

MBMBaM 523: Dad's Fat Trash Sack

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Intro (Bob Ball): The McElroy brothers are not experts, and their advice should never be followed. Travis insists he's a sexpert, but if there's a degree on his wall, I haven't seen it. Also, this show isn't for kids, which I mention only so the babies out there will know how cool they are for listening. What's up, you cool baby?

[theme music plays]

Justin: Hello everybody, and welcome to *My Brother, My Brother and Me*, an advice show for the modern era. [sighs] I'm your oldest brother, Justin McElroy.

Griffin: Wow.

Travis: I'm your middlest brother, Justin Mc—wait, I'm Travis Mc—wait.

Justin: [laughs] Guys—did you guys hear—did you guys hear that? I actually didn't—did you guys hear that? I didn't mean to sigh.

Travis: Okay. It threw me off so bad, I said your name.

Justin: [groans loudly]

Travis: Are you okay?!

Justin: I'm fine.

Travis: Okay. I'm Travis McElroy, your middlest brother.

Griffin: Do you have a show in you today, Justin?

Travis: Are you cool?

Justin: There is gonna be a show... [laughs]

Griffin: You have *an* show inside of you. That's waiting for you.

Justin: You know what's—it's strange, I didn't know how I felt. This show is my therapy.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: You know what I mean? This is my time to unpack everything. And I went into this recording not knowing how I felt today.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: And then, when I was trying to put on, as we say in French, le masque de show...

Griffin: Right.

Justin: [laughs] You know, the mask of the host, the entertainer, the funny man. Whisk us away, Pagliacci. You know? [laughs] I've discovered a sort of, uh, unease.

Travis: You reached in—you reached into the depths to pull out the comedy that is at the base of the sorrow in your soul, but you found only sorrow.

Griffin: There's just sorrow in there, yeah.

Travis: Yeah. Just—

Justin: What I found is like, if I dig deep enough, the comedy's in there.

Travis: Yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: And maybe that's what I was trying to get out, was sort of in the parlance of uh, Aristotle, the expurgation of pity and fear. You know what I mea—the great art.

Uh, so this is *My Brother, My Brother and Me*. It's an advice show. So what this means is, I—the people you have heard in the past couple minutes are going to tell *you* what to do, with a fun twist.

Travis: Believe it or not. Yeah.

Now, I wanna start off—and this is not normally how we do it. I'm gonna admit this is a special occasion.

Justin: Oh, boy. That's what I need.

Travis: But to start off the episode...

Justin: A little variety.

Travis: Yeah, we got an email from Rose, and it was about a topic that we... discussed the last episode, or a couple episodes ago, and it goes like this—and Rose, I wanna say, thank you for the powerful start to this question. There was no—there was no lead in. It just started like this.

"How I heard it is that Ray Bradbury actually asked his local fire department what temperature books burned at, and they went and lit a book on fire, and measured the temperature while they were still on the phone with him, and reported back that the temperature was Fahrenheit 451. No idea if that's true or not. Rose."

Justin: I wish I could've been there where they were like, "We gotta... uh, Bradbury wants us to burn a book." And they're like, "Wait, which book?"

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "Which book? We gotta pick a book to burn. Well, let's see. We got—it's a fire station, so what we have here is the phone book and a book about how to fight fires in it."

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: "And the Bible."

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: "So..."

Travis: "Hey, Jimmy, weren't you reading a Dean Koontz earlier?"

"Yeah, but I haven't finished it."

"It's Ray Bradbury, dude!"

"Alright..."

Justin: "Yeah, he's on the phone!"

Griffin: "Scorch that Koontz!"

Travis: [laughs] "You burnt my Koontz!"

Justin: Is it among the services that the fire department offers...

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: ... that if you call them, you can ask any [laughs] object and they will burn it for you?

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Also... hey, also, why does the fire department even possess the implements? The one place you don't want there to be a fire is in the fire station, 'cause that's where you have all your shit!

Griffin: Right.

Justin: For fighting it, right? Why do they even have the implements for starting a fire?

Griffin: It's—

Travis: Well, to train, Justin, obviously. Because you don't want the first time you fight a fire to be live, out in the real world. You wanna let—

Justin: They already know—they already know—

Travis: You wanna let first-day John—

Justin: Temper in fire. There's not a training fire. It's fire.

Travis: But you put a fi—control fire. You put a control fire in the wastepaper basket, so first-day John can put it out and feel like a powerful firefighter!

Justin: Hey, I want all our rangers, all our park service people, to get at me on this one. Reminder, my twitter handle is @aplusk. I don't—controlled burn is a fucking lie. If anybody says that it's a controlled burn, they are lying to you. It's fire, baby!

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: It's gonna do its thing!

Travis: I'm not saying that a fire lit in a wastepaper basket is a controlled burn. You know that, right?

Justin: No, I'm saying—

Travis: Okay.

Justin: The idea of controlled burns – and please get at me, people who do manage forests for a living, aplusk – it's not a controlled burn, baby! It's a fire! It's gonna do what it's gonna do.

Travis: Hey—

Justin: That has gotta be the worst moment of your day, if you're like, "It's a controlled burn," and then you notice that *one* tree...

Griffin: One little tinder!

Justin: That one— [laughs]

Travis: “Oh, no, that was one of the good trees! Ahh...”

Justin: Oh, that—then you gotta start, like, “Oh, yeah, I did wanna get that one too.” [laughs]

Travis: [laughs] Just run over there with a can of spray paint, just put an X on that one real quick.

Justin: Yeah. Didn’t want that.

Griffin: It’s all part of the plan.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah. It’s all under control.

Travis: Somebody needs to write like, a sci-fi novel called *Controlled Burn*, but it’s *CTRL Burn*, and it’s like—

Griffin: Ooh, Travis! Ooh, that’s good!

Travis: Yeah, think about that. Anyways, I like that we can call the fire department and just be like, “Hey, what temperature does like, a classic Teddy Ruxpin burn?”

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: And they would have to do it, or else I guess I don’t pay their salaries anymore.

Griffin: Do you know what’s fucked up? It’s 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

Travis: Oh, no.

Griffin: Such a dangerous little toy. [laughs] Such a da—I mean, that tape deck in there, it's its own sort of internal combustion engine. It's not great.

Travis: So they have tools to mention how hot a fire is at the fire department, and I believe that, but then I also wonder, does that mean they're gonna measure the heat of a fire when they get to a house fire, and they're like, "That's *too* hot! I'm not going in there!"

Griffin: Or that they roll up, they roll up to a house fire, point their little thermometer at it, and they're like, "It's okay, guys. It's a cold fire."

Travis: [laughs] "It's only 200 degrees in there."

Griffin: "Fuck it, we don't need our suits! I've got a thick—"

Travis: "This is a baby fire."

Griffin: "I've got a thick sweater on. This is a cold-ass fire. In and out, no problem."

Um, can we do a question that's not about Ray Bradbury?

Travis: I wanna talk more about Ray Bradbury.

Justin: No, it's fine. I could—I'll do one—one not—we'll do one for them, one for us.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: I heard that he called a tattoo parlor and said, "How many tattoos could you put on a man?"

Justin: Before he's illustrated.

Travis: "Before he's illustrated?"

Justin: Uh, "I was on the way out the door to walk our dog, Cooper," nice, wow, "when I realized I was without a plastic bag."

Travis: Now, hold on. Real quick, did you say that because you're assuming that this person named their dog after your second daughter?

Justin: Well, they didn't name him—I'm assuming they named them after, but maybe they named him before, in which case...

Griffin: You took a dog name.

Justin: Okay, fine.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: And now you've named your daughter after their dog.

Justin: "I named a dog, Indiana."

Travis: Classic. Classic.

Justin: [laughs loudly]

Griffin: Love the humor.

Travis: Classic. I love *Iron Man*.

Justin: The movies. Uh, "When I realized I was without a plastic bag for his poop. My wife ran to our kitchen for me and pulled one from the recycling before sending me on my way. I'm now blocks from the house, he's pooping, I realize she handed me a dramatically oversized baggie, the ones from Goodwill that fit coats and bedding and stuff."

Griffin: [laughing quietly]

Justin: "It seems wasteful to use such an enormous amount of plastic for a single doodie. What do I do? Do I pick up after him in this ludicrously big

bag, or do I search for a plan B?" That's from Superfluously-Sized Shit Bag in Greensborough.

Griffin: I mean, think about your poor dog, who sees the size of the doodie bag...

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: ... and is like...

Justin: [laughs] Oh, no.

Griffin: "Damn, Jeremy, are you su—I'll do my best, but fuck, bud!"

Travis: "I'm gonna disappoint you, buddy. I'm so sorry." [laughs]

Griffin: "There's no way."

Travis: "I don't know what you have planned for the day, but... is that for both of us?"

Griffin: Um, yeah, I mean—ah, god. I mean, it's important that you clean up the doodie. That's just—that's 101. Leaving the doodie there is...

Travis: I mean...

Griffin: No.

Travis: It is.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Listen, I'm a dog owner, I pick up my dog's shit. But, I also—

Griffin: Cool. You want a fucking trophy?

Travis: I also think that it is interesting that we live in a society of—like, all other animals shit outside, and there's dirt there and mud and stuff, but *my*

dog's shit, I have to, with a microscopically thin bag, put it in my hand while you watch to make sure I do it. Mr. Jones, next door.

Griffin: This is a weird character, Trav.

Travis: What, me or Mr. Jones?

Griffin: I've never stepped in, like, squirrel shit and have it ruin my day. Let me check the—let me actually check my history. Yep, it's always dogs that I steps in.

Travis: Yep. Yep.

Griffin: So... yeah, we need to—

Travis: I'm not saying we shouldn't do it. I'm saying I don't like doing it.
[laughs]

Griffin: Yeah, okay. Nobody likes—nobody's like, "Alright! [laughs] A little brown treasure."

Travis: Neither of you are dog owners, so let me tell you the most awkward thing in being a dog owner. Is after you've picked up your dog's shit, and you're carrying it around in an old Kroger bag, and, like, you're walking back home and another car from your neighborhood drives by, and you kind of awkwardly wave with the hand holding the bag of shit.

Griffin: Yeah. Now I'm—

Travis: Or the hand that's holding the leashes.

Griffin: Now imagine this, but it's a mattress bag. It's a big fucking...

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: ... steamer trunk-sized—it's a big boy. It's—I mean, you have to do it. Can you pick up a bunch of different stuff?

Justin: Yeah. There's gotta be some other poop lying around.

Griffin: Not even—doesn't even have to be poop. You can find a cool pine cone, or litter!

Travis: Yeah!

Griffin: Yeah! I mean, non-bioorganic litter. You just—'cause if you do just—

Travis: Oh, I thought you said glitter.

Griffin: No, litter. 'Cause if you do just have the one poop in this huge, huge bag, you're gonna look like some sort of, like, off-brand Johnny Appleseed dude, who's like...

Travis: [laughs] "This is my last one!"

Griffin: ... nearing the end of his journey.

Travis: Could you keep reusing the bag until it's full?

Griffin: You—where are you gonna store that, Trav? Between uses?

Travis: Uh, right inside the door, so it's there next time you need it.

Griffin: We're gonna need a mud room for *this*...

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: ... specifically for the bag.

Justin: Mm.

Griffin: Justin, it sounds like you're not having fun.

Justin: I take trash bags really seriously. And I've been thinking about how I'm out of my big trash bags, that I treasure. Sometimes, you know what I do sometimes?

Griffin: What do you do?

Justin: This is embarrassing, but like, I'll get—you know, I like the big-ass contractor trash bags.

Griffin: Yeah, baby!

Travis: Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Justin: You know, the ones that make me feel like, "I can throw *anything* away. Don't even—"

Travis: Yeah! You can throw in chunks of concrete there, and it'll stretch around it.

Justin: Sometimes I get a mind to do some cleaning, and I've figured out, like, "Aw, man. I've only filled up half of this amazing trash bag."

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: And so I'll just leave the trash bag. You guys ever do this? Just leave the trash bag, centrally located, and then if [through laughter] somebody tries to throw trash in the regular trash can, I'm like, oh, bup, bup, bup, bup—hold on. I got this big one over here. [laughs] Don't fill up the smaller cans with that uh, trash. Come put it in this big boy I got. This is my big, centrally-located trash. I'm trying to fill 'er up.

Travis: Justin, you have just... maybe described, like, the clearest example of dad idiosyncrasy since we started making this show. Like, that is such like a—

Justin: Do you mean Clint Emil McElroy, or dad in general?

Travis: Like you are a dad, because you do this thing I've never heard of before.

Justin: Don't you guys get ma—okay. Okay. Okay. When people in your household, and I know that—I mean...

Travis: "The kids today..."

Justin: When people in your household throw away trash that takes up half of the trash can, does that not drive you fucking batshit?

Griffin: Well, let me ask you a follow-up question. Did they use my special big garbage bag?

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] No. I'm—I'm saying.

Travis: "The one that I save just for big boy stuff?"

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: The special centrally-located dad bag?

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: That when I fill up, I buy myself a little treat?

Justin: Okay, there's—so there's a—

Travis: Because I've earned it, and no one appreciates the hard work I do around here?

Griffin: Da—you know, dads—

Travis: I'd just like to watch one episode of a car show without somebody interrupting me while I fill up my special big boy bag!

Griffin: It's just dad's central sack for fat trash.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: I'm spiraling here. I just need to know if there is—if you have a—I have a kitchen trashcan.

Travis: Uh-huh. Yeah.

Justin: If someone has a large piece of trash... And I keep saying "someone" when I mean my wife. My kids don't throw away shit. When my wife throws away, uh...

Sound Effect: My wife!

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: ...the large bag of... trash, a large piece of trash in the kitchen trashcan.

Travis: Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

Justin: That fills up a lot of the trashcan.

Travis: Ugh.

Justin: I get very frustrated, and I ask that we take larger pieces of trash directly out to the cans.

Travis: Or?

Justin: Instead of sullyng the trash bag with—

Griffin: But it does—it does sound like you've introduced a middle-man, though.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: A middle option, a middle—a third path that isn't—

Travis: That's a perfectly good half-filled bag right there.

Griffin: And it's a fat sack.

Travis: It's a fat sack.

Justin: [laughs] That's only when the sack is not in play.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: When the sack's in play, *everything* goes in the sack.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: If the kids leave toys out too long, and I don't think that they treasure it...

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: Goes right in the sack.

Justin: ... it goes right in the sack. The sack's right there.

Griffin: Um, hey, can I do a—

Travis: Sometimes I just wanna put all my worries and troubles in that sack, you know what I mean? I just wanna say, "Oh, I got a lot weighing on me. What if I just put them all in my big-boy sack, and threw it right away, you know?"

Griffin: Yeah. Um, I got a Yahoo here that was sent in by several people. Thank you.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: It's by Yahoo Answers user James, who asks, "Can I bring in some of my own ingredients for them to put on my Subway sub?"

Travis: Oh, such a good question, James.

Griffin: It's a... this is a fast food restaurant where they make sandwiches, and they do have—they've got a little—it's weird, huh? They've got like, a buffet, but just for them.

Travis: Yeah! That's greedy.

Griffin: You ever think about that? If there was no sneeze guard there, which in the current sort of climate would be unthinkable, but if there was no sneeze guard there, it—you could just do it yourself, and you wouldn't need them to necessarily... be a part of that process. But if you could do it yourself, if there was no sneeze guard, if we could democratize the Subway process, then there would be nothing stopping you from like, slopping in your own homemade horseradish on there, or whatever.

Justin: Mm.

Travis: I'll tell you what—what I have always really enjoyed at Subway is their candor.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Their honesty.

Griffin: Sure.

Travis: Because, one, you get to watch them make the sandwich right there. So you can watch them fuck up the way you want your cheese to go. It's great.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: 'Cause like, "No, I pla—no, I said—okay." But also, there's a straight-up, like, "Vegetables are worth nothing to us."

Griffin: Right.

Travis: "We will put as many of those on there as you want. The cheese and the meat? That's where the money is, baby! You want more of that? We're gonna charge you. But you want more spinach? Fuck it. Yeah, dude!"

Griffin: Yeah, dude! S—

Travis: "I will load that thing down with spinach 'til we can't close it!"

Griffin: "Spinach comes from trees! There's infinite of those!"

Travis: "I can find spinach outside right now, if you want more. Where am I supposed to get cheese at this time of day?"

Griffin: "But this comes from cows! And there's only so many of them."

Travis: This is what I'm saying.

Justin: I—I measure how much sort of, uh, gas I have in the tank by whether or not I'm willing to ask for green peppers.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Justin: Because... I don't want—the specificity of green pepper amount that I need to produce a satisfying sandwich...

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: ... is such that I don't—I don't always wanna take that journey.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: 'Cause I don't wanna always break down, on like, "You don't understand how little green pepper I want. You're gonna think that I don't want it. That's the amount."

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "You're gonna think that I don't actually want the green pepper. But I do, I just want such a specific amount of green pepper on there."

Griffin: You want them to take some slices of green pepper, and just kind of wiggle them over the sandwich, like they're burning sage...

Justin: Yes. Yeah.

Griffin: ... but not actually let them touch.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: "If you could hide it in there, so I definitely get all the benefits, but I'm not—maybe wrap it in cheese, so later, I think, 'Was there green pepper on that sandwich?' That's the ideal amount."

Justin: Sometimes, when I'm feeling really froggy, I'll do that with mayo, but I'm even more particular about that. I actually kinda mispronounce mayo, because I want them to put an amount of mayonnaise on the sandwich where they're not actually sure if I want mayonnaise or not.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: [laughs loudly]

Justin: That is the—[laughs] That is the exact amount of mayonnaise that I want on the sandwich. Where they have plausible mayonnaise deniability.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: Like, "That's just meat leavens! That's—there's no mayo on this."

Travis: "No, sir, that was just wet bread!"

Justin: "Nope! You just got a wet slice there, pal."

Travis: But can you bring in your—okay. Let's take it one step—

Justin: Can you bring in your own bread? I don't think so.

Travis: Okay. What if—

Justin: They're go—

Travis: What if I brought in an ingredient, they finish the sandwich, and then, while still standing at the register, I unwrap it, open the sandwich, put my ingredient in, close the bread, and rewrap it...

Griffin: Aw, man.

Travis: ...all while maintaining eye contact.

Griffin: That's great.

Justin: They're gonna charge you for it.

Travis: Damn it!

Justin: I mean, you can bring in your own slice of ham, and they're like, "Uh..."

Travis: Charge me a corking fee?

Justin: Well, a porking fee.

Travis: Ahh!

Griffin: Ohh! That was good.

Travis: Very good.

Griffin: Um, I think you should be able to—is ham what you guys would really bring—

Travis: No, it's bacon.

Griffin: Okay, Subway opens—Subway, they're like, "We got five-dollar foot-long, and people love that, but now we have a new jingle, and it's '[singing] Bring in your own meat now,' [normally] and..."

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: You can bring in your own—it says, "[singing] Bring in your own meat now," [normally] but you can bring in whatever. But you can only bring in one thing. So like, what's the—

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: What's the—and this is great, 'cause then there's a line of people standing six feet apart, all of them holding their sort of comfort item.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: I'll tell you right now—

Justin: I'll bring a toothbrush and a picture of my wife.

Griffin: Nope, you can do one!

Travis: [laughs] I'm winning that Hands on a Hardbody truck! Wait, that's not—sorry, that's not what's happening. Aw, man.

I can tell—everybody's gonna be holding bacon, like a kid who's just won a bunch of tickets at, like, an arcade. And they're like, waving these strings of tickets around, except it'll be bacon.

Justin: And that's too much work. Too much work. I don't think you're gonna make your own bacon at home.

Travis: Bacon's a big markup item!

Griffin: I think... Travis is coming at this from an economic standpoint. I'm trying to think of, like, special things I have in this house...

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: ... that I've always wanted to eat [laughs] on a Subway sandwich.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: My own sort of Pinsky Salami situation, if you will.

Travis: Of course. The best-looking meat I've never had. What—Griffin, what's something that you would not... [laughs] I feel like the host of *Family Feud*. What's something that you would not normally have on a sandwich that you find yourself craving?

Griffin: Uh, it's uh, um, my... willy wenis! My prince—my prince pee-pee!

I'm trying to think of what they would say on *Family Feud*.

Travis: They would say prince pee-pee?

Griffin: Doo-doo—doo-doo juice!

They say, like, wild shit.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah. "Show me doo-doo juice!"

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: "Oh, it's up there! It's number one! Wow!"

Griffin: Making whoopie!

Travis: “100—100 percent of people said doo-doo juice!”

Griffin: Whoa!

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: “Wow! We asked a million people, and 100 percent of them said doo-doo juice!”

Justin: Probably CBD, right?

Griffin: Oh, that’d be great.

Justin: They’re not gonna sell that to you at Subway.

Griffin: No. They could.

Justin: That’s how you know things are done. What?

Griffin: They could. They won’t.

Justin: They could. They could. We have CB—we have CBD pepperoncini.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing] A CBDLT.

Travis: Yes. Well, that’s it. That’s the end of that bit. We can’t do anymore.

Griffin: That’s the end of that bit. Put it to bit.

Travis: We can’t do it anymore, `cause that’s so good.

Justin: That’s the end of that bit! [blows raspberry]

“I recently discovered that my boyfriend’s dad drives—” We should do that more. Didn’t that feel really clean?

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: I really like that sort of laugh-in style, like hee-haw transition. Okay. [goofy voice] "Well, I'll put that on a donkey." Ba-dum bum bum.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: [laughing loudly]

Justin: [speaking through laughter] "I recently discovered—" [laughs]

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "I recently discovered that my boyfriend's dad drives Lyft on the side to pick up some extra cash. The problem is that I use Lyft. My boyfriend and I have been dating for four years, and I consider myself to be close to parts of his family, just not his dad. He's really nice-seeming; we just haven't had many chances to interact. If I were to call Lyft and his dad was the driver, would I have to sit in the front and try to make small talk with him? Or would it be okay for me to sit quietly in the back like I normally would?"

Wuh!

Travis: Oh, boy.

Justin: Wow, this is fraught.

Travis: This is—until I read this question, the idea of calling a Lyft and having it be someone I knew driving had never occurred to me.

Griffin: Yeah, because the question of where to sit... and I feel like you do have the built-in excuse right now of social distancing. So it's like, "I gotta sit caddy corner."

Justin: Oh, that's good, yeah!

Griffin: I mean, it's not just good. It's litera—it's the truth. If you're doing anything other than caddy corner, then you're part of the problem.

Travis: You could always skitch on the back.

Griffin: Skitching on the back is cool.

Justin: You definitely can't treat it like a regular Lyft.

Travis: I mean...

Justin: Unless...

Griffin: Unless...

Travis: Unless...

Justin: ... you're gonna do the mask thing.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Ooh!

Justin: You've been doing the—have you guys been doing the mask thing?

Travis: You mean, wearing a mask to keep other people alive? Yes, Justin, I have.

Justin: Well, good, Travis. That's good. Everybody should be doing that, obviously.

Griffin: You want a trophy?

Travis: No, Justin just said, like, the mask thing was a cool life hack he figured out.

Justin: Travis wants a fucking—Travis cleans up after his dog and doesn't spread a pandemic, and he's like, "I want a parade."

Travis: You know what? I do want a parade! I want a parade...

Justin: Of course you do, yeah.

Travis: ... and a trophy that says, "Travis McElroy: Bare Minimum."

Justin: Bare minimum. Uh, no, uh—

Travis: But it's B-E-A-R, and there's a little bear on top of the trophy.

Justin: You wear the mask, and you're at the store, and you see someone you definitely know, and you just absolutely play it off. 'Cause it's like, "No, you're not gonna get me this time. I have plausible deniability."

Griffin: I thought you—

Travis: I mean, especially if you wear one of the plastic shield masks and a hat, you are a ghost, my friend!

Griffin: You're incognito. When you asked if we were doing the mask thing, Justin, I thought you were talking about when the cops—when there's a bunch of cops, and they're about to arrest you, but then you're like, "[singing] They call me Cuban Pete. I'm the king of the Rumba beat." And you do a dance. And then...

Justin: There are very few social pro—I mean, to be fair, the mask would fix this problem with the Lyft. 'Cause your da—it would turn into, like, a huge stretch limo.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah!

Griffin: [laughing quietly]

Justin: And your boyfriend—your boyfriend’s dad would be, like, a cool wolf. [laughs] Or something.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Travis: Yeah!

Griffin: Yeah, man, that’d be badass.

Travis: That’d be pretty cool. And you roll up to the coconut club, or whatever. And there’s Cameron Diaz, and I guess, you... seduce her with your cool dancing?

Justin: Wouldn’t it be cool to have a *Mask* mask, and you could just put it on and act a fool?

Griffin: [laughs] But not with—not with his zany powers, you’re saying.

Travis: [laughs] Just wearing a mask of *The Mask*.

Justin: [laughs] No, but you pretend... [through laughter] that you have his zany powers. I think everybody would get a big kick out of that.

Travis: Oh, yeah. I think everyone—in this day and age? Everyone needs that kind of levity. You know what I mean? That’s what the world is missing. More *Mask*-based humor.

Griffin: Well, then maybe everybody’s uncles and aunts who are still really up in arms about the pandemic mask thing, maybe we could get them on board. ‘Cause everybody loves Jim Carrey’s *The Mask*.

Travis: Oh, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: So like, you have that, and you can also say, like, “This will nullify certain social expectations when you wear this.” And you can do a funny, like, rumba dance.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: And rob a—and rob a bank.

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: It would be funny to put on a surgical mask, and then put on the *Mask* mask over that mask.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: And so people would think you're just acting a fool and being silly, but actually you're being very conscientious.

Travis: Or—

Justin: And then when you get in, and people are like, "What are you doing?"

You're like, "I guess I misssunderstood!"

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "Sssorry!"

Travis: "P-A-R-T-Y? There's a pandemic going on. And let me show you some literature about it.

Justin: There's a pandemic *The Mask*.

Travis: What if you did... mask underneath—surgical mask...

Justin: "Somebody shot me!"

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "I can't do my shopping for myself, 'cause I wore a *Mask* mask."

Travis: Oh, I see. Okay. You wear a surgical mask underneath, then you wear the *Mask* over it, and then you wear a surgical mask over *that*...

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: ... so people see it, and they're like, "Oh, he's a whimsical party man, but he still understands the importance of controlling the pandemic."

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Absolutely.

Travis: "And I respect him for that."

Griffin: Man, *The Mask* was funny.

Travis: Man, it's fucking funny as shit, you know what I mean?

Justin: [laughs] It's both funny—you know what's weird? It's funny to watch, but also funny to talk about on your podcast.

Travis: Yeah! You remember when the dog pees all over that guy, 'cause he's wearing the *Mask*, and it's like a fuckin' waterfall! [laughing sarcastically] That's a good one!

And when he eats the bomb, and it explodes in his tummy, he goes, "That's-a spicy meatball!" You guys remember that?

Griffin: Travis, do eight more *Mask* jokes to get us to around ten.

Travis: Uh, do you remember, uh, when he—when he's there with Ben Stein, and he tries to put the *Mask* on, but it doesn't work, so Jim Carrey, in his classic rubber-face style, just throws himself around for a while? That's a pretty good one.

Griffin: That's one!

Travis: There's another one where the clock is bouncing around the hallway and he's trying to smash it with a hammer.

Griffin: [claps] That's two! Justin, he's gonna do it!

Travis: Fuck, that's a good one.

Justin: [laughing quietly]

Griffin: You gotta do it! That's two, Travis! Six more!

Justin: Come on, Trav. Six more, bud.

Travis: There's the time where he says, "Love is but a red, red rose, and I am a little thorny," and that's pretty good.

Griffin: Oh, yeah, Trav. Oh, yeah, bud.

Justin: Oh, yeah, ba-by!

Travis: There's another part where the cops are frisking him and they reach in his pockets, and he says like, "A little to the left, a little—" and makes a joke, like, it's his penis.

Griffin: That's—four more! Baby, Travis, you're halfway home. Come on!

Travis: And then there's the part where the old lady comes out, like his landlady comes out of her apartment, and she has like a green facemask on. And he's wearing a green mask. And they scream at each other. And that's pretty good.

Griffin: Oh, God. He's gonna do it! Justin, he's gonna do it!

Justin: [laughs] Come on!

Travis: And there's another part where he's just kinda spinning around...

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: ... and he's turning into the *Mask*, and then he stops and he catches the feather. And he says, "Somebody stop me."

Griffin: Okay. Then—

Travis: But he says it in, like, a really funny way.

Griffin: We'll give it to you. Two more, Trav. Come on, you can do this.

Travis: Uh, there's a part where he—the cops come, and he tries to run away, and they say, "Freeze!" and he turns to ice in midair. And they say, "Put your hands up."

And he says, "But you told me to freeze."

Griffin: Now, listen... [close to microphone] Back in episode 406, Travis got to nine. This is where he shit the bed.

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: So Travis, we really wanna see if you can land the plane. Is there—is there *anything*—you gotta have at least a *little* bit more juice in the tank. Come on, bud. Get us there.

Travis: Uh, there's a part uh, where he—there's the two guys who, like...

Griffin: Uh-huh?

Travis: ... tried to charge Stanley extra for fixing the car.

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: And then the *Mask* shoves mufflers up their butts.

Griffin: [shouting] Yes!

Justin: Yes!

Griffin: He did it, ladies and gentlemen! He did—he did remember ten *Mask* jokes!

Justin: Amazing. Amazing!

Griffin: Travis...

Travis: I just rewatched it last night, so...

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: [laughs] Let's take a break, and we're gonna head on over to the Money Zone.

[theme music plays]

Justin: Uh, do either one of you nerds wanna take this first one?

Travis: Okay. Yes. I wanna tell you about Warby Parker. They make glasses. And I know what you're thinking: "A lot of people make glasses. I make glasses." But do you make boutique-quality eyewear at a revolutionary price point? You don't, so shut up and let me finish this ad.

Warby Parker offers eyeglasses, sunglasses, contact lenses, and eye exams. They're committed to providing exceptional vision care online and in stores. I wear Warby Parker glasses, I love Warby Parker glasses.

My favorite part is the home try-on program, where they will send—like, you pick out the frames you wanna try on, they send them to you, you try them on, and here's the thing, folks! This is news to no one: I have a gigantic head. And so I'm always wary of buying glasses online. But Warby Parker sent them to me, I try 'em on, I go, "Oh, these actually fit, this is incredible," or "Nope, my melon's still too big," and I have to send some back. And I don't pay for the ones I don't keep! It's a great deal.

And Warby Parker's committed to providing exceptional vision care online and in stores. They offer everything you need. Glasses start at just \$95, and that includes prescription lenses. Sunglasses, progressives, and blue light lenses are also available.

So try the Warby Parker's free home try-on program. Order five pairs of glasses to try on at home for free for five days. There's no obligation to buy. Ships free and includes a prepaid return shipping label. Try five pairs of glasses at home for free at WarbyParker.com/mybrother.

Justin: Uh, if you are uh, uh, wanting to take a break from the outside world...

Travis: Yes.

Justin: ... wanting to isolate even deeper into your own subconscious – and who can blame you – then reach for a pair of Raycon ear buds. You don't have to spend hundreds of bucks on a pair of wireless ear buds to get a great, uh, sound. You can just go with Raycon.

Their newest model, the everyday E25 ear buds, seamlessly pair via Bluetooth. They got a nice amount of *bass*, and a more compact design that gives you a nice, noise-isolating fit. I got a pair, I really liked them. They—very easy to pair, they sync right up.

Travis: And they're delicious.

Justin: And they are delicious.

Travis: They go down smooth, you know what I mean?

Justin: You can get the latest and greatest from Raycon, and the most delicious. Get 15% your order at BuyRaycon.com/mybrother, that's BuyRaycon.com/mybrother for 15% off Raycon wireless ear buds. BuyRaycon.com/mybrother.

Travis: I should say, our lawyer is sitting right next to me. They just handed me a piece of paper that says I have to tell you, don't eat ear buds.

Griffin: I have cool—now, my skateboard lawyers are sitting next to me, and they're giving me a big thumbs up, and they're shaking their head yes.

Travis: Oh.

Griffin: So I don't know if that means you can eat ear buds? They're doing it again.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: God, these guys—man, they're such bad lawyers.

Justin: [laughs] Why did we get these terrible lawyers?

Travis: *My lawyer's good.*

Griffin and Travis: [imitating Borat] My lawyer!

Griffin: Fuck.

Travis: [laughs]

--

[music plays]

Justin: Hi, everybody. My name is Justin McElroy.

Sydnee: I'm Sydnee McElroy.

Justin: We're both doctors, and—

Sydnee: Nope, just me.

Justin: Okay, well, Sydnee's a doctor and I'm a medical enthusiast, and we create...

Sydnee: Okay.

Justin: *Sawbones*, a marital tour of misguided medicine!

Sydnee: Every week, I dig through the annals of medical history to bring you the wildest, grossest, sometimes dumbest tales of ways we tried to treat people throughout history.

Justin: And lately we do a lot of modern fake medicine, because everything's a disaster. But it's slightly less of a disaster every Friday, right here on MaximumFun.org, as we bring you *Sawbones*, a marital tour of misguided medicine. And remember!

Sydnee: Don't drill a hole in your head.

--

Griffin: You want a Yahoo?

Justin: Yeah, I'd like that, Griffin.

Griffin: Okay. This Yahoo was sent in by Molly, and I guess you're not gonna interrupt me. That feels good. Thanks, Molly. It's by Yahoo Answers user Copper Man, asks—

Travis: Oh, I get it! It's like Iron Man, but—okay.

Griffin: Oh, that's funny. I didn't think about that.

Justin: Very good. Huh. I'm liking this.

Griffin: I'm liking it already. And this seems like something that the bad boy, Tony Stark himself would say, which is, "Why are plungers' handle rods so short?"

Travis: Right?!

Justin: [wheezes]

Travis: I feel like I'm already elbow deep in there!

Griffin: "Regular plungers consist of an elastic suction cup and a wooden handle rod that is attached to it. The wooden hand—" if you have never plunged—do you think that's possible?"

Travis: I mean, maybe some people... only have narrow shits.

Justin: Perfect—perfect dookers.

Griffin: I guess so.

Travis: This is our third time talking about poop in this episode!

Griffin: It's bad stuff.

Justin: Stinky snakes every time.

Griffin: "The wooden handle rod is intended to be held and used by the plunger operator to forcefully press and decompress the suction cup and its contents by pushing and pulling."

Travis: Alright, Bill Nye, we fucking get it!

Griffin: "Another commonality among many regular plungers is that the wooden rod is rather short, forcing your wrist and forearms to be rather close to the suction cup, and what's below it. So I ask, why are the wooden rods as short as they usually are? Shouldn't they be longer, to allow for some action at greater distance to the whirling toilet water and whatever happens to be part of said whirling waters?"

Travis: I've always wanted them to be broom handle length.

Griffin: Like—

Travis: So I can stand on top of the counter right next to it, and like, jump off and really get some good action going.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: You know what I mean? Like, 'cause sometimes just the two feet that they give me isn't enough to get the torque I need to get the clog out of there, you know what I mean? I need to *really* get in there.

Griffin: Yeah. We want—and you need—you like it when it's sort of Darth Maul, double-bladed...

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: ...plunger saber situation where it is a long stick, and on one side is the normal plunger, but then on the other side is like, an almost comedically large *The Mask*-sized plunger cup.

Travis: Right. Exactly.

Griffin: And that one goes over the whole toilet. And Travis likes to do that, and yell for people to come in. Like, "Guys, get in here! Get in here! You gotta see this. You gotta see this. You'll never believe what I'm doing." But people are always like—

Travis: And then I plunge and I pull up, and there's Jimmy Hoffa's body, right?

Griffin: And there's Jimmy.

Travis: It's great, everyone loves it.

Griffin: And people laugh. And they're like, "You're doing the big plunger trick again, aren't you? We don't have to come in."

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: "We have seen it."

Travis: Yeah. I've lost a lot of friends.

Justin: There's a very good tiny plunger card trick, and you can order the tiny plunger and they'll send you a DVD with it that says how to do the tiny plunger card trick.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Pretty cool.

Travis: Hey, it's 2020. How has plunger technology not evolved?

Griffin: I think it—I think it has.

Travis: How have we not moved beyond "We put a big dook in there, clog the whole thing up..."

Justin: I think it has—

Travis: "... here's, like, a suction cup and a wooden stick. Go to work."

Justin: I think it has evolved, 'cause there's some where there's kind of a flange at the bottom. Where it flanges in. And then there's just the regular Mario ones.

Travis: But—

Justin: And I do—it does concern me, because if we figured out that the flange is better, we should've thrown all those other ones away, right?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: We wanna do this job once, and we wanna do it right.

Travis: No, you know what? I've talked about it before. I'm a disrupter. I'm gonna disrupt the whole thing. Fucking big plungers out here, taking your money... Hey, everybody. Here's a newsflash. Invest in my company, BiggerPipes.com.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Wait, no, don't go to BiggerPipes.com.

Griffin: No, let's do it.

Travis: No, no, no. Oh, shit!

Here's the thing: if we still need plungers, maybe the problem isn't our dooks. Maybe it's that the toilet pipes is too dang small!

Justin: Mm.

Travis: Why haven't we made bigger toilet pipes at this point?

Griffin: Yeah, you—you are talking about Mario-sized pipes that you could go on an adventure down.

Travis: I'm just saying that I think the only reason toilet pipes are so small – and I'm sorry, plumbers, I'm sorry you have to hear me say this and blow up your spot like this – but it's because big plumbers is keeping them small so that they're in a job. I'm saying, give me a big old powerful pipe that I can send whatever sized dook I make down without having to worry about it! You know what I mean? Why are you holding me hostage, in my latrine...

Justin: [sighs]

Griffin: Now, Travis is—when he says big plumbers, he is not talking about the plumbing industry.

Travis: No.

Griffin: He's talking about the eight-and-a-half foot tall sort of monster man that has come to his house whenever they have a plumbing emergency.

Travis: It lives in my house, technically, at this point.

Griffin: Would terrorize, Travis, be a fair verb to use for what the big plumber does to you?

Travis: Yeah! Yeah! And you know what? Not just physically, but emotionally.

Griffin: Oh, but physically—

Travis: He makes me feel—yeah. Oh, wicked physically.

Griffin: Wicked physically. Like he hurts you a lot, yeah.

Travis: But he also says mean things about how big my dook was and how I should be embarrassed, and like, this is all my fault...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: ... and I've let down everyone that I've ever loved.

Griffin: Yeah, I remember one time he said you had thick pee.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: And you were like, "Dang, that stinks." And then he hurt you, your body.

Travis: Yeah. And then he hurt me real bad. Then also that. Then—then he also said that I use toilet paper like a baby in a cartoon.

Griffin: [laughs] Yeah.

Travis: Um, and that is true, but it still hurt.

Griffin: I hate the big plumber. I think the big plumber sucks.

Travis: But you know what? Also, he pays his rent on time.

Griffin: Well, he does... fine, yeah.

Travis: And like, I've never had any problems with him doing his chores on the chore wheel. So like, there's that. I mean, he's not the worst roommate I've ever had.

Griffin: Can I hit you guys with this?

Travis: Please don't. I've been hurt so much. [laughs]

Griffin: No, okay, but this is different. This is a—this is a—

Travis: Oh, okay.

Griffin: I'm gonna hit you with this idea, and it'll be light, like a cloud.

A stick that is the chores stick, and every house has a chores stick. And then you have a sort of tackle box...

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: ... or perhaps a sort of, like, wheel that goes in your pantry that has plunger end. Multiple-size plunger ends, for Travis, when he needs a special one.

Travis: Thank you.

Griffin: For the wa—for his special waste. But then it can also be broom, mop, Swiffer, fucking, uh, angled broom for cleaning off the top of your fanblades – which, folks, nobody's gonna look up there. You're okay.

Travis: You could also just get compressed air for, like, half the jobs in your house fuzz.

Griffin: Yeah, do your—it's okay.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Or you could just get chores stick.

Justin: Careful about blowing that into your face, though, folks.

Travis: Compressed air?

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah, don't!

Griffin: Why not?

Justin: Don't do it. It's not good for you. It's dangerous.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: It's too cold.

Justin: Give yourself a fucking embolism. It's no good.

Griffin: But chores stick is safe, and...

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: ... it's efficient.

Travis: Okay, so we got chores stick, we got big pipes. Justin, what have you got to solve this?

Justin: Um, moving.

Travis: Oh!

Justin: This is a new house.

Travis: So you clog the toilet... and you just pack up?

Griffin: And you leave?

Justin: Move. [laughs]

Travis: Moving on!

Justin: Pack your bags and move away. Exactly.

Travis: It's been a long time.

Griffin: Wouldn't that hurt the resale value of the befouled house?

Travis: Keep that door locked. Tell `em somebody died.

Justin: Yeah. You bri—it's the dook of Amontillado. You just fucking...

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: ... cover it up. "Don't—we don't go in there. There's no—"

"Didn't there used to be a—"

"There did not."

Travis: "Uh, I thought you said this was two and a half bath?"

"It's two bath. Now, let's move on."

Justin: It's two and a quarter bath, `cause I drew on the toilet. [laughs]

Travis: "Did you brick up your toilet?!"

"I sure did."

Justin: It's a pee-pee one.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: [laughs] So it's two and a quarter. Two and a quarter bath. Just pee-pee in there and leave and don't ask a lot of questions.

You could pay—you could maybe—this toilet is permanently clogged, but you could probably pee-pee in it 12 more times, so please...

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: [laughs] So please choose wisely while you're living in the home.

Travis: "Hey, man, is it cool if I use your bathroom?"

"No, not that one! I've only got four left, and I'm saving them!"

Justin: [laughs] "I've got four left." It's like that Eddie Murphy movie.

Travis: Pluto Dash?

Justin: *The Klumps*.

Griffin: Pluto Dash.

Justin: *The Klumps*. Pluto Dash.

I'd like to welcome everyone to a new segment. Munch Squad: Investigate.

Travis: Oh!

Griffin: Oh, d—

[dramatic sound effect]

Griffin: That was terrifying. That was really... scary.

Justin: In this one—

Travis: [spooky] There's been a burger murder.

Justin: This one—in this one, we're gonna find him, and we're gonna put him on blast. This is a new public service that we're doing on the Munch

Squad, where we're gonna find secret restaurants, and we're gonna unearth 'em.

Travis: Wait, how secret—secret how?

Justin: I have—secret. Secret because they are pretending to be a different restaurant than they are, and I am going to help you unearth this. I encountered this in my own life with It's Just Wings, which popped up on DoorDash, and I was like, "Ah, damn, I would love some wings right now."

And Sydnee looked at the menu, and I said, "What's on the menu?"

And she scrolled through, and said, "Um... it's just wings."

And I was like, "That can't be right. Everybody's gotta have some addons."

Turns out they also had curly fries in a separate menu. I did a little digging.

Griffin: Yeah?

Justin: Hmm. It's Chili's.

Travis: Wait. [pauses] What?

Justin: Yeah! Yeah! This restaurant that they pretended was another restaurant is act—It's Just Wings? It's not just wings. It's just Chili's!

Travis: So It's Just Wings...

[dramatic sound effect]

Travis: Okay. So Chili's said, "We got a lot of extra wings here that we need to get rid of."

Justin: Mm-hm.

Travis: "We're gonna create a second DoorDash, like, landing page..."

Justin: Yes.

Travis: "... where we just sell our wings and curly fries"?

Justin: It's just a s—they pretend it's a new restaurant, a new delicious restaurant where it's just wings. [laughs]

Travis: But why?!

Justin: But it's not just wings. It's just Chili's. Don't try to fool me.

I have another one. This is coming in hot, and I need everybody to be aware of this. Fazoli's is serving up deep-fried wings at their first ghost kitchen in Atlanta, which is a wild sentence, now that I say it out loud!

Travis: What?!

Justin: Hatchi matchi. Fazoli's set up a secret ghost restaurant in Atlanta to just try to figure out how to do wings good, and they'll deliver them to you. It's no big deal. It's not the restaurants, it's just Fazoli's opened up a wing restaurant run by ghosts. It's just a ghost kitchen.

Travis: I'm actually kind of proud of them for that, if I'm being honest.

Justin: Yeah...

Travis: I don't like the treachery, but I do appreciate them being like, "We wanna do wings, but we're too nervous to fuck it up in our real stores. We're gonna set up a whole fake front, just so we can get good at wings, and *then* bring them to you, Travis."

Justin: The markup on wings must be wild, 'cause I got another one for you. Neighborhood Wings.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: There's Neighborhood Wings, you can get them in Folsom, Pennsylvania; Columbus, Indiana; Yonkers, New York. Enjoy some

neighborhood wings? No, where do you—I'm gonna give you all—this has turned into a game. Who makes Neighborhood Wings—

Griffin: Applebee's?

[dramatic sound effect]

Justin: That's right. We got 'em. Applebee's is Neighborhood Wings. Stop lying.

Also, Boston Market is secretly Rotisserie Roast. I'm not even gonna play a sound effect, 'cause you could've guessed that one.

Travis: But why? I'm still caught up in the psychology of this. Why is Applebee's like, "We need to move our wings!"

Griffin: I'll tell you why.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: This audience is legit. Like, Chili's and Applebee's, like, millennials, Gen Zoomers, they're not going to Applebee's and Chili's...

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: ... because of the shame associated with them.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: But those wings don't lie! Like, the wings are—they're wings! And so if you—if they can call them something cool, like Tony Hawk's Extreme Wings, or something like that, like something consumers love, then it's been—you know, you can do a trick on 'em.

Travis: So you're telling me... they looked at what Chuck E. Cheese did, and they said, "That was great. That was a great idea. We're just gonna do that."

Justin: Yeah. We all know Chuck E. Cheese is Pasquale's Pizza and Wings, right?

Travis: Yes.

Justin: If you see a Pasquale's Pizza, you know that's Chuck E. Cheese. I do also wanna warn everyone, Buca di Beppo did a pizza one that's called pi.za.

Travis: [laughs] Okay.

Justin: [laughs] Which I do have to give it up for.

Travis: Alright, I like that.

Justin: That's very good. That's very good. And one more: um, Hooters opened up one called Hootie's Burger Bar. Which...

Travis: Huh!

Justin: ... you could do better than that. That was not a very good—

Griffin: But that's a primo example.

Travis: That one's just a tie-in with Darius Rucker.

Justin: There's no Darius Rucker—

Griffin: That's a primo example, though. If I've never been to a Hooter's, because of the sort of, its whole steez, its whole thing. But maybe the food is phenomenal, and now I can go to Hootie's, and it can be whatever I need it to be.

Justin: A little more formal. A little more refined.

Travis: I mean, you have to think the food is good at Hooter's. Why else would people go there?

Justin: ... Okay. I don't actually want to talk about Hooter's. Um... I'm sorry. I wanna—I do wanna say, though, the uh—I have a Munch Squad Jr. too. If I could just tack this on real quick.

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Justin: Because in these corona times, I think that we're all sort of reeling and figuring out how to deal with it, and the way that the Sour Patch Kids pop-up store in New York City is dealing with it is to be open...

Travis: Huh!

Justin: ... for you to go to. "Have you ever opened a bag of Sour Patch Kids candy only to think, 'What if I could live in this incredible sour, then sweet experience?' Well, think no longer. The Sour Patch Kids store is here. That's right – wall-to-wall sour, then sweet awesomeness right in the heart of New York City.

Express your inner Sour Patch Kids style with our new merchandise. Elevate your sour taste buds at our sweets bar. And of course, create your perfect candy mix with your favorite Sour Patch Kids varieties, and then kill your grandma."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: Oh, sorry, I misread.

Griffin: But then it'll do something real sweet. Like, it'll be like—

Justin: Oh, so sweet.

Griffin: "We did give you coronavirus at our candy store that killed your grandma, but... here's ten bucks."

Justin: "The kids may like pranks, but they know visitors' safety is no joke. Visitors to the Sour Patch Kids store will be required to wear a face covering at all times and maintain social distancing."

It just—there is—if you say... you ha—if you're gonna be in the Sour Patch Kids New York City store, you have to wear a facemask. What you are saying then, is... by coming into the Sour Patch Kids store, you are introducing some level of danger into your life, right?

Griffin: Right.

Justin: What level of danger—how much do you have to fucking love Sour Patch Kids? `Cause for me, the amount of danger that is worth going to the Sour Patch Kids store in New York City is zero. It is absolute no risk to my safety or my nonny's. Right?

Griffin: Right.

Justin: That's the absolute bare minimum.

Travis: Well, maybe it's that you've already done something else dangerous that was worth it to you, and then you see the Sour Patch Kids store, and you're like, "Might as well! Party up!"

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Um, hey, can I do a Yahoo?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: This one was sent in by Graham Roebuck. Thank you, Graham. It's Yahoo Answers user Servants, who asks, "What would you do if you had a friend that went with you everywhere, and kept saying, 'You're the man! Yeah, you're the man. You're the man!' over and over?"

Travis: Hmm. [pauses] You know...

Griffin: [laughs] It'd be cool for—how long do you think it'd be cool for? I think a couple days.

Travis: Yeah. Oh, I think up to a week. Went *everywhere* with me?

Griffin: Yeah, I guess that that is the small—the fine print, is that they would accompany you to the bathroom, to the bedroom, to the changing room.

Justin: Can I—what if I wanna sleep?

Griffin: Yeah, you're the man. [whispering] You're the man.

Justin: Can I still sleep?

Griffin: You're the man.

Travis: [whispering] You're the man.

Griffin: You're the man.

Travis: You're the man!

Griffin: You're the man.

Travis: You're the man! You're sleeping so good.

Justin: [whispering] I'm gonna give you some ASMR "you're the man" tingles.

Travis: You're sleeping so good. I'm so proud of you.

Griffin: [normally] Um, I think it'd be cool for a while. I think it'd be cool for a while. It would actually be not cool instantly for the three of us, because of how it would taint our audio. If you did—

Travis: Yeah, that would be a problem.

Griffin: If we did have on this show the three of us... but then three strangers in the background all saying, "You're the man, yeah, you're the man, you're the man," uh, over and over... I think that would get grating after, like, half a episode.

Travis: You know, I feel like I were—that I would, after a while, become disingenuous...

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: ... where he's saying, "You're the man!"

Justin: How much are we paying this person?

Travis: Yeah, and you're like, "I'm not—I'm not the man."

So what I propose, five days a week, "You're the man, you're the man, you're the man." On the sixth day, "You suck, you're terrible, you're a piece of shit." On the seventh day, nothing.

Griffin: Nothing.

Travis: And then he's back. From Monday through Friday, you're the man.

Griffin: You have a day of stewing on, "I'm a real—I'm a fucking stinker."

Travis: Right. And then he comes back, and he's like, "No, don't listen to what that other guy said. You're great."

Griffin: But it's the same guy.

Travis: Maybe it's a different person. Maybe it's a different person the second time.

Griffin: Oh, you throw him away.

Travis: Yeah. And then the next week, it's like—maybe—and you know what, maybe it was just a different hat or mustache or whatever. I don't know. And he's just like, "That last guy was a liar. You're great."

Justin: I feel like... it would negate when other people in my life tell me I'm the man.

Travis: Oh, I see.

Justin: It would be kind of less... impactful. It would take away your ability to appreciate being... *the man*, you know?

Travis: Then how about maybe, let's tweak it a bit. They're just asking you, "Are you the man?" And it's up to you to answer, so it's building your own self-confidence. And eventually, he's gonna say, "Now you're the man," and he'll leave. Right?

Griffin: Forever?

Travis: Yeah, you don't need him anymore. The power's in you.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: He's asked enough.

Justin: But he doesn't say "you're the man now." He says, "Now you're the man."

Travis: Yeah, that keeps it legally—

Justin: That keeps us out of Finding Forrester trademark territory, which I do appreciate from a legal perspective.

Travis: But instead, it's just asking you until you find the confidence within that you don't need him there anymore.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: And he'll—and then he leaves and moves on, and maybe there's a—maybe this moves onto your next-door neighbor. He doesn't have far to go. There's only one of him. And he has to kind of cover the whole world, so he can really only give you like a week, so you need to get your shit together.

Griffin: I do... I mean, we're talking about someone who—

Travis: Wait, hey, can we jump back to earlier in the episode when you were talking about a dog bag full of dookie and Johnny Appleseed?

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: And pretended that I said Johnny Crappleseed?

Griffin: Uh, no, actually, no.

Travis: Fuck. Fuck!

Griffin: It was too far away.

Travis: Okay. Sorry, sorry, sorry.

Griffin: I'm thinking about it, and like a friend... that goes with you everywhere you go, who's like, "You're not the man yet, you're not the man, no, you're not the man." I do kind of already have that.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: But the friend—the friend is inside. Me.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: The friend's just my brain.

Travis: Yes. Now, see, I have the opposite.

Griffin: Yeah. You do have this friend.

Justin: I don't like how gendered it is, though.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Yeah, I do—maybe if we had a little bit more—like, "You're the man! Which—which man? The man with the power." This is inevitable.
[laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: What about just like, "You're the best"? No, that's too—

Justin: You're—

Griffin: Yeah, 'cause "mans" is—"man" is the best, Travis. I'm glad we're finally—[laughs] Finally drawing a line in the sand.

Travis: You're a—

Justin: You're Doctor Shit.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: Maybe that's something?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: 'Cause it's a—"doctor" is gender neutral.

Travis: "You're the best crapper in the world."

Justin: "You're Doctor Cool. You're Doctor Cool."

Griffin: "You're the esteemed Professor Shit, with tenure."

Travis: [laughs] "You're Professor Shit Emeritus."

Justin: I think it would be more useful to me in my day-to-day life to have someone who follows me around and tells other people that I'm the man.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: "Get a load of this guy!"

Travis: "This guy's Professor Shit! This guy's Doctor Shit!"

Justin: "This guy's Doctor Shit! Look at him! [laughs] Fuck yeah, dude! [laughs] Hey, are you getting pumped for this guy?"

Travis: "This guy's Doctor Shit. He went to Shit Medical School for seven years for this!"

Griffin: "Get out of—"

Justin: "I could use—"

Griffin: "Get out of the way, here comes Judge Cool."

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: "Hey, everyone, meet Judge Cool."

Justin: I would love to have that in my marriage, just like, "Hey, Sydnee, are you getting a load of this fucking guy? Look how much broccoli he's eating. I'm going wild over here. I can't believe you're missing this to pay attention to your kids. Look at this guy! He's putting it away!"

Travis: This is the thing, right? That we're all jealous of, like, '90s hip hop artists for riding a hype man. Not that you can't have a hype man in day-to-day life—I can't be walking around, and someone's like, "Travis, rocking them jeans!" Like, I can't do that. I *want* that.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: We all want that.

Justin: We all want it.

Travis: We all want a hype man whose entire existence is just about, like, that they are revolving around us, and like, they are the moray eel to our great white shark...

Griffin: I sort of want that—a sort of emotional pilot fish, if you will.

Justin: I'm not sure we all want that.

Griffin: No, I don't. I wicked don't want that.

Travis: You don't want a hype person?

Griffin: I want silence sometimes.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Like right now, for instance. Is good.

Justin: Well, I can give that to you, Griffin, by way of saying that thank you for listening to our podcast, *My Brother, My Brother and Me*. We hope you've enjoyed yourself. We are so happy that you made a little time to hang out with us. It's been a delight, as always. And thank you.

Travis: I was just gonna say, you know... but I'm just gonna say, get out there and register to vote. If you're not registered to vote, get out there and register to vote. And all is I'm gonna say... don't vote for Donald Trump in the 2020 election.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: I'm just gonna say that, too.

Justin: Yeah, that would be actually a very bad thing to do, and don't do that.

Travis: Don't do that!

Justin: It's bad.

Travis: So register your vote, and then maybe use that vote to oppose the candidate that might actually win—or no, use that vote...

Justin: Here he goes.

Travis: ... to vote for the candidate that might actually win against Donald Trump, so that Donald Trump does not continue to be president.

Justin: Wow, that—fit that on a sign, folks. I'm fucking motivated.

Travis: Yeah, so register to vote, and use that vote against Donald Trump.

Griffin: Also, make sure you're signed up for mail-in ballot.

Travis: Yes!

Griffin: 'Cause that's gonna be the best—best, safest way to do it this time.

Thanks to Maximum Fun for having us on the network. Thank you also to John Roderick and The Long Winters for the use of our theme song, "(It's a) Departure" off the album Putting the Days to Bed. It shreds, rips, slaps, it's so fucking good.

And um, I think that's it! Y'all want that final?

Travis: Oh, oh, oh!

Justin: Absolutely.

Travis: We wrote a book about podcasting that you can preorder.

Justin: Oh, okay.

Travis: It'll be out January. You can go to the McElroyPodcastingBook.com.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: It's called *Everybody Has a Podcast Except You*.

Griffin: Yep.

Travis: It's good, and you'll enjoy it, and it'll teach you how to make a podcast you're proud of.

Griffin: It's got jokes, and lessons. This is... a final Yahoo sent in by the Prospector, Merit Palmer. Thank you, Merit. It's Yahoo Answers user Diana, who asks, "What is the best vintage children's book about horses that's not well known?"

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [wheezing laughter] My name is Justin McElroy.

Travis: I'm Travis McElroy.

Griffin: I'm Griffin McElroy.

Justin: This has been *My Brother, My Brother and Me*. Kiss your dad square on the lips.

[theme music plays and ends]

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