

MBMBaM 43: A Horse Called Robbie

Published on February 21st, 2011

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Intro (Bob Ball):

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

[theme music plays]

Justin:

Can I smell yo dick? Perhaps not.

Travis:

[laughs] Excuse me?

Justin:

But I can smell—I can smell your queries, and uh, that's why you brought them to us. It's My Brother My Brother and Me. It's an advice show for the modern era.

Travis:

Is that really what you're choosing to lead off with?

Justin:

That's what—that's the beginning thing. The first thing that I'll say is, can I smell your dick?

Griffin:

See, what I'm curious about is that... you can smell their—their questions.

Justin:

Yes.

Griffin:

But you can't smell their tangible dick.

Justin:

[laughs] Well, I'm not committed—

Travis:

Wouldn't the question be, may I smell your dick?

Justin:

[in an English accent] May I smell your dick?

Griffin:

Can you smell—you certainly can. But you may—

Travis:

Am I able to smell yo dick?

Justin:

You have the olfactory powers to inhale—

Griffin:

Do I possess the capacity for dick smelling?

Justin:

To waft the dick fumes, and yes, you can smell my dick. Hi, Nonny. I hope you won't see this episode.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

Uh, this is My Brother My Brother and Me, it's an advice show for the modern era. I am your host, uh, co-host, co-brother, uh, Justin McElroy.

Travis:

I—I am also those things, Travis McElroy.

Griffin:

And I'm Griffin McElroy. No titles necessary or required.

Justin:

No labels. So, here's how the show works. You guys send us your questions, uh, we call a few from Yahoo answers, and then we answer them. So let's just do it. Let's go right into it. Let's get—let's get our dicks wet.

"I have a brother that's 12 years older than me. He's a cool guy, but at times, he's a dick." [laughs] And I can smell him. "For example, at family get togethers, he likes to play this game where he flips me off when our mother isn't looking."

Griffin:

[laughs] Awesome.

Justin:

That's a great game.

Griffin:

I wish this question was sent in by your brother instead of you, 'cause he sounds way cooler.

Justin:

[laughs] "I try to get back at him when I can, but it always seems like he has the upper hand. Can you please help me out by letting me know how much it—letting him know how much of a dick he is?" [laughs] "Thanks," bitter brother.

Travis:

Uh, I have bad news for you – your brother is awesome.

Griffin:

Your brother is—

Justin:

He's way cool.

Griffin:

I want to be best friends with him.

Justin:

That's pretty cool—yeah, he sounds like a pretty cool cat. Uh, and here's the thing – uh, older brothers are always gonna be cooler than you. That's just how they roll. And that has as much to do with perception as it does with the classes they have to go to.

Travis:

And not only that, but like, that's their job. It is your older brother's job to kind of be a dick to you.

Justin:

Yeah. Makes you tough.

Travis:

Yeah.

Griffin:

I don't think you guys were ever dicks to me, really.

Justin:

We wouldn't.

Travis:

Are you kidding me, Griffin? We told you you were adopted.

Griffin:

Yeah, but I—I saw through that ruse pretty quickly.

Justin:

Yeah, because—because we had tormented you, though. That's how we made you so hard and crafty.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

It's true. Made—made your heart leathery.

Griffin:

You taught me manners, that's for—that's for damn sure.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

You would smack me down when I got out of line.

Justin:

Yeah, absolutely. And it—like, if you had tried to, uh, smell inappropriate dicks, we would always say like, stop it. Your—

Griffin:

Get your six. This is—

Travis:

No you may not.

Justin:

You're out of line. And it's *may* I smell your dick, Griffin. Jesus.

Travis:

Grammar.

Justin:

Like a Cro-Magnon. Uh [laughs] Uh, your brother sounds cool, but if this is like a play, like, he got you, and so you're going to re-double back burn him by having us call him—call him a dick, I will say he's a dick. Your brother's a dick.

Travis:

What a dick.

Justin:

What a dick. "Is it wrong... is it wrong to have sex with a woman if she's slightly drunk and I'm fully sober?"

Griffin:

In so many ways.

Justin:

"Cheers," Jay. Jay, Jay, Jay, Jay ... You gotta, like—slightly isn't specific enough for me. I'm gonna need like a blood alcohol content.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

I don't know, I'm gonna need, like...

Griffin:

I keep a breathalyzer by the bed.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

At all times, 'cause that leads to a nice seg of, uh, you know, blow into this. Now blow into *this*.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

[laughs] That's a good move. That's a good move.

Griffin:

Yeah, ladies—ladies really love it, 'cause it's considerate.

Justin:

They never see that coming.

Travis:

The—the important question is, if you're only gonna get to have sex with her because she's drunk, then no, it's not okay.

Justin:

I think you gotta—

Travis:

But like, you guys were gonna have sex anyways, and then she got a little bit drunk, then yeah, it's probably okay.

Justin:

I think, Jay, you—you sent us this question... I think you really need to take a long look in the mirror, and then you need to decide if you are, in fact, attractive enough to be having sex with this girl. [laughs] Because, if not, then no, it's not appropriate. But if you look at your face in the mirror and you say, "Oh, all right Jay, this is about your level. You—"

Griffin:

If it's apparent that you have tricked her with Juju magic, then you should probably just keep your dick dry.

Justin:

You know, uh, Jujy magic hasn't been the same since it got bought by Anheuser Bush. [laughs] I liked it so much better when it was an independent brew.

Griffin:

Um, but I mean, I don't know, 'cause what if ... Couldn't he just rectify this situation if he's like, "Oh, I'm dead sober, and she's wicked drunk, and there's no way that she would have a sex with me. So let me just take a couple shots, and we're ready. Thanks, Lil John."

Justin:

It's time to go, thanks LJ. Or there's an alternate. Make her take a cold shower and drink some strong coffee. If I want to make love to you, I'm going to sober you up first.

Griffin:

Balance both of your humors at the same time, and then you can fuck.

Justin:

Although, if he's been waiting for our answer, chances are he—she is sober at this point. [laughs]

Griffin:

Yeah, sorry about that. Or, I mean what if it's like, somebody that they would normally have—what if it's like his girlfriend, um, but she's a little drunk and he's not, but the—it leads to more adventurous things that she wouldn't typically do if sober, you know?

Justin:

Yeah, like eat a bunch of carbs or something.

Griffin:

Like, she wakes up in the morning like, "Why is my armpit raw?" And he's like, "We did the armpits last night."

Justin:

[laughs] We finally tried pits.

Griffin:

You've been talking about doing it in the pits—

Travis:

We did the Old Spice.

Griffin:

—for so long.

Justin:

[laughs] The Old Spice is new to us, ironically, but we tried it. We loved it. I loved it, you were just so completely drunk. Uh—

Griffin:

I got that Pure Sport. Would you like to smell my dick, 'cause it smells like Pure Sport.

Justin:

Jay, I—I think that this is one of those cases where you really need to trust your own judgment, and you seem like a nice guy. It—it... Just, if there's any doubt in your mind, you know, it's one of those—

Travis:

Don't do it.

Justin:

It's like the creepy thing that we talked about. If you have to wonder if it's creepy, it's creepy.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

Like, this—I think this falls into the same camp. If you have to wonder if it's kinda skeezy, then yeah, it probably is.

Griffin:

I'm going full prohibitionist. I'm saying, if spirits crossed betwixt her lips, just go ahead and just shy away.

Justin:

Then you shan't?

Griffin:

You shan't.

Travis:

See, I agree with Griffin on that one 'cause I think that it's, it's just the safer bet. Like...

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

You know, you don't want to offend anyone in that way, like, and you don't want her getting pissed off or doing something wrong. So, just be safe and take her to breakfast the next morning. And you guys have a chat, and maybe you'll hit it off.

Griffin:

Now, should he have sex with a woman if *he's* drunk and she's a giant stuffed animal?

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

[laughs] This seems like a pretty pressing inquiry for you, Griffin. Is this something you need to know, like, right away?

Griffin:

I need to know... two nights ago.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

[laughs] Time traveling questions. Uh, so Griffin maybe you could, uh, break me off a Yahoo answer from the hit Yahoo answer service.

Griffin:

Sure. First, I have to thank everybody. I—I was a scoundrel this past weekend, I forgot to solicit these Yahoo answers earlier in the week like I usually do, and instead solicited them 30 minutes before the show started. [laughs] But I still got a shit ton. So, thanks, everybody.

Justin:

And hey, thanks everybody for showing that that is—is an inexhaustible resource, apparently. Which is fine.

Griffin:

Oh my god, yes. God damn, there's so many good ones. How about this? This one was sent in my Chris Player. Thanks, Chris. It's by Yahoo answers user Goob von Goob, who asks, "How can I seduce my babysitter? I am 16, my babysitter is 26, and has been single for a long time and is not particularly intelligent. Is there a way I can seduce her?" Additional details, "My parents do not trust me." I don't know what that...

Travis:

[laughs] That last part is ominous. I don't like that.

Griffin:

Because of what I did to the cat.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

I mean, everybody has a crush on their babysitter at some point. 16, by the way? Maybe a little old for a babysitter.

Justin:

Maybe you don't need... maybe you shouldn't have a babysitter.

Griffin:

Oh, that's probably what—oh, his parents don't trust him. 16, dog?

Justin:

Hey, dog you should move out.

Griffin:

You should probably emancipate yourself from that sitch.

Justin:

Are you a bad person? Like, are you like a, like, wh—like that Omen, that Omen kid?

Griffin:

How is a kid gonna—

Travis:

I think that this situation is best if he's just direct, and if he just says, "Hey, you've been single for a long time, and you're pretty dumb. Um, you're probably not gonna do any better than a 16-year-old kid. Let's do this."

Griffin:

I think anybody can do better than a 16-year-old kid. Sorry, 16-year-old kids that are listening. But you don't know—you don't know how to please a ... I'm 23, I don't know how to please a 26-year-old woman. I certainly didn't know how to seven years ago.

Justin:

[laughs] Ain't that the truth. Uh, women, who knows how to please them at all, at any age? You don't want to get into that when you're 16. Just be selfish like all the other 16-year-olds. Just worry about your driver's license and what episode of the Jersey Shore is on tonight.

Griffin:

We're being—we're being invasive. How—how can this guy seduce his beautiful, kind babysitter?

Justin:

Flex.

Griffin:

Flex those beefy, beefy muscles.

Justin:

Beefy 16-year-old muscles.

Griffin:

Pop those tendons right in her grill.

Justin:

[laughs] Hey, can you uh, back your grill up a little bit? I'm about to pop a tendon and I don't want to loosen any of your teeth with my tendon popping. Uh, oil up. You know, like it's a small thing—

Griffin:

How—what?

Justin:

Small thing, just grease up. Like, if you're gonna be—

Griffin:

Like your whole body?

Justin:

If you're gonna have a lady on—no, that's not—okay, you can't grease up your whole body 'cause then you're like, creepy red dragon, waiting in the closet to kill her and skin her. I'm saying, like, you grease up your top half so you look, like, you highlight the sinuiny—sinu—sinewy-ness of your 16-year-old frame. Uh, but...

Griffin:

That's a good frame. At 16? My frame—my chassis at 16 was awfully tight.

Justin:

Yeah, it was a nice—it was a good chassis, I'm not commenting on your chassis, but—

Griffin:

No, my chassis was tight.

Justin:

I—I'm uncomfortable.

Griffin:

It's not weird.

Justin:

With this.

Griffin:

I had a good core.

Justin:

Okay, I'm done.

Griffin:

My delts.

Justin:

Well, I'm leaving the call now. I'm—I'm quitting the show.

Griffin:

Bustling.

Justin:

Keep up with this, I can't do it.

Griffin:

I think that you should just be like a, be like a... like a super nice... Be super nice to her. Like, hey, why don't you tell me about your problems?

Justin:

Ooh.

Griffin:

And then she may associate you as like, uh... like, who's babysitting who?

Travis:

Ask—ask her to prom.

Griffin:

She's babysitting your—okay.

Justin:

Okay. Okay. Ask her to prom. Fun, nostalgic, I love it.

Travis:

Watch Adventures in Babysitting together.

Justin:

[laughs] You know that scene in Adventures in Babysitting when one of the babysitting kids has sex with Elizabeth Shue? Fast forward to that part and say like, "Oh, what do you think?"

Griffin:

He does—he has sex with Elizabeth's shoe?

Justin:

It's a pretty good movie. I'm surprised you haven't seen it.

Griffin:

My volume, um, is turned down pretty far on my headphones, so I don't get feedback. Um, but I thought you just said something about having sex with an actual... a literal shoe.

Justin:

Oh.

Travis:

With Elizabeth's shoe.

Justin:

Oh. Pardon me, Elizabeth.

Griffin:

I would watch that movie.

Justin:

I would watch that movie.

Travis:

May I borrow your shoe for a moment?

Justin:

Sex with Elizabeth Shue's shoes? Like, I would—I would be into that.

Griffin:

Why does your dick smell like Elizabeth's shoe?

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

It's leathery.

Justin:

“What is the proper etiquette when you walk into a public restroom, and there's already someone in there, but you can't quite tell if the restroom is

meant for more than one person?" Oh, man, Jeff. That's a good one, nobody's talked about. Right? Like, you go to one of those halfies where you... you know, it's sort of like a stall, and a urinal but it's so small that if you're gonna be... doing your business in there, it—it would be weird?

Griffin:

Yeah, you're gonna get splash damage.

Travis:

I—I just announce loudly while leaning up against a wall, "No need to rush, I'm just here for the show."

Justin:

[laughs] That—that's good, that'll help to really lighten the tension.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm. And not increase it.

Travis:

The thing is, those bathrooms always have a lock on them. And if you are the person in the restroom, you know, the first person to get there, lock the goddamn door.

Griffin:

What fucking utopia do you operate in where every bathroom has a security system as efficient as a lock on it?

Travis:

Well then you—you kind of stretch your leg back and you put one heel up against the door, or like, you stretch your hand so your hand is like, a half inch away from the door, so if someone tries to walk in, you can slam it.

Griffin:

Yeah, but when I'm peeing, I don't want to fucking pull Some Inspector Gadget hijinks. Like, I want to get the urine out of me and then get back to whatever it was that I was doing.

Justin:

I think—I think if you—if the door has a lock, that is a sure sign that it is a one—a one person bathroom. I think if you're in a bathroom that has a lock and you don't lock it, you are—you just want to get dick watched. That's it.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Like, you're just—

Travis:

Oops.

Justin:

Oops. You saw it.

Griffin:

You saw it.

Justin:

Sorry you saw my dick.

Griffin:

Don't—don't you ever tell.

Justin:

I just want to put a—in case anyone out there is offended. That's not my gay guy voice, that's my, uh, Jim Carrey as that body building lady from *In Living Color* voice.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Which is closer—is the closest I can approximate to a dick watcher who likes to get the—who likes to be dick watched.

Griffin:

See, mine was—mine was very on the nose. Mine was the gym teacher that just really wants to get his dick watched. Like, that's all he wants in this world.

Justin:

Who's ready for showers? Me.

Travis:

I—I think if you are the person that walks in, the proper etiquette is to go, "Whoa, sorry. Sorry. Sorry." And then walk to the opposite end of the bar and blend in with a crowd so that the person never knows who it was.

Justin:

[laughs] They can never know.

Griffin:

I actually carry a small, um, satin pouch of smoke bombs with me for this very—for this very occasion, 'cause if I see somebody... if I even like, if they think for a split second that I have seen their dick, like, smoke bomb out, and gone. Like, I'll leave—I'll move away. I'll move to a different state.

Justin:

I have a question. When you guys go to the bathroom and it's—it—it has a lock on it, and you lock it, 'cause there—and there's someone in there, right, so you can't get in. And you try the knob, do you do the thing where you try to move away from the door so it seems like it wasn't you? [laughs]

Travis:

Oh yeah.

Justin:

Like you try to play like you weren't the one who just turned the knob and interrupted their—their beamer.

Griffin:

I actually—

Travis:

I casually lean against a wall and whistle.

Griffin:

I want them to know. I want them to know. Look at my face, 'cause this is the face of the guy whose time you just wasted.

Justin:

[laughs] I have to pee so much more than I did just a few minutes ago.

Griffin:

You've caused me a discomfort, and I'll never forgive you for that. We will never be best friends.

Justin:

We were never friends. I—I can't do it. I can't let people know that I just was the door guy. And I don't know like, why I'd be embarrassed. Like, they just used the bathroom too.

Travis:

You know, I have the same thing where I always feel discomfort, and then I feel the discomfort comes from me knowing they just peed, and them knowing I had to pee.

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

And somewhere in there, this knowledge of each other makes us way too intimate.

Griffin:

I'm gonna pee on your pee. Deal.

Justin:

[laughs] Here, just a second. Hope you gave it a good flusheroonie, 'cause I'm about to pee right on it.

Griffin:

Let's make pee cocktails.

Travis:

My dick's gonna be in the air that your dick was just in, and for some reason, it makes me uncomfortable. I just... ugh.

Griffin:

Yeah. No, there's definitely, there's like a—a—a trace of dick that you find in the bathroom.

Justin:

I hate it when somebody pees on the seat while you're waiting, and then they come out, and they look at you like they just ate the last cookie. Like, meh, I did it.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Travis:

Or they don't flush. Like—

Griffin:

Get it?

Justin:

Hey, I peed on the seat. Enjoy. [laughs] Like, what are you doing? Like, why did you do that?

Travis:

Why is that guy Snidely Whiplash? Nyah!

Justin:

'Cause he's a villain! 'Cause the—

Travis:

Oh, I see.

Justin:

Yeah, right. Exactly.

Travis:

I hate when people come out of the bathroom twisting their handlebar mustache.

Justin:

And peeing on seats. Hey, I just peed on the seat!

Griffin:

Can we just... just everyone be good in bathrooms. It's not hard to be good at bathrooms. Just be good at bathrooms.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

Get your bathroom game right, and don't pee on anything, just pee in the toilet and wash your—wash your fucking hands. Wash your fucking—what are you doing? Get back in there, wash your hands.

Justin:

Now, now, see, I'm not always agreeing with you on that. What's worse? You go to shake someone's hand, what's worse, uh, you don't know what they've been doing the past 20 minutes. What's worse, dry hands that could possibly be germy, or wet hands where you think, oh... oh I know what you did. I know what you did and you can't hide from it. [laughs]

Griffin:

You're saying that...

Justin:

I would rather someone shake my hand with a dirty, unwashed hand than a wet hand that I know they washed after they touched their wiener. Like, I don't need that pressure in my life.

Griffin:

That's so fucked up, Justin!

Justin:

What?

Griffin:

'Cause I can guaran-goddamn-tee you that that—that—that dry hand has also touched wiener, only it hasn't taken a bath afterwards.

Justin:

I don't have to think about it though, it's not confronting my reality at that moment.

Griffin:

That's—you live a weird life.

Justin:

It's, uh, pretending, pretending you didn't just pee is the opiate of the masses. I want to be... I want to be lied to. And I don't want to know the truth about people's bathroom habits.

Griffin:

If I shake your hand and it's wet, you better have a fucking explanation.

Justin:

[laughs] Why didn't you dry it right?

Griffin:

You're gonna be able to explain that away.

Justin:

Dry your hand better next time.

Griffin:

Like hey, I just—I went to the bathroom, uh, urine only, so you don't have to think about the—oh, god, you don't have to think about the alternative.

Travis:

[laughs] We're not—we're not even touching that.

Griffin:

And I washed—I washed thoroughly afterwards, and uh, you know, I did the—I sang Old McDonald while I washed so that I made sure that I—I did it for the appropriate length of time. Uh, I used two squirts of soap. Uh, I got front and back, um, because there's, you know, there's a wraparound effect.

Justin:

Yeah. Yeah, and how does... Old McDonald is also the appropriate amount of time to smell someone's dick. There's a lot of notes you're gonna miss if you're—if you're not really, really in there.

Griffin:

Old Mc—[sniff] Donald, [sniff] had a ...

Justin:

[laughing] "My girlfriend and I have been together for three months, and best friends for five years. She's a, quote, "curvy girl" that's definitely got her sexy right, but has a hard time seeing it herself. How can I help her become more confident and comfortable with her body?" Listen man, if you can crack this one, you—you let every guy on earth know, and you just send that around in like a email, or like a big kinda chain.

Travis:

Write a book, become a millionaire.

Justin:

Write a book and get rich, Jay. Like, wh—what you gonna come to us and have us fix this one? No, done. Challenge accepted, we'll fix it.

Travis:

Like, I can't tell you how, all I can tell you is that you cannot. Like...

Justin:

[laughs] Wait, wait, that's the dumbest thing anybody's ever said. What are you talking about? You can't tell him how, you're just gonna tell him that he can't?

Travis:

Yeah, exactly. I don't—

Justin:

So no-

Griffin:

Thanks, drunk, unsupportive dad.

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

Now go get me another beer.

Justin:

I'm not gonna tell you—I'm not gonna tell you how to please a woman, I'm gonna tell you that you can't.

Travis:

[laughs] You will just fail. You are a failure.

Justin:

Okay.

Travis:

The thing is, is the more that you try, like the... Okay. Here's my advice. Actions speak louder than words. And the more you say, "No, you're pretty, you're pretty, you're pretty," the more she's going to, um, distance—uh, to

shut off to your compliments, because you're gonna start to lose the effect of compliments.

Griffin:

Oh god yes. Your compliments depreciate in value the more you drop them.

Travis:

So, make her feel attractive by being attracted to her, you know? Like, compliment her when she is dressed up, hug her, kiss her, do all those things that make a woman feel pretty, and uh, that's all I got so far.

Griffin:

See, I—I think, let's go back and explore the other thing.

Justin:

That's your best—is that your best move?

Griffin:

Explore the fact that if you use too many compliments they're—they're completely without value. Um, that's not a joke, that's for real. So what you do is you only compliment her once a year.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

You wait, you wait, you—you target it strategically.

Justin:

Okay.

Griffin:

Like a—like a nuclear strike. And you wait for it, until she's real down in the dumps, and then you say, "Hey... lookin' mighty sexy."

Justin:

[laughs] [makes explosion noise]

Travis:

How about taking it a little bit further?

Griffin:

Rays of light will shoot out of her.

Travis:

Don't—don't speak to her at all except for that one compliment.

Griffin:

Ooh!

Justin:

I like this. Move out. [laughs] Move out and only visit her. Have her locked in prison.

Travis:

Once a year.

Justin:

In—in a serious note, if you give her compliments in reaction to her saying that she looks bad, or she's—

Griffin:

Oh, you're fucked.

Travis:

Oh no, that's cheap.

Justin:

She's never gonna buy—she's never gonna buy it. Try to sympathize I—without, uh, agreeing, and if you can figure that one out, I will buy your second book.

Griffin:

How to sympathize without agreeing. Yeah. Yeah, got a title.

Justin:

How to sympathize without agreeing. [laughs]

Griffin:

Uh, on another serious note...

Justin:

Men are from Mars.

Griffin:

On another serious note, you should probably buy her, um, a pair of sweatpants that say 'juicy' on them.

Justin:

[laughs] 'Cause they're so popular. I was at the grocery store on Valentine's Day and I saw a bouquet that was—had a card, and was full of Slim Fast bars and a balloon that said Happy Valentine's Day.

Griffin:

No, that's—

Justin:

Don't do that.

Griffin:

Hey, guys?

Justin:

Hey, guys?

Griffin:

Absolutely don't do that.

Justin:

Free advice, don't do that. That's, uh, that's inappropriate. I don't think that's gonna work out for you as good as you think it's gonna. Griffin.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

You know what I need?

Griffin:

I know what you need.

Justin:

You know what I need.

Griffin:

That was weird.

Justin:

Kinda depressed that we didn't work 'smell your dick' into that last question, but whatever.

Griffin:

[laughs] Uh, this one was sent in by Jonathan Bertram. Thank you, Johnny B.

Justin:

Johnny B.

Griffin:

It's by Yahoo answers user, Questioner, which is good. Who asks, "Do you suspect that girls are actually evolved cats?"

Travis:

[laughs] God yes.

Justin:

[laughs] Yes, every day.

Griffin:

"Cats evolving into girls over millions of years of evolution, why do girls and cats have uncanny similarities?"

Justin:

Please. Well, I mean, number one, pussy. Number two... [laughs]

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Sorry, that's stupid. Hi, Nonny. Go ahead, Griffin.

Griffin:

That's—I mean, that's it. That's the—that's the extent of his question.

Justin:

They don't have—he doesn't list the similarities that he's coming up with his crazy brain?

Griffin:

No, but I mean, everybody—

Travis:

They both like milk.

Griffin:

Look, everybody has them, right?

Travis:

Four appendages.

Griffin:

You think of cat, a cat, cat and dog, are the two, the binary, um, domesticated animals, right?

Justin:

Sure.

Griffin:

And so, dogs are...

Justin:

Yes.

Griffin:

Dudes, and cats are ladies.

Justin:

Oh, okay. Cool.

Griffin:

Am I the only person who thinks that? Am I...

Justin:

No, no, no, no. We've all thought that before. Sometimes, and sometimes you look at a cat and you think, I can kinda see why some guys would think this is attractive. Like, you find yourself attracted to cats by extension—wait, is that what he was saying?

Griffin:

We've talked about how sexy cats are before just because they, ooh, they want it. No they don't. But they do. But they don't.

Justin:

They do. You know that, uh, that Justin Timberlake song was originally 'I'm bringing sexy cats.' Is what it was originally, like, he's always coming to the party he's bringing sexiest cats.

Griffin:

Justin, we're throwing a really weird sex orgy. "Oh, I'll uh, I'll bring some sexy cats."

Justin:

Yep. [laughs] Timbaland knows what's up, he's a dog. Uh...

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

Did you know that Timbaland is a dog? [laughs] He produces records with paws, he's a dog. It's true.

Griffin:

I can't wait for that Photoshop.

Justin:

[laughs] Uh, JT bringing sexy cats with his dog, his faithful mutt, Timbaland.

Travis:

See, all I can picture him is looking like, uh, John Candy in uh, Space Balls. With the big tail and the ears.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

Oh god. [laughs] Um, JT that last verse you dropped was so fresh, I'm gonna hump your leg. Timbaland the dog.

Griffin:

You know what I bet his—you know what I bet, his favorite what—what rap crew he wishes he could join?

Justin:

Oh no.

Griffin:

The *Ruff* Riders.

Justin:

Okay. All right.

Travis:

I was gonna say Lil Bow Wow.

Griffin:

Oh, fuck.

Justin:

Yeah. I was gonna say The Dogg Pound. Yeah, there's a lot of...

Griffin:

Snoop Dogg.

Justin:

Dog rappers.

Griffin:

Shit.

Justin:

We'll make you a list.

Travis:

Haven't you ever noticed how all rappers have evolved from dogs?

Justin:

[laughs] That's true too. I—I have a question. Can you give me some answers? There have to be some answers that have been supplied.

Griffin:

Let's see... "That would make men either smelly monkeys, pigs, or dogs. I think girls got the better end of the deal in that case, lol."

Justin:

[laughs] Meow.

Griffin:

[laughs] Meow. I mean, that's it. Everybody's just saying that—that men are pigs or dogs.

Justin:

Really?

Travis:

Here's the thing – these people know that's not true, right? Like—

Justin:

Why are they—why do they reinforce these people's crazy?

Griffin:

I'm telling you, it's the—it's the natural bias of people to—to give a gender to—to dogs and cats. And the cats are—are female, and dogs are male.

Travis:

No, I understand that. I have no problem with that. But what I'm saying is—

Griffin:

I have a problem with it, kind of.

Justin:

Yeah.

Travis:

But this person is like, you know that, like, female human beings have evolved from a completely different species than male human beings have evolved from. Like—

Justin:

That's the crazy part.

Travis:

You know that that is scientifically impossible, right? Like... It's one thing to be like, "This gender has similarities to this animal, their attitude," But it's

another thing to be like, "Is it possible they've evolved from other..." No.
Like—

Justin:

I need to establish that Griffin knows this, and then we can kind of move on to the question asker.

Griffin:

I can—

Justin:

Do you believe that women are evolved from cats? Answer me.

Griffin:

No.

Justin:

Do you?

Griffin:

[guiltily] ... Yes.

Justin:

[laughs] See? I knew it. I knew it. You monster.

Griffin:

I've been thinking about it for a long time.

Justin:

Yeah, you just work—this is how it starts, you know?

Griffin:

Cats are sexy, and ladies are sexy.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

You like them both.

Griffin:

Like both. I'm allergic to women.

Justin:

[laughs] Or at least that's been his excuse for all these years, we don't know.

Griffin:

Um...

Justin:

Don't know what the reality of the situation is.

Griffin:

Women like to poop in gravel, which is weird.

Justin:

Next question. "I'm kind of a hipster, and for a couple years now—"

Griffin:

Sardines.

Justin:

Sardines is another one that women love. Uh, dishes of milk. "I'm kind of a hipster, and for a couple years now, I've been sporting a full mustache. I like it, and I think it suits me. However, I'm also gay. And recently, a couple of guys I have been interested in have explicitly turned me down on the basis of my mustache. I feel a bit conflicted. If I shave my mustache, I might have a better chance with men. But I'm worried, at this point, I'd be sacrificing part of my personality in order to impress guys who might only be attracted to me for shallow and superficial reasons. But maybe that's what dating is all about, and I'm just being too stuck up. Frustrated with facial hair." Bad... So, big... I'm gonna break this story wide open. If a guy turns you down because you have a mustache, he's not really gay. [laughs]

Griffin:

[laughs] Wait, what?

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Think about it. What—why don't you want a mustache there? It's so you can pretend you're kissing a lady. They're fake gay.

Griffin:

Oh, shit.

Justin:

They're faux gay, they're faux-mosexuals. Trust me.

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

How... Justin—

Travis:

You just broke me.

Justin:

You don't want a mustache there, you're—you ain't gay.

Griffin:

Your aim is so true.

Travis:

Faux-mosexual just made me so happy.

Justin:

I know. I know. I'm spitting fire here, but it's all, it's all straight from the heart.

Griffin:

I can—I—I also, I can't wrap my fucking mind around this, because who—who is... Who is everybody's favorite gay of all time?

Justin:

Charles Olson Riley.

Griffin:

Nope.

Justin:

No?

Griffin:

Really think. Everybody's...

Justin:

Oh, well Neil—Neil Patrick Harris, everybody's favorite. Or maybe Tim Gunn? I have a lot of favorite gays. I can't...

Griffin:

It doesn't have to be alive.

Justin:

Okay.

Griffin:

In fact, that's a hint. He's totes—he's totes dead.

Justin:

Tom Selleck.

Griffin:

Where are we going with this?

Justin:

I don't know where you're going, Hitler? Like, I'm trying to think of mustachioed homosexual men. Help me out.

Griffin:

Freddie Mercury.

Justin:

Freddie Mercury.

Travis:

Oh.

Justin:

It's up there. Yeah.

Griffin:

Wicked big mustache on that dude.

Justin:

Like, quite a—quite a mustache.

Griffin:

He—he—he had a Hagar thing going for him in his later years. Uh—

Justin:

Lots of people don't know Freddie Mercury's mustache actually outlived him by three weeks. That's—that's true.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

They couldn't bury him.

Travis:

I'm gonna throw out that it's not because of your mustache, but because you refer to yourself as 'kind of a hipster.'

Justin:

You think that's the bigger problem than the mustache?

Travis:

Yes.

Justin:

I—I think that you need to go after some real gay guys who like a big mouth full of stache. And—and like, not—

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

[laughs] No more of these, no more of these faux-mos. I'm done with them. Like, you—like you need a, uh, a real gay man who li—likes hair. If you don't like the hair up there, then what are you even doing?

Griffin:

That's such a cool look.

Justin:

It's such a cool look. The mustache, I mean, is it well tended? Do you—

Griffin:

Yeah, that's the thing.

Travis:

Is it above your lip?

Justin:

It is above your lip? Is it below your lips?

Griffin:

What?

Travis:

'Cause if you have a mustache on your cheek, that might be part of the problem.

Justin:

I don't know what you're saying right now. That's a sideburn, I think? I don't know. I don't understand that—

Griffin:

You're talking about like a full on Snidely.

Travis:

Sure.

Griffin:

You gotta just get the... get a gentlemanly mustache. Something well groomed, not like a—not a Snidely, not a womb broom, just something—

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Something classy.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

And well-tended, like a topiary on your face. A face topiary, is the—the ideal situation is a face topiary.

Justin:

If you're living your life as a mustachioed man, I say you live it. And don't change for anybody. If you think that mustache is working for you, fine. Now, you do raise an interesting point. I mean, the—one of the main points of your visage is to draw people in, to attract the people you want to attract.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

And if your mustache isn't working that for you, maybe it's not working as well as you think. But—

Griffin:

He says it suits him.

Justin:

Hey, if you think it suits you, then you wait until you find the person that loves you for the mustache that you have, and not the mustache that you—they wish you had.

Travis:

At the end of the day, your appearance is about attracting other people, but you should also be happy with it. You're—if you're happy with the mustache, then, you know...

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Yeah. My question is, "How can I make my roommates stop doing stupid shit without being a bitch about it? I don't want to get angry with them, 'cause they're nice girls. And I don't want to leave some kind of stupid, passive aggressive note." Love Jenny Lee, from Hawaii.

Griffin:

We have listeners in Hawaii?

Justin:

Who could get upset down there?

Travis:

There's an answer in between that.

Griffin:

What's that?

Travis:

I think, where you don't have to get angry or leave passive aggressive notes. You just have to bring it up. Like—

Griffin:

Yeah, like, um, aloha, roommate, um... [stutters] I don't—that's the only fucking Hawaiian phrase I know.

Justin:

Uh, Mookalakaheeki, come on, you want to lei me. Pass the poi, Mahalo.
[sings a drum beat]

Travis:

[sings a drum beat]

Justin:

Uh, I had—I knew a girl in college that had the best... the best thing for this ever. She had bags of mini marshmallows, and whenever her roommates would leave—[laughs] Would leave messes and not clean them up, she would coat the messes in mini marshmallows.

Griffin:

[laughs] What—what purpose did that serve?

Justin:

'Cause then you have to deal with it. You can't—

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

It's not a regular mess, then it's the kind of mess that has mini marshmallows all over it.

Griffin:

That's awesome.

Justin:

If they left the bathroom sink dirty? Mini marshmallows. And you would know, like, "Ah, you got me. I did leave the sink dirty."

Griffin:

'Cause you can live with some plates here and there, but what you can't live with are plates with mini marshmallows sitting on them.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

'Cause then people come over, and there are so many questions. And then you have to... your—your filthiness gets right up in your face.

Justin:

[laughs] Why didn't you finish your mini marshmallows? That's a good question, I don't know.

Griffin:

How much money was this woman spending on mini marshmallows, though?

Justin:

Uh, no price too high. That's what I say.

Griffin:

I mean, there is for mini marshmallows.

Justin:

Okay, probably is, but ... Uh, I—that is such a hard—

Griffin:

They're like 60 bucks a barrel for mini marshmallows, now.

Justin:

[laughs] I keep them all in my larder. Uh, I, Jenny Lee, that's a tough situation, cohabitating with people. Griffin has actually been doing it more recently than—than I have. How do you guys deal with conflicts, Griffin?

Griffin:

I'm really good friends with my roommates and we—if we need somebody to do something, we just do it.

Travis:

Yeah, I—honestly, I think it's the kind of thing where the open communication takes care of the problems. Like, the more open you are to say, "Hey, could you do the dishes? 'Cause they've been sitting there for a while." Like, if you just don't say anything, it'll fester, and like, that's why you feel like you either have to be passive aggressive or angry, 'cause those problems are just like, sitting there, festering. Just bring it up.

Justin:

That is the problem. If you go—if you go too long without talking about it, then you start to vilify the roommates in your mind, and like, that has a two prong defective – one, you don't want to talk to them and it ruins the relationship, and two, it makes even things that aren't so bad seem bad, because you make them part of this bigger pattern that they won't reverse. Um...

Travis:

And—and sometimes like, I know that, uh, when I was in college, um, and you know, the present, um... I am the type of roommate that, when it comes to cleaning stuff, I just don't see it. Like, it just doesn't occur to me, it doesn't bother me. And so, it usually takes someone saying—and I've tried to get better about it, but it usually takes someone saying, "Hey, by the way, could you take care of this thing that been here for a week?" And I go, "Oh, yeah, I didn't even think about that. My bad." So, it might not be that your roommates are being, you know, messy on purpose. They might just be messy people.

Griffin:

So, let's boil this down.

Justin:

Okay.

Griffin:

You get one warning. And then mini marshmallows.

Justin:

Yep. And then mini marshmallows.

Griffin:

That seems like a pretty good standard operating procedure.

Justin:

And they know what that means. There's no—there's no need for ambiguity. You know, they know—they know what that symbol is. I think everybody understands mini marshmallows on your shit means clean up your shit.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

I would also suggest, Jenny Lee, this is just something to try out, if there's a mess that, uh... and I'm assuming that's what you're talking about. Just clean it up yourself if it's bothering you so much. Just clean it up.

Travis:

And—and ooh, well see but that seems a little passive aggressive.

Justin:

And then when your roommate notice—notices—well, you can't do it in that spirit. It can't be about, I—I did this to teach you a lesson. It come—should come from a place of like, it was bothering me, so I cleaned it up. Like, I—

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

Hopefully that kind of good example will—will be a more positive influence on your roommates, then.

Griffin:

I mean, what if she's really busy, like, hanging out on the beach with Johnny Tsunami, or like, taking Ukulele lessons.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Or applying Banana Boat to herself, or eating pineapple, or spit roasting a pig, or...

Justin:

You're doing much better at this than you did at the—the—the note gag. I just wanted to let you know.

Griffin:

[bashful] Thank you.

Justin:

You really had a lot more going on here. Feels more-

Griffin:

You can't be racist to Hawaiians, can you? That's not like, a thing you can do?

Justin:

I...

Travis:

No, they're still Americans.

Griffin:

Yeah, maybe before they were incorporated, but what's up? You're—you're me now.

Justin:

You can be insensitive, I think.

Travis:

Well, yeah. But...

Griffin:

I love—

Justin:

What I—what is our bias? Our bias is that you live in paradise.

Griffin:

Yeah. [laughs] You live in heaven on earth.

Justin:

Sorry to paint you with such a broad brush, assholes.

Griffin:

Uh, I'm gonna do a Yahoo. This one was sent in by Keeron D. Thank you, Keeron D. It's by Yahoo answers user... oh man. I'm so bad about not reading this ahead of time. Saki Heart, Kiosoma, Dark Mousey, and Ronnie V.

Travis:

What, that's one name?

Griffin:

I think it's a group of people, uh, that have gotten together, uh...

Travis:

And don't understand how usernames work.

Griffin:

To, to just team up. They formed like, a Yahoo answers user super group.

Justin:

Okay. Stupid Voltron.

Griffin:

Yeah. Like the damn off—

Travis:

The damn Yankees asks...

Griffin:

Yeah. Uh, "Which name do you like the best? I'm trying to name the horses for my story. I've decided on names for all but one of them. The horse I haven't decided on is a male, silvery gray wild horse. He's very fast and very strong. Here are some names I'm considering. Silver Wish. Phantom Sky. Phantom Don. Drifting Castle. Spirit Catcher. Wild Wind. Which name do you think is the best, and do you have any suggestions? Thanks."

Justin:

Those are all such great names.

Griffin:

No, they're not. They're shitty.

Justin:

No, they're shitty names.

Griffin:

Because all the animals on the planet that you get to name, horses are the fucking best. Horses are the best, and you've named them terribly.

Justin:

What—what kind of horse names do you like? You want it to be something a little more, like a—like a tougher sort of vibe? Is that what you're saying?

Griffin:

I want it to be like, Papa's Delicate Condition.

Travis:

Race horse names?

Justin:

Like Big Steed maybe is a good one?

Griffin:

No, you're not thinking outside the box.

Justin:

What about this, let me hit you with this.

Travis:

Princess in the Pants.

Griffin:

Yeah!

Justin:

Fast Fast. Fast Fast?

Griffin:

I'm sorry? Fast Fast?

Justin:

Fast Fast. [laughs]

Griffin:

Justin, have you ever been to a horse race? Do you not know how they name—

Justin:

I don't—I do not know what a horse is.

Travis:

Little Sister's Big Shoe.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

[laughs] Uh, Tumbling Alloicious. Like...

Travis:

Little Sister's Big Secret. Maybe that's...

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

... another one that you could do. I think, if you're gonna name a horse, you gotta—it's gotta be one word, and it can't be a combination of two kind of gay things to make a super gay thing.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

It has to be like, dom—domin—Dominatshin. Dominatshun?

Griffin:

What? [laughs]

Justin:

Yes, Dominatshin.

Travis:

Freedom Suit.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

That's good.

Justin:

What?

Travis:

I just pictured a—a horse in a spangly like, red white and blue suit, and it made me really happy.

Griffin:

See, I would read a fantasy novel about horses if they had names like The Chancellor's Parapet. But we don't—we're not working with things like that.

Justin:

Maybe Justin Timberlake would be a good name for a horse.

Griffin:

Justin Timberhorse?

Travis:

Yeah, what—what about just Steven?

Justin:

Why can't horses have regular adult names? Like—

Griffin:

Like American...

Justin:

Like Tim Gunn, or Steven.

Griffin:

Trevor.

Travis:

Neil Patrick Harris.

Justin:

[laughs] This is my horse, Freddie Mercury. He's America's favorite homosexual horse. He's—he's no faux-mosexual—

Travis:

Check out his sweet horse mustache.

Justin:

Check out his horse-stache. He's got some oats in there.

Griffin:

He's got two—he's got a face mane.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

A mustache is basically just a face mane. Silver Phantom. Silver Striker. Silver Heart. Silver Blood. White Prince.

Justin:

No, see—

Griffin:

Moon Lord.

Justin:

Stop it.

Griffin:

Silver Eye. Wild Eye.

Justin:

Majaorb. Like, are these the answers that people are giving them?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Did anyone give like a grownup, adult name for a horse?

Travis:

Silver Pants.

Griffin:

Why not a simple name like Axel, Robbie, Toby...

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Riken. Hey Robbie. Robbie—

Justin:

A horse—hey, Robbie.

Griffin:

You want to get fucked up? [neighs]

Justin:

[laughs] Robbie.

Travis:

When he gets older he can be Robert. It's nice.

Justin:

Robbie, it's Chansom. I've got some steel reserve, let's do this.

Griffin:

Robbie, we're gonna go hit up Peckers. Get some bitches.

Justin:

[laughs] Robbie, I thought we were gonna go to Peckers and titty fuck some bitches tonight. No, I don't think that that is how Robbie the horse's friends act. I don't think that that... I think Robbie the horse is lonely. Robbie the horse seems like he lives with his mom still, right?

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Robbie—

Griffin:

They have to put Robbie down.

Justin:

Never moved out. That's kinda sad. Never really experienced—

Griffin:

We have to destroy Robbie.

Justin:

Axel, though?

Griffin:

You know what I love?

Justin:

What?

Griffin:

You don't kill a horse. You destroy it.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

The term for putting a horse down, which is like the saddest thing ever. I'm not making light of that, except I totally am. Uh, you destroy them. Like, instead of—

Travis:

You throw the horse into the fires of Mount Doom.

Griffin:

That's basically what we're saying. [laughs] Like...

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

I guess it sounds inhumane to be like, "Oh, my horse can't walk. So I—I just—like, I totally emptied a clip in its dome."

Travis:

Murdered it. [laughs]

Griffin:

I popped a bullet in its bubble goose. Uh...

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

You don't do that. That's not enough. That's not what he deserves. He deserves to be destroyed.

Travis:

He could come back.

Griffin:

Oh, I obliterated that fucking pony.

Justin:

[laughs] Hey Justin? Yeah, Robbie?

Griffin:

We went to Peckers last night, just got destroyed.

Justin:

Why are we riding towards Mordor, Justin? Uh, well Robbie, I'm... Justin, are you gonna pitch me into the fires of Mount Doom? Uh, god, this is awkward. Um, I do need to destroy you.

Griffin:

[laughs] Th—like, the more you say it, the more ridiculous it gets. It sounds like, you're like, talking about your—your robot best friend who turned evil. Like—

Justin:

Like they have—like they have—

Travis:

I must destroy him. The horse shall be no more.

Justin:

Like there's a button underneath their saddle. If you push it, it just sends horse meat everywhere.

Griffin:

Yeah. [laughs] Like a self-destruct button. [laughing] Oh, I love you, Secretariat, but I'm—I'm gonna, I'm gonna fucking gib you. Like, you're done.

Justin:

I'm gonna hit you with a rocket launcher, Robbie, I'm sorry.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

You're not fast—you're not fast enough in the race. You didn't do a good job in the race. So, where does glue figure into it? Or is that antiquated?

Griffin:

I don't know, 'cause I—I—when I hear 'destroyed,' I fucking destroyed that horse.

Justin:

[laughs] I was gonna make glue out of that horse. How could you do this? I was gonna find a way to make glue from a horse.

Griffin:

Out of the ash? I don't know.

Justin:

Ugh, horses.

Griffin:

What big fucking stupid animals. What other animal is like, "I broke my leg, now I have to be destroyed"?

Justin:

[laughs] Uh, "I'm a happily engaged, 25 year old, stay at home mom. Every few months, I go out to the club with my girls. I generally just go to just let loose and go crazy, dancing and just having a great time. But then, a creeper will come up and start rubbing his nastiness on me. How do I..." I originally read that as rubbing his sadness on me, which is probably pretty accurate too. "How do I get guts to stop..." Whoa, I think she meant guys, but I'm gonna go with guts. "How do I get guts to stop doing that? And how do I get them to go dance with my single friends instead?"

Travis:

Stop wearing your sweatpants that say juicy.

Griffin:

Yeah, those are—those are like...

Justin:

Catnip. Man-nip. No, not catnip, I guess dog-nip 'cause it drives guys in.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

So technically speaking. Uh, you know, exceptionally low voice, mustache, all the classic moves. You really should, uh, get the girl, if she's interested, to start dancing with the guy. Like, if you get your single friend to dance up on him. And then you just kinda like, in one move, sort of peel off.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Then he'll get the message, I think, at least.

Travis:

You—you could roll up a newspaper and bop that dog on the nose.

Justin:

[laughs] You bad puppy, get out of here.

Travis:

No!

Justin:

Some of us are trying to get juicy up in this beast.

Griffin:

Put some peanut butter on your friends' bottoms I guess?

Justin:

Yeah. Uh, you think that would work? [laughs] I uh, I feel like I have less of an under—a lot of the episodes we record, and I feel like I've talked some things through, and—and maybe understand the world a little bit better by helping others. This is one of those episodes where I feel like I understand shit less than I did just...

Griffin:

Before we got started?

Justin:

50 short minutes ago. Yeah. I mean... dogs are cats, literally, and people are—and horses can be destroyed.

Travis:

And dick smelling.

Griffin:

Horses *must* be destroyed. [laughs]

Justin:

[laughs] Destroy all horses. Do you think there's one button that interconnects all horses, that if you just flipped it, it would be like, "Ah, Flicka, no!"

Griffin:

The fucking... the horse omega virus?

Travis:

And President Obama has control over it.

Griffin:

Who?

Travis:

President Obama.

Griffin:

Obama's got the—the internet turnoff switch, and he has the kill all horses button. Not kill, sorry, sorry.

Justin:

Destroy.

Griffin:

Destroy.

Justin:

Destroy. If you tie enough horses together, it's basically WMD. A whinny of mass destruction.

Griffin:

How are we supposed to answer this fucking question, though, 'cause the—I don't think the three of us have ever been the type of person... I don't know that I know any of the type of—of—of dudes who go up to girls behind, at bars and like, dance on them. Like, aren't those guys like...

Justin:

Dating someone.

Griffin:

100% creepers except you get like, one percent like, Patrick Dempseys? Like, a Patrick Dempsey miracle?

Justin:

You don't wanna—

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

You don't wanna pa—pass them off on your friends. I would say, if one starts dancing with you, you just kinda just ignore them, and eventually they'll go away.

Travis:

Isn't—isn't that why you go to clubs, like, big groups of girls together, so they can like, form ranks, like a pride of lions?

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

Like, they just all get together to protect each other from the creepers?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Like a phalanx, and shatter him?

Griffin:

Yeah. I tried to, I tried to—to dance on some girls at a bar once, but um, they had a really tight nickel package that just took me right out.

Justin:

[laughs] Their four three was just too much for you. You couldn't handle it.

Griffin:

God damn, I hope that's a defensive maneuver and not an offensive one.

Justin:

Two sports gags in a row, one of my worst—I want to hear Griffin's last question. But uh, real quick, housekeeping stuff. Uh, we... of course, the Maximum Fun Network has the pledge drive coming up. We're gonna have

some really cool, uh, things to give away to people who help support us and all the other great Max Fun shows. So keep an eye out for that.

Griffin:

That starts next Monday. Um, so...

Justin:

Next Monday.

Griffin:

So get your hearts, your minds, and your wallets ready.

Justin:

Uh, 'cause it's gonna be big. You're gonna want to give. It's gonna be special. Uh, listening parties. If you get four or more people together to listen to the show, uh, if you're going to be doing that, uh, send us an email with their names and all the details you want to share. And we will record you a personal message to begin your party.

Griffin:

You get one for your first—

Justin:

A quick—quick—

Griffin:

For your first party, and then for every 10 after that. Jeff Monlock just hit number fucking 20. Have we even done 20 episodes of this stupid show?

Justin:

I don't think so. I don't know how he's been doing it. He's rigged. Rigged the thing. But uh, Maximum Fun forums, if you want to go talk about the new episode, just go to Maximum Fun dot org, click on forums, and you'll see, uh, under the shows section, you'll see a link to talk about this latest episode.

Griffin:

And also talk about all the other great shows on Maximum Fun Network that you should a—uh, all go listen to. Jordan Jesse Go, Sunny in America, Stop Podcasting Yourself.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

It's a very special Jordan Jesse Go this week.

Justin:

Yeah. Yeah. Mm-hmm. And our—our congratulations on that.

Justin:

Travis is also pregnant.

Griffin:

Travis is pregnant.

Travis:

Mm-hmm. Yay.

Justin:

Super pregnant.

Griffin:

With our—with our joke babies.

Travis:

Speaking of pregnant, Theresa Thorn, if you are interested in purchasing a—
a—a message on our show, either personal or business, you can contact
Theresa Thorn, uh, Theresa at Maximum Fun dot org.

Justin:

That's Theresa with an H.

Travis:

Those are—those are 100 dollars for a personal message, 150 for a business
message. Um, we promise to make them funny and interesting and draw
people to you.

Justin:

Well, I can't promise to draw you to—wh—what if they sell like, hatred or
something?

Travis:

I can.

Griffin:

They'll draw me to you. In like a sexy, like a sexy way.

Justin:

Uh, if you want to ask us questions, MBMBaM at Gmail dot com, or MBMBaM at Maximum Fun dot org. Both go to the same place. Oh yeah, get us on Formspring, Formspring dot me forward slash MBMBaM. We have a voicemail line.

Griffin:

203 MBMBaM one.

Travis:

You can follow us on Twitter. Um, and we always encourage people to, uh, tweet about the show. Hashtag MBMBaM.

Justin:

Uh, we—we uh, of—of course, we have people who are always out there, uh, spreading the good word about MBMBaM. And honestly, without those people, we—we would not have a show. I think spe—special, special thanks has to go to, uh, Osman Rico, who—

Griffin:

Oh my god, like every tweet that dude does.

Justin:

Is about us, and like, does that make your Twitter feed better? Yeah, I think so. Yeah, probably. So, uh—

Travis:

I also like Michelle Mittens, and she basically summed up our show in about 20 words.

Justin:

I—I—you know what? I think she was retweeting Osman Rico there. So, there. Blowing it up.

Travis:

Oh, there you go.

Justin:

Blowing it up. But thank you to everybody so much, uh, for—for all the tweets, and—and everything. We really do appreciate it. Uh, but anyway, that's all for our nonsense. Griffin?

Griffin:

That was really fast.

Justin:

I—well, I'm trying to do it better 'cause I—people—I don't want people to think we sold out.

Griffin:

Should we talk about the—that new podcast?

Justin:

Which one?

Griffin:

It's—Nerdist has a new podcast.

Justin:

I don't want to give—I don't want to give those ham and egg—

Travis:

No, no credibility.

Justin:

Ham and egg— apparently Nerdist has a new podcast where people send them questions. Great idea, guys. Where'd you come up with it? Questions and answers?

Griffin:

And that's Chris Hardwick. I've never met him, but I feel like he's creeping on my style, maybe just a little.

Justin:

He's just chomping your flavor.

Griffin:

He's chomping my flavor, and I—I know he has like a billion Twitter followers, and he's—he's actually a super nice and funny guy. But quit creeping, Chris Hardwick.

Justin:

Tell him we got beef, everybody. Go—go to Twitter and tell him—

Griffin:

Just when we squashed that Stop Podcasting Yourself beef, we got a new—

Justin:

Basically the one we created for ourselves. We squashed it in like a week. Then Nerdist has to swoop up and beef it.

Griffin:

Try and cop our swagger. I say no, Chris Hardwick.

Justin:

This far, no farther. Griffin, give me what I need.

Griffin:

This very, final question was sent in my Craig Newman, Neman? Yeah, that's it. Got it. Second try. Thanks, Craig Neman. It's by Yahoo answers user MK who asks, "Is it a good idea to use a sex doll as a martial arts striking and grappling dummy?"

Justin:

[laughs] I'm Justin McElroy.

Travis:

I'm Travis McElroy.

Griffin:

I'm Griffin McElroy.

Justin:

This has been My Brother My Brother and Me. Kiss your dad square on the lips.

[theme music plays]