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Subject: Riff For Today: Women of the Prehistoric Planet

Posted by [nebusj](#) on Mon, 07 Apr 2008 04:24:00 GMT

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CROW: Strange way for lodge brothers to greet each other.

TOM: Don't just do somethign! Stand there!

CROW: Tiny -- bubbles -- in my -- larynx! Aagg ... acch ...

JOEL: Not on either side ... ooh. Sorry.

TOM: Kill your brother! It's the only way to reinforce the director's  
White Male Reality. Take the shot. Come on!

> [ She shoots. ]

JOEL: Mom -- always -- did like you -- best!

CROW: Gee, I ... I missed.

JOEL: Now, I know you just shot your brother, but why don't you just  
... come over here and love me a little bit? Yeah ...

JOEL: Love me ... love me!

TOM: Meanwhile, at the Okarina ...

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Joseph Nebus

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JOEL: Get behind the couch you two -- the redcoats are coming.  
All right, little death satellite, Joely's got the exo-pinchers  
on and he's nobody's sweetheart! You and me goin' round and  
round, mano a mano. Here comes lunch.

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