

The Adventure Zone: Dadlands 2: Into the Corn Hole

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Brennan: Shudder and behold.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: A ruined wasteland of scorched rock and barren earth. Who knows what ruin came to this forsaken place—

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Thank you. As I was saying, who knows what ruin came to this forsaken place? But the earth was scorched. The bones of this land laid bare. And when the doom came, all that was left were... dads!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Give it up, everybody! It's The Adventure Zone!

[crowd cheers]

[Dadlands theme music plays]

Brennan: Ahem, ahem. Well, I'm gonna turn it over to the wonderful McElroys!

Justin: Hi, everybody. And welcome.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Welcome to The Adventure Zone: Dadlands. A Justin McElroy original concept.

Brennan: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: I have to say that 'cause I was gonna turn it into a YA novel and I never... this kind of ruined that for me. And it's the only great idea— So, this is a post-apocalyptic wasteland that we created the rules for, almost on a dare, sort of—

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: And it—

Travis: Along with Keith Baker and Jenn Ellis of Twogether Studios.

Justin: They turned it into a real game. They made our boardgame, too. They turned it into a real game. And this is the second time...

Griffin: It has been played on the Earth.

Justin: Yeah, presumably.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: And so, we changed it. [laughs]

Justin: So, we kept our game mom for this episode and last episode, Brennan Lee Mulligan!

Brennan: Whoo-wee!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Yeah!

[crowd cheers]

Travis: In fact... In fact, I think we should update the rules of Dadlands. That unless Brennan is your game mom, it's illegal.

Griffin: [chuckles] Uh-huh.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: That's our DRM.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: We could tell you the rules, but honestly, we were inventing Cornhole rules five minutes before the show started, so... [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: You tell me.

Brennan: I'll happily explain to our wonderful audience here. As we all know, the elemental forces that struggle and sometimes collaborate, but sometimes conflict within each and every dad, are of course the elemental forces of law and chaos!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Within their various fanny packs, each of our dads here has a number of law and chaos tokens. Red, of course, chaos. Blue, of course, law. And to accomplish things in the game, I may ask for pulls. And they will tell me whether the pull is for law or for chaos. And if they succeed then they move forward. And if they fail, they may indeed lose those tokens.

Justin: We have different numbers of— We all have seven, but our balance between law and chaos tokens available to us is different for each character, depending on how chaotic a dad that it is.

Griffin: I'm quite chaotic.

[crowd chuckles and cheers]

Brennan: So, in addition, we're adding a new mechanic this time. You may notice a large cornhole board in the middle of the stage.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: I would— I would argue it's regulation size, but...

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: When the chips are down and the stakes are at their highest, you may indeed see one of these dads get up and decide to cornhole it.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Do we get a vote?

Brennan: Do you get a vote?

Clint: Just kidding.

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: I don't know if I wanna cornhole—

Brennan: I may call for it, but you may also elect to cornhole it.

Clint: No, I've played with you before. I know what it's like going against your intentions. That shall not happen!

Brennan: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Travis: No... Backstage, he's a real bully.

Brennan: [laughs]

Justin: Yeah, everybody thinks, “Nice, sweet Brennan Lee Milligan.” But we know the real guy.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Also, if you didn’t hear the first episode, the mustache I wore was a blight against my existence for about two and a half hours. And I am happy to report this is the exact same brand of mustache, and I will be struggling in silence again.

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Travis: So, for those of you who didn’t listen to the episode, Griffin cannot emote effectively.

Griffin: Or apparently drink fluid.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: Because with that one sip of this delicious, juicy beer, I did give away a lot of adhesive material.

Justin: [chuckles]

Brennan: Can I— May I begin to weave? May I weave my webs?

Travis: Yes, please.

Justin: Weave, weaver!

Griffin: Weave—

Brennan: Can I weave?!

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Weave, baby.

Brennan: I'm gonna weave. Once again, the blazing sun, with all of the ferocity of its vast and cosmic flame beats down thunderously on the salt white flats of the Dadlands.

Travis: That's good.

Briquette: It is a dry heat.

[crowd laughs]

Guy: We'll roll the windows down. We don't have to use air conditioning, though. It'll be fine, this is nature's air conditioning!

Brennan: With a roar of mighty engines, as dust is kicked up into the post-apocalyptic waste, we see a vehicle racing for its very life across the edge of the horizon. And as we zoom in, we see it is being perused with the screams and shouts... of a Hard Ass patrol.

Chip: No...

Briquette: No!

Brennan: Indeed. Our wonderful, heroic dads now race for life and limb, as a massive war car, a stretch Humvee... almost an eighth of a mile long, an abomination against creation and logic, as—

Guy: There's no way that gets good gas milage!

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: [mouths engine sounds] And you see Hard Asses, these are dads... Within the cosmology of the Dadlands, a Hard Ass is a dad that has given up all of their chaos and succumbed to a cold and unfeeling law. These Hard Asses lean out of the Humvee with their skulls exposed. Metal plates grafted onto their butts!

Travis: Yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: They shout and hoot and holler:

Hard Asses: Focus up! Focus up! You gotta focus up!

Travis: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Red: Man, I like these guys.

Guy: No!

Chip: No!

Red: Yeah, I do! I identify— I may have to switch sides!

Travis: And Guy Ferrari adjusts his mirror and says:

Guy: Look at these jokers!

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: As you call them jokers, all of them spit in unison:

Hard Asses: I'm not joke, buddy! [mouths war cry]

[crowd laughs]

Guy: Nice to meet you, No Joke Buddy, I'm Dad!

Brennan: Woah!

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Brennan: No pull necessary, one of the side war cars just blows up.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Brennan: Just straight up blows up.

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Boom! Power of the dad joke, destroys it.

Briquette: It's... It's... He has the gift!

Travis: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: The lead war car, the stretch Hummer, barrels down on our heroes. You see in the rearview mirror, reading it backwards, the name written on the front of this war rig that you've never seen this far into this part of the Dadlands. The name of this vehicle, "No Son of Mine."

[crowd exclaims]

Clint: Which backwards is...

Travis: Wait, spelled how?

Clint: E-n-m...

Travis: Yeah?

Clint: Fo... Info... mercial?

Brennan: With that, I think it's high time we meet our heroes and the vehicle they're traveling in. Let's go ahead and start over here.

Briquette: My name is Briquette Hoggins.

[crowd cheers]

Briquette: I'm... It's been a rough couple of years for old Briquette. I am now the former proprietor of the Waco Wastelands. Number one rib joint, Hoggins' Sloppy Doggone Hog Spot.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Who's the new owner?

Briquette: He cheated me in a gambling game. It was Walton Goggins.

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: Now it's Walton Goggins' Hoggins' Sloppy Doggone Hog Spot.

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: What's... What's the point?

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: God, that's the kind of high energy character intro that really gets your motor revving, huh?

Travis: Speaking of motor revving— And you're a grill dad.

Griffin: Yeah, I'm a grill dad, I'm very chaotic. And... And sad.

Guy: I'll be playing Guy Ferrari!

[crowd cheers]

Travis: Thank you.

Guy: I'm a car dad! And I've traded in my 10-year-old Hyundai Elantra. And because I took such good care of it, the Kelly Blue Book value was higher than when I bought it!

[crowd laughs]

Guy: So, I was able to trade it in. I got myself a real Chery minivan, and a 1963 Corvette that I've been fixing up in my spare time. But we don't drive that one.

[crowd laughs]

Guy: It's not ready yet.

Red: I'm Coach Red Ruffinsore!

[crowd cheers]

Red: I'm the sports dad! I too hit on some rough times. The team I was once the coach of went through a great public outcry to make us change the name of our team.

Griffin: Oh, this will go over so good, Clint!

Travis: Yeah, no way this is bad.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: No way this doesn't—

Justin: Now, hold on! [laughs] Let's hear the man out.

[crowd laughs]

Red: So, we had to change the name of the team and it just has not gone over well.

Griffin: I can hear the ice cracking below our fucking feet.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Red: They were The Herpes and...

[crowd laughs]

Red: I kind of get it? I kind of... I... You know, it hard to wrap your hands around that. And also, the mascot was just horrifying.

Griffin: Oh, yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: I love that in your mind, Dad, there was a time where everyone was like, "I love it."

Chip: My name's Chip Hugginsby and I'm a little bit of a Disney nut.

[crowd cheers]

Chip: And I don't care what people say, Disney was real!

[crowd laughs]

Chip: They— Well, okay... Not everybody believes it. But I've read all the books. And if you really look at it, Disney was real.

Guy: Well then how come we don't know the location of it to this day?

Chip: Well... [chuckles] I'm still not sure about that. But I'm not Walt, am I?

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Indeed—

Chip: Someday they're gonna unfreeze him and then you're gonna look real stupid.

[crowd laughs]

Guy: Now, we both know they've already unfrozen everyone who was cryogenically frozen during that time. And he wasn't among 'em!

Chip: Yeah. Well, it's deeper—[chuckles] You gotta be a member of Club 33 to get in. So, it's exclusive.

Brennan: Indeed—

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: "Just as I have scripted."

Clint: Yeah.

Brennan: Yeah, just always say 'indeed.' Just say 'indeed' more often. We see our four dads. We know not whether Disney was real. And in the lore of the Dadlands, though some rumors flitter hither and yon, in the various enclaves of the dad tribes, of the long-lost mothers of the children that know this world holds only dads!

Travis: And more and more dads every year, which is inexplicable.

Brennan: Don't think about it too hard.

Travis: Yeah.

Brennan: It'll really freak you out.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You find yourself racing through the desert, pursued by a patrol of Hard Asses. You've never seen them this far into the Dadlands before. You—

Travis: Now, Brennan, I do wanna say, them being Hard Asses and me as a car dad, we are going the speed limit.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: I'm going one mile over.

Brennan: You see the Hard Asses realizing that at one mile an hour, you will slowly outstrip them.

Travis: [chuckles]

Brennan: And you can see them feverishly working to overcome this. In the middle of your minivan, there is a bowling ball bag that you recovered in this excursion. Before we meet our dads, you had just been to the ruins of Pop & Pop's Top Stop Chop Shop.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: One more?

Justin: One more time—

Brennan: Pop & Pop's Top Stop Chop Shop.

Travis: Okay.

Brennan: Which was the last—

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Everyone remember Pop & Pop, and their top stop was a chop shop.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Pop & Pop's Top Stop Chop Shop, got it.

Brennan: At the very edge of the Cardadlands, close to the old ruins of Sawburg, which you will remember in your last great adventure together, you...

Griffin: Burned to the fucking ground.

Travis: Yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Burned to the fucking ground. [chuckles] And going to the Chop Shop, you found that there were signs of a struggle. Something terrible had happened. But hidden away, deep in a safe place, was this bowling ball bag that has been sealed. You have it in your car with you now. But as you found it, you heard to roar of the Hard Asses engines, and now they're coming after you. You hear behind you a Hard Ass, seeing you slowly, one mile per hour, start to strip away... Get to the top of the war rig, beat his chest with this intense sort of Black+Decker branded apron. And go, "Focus up! Focus up!"

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: And you see everyone looks and salutes and says:

Hard Asses: He gave 110%!

[crowd laughs]

Red: I *really* like these guys.

Briquette: Don't...

[crowd laughs]

Red: Can I get in that car?

Guy: No! Don't succumb!

Red: All right...

Brennan: You see this dad takes what looks like a bunch of expired fireworks, leaps from the car, and I'm gonna need someone here to do something as this dad goes— You hear all of them, all the Hard Asses back there all chant in unison:

Hard Asses: He lives forever! Committed and determined in Dadhalla!

[crowd laughs]

Justin: I have a... I have a Figment branded popcorn bucket that I fill with—

[crowd laughs]

Justin: That I keep filled with nails and gravel, and I'm gonna swing at him to try to knock him off his trajectory.

Brennan: Okay. We're gonna need... We're gonna need a pull. We're gonna need a pull here.

Justin: It feels... I mean, it's up to you. It feels fairly chaotic, right?

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: All right—

Travis: Yeah, popcorn bucket full of nails? Yeah.

Brennan: Difficulty 1, we're gonna wanna see a red token pop out.

Justin: Say again?

Brennan: Difficulty 1. So, we just need one token here. We're gonna pull one token.

Clint: Make it red!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: [chuckles]

Griffin: Oh, he had a skit!

Clint: Ah, it's a Ritz! Everything tastes better when it sits on a Ritz!

Griffin: Boy, does he have a— Hold on, wait.

Clint: Yeah?

Griffin: Does he have a second Ritz?

[crowd laughs]

Clint: Ah!

[crowd cheers]

Travis: That's a red token!

Clint: Red!

Travis: That is a red token!

Brennan: Flying through the air—

Justin: God, that hit the spot, though. For real!

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Gotta love a Ritz!

Travis: Yeah! What's not to love?

Brennan: Flying through the air from the open window of the minivan, nails, gravel, rust and scrap hits this Hard Ass square in the jaw. [exclaims] Teeth, blood, you hear, "Ooh, ah! Dang nabit!" And whoosh.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Disappears under the wheels of the war rig, as everyone goes:

Hard Asses: Ha! You're horsing around...

[crowd laughs]

Travis: I put on my right turn signal.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: This is gonna be a pull...

Travis: But I'm gonna turn left.

Brennan: This is gonna—

[crowd exclaims]

Clint: Chaos!

Justin: That's gonna drive `em crazy.

Brennan: This is gonna be a pull. I'm gonna say... I'm gonna need to see two chaos tokens.

Travis: Holy shit.

Brennan: I'm gonna need to see two chaos tokens.

Griffin: There's no way. There's no way!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: One...

[crowd cheers]

Justin: That's one chaos token!

Brennan: That's one.

Clint: One red chaos.

Brennan: Now, if it comes up—

Justin: No, wait. Put it back in. Wait, wait, wait, wait. Does he have to put it back in?

Brennan: No, he does have to put— It stays out.

Justin: Okay, okay.

Brennan: And if the next one is law, it's a mixed success. If it's chaos, it's a full success.

Griffin: It is chaos.

Brennan: Aah!

Travis: Oh-ho-ho-ho!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: The convoy follows after you. Turn signal goes on. You pull to the left. [mouths tire screeching sound]

Briquette: Hey, buddy, I don't if you noticed this, you put on your right blinker there and you went left.

Guy: No, I was trying to confuse `em!

Briquette: Oh, wow! [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You watching as the war rig behind you sees the turn signal, immediately pulls to cut the angle and destroy you. You pull to the left, the rig, boom! Hits the side of a ravine opening up, and disappears into the emptiness of space. [mouths action sound] Wub-wub-wub.

Guy: That's exactly what I thought would happen!

Justin: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Behind it, you see four smaller Hard Ass cars in a row. And on not just a mixed success, but a true double chaos success, you see every single one of those Hard Asses—

Guy: Yeah!

Brennan: ... Look at what just happened and say:

Hard Asses: He used the right blinker!

Brennan: And all drive straight into the canyon.

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: Good night, everybody!

[crowd laughs]

Justin: We did it.

Clint: We did it, we won!

Justin: Problem solved.

Brennan: You see smoke rising up from the canyon. But temporarily, you have escaped this Hard Ass excursion. In a part of the Dadlands you haven't seen Hard Asses in a generation. This place is deep within the Cardadlands. So, something is amiss. Smoke rises, but you also have that parcel with you in your vehicle. What would you like to do?

Travis: I'm driving.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: I'm not taking my hands off 10 and 2.

Justin: I killed a guy with a popcorn bucket, so...

[crowd laughs]

Red: Coach Red has a lot of sports expertise. You said it was a bowling ball bag. So, he would probably know how to open it.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: Yeah. As a non-athlete myself, the many puzzles of this bowling ball bag would flummox me.

Travis: "The machinations of— what is this? It's like teeth interlocking?"

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: Let me— Hang on, before I... Yeah, I'm gonna try to open it.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Hell yeah. As you... As you open it— I'm gonna say this is a one token law. You're just trying to open a bowling ball bag. So, we'll—

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Shouldn't be that bad.

Brennan: Let's do it— It's a one token law pull.

Red: And I'm heavy law.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: Yeah, dad's fanny pack has LEDs with a football on the front. So, everyone look at that.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: He shipped it to my house a month ago and it was the most confused I've ever been to receive a package.

[crowd laughs]

Clint: All right...

Griffin: All right.

Clint: Hey!

Justin: It's lawful.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Man, this game's broken.

Brennan: You guys are crushing it. You guys are crushing it right now.

Travis: Who... Who made this?

Griffin: I am curious what you would have done if he had failed unzipping a bowling ball bag.

Travis: He lost a finger.

Clint: [laughs]

Brennan: Yeah, we would've narrated our way through something seemingly impossible. We would've really— you know, we would've been all the way there.

Travis: Oh, it got stuck on the fabric.

Brennan: Yeah, there you go. Opening the zipper of the bowling bag...

Clint: [mouths creaking sound] Eh...

[crowd laughs]

Clint: That was more— That was more creaky door.

Travis: Yes, it was.

Griffin: Yeah, a haunted door swings open.

Clint: Yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: The little bobblehead on the dashboard of the minivan begins to shake. All of you feel a hum of energy overtake— even surpassing the

ambient noise of the engine and the driving. [loud humming] And light begins to emit out of the opening in the seam of the bowling bag.

Clint: And I look down and I go:

Red: It's beautiful!

Justin: And his face melts off.

Travis: And his face melts and dad's out of the game.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Yeah. You've been tragically killed by the bowling ball bag power.

Travis: Yeah. I steady my Dale Earnhardt bobble head.

Brennan: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: The bubblehead—

Griffin: Junior or senior?

Travis: Both!

Griffin: Woah.

Justin: Sitting on each other's shoulders.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: As it was meant to be.

Brennan: Two little bobbling heads stop bobbling. And you see Red looking into the book. Endless possibility, energy, movement, matter, time and space coalesces into a perfect summation of all knowledge that a dad could ever want or need. The rest of you see an object levitate under its own power, out of the bowling ball bag. And coming into focus is a book. Hard cover, with a beautiful dust jacket, covered in black and white photography. And a title on the top of the book saying: Bottom of the 9th, Winston Churchill, Chuck Barry and the Golden Age of Aviation.

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Clint: Wow.

Justin: Wow.

Clint: May I— May I step out of character? I am so moved right now.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: The ultimate dad book.

Travis: Yeah!

Briquette: I find myself in an unprecedented amount of arousal right now that I—

[crowd laughs]

Chip: You know, for me, it's preceded. But it's nice to feel it once more.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: The book slowly descends, and you can see now that some of the pages within it are dog-eared. There are some markings and inscriptions within the book. And as it sort of lands open in front of you, this mythical repository of knowledge... The Dadlands, with all the ruin and chaos, information is sort of the rarest currency of all. And you see in the margins of the book, a lot of scientific notation. Equations, molecular structure—

Guy: If only one of us was a Science Dad!

Briquette: Damn it.

Brennan: However, though none of you are Science Dads, you do know your way to the tower of the last and lonely Science Dad.

[crowd cheers]

Briquette: If that... If that man has not self-immolated at this point, I will be shocked.

Guy: Maybe he put up some plastic sheeting over the windows to make it... to make it easier to air condition?

Chip: Do y'all remember the way to the Science Dad's glass tower?

Guy: Yeah, I could do it from memory. I don't need a map and I won't stop to ask directions.

[crowd laughs]

Chip: You don't need to. Second star on the right, straight on 'til morning.

[crowd laughs]

Guy: But it's daytime?

Chip: Well, we have to wait.

[crowd laughs]

Chip: Sorry—

Guy: Does anyone need to go potty?

[crowd laughs]

Guy: All right, Red, you got it.

Griffin: How has the dynamic shifted? Is Red more in advanced in age that the rest of us—

Clint: No!

Griffin: Okay.

[crowd laughs]

Clint: I'm not playing it that way.

Griffin: I'm just—We haven't addressed the existence of grandpas in the Dadlands. Although, that I suppose would be predicated on the people in Dadlands having parents, which they don't.

Travis: Nope.

Griffin: Which is fucking wild!

Travis: Also, you can't be a grandad without a younger generation coming in.

Griffin: You're right.

Brennan: It's true—

Travis: It's just dad and younger dads and younger dads.

Clint: I wish you guys would respect Brennan's narrative a little bit. He may have a surprise grandad in there.

Brennan: No, I—

Clint: Look at him, X-ing stuff out.

Travis: Hey, dad? Surprise Grandad is a great band name.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: After a moment of Red Ruffinsore using the rest room, which in a vast wasteland is just sort of anywhere you like. Yeah, anywhere you like.

Brennan: Anywhere that's not in the car.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Red: Oh...

Guy: Although, we do have bottles.

Red: Some Big Gulp? 'Cause we're not stopping to let anybody go to the bathroom.

Guy: No, it's okay. 'Cause there's a bathroom next to the biggest ball of twine in the wasteland.

[crowd chuckles]

Guy: It's only this big. Not a lot of twine in the wasteland.

Briquette: Not much twine.

Chip: It's all been harvested.

Briquette: Flammable.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Do you indeed wait until nightfall to wend your way to the tower of the Science Dad?

Travis: Yeah, it seems like it would be safer to go to his big glass tower during nighttime.

Justin: For sure. For sure, for sure. If you don't remember, it reflects light in such a way that it is extremely painful to be in there.

Griffin: It microwaves any human being inside of it between the hours of 11AM and 4PM.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: A giant glass tower in a desert does produce its fair share of spontaneous lasers. However, traveling there for the first time at night, you see the clear and moistureless air of the desert superimposes an illuminated glass tower against a horizon of twinkling stars. You approach the tower of the Science Dad once again. Here, in the freezing cold of desert night.

Travis: I pull into the wrong driveway first, 'cause I have to turn around and go back. And I do like a:

Guy: Hey, nice to visit you! We're going!

Travis: And we turn around and go back to the right driveway.

Brennan: Yeah. The Science Dad does have one neighbor that's just—

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: It's just a normal fuckin' house!

Brennan: Yeah. Since the last time you've been here, it is a huge glass post-apocalyptic tower, and a perfect one-story ranch home, just right next to it. He goes:

[crowd laughs]

Neighbor: Hey, good to see you there, Guy! How's it going?

Guy: It's going pretty good. Can't stop to talk. How's the missus— Nope.

[crowd laughs]

Neighbor: Yeah, none of us have those. [chuckles]

Guy: Yeah...

Neighbor: When I think about it, I start to feel like I'm—

Guy: Okay, we're gonna go!

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Brennan: You watch as this nice neighbor man begins to fall into a hole in his own brain. And you—

Justin: [chuckles] "I have the strangest feeling if you walk away, I won't exist anymore ever again."

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Guy: What was your name again?

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Honk! Honk!

Brennan: [chuckles] You see— Yeah. A bus drives by, and Jason Bourne style, he's gone. He's nowhere to be seen.

Clint: [chuckles]

Travis: [laughs]

Brennan: The glass doors of the tower of the Science Dad open. And you see reedy and bespectacled, wearing a dirty and stained white lab coat, with fractals and mathematical runes carved into his chest. A pair of spectacles with only a single lens inside, Professor Pater Poppins.

[crowd cheers]

Pater: Well, well, well... If it isn't the assembled heroes of the dad tribes, once again come to my tower.

Guy: I'm sorry, can we do a standard dad greeting of like, "Look what the cat dragged in," or like, "Long time no see?"

Briquette: This break in etiquette is unforgivable.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Pater bows deeply and says:

Pater: Forgive me.

Brennan: And takes a step back and goes:

Pater: Oh! Oh, here comes trouble!

Brennan: Uh-oh!

Justin: [laughs]

Guy: [laughs] Thank you!

[crowd laughs]

Pater: Oh! Oh!

Guy: Thank you! They let all kinds in here.

Pater: Oh, they just let anybody in here! [laughs]

Briquette: You working hard or... [laughs]

Pater: Hardly. [dry heave laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Pater: It is good to remember the old ways.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: Chip Hugginsby walks over and drops the bowling bag right at his feet and says:

Chip: Start talking, dweeb!

[crowd laughs]

Pater: I will. But only because I choose to!

Chip: Whatever gets you through the night, partner.

Brennan: The Science Dad reaches in and removes the book from within the bag.

Pater: My god... Bottom of the 9th... Winston Churchill, Chuck Berry and the Golden Age of Aviation.

[crowd laughs]

Pater: Everything dads like... Where did you find this?

Briquette: Pop & Pop's Top Pop... Listen, I only have the mental capacity to remember one sort of repetition based small business name. And it's Walton Goggins's Hoggins' Doggone Sloppy Hog Stop.

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: The fact... The fact that y'all expect me to remember Pop & Pop's Top Stop Chop Shop is... Oh shit!

[crowd cheers]

Chip: You snuck up on it!

Pater: Even brief exposure to this book can expand the mental capabilities of a dad, by an order of magnitude.

Briquette: I feel like I've taken the pill from Limitless, this movie I watched on TBS.

[crowd laughs]

Guy: TBS, a dad's favorite... Well, one of top three favorite channels.

Brennan: Indeed. You see, all of you here... He holds the book and says:

Pater: Come with me. I need to show you my computer chamber.

Red: Excuse me?

Guy: Shoes off or on?

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: He says:

Pater: At night, we do shoes off. But I would not recommend shoes off during the day.

Red: Glass floors too, huh?

Pater: Yes, glass floors.

Red: Yeah, okay.

Pater: They will melt your feet. So...

Briquette: Hey, brother, it's been a few years. How have you not dissolved yourself, tuned yourself into a charred, black, ashen skeleton on the ground outside somewhere? How have your birds not eaten you? I have a lot of questions, my friend.

Pater: Well, my birds don't eat me because they're all dead, Hoggins.

Briquette: [chuckles] Okay.

[crowd laughs]

Red: Oh... Nice one.

Pater: And secondly, who's to say I haven't died?

Chip: Well...

Red: You just did.

Chip: You're— You're here?

Clint: [spoofs Chip] Why am I doing your voice?

Justin: Yeah, I don't know. You gotta get—

Chip: Are you a spectral Science Dad or what?

Guy: Ghost dad?

Griffin: I try to run my hand through his runed chest.

Brennan: Go ahead and give me a— Go ahead and give me a chaos pull.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Oh!

Brennan: Oh...

Travis: That's a law token.

Brennan: So, you're gonna lose that law token.

Griffin: I only have one— We just started, I only have one law token left in here.

Travis: You better start doing some more like—

Justin: If he go— If he goes full chaos, he becomes a Deadbeat Dad.

Brennan: Deadbeat Dad, that's correct.

Justin: Yeah.

Brennan: Yes, absolutely.

Travis: Well, that would be a good thing to pull him back from with a cornhole throw.

Griffin: No, stop it.

Brennan: Oh...

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: I think that's exactly what we should do.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: [cheers] Cornhole for your soul! Cornhole for your soul! Cornhole for your soul! Cornhole for your soul!

Brennan: [cheers] Cornhole for your soul! Cornhole for your soul!

Griffin: Stop, wait. Please understand, I'm the only person in this room for whom the thing you're chanting will become immediately applicable. You all can shout things like, "Cornhole for your soul." I am... the focal point of that energy. And try to imagine if you were in that— in my seat right now.

Travis: Now, Griffin, I would argue that normally when people chant a thing in large numbers, it is directed towards one person.

Griffin: What does 'cornhole for your soul' mean?

[crowd laughs]

Justin: It just sounded good, I don't know? It just sounded good.

Griffin: That's what I suspected.

Brennan: So, as you reach your hand forward to see... Let us face facts, Briquette is a man of meat.

Griffin: Yes.

Brennan: And you wanna know if—

Griffin: It's all I know.

Brennan: And you wanna know if the man in front of you is a meat man or something else.

Griffin: Sure.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You reach forward and you see the Science Dad says:

Pater: No, don't—

Brennan: Your hand touches his chest. [mouths electricity sound] Bzzzt! The science dad splits into three separate dads. Reemerges. Again three, again one. Again three, again one. As your hand [mouths energy sounds] pew-pew-pew, you feel the last bits of law leaving your body. However, what would normally doom you in this moment, you have a chance to avert. As the book glows bright and the drawings of those molecules emerge in light and swirl around you in a helix of energy. We move to the cornhole board.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: You need... Griffin, you need bags.

Brennan: All right. Now, you are attempting to preserve your soul and not go full deadbeat. As I've said before, you are a meat man and this challenge is meat related because you are trying to stop yourself— Yeah, you wanna not be meat, you wanna be a man. So, this is meat related. We're gonna give you... I'm gonna say two bags.

Travis: Okay. So, what we've set up here— Do you wanna spell out the lines?

Brennan: Here are the lines. You determine how many throws you get, then we have a couple different difficulties.

Justin: Start here— Start at the easiest. This is dependent on... What was it, Brennan? What you would want your dad to say to you.

Brennan: This is dependent— The different difficulties determine how great the effect of the cornhole throw is.

Travis: Griffin, would you read the lines, please?

Griffin: I tried to touch one dude...

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Griffin, read what the tape says.

Justin: Wait, stand at each one, though.

Griffin: This is the beginner difficulty. It is, "You'll get 'em next time, champ."

[crowd laughs]

Clint: And you will, buddy.

Griffin: And then there's, "Good hustle out there." And then there's, "That's my boy."

Travis: And then there's one, "Bag my ball."

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: This one's, "I love you, son."

[crowd laughs]

Justin: One of these days, I'm gonna hear it. I'm looking forward to it, still. Even hearing you say it, my brother, there was a little bit of a whew...

Griffin: It gave me a chill, yeah.

Brennan: And I'll go ahead and say that the Science Dad is actually gonna aid you here, and he will give you one more bag. You got three shots at this.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: From which position?

Brennan: You choose, depending on how great the effect is.

Griffin: I'm trying to touch one torso!

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Sounds like a limited effect. You can start right there at, "You'll get 'em next time, champ."

Griffin: I'll start at, "Good hustle."

Brennan: Good hustle, we'll start at, "Good hustle." Here we go.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: He arches the bag...

Justin: Oh...

Griffin: I'm the only one— I'm the only one who did not practice before we started.

Brennan: Yes—

Clint: It went off the back of the board.

Brennan: Here we go.

Griffin: I might step forward to the, "You'll get 'em next time, champ."

Brennan: Step forward.

Griffin: This sucks shit. We thought this was gonna be fun and funny.

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: It sucks shit to throw—

Justin: I think they're having fun!

[crowd cheers]

Clint: It's in the hole!

Brennan: Yeah!

Justin: Yeah!

Clint: It's in the hole!

Brennan: Yeah!

[crowd cheers]

Travis: Wait, wait, wait, wait, Griffin. You already have one success, try it from farther back.

Brennan: Go for three? Okay.

Travis: Oh, yeah, yeah.

Clint: Woah?

Brennan: So, we're going from, "That's my boy."

Clint: From, "That's my boy." He arches, he shoots...

Brennan: Oh!

Travis: Oh! The corner is overhanging.

Justin: Jump, Griffin! Jump! Don't stop jumping!

[crowd laughs]

Justin: We can do this!

Travis: [cheers] That's my boy! That's my boy! That's my boy!

Clint: Griffin is jumping up and down...

Justin: Come on, Griffin!

Travis: [cheers] That's my boy! That's my boy!

Clint: And... it's in!

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: Yeah!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: That's my boy! That's my boy!

Clint: That is my boy!

Audience: [chants] That's my boy! That's my boy! That's my boy!

Travis: [cheers] That's my boy! That's my boy! That's my boy!

Griffin: It kicks ass. It's great now.

Brennan: [laughs]

Justin: Okay, okay—

Griffin: I touched the torso super-duper, duper, duper good, I guess.

Brennan: You... All of you watching this see something truly bizarre happen. As you threaten to go Deadbeat, feeling the last of law leave your body... That roll was not just to touch the torso. Touching the torso was what prompted that roll— That cornhole throw prevents you from losing your last law token. You do not go Deadbeat in this moment. You do not go Deadbeat in this moment.

You see, at the last second, the Science Dad reaches into the lab coat, pulls out some sort of beeping barometer made out of some scraps of old, rusted metal, and plays it. And an ancient recording of Teddy Roosevelt comes on saying, "It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better..." And... Bl-bl-bl!

Justin: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: All of you watch Briquette start to dissociate into sort of component fractal images. And as that spectrometer goes off, you [mouths booming sound effect] reforge, and steam rises off your body. You smell like fresh cooked bacon.

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: I... I was at all my boy's baseball games, but I was also at none of my boy's baseball games...

[crowd laughs]

Chip: You know, it's interesting, this thing actually puts smells into the park. Did you know that? They used to use these devices called smellitizers. Like, if you were on the main street, you'll smell the delectable vapors of cooked confectionaries.

Briquette: Right, yeah.

Chip: And they're— they're just blasting those right in, no problem.

Briquette: Definitely. But am I dying?

[crowd laughs]

Chip: In a way, we all are.

Brennan: Chip?

Guy: Not Walt!

Briquette: We talked— We've talked about this, Chip.

Chip: Not Walt. That's the one way to true eternal— No.

Justin: No, I'm not a religious zealot. I just believe Disney was real.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Brennan: The Science Dad looks and says:

Science Dad: You just avoided a fate worse than death, Briquette. You've managed to maintain your cohesiveness within the space time continuum itself.

Guy: Nice!

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: This book, this lost artifact of what used to be the tribe of Science Dads contains the formula for continuity obliterating recurrent neutrinos.

Guy: Yeah.

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Okay...

Brennan: No, it's.

Justin: No, it's good. You're right, it's good, it's good.

Brennan: Continuity obliterating recurrent neutrinos. Or as well call them, cornholes.

Justin: Cornholes, yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: And you don't wanna fall into a...

Brennan: Cornhole.

Justin: Cornhole, right.

Science Dad: Now, it is my understanding that certain temporal rifts also known as... Cornholes—

Griffin: [laughs]

Guy: Uh-huh, go on?

Science Dad: ... Have been opening throughout the Dadlands.

Griffin: It is... It is... Brennan? It is humbling to do work with you.

Travis: Yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: 'Cause listen, Justin and Griffin and Dad and I say dumb shit all the time. Your dumb shit comes back around to smart shit.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: [laughs] You cannot give me an idea so dumb that I won't say, "That's cool."

Griffin: Yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Dadlands rips!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Love Dadlands. The Science Dad looks and says:

Science Dad: Continuity obliterating recurrent neutrinos were believed to be a theoretical particle. But something recently in the competition of the Dadlands... Have you— I don't know if you've heard or seen, but the Hard Ass excursions are getting more dangerous, more deadly.

Chip: And they cut deeply into the Cardadlands.

Science Dad: Following the downfall of Sawburg and the destruction of the Craft Dads...

Chip: Whoever did that—

Briquette: When I found out who did that, they're gonna...

Chip: Yeah, we're gonna ring their necks. How dare you burn down—

Briquette: Oh boy, [chuckles]—

Red: Damn their eyes.

Briquette: Yeah. Hey, did anybody ever hear the total number of fatalities?

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: Just— I'm asking now. Did any— Did they ever have an official count?

Guy: Yeah. Actually, a lot of other dads texted me to let me know everyone who had died, to say, "Did you know them? You remember."

[crowd laughs]

Justin: "Hey, did you go to school with—" If you get that text from our dad, uh-oh.

Clint: Okay! I'll never do it again. I'm sorry.

[crowd laughs]

Clint: But wait, what did you say the other day, that...

Justin: Well... Since I don't do Twitter anymore, I never find out who died. So, now I need dad again 'cause I don't have Twitter to tell me that Gallagher died, and I missed it.

Clint: Yeah! He needs me.

Justin: A few of you just found out there. I'm very sorry about Gallagher.

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: The Science Dad looks and says:

Science Dad: The losses in Sawburg were incalculable.

Briquette: Damn.

Science Dad: No, I mean literally my birds never came back. I can't calculate how...

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: I don't know. I don't know.

Red: Do they have any leads on who might've perpetrated this heinous crime?

Science Dad: Well, it was immediately following the day that I know that all four of you guys went there.

[crowd laughs]

Chip: Oh? Hey, so what else were the other words you wanted to say about different things?

Science Dad: Oh, yes. This way.

Brennan: And you see the Science Dad says:

Science Dad: Come, to the computer room.

Chip: That is a long walk to the computer room!

Briquette: Holy shit.

Science Dad: A whole thing happened. You know, there was a weird Dr. Manhattan kind of thing that we were dealing with for a second.

Justin: [chuckles]

Brennan: The science dad brings you into a glass chamber, arched blue glass, you see a whole set of Hummel figurines in the corner.

Guy: Oh, no!

Brennan: And you see a massive stone tower. A stone desktop PC, a large stone monitor, stone keyboard.

Travis: Wait, the whole monitor is stone, Brennan? Because... how?

Justin: It's a pretend.

Brennan: The... No, you know what? It's a very light quartz. So... [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Some faint, fuzzy images.

Travis: You know what? I'm the asshole. You're right, Brennan.

Griffin: You picked the weirdest hill to die on.

Travis: Yeah.

Brennan: Yeah.

Travis: You're right.

Brennan: You see that the science dad takes the book, inserts it into sort of a massive onyx, like floppy disk drive. The book disappears and you hear noises of something chittering inside of this massive stone computer.

Travis: The dad looks at the Post-it note with the password he's written on it, so he'll remember it, stuck to the monitor.

Justin: And that's made out of stone too, it's just a very small sliver.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You see— The Science Dad says:

Science Dad: If you guys want the Wi-Fi password, it's right up there.

Brennan: You see he's clearly also done an incomprehensible string of random numbers and letters. No change to the factory settings, whatsoever.

Travis: Another dad mantra of, "You can never be too careful." [chuckles]

Brennan: You can never be too careful. As he looks at it— Yeah, you hear a strange scurrying and chittering inside of the computer. And—

Briquette: It's the many, many viruses you have unintentionally downloaded.

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: I have not downloaded viruses, Briquette. My computer is filled with lizards with calculators tied to them.

[crowd cheers]

Guy: Yeah.

Briquette: My mistake.

Justin: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: The screen glows and strange shapes swim into focus.

Griffin: Lizard-based shapes, I'm assuming?

Travis: Yeah.

Brennan: You can see it's clearly a swarm of geckos that are just crawling on the other side. It's basically just shadow puppetry with geckos, so...

[laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: They're making little shapes that spell out words on the back of the quartz.

Travis: That's the best thing I've heard in my life.

Griffin: Shit, dude.

Brennan: [chuckles] It's like a lizard-based Etch A Sketch, essentially.

Travis: Yeah.

Brennan: Yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: We've been seeing these increasing patrols for some time. And if you gaze at the screen here, you will see that what I have feared has come to pass. You were able to save this book at the last possible moment from a figure that has emerged within Hard Ass country. A new patriarch and dad king of the Hard Asses. Can't Die Pete.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Sorry. [chuckles] His name was Can't Die Pete?

Brennan: Can't Die, I believe is— His name is Pete, but they call him Can't Die Pete.

Travis: Oh, okay.

Brennan: He—

Guy: Is it an ironic name, like when a small guy is called big, or a big guy is called tiny?

Briquette: Yeah, is he extremely killable?

[crowd laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Briquette: Just a Fabergé egg of a fella?

Guy: Like the kid from Secret Garden. [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: Unfortunately, whether or not he is actually invincible and immortal, I cannot say. Because killing people kind of, you know... Except for me, it just happens one time. So you know, it's a small data set, essentially.

Chip: All right.

Guy: Okay.

Briquette: Wait, what did you just say?

[crowd laughs]

Red: They killed somebody.

Chip: We all have, it's tough out there.

Science Dad: It's tough out there. And I've died a couple times.

Chip: Yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: Anyway, the—

Chip: I killed you... a couple times. [laughs] Me killing you?

Science Dad: Oh, yeah. Oh, I remember. I remember—

Chip: Right, okay. Now you— Yeah, okay.

Science Dad: Yes, I remember there was that time that I said that I thought EPCOT was overrated.

Chip: Yeah, right. That's how it works.

Red: Oh-ho-ho.

Science Dad: Yeah.

Chip: You know, fun fact, Magic Kingdom's actually the most heavily trafficked park, yet it's the smallest. Hm?

[crowd laughs]

Chip: I just... I just thought it was really interesting.

Guy: Now, but you have to admit, the fact about Disney World that no one dies there, that makes it mythical, right? Because people die everywhere.

Chip: Yeah, but that's not a fact. That's urban legend. It's important to separate facts from fiction when you're talking the Dizz.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: You see the Science Dad's...

Science Dad: I believe that one of these Cornholes may have opened under this new... [sighs] imperial power, growing within Hard Ass country.

Chip: Is he using its power to keep dominion over them?

Science Dad: I can only hope that's the limit of what he's doing. There are worse things you could do with an active cornhole.

Guy: Like what?

[crowd laughs]

Guy: Name seven of `em! [chuckles]

[crowd cheers]

Science Dad: You could restart a new and worse timeline. You could go back in time recumbently to create clones of yourself, temporally. You could use it to go forward and steal future technology. You could make a friend and have a fun adventure where you gets a sports almanac and do a bunch of betting. You could...

[crowd cheers]

Science Dad: You could Cornhole your way into the beginning of time and space, and thereby stop creation and create a paradox that would extrude everyone past the event horizon of liminal possibility.

Briquette: That's crazy.

Science Dad: And then you could use it to fire big ol' rocks.

Guy: [chuckles] One more!

[crowd cheers]

Briquette: I think that was seven—

Science Dad: You could also use it to gaze into the past, to answer questions of how the Dadlands came to be.

[crowd exclaims]

Guy: Instead of just saying, "I don't know, ask your mom?"

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: As you say, "Ask your mom," the book once again glows from within the computer. And all of you watch the geckos on the other side of

the screen swirl, [mouths energy sounds]. And you see a face for a moment go:

Message: [mouths glitching effects] Cap-Captain... reaching out... the message... le-left from long-long-long... long ago. [whoosh]

Red: Max Headroom?

[crowd laughs]

Justin: I don't think... I don't think it was Max Headroom.

Brennan: I caught that reference.

Clint: Thank you.

Justin: Now, please put it on the ground, where it belongs. [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: Are you sure your geckos are not sick back there?

Science Dads: Something happened to not only our world, but our timeline. The answer lies at the bottom of that cornhole.

Guy: Gross!

[crowd laughs]

Science Dads: You, the four of you gotta get up in that Cornhole.

Briquette: Now, hold on...

Red: [laughs]

Science Dads: You gotta get up— You gotta get deep in that Cornhole and you gotta get those answers.

Clint: You know, from the moment that we called Brennan and said, “Listen, we’re gonna play cornhole in this game.” We should’ve seen this coming.

Travis: Well, yeah. He answered like, “I love that ‘cause I’m a big ol’ pervert.”

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: Listen!

Brennan: You see the Science Dad raises a finger.

Science Dad: I know a lot of dads are scared about interacting with the Cornhole.

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: Don’t let a toxic sense of masculinity prevent you...

[crowd cheers]

Science Dad: Don’t let a toxic sense of masculinity prevent you... I’ve experimented with Cornholes for years. And let me tell you, it’s great! It’s great.

[crowd cheers]

Science Dad: It’s for science!

[crowd laughs]

Guy: So, what are we ordering for dinner, everyone?

Brennan: You see the Science Dad looks at you and says:

Science Dad: For whatever... Whether you wish to use the Cornhole to get these answers, I leave to you. That's your decision. But I know that certainly it's enough of a reason to venture into Hard Ass country. To stop these hard Asses and Can't Die Pete with his army of lackies from using this Cornhole for their own wicked ends. The time has to come now. They almost got the book, they must be far along in their plans. Here... I'll give you what I can, and then the choice is yours. These are tools that I think would work best against Hard Asses.

Brennan: And you see he goes and gets four aloha shirts on hangers.

Science Dad: If you wear these, Hard Asses won't be able to see you.

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: These cloaking devices will be able to protect you for a time. Unless you make noise or otherwise make your position known.

Brennan: And then he hands you something sort of wrapped in oiled stained canvas, and you see it has a bunch of bindings and belts tied around it. You see he hands it to you and says:

Science Dad: This is a secret weapon. I dare not even tell you what it is, but I know that this will... If need is great, this will do tremendous damage to any Hard Asses that come in contact with it. But be careful, don't open it unless it is a dire emergency.

Brennan: And hands the parcel to you.

Griffin: I immediately open it.

Justin: No, no, no—

Clint: No!

[crowd laughs]

Justin: No.

Guy: Okay—

Red: Wait a minute. At least can you tell us which of the four would be able to put this to most ussse? I don't know why I held that Ssssss.

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: I think time's getting weird and distorted around the—

Red: [whooshing sounds]

Briquette: The book, the hole... This ghost man that we are all apparently just gonna move on past his spectral admission.

Science Dad: What if I told you I was not a ghost because of death? But I was a ghost because of time?

Guy: Okay...

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: No, man. That's cool. You have to admit, that's kind of cool. You have to admit. It's...

Guy: I just— We can talk about this later, I got work in the morning.

Science Dad: Everyone comes here, and they get my science stuff, and I have no other Science Dads to talk to about my science stuff.

Briquette: Hey, buddy? Is this like—

Chip: I love Science Dad—

Briquette: Are you like workshopping like some new YA fiction stuff that you're trying—

Brennan: You say YA— You say, “YA fiction,” and the geckos shift on the screen, on a voice command. And you see they bring up little Paty Poppins and the abracadabrical formula.

Clint: [laughs]

Brennan: He says:

Science Dad: No, my manuscripts!

Brennan: And he goes to—

[crowd laughs]

Science Dad: Listen, that’s private! I’m workshopping it!

Griffin: My brain begins to splinter again as I go:

Briquette: What is *ya* fiction? Adults only come in one variety, not young!

Guy: This show is adults only. Now, listen, I said I was—

Red: Wait, wait, and I asked a legitimate question.

Guy: Yeah, but I didn’t care about the answer!

[crowd laughs]

Red: It may be a hint?

Brennan: The Science Dad looks at you and says:

Science Dad: The weapon is elementally aligned with chaos. If you were to touch the weapon, Red, it may be a heroic act, because the weapon may harm you as well.

Justin: Brennan, don’t tell ‘em that, man. ‘Cause you know—

Griffin: Brennan, if you tell `em that, man, he's gonna—

Justin: If you say that with 100% certainty—

Clint: Really? So, I can't— I can't touch it?

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Unless you want to be like really heroic.

Clint: Yeah?

Justin: And you're like—[laughs]

Travis: Dad might just throw it in the garbage.

Clint: And have a big, heroic moment and save the day and be a hero?

Guy: Now, listen. I said that this wasn't ready yet. But I think the one thing... Minivan? Too in line with Hard Ass dads. And I think what we're gonna need... boop-boop... is a cool car!

[crowd cheers]

Guy: Now, I should clarify, it is a coupe. So, someone's gonna need to sit on somebody's lap. And someone will be in the trunk.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: And a 1963 Corvette pulls up outside. [chuckles]

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Does it, though? He can't just say that? Make him do a chip thing.
[chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Clint: Or a beanbag thing.

Justin: Something?

Brennan: Let's do a little cornhole throw here?

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Let's do a little cornhole throw. Now, I'm gonna say this, I'm gonna say this, you are actively summoning a car and you are Guy Ferrari. We're gonna go ahead and we're gonna do four bags.

Griffin: Travis... The further back you go, the sweeter this fuckin ride will be, man.

Justin: And the more wheels it has.

Griffin: It'll have more wheels.

Clint: One... two... three.

Justin: Travis is going for a level three, "That's my boy."

Brennan: We're doing, "That's my boy."

Clint: All right.

Griffin: [chants] That's my boy. That's my boy! That's my boy!

Clint: [chants] That's my boy! That's my boy! That's my boy— Oh!

Griffin: It sucks, right? That's—

Clint: He missed the board completely on two!

Griffin: Shit, okay.

Justin: He moved to level two.

Clint: He moved up a line.

Griffin: Good—

Clint: Moved up a line... Oh! Just short. Just short. Here we go, here we go, here we go!

Justin: Eyeing `em up, daddy eye.

Griffin: "You'll get `em next time, champ."

Clint: Okay, shh.

Griffin: Shh.

Clint: Swing bada bada!

Justin: Now, dad...

[crowd exclaims]

Griffin: There's no amount of stomping that's gonna... Brennan, what does this mean?

Brennan: Outside... You don't need to— You do not need to sacrifice a token here. Outside... Boop-boop. [mouths sound effect] You turn and see...

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: A beautiful '63 coupe, roaring in flame.

[crowd exclaims]

Guy: I said it wasn't ready! [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: With a... With a sticky note on the side that says, "This was .05 centimeters over the property line. Can't Die Pete."

Justin: What?!

Clint: What?

Pete: Was Can't Die Pete the neighbor?

Brennan: The neighbor goes:

Pete: Keep it on your side of the property!

Brennan: And it explodes in flame, as a jetpack—

Travis: [laughs]

Brennan: ... Explodes on his back.

Pete: You'll never make it to Hard Ass country! See you in hell, you goofy Deadbeat Dads!

Brennan: And that's where we're gonna take our break.

[crowd cheers]

[theme music plays]

[ad break]

[rock music plays]

Griffin: Weave, weaver.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Hallelujah. You are healed!

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: The ghastly orange glow of flame, casting broad shadows from our four dads as Guy Ferrari's coupe smolders and flickers.

Guy: Yvette!

Brennan: [chuckles] Yvette the Corvette is no more.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: I have a... a big like skewer of bratwurst and I'm like:

Briquette: Oh, it would be a shame to not utilize this.

Guy: It's what she would've wanted!

Briquette: Thank you, yes.

Griffin: I start sprinting towards the fire to cook these gorgeous beer brots on there.

Guy: You're gonna wanna turn those!

Griffin: I look back at you with a look of disgust and hatred.

Clint: [chuckles]

Guy: I'm going through some shit!

Briquette: I forgive you.

Chip: I'll take mine medium well... Yeah, well done, let's go wild.

Briquette: You'll take your how I damn well serve it up to you.

[crowd laughs]

Red: And you run like a sissy.

Briquette: No, man. Listen... Even for the Dadlands, we're bigger than that.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Brennan: Everyone, go ahead— I'm gonna ask everyone to pull a token right now. And let me know whether you got law or chaos.

Clint: Or order?

Griffin: Chaos.

Brennan: Chaos.

Travis: I gotta unzip my bag.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Chaos.

Brennan: Chaos.

Clint: Chaos!

Brennan: Chaos from—

Clint: I've got one chaos chip in my bag?

Travis: Law.

Brennan: Law. In the depths of your sorrow, Guy Ferrari, you see harsh words bandied back and forth. Briquette, sniping back at Chip Hugginsby,

Red criticizing. You feel like flickering of chaos amongst your crew. And know that this chaos thrives in the advance of the marching order of Hard Asses. Now is the time where you must act. You cannot fracture here.

Guy: We need to get an early start!

Clint: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Griffin: I look at Guy and I take a beat, and a single tear starts to roll down my cheek.

Guy: But I do need to ask... Could someone else drive?

[crowd awws]

Chip: Oh no...

Red: Oh, he is really in bad shape.

Briquette: Yeah, I mean, what is a car but a grill with a steering wheel and pedals, and an engine, and some belts and liquid gasoline?

Red: But you're gonna have to sit shotgun with him because you do get car sick.

Briquette: You can't breathe facets of my character into being, without my explicit consent.

[crowd laughs]

Red: I was talking to him.

Briquette: Oh, okay.

Guy: I don't! Hey, you're thinking of someone else!

Justin: This is good stuff. [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You see the Science Dad steps in and says:

Science Dad: But perhaps in another timeline...

Briquette: I swear to God, you are making me wanna take a nap where I stand.

Science Dad: Look, I'm gonna come in and I'm gonna talk about the stuff I like, okay. And I like timelines!

Justin: You see the—

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: You see the—

Science Dad: Do I come to your glass tower with a book and ask you about what's happening? Is your mustache all right? Got more mustache lice?

[crowd laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Science Dad: You mother fuckers roll up out of the goddamn desert with a book and you say, hey, can I help? No. And I don't bother you at all, all right? I'm out here training lizards. That's what I do all day.

Justin: You see the van is starting to pull out as Chip Hugginsby is just sort of starting to back out. He's moving.

Science Dad: Yeah. Yeah, that's what I thought! And finding lizard treats in the post apocalypse is challenging!

Guy: Oh, hold on. I might be able to help you with that.

Griffin: And I reach into my bag. [chuckles] And I pull out just a porterhouse steak.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Raw?

Griffin: No. I grilled it this morning.

Brennan: A somehow still sizzling hot porterhouse steak comes out of a thermally sealed compartment in your apron.

Guy: Yeah, his bag is like one of those DoorDash bags with the aluminum foil inside—

Briquette: It's funny, actually, that you say that. A lot of people think it's in the apron. It is embedded in my torso.

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: It's just a little like Ready Rack, right there.

Guy: It's like a Krang situation, but for steaks.

Brennan: The Science Dad says:

Science Dad: Well, that's horrifying and fascinating, and I wanna talk to you about it later. But... You are right. An early start is needed. The Cornhole awaits on the lands of the Hard Asses. I wish you all the best.

Brennan: And you see as the sun begins to rise, a single beam of light enters the tower. And you hear [mouths sound effect] tzzz! And he goes:

Science Dad: My lizards!

Brennan: And runs inside.

Justin: No!

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: That man has destroyed more animals with fire than I could hope to in 1000 lifetimes.

[crowd laughs]

Briquette: We have our squabbles, yes. But we are two swords of flame, just sharpening on each other.

Justin: Chip Hugginsby's head is pounding on the steering wheel, and the horn is just honk, honk, honk! He rolls down the window—

Travis: Yeah, I get— I get in the shotgun.

Chip: Get in, losers. We're going shopping.

[crowd cheers]

Chip: For death!

Brennan: And with that, our four dads take once again to the wastelands, heading for Hard Ass country.

Red: Everybody strapped in? Got seatbelts on?

Guy: Does anyone need to go potty? 'Cause we're not gonna turn this around.

Justin: All right. So, we're on the road. What do we encounter—

Griffin: I look at coach Red Ruffinsore:

Briquette: Did you hear the question?

Chip: Do you, or do you need to potty before we head out?

Red: Yeah.

Chip: All right.

Briquette: It's okay. But just say it now and not five minutes after we've pulled out.

Guy: Have fun in the glass bathroom!

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: How fucking embarrassing that coach Red Ruffinsore has to go back inside of the Science Guy's house.

Clint: Oh, oh, oh! I thought you were asking *me*. You were asking if my character needs to go to the bathroom.

Justin: Okay, all right. Smash cut!

Brennan: Smash cut! Sun rising. Hard Ass country. Stern chain-link fences. Mean looking dogs covered in the waste of the desert. You see telltale signs of Hard Ass patrols. You see the ruined bones of dads—

Travis: What?

Brennan: ... Who would not submit—

Travis: Oh, okay.

Brennan: ... To the order of Hard Asses. You see their skulls mounted on pikes.

Travis: Damn, Brennan!

[crowd laughs]

Travis: We're all trying to have a fun time with friends?!

Brennan: This is a mixture of Mad Max and dad stuff!

Travis: Dad Max!

Brennan: Mad dad! Mad dad.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Damn, I can't believe that we didn't call this thing Dad Max. That sucks.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: It's way too late. It's way too late to name it that now.

Justin: Remember Dadlands, though? I think we were all very excited about that name. A Justin McElroy original creation.

Griffin: Yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: I would like to, in an effort to try and pass through the Dadlands with this sort of Deadbeat cloaking technology that we attempted and failed so... so... just traumatically before the intermission. I would like to attach just some grills onto the side of the car, to just produce a badass flame decal on the side of this grand caravan that we're driving.

Travis: You have to be— It is wood sided, so be careful.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Amazing. So, you're gonna go ahead and try to use some Deadbeat technology to cloak the vehicle.

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: I'm gonna ask for a two-chip chaos pull to get that done.

Griffin: Okay.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: That's two chaos.

Brennan: Two chaos!

Justin: Wow.

Clint: Wow!

[crowd cheers]

Travis: Can I also say for those listening at home, one of the side effects of this method is the dead eyed stare that comes over the puller.

Griffin: As we root around on our groin area.

[crowd laughs]

Clint: Yeah, at least you stayed seated.

Griffin: Yes, that's true.

Brennan: Huge flames lick out from grills attached to the side of this minivan. A true war wagon of the desert Dadlands. Flames [mouths flame sounds] rush to the side and—

Griffin: I just have two half racks of pork ribs out each window, just like getting a good color on `em.

Brennan: Ooh. Incredible. You surge forward. I'm gonna ask Chip Hugginsby for a pull here as well, as you are moving through this space. Because we have Guy riding shotgun, Briquette driving. Red, you've got this sort of parcel, up done in the back. And Chip, I want a pull from you. We're gonna call this— I wanna see if you can pull one order chip for me. Looking for law. Let's see.

Griffin: This is the quietest a room filled with this many people has ever, ever been.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: There you go!

[crowd cheers]

Clint: He didn't even look!

Griffin: I mean, none of us—

Travis: That was a law token.

Griffin: You know that none of us are looking, right? It's like a rule of the game. You're not supposed to look.

Clint: Oh, okay.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Should you— Should it be a rule of the game that you're not allowed to look, you just assume you got it right?

Travis: Yeah. That is a very dad thing, yeah.

Justin: Dad thing, yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Clint: It's canon.

Brennan: Chip, as you approach, though the vehicle is disguised, you see the horrifying project unfolding as you approach the capital of Hard Ass country. The seat of Can't Die Pete and his army of Hard Asses. A structure that begins to fill your heart with a sense of panicked madness. Towering towards the sky are missive columns of burnt wood. The recovered bones of Sawburg have been brought here to Hard Ass country.

And you see, defying logic or reason, catching it at an early distance so that you can see it before you are indeed under it, a massive roof being built to block out the entire landscape. And you begin to see posters of a skull-faced Hard Ass father, pointing out and saying, "While you're under my roof, you follow my rules."

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Fair.

Brennan: Yeah. And on that pull, I will say one other thing, Chip Hugginsby. Something stirs deep in your heart. You look at the landscape, Hard Ass architecture, bleach white, boney, brutalist buildings. But the landscape... there's something familiar here.

[crowd exclaims]

Justin: I look around and I notice that the... every trash can within 30 steps of me. And I know, if there's a trash can within 30 steps, no matter where I am, it's gotta be Disney World.

Clint: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Brennan: In this moment, you see what you can only assume is sort of the beating heart of this Hard Ass metropolis. You see various sort of posters with stern figures. You see there appears to be sort of giant propagandistic

posters. There's one of a— of a massive figure that has two hooked hands. With the name Emperor Keister O'Steal.

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: It says... With just a giant block lettered sign that just says, "Knock it off!"

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: In the center, you see there is the most buildings possible. But you also see the city... there are... there's some sort of stoney ridge towards the back which has sort of ancient carvings in it as well. You're cloaked for the moment. So, you see the Hard Asses patrolling the streets. You see that they, you know, have bright red polo shirts that are tucked into khaki shorts, that are just so high... just so high up over the belly button. And the bottom of the shorts is like right where the nuts are. It's like all the way up.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: And then just the thickest white crew socks, all the way up to the knee. And then thick, white tennis shoes, hairy forearms and the watches so thick, it's amazing they can even lift their—

Justin: Are you all right over there?

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: They're just so... Everything's just so...

Griffin: Yeah, man.

Travis: Let him process this.

Brennan: They're bad dads!

Griffin: Yeah, for sure.

Clint: You say that like it's a bad thing?

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: They patrol, but with your Deadbeat cloaking technology, you move without being seen. Where do you venture here in the Hard Ass country?

Travis: Well, where's the best parking?

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: I'm looking for that free spot, you know what I mean?

Clint: Without sucking on either side.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Free spot, there's no meter.

Griffin: In the center of the ruins of old Disney World.

Travis: Yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Go ahead and give me a pull. One pull for order. Finding the best parking spot.

Griffin: Hm... all right.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: It's law!

Travis: That's a law token.

Brennan: You find what you feel to be the best spot. You see that there's a great spot that you can back right into. It's Friday, alternate side of the street parking—

Griffin: Did you lose your fuckin keys—

Travis: I'm checking!

Brennan: You pull the car into this spot. You see that the street signs here are absolutely ludicrous. You see there's like barbed wire and crossed spears behind them. And then just this intense thing of like, "Sunday from 6AM to 8AM, only permit side of the street, designated from this side of the—" And just you see— and everything has that weird little fedora wearing neighborhood watch guy on it.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: "We're suspicious!" Mm-hmm.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You find parking there. You see several paths going from this place. There is one path that leads up on to a rampart, headed towards this massive rusting tower of burnt wooden scorched parts. At the center, you get the feeling that might be the sort of... the actual like, you know, Emperor, Can't Die Pete, all of that power structure might be there. But you see behind you as well, and Chip, you notice this too, that there are some cordoned off caves in this rock wall, that have some archeological signs of older structures underneath them.

And you see that some of those doors that are sealed off have symbols on them. You see one symbol of a baseball mitt and a ball going towards it. You see another, of a beautiful picnic table, laden with brats and hot dogs. You see another one of happy... it looks like multiple people. Are they all dads? You can't quite be sure. But they're all singing in a car together. Musical notes carved into the rock. And you see one with a circle, and two other smaller circles.

[crowd laughs]

Clint: The Olympics.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Towards the end, they canceled peace and dignity.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Such as the three circles— the symbolic circles that remain.

Travis: Endurance, sportsmanship, timing...

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Gatorade.

Travis: Gatorade.

Griffin: Gatorade.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: That's what fills in the circles. [chuckles]

Chip: Well, that doesn't look like anything. Let's go!

[crowd laughs]

Guy: Wait now, hold on. [chuckles]

Justin: Now—[chuckles] Chip... Chip... [chuckles] Chip... walks down to the... So, there's one door that has—

Travis: Wait, I put on the aloha shirt.

Justin: Yeah, yeah, we all— Yeah, we all put those on.

Griffin: Yeah, nice try, trying a classic DM trick, trying to trick us.

Brennan: [chuckles]

Justin: I go... I go to the Mickey door and I take the book we got, and I just rub it on the door. [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Chip: I think it's something like this.

Briquette: This is— This— And this is why we keep you around. Our puzzle guy, Chip Hugginsby. I never in a million years, man... That is some real lateral stuff.

Brennan: As you rub the book on the door, the book and door glows. And the door creaks open. You have solved my Disney door puzzle.

[crowd cheers]

Guy: Wait, wait! Wait, hold on!

Brennan: Yeah?

Guy: Chip! Rub the book on our doors too.

Clint: I'm already inside!

Clint: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Clint: I take the secret weapon that's wrapped up and put it in the bowling ball bag. So I don't have to actually—

Travis: Okay, I rub it on my door. I don't know why did is milking this.

Brennan: No, you don't use the weapon in that bowling ball bag, you head to your door as well. As the book glows, you see all of them open. I'm gonna need everyone here to give me a pull and I wanna see a chaos chip, if you can. It's gonna be hard to do.

Clint: And I'm not supposed to look?

Griffin: No.

[crowd exclaims]

Griffin: Fuck!

Travis: Damn it!

Clint: Shit!

[crowd exclaims]

Brennan: All right, none of you lose those tokens. But as Chip disappears down the Disney door—

Travis: That was me, dad and Griffin all got law, Justin got a chaos.

Justin: Travis is the only one making this listenable in the future.

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: Thank you, Travis. [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You see that just inside each door, all... all three of you see that just past the door is an amazing, like perfectly worn just the right amount, Barcalounger. There's a reclining chair and you can just all tell it's the good chair inside each one.

Red: [groans] How much longer do we have on the live show?

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Am I... So, do I see the—

Brennan: You see this as well. But I wanna— As the three of you see these— see these chairs—

Griffin: It's muscle memory. I walk towards it, already like getting my— my little haunch going—

Justin: Wait, I need to know— Wait— What do I— What's going on with me?

Brennan: You see it. And with your pull, the chaos token, you realize only a moment too late, that it's trapped. The three of you take a seat and all of you—

Griffin: In the same one big chair? Or three—

Brennan: Three separate chairs. Three separate chairs. You all take a seat, and all of you hear an automated, "Nice try, buddy! Nice try, buddy! Nice try!" And alarms go off. And you hear the thumping feet of Hard Asses. However, Chip, you, having not sat in that seat, you do see that deeper into the caverns, you smell like dust and fresh air. Whatever you did to open

these doors has opened doors in all four chambers, further in. You hear people pursuing you. Do you continue further into the cavern?

Justin: Are we separate— in separate chambers? Are we—

Brennan: At this point, you were all just taking a look inside. But now you've all walked into separate chambers. Further in? Or do you go back out to face the Hard Asses?

Travis: Well, you see, Brennan, life is a highway.

Griffin: Yeah.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: And I wanna ride it all night long.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: So, I head deeper into the—

Griffin: But we're— we're trapped?

Clint: I thought you were just asking Justin?

Brennan: Oh, no. Just the chairs were traps. These were security measures set up, knowing that a dad could not resist sitting in one.

Griffin: Oh, I'm sorry. I thought that we had been restrained to these chairs.

Brennan: No, no, no, no.

Griffin: Okay.

Brennan: It's an alarm system. You sat in them, they know you're here. You may continue further.

Briquette: I mean, the alarm's already going. I'm gonna enjoy myself. Like, you know what I mean? Like, it has come at such tremendous cost, I must extract every moment of this sweet relaxation.

Brennan: [laughs] You get every moment you can. I'm gonna run over here to Chip. Chip, you surge further in. You see them. Signs, ancient rails of what could've been rollercoasters. Fractured plastic of what might've been a spinning teacup.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You look around and you begin to feel them. You begin to feel the presence of continuity obliterating recurrent neu— What did I say? Hold on.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Continuity obliterating recurrent neutrinos.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You push forward. You begin to see that these caverns have an ancient technology coming to life around them. Almost like this is a living, breathing piece of some ancient spacecraft from some energy source you can't possibly recognize. [mouths energy sounds] And as it starts to light up, you see and hear other visions of other lives you could've led.

And you arrive at a chamber that sort of sputters into holographic life. And there is a humanoid figure composed of sort of fractals ones and zeros, holographically. It looks at you and you get the sensation in this chamber that this is once again some sort of test or puzzle. The figure floats and goes, [mouths glitching sounds] "They're so, so tired. They're so, so tired. Do we really need to drive 45 minutes to see the world's biggest kaleidoscope?"

[crowd laughs]

Justin: I start like, rubbing the book on the figure. Just sort of waving it through. [chuckles] Like back and forth. That's my one move I have.

Chip: [mouths energy sounds] I feel like this is something?

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: [laughs] Okay, give me a Chip pull, we need a chaos token.

Justin: Okay.

Griffin: [laughs]

Brennan: Did it work?

[crowd exclaims]

Brennan: Ooh, that's a blue, that's a law token. So, you rub the book on a— You rub the book on a hologram and there's no— it just sort of [mouths energy sounds].

Travis: It's a lightsaber?

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Okay, I turn the book upside down and try again.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: [chuckles]

Justin: With cornhole.

Brennan: Let's do it. Here we go.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: How many bags, Brennan?

Brennan: So, I'm gonna say, unless you can tie this into vacation dadding some how, it's gonna be one bag. Unless you can fun fact your way to three.

Justin: Eh.

Brennan: [chuckles]

[thud]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Eh—

Brennan: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: I thinks it's obvious to everybody, to an extent where I don't even need to dignify that with an answer.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: So, just two, then?

Brennan: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Just the two, or one— how many?

Brennan: Yeah. We'll do... You know, I can't knock the hustle, you can get two.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: I'm gonna try add a second—

Griffin: Go big or go home, baby!

Travis: Or go small! Or go small and go home!

Justin: I'm gonna try from—

Griffin: Nah, man.

Justin: ... "That's my boy."

Griffin: Here we go.

Clint: All right.

Justin: Okay.

Clint: Here's the first beanbag. Arching through the air... Oh! Off the right-hand corner.

[crowd exclaims]

Griffin: So close.

Clint: Here's the second one... Oh! He missed the board all together...

Travis: He clipped it.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: I don't need that. I don't need that and I don't deserve it.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Chip, you feel yourself being extruded through time and space. All—

Travis: Which is the worst way to go through time and space.

Brennan: You don't wanna be extruded.

Griffin: No.

Brennan: You hear voices, “[stammers] Da-da-da-da-dad-dad! We’re— We don’t want— The world’s largest kaleidoscope sucks!”

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You can’t recognize these voices. You don’t know what they mean, you don’t know what they are. But something is saying that it wouldn’t be cool to go to the world’s largest kaleidoscope!

Chip: I know it sucks, but it’s in a fun way. And it was important to me as a kid. Just look at how there’s lots of different reds!

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: [mouths light sound] Lights go dark and the last thing you feel are the hands of Hard Asses grabbing you and pulling you out of the chamber. We’re gonna move to Briquette. [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: So, in your Barcalounger, you— at the beginning of the chamber, you hear Hard Asses approaching you.

Briquette: All right. God damn.

Brennan: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: I dump out a grill like behind me as I run towards the cavern.

Brennan: Mm-hmm, you dump out a grill. Hot coals sort of scatter across, you buy yourself a little bit of time. You run ever deeper into the cavern. You arrive at a similar holographic chamber. [mouths hologram sound] Strange

figures made of these binary pieces of code, floating in three-dimensional space. [mouths light sounds] A light—

Briquette: Hell yeah.

Briquette: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Briquette: I'm just saying, this looks fuckin awesome.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: A holographic flame [mouths flame sound] appears in front of you.

Griffin: I try to cook a real hot dog on it.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You go for a real hot dog. And what you pull out of that— out of your normal sort of storage—

Griffin: My chest cavity.

Brennan: Your chest. Your chest cavity.

Griffin: Where keep— Yeah.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: The room reanimates and recodes those, and you see you're holding... zucchinis.

[crowd exclaims]

Travis: Well, not impossible to grill.

Brennan: Not impossible to grill. But you hear a voice saying to you:

Voice: Please, it would just— Consider it a favor. Could you just— I would consider it a favor if you would just make some grilled veggies for our [stammers] f-f-fr-re-re-re-re-rends-rends-friends-friends-f [mouths glitching sound].

[crowd chuckles]

Briquette: Our... Our fronds?

Clint: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Are there no more friends?

Griffin: Yeah, wait. I'm confused. Dads can be friends, can't they?

Brennan: No, not in this world, they can't.

Travis: It kind of seems like you don't think so?

Clint: Well, there's Chaandler and Phobee?

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah, sure.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: I take a look at it and try to get excited about it. And I'm going to close my eyes and enter a deep sort of interior grilling meditative state. Where I can sort of project the image of— the zucchini is actually sort of a large... sort of lumpy hot dog. Just a sort of mental projection so I don't have to confront the fact that I am grilling a non-meat-based product.

Brennan: All right. Let's see some Cornhole.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Let's do... Let's do three.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Here we go.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Through the air— Oh!

Brennan: Ooh! So close!

Travis: Yeah, it was on the board, but not in the hole.

Clint: Just to the right. Here's the next one...

Brennan: Ooh!

Travis: Oh, to the left.

Clint: A little too much mustard.

Travis: And he's moved up to second distance...

Brennan: Ah!

Clint: Oh!

[crowd exclaims]

Brennan: So—[laughs]

[sound of feet stomping]

Clint: He's stomping

Brennan: Stomping on the ground.

Travis: He's stomping because he did not get it.

Clint: Did not work, no.

Brennan: You go to a deep, internal place, "Zucchini is just a type of meat."

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: "If you really think about it, what is a plant, if not an animal?"

Briquette: An animal...

Brennan: Enanimal.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Brennan: If you really—

Briquette: Dirt— A ground animal from sun and water.

Brennan: A ground animal from sun and water.

Briquette: It doesn't scream when you cook it...

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You go deep internally. And the only thing that could drag you out of your meditative state is being thrown to the floor by the Hard Asses that surround you suddenly in this moment. We're gonna cut from you and we're gonna go to Guy Ferrari.

Travis: Yeah?

Brennan: Yeah.

Travis: Yeah.

Brennan: Yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Guy.

Travis: Yeah?

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You go deep into the cavern. [mouths energy sounds] Ancient technology, [mouths energy sounds] illuminating, thrumming to life in the presence of the book. You arrive and in the holographic chamber, there is a physical seat. And a car forms around it.

Travis: Mm-hmm.

Brennan: You feel the humming of an engine and movement. But try though you might, the roads that appear in front of you [mouths energy sounds] are unfamiliar. You are lost. You feel a tapping on your shoulder. And up ahead, you see a local, waving and smiling. Someone from the area.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Ooh...

Brennan: [mouths energy sounds] They wave.

Local: See your plates are out of state.

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: I've never seen someone do their own sort of gain mixing live.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: I've never seen somebody tweak down an interior fader before. That was incredible.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: [chuckles] Thank you. Guy, what do you do?

Travis: Well, of course, immediate reaction. I wanna ignore them. But... But... Right now, Guy's in his own deep, dark... forest of the soul. And doesn't know his way out. And thinks about the moment of asking someone for help, and having someone else drive the car.

Guy in crowd: Yeah!

Travis: And how it— Thank you.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: How it enabled him to move forward. And against, seemingly, his own will, he pulls over to ask for directions.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Same. Three bags, go for it.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: I even left my own bags on the board for you as a sort of homing— Oh, okay.

Brennan: [laughs]

Travis: I don't want them to get in the way.

Griffin: Okay, that's... If they got it... You realize if you hit either of my bags which were flanking the hole, it was not going to go into the hole in the first place— Okay. First position, huh?

Clint: Here's the first one. He's coming from the first line.

Travis: I've failed before.

Griffin: You have failed before.

Clint: This looks like a five iron.

[thud]

Justin: Oh—

Clint: Oh!

Griffin: Ah!

Justin: Right on the edge of the hole.

Griffin: That's a stopper, right there—

Clint: Yeah, it's in the hole!

Brennan: Yes!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Yes!

Clint: First one was a dangler. Second one cleared the rim!

Travis: I got it. But I'm gonna go again.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Here we go. Here we go. First one—

Justin: He's going from the third.

Griffin: Oh, Travis, Travis—

Justin: Oh my god!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Oh, my god, we're going all the way to, "I love you, son."

Justin: He's all the way at, "I love you, son."

Griffin: No, wait. Hold on, people in the front three rows, I want you to practice hands sort of boxing around your face and then chopping any object that may come at you violently.

Justin: My Brother, My Brother and Me is not liable for any— Oh!

Brennan: Oh!

Clint: Oh!

Griffin: Oh my god!

[crowd exclaims]

Griffin: It was very close. Very close.

Clint: And almost got the first one in!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: It's okay, you already got one.

Justin: Nice.

Brennan: Incredible! All right!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: That was really, really close.

Travis: I was so close. It was so close.

Brennan: You stop. As you—

Travis: Better than a Ritz!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: You stop. You roll down your window. You hear new, powerful, crystal computational engines and structures around you. [mouths energy sounds] "Timeline convergence readministered." [mouths energy sounds] "New continuity discovered." You roll down the window and the figure leans over.

Figure: How are you doing there, mister? It looks like you're looking for your way out?

Guy: I guess.

[crowd laughs]

Guy: If you say so!

Figure: It's all right, here's what you're gonna do—

Guy: Don't tell anyone about this! [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Guy: This dies with us!

Brennan: You hear:

Figure: Go straight until you get to Tom Roland's house. Not his new one, his old one.

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Figure: And you're gonna bear right. Keep going past the old Kellogg's Ridge, then cut through the access road where they do the flea market on Sundays.

[crowd chuckles]

Guy: Yeah, not the one on Saturday, I get it!

Brennan: And you realize that you do know these references somehow, and know these things. And the voice... a voice from the direction, from when you felt a hand on your shoulder, just says, "Thank you." [mouths energy sounds] We're gonna cut to Red Ruffinsore. Yeah. Yeah, we added lore to the Dadlands! We added lots of lore! Lots of lore!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Red, you are in your cavern as well. Moving further in, you see the holographic chamber [mouths energy sounds] lights up. [mouths energy sounds] Plasma screen, OLED. The game is just getting started. You hear the whistle blow—

Clint: [blows sports whistle into mic]

[crowd groans and laughs]

Justin: It sucks. It sucks. It sucks. It sucks.

Travis: Hey, do you hear that sound? That was the sound of the audience asking for their money back.

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Come on.

Griffin: Now, listen, I know that's not the only whistle that you have on your body.

Justin: Mac? Mac, you hooked it on your special old man hear aid. Mac? Thank you, Mac.

Griffin: Mac, I swan to John, if you pull another— No.

Travis: You know he's—

Griffin: No!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: No!

Justin: No!

Griffin: Mac! Not into the microphone. Good.

Justin: I'll make you eat it. I swear to God. When you fart, you'll whistle. I swear to God, don't pull another one out. You will eat it.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Incredible.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: Is that incredible, Brennan? That, of all the things that have happened on stage tonight—

Justin: I'd say it's extremely credible. [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: [laughs]

Brennan: The comfort you feel, the game begins. And the player on the team that you said was underrated, and that all your friends told you they were a hack, you see they score a touchdown in the first minute of the game.

Travis: Wow.

Brennan: And prove you right.

Travis: And they're on your fantasy team.

Brennan: And they're on your fantasy team. [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You hear a voice behind you. [mouths energy sounds and stammers] "Red-Red... You... It's Sunday night. Tomorrow's the work week. You said you were gonna clean the gutters this weekend."

[crowd exclaims]

Clint: How many bags?

[crowd laughs]

Travis: You gotta respond first?

Justin: You gotta do something?

Red: Who are you?

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: A good start.

Brennan: [chuckles and mouths energy sounds] You realize you don't know who this voice is. Something is strange. You can feel them floating around. The same molecular forces that were in the tower of the Science Dad, they're here as well. Something strange, you feel like you've known this in another life or another time.

Red: Yeah, that didn't help.

Brennan: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Red: No, I'm— No! I'm watching the game! To hell with your gutters!

Travis: Okay. Now, you saw what I did, right? You were also in the room when I did a thing, right?

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: No, I'm in a different room!

Griffin: He is in a different room, Travis. Respect the fiction.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Go ahead, and I'm gonna ask for a Cornhole throw, one bag.

[crowd exclaims]

Justin: Woah.

Brennan: One bag. One bag.

Griffin: Wait, get that— get that stomper off of there, or else—

Brennan: [laughs]

Griffin: ... There could be a mixed...

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Jesus Christ.

Travis: Thank God for the placement of the fanny pack.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: All right, Mac. No, it's not a slam dunk— Okay. Where is this man going to think he can— Y'all this is going to be a whiff to remember.

Travis: Hubris, thy name is Clint.

Justin: He is three levels back.

Brennan: All right, this is all the way from "That's my boy."

Justin: He has changed his digital fanny pack to a baseball animation.

Travis: Dad has not practiced.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Wait. Can we place a side bet on whether or not it hits the board?

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: I think he's gonna ace it. I believe in you, dad.

Griffin: All right, let's see it.

Brennan: Here we go.

Travis: It's a swish...

Audience: [claps and chants] That's my boy! That's my boy! That's my boy!

Travis: [chants] That's my boy! That's my boy!

Griffin: What play is he gonna go with?

Audience: [chants] That's my boy! That's my boy! That's my boy! That's my boy! That's my boy! That's my boy!

Brennan: Ah!

Justin: Oh!

[crowd exclaims]

Justin: Slid right off the top. So close.

Brennan: The voice dissipates. You continue to watch the game. And the game is incredible. First, second, third quarter... end of the fourth quarter...

Griffin: And fourth quarter? They get a fourth one too?!

Travis: That's like all of 'em! Tell me there's overtime, Brennan!

Brennan: Right before the... Right before the kick in overtime, right as you're about to see whether they win or not—

Travis: You piss your pants.

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: The club of a Hard Ass connects with the back of your head. And you go unconscious. Guy.

Travis: Yeah?

Brennan: You and you alone see the final door open. [mouths energy sound] Revealing a chamber. There, in the middle of a helix, in one of the ancient laboratories at the heart of Disney world.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: The home of the imagineers?

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: A glass column of pure imagineering... fluid.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: That's what they use!

Justin: Yeah! It's canon. You said it.

Brennan: Yes. You know, make-'em-up sauce.

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: [laughs] Oh, no! Brennan, that's worse!

Travis: A big tube of ketchup.

Brennan: [laughs] A big tube of transparent ketchup. You see... You see, pulsating, rhythmically... throbbing...

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Two more.

Brennan: Undulating.

Travis: Uh-huh? One more.

Brennan: Nasty.

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Brennan: A perfect quantum non-Euclidean cornhole.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: [mouths energy sounds]

Travis: I stick my arm in it, elbow deep. [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You rush forward, sticking your hand into the cornhole as fast as you can. And half way there, you hear, "Not so fast, buddy! You're not that guy! You're not that guy!"

Guy: I... I am that guy? It says it on my jumpsuit!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Behind you, in another entryway, are Hard Asses with all three of your friends. All of you come back to consciousness, but feel yourself surrounded by spears and clubs, and makeshift weaponry. All of you feel the sort of horrifying, sneering presence of these Hard Ass dads. No joy, no love, all of them committed to building an endless roof, to rule the Dadlands forever. Can't Die Pete, standing there, not at this moment dead—

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: ... Says:

Pete: You take one more step towards that cornhole, Ferrari, and I'll slit your friends' throats right in front of you.

Briquette: Don't do it, Ferrari!

Guy: He's bluffing!

Briquette: No, no, I really don't wanna get my throat slit. That sounds shitty.

Chip: Yeah, I'd rather not. Yeah, it sounds terrible.

Guy: Yes, but you're forgetting one thing!

Chip: What's that?

Guy: Not you.

[crowd chuckles]

Red: What's that?

Guy: No, Can't Die Pete. I'm talking to Can't Die Pete.

Red: Oh, right.

Guy: You're forgetting one thing!

Briquette: What did he forget?

[crowd laughs]

Guy: Let him ask!

Pete: What did I forget?

Guy: You left the front door open! And we're not paying to air condition the whole neighborhood!

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Man... We've gotta give him respect.

Brennan: I will let you pull as many chaos tokens as you want. We'll do it the same way we did in the last— So, two chaos tokens does it. If you pull any law tokens, you can keep going. But you immediately burn those law tokens. And if you pull three, it's explosive success.

Griffin: Here we go, first is— Wait, you pulled a law and a chaos. Did you mean to do that?

Travis: Yes.

Griffin: Okay.

Brennan: All right, law and chaos. You can pull another one. Could be burning one of your few tokens. If it's a chaos token, it's a success.

Griffin: Oh my god, it's another law token.

Brennan: How many law tokens do you have left?

Travis: One.

[crowd exclaims]

Brennan: You can choose—

Travis: Statistically...

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: This would be a great... It's chaos, it's chaos!

Brennan: Chaos!

Griffin: But wait, hold on, wait. Hold on, wait, wait, wait. Hold on, wait. Wait. Hold on, wait. He could keep drawing.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Yeah, baby. What could go wrong? It's law, it actually went wrong. You have gone...

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: You have— I'm so— Travis—

Justin: Wait, I wanna try and assist him.

Brennan: [chuckles]

Travis: Wait—

Justin: No.

Chip: Wait, I got— I got one more thing I can throw.

Justin: And I reach into the bag, and I toss it to him. He's pure chaos energy and there's one secret weapon.

Brennan: [gasps]

[crowd exclaims]

Brennan: Okay! You're standing next to Red, Red tosses you the weapon. It was totally pure chaos energy as the last of the law energy—

Guy: I'm open!

Brennan: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Chip: Wait! Wait! Hold it by laces.

Brennan: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Chip: There we go!

Griffin: Wait, stop! Freeze frame! May I add one last rule to the Dadlands canon tonight?

Brennan: Yes. Yes, you may.

Griffin: They have to play catch. [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Clint: Ah...

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Okay. You're gonna throw—

Griffin: No, just one—

Brennan: Yeah.

Griffin: One bag, one throw.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: All right. So, Clint, you're gonna throw. If Guy catches it... If Red throws it and Guy catches it, that's a success. All right?

Griffin: Yeah, here we go. God, this is gonna— Please fuck this up.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: Please? Here we go. Here we go.

Brennan: Yeah!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Yeah!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: I mean...

Travis: That's a catch!

Griffin: Yeah, okay. Just, for everybody else on stage, though, you did just throw a beanbag to another adult man, 10 feet away.

Brennan: No, no, no, what we witnessed tonight—

Travis: All right, we can't dissect the mechanics!

Brennan: What we witnessed tonight was a miracle and everybody here knows it.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: And everybody here knows it. Everybody here knows it.

Chip: What's in the bag? What's in the bag? What's in the bag?

Brennan: So, so...

Griffin: [laughs]

Brennan: Perfect law, perfect chaos. You feel the energy leaving your body, and then you realize, energy can be neither created nor destroyed. It can only be changed. And as you become one aspect, Red becomes the other.

You are united. The dad frequency harmonizes. That bag travels through the air. You do not lose your law tokens.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: You catch the weapon as Red throws it. You unravel, and gleaming in your hand, you see a very small plastic trophy that says, "A for effort."

[crowd exclaims]

Guy: The most chaotic of trophies!

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Every single Hard Ass in the room goes, "Participation award!" And immediately dies.

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Brennan: Dead, immediately, instantly.

Travis: Even— Wait. Even Can't Die Pete?

Can't Die Pete: I didn't think this was possible!

Chip: Oh, when you believe, anything's possible.

Brennan: [laughs]

Travis: Anyways, I get elbow deep in a Cornhole.

Brennan: You get elbow deep in a Cornhole. You all feel the energy thrumming throughout the room. You found there were seven things that Cornholes could do.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: In this moment, thinking that if you believe, anything's possible. And here in the runes of Disney World, you know Chip Hugginsby is right. What do you reach for, all up in that Cornhole?

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: You have 30 minutes to think of your answer.

Travis: I reach... I reach... Having lost Yvette, for the new love of my life.

Brennan: You reach for the new love of your life. You fill it, you go in... And as you go in, you go up.

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Clint: No, no—

Brennan: And you find... [chuckles]

Clint: No, no, please, God, no! No, no, no!

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: And you find... quantum untangling. New timelines, new continuities, the message from the Science Dad's computer. [mouths energy sounds] The love of your life. Love... That's what... something you've forgotten. That's what dads need. There's something dads need. There's something dads need! [mouths energy sounds] Other dads, other moms, other partners.

Throughout time and space, you were never supposed to be alone. [mouths energy sound] You hear, [stammers] "Message-message to the Dadlands-message to the Dadlands." [mouths glitching sounds] A screen glows in front of you. You see the glistening deck of a starship. And for the first time, all of you, your mind reels. As you look up and see someone looking back at you. And she says...

[crowd cheers]

Miria: This is captain Miria Malthia of the Ursa Major, mothership of the Meritorious Alliance of Maternal Astro Space.

[crowd cheers]

Miria: Do you read me? Do you read me? Dadlands, we're on our way!

Brennan: And you see a crew of mothers aboard a starship say, "From here to maternity!"

[crowd cheers]

[Dadlands theme music plays]

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