

THE RAPPING STALLIONS

(Randy is taping up his wrist as Riddle walks in.)

Riddle: "Randy we gotta perform our rap tonight. What are you doing?"

Randy: "Rap? I don't think so."

Riddle: "No we have to, I signed the contract for us both to perform tonight."

Randy: "You forged my signature?"

Riddle: "Yeah. But its for a good cause. We give the world what they've been waiting for. The Rapping Stallions. It's a cool name huh?"

Randy: "No. It's not a cool name and it's not even gonna happen. I don't want to rain on your little dorky parade of fantasies you have. But it's not gonna happen."

Riddle: "Dude, it's not gonna be that bad. I even wrote your lines too. Here's a copy."

Randy: "My name is fly Randy? I'm uptight because I'm kinda sandy? What the hell is this? Nursery rhymes?"

Riddle: "I don't think they'd allow you into a nursery seeings how you're kinda old and what not."

Randy: "Okay, here's a rhyme for you. No longer can I stand and widdle as the second fiddle to your bro Matt Riddle."

Riddle: "Hell yeah Randy. You gonna say that tonight in front of the fans?"

Randy: "I just did." *(Randy walks away.)*

Riddle: "Where you going Randy? We gotta practice. Randy! Man, he left his sheet behind. Randy! Dang it."

(end of promo)