MBMBaM 573: Bro's Better, Bro's Best: Ch. 200 – 216

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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 song, "My Life (Is Better With You)!" by Montaigne plays]

Justin: "Starting next month, two of my friends and I will be moving into a new house together. Each of us will have our own bedroom, but there's an extra medium-size room downstairs no one will be using. The room has no egress window, so we don't want to make it into a bedroom." Got some code issues there. Dig it.

"But we are at a loss for what we should do with it. I was hoping you brothers could come—give us ideas about what we could do with this extra space? Any thoughts?" That's from Mini Problem in Minneapolis. "PS, For what it's worth, we're all guys." Hot guys?

Travis: Hot guys.

Griffin: Sincerely, Chad, Brad, and Blaze.

Justin: Did you say Blizz?

Travis: And Blizz.

Griffin: Three—three hot bros. Blizz, Blaze, and Blonce. Just kidding, two [crosstalk]—

Travis: Blonce is the goofy one.

Griffin: Yeah. The goofy one. But still super fucking hot. Oh, great work, Blonce.

Travis: [laughs] Blonce?

Justin: He's Austrian.

Griffin: Guys, I didn't know... I didn't know egress windows were a thing.

Justin: [snorts]

Griffin: Because the first apartment we lived in, in the 13th story, which is great, for starters, just in terms of fiery luck. Uh, we made Eric sleep in that one room that didn't have any windows in it.

Travis: I think once you're on the 13th floor, Griffin, you don't have to worry about egress windows.

Justin: Yeah, I don't think that's gonna do you much good at that point.

Travis: So how about this? Lock the door to said room, after filling it with like—like child's bedroom furniture that you've covered in dust and cobwebs.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: You're just leaving a little surprise for the next person who tries to remodel this place.

Griffin: [continues laughing]

Travis: Every time your friends come over and go, "Oh, I want a tour of your house."

Like, "We have—this is the kitchen, here's living room, our bedroom's upstairs."

"What's in that room?"

"We don't... go in there."

Griffin: We don't go in that room. Not since the boat accident.

Justin: [wheezes]

Griffin: Can you, to make this the longest and best con—Travis, you just took that idea to 10. I'm about to take it just a little bit farther to 11. Can you wallpaper over the door to that room? 'Cause then nobody's gonna—

Travis: [bursts out laughing]

Griffin: Then nobody's gonna find it for 40 goddamn years, and it's gonna have a level of authenticity at that point, that I think is just gonna...

Travis: Ooh, and in the center of the room? Copy of Jumanji.

Justin: [laughs] Wait a minute.

Travis: The movie.

Justin: No, you lost me.

Griffin: That's great. That's real great.

Justin: That's too funny.

Griffin: Um, that can be where you smoke all your pot. [laughs] That's always important.

Travis: Pot-drug room?

Griffin: Just drug room. This is our drug room.

Travis: The laziest panic room.

Justin: Just go in there. [laughs] Close the door.

Griffin: Dude, this is tricky, 'cause I've worked from home for a long time, in a couple of places, including the house that I—I now own with my wife,

uh, one of the bedrooms is where I sleep and the other one is where I work, 'cause it's my office. And it's like, I get two rooms? That doesn't really seem fair. That doesn't really seem like an equitable situation.

Travis: You could trade off, and say like, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, the room can be whatever Guy A wants, but then Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, it's whatever Guy B wants, and then Sunday, you share it, free-for-all party room.

Griffin: If you guys had an extra room in the houses you live in now, what would you do with it?

Justin: Yoga studio...

Griffin: Did you say yogurt studio? Because then, maybe.

Justin: [laughs] Yeah. It's where I paint yogurt. Um, I think... gosh. I don't know. We just did a big purge of all our stuff. We had one extra room, and that's—that was for the kids, so I guess... I don't have any extra rooms any more now. I don't know what I would do with it. Maybe like, just more storage?

Griffin: Oh, man, you've really shot the cannon indoors that one.

Travis: Here's what I would do.

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: I'd put a bunch of newspaper clippings and pictures of people around town on the wall. And then with thumbtacks and pieces of string...

Griffin: Yes.

Travis: ...connect all of them? With, like, certain people's faces circled.

Justin: I have always wanted a room like this.

Travis: Yeah, that say like, "What does it all mean? Where'd the money go? What happened with the case?" You know, just all over it. Um, that's just there for people to walk into, and go, "What, what is—"

And be like, "I-I've almost got it. I've almost got it. It's so—it's right there on the tip of my tongue. I've almost solved it." And then usher them out of the room.

Griffin: So basically, Travis, you want an all-purpose goof room.

Travis: [laughs] Yeah. I want, like, a room of requirement that every time you open the door, it's a different punchline to a joke.

Griffin: Sure. Okay.

Travis: And a team of people that changes it out betwixt the goofs.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: And they live there.

Griffin: "Can we just please have a bedroom here, please? You call us here in here to—"

"No, you can't. This is our all-purpose goof room. We will sleep on the inflatable mattress in the dining room, 'cause that's... I mean, we gotta have our goofs."

Justin: [laughs] We're human.

Travis: What are we supposed to do, not goof?

Justin: We're human. Humans goof—have to goof. Humans gotta goof.

Travis: Always be goofing.

Justin: That's us.

[brief clip of "Take a Chance of Me" by ABBA plays]

Justin: "I work on a history ship. No ghosts, sorry."

Travis: Now, to be fair, Justin, it does say "Historic ship," not a "History ship"

Griffin: [bursts out laughing] [singing] "Hop right on, my history ship, we're going back to 1512."

"What's up in 1512?"

"Nothing, it sucks. Hop on the boat. Here comes the time dock!"

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: "Oh, shit, we missed the time dock."

Travis: "Time to pay your fees to disembark."

Griffin: "We missed the time dock. Now it's 1314. It gets worse as you go back."

Justin: "Now we're gonna charge you all a premium for the smallpox vaccine!"

Griffin: That's how they get you, on history time ship.

Justin: [laughs] That's how they extort you on the history ship.

"I work on a historic ship. No ghosts, sorry!"

Griffin: Prove that.

Justin: And also that you can see, and that have made their presence known. I mean, let's qualify a little bit.

Travis: They're all around us.

Justin: "I also live in one of the state rooms that used to be officer's quarters. The deal is that I live here for free, as long as I agree to be the after-hours security guard. The problem is, I have a hard time kicking people off who have snuck on late at night. I'm not an actually intimidating person. I'm a young, early 20s woman. Usually very cheerful, sort of plump, and I like nearly everyone I meet. What are some things I can do to scare trespassers so they'll get lost without putting up a fight?"

Griffin: Um...

Justin: That's from Scarcely Scary Sailor. Okay-

Griffin: Your last sentence is answered by your first one.

Travis: Yes! A thousand times, yes.

Griffin: You have to pretend to ghost.

Travis: You gotta ghost them!

Justin: You have to ghost them.

Travis: That's—all you have to do, walk up in like, an old-timey dress, and say, like, "Have you seen my child?" And they will fucking run away.

Griffin: Oh, my God. [pants] Ah, God, Travis, you just put a chill up my spine!

Travis: Yeah, right?

Griffin: A ghostly chill.

Justin: MBMBaM Chillerz.

Travis: "Have you seen my husband? He said he'd meet me at the lifeboats!"

Griffin: "[shuddering] Oh, Tropic Chillerz!"

Justin: "I'm cold."

Griffin: That sucks.

Travis: "I ate some bad shrimp at the buffet."

Griffin: "Oh, no, I've had the norovirus for three days. I don't have any fluid in my body or my bowels. Boop! I booped everywhere!"

Travis: "The porter lost my trunk!"

Griffin: "That's not ectoplasm, it's my crushing diarrhea again! Oh, no, I've gotta go, bye!"

Justin: [sighs] I, uh—what if you... what if you were too good, is my worry.

Griffin: And they stab you. 'Cause they don't know how ghosts work.

Travis: And they bust you.

Justin: No, they call the Ghostbusters. Here's my question, okay?

Travis: Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

Justin: You're a very convincing ghost.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: Alright? The Ghostbusters show up to bust you.

Griffin: Mm-hm.

Justin: You tell them, "Oh, sorry, I understand the confusion. I'm a human pretending to be a ghost. I'm ghost-catfishing. I'm ghostfishing."

They say, "Haha, ghost. Oldest trick in the book."

Griffin: You don't think Slimer tried that shit.

Justin: "We've tried this one—we've seen this one many, many times before. You *are* a ghost. Busting makes me feel good. Add it up." And then they blast you.

Griffin: And those proton beams? Those, uh, those don't just, like, make you twirl around and sparks shoot off of you. Those will lathe you in half.

Justin: They will kill you. You will die.

Travis: Okay, so we can all agree that there is a circumstance in which the Ghostbusters have accidentally murdered people wearing sheets.

Griffin: Almost certainly. Almost certainly.

Justin: Somebody tries to break into the bus—bustin' HQ late at night, and Winston's jumpy. He's like, "Woah, who's that?" And then he opens his bedroom door, blast. Oops, sorry. [crosstalk]

Travis: Now, why would you jump on Winston, who is my favorite Ghostbuster?

Griffin: Yeah. Yeah, Justin, you wanna explain that?

Justin: I just—I thought he might be near the front door.

Griffin: Makes sense.

Justin: 'Cause he was the last Ghostbuster, so he [crosstalk].

Travis: Oh, so he got the shittiest bed.

Justin: So he got the shittiest bed, right.

Griffin: Yeah. Everybody else wants to be on the second floor, above, so they can use the pole. You know—and they know immediately when they

fucked up too, right? 'Cause you kill—you kill the woman, and then she's just there again, but in a different form.

Now, you *do* need to bust that. 'Cause she—she has been murdered in a horrible manner. And you're gonna have—

Travis: Well, then it just goes down in the books as a preemptive busting.

Griffin: Yeah. That's a good point, Travis. It's a causal busting.

Justin: [snickers] Not premeditated.

Griffin: Not premeditated. Accidental, causal busting.

Justin: So we hope you—you know what? You don't need to scare people off. Just be cool.

Travis: Listen, honest to God, I've never snuck into anything ever, but I can imagine that if I snuck onto something, and somebody with a flashlight, period, were to say, "Hey, get off."

I'd be like, "Oh! Yep. Yep, yep, yep. Yep."

Griffin: Cursing a lot is good, too.

Travis: "That one's on me. I'm not supposed to be here, and I recognize that. I am a dork."

Justin: Yeah, it seems weird that people wouldn't just like, leave. I don't know. I would be so frightened.

Travis: Is there anyone who tries to argue like, "No, I'm supposed to be here."

Justin: "I'm on the list. [laughs] I'm on the historic boat list, if you could take a look."

Griffin: I just think you throw a good, throaty curse at him, and they're gonzo. What's more scary, if somebody shines a flashlight on you in a place you're not supposed to be and is like, "Hey, get out of here!" Or like, "[shouting close to microphone] Hey, get the fuck out of here!" You're gone. You've vanished.

Justin: You're out. You're done.

Travis: "I'll eat your fucking eyeballs!"

Griffin: Woah!

Justin: I assume they hired a Frankenstein.

Griffin: Yeah. Yeah.

Justin: No noise that scary could come from a human.

Griffin: That they captured—they took the History Ship back in time to when Frankenstein was.

Justin: Alive.

Travis: When they captured them.

Griffin: 1991.

Travis: [bursts out laughing] You all remember that, right? You guys all remember that.

Justin: You remember when Frankenstein had the hit song "I'm Too Sexy for My Shirt," right?

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: That's how you know—that's how you know you were a child in the `90s. You remember when Frankenstein was alive.

Griffin: It's one reason to know if you were a child in the '90s, Frankenstein killed your sister.

[short clip of "Take a Chance on Me" by ABBA plays]

Griffin: I will say that kicking it at a Cheesecake Factory on a Sunday morning uh, the day of—the morning of my brother's wedding, which was kind of a weird experience for me. I was the most dressed up anyone's ever been inside a Cheesecake Factory ever. Um, felt a little bit out of place. Little bit fish out of water.

Travis: Was that before or after I made you drive back to my house to get my special [crosstalk]?

Griffin: Travis made us get his special wedding night underwear. And I had to look at them, I had to get them... I had to get them from the underwear spot, where he kept all of the things, and I had to get it, and I touched them to—

Justin: He had to acknowledge that they existed?

Griffin: I had to—I—okay, here's the order. I learned about them. I said, "That's terrible." Then I learned that I would have to retrieve, touch, know, feel, believe, hold, grasp, acknowledge... become.

Justin: [laughs] Embrace, absorb.

Griffin: And now you guys are doing that at home. They were silky as fuck, no—

Travis: They were silky, and they were black, and they were kind of—

Griffin: Silky and black...

Travis: Just a little bit sheer? Just a little bit sheer?

Justin: I—just like I'm a little bit dead now.

Griffin: I acknowledged that they existed. I had to touch them.

Travis: And my balls went into them.

Griffin: I thought about Travis, I thought about Travis' balls, how they would feel inside of them.

Travis: They felt amazing.

Griffin: Had to acknowledge the moment where Travis decided to get special wedding underwear, then go to a store, possibly with his bride-to-be, had to learn a lot about Travis's...

Travis: No, it was more of an impulse buy. It was a lot more of an impulse buy where I looked, and I said, "You know, that's gonna feel real good [crosstalk]."

Griffin: Had to learn a lot about Teresa that I didn't know, and the things that *she* prefers *there*, around there. Terrific! Best wedding ever.

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: Here, let me rewrite all of my best man speech. Because I have new fucking subjects that I need to address.

Justin: [through laughter] I do—I do—

Travis: Wait, I'm gonna go pop up behind the music for a minute and say-

Griffin: Don't say pop up!

Travis: Pop up video behind the music. I bought the wedding underpants not for a sexy bent, but because I knew the silky-smooth material would prevent any chafing day-of, which I didn't wanna deal with as I'm walking down the aisle. I'm gonna walk a little bow-legged.

Justin: I need to call bullshit on you, Travis. Uh, the decision to buy special sexy wedding underwear may be an impulse buy. The decision to send your brother to go get your special wedding underwear...

Griffin: It was intentional...

Travis: [crosstalk].

Justin: ...was not an impulse.

Griffin: ...and it was malicious.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: It was a combination of because I knew that if I didn't, I would think about it all day, because that's the way my brain works, like, "Ah, my one regret."

Griffin: So you'd rather *I* think about it all day.

Travis: And then two-

Griffin: All life.

Travis: It was funny to me to make Griffin do it.

Griffin: Yeah. It sure was, I guess.

Justin: [laughs] Your key's in here, man. Just send whoever you want to go get your special wedding underwear.

[brief clip of "Take a Chance on Me" by ABBA plays]

Travis: But now it's—it's kinda nice, because for the times, like, when we get sick, and one of us is ill, and we move the TV into the bedroom, it really does become an anchor.

Griffin: Oh, yeah.

Travis: Of like, keeps you in bed, or brings you to bed early, and you don't really do a lot of shit. At least in the living room, you do more stuff. Like, I can work on the computer while the TV's on, or I feel like at least I'm... sitting up or walking around.

Justin: What about the loneliness? What about the terrifying—wait, what if it creeps—what if the darkness creeps up on you while you're in your bedroom, and you're trying to get dressed. Like, what do you do then?

Travis: I sing a little song to myself about how lucky I am to be alive.

Griffin: [laughs] How's that go? How's that song go? Do you remember me?

Travis: [singing] Thank God I'm not dead...

Griffin: Okay.

Travis: [singing] Because the world would be empty without me.

Griffin: Okay.

Justin: [laughs loudly]

Travis: [spoken] It usually kind of then just devolves from there into how awesome I am.

Griffin: About how great you are, yeah, sure. Boy, I think we're all pretty lucky Travis is still kicking.

Travis: I just assume everyone sings a song like that, about how [crosstalk]—

Griffin: [singing] Thank you God for Travis... Where would I be without—

Travis: [singing] He's the sun and the sky and the stars at night, who guides me home on choppy seas. Thank Jesus for Travis; Travis is Jesus. [spoken] And then it just kind of keeps going from there.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: [singing] Thank Travis for Travis' all-seeing power. [laughs] Thank Travis for Travis.

Justin: People don't write enough hymns about themselves, you know?

Griffin: [laughs] [spoken] Oh, and up to the first stanza of hymn 3:41. [singing] Thank Travis for Travis, and Travis is Travis. Our hearts are all Travis, and brains are Travis too.

Justin: Third stanza!

Griffin: Oh, man.

Justin: I need some "Thank Travis for Travis" uh, propaganda posters.

Griffin: [laughs] You know, Travis, I feel like there's been this narrative among some of our listenership that you don't get the respect that you deserve on this show. So like, I'm all about like, I don't know, canonizing you.

Justin: Don't they know that, like—

Travis: I also—I also want to point out, one of the reasons that happens is, I don't really need it. I take care of that on my own.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: The other thing is like, the—it is—a little bit of that on Travis goes quite a long way. That's—

Travis: So visit travismcelroy.com.

Griffin: A little dab'll do ya.

Travis: For all your Travis McElroy needs.

[brief clip of "Take a Chance on Me" by ABBA plays]

Justin: "In a moment of weakness, and lacking insight from the brothers wise, I agreed to let my nephew move into my basement. He's in a band. He pays no rent, eats all our food, leaves messes, and generally acts like a 14-year-old. How can I get him to pack up his bags and move away?" That's from Carl, the Grumpy Old Man in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Travis: Is he 14 years old?

Justin: That's a really good question. I don't understand how all of this lines up.

Travis: Okay, there's a—if he's 32...

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: ...this is a much different question than if he's, like, 19.

Justin: You know, it's so rare that you get to do something nice for somebody like this. You could—I can connive a few ways for you to get rid of them, you know? Like, I mean, there's fake ghosts, fake haunting, the basement's haunted, that's easy. Flooding.

Travis: You could gaslight him.

Justin: Gaslight him [laughs], that's another one.

Travis: Just every day, remove one article of something from their room, and put it, like, in storage, or move it to an apartment. This is gonna be a really long-term plan. But like, just, one sock, you know, on one day. And then, like, a CD on Tuesday. And just slowly move them out of the house.

Griffin: Can you start... an even louder band on the top floor? You know what I mean? If he's rocking all day and night on his—his Strat, then maybe you buy an even bigger Marshall Stack, point that towards that ground, and just start laying down some, like, kidney stone-rattling bass riffs.

Travis: Oh, I love this. And whatever their band is called, you call your band that, but bigger.

Justin: Right. So if his band is "Perfect Death," it's like, "We're Perfecter Death..."

Griffin: ...er.

Justin: "...er."

Travis: More Perfect Death.

Justin: And then you get incredibly popular, you buy him his own house.

Griffin: There it is.

Justin: Behind your house.

Travis: Oh, you're gonna have to *Entourage* this shit.

Griffin: Why would you want it—if you went through all the trouble of buying him another house... to get him to—

Justin: You don't have enough money to buy another plot of land. So you can only build him a small dollhouse in your—in—

Travis: Plus you still love him. You don't want him to be too far away.

Justin: You love him. You don't want to be too far away.

Griffin: But you will have a witch cast a spell on him, to make him little enough to live in a doll house.

Justin: Basically—this is called the can-door, is what we have. You put him in a bottled city that you keep in your den.

Griffin: Uh-huh.

Justin: Why have you not told him to stop being a dipshit?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: I mean, life has to tell you that.

Justin: No, the guy who owns your house gets to tell you that, I'm pretty sure. Like, our dad always told us when we were being idiots. You're his dad now, 'cause you own his house. You own the house he lives in. You're his dad now.

Travis: Correct. Have you never seen, like, any sitcom in which like, a non-direct family member or friend moves in. You now are responsible for them like a parent. That's what the Matthews did for Cory—sorry, Sean. Cory wasn't their son. Or like in, uh, *Steps By Step*, I believe it was Cody and then Flash. You gotta treat them like you're—they're your child.

Justin: Even better, Fresh Prince of Bel-Air him.

Travis: There we go.

Justin: You're the Uncle Phil to his, uh, Fresh Prince of Bel-Air.

Travis: You got to Uncle Phil him with your love.

Justin: [crosstalk] Help him grow.

Griffin: It sounds to me like you want a DJ Jazzy Jeff, though.

Justin: [laughs] That's what you—okay, this is the conversation. You sit him down and say, "You need to make a decision right now. Are you gonna

be my *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, or are you're gonna be my DJ Jazzy Jeff?" I'm —I—[crosstalk]

Travis: And if he doesn't get the reference, out he goes.

Griffin: Out he goes! He's obviously a Jeff. This is what I'm saying. It is Will Smith – fresh Will – was his name just Will in the show? It was. That's some bullshit.

Travis: He couldn't remember any other character names.

Justin: It was Will—it was William [[Inyam?]]. That was his name.

Griffin: William Inyam represented a pretty tremendous—you go back and watch that show, a pretty tremendous amount of character growth throughout the run of *Fresh Prince*, DJ Jazzy Jeff was—was almost belligerently stagnant.

Travis: Well, to be fair, he was thrown on his head several times.

Griffin: Right.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: So I mean, there definitely is a physiological element to it. I'm just saying that DJ Jazzy J—DJa JJ—by the end, and the series finale, they're like, "We're going to go to college now."

And he was like, "I just wanna party all night long." And then he puts on Lionel Richie's "All Night Long," 'cause he's, like, fucking stuck, you know what I mean?

Justin: Right.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: He has no—he has no opportunity for growth.

Griffin: He has nothing. Also, did he ever DJ on that show fucking once? Ever?

Justin: I don't think so.

Travis: I believe he did. There is a—an episode in which Will rents out the house for a music video, and I believe DJ Jazzy Jeff sneaks in, and he's doing a little mixing on the old ones and twos.

Griffin: Okay. That's fun. That's a fun episode.

Justin: How frustrating must it to be to be a genuine, like, actual musical artist, but for a generation of white people, you are that guy that got thrown out of the house.

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: Like, "No, I had like a whole career before this, you guys—ah, goddamn it."

Travis: Before we get right in, I just remembered that I believe it was not Will that rented out the house. He was trying to stop it from happening. In fact, Carlton rented out the house [crosstalk]

Griffin: That seems not like Carlton.

Travis: [sighs] See, now I can't remember. [crosstalk]

Griffin: Was that the same episode where Carlton bought a gun?

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: That was a good one.

Griffin: Dude, that was a real good one. That was Carlton's, like, *Breaking Bad*, the entire series, in one episode for him.

Justin: The best episode, I think, is the one where Will has to convince Carlton that racism exists. Did you guys ever see—

Griffin: I do remember that. Yeah.

Justin: 'Cause he was driving—he was driving slowly, and he got pulled over, and he thought it's 'cause he was driving so slowly.

And Will Smith is like, "No. Racism exists." And it blows Carlton's mind, 'cause he's never experienced it before in his life.

Griffin: No, that's like a—that's not like a fun—that's not like a laugh-a-minute episode.

Travis: It's not!

Justin: It goes, like, really hard. It goes hard and heavy.

Griffin: They go fucking hard on that show. We give that show shit—we goof about that show because it's called *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, and there's a character on it called DJ Jazzy Jeff. They tackle some fucking heady, heady subjects.

Travis: There's an amazing episode in which Will goes off about like his dad leaving?

Griffin: Oh, yeah, yeah.

Travis: It will rock you to your very core!

[brief clip of "Take a Chance on Me" by ABBA plays]

Justin: "I have a problem with speaking up. I frequently have to repeat myself, and people often tell me that I talk too quietly. When I increase the volume, it feels like I'm yelling, or that my voice takes on an unpleasant or harsh tone. What can I do to make sure I'm being heard without feeling as though I'm shouting in people's faces?" That's from Whispering in Wisconsin.

Travis: Oh, I know that problem.

Griffin: No, you don't know that problem.

Travis: No, no, no. Here's the thing. Surprising to most, while I am very loud and verbose when like, telling a story or a joke or entertaining people.

Griffin: Or ordering food at a restaurant, or...

Travis: But here's the thing: half the time, I mumble out my order. Half the time, if s—I wanna ask somebody a question, I don't, like, enunciate. I say it really quiet and kind of mumbly. And it's either one of those two, is I'm either super loud, or, like, awkward and quiet and mumbly. And Teresa calls me on this all the time. And it's like, there is no middle ground for me.

Griffin: Yeah, you never sound normal.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: No, not really.

Griffin: I'm surpri—you have found a fair amount of success, I would say, in this audio-only medium, while possessing—

Travis: I have my microphone turned down to one percent.

Griffin: Yeah. And even now—like, even that, when you said "percent," you're popping your plosives. You're shouting. You don't even know that you're shouting right now, but the people listening are like, "Is he mad at me? This is not a fun podcast-listening experience for me."

Justin: Travis is basically three quarters of the way to an SNL character.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: That is correct.

Griffin: I mean, he looks like Chris Kattan. That's not fair, Travis. I'm sorry I said that.

Travis: No, I grew a whole beard.

Justin: [crosstalk]. You got a whole beard going on. He can't grow a beard.

Travis: Yeah! Take that, Kattan.

Griffin: Not since the fire.

Justin: Just talk a little louder! You guys don't need us for these. Please-

Travis: No, here's the thing. No, here's the thing. I think there's an—I can infer a problem here. And I think the problem is not that they're jumping from, like, quiet to loud. It's that when he speaks at a normal volume – or she speaks at a normal volume – they feel loud. Which I think at that point is either a self confidence about either your speaking voice, 'cause you feel like it's harsh and unpleasant, or you feel like you're yelling and being boisterous.

I think that it comes from an inherent fear of voicing your opinions, and saying what you need.

Justin: Let me help you out here. Your problem is that you're yelling from your head. You need to—where's your power? A lot of people ask me that. "Justin, where's my power?"

Griffin: In my vagina.

Justin: Okay. Uh, it's down deep in you diaphragm. That's where you gotta push the sound from. Right now, you can't see it, but I got several leather restraints wrapped around my stomach to help me, uh, remember to always be pushing air out of my diaphragm. I literally have no room to exhale. I'm waiting until after the show to exhale.

Griffin: Right.

Travis: You gotta wait to exhale.

Justin: I'm waiting to exhale, correct.

Griffin: Right. They're also there for sex stuff.

Justin: They're sex-stuff related. Adjacent. They're sex adjacent, I would say. They're sex adjacent.

Travis: It's amazing those two things don't have to be mutually exclusive; it can both be good for your support, and for your sex stuff.

Griffin: "This helps me talk good in public, and also the chafing does things vis-a-vis boners."

Travis: That is a good—

Justin: You know, sex stuff.

Griffin: Sex stuff.

Travis: That is a good point, though, 'cause you learn in theater the ability to like, support and not yell? Like, you can project, and you can be confident without, like, yelling to the back of the theater. So I think that's it. Just support yourself with air. Feel confident in what you say.

Justin: Let me, uh—let me perform a quick demonstration.

Griffin: [flatly] Terrific. I can't wait for this.

Justin: [laughs] This is me speaking with my normal voice. You can hear, uh, all of this sound is coming from my mouth and my neck.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing] Your neck meat that makes the sound waves come out.

Justin: Yeah, my neck meat is filtering the sound waves out through what scientists call the shout hole, the mouth.

Griffin: Your—your moist cords are slapping together like two fishes thrown together at a fish market.

Justin: So this is just my normal—this is all without any other support.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: [strained, throaty] And now I'm talking with my diaphragm.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

Justin: [throaty] You can hear a clear difference!

Griffin: Oh, Justin, I'm in the back of the theater. I'm in the back of the theater, and I'm hearing every word of that.

Justin: [throaty] Yes!

Travis: Why does your diaphragm has an accent?

Justin: [throaty] Ah, it's just from the sound being pushed out. T

Travis: [laughs] I disagree!

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Oh, that's painful.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: I think I can—

Justin: [throaty] [crosstalk] one more!

Travis: It hurts to act, that's why they pay 'em so much.

Justin: [throaty] It's not easy!

[theme song, "My Life (Is Better With You)!" plays]

Griffin: Hey, everyone, it's Griffin, and I'm here to tell you about some stuff. Important stuff, like ZipRecruiter. You know how they do jobs? Well, no. You have the job, ZipRecruiter is the one that finds the people for the jobs. Or maybe you're the people looking for the jobs, and you can find the jobs.

Anyway, ZipRecruiter, you can find the perfect candidate for you. For you, for your business. They have this thing called "Invite to apply," where you look at some folks, and you're like, "Ooh, they got the skills that I need... for... to synergies." For to synergies? And you send them a little, like, friend request, basically.

And they're like, "Oh, hell yeah!" And then they get the job. And uh, and then you—you know, you guys do good business together.

They're just—they're so great at helping you fulfill those holes in your heart and your business roster. And they have a great website that lets you do all that.

So see for yourself, go to ziprecuiter.com/mybrother, that's "my brother," to try ZipRecruiter for free. That's ziprecruiter.com/mybrother.

Speaking of business and websites, I'm also here to tell you about Squarespace! Squarespace is the place that lets you build the beautiful websites to do whatever the heck you want it to do. You can showcase your work on these websites. You can sell products and services of all kinds. You can promote your physical or online businesses, and more! What's and more? I don't know, f... flash games? I don't even know if you can do flash on the internet still, but if so, you could probably make a game where, um, like, stick men have very violent fights to each other. Uh, you got beautiful, customizable templates. Those haven't gone away. And they were created by some schmuck nobodies. Just kidding, world class designers made them.

Everything's optimized for mobile right out of the box. They got analytics that help you grow in real time, and hey, they got free and secure hosting. So no, you know, red-pill *Matrix* dudes are gonna jack into your shit.

Um, so go to squarespace.com/mybrother for a free trial, and when you're ready to launch, use the offer code "my brother" to save 10 percent off your first purchase of a website or domain. Squarespace: build it beautiful.

Couple of announcements, we got a pin of the month. And the pin of the month is for "Work of Fart," and um, that one—that one slipped through my dragnet. Usually, you know, if there's a piece of merch coming down the pipe that I'm like, "That's... this isn't fancy, elegant, like, adult, w—like, adult kit." Um, then I will—I have veto power.

But this one, I was—you know, I was playing a lot of *Final Fantasy XIV*, I was busy, and I didn't even see it. and then I looked on our website, and it said "Work of Fart" right there. And I went to—I went to Travis, and I went to Sarah, our merch designer, and I was like, "Hey... um, what's up?"

And they were like, "It's-it's really funny."

And I looked at it, and you know what? They were right. And so then I learned a little something about myself. And guess what? Work of Fart? The pin? Sales for that benefit One Tree Planted, which is dedicated to making it easier for individuals and business to give back to the environment, create a healthier climate, protect biodiversity, and help reforestation efforts around the world.

And I'm sure they're stoked that Travis' ongoing fart joke is helping to put trees in the world? Man, life has gotten so complicated, hasn't it?

We also have pixel art stickers of our faces. You can buy them individually, or you can buy them all as a set. And if you buy them individually, we will

know, and we'll know which ones get the least sales, and then that brother's gonna feel pretty bad about themselves. So just get the set, please?

And hey, and we got the new music video from Montaigne for our new theme song, "My Life (Is Better With You)!" You can find it at bit.ly/montaignembmbam. That's M-O-N-T-A-I-G-N-E-M-B-M-B-A-M.

That came out on Friday. It's so good. We're really—we're really happy with it—oh, and the whole song is out there now, too! You've only heard the first verse, and I guess the ending, but there's a middle part that you're just gonna go wild for.

That's it. Enjoy the rest of the Bro's Better, we'll be back with a new episode next week. Until then, *arrivederci*.

[dramatic music]

Narrator: From the internationally acclaimed creators of *Who Shot Ya?* comes the movie podcast, *Maximum Film!* Starring producer and film festival programmer Drea Clark as a woman bound by passion.

Drea: I saw this eight months ago on the festival circuit, and I loved it.

Narrator: Film critic Alonso Duralde as a man corrupted by greed.

Alonso: Why watch one Hallmark Christmas movie when I can watch seven?

Narrator: And comedian Ify Nwadiwe as a man protecting a love that society simply won't accept.

Ify: I think *Pacific Rim* is a perfect movie. [shouting] And if you can't accept that, then I want you out of my life!

Narrator: From the makers of the movie podcast *Who Shot Ya*? comes *Maximum Film*!

Ify: That's right. We changed the name of our show to Maximum Film!

Alonso: But don't worry! We're still a movie review show that isn't just a bunch of straight white dudes.

Drea: So tune into *Maximum Film!* at maximumfun.org, or wherever you get your podcasts.

[music and advertisement end]

Griffin: How about a Yahoo?

Justin: Hit me!

Griffin: This one was sent in by Drew Davenport. Thank you, Drew.

It says by Yahoo Answers User Deez, who asks, "Best battle ever? Takes place in the same area that Goku fought Vegeta the first time."

Travis: Mm-hm.

Griffin: So not—not their final battle. We're talking about the first—

Justin: Right.

Travis: The first one?

Griffin: The premier Goku v. Vegeta.

Justin: The first time Goku fought Fajita. Okay, got it. Go ahead.

Griffin: Um, so this is in the religion and spirituality section.

Travis: Obviously.

Griffin: So we're talking about Jeremiah, the prophet. The weeping prophet. You know him. You might know him from *Kings*.

Um, 50-foot robot Jeremiah with laser eyes and the mobility of 8/10. Ability to fly, but only for three minutes before charge up of five minutes. Low-class shields and five rockets. Machine gun, 200 bullets a mag, one minute reload time, and unlimited mags.

Versus...

Travis: Uh-huh.

Griffin: 75-foot Alan Rickman, with tentacles for arms and beefy legs, mobility of 5/10, and mid-class shields. Machine gun fire from suckers and tentacles. Reload and mag size the same as above, unlimited mags, and mouth laser, equivalent to three eye lasers. Added bonus that he can jump 200 feet higher than Jeremiah can fly, but can also smash the ground with the power of the three missiles, but can only do it twice, or his shields will break.

Justin: [laughing quietly]

Travis: Jesus, such a good question.

Griffin: It's a really tough one. You got Jeremiah in one corner. Author of *First and Second Kings*.

Travis: Did he? Wait, is it possible that by Jeremiah, they mean Jeremy Irons?

Griffin: No, they mean Jeremiah.

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: Creator of that joint hit, *Lamentations*.

Travis: Because I would love to see a battle between giant Jeremy Irons...

Griffin: No, no.

Travis: ...and Alan Rickman. I don't get the connection between Jeremiah and Alan Rickman.

Griffin: This person needed to put this question somewhere. Religion and spirituality, I imagine, is a pretty good place for, like, getting answers on your Yahoo mysteries.

Um, so we had to get some bible shit in there somewhere. We got Jeremiah. Do you need the stats again? 50-feet Jeremiah. He's 8 outta 10 speed. That's pretty fast. He can fly, but only for three minutes, and he has to charge up for five, so it's not like an unlimited thing.

Alan Rickman can't fly, he does have tentacle machine gun arms.

Travis: [wheezes]

Griffin: He can jump super high, though, and when he pounds the ground, it has the strength of three missiles. Can't do that more than twice, though, or his shields will break, though.

Justin: Can they call it—

Travis: Well, if there's one thing I know about Jeremiah.

Griffin: Mm-hm.

Travis: It's that he was a bullfrog.

Griffin: Don't.

Justin: No, come on.

Travis: And he was a good friend of—

Griffin: Justin, start talking.

Travis: But I think that the problem is-

Justin: Can they call in—can they call in reinforcements? Can Jeremiah call in another biblical prophet. And Jeremiah call in, like, Matthew or Mark, or Luke, and Alan Rickman can call in, I don't know, like... Jason Isaacs.

Griffin: Janeane Garofalo.

Justin: "Hello, Jason Isaacs. Join me. But quick, take one of my tentacle arms, dislodge it from my body, and use it to defend yourself."

Griffin: So your problem with this question is that there's not enough specificity in the powers that had been allotted to Jeremiah, the biblical prophet, and Alan Rickman, who was Snape.

Justin: You're right. I'm saying-

Travis: Are they still human? Or is this like a mecha, like, *Voltron*, *Ultraman*?

Griffin: We might be looking at an *Ultraman* scenario.

Travis: [clicks tongue]

Justin: So robotic, cyber Alan Rickman?

Griffin: I think in this situation, Jeremiah is... is Ultraman. And I think Alan Rickman might be the—the kaiju.

Travis: Gotcha. I'm gonna have to go Alan Rickman every time.

Griffin: He does—he has a significant height advantage.

Justin: Mm-hm.

Griffin: He's slower, and that's, I think, the only thing that Jeremiah has going for him. That extra three points of speed is gonna fucking count on the battlefield.

Travis: But he can—he can jump and hit the ground with the power of three missiles!

Griffin: That's true, but Jeremiah has five rockets. So you throw—you throw Alan Rickman in the air, you're basically like, skeet shooting at that point.

Justin: And you think—you think Alan Rickman's about to win, but then Jeremiah finds the locket that Alan Rickman bought for his secretary in his coat pocket.

Travis: Mm-hm.

Justin: And he gets so pissed off.

Griffin: He gets fucking *angry*.

Justin: And then he turns ar—he turns the whole battle around. Jeremiah brings him down.

Travis: And then Jeremiah reaches behind—between his shoulder blades, and pulls the gun that he had duck taped there, and shoots Alan Rickman [crosstalk]...

Griffin: Well, he didn't do that.

Travis: ...falls out the window. What?

Griffin: Oh, he did do the-no, yeah, you're right. Um...

Travis: No, that was in *Lamentations*.

Griffin: That was in *Lamentations 5:6*.

Justin: Yippee-ki-yay, Holy Father.

Griffin: [bursts out laughing]

[quick clip of "Take a Chance on Me" by ABBA plays]

[light clapping]

Griffin: Y'all want a Yahoo answer?

Justin: Yeah! I'm into that.

Griffin: This Yahoo answer was sent in by Alan Black. Thank you, Alan Black. Uh, very prolific contributer.

So this is by Yahoo Answers User Slickninja360 who asks...

Justin: Should be good.

Griffin: Should be pretty good. "Would it be illegal to go into the middle of a forest and build a maze, forcing people to traverse it upon entry?"

[audience laughs]

Griffin: I guess—yeah, I guess it was pretty good. "Upon entry, the entrance would close. It would have spikes on the walls' tops, to keep them from escaping. I was also thinking of having booby traps and things like that. Once they find the exit, they could leave."

Travis: I don't know about illegal, but logistically that seems like an issue.

Griffin: Yeah, you're gonna have some fucking-

Travis: Is it a motorized gate? Or like a magical—it's grows over when they walk through?

Griffin: It's gonna be a fucking *Pan's Labyrinth* magic moss.

Justin: I will say, if we can't fix gun laws, but we have been thorough enough to figure out our forest maze laws. I'm gonna be very disappointed in our nation.

Griffin: If you—if you own the la—and this is troubling, because I'm agreeing with the top Yahoo response to this, but if you own land, you can build a maze wherever the fuck you want. I don't know that you can corral people into it?

Justin: That's where you run into—you can leave a trail of peppermints. There's no guarantee.

Travis: This is the beautiful thing about it. If you force people to do it, *highly* illegal. If you offer people the opportunity to do it, highly profitable.

Griffin: Do you wanna come to my-? Yeah. Do you wanna-

Justin: Right.

Griffin: I can't, like—I just bought a house, and I feel like I have total agency over it. I do not think I can invite friends in and then lock the door and then swallow the key, and say, "[whimsical voice] I will let you out as soon as you solve my puzzle of flesh!"

[audience groans and laughs]

Griffin: And then I would show them my flesh puzzle.

Justin: Here—here's the funny thing about luring. I would bet—

Travis: Is the flesh puzzle your genitals?

Griffin: That's my balls, yeah.

Travis: Okay.

Justin: It's your balls. I would bet that 80 to 90 percent of the people in this room, if you stumbled upon what you were guaranteed to be a solvable forest maze, you [crosstalk]—

Griffin: That would lock you in, and you would—you would fucking die if you couldn't solve it.
Justin: If—that's a big "if," Griffin. How many of you would say, "Alright."

Griffin: "Yeah, I'll tackle this bitch."

Travis: "This is everything I've ever trained for."

Griffin: Everybody raise your hand—if you've stumbled upon Pan's Labyrinth, you would not—

Justin: This is serious.

Griffin: Okay. There's a lot of people raising their hands.

Justin: You would risk your li—all those years of playing *Professor Layton* games are finally gonna pay off. You're gonna solve this shit.

What would lure you into... okay.

Griffin: What would lure me into a forest maze? Seeing the opening of a fucking forest maze.

Justin: Right? You got to. What if it's a risk to your life, though? I don't want—you know what? The fourth verse of Tim McGraw's "Live Like You Were Dying..."

[audience laughs]

Justin: Directly references: [singing] I went into every forest maze I saw. [spoken] I think.

Griffin: [singing] I heard a pan flute beckoning me in.

Justin: [singing] But there was gold doubloons at the end. Spike traps weren't scaring me away.

Travis: Have you ever heard that song?

Griffin: Have you ever heard the song?

Justin: I'm not great with melodies. [laughs] That's actually—I was singing the harmony. I thought someone would join in.

[brief clip of "Take a Chance on Me" by ABBA plays]

Justin: "Dear brothers... [sighs] Ice cream trucks never pass where I live, ever."

Griffin: Oh, so sorry. [laughs]

Justin: This is a problem, alright? "Ice cream trucks never pass where I live, ever. Today, I heard one outside, and I booked it out the door. He was driving away from me, but I finally caught up with him." Well done.

Griffin: Good work.

[audience laughs]

Audience Member: Yeah!

Griffin: Those things don't drive *especially* fast, if I remember correctly, but still kudos to you, I suppose.

Travis: Faster than human land speed.

Griffin: I guess.

Justin: You earned your Dilly Bar. Uh, "When I bought my ice cream, the ice cream guy just gave me this incredulous face, and seemed to be annoyed that a 20-ish-year-old would be so excited—"

Griffin: What's—you know your age, right, I'm guessing?

Justin: Yeah, but like, ice cream-

Travis: "I was left on a doorstep."

Justin: He's—it's good storytelling. He's not, like, forcing omnipotence and omniscience onto the ice cream truck driver. Uh, uh, uh, "Would be so excited about an ice cream truck. Am I too old to be excited about ice cream trucks, or was the ice cream guy just a downer?" And that's from Vexed in Ventura. question for you, audience. Vexed from Ventura, are you here?

Hey, welcome. If you're an ice cream driver and it's 2014 and you're in LA. How good is business that you can fucking get judgy on people?

Griffin: I don't know.

Travis: It feels like you should go, "Do you want anything else, please?"

Griffin: Let's do a quick audience poll.

Justin: "Also, can you think of anything else cold that I could sell? 'Cause I'm dying here."

Griffin: "I'm fucking broke." Let's do a quick poll of the audience. This is interesting. In the last, let's say, three months, has anybody seen an ice cream truck that was stationary and selling its product to anybody. Just a quick show of hands, stationary—okay, more than I thought.

[audience laughs]

Travis: Better question. Better question.

Griffin: No, I'll be the first to admit that I fucked up with my judgment. I haven't seen a stationary ice cream—every time, it's just like, slowly coming up, five miles and hour, just like, "[trembling] Anybody?"

Justin: And I'm talking—by the way, I wanna clarify, not talking about a food truck.

Griffin: No, no, no. Ice-

Justin: You know what I'm talking about.

Griffin: Ice cream. I'm not talking about artisanal, like, "[mockingly] It's got avocados in it!" That's what you sound like, food truck drivers. I guess. Take that!

Travis: I don't know what the ice cream truck, uh, environment is like here, but I know what it's like in Cincinnati. When you see said ice cream trucks, is the paint peeling and the pictures faded, and it looks like they just kill kids?

Griffin: And sometimes they got—sometimes they got Pikachu on it? And it's like, "Hey, guys, um, let me just call Nintendo real quick. Yeah, you didn't get, like, get through the right fucking channels to get fucking Pikachu to sell your iced wares?"

[audience laughs]

Justin: I would... I would feel uncomfortable. And only because I would be so worried that I would come up from vector A...

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: ...and sort of, like, in my periph out of nowhere would be a kid on vector B, and we would arrive at the same time.

[audience laughs]

Travis: And you would force the issue, like, "I was here first."

Justin: You know I was here first, right?

Travis: "Hold on-"

Griffin: "I got—sorry, gents, we got one push-pop left. Looks like you're gonna have to wrestle for it."

"Sweet. You're really little, and I'm really big. You just wanna give it to me?"

Justin: [laughs] I would ta—I would grab their head and just push it below the window, so the guy couldn't see them until I was done purchasing my novelties.

[audience laughs]

Have you guys noticed that the only people on fucking Earth that call them novelties are the grocery store? They used to confuse the hell out of me when I was a kid. What's a novel—just say ice cream shit! We all know what you're talking about.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: You don't have to get fucking fancy, Kroger!

[brief clip of "Take a Chance on Me" by ABBA plays]

Griffin: So you guys want a Yahoo?

Justin: Absolutely.

Griffin: This Yahoo was, um, this Yahoo was sent by a—a man named Drew Davenport. A legend, one might say. Thank you, Drew. It's by Yahoo Answers User Pineapple Lifesaver, who asks...

Justin: [snorts]

Griffin: "Why do so many people buy Lunchables? You could put your own together for a lot cheaper. Just put some meat, cheese, and crackers in a GladWare container." Uh...

Travis: Well, fucking thanks, Einstein.

Griffin: It's—"Update, it's not cheaper, though, for the tiny handful of food that you get even at one dollar. They're using the cheapest quality of

ingredients. Buying some cheap turkey, American singles, and Ritz saltines will give you the same amount of 10 or more Lunchables for half the cost." Holy shit. That can't possibly be right.

Justin: [laughs] Alright, first off, blasphemy. [crosstalk].

Griffin: They're saying 10 or more Lunchables for half the cost. We're talking about 20 fucking homemade Lunchables per Lunchable proper.

Travis: But-

Justin: That's a lot of margin.

Travis: Has anyone ever bought a Lunchable thinking, "I am—I am a thrifty consumer. This is doing it."

Justin: Yeah. You're neither a thifty—you're not fiscally smart, you are not making a good nutritional decision, you are basically just saying, "I—I... I'm a piece of shit."

Travis: Well, it's one of two things. Either you're saying, like, "I'm a piece of shit," or you're saying, like, "You know what? I'm gonna little-kid treat myself. Hey, eight-year-old Travis, who only wanted Lunchables all the time, but his mom packed him like, actual sandwiches and apples and stuff, because she cared for him, but at the time, he would look around at the other kids who ate Lunchables, and think, 'What fun lives are they leading? If only I was more of a Lunchables-type kid,' but I wasn't. So maybe 25-year-old Travis buys eight-year-old Travis a Lunchable, and sends it back to him through his tummy."

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: [laughs] We've gotta go back!

Griffin: Can an adult—can an adult not just enjoy a motherfucking Lunchable, though? Without those auspices?

Justin: [snorts]

Griffin: I like—you guys are throwing a lot of shade at Lunchables right now. I knew we love horses on this podcast, but I did not know we love *high* horses quite so much.

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: But are Lunchables not the same—like, I put them in the same category as, uh, the Hot Pocket.

Griffin: You-

Travis: The toaster strudel.

Griffin: That's a fucked-up Venn diagram you just weaved, Trav.

Justin: A Hot Pocket's a lot of work. You gotta push the buttons, and... a lot of fiddling.

Griffin: But let's—

Travis: A Lunchable, you have to construct your own! They don't just hand you a package—

Justin: That's customizable. Kids love that.

Travis: Mm. [crosstalk]

Griffin: Let's um—we're getting away from the fucking heart of the matter, and I wanna get us back to it, and now, okay, if you want to fucking time travel, I'm eight years old, I roll up to school. I bust out a GladWare...

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: [bursts out laughing]

Griffin: DIY... It's a Lunchaboo.

Travis: Maybe you've written "Lunchable" on it, but you spelled it differently to avoid copyright infringement.

Griffin: "Griffin, what the fuck is that?"

"[frightened voice] It's a—it's a Munchable."

"It's a what?"

"A Munchable. Dad—my dad made it for me, and he said it's just as good, and what do you—" $\!\!\!$

Justin: Stop it! I'm literally gonna cry. I'm literally gonna—it's too sad.

Griffin: "What are you all eating?"

"Uh, we're eating Lunchables. They're brand-name Lunchables that our rich parents got us at the store. What was yours called?"

"[scared] Munchables."

"What's in it?"

Justin: "Love?"

Griffin: "Um... looks like I got some oyster crackers and a nice note."

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: "And what seems to be a hair."

Griffin: "It looks like a hair. I'm-"

Justin: "This is one of my—this is one of my new dad, Jerry's hairs.

Griffin: [crosstalk].

Travis: "The container smells like salami 'cause it used to have salami in it. That's how we got it. We can't afford to buy GladWare either; we're just reusing the old containers."

Griffin: Can y—is this a—can I rock Lunchables in the modern workplace? If I roll up, and I have a fucking GladWare container and I've written "Munchables" on there in, uh, Sharpie. And maybe some of the letters are backwards, just to really drive it home. And uh, I'm j—like, Jerry from accounting walks in, and he's like, "What are you eating there?"

And you say, "[reluctantly, high-pitched] Uh, Munchables." And that-

Travis: [laughs] Wait, hold on. That voice worked for the eight-year-old.

Griffin: Yeah. I prepare a fucking snack cracker tower, and I eat it from top-down like a t-rex. Uh, am I okay? Am I good?

Justin: [though laughter] I think—I think—I think if you—if I got to watch you do that, just make a huge stack of crackers and cheese and meat, and then just deepthroat it, just put your head at the top, and just keep jamming until it's all gone.

[gags] "Munchables! These—what, these? They're Munchables. Yeah, I'll make you some. I'll bring some in tomorrow. No problem."

Travis: The weird thing is, is it's like the sadness is greater than the sum of its parts. Because if you just brought in, like, a container with crackers, a separate container with cheese slices, and a separate container with some—

Griffin: [laughs] Well, yeah, Travis!

Travis: But that's not weird to me! But you put it all in the same container, and transported that way, and it's like, 100 percent sadder.

Griffin: Of course context is important in this situation. If I eat crackers, and then in another room I eat some lunch meat, it's not gonna be a thing! But if I try to give it my own DIY fucking Pinterest branding, then we have a situation on our hands.

Justin: I—this is an interesting question for you about Lunchables. If you go to a party, let's say, where there are crackers and cheese and little pieces of meat, I don't think there's a number of those things that you would eat, at which point you would say, "Well, I've had lunch now."

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: "Me?"

"Did you have lunch?"

"Yes, I did."

Griffin: Well, you guys are-

Justin: "I grazed here, and now I've had lunch."

Griffin: —limiting your scope to the fucking snack cracker Lunchable box set. There was a lot—there was a lot more variety in there for our dirty North American bento boxes, essentially is what we're talking about. I don't know if you guys ever sampled the pizza, which was—which was pizza, but cold. Um...

Justin: Oh my God, Griffin? I can—I have very clear memories of watching, uh, uh, an adjacent rich kid eat the pizza Lunchable and being physically repulsed at the idea of eating all of it cold. And they would call it "pizza," and it turned my stomach even more.

Griffin: Well, let me take you—let me take you down the oubliette, um, to even further just peer into the darkness with me, and we'll talk about the definition of the word "soft taco," because Lunchables also had that game. It wasn't especially on point, because you had a round... thing...

Justin: It was the pizza crust, again.

Griffin: It was the fucking pizza crust. And then they had a cold—essentially giant ketchup packet, but instead of ketchup, it was "ground meat," question mark?

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: I don't know how you would recre-

Justin: Meat was, uh, in quotation marks, and was also an acronym.

Griffin: Mm-hm. [laughs] Yeah. It was uh, it was bad news bears. I don't know how you would recreate that for the Munchables, um, brand, but I think that there is a lot of opportunity there. We could probably get some vegan-free optio—vegan-free? Gluten-free. No vegans. [laughs]

Travis: No vegans allowed!

Griffin: I think all Lunchables are inherently vegan-free. Anyway, this person has a great point. I'm gonna take this to Shark Tank. Thank you, Yahoo.

[brief clip of "Take a Chance of Me" by ABBA plays]

[audience cheering]

Justin: Griffin, hit me!

Griffin: This final Yahoo Answer was sent in by, mm, let me think about it, [loudly] Drew Davenport, yeah!

[audience cheers]

Griffin: It's by Ya—it's in the "arts and humanity" section. It's asked by Monice, who asks, "[rushed] Who was John Kennedy? What did he do? Why is he important?!"

Justin: My name is Justin McElroy.

Travis: I'm Travis McElroy.

Griffin: I'm Griffin McElry.

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

[audience cheers]

[theme song, "My Life (Is Better With You)!" plays and ends]

[chord plays]

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