

MBMBaM 369: Bro's Better, Bro's Best Ch. 122 - 133

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

[theme music plays]

Justin:

"My boss at work has an odd way to say a passing hello, and it's confusing me. He'll walk by me and say, "What do you think?" But not asking about anything in particular." [laughs] "This happens a few times every day, and I don't know how to respond. What kind of thing should I say? Should I come up with a standard response, or should I mix it up a little bit? Help me, brothers." It's from Confused in Cincinnati.

Griffin:

Jesus Christ.

Travis:

There's literally so many ways to respond to this.

Justin:

What do you think?

Travis:

My favorite being, "What do you think?"

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Just turn the mirror, you know, up to nature, and make him go, "Uh, that doesn't make any sense."

Justin:

Exactly.

Travis:

What can you do?

Griffin:

No, I think you gotta randomly pick an adjective that you can give to him as a response. Like, "Oh, pretty wet." Or something like that, you know.

Travis:

See, I was gonna say a noun, and you can just be like, "Potatoes."

Griffin:

Well, that doesn't make sense, 'cause when it's—

Travis:

What if he's asking what do you think we're gonna have for lunch?

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

Potatoes.

Griffin:

But he would say that, I think.

Travis:

No, like, "What do you think?" Like, so when it just- like, maybe there's someone that always sees your boss before you-

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

That says, like, "Do you guys want to go out after work?" And then the boss is seeing what you think about it, but you were not part of the A part of the conversation.

Griffin:

Okay. And so he dips your dips h—and then your response to, "What should we eat for lunch," is potatoes.

Travis:
Potatoes.

Justin:
[laughs]

Travis:
Well you didn't give me the variables.

Griffin:
Mash 'em, boil 'em, stick 'em in a stew.

Travis:
You don't know.

Justin:
Travis is a boar.

Griffin:
Mm-hmm.

Justin:
So it—it's good.

Travis:
Grubs?

Justin:
That works out.

Griffin:
Mm-hmm.

Justin:
Grubs? Uh, Travis is Timon, and I'm Pumba, and we have a comedy podcast. It's called Timon and Pumba. Hey, uh...

Travis:
And not Griffin.

Justin:

And not Griffin. [laughs] 'Cause he's not down with bugs. Um, hey, well maybe that's a good response. "What do you think?"
"Hakuna Matata."

Travis:

[laughs] I love it.

Justin:

Um—

[theme music plays]

Justin:

Hey, don't—don't you guys think—did you guys ever watch Slim Goodbody? You know?

Griffin:

Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

Justin:

The picture of—wouldn't it be awesome if just once you could see, like, an awesome dookie inside him?

Travis:

In Slim Goodbody?

Justin:

Yeah, like one rippled—[laughing] Just one.

Travis:

You're saying, like, if you could look through Slim Goodbody, and see a poop forming in his intestines...

Justin:

Just one episode—like a deleted scene somewhere, where he's, like, "Ah, sorry, I had a bunch of corned beef."

Griffin:

[laughs]

Travis:

I gotta get fit, and then go shit.

Griffin:

I'm packing a—I'm packing a solid—I'm packing a solid bolus in here. This is gonna turn out great.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

[laughs] Read both at the same time.

Griffin:

Here we go. Uh, this Yahoo Answers was sent in—

Justin:

I recently found out what—

Griffin:

We're not really doing this. It was—

Justin:

Every time—

Griffin:

... sent in my Krista Whalen. Thanks, Krista. You know it's good. That's, like, the Nintendo seal of quality. Uh, it's by Yahoo Answers user, Chris who asks, "What is the hole in the penis called?" Travis, do you—

Travis:

I do know.

Griffin:

Do you really?

Travis:

I mean, it's the urethra.

Griffin:

Nope.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

Nope. Nope.

Griffin:

It's not called the—

Justin:

The urethra is the tube that connects the penis hole—

Griffin:

It's the special tube.

Justin:

... to the piss bag.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

Uh, the hole in the tip of the penis—

Griffin:

Is the tip hole.

Justin:

Is called the debt ceiling.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Travis:

It's your—it's your penis mouth.

Justin:

No, it's technically called the debt ceiling.

Travis:

That's why they're always talking about raising the debt ceiling!

Justin:

Right, that's why it was such a kerfuffle.

Travis:

Got it.

Justin:

And a little racy.

Travis:

That's why it was such a hot button issue.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

I—I have had control of my dreams for so long that I'm worried if I go in willy nilly, the dreams are just going to run roughshod over my emotions.

Travis:

Yeah, the dream lord will be like, "Finally, a weak point. Finally."

Justin:

Now experience all the emojis you've been holding back!

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

You've been holding on to these emojis in this bottle I've been saving to experience them all! Have sex with the teeth that fell out of your head 'cause you're naked at school, and you forgot your lines in the play!

Travis:

And you forgot how to run quickly, and you feel like you're moving through molasses!

Justin:

And also you're flying off a cliff, and you're on fire, and your parents are there, and there's your grandma!

Travis:

And you're trying to punch the dude, but you can't remember how to make a fist.

Justin:

You can't remember how to make a fist, and your hands are bones and teeth.

[theme music plays]

Travis:

And all your stuff will come in a very discreet box. None of those big, like, bright red, this box full of dildos boxes you normally get.

Justin:

You—you will be lucky if you can find it. They—they will make it—they will make it look like the rock you hide your key under. Like, "Wait a minute, I could have sworn I ordered something from them."

Griffin:

They actually—have you guys seen Looper? What they do is they travel back in time, and they give you that dildo 20 minutes before you ordered it, so you've all—actually always had that dildo.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Only you go, "What? Wait a second." But then you go 30 years, and it's your dildo. It was your dildo all along.

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

They closed the loop.

Justin:

I closed my dildo loop.

Griffin:

Now close your loop, and by loop, I mean butthole. Close it up with this thing. Get it in there.

Travis:

At extremerestrains.com, coupon code 'MIDDLEST.'

Griffin:

Close your loop. You're orgasming wrong!

Justin:

I'm Dan Akroyd, the brother of Jo—old Joseph Gordon Levitt, and I'm gonna close your dildo loop.

Griffin:

He grew up into me.

Justin:

He grew up into me in an alternate future where someone gave him a dildo.

Travis:

Can you believe it? No, neither can I.

Justin:

Me neither. I really hope people come to the theater.

Griffin:

In the future, dildos are illegal, so we have to put them in this machine, and send them back to you, and you can save money on them. And you gotta get rid of them, by which I mean put them all the way up your butt, until you can't see it anymore. That way, future cops can't find it.

Travis:

[laughing]

Justin:

Griffin, are you suggesting that the reason Dan Akroyd's head is increasing in size is because people are using his head to store con—contraband future dildos? Is that what you're saying to me right now?

Travis:

And as I assume all of you want a, uh, My Brother, My Brother, and Me shout out, just go to maximumfun.org/jumbotron and you could join the—the—the podcast.

Griffin:

I can't believe that I use the same air in this room to wish those people that said that the stars were each other's love, or something, to also say that Dan Akroyd's head is full of illegal future dildos.

[theme music plays]

Griffin:

Maybe smoke a little doja and then go in.

Justin:

Oh, daddy like that.

Griffin:

Hello. Maybe go—

Justin:

Go in drunk.

Griffin:

Maybe get—smoke a little peaches and herb, and then go in.

Justin:

Yeah. I like that.

Griffin:

It's like Office Space, but instead of getting hyp—hypnotized, you're getting—you get a little—you get a little dip—hyp-

Travis:

You get ganjatized.

Griffin:

Okay. Well...

Justin:

Not that.

Travis:

I'll work on it. I'll workshop, and I'll come back.

Justin:

Hyp-pot-tized. Is that any good? Is that better?

Griffin:

I don't know. Maybe—maybe spend an hour with Man For Man's Earth band, and then you roll in, you say, "Hey. What's up, s'up, with the word?"

Justin:

Heyyy.

Griffin:

"Where's the paper at? Let me sign that."

Justin:

Let me file those reports for you.

Griffin:

"Hey, these kids are crazy, man."

Justin:

We've never smoked marijuana before, so we're just guessing what it feels like.

Griffin:

No. It makes you talk like a—

Travis:

I assume that's like—that's what it's like. Like you're trapped in a glass box.

Griffin:

It makes you talk like a very meek jazz musician.

Justin:

And he's afraid of waking the baby.

Griffin:

Shh. Shush shush shush.

Justin:

Hey, no, no, no, no, little dumpling. Hey.

Griffin:

Shofrey's sleeping.

Travis:

Oh, look at the computer screen. Whoa.

Griffin:

Oh, I type an email.

Travis:

[laughs] I think that would be such a power play, to just start being the guy in your office who always talked like that. Just low talk Greg, and everyone's like, "What? Excuse me? What did you say?"

Justin:

You would eventually—even if you had put in your two weeks' notice, they would ask you to stop coming.

Griffin:

Yes.

Travis:

I can't hear you over the laser printer, what the fuck did you say?

Griffin:

I can't believe I just sent that email with that subject, can you believe that? I wish they put a little—I wish they had a little guy in there, you could just call them back. Come on back, email.

Justin:

[laughs] [whispers] I like this guy. I want this guy.

Griffin:

I like this guy too. Can I talk like this for the rest of my life?

Travis:

Ah, shit. The printer's broken. What's wrong?

Griffin:

Let me take a look at it. Yeah, that's broke.

Travis:

Oh it's—oh, you got a jam. Just got a little jam.

Justin:

We got—we got a little toner boner going on here. We're gonna fix this right up.

Travis:

It's a little jammy jam. Ooh, ooh, got a little on my shirt. That's all right. It's an old shirt.

Justin:

You're just—I'll tell you what, why don't you just get that screen, and just read it out loud to the whole office. I'll get everybody to shush on down. Hey everybody, Philip's gonna read this real important email about not eating people's lunch out of the fridge.

Travis:

[laughs] Shh shh shh shh shh.

Justin:

Go ahead. Go ahead, Philip. Go ahead—go ahead, Philip, as we say in the jazz world, the stage is yours.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Come on. Go on, don't hold back. Does anybody want [inaudible 00:09:21]-

Travis:

I feel rhythm. That's a good cadence, Philip.

Griffin:

Anybody want some of this J?

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

Why y'all—why y'all grimacing at me?

Justin:

I do want to apologize for bringing my infant son into the office again. Poor little—the babysitter canceled, so poor little Grimace had to come in.

Griffin:

He's plum tuckered out. I did name him after McDonald's. Hey, anybody want up on this spliff, Tannin?

Justin:

Now what's that, you'd, uh—you prefer I not return tomorrow? Well that is of course your choice.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

I will—I will hate to not live up to my contribution, but, uh, but I understand sometimes it just don't work out. Ain't that the way of the world.

Travis:

And now let me sing you this song I wrote about a situation just like this.

Justin:

I know a little song just like this about a little old caterpillar, just wants to fill up his stores of grain, so he plays his fiddle—

Griffin:

For the winter.

Justin:

... all—all winter, and then the chicken comes along, and tries to eat his grain. I'll just be going. You're right.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

No need to call security. It's best I go now.

Travis:

Do you have a box I could put all my accoutrements in?

Justin:

I'll just—actually I just have this pin, so I'm just gonna take—whoa, you're being a little rough, sir. There's no need for that. I'll find my way to the elevator. No problem at all. I did want to hear the end of Philips's email, but uh... Go ahead, Philip. Philip, you don't have to just sit there staring, you can go ahead, and finish.

Travis:

Why y'all crying? Why is everybody crying?

Griffin:

Philip, maybe you could forward that to me. My—I do not own a computer. I will read it at the library.

Justin:

Again, I do want to apologize to everybody for me not wearing pants or underwear into the office today.

Travis:

I don't even believe I work here, now that I look back on it.

Justin:

I—come to think of it, this is Denny's, so I am sorry about this. This thing I've been typing on, it's been a place mat. I do understand why my employment is being terminated.

Griffin:

That is not—that's not a picture of my wife and kids, that is eggs.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

[laughs] "I work in a haunted building. It used to be a hospital, which has since been turned into a retirement home. Many of the employees have encountered weird things like whispering in the ear when they're alone, and see reflections in glass, and no one's behind them. Even to the extreme of an employee getting thrown against the wall, which somebody saw. The problem is that I don't believe in any of that stuff, but I want to. How can I convince whatever is haunting my work to prove they exist to me?" That's from *Want to Believe in Thunder Bay, Ontario*.

Griffin:

If you say stuff like, uh, "I'm just one day away from retirement, or from the hospital—from hospital work."

Travis:

Yeah. That's a good way—

Justin:

Yes. If—if you say, "I hope no one eats this ghost food I laid out!"

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

Then that is a pretty sure way to get them-

Griffin:

Now specifically, Justin, can you—'cause I know that you had a brief, um, uh, Ghost Hunter phase. What is the—

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

What kind of food are we talking about?

Justin:

Okay, well—

Griffin:

Is it—

Justin:

Ghost Combos.

Travis:

Is that the ghost of Combos, or Combos for ghosts?

Griffin:

So when you eat Combos—[laughing]

Justin:

Okay, so you get a bowl, you fill it with Combos—

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

You eat all the Combos. In that bowl...

Griffin:

Sure.

Justin:

It's the ghost of Combos.

Travis:

But you gotta make sure you leave the Combos there long enough for the energy to soak into the area.

Griffin:

Sure. The spectral residue from these Combos.

Travis:

Yeah.

Griffin:

How come that's not on the fucking bag of ingredients? What if my kid's allergic to spectral Combo residue? Thanks for nothing, General Mills. My kid's dead.

Travis:

The other important thing is you have to eat them as violently as possible to be sure to leave behind the spirit.

Justin:

[laughs] It's best if they have an unrequited love too.

Travis:

They need some sort of unfinished business. One of the Combos was maybe gonna go to college. You know, something like that.

Griffin:

And—fuck.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

How come as many times as I've seen chickens killed on TV, I've never seen a ostrich decapitated with a machete? Can you imagine how sweet that would be?

Travis:

I feel like that's a MythBusters waiting to happen.

Justin:

Yeah, here's a myth. That would be awesome. Busted.

Griffin:

Why would that be awesome?

Justin:

Think about how long its neck is, okay.

Travis:

There is a lot of neck.

Justin:

No, I know. Where would you cut? You have so many options. Like, you could be—you could do, like, a back flip with a sword, and—and—and chop it anywhere, and that head's gonna come right off.

Griffin:

You're saying—you're saying it's—it's hard to—

Travis:

As long as we're doing that, then can we do the cartoon thing where they tie two flamingos together? I want to try that.

Griffin:

What cartoon thing are you wa—what cartoons are you—

Travis:

They do that with flamingos all the time. I think it's in Alice In Wonderland.

Griffin:

What avian cartoon snuff films are you watching? I—and by the way, we haven't properly addressed the fact that Justin wants to cut an ostrich's goddamned head off.

Travis:

I was trying to steer the conversation away from that.

Justin:

You know that—

Griffin:

Fr—away from the fact that our brother's a serial killer.

Justin:

It would just be fun. I would—I don't want to do it. I'm saying I want to see it on YouTube.

Griffin:

They are beautiful, regal b—they're basically—they're basically sup—

Justin:

They're assholes.

Griffin:

They're super swans, is what they are. They're mega swans.

Justin:

I think if you are—if you are an—have something with that long of a neck, it is just begging to be decapitated.

Travis:

Do you think that, like, somewhere, like, God, or the creator of whatever, is sitting around going, like, "I can't believe nobody's decapitated those birds yet. I gave it to them. That was a gimme."

Griffin:

Did you just get—did you just get theological on us? Whatever—whatever supreme being created ostriches obviously made them for bloodsport.

Travis:

I didn't—I didn't want to alienate the Venn diagram of people that both don't believe in God, but also want to see ostriches killed.

Griffin:

Yeah, sure, sure.

Travis:

I didn't want to alienate them.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

"When looking for a new apartment, I asked the realtor if the house I was looking at was haunted. She said she isn't legally allowed to talk about that, is that code for yes? It makes me nervous, 'cause I get the vibe Virginia can be pretty haunted." That's from Gmail.

Griffin:

Sure. So, Ohio is for lovers.

Justin:

Virginia's for ghosts.

Griffin:

Virginia is for—for lovers who killed each other in a terrible passion. Um-

Travis:

Oh my God. God, I hope that's true. I hope that when you're getting, like, your—your realtors license, it's, like, "You can tell them about the bathrooms, talk about the hardwood floors. If they ask about ghosts, legally you must be ambiguous."

Griffin:

Well, legally I don't think they can talk about if, like, somebody was murdered in the house, which is the number one—ghosts don't just, like, fucking wander from house to house, like, "Oh, this seems like a pretty good place to set up ghost shop."

Travis:

Hot, check out—two and a half bath for how much?

Griffin:

Is that a bidet? That's gonna feel good on my ghost parts.

Travis:

Oh, they've got, like, a pool, grotto thing. Yeah.

Justin:

I I—I love the idea that the first week of realtor school is prices, and, like, cleaning the house, and decoration, and the second week is ghosts, and ghost related questions. Like, listen, today we're gonna deal with the sensitive topic of if you are asked about ghosts.

Griffin:

Is it possible that they, um, they just actually have a week called, "Smart ass visitors." And it's just things that you say to people who are smart asses who come to look at your house. Have you guys ever seen a ghost?

Justin:

Oh man.

Travis:

Wow, just went right for it.

Justin:

You went right for it.

Griffin:

Before—before we spend an hour talking about what Yahoo thinks about ghosts, we should really dig deep, and do some spiritual exploration.

Travis:

Are we being real talk?

Griffin:

I might still be drunk.

Travis:

Is this real talk? Are we doing real talk ghosts?

Griffin:

I don't know, Travis.

Justin:

I don't know, Travis, can you make it funny, or will it be sad?

Travis:

Oh, it'll be sad.

Justin:

I want to hear—oh, now you have to. Sorry. Let me clear mine up. No, 'cause ghosts aren't real. Go on, Travis.

Travis:

I mean, neither have I. Like, listen. Neither have I.

Justin:

Hey listen. We're all friends here.

Travis:

Let's all just be straight.

Justin:

Let's just put our ghosts on the table.

Travis:

No, I've seen no ghosts.

Justin:

Okay.

Travis:

I—I also ain't afraid of no ghosts, to be fair.

Justin:

Okay.

Travis:

Uh, but...

Justin:

But...

Travis:

I do have a certain belief that—that—not in ghosts. But that, like, if something really tragic, or, like, really horrific happens in a place, that there is, like, really bad juju there. You know what I mean?

Justin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

Like if you—have you—and I mean, I'm sure it's all purely, like, psychological, and you're telling yourself that, but, like, you know, you've walked into, like, the Moundsville Prison, and, like, uh, the—the Lincoln State Hospital that we went to in Point Pleasant. Like, you walk in, and you're like, euh, something bad happened here. Like, is that just me? The, uh, bad psychic energy.

Justin:

No, but I think a lot of that's aesthetics.

Travis:

Yeah, that's true too. You very—you very rarely, like, walk into a Macy's, and you're, like, oh! Something bad happened here.

Justin:

Mm-hmm. Griffin, where you at on—you know the ghosts I don't like that I really double don't believe in are ghosts that have repeatable behavior, or patterns.

Travis:

Oh, the ones who are, like, and every night she appears on the stairs.

Griffin:

Yeah, she stands in the road and she hitchhikes.

Justin:

If I was ghost but I had to live on a schedule still, I would be bummed.

Griffin:

Fuck that. Yeah. I can float through anything. Yeah, no, I'm gonna go be a hedonist. Thanks.

Justin:

Yeah. See, I'm gonna go to the babe's palace.

Griffin:

Yeah. I'd haunt you, but I'd want to just, like, rub up against money. All the money in this bank. That feeling that you get though, 'cause you did say you get a feeling when you wander into a place where a murder happened.

Travis:

Yeah, you get...

Griffin:

There have been two trillion people, 60 trillion people that have walked the earth at any given point. Well, not at any given point. All the points put together. Do—everybody—there's not a square foot of this entire planet where somebody hasn't been horribly murdered.

Justin:

You don't know what.

Griffin:

I know that for sure.

Justin:

Yeah, think about—if you think about all the people who have ever been alive—

Griffin:

L—large numbers.

Travis:

Listen, listen, listen, listen, listen. Now I also—I also have to state that one of my personal heroes is Harry Houdini, who is one of, like, the biggest debunkers in history, and so I don't believe in ghosts. I—I believe in Harry Houdini.

Griffin:

But he died. So he can't be all that great.

Travis:

Fair enough, Griffin. Fair enough.

Griffin:

I mean, there probably are—we're probably not on—on point earlier, when we were talking about how ghosts go to live in the dopest situation they can float into. I imagine that ghosts, like regular people, like living people, they have different wants, and needs, and desires—

Justin:

Right.

Griffin:

And maybe some ghosts are like Jeffert, and they—they, you know, they appreciate the—the coziness of a 'bago.

Travis:

So you're saying, like, maybe there's, like, the ghost of Jeffert Senior—

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

And he's just like, "I feel comfortable here."

Justin:

"I like it here. I feel comfortable here. I know this place. This is where my armchair is. I get to watch my son dip. I love it."

Travis:

The elder Jeffert.

Griffin:

I've buried Skull in the front yard, and I can't go until you find my secret skull stash.

Justin:

[laughs] Now why did he—now, Griffin, I'm curious. In the—in the fiction you stitched together here—

Griffin:

Not fiction, go on though.

Justin:

Why does—why does Jeffert bury the skull? What is that—what is that—

Griffin:

Jeffert didn't. Jeffert's dead dad buried his skull stash.

Justin:

Jeffert Senior.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Jeffert Senior, the elder Jeffert.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm. The elder Jeffert—

Travis:

Jeffert, the elder.

Griffin:

The elder Jeffert buried his secret skull stash in the yard. And it's—it's—guy, it's enormous. It's a repository of sweet wacky tobaccos. Um, we're talking about hundreds of dollars' worth of skull. And he can't leave this earth until Jeffert finds it.

Justin:

So is Jeff—so when we're talking about—

Griffin:

Have you guys seen No Country For Old Men? It's basically this. This is what I'm describing to you.

Justin:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

Is the sequel, Skull Buddies.

Justin:

[laughs] Skull Hunters. Uh, that—that would be a pretty good plot for a new City Slickers movie.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

If anybody's in the market for one of those.

Travis:

The Legend of Curly's Skull.

Justin:

[laughs] The Legend of Jeffert Senior's, the Elder Jeffert's Skull. Um, I'd watch that.

Griffin:

Hey, so Yahoo Answers user ME875 and some other shit, I think. 8750 said that ghosts can attach themselves to anyone or anything. They could have died on the land or a road nearby, and claimed that trailer home. Doesn't that fucking suck? Doesn't that fucking—if it was me, and I died, like, I would—I would be, like, careening towards the 18 wheeler, I would get Google Maps out real quick, and just be like, "Where am I going to fucking—oh goddammit."

Justin:

So what, are they saying—

Griffin:

I couldn't, like, go careening off the Hollywood hills, and like, fucking chill with Will Smith for the rest of eternity. That's just great. Good twist of fate.

Justin:

So he's saying that like they—they—is the person saying that, like, as they're driving past this place, they died, and that's how it happened?

Griffin:

That's how it happened. You go to the nearest residence, the nearest hauntable thing.

Travis:

This is why you guys, if you're gonna get murdered, have a conversation with your murderer first.

Justin:

Yeah.

Travis:

And, like, maybe try to negotiate the spot.

Justin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

Right. But don't let him kill you, like, in the middle of, like, a downtown sketchy place, you know what I mean?

Griffin:

If you could get, like, a realtor to go along with the murderer. Just to, like, show off a few places, and how it would be good for ghosts.

Justin:

I actually have a living murder will that is a legally binding document. It took a while to set up, but basically it states that if you are going to murder me—

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

... you need to take me to within a—a—a hauntable distance. There has to be a Starbucks nearby, and it has to be Jeff Goldblum's house.

Travis:

And you got—you got the signature of the head of The Assassin's Guild?

Justin:

Yeah, I got him to sign off on it. He agrees, so it's top down. You know, it's official.

Travis:

Wow.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Good work. Get murdered.

Griffin:

Do you guys think Wi-Fi—is Wi-Fi important to ghosts, do you think? Like a good strong Wi-Fi, like fat—like real fat pipes?

Justin:

I think it becomes hard to distinguish yourself from the Wi-Fi signal. I think that at some point the ghost is just like Johnny Mnemonic—

Griffin:

That's a good point.

Justin:

... that's fully plugged in.

Griffin:

Yeah. If it's—

Travis:

Yeah, but can you imagine, like, the—the problem that old people have, like figuring out new technology, can you imagine being, like, a ghost, and, like, a thousand years from now, and trying to cope with, like, the new technological developments, and you're like, "Whoa, whoa, whoa. What is this? Back in my day, I just floated in the pipes, and carried myself around the internet. So what's all this?"

Justin:

If I—if I get fucking stuck haunting some place for a thousand years, I'll be livid. Those—those local kid shows solved my puzzle by then.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Travis:

I mean, let's be hon—okay, so Justin, Griffin, if you die right now, what's your unfinished business that's gonna keep you around as a ghost? 'Cause mine is I haven't finished watching Walking Dead yet.

Griffin:

I just ha—I just gotta clear out my internet history. Gotta—gotta blast—blast my cache. What? Did you hear that? Blast my cache! Please! I try to go incognito, but sometimes I forget! Blast my cache! Set me free! Press control H!

Travis:

Your voice in the wind, it sounds like it's telling us to review his cache.

Justin:

[laughing]

Griffin:

No! Press control H. Check all the boxes, and go, set me free. Blast my cache!

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Shrink the window down in case some words show up that don't—you see. Please.

Travis:

Grandson!

Justin:

[laughing] Grand—I, um, I actually need to master the fushigi, but I'm gonna need human hands to do it. Someone—I need a willing host. A sort of Whoopie Goldberg situation.

Griffin:

Oh. I like—

Justin:

Where I can, um, through her hands, master the ancient art of contact juggling.

Griffin:

Um, can I read the best Yahoo Answer response I've ever seen on the platform?

Justin:

Um, yes please. By all means.

Griffin:

For this question. Yahoo Answers user Bill C responded, "Oh boy. You don't know you already are a ghost. All of your friends are ghosts too. No, just kidding with you. However, as you grow and mature, your goals and thoughts will change. Thanks."

Travis:

Thanks, President Obama. Who was that from? President Obama?

Griffin:

Uh, Bill C. Might be President Bill Clinton.

Travis:

Bill Clinton.

Griffin:

Hey, this d—this shit's done. But don't worry, we've all been there.

Travis:

Eventually you'll grow up, and won't be such a dumb ass.

Griffin:

You're gonna—you're gonna grow out of this real dumb shit.

Travis:

Oh God. Didn't you know? You're a ghost. All your friends are ghosts. Listen, just playing. But for real.

Griffin:

Listen. I need you to know that that's not serious.

Justin:

For real though. That—you can actually tell the moment in that response when the person turns their chair around, and straddles it. Hey, let's get real talk. Let's—we've all had a lot of fun today, pretending that everyone you know is dead, but let's talk about how you're gonna grow up and change. Let's rap. Let's rap.

Travis:

Listen, your school brought me in today to talk to you guys about the fact that you're dumb asses.

Griffin:

[laughs] Do you guys want to see me play some stunt volleyball, and talk to you about drugs?

Travis:

Also all your friends are dead. Not really, 'cause I just sunk this basketball shot. But now let me tell you about how you're all gonna grow up, and not be so stupid.

Griffin:

Pick any five people. I will stunt basketball against them solo. You are gonna love this, but you shouldn't love heroin. T—take it from me. I used to do heroin, it's how I got so good at volleyball.

Travis:

I'm a ghost.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

Sometimes I'm in a long room or hallway, and I will—I will not turn the lights on on one end, 'cause I'm just gonna be, uh, walking through. And about halfway through, I will regret it, 'cause it's dark.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

And I'll get, like, so, so pooped. Like way pooped out.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

And then—

Griffin:

When you say that, do you literally mean so scared that you defecate?

Justin:

Like so scared—no, I mean, like, I'm a grown man. But I would pee pants. I—I—I get so scared—you guys ever do that? You're in like a long—a dark hallway, or something.

Travis:

Oh yeah, all the time.

Justin:

And like halfway through, you're like, "Oh shit. Oh shit. I know it—I know it's on."

Travis:

Justin, I'm routinely going into warehouses, and, like, old shops, and stuff. Yes, I—I do that quite often.

Justin:

Can I tell you guys the other place I just thought of that's way better, that you definitely don't want to see a ghost?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

At the bottom of a pool. Can you imagine?

Griffin:

Oh no! No, no, no!

Justin:

Can you imagine? Okay, let me throw this out. You'd go down with your mask, and the ghost is like, "Gurgle, gurgle, ghost." You're like, "No! That's a ghost in the pool!"

Travis:

Let me throw this out, okay. You reach the bottom level of a building, the elevator doors open. Ghost.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

Right there in front of the elevator.

Griffin:

Let me get you with this. It's opening night of a movie, midnight movie, and you just waited in line. You get a big tub of popcorn.

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

And you get it, and it takes you 20 minutes to get it, and you paid \$8.00 for it. Right? You know? Right. Am I right?

It's so expensive, and you take it back to your seat, and you go to work your way through the aisle. "Excuse me, excuse me." And then you get back to your seat, and you look down, and it's not popcorn. It's just a ghost.

Justin:

Oh man. You—now you have to go all the way back up.

Griffin:

You gotta go back. And you have to wait in line for 20 minutes, 'cause they can't let you skip. And you get there, and you're like, "Uh, excuse me. You gave me a ghost." And then they say, "No, I didn't." And you look down, and it's—you look down, and it's popcorn!

Travis:

Oh shit!

Justin:

Shivered. Shivered. I'm fully shivered at this point.

Travis:

Okay, imagine this.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

You've been looking for a new car for three months.

Griffin:

All right. I love it.

Travis:

You've shopped around.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

You've gone through all the different financing options. You weren't sure at first, 'cause you wanted, like, a two door. But then they started showing you the four doors, and you were really happy with one of them. And so it's been months, you got all your financing in order, you've picked the right colors, you know the car you want. You buy it. As you're driving off the lot, you open the glove compartment. Ghost.

Justin:

Check this out. Check this spooky story. You wait in line at Starbucks. You're waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and then you wait, and then you wait, and then you get to the front, and you say, "I want a grande salted caramel mocha, and a venti skinny salted caramel mocha, and oatmeal with brown sugar and nuts, and pumpkin bread, and pumpkin muffin." And then you read—and then he says, "It's going to be 19.78." And you reach in your pocket, and—to get your wallet, but what's in there is actually a ghost!

Griffin:

Oh my God.

Travis:

I just flipped my popcorn over. Goddammit.

Justin:

You just got shivered.

Griffin:

How about this one? You go to a party, and you—'cause your friends say that you're gonna know a bunch of people there. And you get to it, and you don't actually know—um, you don't actually know that many people there. And then maybe there's a ghost or something.

Travis:

[laughs] Imagine this. So, like, you've been marinating, like, this roast in your crock pot for, like—

Justin:

Okay.

Travis:

Let's say, like, a 20 hour. It's, like, a real slow roast, right.

Justin:

Oh my God.

Travis:

And you've been building up, 'cause you're gonna have a dinner party that night.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

Right, and then you open the crock pot, and you didn't put enough liquids in, and now the whole thing's dried out, and so the doorbell rings, and you open it, and there's a ghost.

Justin:

[laughs] Let's—okay.

Travis:

And he wants to tell you about Jesus.

Justin:

That was good. That was good. Check this—check this out.

Griffin:

All right.

Justin:

Voting day. You vote—go to the polls. You, uh, go and you vote, then you drive home.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

You have some dinner, and then you wait for the results to come in, and then at the end of the night, you're looking, uh, Mitt Romney, 20%. Barack Obama, 20%. 60% landslide win, a ghost.

Griffin:

Oh God, no!

Justin:

We've elected our first ghost president of the United States of Spooktacular America.

Griffin:

Yeah y—and you know he's not pro-life!

Travis:

That's what we get for letting them ghosts vote. We give them ghosts the right to vote, and they're gonna elect a ghost every time.

Justin:

Yeah. Hey—hey ghost, why can't we see the death certificate? Hm?

Griffin:

[laughs]

[theme music plays]

Griffin:

“What's a good pet name for an uncle?”

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

“What's the role, or title, in other languages? Slangs? Is there a difference whether you're uncle is from your dad's side or your mom's side? Include things like when kinders, and kids—when kinders, and kids mess up the

pronunciation, and it comes out like, "My unkie." Got a fave pet name for your fave uncle?"

Travis:

I hate this so much.

Justin:

[laughing]

Griffin:

Do you guys know my favorite pet name for—for one of our uncles?

Travis:

What?

Justin:

What's that?

Griffin:

Mark.

Travis:

Dave.

Griffin:

Dave.

Travis:

Adult Dave.

Griffin:

Chris. Like, wha—wha—how do you—that person is—

Travis:

Grown ass man Mark.

Griffin:

Grown ass doctor Mark Wahlberg. Like, why—he's a—he's a fucking—

Justin:

Listen, uncle—Uncle Phillipe, I've been wanting me and you get closer. So I came up with a pet name for you. You're kinda chunky, so I'm gonna start calling you my chunkle. You're my chunkle now, and now we're closer.

Travis:

Have you ever noticed how you have a body odor problem? From now on, you're my stunkle. You're my funkle.

Griffin:

Stunkle's not bad. Um, I used to live with a guy named Jacob Dunkle.

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

And his, uh, the very name of which apparently makes Travis laugh.

Travis:

It does. I love Dunkle.

Justin:

I saw Dunk—I saw Dunkle come out of Argo.

Griffin:

Oh yeah? Did he like it?

Justin:

Yesterday, I was going—I was going—

Griffin:

What was the Dunk—how many Dunkles—how many—how many Dunkle stars did he give it?

Justin:

He di—he didn't give it. And he did—he did say that you need to respond to his Facebook messages, 'cause he said you kind of left him hanging on a few of those.

Griffin:

Oh man, he sent it, like, four months ago.

Justin:

You didn't get back with Dunkle.

Griffin:

I feel—Dunkle, I'm sorry. For list—if you're listening, and you probably aren't.

Justin:

He keeps up. He told me he listens.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

So now you have no excuse.

Griffin:

Dunkle, I'm sorry.

Travis:

He—he has to, like, enjoy things, and then say that they were a slam Dunkle, right?

Griffin:

Yeah, yeah, definitely, definitely. But he, uh, I can't remember if this actually happened, or if we just wanted it to happen. Like, for him to have a sibling that had a child, and then he would be funky Uncle Dunkle. Or Funky Unky Dunky. Or any combination of those three things.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

[laughing] Funky Unky Dunky.

Travis:

Oh God.

Griffin:

Um, my Uncle Nemo, we lovingly call Unk.

Travis:

It makes him sound like a caveman.

Griffin:

I like that too.

Travis:

He is a Cro-Magnon.

Griffin:

Hey, uh, did you—so who's bringing what for Thanksgiving? Well, I'm bringing the pecan sandies, and, uh, is anybody bringing cranberry? Oh yeah, we, uh, we assigned that to—[grunts] Hey everybody, Unk's here.

Travis:

Sorry, I just stepped on a duck.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Just like a double check into your fiction, is someone—did someone buy a package of Nabisco pecan sandies? And—and thinks that's a sufficient Thanksgiving offering?

Travis:

That's how I decide. Uh, and what's, uh, what's Steve bringing? He's, uh, he's bringing pecan sandies.

Griffin:

I think if someone's gonna bring pecan sandies, it's gonna be Unk, 'cause he does not sound like somebody who is graced with culinary gifts.

Travis:

He—he—he's just gonna pull one out of the back of his van, where he just has stacks and stacks of packages of pecan sandies that he bought when the Piggly Wiggly down the street was going out of business.

Justin:

Just so I'm clear, is Unk actually Encino Man?

Travis:

To be fair, Unc is not really related to either my mother or my father, he's more of a friend of the family, by which I mean a bear.

Griffin:

Okay. [laughs]

Justin:

[laughs] This has been the greatest Thanksgiving of my life, except for when that bear tore my arm off.

Travis:

But God, I love my Unk.

Justin:

That's no bear.

Travis:

Excuse me, Unc Junior. Son of Unc.

Justin:

[laughs] His forearms are just as powerful as the original Unc. Make no mistake. His large claws have torn all our tapestries, but we love him very much.

Travis:

But they've also torn down the emotional walls that's been keeping my family apart.

Justin:

[bursts into laughter]

Travis:

You know we went three Christmases without speaking 'til Unk showed up.

Justin:

They say a bear's—they say a bear's strength knows no limits, and we finally put that to the test when we used him to rebuild our home, and by which I mean, our love.

Travis:

He was strong enough to hold this family together.

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

You lay off Unc.

Justin:

Every year at Thanksgiving, he brings honey, and we love him for that.

Travis:

And it's always—he always pushes it forward a little shyly, as it to say, "This is all I could do," and goddammit, you've done enough.

Griffin:

He and his son always talk about how, like, they—they like to wipe their ass with, like, really soft paper. I hate it.

Justin:

I hate it. You—you know what, he missed my wedding because he got captured, and sent to the zoo. But I—I wasn't angry at him. How could I stay angry at him?

[theme music plays]

Griffin:

Hey everybody, this is Griffin McElroy, your baby brother, and thanks for sticking with us as we do a—a best of episode. Justin and Travis are both on vacation. Uh, and we figured, hey, it's been a while since we've done a Bros Better, Bros Best, so we are putting one up so that they can enjoy their beach time, and I can enjoy my... hurricane. So here's some jumbotron stuff, and some advertisement stuff.

Uh, first off, I want to tell you about Winc. That's W-I-N-C. Uh, and Winc, what they do is they give, uh, access to exceptional wines from all around the world. Just go to trywinc.com. That's T-R-Y-W-I-N-C dot com, and what you're gonna do on that website is you're gonna take a brief palate profile quiz, and using that data, they're gonna recommend some wines all customized to your palate, which will be shi—shipped directly to your door every month.

Um, and because they—they base the wines that they send you on your taste preferences, they'll, uh, even introduce you to new, rare, and custom wines that are not available anywhere else.

Uh, we've gotten some—some wines in here from Try Winc that we've been sort of savoring, enjoying with our dinner meals, and it's been real, real nice. They're very tasty, uh, you know, beverages. And right now, Winc is offering listeners 20 bucks off with your first order when you go to trywinc.com/mybrother. That's try Winc, spelled T-R-Y-W-I-N-C dot com, slash my brother, to get, uh, \$20 off your first order now. One more time. It's trywinc.com/mybrother.

Also want to tell you about Harry's. Uh, Harry's is all about getting a great shave, at a fair price. Uh, they are half the price of the leading five blade razor. Uh, they're so confident that you're gonna love their blades, they'll send you their, uh, trial shave set for free when you sign up at Harrys.com/mybrother.

Uh, you just pay shipping. And what you get in that trial set is a weighted, ergonomic razor handle, five precision inch near blades with a lubricating strip, and trimmer blade, a rich lathering shave gel, and a travel blade cover. Uh, we all have Harry's razors. It's what I use. It's my off cord buddy for my shaving needs. Uh, and it's really great. So go get your free trial set at harrys.com/mybrother right now. That is harrys.com/mybrother.

Um, this one is very exciting. It's the Name Of the Wind art deck. It's live now on Kickstarter. It's a beautiful deck of cards, me—uh, meticulously illustrated by artist, uh, Echo Chernik, featuring characters from the New York Times bestselling author, Patrick Rothfuss, bestselling author, and friend of the show, and former guest, uh, Patrick Rothfuss.

Uh, his novel, The Name of the wind, the first in the King Killer Chronicle series. Um, basically the—this project, uh, features two collections of—of decks, each with two distinct decks that have matching backs, but different face cards. So you choose your favorite characters from each of the decks, and you combine them to customize your deck with your favorites, all while having these two complete playable decks of cards.

Um, the Kickstarter exclusive Changrian collection is only available to Kickstart backers, and features two decks with a blue and black card back, and a stunning black tuck box, uh, design with blue foil. Uh, there's also cameo appearances available. You can buy a cameo appearance, and an original art print created by Echo Chernik, and, uh, actually become part of the, uh, Edema Ruh troop with, that's right, us, the McElroy Brothers.

Uh, this is very, very exciting for me as a huge, huge fan of this novel series. I cannot wait to see how it turns out. So keep an eye out for when

this print becomes unlocked, so you can grab your spot in the art print *Under the Open Sky*, uh, before they're all gone.

The Kickstarter project is seeking \$25,000, and it's currently over 1000% funded. So if you want to get your hands on these, uh, cards, and the—the exclusive edition, do not miss out on this awesome project. Uh, just go to Kickstarter, and search for the *Name of the Wind* art deck. That's how I found it, and that's how I am backing it literally right now as I am reading this, and okay.

Uh, got a couple of jumbotron spots here. The first one is for Rob, and it's from Chelsea, who says, "Hey buddy. We always have such a great time playing games, telling dumb jokes, and making up ridiculously intricate theories about *The Adventure Zone*." Hopefully I've put most of those to bed at this point.

"Uh, I wanted it on the official podcast record that you are the best at everything you do, so I paid the brothers, or brother, to tell you. Brothers, he really is the best." I believe it. "Uh, here's to many more years of good goofs." Uh, it's a very sweet message, and now it's official. It's—this—every episode goes in the Library of Congress, so it's like government official that Rob is the best.

Got another one here for Ed, and it's from your corget—probably said that wrong. Uh, Sumi. Who says, "Happy friendiversary. Or whatever personal celebration is most relevant right now because of jumbotron timing. Uh, thanks for introducing me to MBMBAM, and the *Adventure Zone*, and bubble baths. I hope you enjoy all of those simultaneously. Uh, I'm so glad that you are part of my life. Here is to more delicious concoctions."

Don't know why I said it like that. "Uh, deep and meaningful, and unscrupulous fun. I appreciate you so much." We all appreciate you, Ed. I most of all. I've been waiting for the right time to tell you this, and it is right now as I do this ad break by myself.

Um, thank you to Maximum Fun for having us on the network. You can go to maximumfun.org and check out all the great shows there. Um, it's all really, really good stuff, and it's all for free. You're gonna find something you like, I guarantee it. Shows like *Stop Podcasting Yourself*, *Baby Geniuses*, uh, *One Bad Mother*, *Lady to Lady*, *Jordan Jesse Go*, *Judge John Hodgman*. So many great shows, all at maximumfun.org.

If you want to hear, uh, the rest of the stuff that we do, you can go to McElroyshows.com and check out all of our podcasts, and video projects there. Big thanks to John Roderick and the Long Winters for the use of our theme song, *It's a Departure*, off the album *Putting the Days to Bed*. Um, it's a really, really great album that you should go pick up.

Hey, I, uh, I mentioned the hurricane earlier, and all joking aside, if you have the means, please consider helping out. Um, Rachel and I have gotten a lot of messages. We live in Austin, uh, from people concerned, and we—we're doing just fine. Um, Austin did not catch the brunt of this, but there are lots of, uh, areas down on the coast, and Houston, that really could use some—some help, uh, if—if you—if you can help.

Uh, so consider supporting an organization like, uh, Port Light, uh, or the Red Cross, or, uh, local food banks, in—in Houston and Galveston, and Corpus Christie, and other, uh, coastal areas. Um, there's the greater Houston community fund. There are tons, and tons of ways to get involved. Uh, just go online, and find out where—where you can put your support. And yeah, we try not to get too serious on the show, but it's a serious thing that's happening. And please consider helping out if you can.

Um, I think that's it for right now. I'm gonna let you get back to the rest of the best of episode. Uh, we will be back with another regular episode next week. Bye.

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Speaker 1:

Are you sad and confused about world politics? Worried about the upcoming inevitable nuclear war, or maybe a rat is living in your house. There's a rat living in my house. How do you get rid of a rat from a house? Why not immerse yourself in a completely fictional, imagined podcast for the beef and dairy industries? It works for me. The Beef and Dairy Network podcast is the number one podcast for those involved, or just interested in the production of beef animals, and dairy herds. Don't worry, it's funnier than it sounds. Find us at beefanddairynetwork.com, or maximumfun.org. Or wherever you get your podcasts from. Oh God, there's the rat. Oh God.

[cow moos]

--

Griffin:

Let's have another death question. This was—this Yahoo was sent in by Jacob Locker, so you know it's gonna be good. Thanks Jacob. It's by Yahoo Answers user Philip, who asks, "How much would it cost to bronze my corpse when I die?" The first answer is, "Exactly \$32,988," I guess.

Travis:

Wow. Is that including, like, all the—like the fees?

Griffin:

I like the—this idea so much. For me personally, let me tell you why.

Justin:

Okay.

Griffin:

Just in case I ever do something awesome enough to merit a statue built in my honor, it's, like, pre pro. You know what I mean? Like you—they don't have to worry about, "I would love to build this statue in Griffin's honor. I would love to. He was a very important figure for insert important reason here. Um, but I just don't know that we have the—the maintenance fees for it right now." With this, I can say, don't even worry about it. This is me. And maybe I'm standing up. Maybe I have a piece of pizza in my hand that I also bronzed. And I'm giving, like, a hang 10 sign with my other hand.

Justin:

So kind of a Teenage Mutant Turtles pastime.

Griffin:

Maybe a little—maybe a little TMNT, uh, perhaps. Maybe I have roller skates on. Maybe the roller skates aren't bronzed. Well, that's gonna create some tricky feet issues. Anyway...

Travis:

First and foremost, I'm bothered by the limitations of the question. I don't understand why I have to wait to be dead to be bronzed.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Are you talking full bronzing, or are you talking, like, a partial Trumain?

Travis:

Well, I'm just saying, like, I feel like it would be very protective if I could just go, like, toes to neck.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

You know, leave my head out there for all the important shit, but just go toes to neck, and so then I know I'm ba—wait, is bronze bullet proof?

Griffin:

Um, it depends on how thick it is. Because I can tell you this though, it is poop and pee proof. There's gonna be—

Travis:

Okay, I'm gonna need some outlets—I'm gonna need some outlets cut.

Griffin:

Okay. So basically what we're talking about is, like, a shitty Iron Man scenario.

Travis:

Yes. [laughs]

Griffin:

I am—

Travis:

I want a non posable Iron Man.

Griffin:

Iron Man—oh, I'm fall over. Shit. I landed on my dick outlet. Fuck. Help me. Pepper Pots, help me. I peed and pooped in my bronze suit again. Watch me shoot my beams. Oh, I don't have beams? I'm just made of steel? Fuck me. Avengers assemble! I pooped and peed in here a month ago.

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

"Master?"

"Yes, Jarvis?"

"You smell like fucking piss on metal, and I hate it. I'm leaving. I'm an AI, and I hate it. I'm deleting myself because of how bad your pee metal smell smells."

Justin:

I like that Travis is concerned about it being bulletproof, as if anyone would ever want to shoot a r—a robot.

Griffin:

Travis, you have to worry about it being bulletproof because I'm saying a week and a half in, you're going to be, like, "Fucking kill me."

Travis:

Yeah, I—okay, Justin. I want to jump back.

Justin:

Yeah, he—it's—you're gonna turn yourself into a ro—

Travis:

No, if there's any gun toting criminal that walks in and goes, "There's a man covered in metal, surely he's a robot." That man doesn't deserve to be mad at me because he's an idiot. I am not a robot. I am still a human being. I'm just trapped in a metal husk.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

And the husk that has become my life, because of my poor pre planning.

Justin:

Why—why would anyone want to shoot a man that's locked himself—

Travis:

With his dick and asshole hanging out.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Travis:

There's a flap that people can look under, and he can't stop them because he can't move his arms. Everyone, please everyone stop looking at my dick, and, or butthole.

Griffin:

Trav—

Justin:

I think they have a name for someone whose limbs are encased in metal, but whose sex organs are exposed, and that's a fuck prisoner. And that's what you set yourself up for.

Griffin:

Travis, can you admit to us right now that this actually sounds like your dream scenario? All that you have to do is have food fed to you, and shit where you stand. And it's totally, totally acceptable.

Travis:

I don't like that you assume that I would be bronzed standing.

Griffin:

Okay. What—what—what would your—what kind of bro—what position are we talking?

Travis:

Reclining on a chaise lounge like Cleopatra.

Griffin:

Okay.

Justin:

Okay.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

The only person that we have gotten irrationally angry at, and I have not regretted, is jugglers. I still feel like we were pretty much on the money with jugglers. Uh, I want to keep that feud going. But literally everything else, I— I am sorry for anytime we've judged.

Griffin:

I—now is that your Appalachian affectation on the word juggalos? “Hey man. You got, uh, a bunch of jugglers around.”

Justin:

I would marry my first born daughter to a juggalo before I let her date a juggler. Wow. I want to lead with that. Wow. By saying that, my—my future daughter is gonna listen to this, and date a juggler to piss me off.

Travis:

Yup.

Justin:

Goddammit.

Griffin:

Kids, right. It's like we worked so hard for you to not date anyone who suspends balls in the air.

Justin:

That's all I ask. That's all I ask is to stay away from wizards, and prestidigitators, and jugglers. I don't like anybody who does tricks. I don't think that's so wrong.

Griffin:

Our dad was murdered at a carnival. Should we—have we ever talked about the fact our dad was murdered at a carnival?

Travis:

No, I don't think so.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

Although, I would like to throw out a special thanks to our—our adopted father, uh, Clint McElroy.

Griffin:

Clint McElroy.

Travis:

Oh that's right, we adopted him because we needed someone.

Griffin:

He's done such a great job raising us, but the scars of our former dad's carnival murder—unsolved carnival murder... I feel like it really informs a lot of the stuff we talk about on the show. I am amazed that, like, I'm amazed that we've never talked about it.

Travis:

Are you sure it hasn't come up?

Justin:

It seems like it would have come up, the fact that our dad was killed by a juggler.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

Griffin, please give us the Yahoo question.

Griffin:

Sure. Uh, this Yahoo question was sent in my Michael Lee. Thank you, Michael. It's by Yahoo Answers user question mark. Somebody explained what that meant. I think it's, like, the person deleted their account. Which I love that Yahoo Answers, like, treasures their an—their questions so much that they don't just delete the questions too. Um, question mark asks, "How do I un-potty train myself?"

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

"I am a teen baby, and really want to know how to un-potty train myself, night and day. So I can be more like a baby again."

Travis:

Mm-hmm. Yup.

Griffin:

It sounds like this guy is looking for a better answer than just poop and pee in your—in your pants, instead of in the toilet like a big boy does. Like you did on your big boy birthday.

Justin:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

But I don't know what to tell the—I don't know what to tell him.

Justin:

Open your toilet, and put scorpions in. [laughs] That is an option to you.

Travis:

Yes. When you're about to use the toilet, don't.

Justin:

Okay, Travis. You're thinking a bit small. Let's go back to scorpions for a second.

Griffin:

Can you remove the toilet from your house? Or better yet, can you have a friend do it when you least expect it?

Justin:

Oh, this? This is the bye-bye hole. There used to be a toilet here. Now I just put things in it I never want to see again.

Travis:

Like all of my friendships, and my dignity.

Griffin:

Hey, Justin and Travis?

Justin:

Yeah?

Griffin:

Can you explain to me what a teen baby is? And it's not—apparently it's not a baby sired by a teen, which—which is what I prayed to Jesus it did mean.

Justin:

So some people have chosen to live their li—and I'm trying to be very diplomatic here because I—I'm sure there are people who listen to this show who are adult babies. But some people have chosen to live their lives as babies, because that's what makes them happy, to live as babies. I mean, nice work if you can get it. I'd like to be a baby too. Like, I think we'd all like to figure out how to put this particular genie back in the bottle.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

And I do mean bottle.

Travis:

But see, okay. If—if I may, even then—

Justin:

You may.

Travis:

Adult baby, I get that. Adults, tons of responsibility, and it fucking sucks, and you want to be a baby, and just be taken care of. I get it. Teen baby? What's your life really like that's so hard?

Griffin:

No, Travis.

Travis:

As a teenager that you're like, "If only I could regress eight years."

Griffin:

Think back to high school. High school is—middle school especially. But high school to some extent. The worst part of your entire life. The absolute worst part. I feel like the reason that not all teenagers are teen babies, is because they don't know that that's an option.

Travis:

And honestly, I would say that if you—if you're charismatic enough, you could probably pull off teen baby, and be one of the most popular kids in school.

Griffin:

Travis.

Travis:

People would be like, "Oh, it's big baby. What's up?"

Justin:

I think you're thinking of Teen Wolf.

Griffin:

Yeah, Teen Wolf couldn't pull that—

Travis:

You're right, you guys. Sorry. Oh, could you tell your new school that you're a werewolf?

Griffin:

They would want to see some—some-

Justin:

They're gonna need to see hard proof.

Griffin:

Yeah. They're gonna need to see the long form.

Travis:

Tell them it's too dangerous. Tell them it's too dangerous. Now the commitment is, two days out of every month, you—you can't go to school.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm. You don't want to see me, I get super randy, and I'm real good at basketball, and I surf on top of my friend's van. It's too dangerous. You don't want to see this.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

"I have a coworker who has a language issue. He seems to think the phrase..." [laughs] Okay. Okay. "He seems to—" [laughs]

Griffin:

God, you are 14 years old.

Justin:

Okay, I can do this. I can do this. "He seems to think the phrase, "Blow my load," means the same as the phrase, "Blow my top." He uses it frequently to describe when he feels angry. Needless to say, we all find this hilarious, but I don't want him to hurt his career with the use of this phrase. Should I ruin this beautiful situation by telling him, or keep it secret until it gets old?" That's from amused in New Orleans.

Travis:

Is it possible that your coworker just finds really random shit erotic? I swear to God, if the boss tells me to finish our reports sooner one more time, I'm gonna blow my load.

Griffin:

He just, like, he just kinda wants the printer to act up. You know?

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

He kinda just wants to, you know, forget his lunch at home.

Justin:

If you don't get back in here, and make a pot of coffee after you've finished it, I'm gonna blow my load. All over. All over the place!

Griffin:

I don't have anybody like this in my life. You understand—you understand that this person is a unicorn, and this thing doesn't really happen. It only happens in American Pie movies.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Griffin:

Why the fuck—why the fuck would you ruin it by telling them?

Justin:

Yeah you—you are currently working with a mid '90s SNL Rob Schneider character, and you need to just—

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

You need to just keep—keep that—keep that role rolling, you know? Keep it—keep it going.

Travis:

I'm—I'm also willing to bet that if you even, like, voice a concern about telling him, you'll be swarmed by, like, 30 different people being, like, "No no no! Todd, you can't—"

Griffin:

No, no, no, no.

Travis:

"Todd, you can't tell him. This is all I've got, Todd. My—my family life is shit."

Justin:

Think about—think about this, amused in New Orleans. If some other crankster had come along, and fixed this before you got to it—

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

We would never have heard of it. Think about that for a second.

Griffin:

That's true. And it wouldn't have brought you into my life. Also think about the fact that if you talk to this guy, that's gonna be the—in the Guinness Book of World Records for the shittiest conversation ever.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

'Cause it's gonna go, "Hey, Todd. That thing you've been saying. It means cumming." And then he—he's gonna fall to his knees, and he's gonna—he's gonna lash himself.

Justin:

Here's the thing. If you tell him, if you're the guy that tells him, you are immediately responsible for every single time he has said that, and you have not corrected him.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

Oh, great point, Justin. 'Cause he's gonna sit there and think, "Well, I said it to you when the—when the boss's niece was around, and you didn't say shit? You just let me keep saying it? What's the matter with you?"

Justin:

I've said it to you, like—oh hey, by the way. It means cumming.

Griffin:

And it does mean cumming, sir.

Justin:

If everybody doesn't know...

Travis:

Yeah.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

Why is Garfield so funny...

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

But not...

Travis:

Period.

Justin:

Period. But not in any way that his creator can harness? Why—why is everyone else able to make Garfield funny...

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

But somehow the ability to elude it, escapes Jim Davis? Daily. Seven times a day, this motherfucker can't get the funniest strip correct. He cannot do—he is unable to see what he has made, and—and use it for good.

Travis:

It's one of those things where Garfield minus Garfield is, like, some of the funniest shit around.

Justin:

Right.

Travis:

But if he had just drawn that strip, it—it would have been fucking mindblowingly terrible.

Griffin:

It's—it's—ult—ultimately the comedy that we find in it is a direct result of Jim Davis's impotence.

Justin:

That's right. His inability—right exactly. If he were more competent as an artist, or creator, then we wouldn't be—but see, like, okay. You look at Garfield minus Garfield, or really any sort of deconstructionist Garfield rap that we have done.

Travis:

Right.

Justin:

It—if Jim Davis had the artistic ability to really—to—to kill his little darlings. To—to have the sort of foresight, that—that scalpel, that artistic scalpel, to cut away the inessentials of his comedy, he could be one of the—the great ones. Excuse me, Bill Watterson. He could be—he could be the greatest comic artist of all time, but he is unable. He cannot see beyond his—

Griffin:

But in—in a way—in a way though, isn't that his legacy? This is what—I'm saying it's intentional. I'm saying that Garfield—people wouldn't be talking—Garfield wouldn't be as relevant as it is today, which is to say incredibly relevant.

Justin:

Sure, yeah.

Griffin:

If it was—if it was just, like, if it was the funniest thing ever. If it was Mad TV. You know?

Travis:

Wait. Excuse me? That's a whole different rabbit hole I don't want to go down right now.

Griffin:

I—if it was—if it was the funniest thing ever, a la Mad TV, then people wouldn't be talking about it, because there would be nothing to say, except, "Did you see the latest Garfield?" And people would say, "Yes." And say, "I laughed so hard that I forgot to feed my kids."

[theme music plays]

Justin:

I would hate to be the weird magician that came up with the Frosty stuff, and then tried to explain to people why. I don't know what good exc—like, first off, you have to open, and, like, the first line of your explanation has to be, "Well, not for sex."

Griffin:

[laughs]

Travis:

[laughs] Listen, I want to be clear on one thing.

Griffin:

This should be self-evident. This—this thing's made out of snow and cold. There is—there is no—there is—

Justin:

It's not a weird sex thing.

Travis:

I was lonely.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

And was I open minded? Yes I was.

Griffin:

What he has to really explain—

Justin:

Friendship? Maybe.

Griffin:

What he has to explain away is why make this sentient living thing with the heart and soul of a kind human being, out of the most, like, fleeting substance that there is?

Travis:

I made this hat that you put on a fart, and it turns it into a person. Oh no, what was I thinking?

Griffin:

You orig—my first shot at this was Frosty the sort of homunculus, I made out of wet sand, right on the edge of the beach, right at about, like, 4:30. Right before high tide came in.

Justin:

Have you ever noticed how from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM every single day, you just hear a creature screaming, a sandy, sandy scream in terror? That's my bad. That's my—

Travis:

But I'm gonna get it right. Mark my words.

Griffin:

Just move him up the beach you say. That's not a bad idea. But then the pelicans can get at him.

Justin:

I'll workshop it, but—

Travis:

But isn't it even sadder if you think about, he puts this hat on—

Justin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

He knows, like, nothing. It's his birthday. You know.

Griffin:

By the—by the way, he—a top hat, not even a sun hat, to protect him from the rays.

Travis:

Nope. No brim whatsoever. And—and he's just this happy go lucky young man, and yet for some reason there's two things he knows. He knows how to love, and that he will soon be dead. He's learning everything else on his own, and yet there is one inherent piece of information in his head, oh by the way, if it heats up above say about 32, I'm outta here. Yeah.

Justin:

So you're basically saying he's the epitome of Tim McGraw's Live Like You Were Dying.

Travis:

Yes. He was specifically created to know only one thing, and that he didn't have long to go.

Griffin:

[sings] Live like you were melting.

Justin:

[sings] I told some kids in the neighborhood about how I was gonna die.

Griffin:

[sings] I tried to—tried to go sky diving, but I just kind of fell apart, 'cause I'm made of snow. Can't—if a—if a parachute whipped me back, it would probably rip me in half.

Justin:

[sings] Please don't throw my chest bones at a kid.

Griffin:

Why does he have—[laughing] Frosty doesn't have bones, I don't think.

Travis:

I think Justin just said his bones are made of snow, and then you turn those into snow balls, and then he hits everybody with it.

Justin:

Right, how is he ambulatory if it—inside his snow flesh is not an ice skeleton?

Travis:

I assume it was, like, various sacks of water, and air.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

He's, like, squishing, and refilling, and—

Travis:

Much like an octopus or something along those lines.

Justin:

Hey, did you go see Frosty? Yeah, I tried to stand next to him, and the sound of his body moving...

Travis:

What if he didn't have anything to do with magic, it was just, like, the—the—it was genetics? Someone genetically made a hat that when you put it on, like, that was the only response system.

Justin:

This is gonna sound weird, but could you put your—could you put your mouth on my armpit, and blow? My airsac seems to have deflated. I want to wave goodbye to you kids before it's too late.

Griffin:

Oh watch—watch out for my venomous prongs. I have—I have one of those to keep the dogs away.

Travis:

Oh, the traffic cop hollered stop, so I inked all over him. Goodbye.

Griffin:

I'm nature's greatest monster.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

I want to tell you about our last advertiser, extremerestraints.com.

Travis:

Uh...

Justin:

It is a—it is a diverse retailer...

Griffin:

All right. All right.

Justin:

With a variety of goods that seem to have no discernible theme.

Travis:

Nope.

Griffin:

It's a general store then, you would say.

Justin:

It's something of a general store. Uh, here's an attachment you can put on a drill that it seems to be a soft, rubber tip. Perhaps to protect you from drilling things accidentally.

Griffin:

[laughs] How—how—what happens—d—do—are you jamming a drill, and then you turn it on, and then you say, "Whoops, that's not—I didn't mean to drill this—this chair." How did you—do you get into this predicament in the first place?

Justin:

You trip. You tr—you get excited 'cause you're about to drill something.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

So you start drilling, and then you fall, or trip.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

I'm looking at one thing here, and it looks like—have you ever, like, been carrying a candle around, and thought, like, "This takes up a whole hand, and I need two hands to do some things." It looks like here they have a belt that you can wear that you can hold the candle on the belt, and then you have two free hands.

Justin:

Oh, that's impressive.

Griffin:

I think I understand. Um, you know how sometimes you're, uh, at home. You just got back from the grocery store, and you pull—you get out the kielbasas that you bought at the grocery store, and you think, "Man, I f—these sure looked bigger at the grocery store." And then you get them out, and you find them unsatisfyingly small.

Travis:

Sure.

Griffin:

And you think, "These aren't going to keep me fr—these aren't going to fill me up." Um, they have a special p—I'll call it a peripheral, and it is a pump.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Griffin:

And you put the kielbasa inside it, and a few—and then all of a sudden, your kielbasa—the kielbasa that you bought for eating is bigger.

Justin:

Have—have you ever said something you didn't mean to someone, and you think, "Oh, me and my big mouth. When am I going to learn to keep my—when am I going to learn to keep my big mouth shut?" Well, what if I could—what if—what if you could put a ball in there all the time that you can't take out at all? Maybe a big—maybe you put a whole leather mask in front of your face that looks like a dog, and you never—

Travis:

And it's pretty funny because, you know, it's a great gag gift, because everyone's always walking dogs, but nobody ever puts the leash on a person.

Justin:

And it—you know what else is on Extreme Restraints? You know what else makes a great gag gift? A—a gag.

Travis:

[laughing] You ever wonder what goofs, and goofs, and goofs, are at extremerestraints.com?

Griffin:

Can this be the rest of the episode please? Have you ever—have you ever been at home, and it's real hot, so you're obviously—you're not wearing any pants or underpants. And so you're sitting there, and, um, I don't want to get blue, but let's say your privates are out. But all of a sudden, there's a—a bunch of wild dogs get in the room, and you're afraid that you'll be bitten, uh, on your privates. Well, there's a special cage that you can put around it to keep, uh, wild animals away from the thing that you have down there, whatever it may be. But I think know what it is.

Travis:

Extreme Restraints is looking out for your safety. Hey—

Griffin:

It's a—it's a safety cage, like a shark—what—what shark divers use.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Uh, you know how sometimes when you turn into a werewolf, people chain you up in the basement?

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

Well, what if only your privates turned into a werewolf?

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

Have you thought about that? Underserved, uh, portion of the population?

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Griffin:

What if you're the captain of a pirate ship?

Justin:

Uh-huh.

Travis:

Okay, go on. I'm following so far.

Griffin:

How—you need something to—with which to punish the—the—the shipmates who act up—

Travis:

Sure.

Griffin:

And were really, uh, you can't go to a Target, and buy a cat-o-nine tails, you know what I mean?

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Sure, yeah. Go on.

Griffin:

Then this—this is a whip specifically for nonsexual partnerships.

Travis:

I can't stress this enough. The thing is that you're trying to get to work, right, but you're late.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

And you need to take the carpool lane.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

But you're by yourself, and you got no one to carpool with you. Well, then you reach in the trunk, and you inflate yourself a friend, and you plop them into your passenger seat.

Justin:

A carpool buddy. A carpool buddy. That's at extremerestraints.com. You ever look at a really skinny cucumber, and thought, "I bet I could juice that."

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

Extremerestraints.com has got you covered with the head honcho.

Griffin:

Have you heard—wait—man. Chronic constipation is a problem that a lot of people run into nowadays.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Maybe you want to buy—maybe you don't want to go to the Walgreens and buy a douche. And maybe you want to buy a special douche, one that can get real deep in there.

Justin:

You know, chronic diarrhea's a problem. Wouldn't it be easier to just plug it up? They've got—they've got you covered at Extreme Restraints.

Travis:

Nothing—nothing—nothing coming or going.

Griffin:

They think of everything.

Travis:

Oh my God.

Justin:

You know—you know, Extreme Restraints are great for the kids. What about adults? Like, don't you miss the fun of—of soaring through the air, not a care in the world? Well, Extreme Restraints has you covered with a fun swing to swing on.

Griffin:

Sure.

[theme music plays]

Justin:

Griffin, do you have another question? One last one to send us off on?

Griffin:

Yeah, I could. I could do that for you.

Justin:

A little predictable, but let's do it.

Griffin:

This final Yahoo was—it was sent in by Nolan Hitchcock. Thank you, Nolan. It's by Yahoo Answers user, Jessica, who asks, "Is it bad to give my six year old baby a little french onion dip?"

Justin:

[laughs] I'm Justin McElroy.

Travis:

[laughing] I'm Travis McElroy.

Griffin:

I'm Griffin McElroy.

Justin:

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

[theme music plays]

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