

Skit

Drapht

Drapht will bring you the second act The Life of Riley. Mrs Riley's humming it, Babs is singing it. Women from coast to coast are repeating it. Yes, I mean our new Drapht march. Ready, 'tension. Here comes Drapht.

"Leavin' all the punk rappers broken, no jokin'"
"Leavin' all the punk rappers—" "Leavin' all the—"

Warden? This is Convict 65813. Yes, I know I'm supposed to be home right now, but couldn't you give me a thirty minute [?]. Please warden? I gotta hear The Life of Riley.

Hello, Police Department? I want to report a robbery. Some crook just stole my radio. Sit down [?] get back my radio, I gotta hear The Life of Riley.

Hello? Oh, hello sweetheart. Of course I love you! Of course I wanna marry you! Yes, I know you're waiting at the church but you'll have to wait another thirty minutes because I'm listening to The Life of Riley.

"Leavin' all the punk rappers—" "Leavin' all the punk rappers—" "Leavin' all the punk rappers broken, no jokin'"
"Leavin' all the punk rappers—" "Leavin' all the—"

[?] dynamite's address. Don't get less, get Drapht.