' Santa replies 'James Ziegler.'

The cop replies 'I see. Would you like to come with me?' James sheds a tear as he speaks 'The keys are still in the ignition. You might have a bit of trouble steering properly, but if you drive slowly you should be able to manage...' The cop replies 'I'll bear that in mind. No, on second thoughts, how about we just walk to the station? It's

only a few minutes away.' James replies 'Would you like another present? A real one this time? I recommend the bottled water, the rest of the stuff is mostly second hand gardening tools and broken retro consoles...' The cop replies 'Where did you get them?' James says 'Half of the stuff was mine, the other half I got from someone's garden...' The cop takes James's hand and speaks 'I'll leave it, thanks.'