

MBMBaM 525: Problems Related to Me Falling Down the Stairs

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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, "(It's a) Departure" by The Long Winters, plays]

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

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

Griffin: I'm your sweet baby brother, Griffin McElroy!

Justin: It's time.

Travis: [gasps]

Justin: That's right!

Travis: [gasps]

Justin: The fall is here.

Travis: The fall has fallen.

Justin: The fall has fallen. I have an exciting Munch Squad episode right here at the beginning of the show that I feel like, apropos, I would love to set the tone if I could, if I could invite you guys in.

Travis: Yes, please.

Griffin: Please.

Justin: Okay, come with me.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: Let's just stand behind this curtain here. Now, I am going to, uh, make a quick call on my phone.

Travis: [makes phone ringing noises]

Justin: Who am I gonna be calling, you ask. Well, Starbucks—

Griffin: "Hello, this is David." Oh, I didn't—Travis was doing some foley work, I thought it'd be fun if I could get—do foley work, too. But I didn't know what—

Justin: Oh, you can—[stammers]

Griffin: Okay. "Hello, this is David."

Justin: "Hi, David. What's your role here?"

Griffin: "I—I'm a... vampire."

Travis: Ooh!

Justin: That's a fun choice.

Griffin: I don't know what we're fucking doing. Like, you didn't tell me what we're doing.

Travis: No, no, no. I like—wait, hold on. We'll get back to Justin's thing in a second, but let's roll with this.

Griffin: "I'm an autumn vampire. Halloween's just around the corner!"

Justin: Um, Starbucks has declared that fall has begun. And the pumpkin spice latte is returning, according to *QSR Magazine*, [clears throat] a

magazine for the quick-service restaurant industry. And I did wanna just set the tone, because I'm so excited to say that... it's back. Like, it came back two days ago, as we're recording this. But like, as you're listening to it, it came out August 25th. So Starbucks was like, "Hey, listen, we can't do a lot."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "But maybe this. Does this do anything? Like, is this anything?"

This is sort of like the one GIF of Donald Glover walking into the room with pizza from *Community*, you remember? And the whole place was on fire, and he turns around and walks away?

Griffin: Love that GIF.

Justin: Love that GIF. Except he's holding huge cups of pumpkin spice latte, and he does attempt to upend the cups onto the fire to see if it does *anything*. Like, maybe this does *something*.

Travis: Hey, can I also just say, like... this year, and I—and maybe Justin and Griffin would go along with me on this—I would like to play some moratorium on making jokes about "[condescendingly] Oh, pumpkin spice latte's in everything." [normally] Because I think pumpkin spice is the least of our worries this year...

Griffin: Bigger fish. Bigger fish.

Justin: Bigger fish, bigger fish, bigger fish.

Starbucks has made this even more exciting and meaningful this fall, with the Fall Hotline. 1-833-GET-FALL.

Travis: [laughs] GET-FUCKED.

Justin: I don't know what to expect, but I'm calling right now.

Travis: Oh!

Justin: And we'll just all sort of experience this together, see what happens.

Automated Message: [over phone] Hey, there all you hay-riders, leaf-rakers, the pumpkin spice lovers. [sipping noise] Ahh.

Justin: Eugh.

Automated Message: If you're coming here to spice up your leaf life, then you have definitely come to the right place. Dial 1 to head out on a hayride.

Justin: [laughs]

Automated Message: Dial 2 to practice your pumpkin mantra.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Dude...

Automated Message: Dial 3 to cozy up with your cup.

Justin: [crosstalk]

Automated Message: Dial 4 to hear piano on repeat.

Justin: Pick—pick one.

Automated Message: Dial 5 to adventure to the pumpkin cold brew falls.

Justin: Where are we going?

Automated Message: Dial 6...

Travis: Jesus.

Automated Message: ...for endless PSL perfection. Dial 7 to go on a lovely, leaf-crunching stroll.

Justin: [laughs]

Automated Message: Dial 8 to knit sweaters with Grandpa.

Justin: Fuck, it's so many!

Automated Message: And if you get lost, just dial 9 to be directed back to the main menu.

Travis: Seven.

[beeping noise]

Automated Message: Close your eyes.

Travis: Okay.

Automated Message: When your mind walks through the forest of fall fields.

Travis: Ooh!

Justin: Ooh. This is nice.

Griffin: Can I get some more treble in the mix, Starbucks?

Automated Message: [sipping noise] Ahh.

Travis: Oh, God.

Automated Message: Being out here reminds me of what life is all about: finding laughter, love, and leaves. [laughs]

Travis: Also, I need to borrow, like, 1,000 dollars. I promise you I'll pay you back.

Justin: Can you imagine—I have an opportunity for free money for you.

Automated Message: Hey! Quack if you love pumpkin spice. [quacking sounds]

Travis: What?

Justin: Don't give the ducks pumpkin spice, please.

Griffin: It will make them very sick.

Justin: He's feeding it to the ducks! Let's go on a hayride.

[beeping noise]

Travis: Okay.

Automated Message: Now we're—[loud, continuous rumbling]

Justin: Ooh!

Travis: Ooh-ho-hoo!

Griffin: Oh, this is fu—[makes startled noises]

Automated Message: One round trip 'round the pumpkin patch coming right up.

Justin: Take me.

Automated Message: [goes silent]

Travis: Oh, no, Tommy fell under the wheel!

Justin: [makes dramatic noise] It's dead!

Travis: We gotta go back!

Automated Message: Well look at this, I found my lucky banjo on this here haybale.

Justin: They can't buy a banjo! Tommy's dead!

Travis: He's dead, man!

Automated Message: [banjo playing]

Justin: [through laughter] What are they doing?

Griffin: Well, hold on. That does sound—that sounds great.

Justin: That's gonna be the last thing he hears.

Automated Message: [banjo plays and ends]

Travis: You wanna hear the one about fucking your goat?

Automated Message: I'll start the fire.

Travis: Wait, is this the cup's voice talking?

Justin: "I'm burning your house down."

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: "You better get to a Starbucks quick, it's the only safe place."

Travis: "This is for the insurance money. It's what you were hinting at, right?"

Justin: [laughs] "We both agreed. I'd kill your mom, you kill my dad."

Automated Message: If it's wrong to wear fuzzy socks with footy pajamas, I don't wanna be right.

Travis: Wait, what about the fire?

Griffin: What—the fire is happening.

Justin: The fire is happening. Also, why would you wear footy pajamas *and* fuzzy socks?

Travis: Yeah!

Automated Message: [???] Dial 6 for any PSL perfection.

Travis: There it is.

Automated Message: “Happy pumpkin season, Joey.”

“Oh, good Autumn Alex. I’ll take a grande PSL. No, wait—a venti PSL, please.”

Travis: “Oh, Susan, you’re here. Wasn’t expecting to see you.”

Automated Message: [whirring machine]

Justin: “What’s that in the back behind the counter? Is that... T—T—T—Tommy’s ghost?”

Travis: [laughs] No!

Automated Message: Well you know what they say! When the leaves start falling, the PSL starts calling. [laughs]

All: [laugh sarcastically]

Griffin: He liked that. He liked that one.

Automated Message: [hissing noise] “More whip, please.” [hissing noise continues]

Justin: Can you do that?

Travis: "You've had enough whip, sir."

Justin: "Hey, I'll tell you when."

Travis: More whip.

Justin: More whip!

Travis: You can't!

Automated Message: Dial 9 for another PSL. For more fall sounds...

Griffin: He's—

Justin: He's just hang—he's just blowing the foam off into the guy's face, and says, "More whip!"

Travis: "Again!"

Griffin: "More!"

Travis: "You work for me, Jerry!"

Justin: "No, my name's not Jerry. It's... Tommy."

Travis: [gasps]

Griffin: Oh, no!

Justin: Floats off into PSL ghost. So anyway, there's a cult about pumpkin spice lattes that Starbucks has been fostering for years.

Griffin: That's fun.

Justin: Rush into a Starbucks, fill that place. Fill it up with warm bodies. And get that—

Travis: As close as you can pack `em. Like sardines.

Justin: Close as you can pack 'em.

Griffin: To the window, to the wall, 'til the leaves all start to fall.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: It's pumpkin spice latte season.

Justin: Uh, so welcome to fall. The autumnal energy is strong here in this episode.

Griffin: It's 104 Fahrenheit degrees outside...

Justin: yeah.

Griffin: Still doin' summer here, looking forward to the PSL in early December.

Travis: You know what I call that? Hot fall.

Griffin: Hot fall. Okay.

Travis: There's hot fall, there's cold fall, there's green fall, and there's fall fall. That's it.

Justin: [laughs] Hey, are you guys—I don't wanna keep distracting fr—this is an advice show. We will get into the advice. It's kind of a weird time. Things are weird. I just want this to be a weird show.

Griffin: That sucks. This shit sucks, man.

Justin: It feels appropriately weird. Are you guys getting a lot of weird political texts?

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: From people who are supposedly are sort of on your team?
[laughs]

Griffin: [bursts into laughter]

Justin: Fucking pretty wild—let's talk about—so Trav, I know you got one, and yours tops mine.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: So I wanna just share mine first. Literally as we started recording, I got this [laughs] text. "With just 12 hours to go, Joe Biden is rapidly dropping in the polls. Undecided voters love Trump's convention, and no one is donating to our texts. [laughs]" That's the fundraising pitch!

Travis: Oh!

Justin: First off, what happens in 12 hours?

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: Are we—are we voting in 12 hours? That's very unnerving.

Griffin: It's voting—when the leaves start to fall, you have 24 hours to vote for the American president.

Travis: Now, uh, I receive a text... "James Carville here! [through laughter] As a life-long Cajun, I've seen `em all." [normally] This is a text in which James Carville is telling me who to vote for in the Louisiana election. I am... uncertain... why I'm on this list, and how I might use this information.

Justin: Have you got any fun texts?

Griffin: Um, all mine are very—are porny. I just get weird, porny texts. And I get the weird porny texts to me and a bunch of other 304 numbers. And the 3—there's always somebody in the 304 numbers that's like, "What's your fucking problem?!"

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: "I'm gonna come fucking—"

Somebody'll send it, and be like, "Do you wanna see my wet butt?"

And then someone random Huntingtonian will be like, "I'm gonna fucking kill you in my car." Like...

Justin: When that happens to me, it's 20 West Virginians. 20 rowdy West Virginians that they've gathered into one text thread who are not pleased. So this is a thread of people. Each one of the texts I'm about to read you is from a different phone number, okay? So we all get the spam text, and then someone texts, Picture of a stop sign. "Stop."

Next person: "No kidding."

Next person: "Stop!"

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Next person: "Stop!" And then they've included the email address of the person who sent out the initial text. By person, of course I mean *robot*, who is not reading this.

Next person, all caps, "Stop!"

Right after that, "Quit texting me, asshole. I'm getting same text messages from a third party. It's called spam. Just delete the damn things!"

Next person: "It's not me." [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: "I'm trying to get this mess off my phone."

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Next person: “[through laughter] Trying to get these guys off my phone. I am not texting you.” They are saying this in a text message!
[laughs]

Griffin: Wow.

Justin: To the entire group.

Last person: “Okay.” And then they were done. And then everyone got the memo.

Travis: Do you guys ever get these? I get them sometimes where it’s like, “Hey, it’s Dad, I left my medication at your house. Please call me. Please, I need that medication so bad.”

Griffin: And it’s using Dad’s phone number.

Justin: Dad’s phone number, yeah.

Griffin: It’s like he hacked—someone got hacked, yeah.

Travis: And I’m like, “Spam.”

And he’s like, “No, please, I need this. I’m having my dark cravings again, please.”

Griffin: Uh, Daddy likes his medicine. Can we do a question?

Justin: “My cat, who I assumed was lost for over three years, has reappeared in my neighbor’s window.”

Griffin: The perfect crime.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: “I don’t wanna take her back, but I do wanna visit her, as she acknowledges my presence through the clear window. The problem is, I’m

very socially awkward, and I don't know what to say to my elderly woman neighbor in order to visit my courageous calico kitty." Thank you for the alliteration, it's very much appreciated. "Brothers, how do I visit my cat at my neighbor's house?" That's from Kitty Conundrum in the Keystone State.

Griffin: What's wild about this is that the middle road that you're attempting to find here is the wildest option. The two options you have are nothing or full-blown, Liam Neeson, smash in the front door, grab the cat, smoke bomb, rappel out the window, like, "This is my fucking cat!"

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Um...

Justin: The Comeowter.

Griffin: What's that?

[pause]

Justin: The Comeowter. [wheezes]

Travis: Huh.

Justin: So there's a movie called *The Commuter*, starring Liam Neeson.

Travis: Yeah, but that's not—

Griffin: What happens in it?

Justin: And I changed that to *The Comeowter*.

Griffin: What happens in the movie?

Justin: [lowly] Somebody steals his cat, it's his neighbor, and he has to get it—

Griffin: Why wouldn't they just call that movie *The Comeowter*, then?

Justin: [wheezes] 'Cause it's trademarked by me just now.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: But this is after the movie came out.

Justin: *Lo—Love, Actually.*

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: Now that's a movie party.

Justin: [wheezes, laughs] That's a film!

Travis: No, but you would call it *My Cat, Actually*, 'cause you'd say, "That's my cat, actually."

Justin: "My cat, actually."

Griffin: Walking into this house and being, like, "Hey, what's up, you stole my cat, can I pet it?" is fucking out of this world. Or—

Justin: [laughs] So it's the hardest possible one, right? Because there's not a decent human being on Earth who—I mean, one of two things will happen, right? If you say, "Hey, that's my cat..."

Travis: Uh-huh.

Justin: Then the neighbor, who is also a person with their own thoughts and feelings, will say, "Well, you should take this cat back, I don't wanna be a cat thief, that sucks." Or, "I've been watching this cat for two years, you need to go home. This cat and you don't live together anymore. They don't know who you are."

Um, that—uh, there's no middle ground where they're like, "Joint custody, maybe? Maybe we share the cat? Nights and weekends?"

Travis: Um... counterpoint. 'Kay, you're ready for this?

Justin: Meowterpoint.

Travis: Meowterpoint. [knocking sound] "Yes, hello. Hi, I just—I wanted to visit Cinnamon. Is Cinnamon home?"

"Excuse me?"

"Cinnamon, the cat? Used to live with me, now lives with you, totally cool. I just wanted to check in, see how Cinnamon's doing."

Justin: "I can tell you're having trouble hearing me. Let me remove my face mask and get even closer to you. Okay. Go ahead."

Travis: "[enunciating] I'm here to visit the cat."

Griffin: [laughs] Um... I—

Travis: "I'm willing to do it here on the porch, if you don't want me to come in your home."

Justin: Can you pretend there's something that the cat left at your house that it is probably missing?

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: Like—

Travis: This—like this dead mouse.

Justin: "Mr. Cinnamon here, he left his vape pen at my house."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "If you will please take it back, just so he has his chunky ADV that he craves."

Griffin: Can you not just—

Travis: “And he likes his food warmed up.”

Griffin: Can you not just open the front door, and crack a can of StarKist and just wait? Cat’s aren’t—

Travis: The cat will find a way.

Griffin: The cat gonna get out—that’s a good point. Just open the door. Just open a StarKist outside.

Travis: Hey, what if the reason you finally, after all this time, saw your cat in the window, is your cat was trying to signal you that it needs rescued.

Justin: Yeah. [crosstalk].

Travis: Like, this is the first time the cat was able to get your attention. He’s like, “Get me out of here. This lady thinks that I am her son. [laughs] Please!”

Justin: Cats uh, do have this one unique ability. If you open a StarKist can near an open window, they could actually float out on the waves, the stink waves.

Griffin: On the stink line. Yeah, I’ve heard that.

Justin: I’ve seen that happen.

Travis: And they come in, like, [makes enjoying munch noises].

Justin: If it makes you feel any better, the cat does not remember you. [laughs]

Griffin: No.

Travis: Mm.

Justin: If that lessens the burden in any way... this cat does *not* remember you. Dog would. Yes. Absolutely.

Griffin: Yes.

Justin: I've seen those videos of hero soldiers. The dog would.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: Okay? The cat, nope. Does not care. You ever seen one of those videos with a cat? Absolutely not.

Travis: I think we've talked about this before, but it's the most unbelievable part of *The Incredible Journey*. What's it called? With the two dogs and the one cat? That the two dogs that cross—

Justin: *Homeward Bound*?

Griffin: *Homeward Bound*, for sure. *Homeward Bound*. The Incredible Animals' Journeys.

Travis: Yes. Where the two dogs, yeah, I believe that. Two dogs, they would jump over the Grand Canyon. The fact that the cat's like, "I'm also gonna go with you two dogs?" No way.

Griffin: I think it was called *Pet Friends on the Road*.

Travis: I think—I think it was just called *Ramblin' Pets*!

Griffin: [laughs] Uh, hey, can I do a Yahoo?

Justin: Yeah, please.

Griffin: Uh, this Yahoo was uh, sent in by—this is a interesting—this is an interesting one, and I'm really just gonna—it's from—it was sent in by Emma Kant. Thank you, Emma. And I'm just gonna ask it, and then I'm gonna go, "One, two, three," and then everybody say their answer. And we're not gonna do anything else on it, I just really—like, I saw this, and I was like,

"This isn't a good question, but it's an interesting sort of, like, Myers-Briggs personality... test."

So I'm gonna ask it. It was from uh, Yahoo Answers User Fraus, or perhaps Freige, who asks—and again, I'm gonna ask it, and then, "One, two three," and say it. And don't make it—don't be funny. Don't do your usual joke bullshit. Like, let's pretend like we have a bit of respect for this podcast and its— listeners.

Travis: Griffin, I have never once been funny on this show.

Griffin: Good. Freige asks, "Which chess piece is the sexiest?" One, two, three. Bishop.

Travis: Knight.

Justin: Rook!

Griffin: Okay, we all said different shit. I thought for sure we'd all say bishop.

Travis: Well, the rook is the least sexiest, Justin, I'm sorry.

Griffin: Well...

Justin: It's got, like, a bunch of different—it's got the closest to a hand. Fair?

Travis: Eh...

Griffin: When you think of that—I didn't even think of that.

Travis: Now, hold on. Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on.

Justin: Yeah?

Travis: We have not established criteria [crosstalk].

Griffin: I said we weren't gonna—I said we weren't gonna talk about it.

Travis: I know, I'm sorry Griffin, but... I was thinking about it in terms of sexiest to look at.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Knight, the idea is sexy...

Griffin: Travis wasn't even thinking about finishing.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, I was thinking about like, if I was working in an office, and it was like a break time, and I looked out the window, and I saw this chess piece cracking open a cold Diet Coke whilst working on the construction site across the way, which one would I most enjoy—

Justin: I don't want you—

Travis: What I most enjoy looking at.

Justin: [unintelligible singing].

Travis: The knight.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: You're just gonna keep it at a distance, a romantic dalliance for your daydreams.

Travis: Listen, I'm saying maybe this is aspirational. Maybe it's just perhaps, if you will, fuel for the fire back home. I am not looking for an entanglement with this chess piece, but I like the idea of a knight, and I think it's a sexy horse.

Justin: I don't—maybe this isn't the fucking PC thing to say, but I'd rather get to know the chess piece's mind first, 'cause that's what's sexy to me.

Griffin: Huh.

Travis: And neither one of us went for power, though. None of us went for, like, queen or king.

Griffin: The queen or king. Yeah, it's interesting.

Justin: We—aw, we know our place.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: Like, we know—we know—

Travis: That is true.

Justin: We know where we fall, okay?

Travis: Yeah. But all of us rose above pawn. No one said pawn.

Griffin: Well, no. We're better than that.

Justin: Alright, come on. There's lots of those.

Travis: I'm just saying—

Justin: If I could have... all the pawns, then we may be into uh, something of a situation.

Travis: Mm.

Justin: [forced laughter]

Travis: Now, Griffin, you said bishop.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Does the religious aspect not scare you off there, at all?

Griffin: Well, that's not what I was thinking about, Travis.

Travis: Oh!

Griffin: But I don't—again, when I said—when I said we're not gonna talk about it, it's because I didn't really wanna get into it, and I thought that you guys would share my feelings. But I guess I depending on—

Travis: Griffin, can I just—can I say one word, and you tell me if I nailed it?

Griffin: Yeah?

Travis: Curvature.

Justin: I'm gonna try one. Slot.

[extended pause]

Griffin: Here's another Yahoo.

Justin: [wheezes]

Travis: No, Griffin, who was right?

Griffin: I mean... depending on how you look at the bishop, it can either look like a pee-pee or a jug.

Justin: [bursts out laughing]

Griffin: This Yahoo was sent in by Johannes. Johannes, thank you. It's from Yahoo Answers User Christopher, who asks, "If Adidas started selling t-shirts with photos of your face on them..."

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: "... how would you react?"

Travis: Confused, at first. If I'm being honest. Why I was chosen—

Griffin: Mostly you'd be confused.

Travis: Yeah, why was I chosen to represent... any sport?

Griffin: Confusion wouldn't even be—well, first of all, you wouldn't be representing a sport, right? Like, it wouldn't have you and then like, you know, the New England Patriots' logo, probably.

Travis: No, I'm not saying a team. I'm saying that Adidas, as you were saying, is a sporting goods company, are they not?

Griffin: Yeah, but that doesn't—that doesn't mean that you represent sports. It just means Adidas thought that your face would be cool to put on a t-shirt. I think confusion would be the first reaction for most of us, and then it would continue to be the reaction for a while. I wanna know what goes deeper than that.

Travis: Can I be honest, Griffin?

Griffin: Please.

Travis: Deeper confusion. Because at first, I would be confused why Adidas has chosen me. But then I would start to think, "How did Adidas get this photo?" Who within the Adidas corporation was like, I guess, looking on, perhaps, Instagram? Or my Facebook?

Griffin: Uh...

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: It's your Facebook profile photo, and then you get upset about it, and fucking Zuck is like, "It's allowed. You put it on Facebook."

Justin: "It's mine now."

Griffin: "It's mine now. And I gave it to Adidas."

Travis: They were scrolling by, and they would've just thought, "This is aesthetically pleasing enough that it will sell t-shirts. Then, I guess maybe flattered might be..."

Justin: Do you think that's buried somewhere in the TOS somewhere when you join Facebook?

Travis: Oh, yeah.

Justin: Like, Zuck's just like... "Hey, it's Zuck. I hope you're not reading any of this legal stuff, 'cause I'm gonna sell all your shit to Adidas."

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. "All day, I dream about screwing you over," you know what I mean?

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: It'd be like—and then I'll be out on the street, and I'll see somebody walking, and I'll be like, "Man their shoes look like my bare feet." And it turns out Adidas has gotten my feet off Facebook!

Travis: That explains why they had made those pants that looked like my—my naked body from the waist down.

Griffin: Your nude legs. Yeah! With your bepis and butt and everything, is on these new Adidas track pants! It's your bepis and butt, your hairy legs, my feet, and Justin's face is like the whole torso.

Travis: Now, here's—here's what I imagine happens. I go to Adidas, and I say, "Hey, what the fuck?"

And then they say, "Well, turns out your body is perfectly aerodynamic."

Griffin: Oh!

Travis: “Your body is the most per—you are like a blade moving through the wind, and so now every sporter wants their body shaped like your body.”

And I’ll say, “Can I have some money, please?”

And they’ll say, “Uh, you don’t own your body. God owns your body.”

Griffin: God owns your body and Zuck. Also, that explains why all the new Formula 1 races we’ve been seeing lately are just big papier-mache Travis heads.

Travis: Yep.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Yup.

Griffin: Just zooming around the tracks, so fast.

Justin: Nature’s arrow.

Griffin: Nature’s arrow. [laughs] Travis’ face—which makes it all the more upsetting when there is a big—when there’s a big accident on the field. ‘Cause that’s my brother’s head just going all topsy-turvy.

Travis: But it also explains why they put those amplifiers in the mouths and the guards are just screaming, as they go around, and it’s very scary.

Justin: [mock screaming]

Griffin: And Travis, you said the first thing you’d do is, and I quote – and Justin, back me up on this – you go to Adidas.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: Tell me what that looks like.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: I want you to—you see on the street today—

Travis: Well, I imagine they're pretty—they're 'gized that I'm there! "It's him!" they'll say. [laughs]

Griffin: Okay, stop. Stop it. Listen to me.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Use your fucking brain.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: For once.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: You see someone's face—you see your face on both a t-shirt and an Adidas-sponsored Formula 1 racecar.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: You say, "Eh, that's fucked up. I should go to Adidas about that." Now, tell me literally the next thing that happens, and don't say, "Go to Adidas."

Travis: I'd probably tweet at them.

Griffin: Like—yeah, you do have a—

Travis: Like, "Where can I find you?"

Griffin: "Where are you?"

Travis: And they would say, "Yes, of course, you're the face of Adidas."

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: "Please come visit us."

Griffin: Yeah, not enough people are tweeting at brands. Where are you?

Travis: Where are you?

Justin: Where are you right now? [laughs] I gotta get over there.

Do you guys know what Adidas stands for?

Travis: All day I dream about soccer!

Justin: Okay, Griffin?

Griffin: That is what I thought it stood for.

Justin: It's named for its owner, Adi Dassler. Founded in 1924 in Germany. Adi Dassler.

Travis: More like Daddy Dassler.

Justin: Yeah. But, of course – don't tell that to Jonathan Davis – who heard one day, someone said, "You know it stands for 'all day I dream about sex,' right?"

And he's like, "Fuck. That's funny. I'm gonna sit down and write a song."

Griffin: That kicks ass.

Justin: What about that?

Griffin: That's awesome.

Travis: I think I would be... disappointed. I think that would be the arc. I think I'd be confused, and then flattered, and then disappointed. 'Cause I wouldn't get any money.

Griffin: If its your face, Travis, I know what fucking face it's gonna be. 'Cause you have a fuckin'—the face you make in all the fucking pics that you're always sharing to people, you've trademarked—you've patented that face, I get it.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: I don't know which one I'm gonna have on there. I don't have, like, a go-to face.

Travis: It's probably—

Justin: [sighs]

Travis: Maybe it's your face that you make when I've just said something that's dumb, and you kind of like, like curl up one eyebrow, and your mouth like twists into this little—

Griffin: That's The Rock. You're thinking of The Rock again.

Travis: Aw, damn it, you're right!

Griffin: I don't do that one; The Rock does that one.

Travis: I've seen you do it.

Griffin: I make a lot of faces—I make a lot of faces in photos that... a lot of people see them, and have to wonder, "What did he just do before this photo was taken?"

Travis: Oh, yeah.

Griffin: "Cause it seems... unscrupulous."

Travis: It's a little—you're impish, for sure. You have a sort of an impish quality about you.

Griffin: But like, a stinky, bad imp. Not like a devilish trickster, like a real garbage—a real garbage—

Travis: Justin, would you make the face that you think would be on the t-shirt? Make it right now?

Justin: Okay.

Travis: Oh, yeah, that's it. That's the one.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] "So my dad owns a small family business that used to be my grandfather's. My siblings and I have made many attempts to bring him into the 21st century over the years with varied success. The big hurdle is this: he brings his work desktop computer with him when he travels. Going on a Disney cruise with my mom? Brings the desktop and sets it up in the cabin.

"Monitor, keyboard, tower, mouse, his favorite mousepad – everything comes with him, no matter how short or long the trip. We bought him a laptop last year and set it up for him, and he and my mom only use it to Zoom with us. He said, 'Laptops aren't for work, because you can't trust 'em.' We are fully at the end of our collective rope here. Is there no hope for him? Will he never know the joy of a travel-sized computer?" That's from Luddites of Long Island. Holy shit.

Griffin: Holy fuck. That's so *good*.

Justin: Holy shit, that's rough.

Travis: You know, I will say...

Griffin: Yup.

Travis: ...it didn't occur to me until Justin was reading it, that you can't trust [???]. If you just look at the construction, there is no built-in lock point in a desktop computer, because no one is ever cruising around the Starbucks looking for unwatched towers that they might spirit away.

Griffin: Yeah, no. Yeah, no one's gonna steal your tower. Um, because you see a laptop, and there's also a certain guarantee of "This is a functioning computer."

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: But a lot of desktop towers, unless it had some like, dope-ass LEDs and some fucking real gamer coolers up in it...

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: ... I'm just gonna assume it's running fucking Windows 95.
[laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah. What this cat—yeah. That would be sick, if he did have like, a monstrous vapor cooling—

Griffin and Travis: [laugh]

Justin: He's bit-mining.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: "Hey, uh, I can't go—I can't use my laptop because I've melted my third video card this week."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "Fuckin' minin' em!"

Travis: That's—maybe that's—was your grandfather, like, an esports gamer, and now your dad has taken over, and he's disappointed because you aren't into esports? You're out there, I don't know, maybe studying law or whatever, and he's disappointed that you didn't follow along.

Griffin: [sighs]

Justin: "I brought the—I brought—I brought the laptop with me on the trip. Now look at my fucking friend count. Right now, I'm gonna—"

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs] "I was supposed to raid with my group later, and fucking look at this! Huh?"

Justin: "Look at this fucking shit!"

Griffin: "You think anybody else on this cruise is ray tracing? I'm the only one ray tracing on this cruise."

Travis: "Come on!"

Griffin: Um, this is wild. This is wild.

Justin: "This laptop melted my dick off!"

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "It's just how I fucking run it! That's how I run this shit. That's how I run these hogs. I actually have five computers, because I keep burning them up and rebuilding them."

Travis: "I lost my dang bitcoin. Someone took my laptop, stole my dang bitcoin."

Griffin: "Jingle-jangled right out of my fricking pocket, man."

Travis: "Ugh."

Justin: Wait, *can* you trust laptops? [wheezes]

Travis: No!

Griffin: Hold on. Can you trust 'em?

Justin: They have the built-in camera. Do you think that's what he means?

Travis: No, I think—I think it's—hey, you look at those babies? Man, a desktop, a hearty tower? You can drop that shit off a two-story building. A laptop...

Griffin: And it would break, and explode.

Travis: And it'd break. [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] It'd break into a thousand pieces.

Griffin: [laughs] Sure.

Travis: A laptop, you accidentally leave a pencil in there? It's done!

Griffin: Why do you have a pencil inside your laptop?

Travis: 'Cause I forgot it wasn't a book!

Griffin: [quietly] Okay.

Justin: Yeah, I had a—I had a MacBook a few years back, and I lost a particularly frustrating game of chess, and I punched the keys so hard, and it only took one punch...

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: ...for it to get [holding back laughter] all bent up and not working no more.

Griffin: [laughing]

Travis: Not like a tower.

Justin: Isn't that stupid? I'm glad that um, a media company I was formerly an employee of, I had a time that I fell down the stairs. [laughs]

Griffin: [through laughter] You fell—*you* fell down the stairs, or *it* fell down the stairs?

Justin: That I fell down the stairs, and I was like, "Whoa!"

Travis: You—okay.

Griffin: [through laughter] Wait. Shut up. Everyone—

Travis: The keyboard—the keyboard was the part that was broken, right? So it was open?

Justin: I thought.

Griffin: Everybody who's not Justin needs to shut up for the next minute while you tell me every detail about the story you told them.

Justin: I ta—I s—[pause] I got the email.

Travis and Griffin: [burst out laughing]

Griffin: Holy shit.

Justin: See... And by the way...

Griffin: Also, please don't tell.

Justin: ... media company, if you do—yeah, please nobody tell them. It—like, I mean... please don't tell them. [laughs] But if—hey, media company, if you do hear this, I—let me know. I'll pay for it. I'm a fucking asshole now.

Travis: It's goofing. It's just goofing. It's just goofing!

Justin: Hello. My—

Griffin: Oh, yeah, this is all fake.

Justin: Hello. My MacBook pro is having some major problems related to me falling down the stairs...

Griffin and Travis: [burst out laughing]

Justin: ... and then in parentheses, it says, "I am okay, thank you."

All: [extended laughter]

Travis: Oh, thank God. Oh, thank God. Oh.

Justin: Well, I'm not gonna tell them that I fucking got out-Kasparov'd and had to One Punch Man that shit.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: But Justin, all you said is, "Related to me [through laughter] falling down the stairs"?

Justin: Well, Travis, I was trying to—I didn't wanna get into, like, a courtroom recreation, like—because—

Griffin: Aw, man.

Justin: I couldn't imagine the actual particulars of it.

Griffin: Exactly!

Justin: It's just—things happen.

Griffin: It's—what did you—did you drop it down the stairs, and it fell out of your hand into a big man's fist?

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: When I was thinking—what I was thinking happened was—

Travis: Was that all the detail—wait, hold on. Was that all the details? "Much love, Justin. Please send replacement."

Justin: He doesn't need to—he's not gonna do a fuc—it's not *Unsolved Mysteries*. He's not gonna do a reenactment of it.

Griffin: [laughing quietly]

Justin: Like, he doesn't need more than that!

Griffin: Holy shit, that's so choice.

Justin: Um, I guess in my head, what happened was I had the computer open...

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: ... while I was walking down the stairs, which is reckless, and then I tripped and then used... the middle sort of punch-sized section of the keyboard to break my fall? I think that's what I'm on?

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Yeah, yeah, yeah. That's right, you're fine. If you hadn't had your laptop at the time, you'd be dead.

Justin: Yeah. Yeah.

Griffin: So this one's—this one's cashed, but do something to honor this hero laptop.

Justin: Yeah. And I will—I would like to talk to Tim about that. I mean, you should—here’s what I’m gonna say. If your laptops... can’t take a punch...

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: ... they shouldn’t run chess. Is that fair?

Griffin: [laughing loudly]

Justin: Is that fair to say?

Travis: What’s what—this is what I’m saying. This is why laptops are for nerds. You can’t punch `em once?

Justin: Can’t punch it one time? What if I get very mad? [laughs]

Travis: Yeah, Justin—it’s not like Justin punched it over and over again. It was one punch! It can’t take one punch?

Griffin: Oh, God.

Justin: It would be so dope if, during one of the press conferences, Tim Cook is like—pushes the button, he’s like, “And in this new model, 3.6 punches!”

Travis: “Watch! Wham, wham, wham! Boop!”

Justin: [laughs] “A record 3.6 punches.”

Griffin: Get out here, Brock Lesnar. Fuck it up.

Justin: [laughs] It’s my friend, Brock.

Travis: He and I have been lifting together.

Justin: "Hey, Tim. Uh, it's me, Brock Lesnar. I'm so impressed with this new MacBook model. Anyway, I'm gonna punch it for ya. And then I'm gonna rip it in half."

Griffin: One, two, three, stop! Stop, stop!

Travis: [laughs] It's the only ones we got!

Griffin: Don't do it again.

Justin: Here's what—[laughs] What's frustrating is, you can't punch 'em, which you would, but you can't tear them in half, which you would never.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Right? Doesn't that seem stupid? You should make them un-tear-in-half-able.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: That's a tower, Justin.

Griffin: Yeah, there's no—

Justin: No, I'm saying... you *can* punch it, but you can't tear it in half.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: And I would never try to tear it in half in anger. I would punch it in anger, and I actually might try to tear it in half in anger. I have tried to twist... I've twisted controllers in half in anger.

Griffin: God, you're fucking strong, though.

Travis: Wait, so Justin, just to get this clear, your complaint with laptops is that [laughs] you can't punch them. You cannot punch them. But you could rip them in half. But Justin, I would argue it sounds like you *did* punch it.

Justin: No, I'm saying—the problem is, they can't take a punch.

Travis: Uh-huh.

Justin: And yet you can't rip them in half.

Travis: So they can't take a—what a—

Justin: And I'm much more likely—

Travis: What else can a laptop [laughs] not do, Justin?

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: I'm just saying—I'm saying that, like, I would not, in anger, close my laptop and then attempt to rip it in half, right?

Travis: Oh, I see.

Justin: Right? It doesn't need that much structural integrity.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: It does need the power to withstand a medium punch!

Travis: Now, see, I thought when you were talking about ripping in half, you meant screen from keyboard.

Griffin: Screen from keyboard.

Travis: Which I could do.

Griffin: Anyone could, Trav. You don't have to—yeah.

Justin: Yeah, anybody could do that.

Griffin: Uh, if we're gonna buy this dad a high-end, top-of-the-line, government, like, level... gamer laptop rig... um—

Travis: Something he could also stream from. Something he could also Twitch from, you know what I mean?

Justin: Yes, thank you.

Griffin: If we're gonna turn this into a Twitch daddy, we're gonna need to go to the—

Travis: Yes!

Griffin: And by the way, we're not going to—that's not a service we offer at the show.

Travis: Not yet!

Griffin: Okay. But—we're not gonna do that, but we should go to the Money Zone.

Justin: Let's go.

[theme music, "(It's a) Departure" by The Long Winters, plays]

Justin: Hey, Honey.

Travis: What?

Justin: It's me, Justin.

Travis: No, I said that! [sighs]

Justin: No one will ever know that, though. Got edited out.

Travis: I know, but I said it first, and then we had to start over, and—
[laughs]

Justin: You're waste—you're burning time.

Uh, hey, Honey! This is an intro I came up with for the company, Honey.

Travis: Aw, man.

Justin: And uh, I love... Honey. I wish that I could express—I wish I had a secret signal I could send for when I don't actually like an advertiser that much, so I could not do it for Honey, because uh, it is the best! It takes a few clicks, it installs in your web browser, and any time you check out, it is like, "Hey, let me um... let me just see if you got any coupon codes anywhere—in the back. I'll be right back. Let me just look real quick."

And then it looks, and if it's got promo codes found on the internet, it just automatically applies them for you, it saves you money. I mean, you can't—it's best—it's free—

Griffin: Best.

Justin: Takes a second to install. It's so weird that you wouldn't be using Honey...

Travis: Do you just like giving away money? Is that it?

Justin: It's obviously free money. So please, get Honey for free at JoinHoney.com/brother. That's JoinHoney.com/brother.

Travis: What do you call it...

Justin: Get some—get money!

Travis: Hey, guys, what do you call it when you use a web... app to find discounts on underwear? MeHundies! I wanna tell you about MeUndies. `Cause I said MeH—

Griffin: You're proud of that one. God, don't you love it when you can hear the pride in his voice, Juice?

Travis: MeHundies.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: *MeHundies*.

Griffin: And then he says it, like, 70 times....

Travis: MeHundies!

Griffin: ... to make it feel like... like a joke.

Travis: [high-pitched] MeHundies!

Griffin: Oh, that's fucking funny, though.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Did you hear that voice he did in that time with—

Travis: MeHundies!

Griffin: Oh, that's fucking great, Trav.

Travis: [normally] Yeah! MeUndies just wants everyone to feel comfy as heck with the f—

Griffin: Oh, don't—oh, don't stop.

Travis: [high-pitched] MeHundies!

Griffin: Th—they love it. They love it. The audience loves it. The advertisers love it. The ad reps love it. The ad reps send this to advertisers.

Travis: [normally] Yeah.

Griffin: And they're like, "This is good. How much money do you want?"

Justin: Yeah. "I love this."

Griffin: “We’ll give them all of it.”

Justin: Please—is there a tipping feature?

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: I’d love to tip.

Travis: We—oh! What’s that—oh! Money just—money—oh, suddenly I’m inside one of those money booths.

Griffin: Trav, you stopped—Trav, you stopped doing the voice, and the advertisers love the voice.

Travis: [high-pitched] MeHundies!

Griffin: Fuck, this sucks.

Travis: [normally] I can only do that one thing, though.

Griffin: Yeah, okay.

Travis: Okay. Let’s just get—

Griffin: So MeUndies is a—they got really good soft stuff that you put on your body. They got stuff like underwear, and they got lounge pants, and they got onesies. And they have very, very just comfortable stuff, and not only that; it’s got good patterns. Fun patterns.

I just got a pair of underwear with dinosaurs on them. And I know what you think: “Aren’t you scared that they will bite you... on your privacy?”

And I say, “No, it’s just pictures.”

Uh, and they have a sustainably-sourced fabric that is from beechwood trees.

Travis: How?!

Griffin: And they turn—well, they take the trees, they turn `em to pulp, and then to yarn, and then to underwear.

Travis: But I put my leg inside a tree before, and it did *not* feel good.

Griffin: They do stuff do it—between the tree and your privacy.

Travis: Huh!

Griffin: And you can get a MeUndies membership, which is a subscription that sends new pairs of MeUndies right to your door, plus you can get site-wide savings, and exclusive sales! If you wanna get 15 percent off your first order, free shipping, and a 100-percent satisfaction guarantee, go to MeUndies.com/mybrother. That's MeUndies.com/mybrother.

Travis: [high-pitched] MeHundies!

Justin: [bursts out laughing]

[piano music plays in background]

Helen: Hey, J. Keith.

J. Keith: Hey, Helen. Hey, you got another true/false quiz for me?

Helen: Yep. Our trivia podcast, *Go Fact Yourself*, used to be in front of a live audience.

J. Keith: True. Turns out that's not so safe anymore.

Helen: Correct! Next, unfortunately, this means we can no longer record the show.

J. Keith: False! The show still comes out every first and third Friday of the month!

Helen: Correct! Finally, we still have great celebrity guests answering trivia about things they love on every episode on *Go Fact Yourself!*

J. Keith: Definitely true.

Helen: And for bonus points... name some of them.

J. Keith: Recently, we've had Ophira Eisenberg, plus tons of surprise experts, like Yearly Smith and Suzanne Somers.

Helen: Perfect score!

J. Keith: Woo-hoo!

Helen: You can hear *Go Fact Yourself* every first and third Friday of the month, with all the great guests and trivia that we've always had! And if you don't listen, well then you go fact yourself!

J. Keith: That's the name of our podcast!

Helen: Correct!

J. Keith: Woo-hoo!

[advertisement ends]

Justin: Here is a... question I have here. "I have recently moved into an apartment with a friend from high school. Everything has been great except for one thing; she has grown overly attached to my cat. She's home a lot more than I am, and therefore spends more time with her, playing with her, taking her on walks."

Travis: Lot of pronouns here. It's getting confusing.

Griffin: [laughs] Yes.

Justin: "I sometimes come home to find lipstick marks from her kissing my cat on the forehead."

Griffin: Well—

Travis: Whoa!

Griffin: [clears throat] Hm!

Justin: “She even has started calling her cat ‘our cat,’ even when I have made it clear that she is mine. What should I do? Do I need to relax, or is she overstepping? I just hate the idea of my cat liking my roommates more.” That’s from Miffed in Minnesota.

Um, I actually—you know who would be good to help with this?

Griffin: I cannot fathom.

Travis: Oh, come on. [crosstalk].

Justin: [crosstalk]. Travis read my mind. Yeah, Ron Funches. Let me see if I can...

Travis: When I think about roommate/cat dynamic...

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: ...It’s Ron Funches.

Griffin: A real—a real cat-kisser.

Justin: Best in the biz. Let me call him real quick.

[tapping noise]

Ron: Hi?

Justin: Hey, Ron! It’s Hoops! I was still dialing. [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs] Ron has one of those special phones where all you have to do is sort of hit one of the phone numbered numbers over and over and over again, until you hear him yell, "Hi."

Ron: Yeah, it felt like you were knocking, so I just answered.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: [laughs loudly] Oh, shit.

Justin: If you ever need to get Ron Funches, just keep hitting 7, and eventually... [laughs]

Travis: Yep.

Justin: Eventually, he'll answer.

Griffin: Man.

Justin: Um, so Ron, I probably—you are probably so familiar with this sort of question that I don't even need to tell you, but it's like the classic roommate too attached to the cat kinda deal.

Ron: Mm. Mm-hm.

Justin: Um, you have heard—

Ron: Finding lipstick on the forehead, things like that.

Justin: You gu—yeah, this guy knows. This guy knows.

Travis: Just a regular Tuesday for Ron, am I right?

Ron: Absolutely.

Justin: So uh, we reached out to—we're just cycling through our different *Trolls: World Tour* co-stars...

Ron: Mm-hm.

Justin: ... uh, and—

Ron: How is Justin doing?

Justin: Haven't gotten JT yet. [laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Just hasn't quite been the right fit for him. He keeps asking about it, and I'm like...

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: ... you know.

Travis: Just nothing up his alley yet, you know?

Justin: He's like, "Please, Justin, please!"

And I'm like, "Cry me a river."

Ron: Mm-hm.

Travis: Nice.

Ron: Of course. Yeah, he loves it when you reference his songs.

Justin: [bursts out laughing]

Griffin: It's his favorite thing. He also demanded that Justin legally change his name before he will come on the...

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: Did you know he's never been on a thing with another Justin? Like, even like a busboy key-grip, like, they have—they do need to...

Justin: He was supposed to swear in Justin Trudeau at his swearing-in ceremony that prime ministers probably have.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: And he just ref—he wouldn't do it. He wouldn't do it.

Ron: Trudeau wouldn't change his name?

Justin: Neither one would. [holding back laughter] They were at a stalemate.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: Um, so Ron, what—[sighs] where you at with this—with cats and ownership and roommates, where you—where you at?

Travis: Can one really own a cat, Ron?

Ron: That's how I feel about it. You know, it's really about just the relationship of love, and it goes back and forth. And if you're not home with that cat, and your roommate is, and they're building a bond... I say, why stand in the way of it? It seems like a little bit of jealousy, if not a little bit of guilt about, you know, maybe they've been working too much, not spending enough time with their cats.

I mean, I feel either you have to learn to let go a bit about it, and let that cat be loved by a full family? You know, it takes a village to raise a cat. Everyone knows that.

Travis: [bursts out laughing]

Griffin: Yup.

Justin: That's so true. I would—I would wanna know where... like, cat maintenance duties... are being assigned at this point.

Travis: Oh, no.

Griffin: Ohh.

Justin: Right? 'Cause like, I have—there's a cat that lives at our house, and it belonged to my other cat that died.

Travis: Yes.

Justin: Very inconsiderately, my older cat died and left her cat here for us to take care of.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: I am not getting any of the transactional love or support or company or anything from this cat. I just clean up its doodie and refill its bowl. And I—I feel like if this person is getting love and affection from the cat, maybe they should step up with like, some food, some water, some—some litter box cleanings, that sort of thing.

Travis: What—'cause there's a very real potential here that—if you say these roommates only lived together for like a year, right? When they part ways, and the cat's like, "Okay, well, I'm going with *her* now."

Ron: Mm-hm.

Travis: "Because she's been the one around. She's been there for me."

Ron: Oh, seen it. Seen it several times.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Yeah.

Ron: Yeah, the cat will choose, and it'll make a choice, and you just have to live with it. So I mean, I think maybe she should consider quitting her job...

Justin: [laughs]

Ron: ... in order to spend more time with the cat.

Travis: Yes.

Ron: And then truly—I've been watching a lot of *90 Day Fiancé*. And it seems...

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Mm.

Ron: Like, one of the best things you can do in a relationship is stop caring about yourself and your responsibilities...

Griffin: Yes.

Ron: ... whether that's children, jobs...

Justin: [laughing]

Ron: ... things of that nature. And to start fully focusing...

Justin: [laughing]

Travis: Yeah.

Ron: ... on the needs of the other person.

Justin: Or cat.

Ron: Or cat!

Travis: Or cat.

Justin: Or cat, in this case.

Ron: Oh, clearly. Clearly.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: And this is—that’s such a great point, Ron, ‘cause this is—if there’s ever been a moment to start taking economical risks and quitting jobs willy-nilly, this is it.

Ron: Oh, yeah.

Justin: This is the moment to do it.

Griffin: I mean, it’s also—

Travis: Cats and money... like, jobs and money come and go. A cat will always be there for you when you need it.

Ron: [laughs]

Griffin: Is this the time for us to get Jackson Galaxy’s *My Cat from Hell* sort of back in the mix, but like blended with *90 Day Fiancé*? Just a very intensive, sort of spiritual journey that you do go on with your cat for three Gregorian months.

Ron: Honestly, yes.

Travis: I do—I like the idea—yeah. If Jackson Galaxy’s answer was always, “Well, maybe you’re just not working hard enough with your relationship with the cat. What’s that? Your cat destroyed all your plants and shit and all your shoes, and bit your daughter? Well, time to quit your job.”

Justin: Ron's suggestion that you need to quit your job to take care of your cat is laughable, and all us humans are having a great time chuckling at it. But make no mistake, if you had a talking cat, like in the hit film *A Talking Cat*, this is exactly what they would be saying to you.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Like, "I am the most important thing in the world. You have to start quitting your job, and putting in the time."

Travis: "And also you need to send Nermal to Abu Dhabi."

Griffin: That's important, too. Ron, I'm curious. Where do you land vis-à-vis kitty kisses, though?

Ron: Oh, kisses on the forehead?

Griffin: Leaving lipstick—okay, this is—we're talking about two separate things. I'm saying—I'm saying no to both.

Travis: Oh!

Griffin: I don't think it's right to kiss an animal, unless it's a cute little puppers with his sweet toe beans.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: But a kitty cat kiss, I'm not a fan of. I think we can all get behind leaving lipstick marks on the kitty cat, like the kitty cat is Ricky Martin, and you are in the music video "Livin' La Vida Loca... "

Ron: Mm-hm.

Griffin: ... uh, is not great, right?

Travis: Correct.

Ron: [hesitantly] Mm...

Griffin: Is there any—

Ron: I'm gonna have to—I hate to disagree, but I mean, A, one of the best music videos of all time.

Justin: [laughs]

Ron: So who doesn't wanna live that out in cat form? And...

Travis and Justin: [laugh]

Ron: B, cats have—you know, cat's have—if you get a kiss back from the cat who has the scratchiest of tongues, which are fun, you know that's just a different experience.

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: Yeah.

Ron: So I just say—

Travis: That is assuming you're getting a kiss back!

Justin: I would—I have to say, though, if I was a cat and you were gonna leave lipstick on me, that's the one fucking hardest pla—"How could you do it there? I can access almost every other place on my body."

Travis: "Leave it on my butt. I can get there easy."

Justin: [laughs] "Leave it on my butt. I'm there anyway. I'm scheduled to be there at 3:20. Just leave it on my butt, and I will get to it."

Ron: Honestly, it sounds like that roommate is leaving a message, and you know, is—

Travis: Oh!

Ron: She possibly is claiming, "I want this cat. She—it used to be your cat, it is now our cat, and it will be shortly my cat."

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs] That is step two, isn't it? "Our cat" is now step two of the process.

Ron: Mm-hm.

Griffin: You all know the best part of the "Livin' La Vida Loca" music video?

Justin: [bursts out laughing]

Griffin: All—all of the—

Justin: [crosstalk] in one tab here. [crosstalk].

Griffin: All the sexual, sensual things that Ricky Martin is experiencing in this video, his facial reactions are that of childlike wonderment, as if he has never had these sexual experiences before. It's almost like Ricky Martin has been sort of wizarded away into this sort of sexual dimension, and somebody pours wax on his chest, and he's like, "Whoa! Hey!"

Justin: [laughs]

Ron: I'm watching it right now, and he seems like he's thoroughly into this.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs] I love on YouTube, YouTube is like, "Oh, you like 'Livin' La Vida Loca'? May I recommend Lou Bega's 'Mambo Number 5'?" Not a bad segue.

Ron: They go hand-in-hand. They do go hand-in-hand, truly.

Justin: We actually found out later on that Lou Bega doesn't even like Mambo, so that was actually a big...

Ron: I'm just happy Ricky found what he was looking for.

Justin: Absolutely!

Griffin: Absolutely, sure.

Justin: I love Ricky. Huge spokesperson, speaking out for all kinds of stuff, very active, fully in support of Ricky.

Ron: Like muffins and—and—and corn.

Griffin: Yeah, he's a big corn lobbyist.

Justin: [bursts out laughing] If you like the low price of petroleum? You can thank Ricky Martin, powerbroker!

Travis: [laughs loudly]

Justin: [laughing] He's up in DC, cleaning it out.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: Corn-powered car. Ricky Martin did that. Corn-powered car. All thanks to him.

Justin: Yeah.

Ron: And I know that corn cob pipes, also, Ricky Martin. [laughs quietly]

Travis: Yeah, that's him! That's him, corn cobs.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Ron: I didn't know that was Ricky!

Griffin: The band, Korn, he was uh, the cofounder.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Kicked him out.

Ron: [laughs]

Travis: 'Cause they wanted to change it to "K," and he said, "I think that's gonna be confusing. That's not gonna help corn sales at all."

Ron: Yeah. He was thinking bigger than that.

Justin: Ron, what—we're all trying to stay busy in our own way in these times. What are you up to these days?

Ron: Oh, I'm just trying to, you know, spend time with my wife. I got married a few weeks ago, and...

Justin: Congratulations!

Griffin: Yeah, congrats!

Ron: Thank you so much. Enjoying my family, and I'm also doing a live show Saturday on September 5th that people can watch from their homes if they want, 'cause I can't go on the road safely right now. You know, I'm gonna bring the show. We're gonna have a live audience of 10 people that's safely distanced and masked, and we'll be livestreaming it out on YouTube for 24 hours on the 5th, so I've been preparing for that, and just working on trying to, you know, get them to get us bigger parts in the next *Trolls* movie.

Justin: Thank you.

Travis: Yeah, thank you.

Justin: I love this. I love—yeah, we're working together now. It's collective bargaining. [laughs]

Griffin: Yeah!

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: “Oh, you want Ron? Ron comes packaged with the McElroy brothers.”

Griffin: [laughs]

Ron: [laughs]

Griffin: That special is uh, “Awakening,” correct?

Ron: Yes, it is!

Griffin: I don’t think you said the name of it.

Ron: I did not. They should know, it is called “Awakening.” They can get tickets at my website, RonFunches.com. Um, and or if you check out any of my socials, Instagram, Twitter, there’s links all the way—all around, and I just—you know, I’m working on my own game show, as well, on Quibi that’s out right now, called *Nice One!*

Justin: Oh, nice! What’s that called?

Ron: It’s called *Nice One!* And it’s just about—it’s like, uh, looking at more fun stuff like comedy. Looking at the bright side of bad situations, it’s just me and my favorite comedians making fun jokes, and me giving out points!

Justin: Now, Ron, I haven’t—I don’t have a lot of time to watch TV. I can maybe spare uh, one Quibi to watch something. How long is an episode?

Ron: It’s about a Quibi!

Justin: Oh, nice! Okay, good. That’s a relief.

Travis: Ron, I recently saw you on Twitter, um, like, telling people who spoke bad about Quibi, I believe, that you would fight them?

Justin: [wheezes]

Ron: Yeah.

Travis: Is that true?

Ron: I did say that, and I stand behind it.

Travis: [laughs] So if anybody listening to this has ever said anything bad about Quibi and wants to fight Ron Funches, this is your chance.

Ron: Mm-hm. Yeah, as long as you have no background in fighting. Uh—uh...

Travis: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: [laughs] That's cheating.

Ron: [laughs] That would be rude, if you had background in it and are—if you were physically fit. So it—

Travis: [laughs]

Ron: If you're neither of those, and you're talking trash about Quibi, then... I will fight you. But—

Justin: I [crosstalk] like anybody who's in any sort of entertainment that complains about Quibi, the secret subtext – and I can absolutely put myself in this category – is, why didn't I get a Quibi?

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: I would love to get a Quibi. What did—

Travis: I'll take a Quibi!

Justin: I would do a Quibi, but I didn't—nobody asked me to do a Quibi. I'd do a Quibi. Come on! Help me out!

Ron: I agree. I mean, really, it just—I feel—I understand making fun of things. I love making fun of things too, talking trash, but I uh—when it was just this, like, actual wanting people to fail, and like, not a lot of people... hand out shows, so...

Justin: Oh, yeah. Yeah, absolutely.

Ron: If a new place pops up, and they need a whole new slate of material, I think that's extremely positive, and not negative by any means.

Travis: And listen, as people who have had a show on a thing that failed, it's not fun!

Justin: It's not fun.

Griffin: It's not super fun...

Travis: It's not great! It's way better when the thing succeeds, and you get to keep making your show. [laughs]

Ron: Oh, truly, I would love that. I'm—you know, I'm not putting all the eggs in that basket...

Griffin: [bursts out laughing] The shows are very short.

Ron: Yeah. That's too small of a basket! That's right!

Travis: [bursts out laughing]

Justin and Griffin: [laugh]

Justin: Uh, you—don't be a goofus. Watch Ron's special September 5th, and get tickets at RonFunches.com. And uh, Ron, thank you so much for being with us. I very much appreciate you.

Ron: Oh, it was a true pleasure. You guys are so much fun to talk to, and very enjoyable, and truly, I don't know if they—would the movie had been successful, you know? Without the work that you've done. Who knows? I say yes, but...

Justin: That's a great...

Griffin: Yeah, probably, yes.

Travis: At least 98 percent is successful as it was, I would say.

Ron: Well, but you know, you need that 2 percent. You need it.

Travis: Mm-hm. That's what they put in the milk!

Ron and Justin: [burst out laughing]

Justin: Thanks, Ron.

Ron: Thank you.

Justin: Thank you so much for uh, joining us on our action-packed program. Reminder, go to RonFunches.com and get tickets for "Awakening." That's happening uh, Saturday, September 5th, on—on YouTube, so don't miss out. I'm sure it'll—it'll be hilarious.

Travis: And I'm sure a specific place on YouTube. Not just like, it's—I don't think it's a takeover—it's not, like, controlling your horizontal and vertical, you know what I mean?

Justin: Yeah. It's not a takeover.

Griffin: It's not gonna interrupt the, you know, cabbage video you're watching.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: About cabbage. [laughs] 'Cause you're boring as fuck.

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: Thank you to John Roderick and The Long Winters for the use of our theme song, "(It's a) Departure," off of the album *Putting the Days to Bed*. Uh, good tunes all around.

And thank you to Maximum Fun for having us on the Network. Go to MaximumFun.org, check out all the shows there. Shows like *Stop Podcasting Yourself*, and *Story Break*, and *Heat Rocks*, and a whole bunch else at MaximumFun.org. And you can find other stuff we do at McElroy.family.

Travis: I would—this is a reminder that, you know, we got an election coming up. If you're not registered to vote, you need to get registered to vote. You're gonna wanna request that mail-in ballot as soon as you can. Make sure that you check what the state laws where you are about mail-in ballots are, and then send them in as soon as you can. And then you're gonna wanna vote... for the guy who's not Donald Trump.

Griffin: That—that's Joe—that's Joseph Gordon Biden.

Travis: Joseph Gordon Biden.

Justin: [wheezes]

Griffin: [laughs] That's the name that is on the ballot, it says Joseph Gordon Biden on it.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Uh—

Justin: So hit vote Joe, and—

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Travis: Oh, also, we have a podcast book coming out! Called *Everybody Has a Podcast (Except You)*. And if you go to McElroyPodcastBook.com, you can preorder it. That's gonna be coming out in January. It's gonna—it's got practical, real advice on how to—not like this dum-dum show, like real advice that'll really teach you how to make a podcast you're proud of.

It has stuff like coming up with the idea, where to publish it, how to promote it, and how to monetize it! So McElroyPodcastBook.com, preorder it now.

Justin: Please preorder this book! Please!

Griffin: Uh, one last plug. Me and Justin do a video game podcast called *The Besties*, that you can find on Spotify.

Travis: It's very good.

Griffin: We do it with our buddies, Chris and Russ, from Polygon. And uh, we talk about a game every week.

Justin: You don't need to subscribe, you don't need to pay for Spotify. You just need to like, download the free Spotify app and then you'll get it. You don't need Spotify premium.

Griffin: Yeah, just—just search for us on Spotify, and follow us there, and, yeah, listen to it. If you miss hearing me and Justin talking about video games. You don't have to miss us, 'cause we're still doing it on *The Besties*.

Uh, I think that's it. Y'all want that final?

Justin: Yeah, please.

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: Well, my computer... has crashed.

Justin: No excuse, dude. No excuse.

Griffin: This Yahoo was sent in by the Prospector, Merit Palmer. Thank you, Merit. It's by Yahoo Answers User... they're anonymous. I'll call them... um... Ba—Banjo, asks, "Are buffalo wings proof that God loves me and wants me to be happy?"

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] 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, "(It's a) Departure" by The Long Winters, plays and ends]

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