



Art Shulman

Norman Maine Publishing

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Spacenapped Santa was first produced on December 11, 1999 at the Group Repertory Theater, North Hollywood, CA: Lonny Chapman, artistic director; Malcolm Atterbury, Jr., director; Malcolm Atterbury, Jr., musical accompanist.

MRS. CLAUS: Rebecca Westberg

SANTA: Alan Friedenthal

RUDOLPH: Chip Smith

GAR: Vince Cefalu

WILLA: Lourdes Regalla

FISTHEAD: Richard Tirrell

SNIGGUMS: Van Boudreax

TOOTH FAIRY: Erin Leonhard

EASTER BUNNY: Julie Davis

Spacenapped Santa

INTERACTIVE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS COMEDY. It's Christmas Eve and on the planet of Plantania, an alien scientist, Gar, has unveiled his newest invention, a giant magnet. But a power-hungry alien, Fisthead, steals the magnet, and points it into the sky at the exact same moment Santa and Rudolph are test-flying Santa's sleigh. Santa and Rudolph become caught in the powerful magnetic pull and are forced to land on Plantania, where they discover they have been spacenapped along with the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy. Not only does the selfish Fisthead take all the Easter Bunny's eggs and make them into egg salad, but he steals Santa's toys so that he can be the most popular alien on the planet.

Performance Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

Characters

(3 m, 3 f, 3 flexible, optional extras)

GAR: Alien scientist; graduated from a magnet school.

WILLA: Gar's sister; loves to eat sandwiches made of peanut butter and jalapeños, with ketchup.

FISTHEAD: Alien; egotistical and mean; wears a large metal button that reads, "BOSS"; flexible.

SNIGGUMS: Fisthead's sidekick; not too bright, but lovable; male.

SANTA: Wears Santa suit with a belt and large metal buckle.

MRS. CLAUS: Loves to say, "Dear, oh dearie me," which annoys everyone.

RUDOLPH: Flexible.

TOOTH FAIRY: Carries a bag that contains an assortment of loose teeth with metal fillings.

EASTER BUNNY: Flexible.

EXTRAS (Optional): As aliens or elves to serve refreshments to the audience or hand out toys to children after the show.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

SCENE 1: North Pole.

SCENE 2: Planet of Plantania.

SCENE 3: North Pole.

Props

| | |
|--|---|
| 2 Large metal belt buckles, for Santa and Mrs. Claus | Large metal button that reads, "Boss," for Fisthead |
| 2 Toy bags filled with presents | Sign that reads, "Planet of Plantania" |
| Sleigh Harness, for Rudolph | Assortment of loose teeth (Including dinosaur tooth) with metal fillings, for Tooth Fairy |
| Sandwich made of peanut butter and jalapeños, with ketchup | Large metal basket, for Easter Bunny |
| Small horseshoe painted red on one side | Assortment of Easter eggs |
| Huge horseshoe painted red on one side | Wristwatch, for Mrs. Claus |
| | Metal ladder |

Sound Effects

Loud crashing noise

Note: The play is enhanced with the use of musical accompaniment for sound effects, entrances, exits, and to create different moods.

**"You forget
that to a
magnet school
I went..."**

—Gar

Scene 1

(AT RISE: *The North Pole, a sleigh is onstage. Mrs. Claus enters, wearing a belt with a very large metal buckle.*)

MRS. CLAUS: Dear, oh dearie me! I wonder where Santa can be? (To audience.) Has anyone seen Santa Claus? It's getting pretty late. (Santa enters, carrying his toy bag. He also wears a belt with a large metal buckle.) It's almost four o'clock. Just a few hours left until Christmas Eve. All ready, Santa?

SANTA: The only thing left to do is give the sleigh a little test drive, make sure it's ready to go. I'm waiting for that reindeer with the red nose to get here. (To audience.) The reindeer with the red nose, what's his name? (After someone says "Rudolph.") Now I remember. It's Randolph.

MRS. CLAUS: That's Rudolph, dear. Will you be very long?

SANTA: We'll be just a few minutes up in the sky.

MRS. CLAUS: I'll miss you even for just a few minutes.

SANTA: Thanks, Mrs. Claus. You're such a honey munchkin.

MRS. CLAUS: Honey munchkin? Santa, I wish you'd just call me honey. People will start thinking that we live in the land of Oz.

SANTA: Here's Randolph now.

(*Rudolph enters.*)

RUDOLPH: That's Rudolph! Hi Santa, Missus Claus.

MRS. CLAUS: Hi, Rudolph. Say, where are the other reindeer?

SANTA: Oh, we don't need the other reindeer now. Let them rest so they're ready for tonight. It's just a little test drive. Rudolph can handle it himself.

RUDOLPH: Sure can. Rudolph is strong, like bull.

MRS. CLAUS: I thought you were a reindeer, not a bull.

RUDOLPH: I'm a bull reindeer, Mrs. Claus.

MRS. CLAUS: Would you like me to join you? I've taken my own sleigh out for a spin, but we haven't taken a ride together in months.

SANTA: I've been too busy making jillions of toys to bring to kids all around the world. Why don't you stay here. I'll be right back.

MRS. CLAUS: We'll snuggle up with something hot when you return. Have a good trip.

(Rudolph gets into his harness and Santa mounts the sleigh.)

SANTA: Ready for takeoff. *(With Rudolph echoing each number.)* 5-4-3-2-1. Blast off!

(Blackout.)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: *Lights up on the planet of Plantania. Willa enters, eating a sandwich.*)

WILLA: A noble scientist you are, Gar. The foremost on the entire planet of Plantania. (*She looks around and notices Gar is not there. She crosses to get him. Gar enters, holding a small horseshoe-shaped magnet. The top side of the magnet is red.*) A noble scientist you are, Gar. The foremost on the entire planet of Plantania.

GAR: You say that because my sister you are.

WILLA: So humble you are.

GAR: I must remember, my magnet only performs when the red side is positioned... (*Pause. Thinks.*) ...up.

WILLA: Where did you ever learn that magnet to make?

GAR: You forget that to a magnet school I went.

WILLA: Certain you do not crave a nibble of my homemade peanut butter and jalapenos sandwich with ketchup?

(*Willa extends the sandwich to Gar. Gar shies away as if repelled.*)

GAR: Uh...no thank you, Willa. Hungry I am not, just now.

WILLA: (*Sadly.*) Never does anyone crave a nibble of my homemade peanut butter and jalapenos sandwich with ketchup.

(*She offers it to the audience. On the opposite side of the stage Fisthead, wearing a metal button that reads, "BOSS," enters with Sniggums.*)

FISTHEAD: Just remember, Sniggums, the next future instance you do not follow my command, I will banish you to our frigid third moon, Cropsey, where there is nothing to do all day except pick your teeth with icicles.

SNIGGUMS: Not the frigid third moon Cropsey! You are the boss, Fisthead.

FISTHEAD: Forever remember that, Sniggums!

SNIGGUMS: Yes, boss.

(Unaware Fisthead is nearby, Gar points the magnet red side up at Fisthead, who is drawn to the magnet and bumps into Gar. Both crash to the ground.)

FISTHEAD: Argggh!

GAR: Wretched, Fisthead.

FISTHEAD: Do you label me wretched?

GAR: I meant I was wretched for causing you to tumble.

FISTHEAD: Why in my way did you get, you dolt dumbbell dunderhead?

GAR: You I did not notice, and my magnet must have attracted your metal "Boss" button. I should have held it with the red side... *(Pause, thinks.)* ...down. The magnet attracts objects exclusively when the red side is up.

WILLA: *(To Fisthead.)* What Gar relates is authentic. That magnet, he invented.

FISTHEAD: But no magnet is so powerful that it would convey me to you so swiftly.

GAR: To differ, I beg, Fisthead. A common metal I melted, added a special formula I concocted in my laboratory, and now I possess a super magnet mighty enough to convey you here.

SNIGGUMS: A great scientist Gar is, Fisthead.

WILLA: Hi, Sniggums.

SNIGGUMS: *(Bashful.)* Hi, Willa.

WILLA: Desire a nibble of my peanut butter and jalapenos sandwich with ketchup?

SNIGGUMS: *(Repelled.)* Uh...no thank you, Willa. Hungry I'm not.

FISTHEAD: *(To Gar.)* Let me scope that magnet.

(*Fisthead grabs the magnet from Gar, examines it, and then starts to walk off with it.*)

GAR: (*To Fisthead.*) Hey, my magnet give back!

WILLA: (*To Fisthead.*) The property of Gar is that magnet!

FISTHEAD: I will keep it, in substitution for causing me to collide.

GAR: Fair, that is not.

FISTHEAD: Fair it was not when you made me crash.

(*Pointing to hair.*) I practically messed my doo.

(*Fisthead and Sniggums walk away but hide and overhear Gar and Willa.*)

WILLA: The magnet he should not have seized. Yours it is.

GAR: Okay it is, since I own a magnet much stronger. So strong that not astonished would I be if it attracted objects from outer space.

WILLA: Wow! It is where?

GAR: My yonder laboratory. (*Willa looks in one direction.*) No, not that direction. That's my hither laboratory. My yonder laboratory is...yonder. I will retrieve it and demonstrate.

(*Gar exits to retrieve the larger magnet from his yonder lab.*)

FISTHEAD: Hear him, do you, Sniggums?

SNIGGUMS: Yes, Fisthead!

FISTHEAD: If it is true, Sniggums, I want that stronger magnet. I deserve it, do I not?

SNIGGUMS: Yes, Fisthead.

(*Gar returns with the new larger magnet, which is also red on one side.*)

GAR: You see? A much larger magnet it is. I must remember that the magnet only functions when the red side is...is...

(Looks confused. To audience.) I forgot whether the red side should be up or down. (Gar waits for the audience to yell "up.") Yes, up.

(Gar accidentally points the new magnet toward Fisthead, who rushes headlong into Gar, even faster this time. Both fall. Fisthead grabs the large magnet.)

FISTHEAD: This magnet will I confiscate. I would say we are even now. The small one you may have.

(Fisthead tosses the smaller magnet to Gar.)

GAR: But Fisthead...

FISTHEAD: Spoken have I that we are even.

GAR: Fair, that is just not.

(Gar and Willa silently exit.)

FISTHEAD: An idea have I for this magnet. (Fisthead looks into the sky.) Are you enlightened about what tonight is, Sniggums?

SNIGGUMS: Let me consider... (Pause, thinks.) ...it is...December two four.

FISTHEAD: And what is exceptional about the night of December two four?

SNIGGUMS: Know that I do not. (To audience.) Wish I that I knew what is special about the eve of December two four... (Wait for audience to respond, "Christmas Eve.") I just do not know.

FISTHEAD: Singly on this date a peculiar object navigates in the sky. And determined am I to discover the nature of this object.

(Fisthead points the super magnet toward the sky red side up. A loud crashing noise is heard. Fisthead turns the magnet so the red

side is down. Santa and Rudolph enter. Santa carries a large bag of toys.)

SANTA: What happened, Rudolph?

RUDOLPH: We went off course. I couldn't help it. I was pulling the sleigh through the sky when all of a sudden I couldn't control myself and we were going at warp speed and here we are. This must be another planet.

(Fisthead points to the sign.)

FISTHEAD: The planet of Plantania.

(Fisthead points the super magnet red side up toward Santa, who rushes toward Fisthead. Fisthead turns the magnet around and steps away at the last second to avoid being trampled by Santa, who falls to the ground.)

SANTA: *(To Fisthead.)* Ouch! How'd you do that?

(Sniggums helps Santa up.)

FISTHEAD: Never mind. What a funny looking man, with cotton balls on his face.

RUDOLPH: That's his beard.

FISTHEAD: Funny clothing as well, is it not, Sniggums?

SNIGGUMS: Yes, boss.

SANTA: This is my Santa outfit. I'm Santa Claus.

FISTHEAD: *(To Sniggums.)* Arms and fingers I see. I notice no claws. *(Indicates Rudolph.)* And this other being wears no clothes at all.

RUDOLPH: Reindeer are allowed to walk around naked.

FISTHEAD: And what's your name?

RUDOLPH: Rudolph.

FISTHEAD: Funny, you look like a Randolph to me. (*Notices Santa's bag of toys.*) I ponder on the contents of that bag. Ho ho ho!

SANTA: Hey, that's my line!

RUDOLPH: It has toys for kids around the world. It's December 24th, Christmas Eve, and we're delivering them tonight!

FISTHEAD: A store you work for?

SANTA: No, we make toys at my workshop and give them away free to children around the world.

FISTHEAD: Free? (*To Sniggums.*) Fools they are, giving away toys.

RUDOLPH: But children love Santa when he gives away toys.

FISTHEAD: They do?

RUDOLPH: Yes!

FISTHEAD: Such volume of playthings! And we retain them all!

SANTA: You can't keep them. They're for children all over the planet Earth.

FISTHEAD: Well, currently, on Plantania you are, not on Earth. Amusing name for a planet...Earth! In the place of the designation Earth, why not simply term it "Dirt"? The planet Dirt.

SNIGGUMS: I do not know, boss.

SANTA: Rudolph, it looks like we've been... (*Dramatic.*) ...spacenapped!

RUDOLPH: Spacenapped?! Santa, if we don't get back to the North Pole soon—

SANTA: I won't be able to deliver toys to the children on Dirt...er, Earth, tonight.

FISTHEAD: Sniggums, the playthings we will distribute free to the juveniles of Plantania, who will all love me. Of course, do not they already love me, Sniggums?

SNIGGUMS: Yes, boss.

FISTHEAD: Well, let us aim this magnet afresh and detect what arrives. Perhaps another with a sack of playthings.

RUDOLPH: Only Santa has a big bag of toys.
FISTHEAD: Well, what we obtain let us behold!

(*Fisthead points the magnet, red side up, into the sky.*)

TOOTH FAIRY: (*Offstage.*) Aaaah!

(*There is a loud crashing sound. The Tooth Fairy enters. Fisthead points the magnet red side up at the Tooth Fairy, who runs headlong into him.*)

FISTHEAD: And who you might be?

TOOTH FAIRY: I'm the Tooth Fairy.

RUDOLPH: But there's no such thing as the Tooth Fairy. The Tooth Fairy's an imaginary character.

TOOTH FAIRY: (*Indicates Santa.*) Just like Santa Claus?

FISTHEAD: All right, Fairy Tooth, surrender the full volume of your playthings.

TOOTH FAIRY: I haven't got any toys. Just teeth. Like to see some? (*The Tooth Fairy reaches into a pocket and removes some loose teeth.*) This is a baby molar, and this is a baby front tooth. And this is a wisdom tooth from a grown man who has gingivitis. That's gum disease. He should have brushed his teeth when he was a kid. Now all his teeth are falling out. I replace his teeth with money, but certainly not enough to pay his dental bills. And here's a dinosaur tooth... Say, how did I get here anyway?

SNIGGUMS: Simple it is. The magnet, Fisthead pointed to you in space.

TOOTH FAIRY: A magnet attracted me?

SNIGGUMS: Something about you metal is.

TOOTH FAIRY: It must be all the fillings in the teeth I carry.

RUDOLPH: But the Tooth Fairy's not real!

TOOTH FAIRY: Am too.

RUDOLPH: Are not.

TOOTH FAIRY: Am too.

FISTHEAD: Enough!

TOOTH FAIRY: If I'm not real, who takes the teeth that are under pillows and replaces them with money?

RUDOLPH: The Easter Bunny?

(*The Tooth Fairy gives Rudolph a look.*)

FISTHEAD: Exceedingly pleasurable this is. Let us try the aiming of the magnet once more, and attend to what arrives from above.

(*Fisthead points the magnet red side up toward the sky. A loud crashing sound is heard. The Easter Bunny enters, carrying a metal basket filled with colored eggs.*)

EASTER BUNNY: Hey, where am I?

SANTA: The planet Plantania, I believe.

EASTER BUNNY: Hey, aren't you...I vaguely recognize you...you're Father Time? Or Uncle Sam?

RUDOLPH: He's Santa Claus!

EASTER BUNNY: Oh!

RUDOLPH: (*Sarcastic.*) And who are you? The Easter Bunny?

EASTER BUNNY: At your service.

RUDOLPH: I don't believe it!

TOOTH FAIRY: But it's Christmas. Easter won't be for months.

EASTER BUNNY: I work all year long. I just deliver on Easter. (*Takes an egg from her basket. To Rudolph.*) Want an egg?

RUDOLPH: No thanks.

(*Easter Bunny puts the egg back in the basket. Fisthead points the magnet red side up at the Easter Bunny, who is drawn, by her basket, to Fisthead. The Easter Bunny crashes into Fisthead and drops the basket of eggs.*)

FISTHEAD: Appreciations for the eggs, Easter Bunny.
Sniggums, interested in an allotment of egg salad?

EASTER BUNNY: Hey, you can't eat my eggs!

FISTHEAD: Why not? It is Christmas season. Rotten the eggs will be when Easter arrives. Ha ha ha! Or, should I utter, ho ho ho? Now, before I depart, let us determine once more what this super magnet delivers.

(*Fisthead points the magnet upward. There is a loud crash. Mrs. Claus enters.*)

MRS. CLAUS: Dear, oh dearie me!

SANTA: Mrs. Claus! Why are you here?

MRS. CLAUS: I missed you so much, honey dumpling, and I got in my sleigh to find you. And the next thing you know, I'm here. Where is here, anyway?

(*Rudolph points to the sign.*)

RUDOLPH: It's another planet, Plantania.

MRS. CLAUS: Dear, oh dearie me!

SANTA: Dear, I'd like you to meet the Tooth Fairy and the Easter Bunny.

MRS. CLAUS: (*To Easter Bunny and Tooth Fairy.*) Pleased to meet you, but I thought...

SANTA: Yes, I know, you thought they were imaginary.

MRS. CLAUS: No, dear. If I thought they were imaginary, I'd think you were imaginary, and we all know that's not true. I just thought they wouldn't be out on Christmas Eve.

TOOTH FAIRY: People still lose teeth on Christmas Eve.

EASTER BUNNY: And do you think I only cook and dye eggs the day before Easter? It takes months to prepare eggs, and some of us don't have elves to help us out.

FISTHEAD: Now, Sniggums, before I depart, an idea I have devised. My ladder, go collect. It is in the shed yonder. (*Sniggums starts in one direction.*) No, not the hither shed!

The yonder shed! (*Sniggums exits to retrieve the ladder.*) My most trusted assistant, Sniggums is. When return he does, home I will go and prepare a huge saucer of egg salad. (*Sniggums returns with the ladder.*) Sniggums, I desire you to guard this motley crew. Now, position the ladder just here, between me and the crew that is motley. (*Sniggums does as instructed. Fisthead holds up the magnet red side up, and Santa, Mrs. Claus, the Tooth Fairy, Rudolph, and the Easter Bunny are pulled to the ladder and find themselves stuck to it, unable to resist the magnetic field.*) Now, Sniggums, stand here where I stand and grasp this magnet red side up until I return. With egg salad for both of us.

SNIGGUMS: Yes, boss.

FISTHEAD: Remember, Sniggums, if they are not all present when I reappear, you shall be banished to the frigid third moon Cropsey, where nothing there is to do except pick your teeth with icicles.

SNIGGUMS: Yes, boss.

TOOTH FAIRY: If your teeth fall out, don't expect me to show up and give you a reward.

FISTHEAD: And guard those playthings, too!

SNIGGUMS: Yes, boss.

(*Fisthead picks up the basket of eggs and exits, as the others struggle to release themselves.*)

EASTER BUNNY: (To *Fisthead*.) Hey, give me back my eggs! You're only supposed to make egg salad after you find eggs in an egg hunt!

SANTA: If we don't get off this ladder soon, I won't be able to deliver the toys tonight.

MRS. CLAUS: Dear, oh dearie me! Kids around the world will be so disappointed if they don't get their toys. It won't really seem like Christmas.

RUDOLPH: I can't get away. (To *Fisthead*.) Just wait until I get my antlers on you, you fiend!

MRS. CLAUS: (*To Santa.*) I like to be close to you, honey doo-doo, but not like this.

TOOTH FAIRY: I can't get away, either.

EASTER BUNNY: Sniggums, you can tie me up. You can magnetize me, but whatever you do, don't throw me in that there briar patch.

(*Gar and Willa enter.*)

GAR: Brer Rabbit, you must be. Noticed you I have in fantasy books.

EASTER BUNNY: I'm the Easter Bunny, dumbo.

WILLA: Refrain from labeling him "dumbo." The cleverest scientist on this planet, is Gar.

EASTER BUNNY: I'm only trying to get us loose. Please Sniggums, don't throw me in that there briar patch.

SNIGGUMS: What is briar patch?

EASTER BUNNY: Oh, forget it!

WILLA: Care any of you for a nibble of my peanut butter and jalapenos sandwich with ketchup?

MRS. CLAUS: I would, dear. (*Willa offers the sandwich to Mrs. Claus, who sniffs it and turns her head away as if repelled.*) On second thought, I think it's time to start my diet.

WILLA: Sniggums, a nibble I would again offer you, but I do not judge you merit it at this moment.

SNIGGUMS: What is your reasoning?

WILLA: I just do not.

SNIGGUMS: Willa, would you care to frolic with some of my new playthings?

WILLA: Sniggums Atterbury, ashamed you should be. Very well you know the playthings are not yours!

SNIGGUMS: But mine they are. To me Fisthead granted them...at least to guard.

WILLA: Well, to dispose of, they are not yours. They are the property of this earthling here... (*Indicates Santa.*) ...Cinnamon Toast.

SANTA: That's Santa Claus.

WILLA: Whatever.

MRS. CLAUS: Dear, oh dearie me! Kids around the world will be so disappointed if they don't get their toys. It won't really seem like Christmas.

(Everybody except Sniggums gives a big sigh.)

WILLA: Sniggums, care you to be responsible for all the juveniles of the cosmos not receiving playthings this year?

SNIGGUMS: It is not the complete cosmos. Merely all the juveniles on the planet Dirt.

SANTA/MRS. CLAUS/RUDOLPH/TOOTH FAIRY/EASTER BUNNY: (Yell.) Earth!

WILLA: Even so, care you to disappoint all the juveniles on a single planet?

SNIGGUMS: Well, no.

WILLA: Then I counsel you to disengage that magnet and liberate these people...uh, characters.

SNIGGUMS: But then Fisthead will banish me to the frigid third moon, Cropsey, and the only thing to do there is pick your teeth with...with... (Pause, thinks.) I cannot remember. (To audience.) What I can pick my teeth with on Cropsey? (Wait for audience response, "icicles.") Pick my teeth with icicles. (He shivers.) Brrr.

RUDOLPH: Sniggums, how does one get to Cropsey?

SNIGGUMS: By rocket ship?

RUDOLPH: Are there any rocket ships on this planet?

SNIGGUMS: Well, no.

RUDOLPH: Then how can Fisthead banish you to Cropsey?

SNIGGUMS: I do not know.

WILLA: He cannot, Sniggums. On Plantania you will always be. As will you all, unfortunately.

RUDOLPH: We can return home by our sleighs.

GAR: Sad I am to inform you that you will not be capable of performing that activity.

MRS. CLAUS: Why not?

GAR: Too strong, the gravity is. You cannot ascend your sleighs skyward without a powerful force to propel you upward.

EASTER BUNNY: It doesn't feel very different here than on Earth.

GAR: Try to jump. Everybody, try to jump! (*Everyone tries to jump, but no one can get off the ground.*) What I mean, do you see?

SANTA: But that means...

MRS. CLAUS: Dear, oh dearie me! That means...

GAR: That means, you are stranded here.

MRS. CLAUS/RUDOLPH/TOOTH FAIRY/EASTER BUNNY:
Oh, no!

[End of Freeview]