

The Adventure Zone: Dadlands 2: FAMLEE Business

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Brennan: Envision a world...

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Where rocky desert monoliths of ancient stone swelter under the scorching sun! In time—eh—

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: In times long ago, fables and legends once existed of others rumored in myth alone. The fanciful playing of creatures known as children...

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: The warm, loving embrace of the mot-hers...

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: But in this age of ruin, we know only dads!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Without further ado, behold the wrath... of the Dadlands!

[crowd cheers]

[Dadlands theme music plays]

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Hell yeah.

Brennan: Previously on The Dadlands...

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Our wonderful dads have been adventuring the Dadlands for some time. We've done two of these prior, what a wonderful thing that bits become stories and then stories become worlds. And things that were supposed to be dumb and silly you instead love with your whole heart. How about that?

Griffin: Aw.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: If the answer to this is yes, please clap. Who is in this—

[crowd cheers and chuckles]

Brennan: Now, you've given Travis a lot of power.

Griffin: Yeah, he's not fuckin' Jeb Bush. Calm down.

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: Who in this room knows absolutely nothing about Dadlands?

[crowd cheers]

Travis: That... that is...

Justin: That's fucking chilling! [nervous chuckle]

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: A lot of you, huh!

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: From up here, and you're in the darkness, it felt like the entire room, if I'm being honest.

Justin: But that's okay. I'm sure Dad doesn't remember anything about it either.

Clint: No, do not. Not a single word! I had to write my character's name on this band!

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Justin: The Clint McElroy story. [chuckles]

Brennan: To catch everybody up to speed, the Dadlands is a post-apocalyptic, dad-based role-playing game. Created by the McElroys as part of a—

Travis: A MaxFunDrive, yeah.

Brennan: Part of MaxFunDrive! They envisioned a world where there are only dads.

Travis: Yeah.

Brennan: Somehow... and said, "This is going to be fun and funny and not existentially chilling."

[crowd laughs]

Justin: And credit to our friends at Twogether Studios, they really helped to make it into an actual game. So, thank you.

Travis: Thank you.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: And also, it should be noted at this point, Brennan has put statistically as much thought into the game as we have.

Griffin: If not considerably more.

Travis: He basically also created it.

Clint: If not more.

Justin: Yeah, really.

Brennan: Thank you. For those that don't know, to catch you up. This is a token-based system in which each dad has a fanny pack, filled—

[crowd exclaims and cheers]

Brennan: Each fanny pack has tokens, red and blue, representing chaos and order, or law, respectively. The two elemental forces that dads are in this world composed of.

Travis: Yes.

Brennan: And in order to achieve certain results, you need to pull a certain number of tokens declaring what kind of elemental force you want to use. Also, in the last session, we introduced a cornhole mechanic.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: And learned we're all pretty bad at cornhole. And hey, now that I'm thinking about it, I don't think any of us even took one practice throw on it during sound check like we said we were going to.

Justin: I remember the last time I threw a beanbag at a cornhole board, it was the last time we did the show. [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: The cornhole will only be called for in extremely dire circumstances. And it is up to the dads themselves to determine the distance from the cornhole they'll be throwing from. The farther away they stand, the greater the effect on a success. The three levels are labeled; "You'll get 'em next time, champ," is the nearest. The next one is;

Travis: "That's my boy."

Brennan: "That's my boy." And then the greatest one, the one of the highest possible success is; "I love you, son."

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: The rarest.

[crowd exclaims and chuckles]

Clint: And that echoes with my children.

Brennan: Before we introduce the dads themselves, we'll be cutting back sort of to the moment we left off in the last episode.

Griffin: You all remember!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: All you gotta know to catch up is dads live in the Dadlands, post-apocalyptic wasteland of dad tribes devoted to different aspects of dadness. In our first adventure, we went and got the clicker from the Lumber Lands with the craft dads. Defeated them. A barbecue spirit named Chokey overtook them in an inferno, and the dads were victorious.

Travis: We burned—

Griffin: We burned their shit down.

Travis: Yeah, we burned that entire town.

Brennan: In the last one, the science dad talked to you about continuity obliterating recurrent neutrinos, CORNs. And the CORN holes that they create in space and time. And you had to go into hard ass country.

Griffin: Real quick, just show of hands, who thinks that Brennan is making a bunch of shit up on the spot right now?

Justin: [laughs]

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: That's good. I like that.

Brennan: I'm not making it up right now. I made it up on the drive here, okay?

Clint: [laughs]

Brennan: We also, at the end of the last episode, dealing with these hypothetical particles, these neutrinos, were contacted by none other than Captain Mary Amalthea of the Ursa Major. Mothership of the Meritorious Alliance of Maternal Astro Space. From here to maternity.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Without further ado, in the moment where you are surrounded by light, deep in this gulch of sandstone where the hard ass scientists have concocted this terrible cornhole device, let's go down and everyone introduce your dad! Let's start over here with Justin!

[crowd cheers]

[Justin] Chip: Hi, everybody. My name is Chip Hugginsby and I'm a bit of a Disney nut.

[crowd cheers]

Chip: I believe, even though it has fallen out of fashion, that Disney was real.

[Clint] Red: I'm Coach Red Ruffinsore!

[crowd cheers]

Red: I'm a sports dad! And I am the only one that keeps aflame the torch of athletic endeavors, the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat.

[Travis] Guy: And I'm Guy Ferrari!

[crowd cheers]

Guy: I'm a car dad who at the end of the last episode touchd the chaos! I stared into the void and the void stared back, and now I live my life one quarter mile at a time.

[crowd cheers]

[Griffin] Briquette: I'm Briquette Hoggins, the former proprietor of Waco Wasteland's premier rib joint, Hoggins' Sloppy Doggone Hog Spot.

[crowd cheers]

Briquette: Oh, wait, y'all haven't heard this show before. It's Hoggins' Sloppy Doggone Hog Spot. And until it was stolen from me in a shady bet, by none other than Walton Goggins.

Justin: [chuckles]

Brennan: And so, my ennui still just kind of was not addressed in the last episode and it's just still kind of rockin'.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: That's what keeps them coming back, those dangling plot threads!

Briquette: That's it. I know my boy Walton Goggins is showing up in this one!

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Come on out, Walton!

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Don't talk about your shit, though.

Brennan: Oh!

Justin: [laughs]

Brennan: Walton Goggins, yeah, yeah, I got it now.

[crowd laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Brennan: We're good, we got it.

Griffin: [chuckles] My mustache just went in my mouth.

Brennan: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Oh yeah, the one other essential Dadlands plot point is that Griffin spirit gums a mustache on every time, and then we get to thrill as it falls off. And the more he laughs, the faster it falls off. [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Griffin simply cannot emote. [chuckles]

Clint: So the better the show, the faster the stash.

Briquette: Part of the reason I'm suffering from such a terrible ennui is that it makes me not have to make expressions with my face very much.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: I do enjoy that we don't even have a very visually compelling show to begin with and you three have gone full Unabomber here. Just absolutely...

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Fucking police sketching it up! Removing the slight bits of individuality you have and now you're just three, brimmed perverts!

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Clint: Wait a minute...

Griffin: But not you?

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: I don't have a sunglasses...

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Travis: These are tinted, not sunglasses.

Griffin: Yeah, and these are prescription, Justin.

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: Do you want him to not be able to see?

Justin: Weave, Weaver!

Clint: Wait a minute, let me—

Justin: Oh my god, we're about to—

Clint: I'll take mine off.

Justin: Thank you.

Clint: I'll take mine off.

Griffin: Oh, that's good. Good reveal.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Oh, geez. Look at all these people.

Brennan: The bits are simply unrivaled.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Light [mouths Star Wars like laser sounds] surrounding you. The red sandstone of the deserts of the Dadlands fades from view. You feel law and chaos coursing through your body. A desire to impose order on a chaotic life, world, existence. And another impulse, perhaps equally as strong, sometimes more sometimes less, saying 'let's do some dumb stuff!'

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: The essence of dadness. The stone fades and suddenly [spoofs static sounds] "We're channel four—[spoofs static]—come in—[spoofs static]—we have the signal! Coming in now! Three, two, one!" [spoofs static] Beautiful, chrome, polished stainless steel. A wide viewing mirror. [spoofs static] The mirror flickers, showing a panel of glass. Beyond which uniformed officers of the Ursa Major behold you in the teleportation chamber. You have been beamed aboard the ship. A science officer leans forward and says:

Science Officer: Commence Febrezing.

Brennan: [spoofs misting sound]

[crowd chuckles]

Briquette: I fuckin' knew this day would come.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Briquette, your thick, smoky musk, the natural mesquite of your aroma is covered with something that lives in a canister labeled Teddy Bear Picnic Glade.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: In this moment you feel—[spoofs mist sound] cool mist surrounding you as you are Febrezed.

Guy: It's like a sprayable air freshener!

Brennan: An airlock opens up—

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: That's fuckin' crazy. You just watched for human minds completely freeze.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: How would that even work?

Brennan: You see that an airlock swivels, and in a full sort of hazmat suit, one of these... beings, not a dad but something else!

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: Like a tall dad?

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Sometimes, but no! A dad with a feeling of some kind of—there's an energy that's similar here, but everything here is clean and high-tech and—

Briquette: Oh, I got it!

Brennan: [chuckles]

Briquette: Guys... it's aliens.

[crowd chuckles]

Chip: All right, I've been ready for this day actually for a long time. Here we go.

Red: Let me try—

Briquette: Wait, are you gonna do something? Or...

Chip: No, I'm just, I'm opening myself up the experience!

[crowd chuckles]

Chip: 'Here we go' is more of a meditational, you know what I mean? I just want to be present in the moment.

Red: Here, I've got an idea. [sings] Meep-maap-moop-maap-moop.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Somewhere, all the city's octogenarians are like, "My people need me." [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Beyond the bay, you see a science officer looking at a screen and a little thing blips, dated 'movie reference.'

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Brennan: And you see, you see this—

Griffin: Brennan... this is a terrible weapon you've created.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You see the maternal scientist goes:

Maternal Scientist: Dated movie reference, it's dads! We got 'em! It's real dads!

Brennan: The woman walking into the chamber with you in the hazmat suit looks over and says:

Woman: [in Transylvanian accent] Air freshener, perhaps. But in truth, the Febreze, it only suppress the stains. It does not—

Guy: Are you a vampire?!

Briquette: Great question. Alien vampires, didn't see that one coming.

Woman: First of all, I am a *human* mother. I am science officer Magda Karkova. Second of all, if anyone here an exo form, it is you.

Guy: Me?!

Magda: All of you!

Brennan: You're saying we've been the aliens the whole time?

[crowd chuckles]

Guy: Man, it's all about perspective, isn't it?!

Chip: Oh, he really fried my bean there! Thank you. Whoow! We're the aliens.

Griffin: Everybody's an alien to somebody! Whoo!

Magda: Well, that actually is sort of true, you know? It's a relative—

Guy: Yeah!

Magda: Yeah.

Brennan: But now, you abducted us, so I do believe in this instance, you all are the aliens.

Magda: Very well.

Brennan: She takes a little sort of scanner out—

Red: Oh, god! It's a probe!

Justin: Oh my god, dad, don't...

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: I pull out a laser thermometer, just in response.

Travis: A pull out a tire pressure gauge!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: I've got a battery charging cable.

[crowd chuckles]

Magda: This is not probe, it's scanner. What tools you bring out, are these weapons? You threaten me with primitive weapon?

Guy: I mean, if you're fighting a battle against low tire pressure, absolutely!

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: It's a thermometer. And also, you have a low-grade fever. So you might want to get that checked out.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: She puts the back of her hand to the hazmat suit and goes:

Magda: Later. I do this later.

Red: This is just a little thing here where you put a ball... you put your balls in this.

Travis: And for those of you at home, it's not what you think.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Or is it?

Brennan: She passes over here with the scanner. [spoofs canner sounds]
Prrr-prrr.

Magda: All right...

Guy: Is that a stud finder? Ha-ha!

Clint: [chuckles]

Chip: Nice.

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Justin: So we cut to a black title card that says '20 minutes later,' and the laughter begins to die down at that point.

Brennan: You see, we cut to all of you at a massive, sleek, white ovular sort of conference table where you see, also in hazmat suits, the other members of the bridge crew. The sort of leaders of the starship have come and sat opposite you. And are kind of waiting for this pun fever to die down... sort of fingers on the table...

Travis: I sit in the captain's chair, but it's way too far forward at the console. I have to scoot it back.

Griffin: Travis!

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: As they walk in, you see Captain Mary Amalthea looks at you and says:

Mary: Mr. Ferrari... that's my chair.

Guy: Oh, yeah! Thank you!

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: My god... all right.

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: Dads...

Chip: Yeah? Mm-hm?

Mary: Your presence on this mothership—

Chip: It's our prison.

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: No... No, we're very honored and pleased to meet you. This is one of the most important scientific findings of our civilization.

Red: It's a zoo. It's a zoo. They're putting us in a zoo, yeah. It's a zoo.

Chip: I told you it's a zoo. I was thinking zoo. All right. I'm open to it.

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: The Ursa Major has been searching for years, for a cluster of these continuity obliterating recurrent neutrinos, powerful enough to have us contact and prove correct a theory that some of our most brilliant scientists, generations ago...

Brennan: And here you see all of the moms stop as the word 'generations' doesn't make sense in their head, because they're also from a world of all moms.

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: So, what is generations? What is that?

Griffin: What does that even mean, yeah, sure.

Guy: Let me stop you. I think I can explain to you what's going on here.

[crowd exclaims and chuckles]

Brennan: You are briefly turned into a hologram and slapped into the wall.
[chuckles]

Mary: We are looking for a theoretical particle that could help us reunite what we have come to term, fractured astra material liminal elemental energy.

Briquette: I wish I could spell that fast...

[crowd chuckles]

Briquette: Falmee?

Chip: Famlee!

[crowd cheers]

Guy: No...

Clint: [chuckles]

Chip: No? Okay, you're right, do it again.

Clint: [laughs]

Guy: Families!

Mary: We believe that the cataclysmic event which fractured our universe originated in the Dadlands. Which explains why your civilization is...

Guy: So cool?

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: You know, lots of spiky cars and it seems—

Briquette: They're kick ass, yeah?

Guy: Yeah, it's really awesome!

Mary: There's sort of... yeah, there's sort of a dystopian—

Guy: Yeah! Yeah, man!

Red: Have you seen the world's biggest pile of beer cans? That's us, too—

Guy: It's pretty great! You don't need to fill that space up, you just need a bed, maybe a chair. And we've got the TV! That's all you really need in there.

Chip: Stereo, yeah.

Briquette: We've made all the animals go away, too.

[crowd chuckles]

Red: You abducted the wrong people, my friend!

Brennan: Mary, you just gotta push through, you just gotta push through. Don't address the bit. If you don't address it, you just push through.

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: There is a theoretical particle that could potentially reunite this fractured space and time.

Brennan: Here you see—[spoofs hologram projection sound] a hologram projection hovers in the middle of the table.

Guy: That LED?

Mary: Hm, the holograms?

Guy: Yeah, is it LED?

Mary: No, and I don't understand how it could be.

Guy: Mm-hm.

[crowd chuckles]

Guy: Okay!

Mary: Did you want me to know that you knew what an LED was?

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Do you know what an LED is, Travis?

Briquette: It doesn't seem like it.

Guy: Yeah, it's led!

Red: It's led!

Guy: It's the stuff that's—I thought we're all spelling things out, sorry. I was—

Mary: Listen, any possible acronyms are, I'm sure, incidental. Fractured astra material liminal elemental energy is what, you know—

Briquette: You did it fuckin' fast again. You gotta slow down when you say it. Is it fat famil... flame? Is it flame?

Mary: F-A-M-L-E-E.

Briquette: Okay, it is famlee. Okay, I gotcha.

Brennan: You see that the hologram—[spoofs hologram sound]—moves through space. She says:

Mary: Our instruments have been able to pick up locations beyond the Alliance's space in other dimensions. Neither our home worlds nor the Dadlands. We believe that the particle needed to reunite this liminal elemental energy may exist in some of these other spaces.

Guy: Mm-hm, yeah.

Mary: As exo-forms.

Red: I beg your pardon?

Mary: You... I'm gonna—the science talk seems to be upsetting/arousing you...

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: It's like agitating. It's sort of agitating you guys?

Briquette: Sorry, there's this... there's this dude who we had in the last couple of episodes in this, who was just a real wild character. And he did science stuff, but he also accidentally like burned a bunch of birds and lizards.

[crowd chuckles]

Guy: You'd like him!

Briquette: You'd love him, he's great. He is a hoot.

Guy: He is great, man.

Red: Maybe you should have abducted him. Or did we kill him?

Guy: Is it too late to abduct him too?

[crowd chuckles]

Briquette: No, we didn't kill him.

Mary: Would you want us to abduct another dad from your home world?

Briquette: I mean, I do not know that you got the most representative cross section assembled here.

Justin: I will say though, in all fairness, if we abduct him, it's just gonna be Brennan talking to himself. [chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: She says:

Mary: Look, I would be happy to, if there's a dad from your home world that is a capable scientist, that's always useful. But science... is not what we need help with. You know, we do all right.

Chip: Yeah, you're right.

Mary: What is the issue is that—

Guy: Do you need me to drive?

Griffin: Travis! I mean...

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: The man drove here from Los Angeles!

Brennan: I'm gonna need you to pull... I'm gonna need you to pull four chaos tokens.

Justin: Ha! Four! [chuckles]

[crowd cheers]

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: This is such a big swing at the very first... Let's see. All right, one—

Travis: Oh, I got three!

Griffin: He got three chaos, one law.

Brennan: Okay, so that's a failure.

Travis: Aw.

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: Does that mean he gets rid of his—the law that he pulled?

Brennan: I think it's you can get rid of whichever one you want. You can choose the one to get rid of.

Griffin: Oh, okay, I got you.

Brennan: You see that science officer, Magda, says:

Magda: I think you will find that the driving is all handled. By the way, I come from a world of all mothers, but if you ask any insurance company in a hypothetical world with both who they prefer behind the wheel of a car, you're going to find that really fast, okay?

Guy: Okay!

[crowd chuckles cheers]

Briquette: What is... I guess just sort of a quick follow up, what is in... in-sure-an... in-sore-ants?

Brennan: Every mother on the starship goes like—face palms at the same time. She says:

Mary: Your composition from the irradiated, hellish world you call home, means that you have the biological capacity to survive these extra dimensional spaces. With our technology and research, and your freakish constitutions...

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: We believe we may be able to make contact with some of these locations.

Brennan: [spoofs space sound] A black hole at the center of the galaxy. [spoofs black hole sound] Beyond which neither light, or perhaps even time itself can escape. Orbiting it, just beyond the event horizon, a partially destroyed space station. [spoofs space sound] Debris floating in orbit.

Mary: The space station is known as Antioch. And that black hole is the Avuncularity.

Guy: Okay!

Justin: [chortles]

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] Oh, shit.

Brennan: Did that actually get you? That got you? [chuckles]

Justin: That was really good.

Griffin: That's pretty good.

Justin: It was really good, yeah.

Clint: From the man who told us not to do puns, good. That was good!
Yeah.

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: Just beyond this star, the last star before the Avuncularity known As Prime Zero, we believe that a location may exist past the Avuncularity. Known as... well, we call it ever Ever-Ever Land.

Guy: Okay.

Briquette: That's a wild—sorry, no, that's a wild name. You've been so science-based with all your other shit. And then here in the ninth inning, you come out with a really wild swing.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You see that another one of the officers speaks up and says:

Officer: It's purely theoretical. It's not discovered yet, there's no evidence of it. It's just something that a lot of us back home think must be real, past the singularity here.

Clint: Aw...

Briquette: Well, now I'm the asshole.

[crowd chuckles]

Mary: If you would be willing to accept this mission, we—

Guy: Okay!

Chip: Now, hold on...

[crowd chuckles]

Red: Wait, now wait a minute... let's find out the stakes.

Brennan: Oh, sorry. We have--

Griffin: [spoofs microwave sound] I open up my chest cavity microwave warmer station and I pull out a couple of steaks.

Briquette: Did you...

Red: No.

Briquette: Well, now they're fucking compromised because they've been out of my cooler for more than five seconds. What am I gonna—now I just have two steaks!

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: [chuckles]

Mary: We have retrofitted one of our escape nooks for you to be able to pilot it... in the direction.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Clint, are you okay? [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, he'll be alright.

Justin: Come on.

Griffin: You can't actually, it's—Brennan, you gotta be careful. You can't do jokes while he's breathing.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You see that they open a door right in the room—[spoofs hydraulic door sound]—to sort of what would look normally like an escape pod. But you see it's a sort of arched bay window with a built-in seat. Floral pattern seat. Lovely, little throw cushions, a small table. Every mother of the bridge crew goes, "Ah! Ah, I love a nook!"

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Clint: Hear-hear!

Briquette: This kind of this kind of reminds me of a cranny. Sorry, that's stuff that we—[chuckles]

Chip: All right. I just have one question. I've always wanted to ask this to somebody but it never felt appropriate. Have you seen my damn keys?

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You see that the pilot speaks up and says:

Pilot: Why would any of us have seen your damn—what the fuck?

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Chip: It's always the last place you look, isn't it?

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Because you stop looking at you find it!

Brennan: You see, Chip, the pilot tosses the keys to you.

Justin: [chuckles] They thud against my chest and then I bend over and pick 'em up.

Brennan: Incredible, so...

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: Indeed.

Brennan: You see the escape nook before you. Captain Amalthea looks and says:

Amalthea: The nook we'll be able to bring you through this dangerous astro space. We'll be in constant communication. And we'll be able to provide any reconnaissance intelligence resources that we can remotely. But once feet are on the ground, we're going to rely on you to help us try and find out if this theory is true and there is a particle somewhere within this dangerous astro space that could help us reunite the FAMLEE.

Clint: Facsimile.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Unite the facsimile.

Guy: Okay, before we go, I just have one question.

Briquette: Oh, god.

Red: Oh boy...

[crowd chuckles]

Guy: Are we going to have dinner here tonight? Or do you want me to pick something up while we're out?

Brennan: The pilot says:

Pilot: Why would we—you pick something up! Why did I say that? It was reflexive?!

[crowd chuckles]

Pilot: Yes! Yes, get something on your way.

Guy: Okay.

Pilot: We'll text you, just text us when you're headed back.

Guy: Okay, great.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Piling into the escape nook, the doors—[spoofs hydraulic door sound]—close behind you. Chip, you've got the keys in your hand.

Chip: Let's—what?

Travis: [chuckles]

Chip: Can I say something, hot rod? You've been firing quite a bit tonight, you've been on a real hot streak. I'm not sure I wanna toss the keys your way.

Guy: But I drive!

Chip: I make really good time, though. I can do—

Guy: That is true.

Chip: West Virginia to Orlando real quick. All right, you know what?

[crowd chuckles]

Chip: Yeah, go for it.

Justin: I'll toss the keys over to a Guy Ferrari. He's a car dad. This is his way.

Clint: That sounds like a tough task to me, Brennan. That really sounds like a challenge.

Griffin: This is... this is not a car?

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: We're all seeing a lot of shit right now, but if—

Clint: No, I'm talking about the tossing part!

Griffin: No, I know that, but if a Formula One racer went to NASA, they wouldn't be like, "All right, get on up there, man."

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: "Show so you can do, drive guy."

Travis: Actually, I've heard it's easier to train a Formula One racer to become an astronaut.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: I'll say, Chip, you toss the keys over. But I think, yeah, you know what? I think this is going to be... potentially very challenging. You're in this new space.

Justin: I mean, this is a chaos action, right? The law action would be handing them to him like a normal human being.

Brennan: This is chaos. But not only is this chaos, I think there's a potential for this to have grave impact on the adventure.

Justin: No, come on.

Brennan: I'm gonna need to see a cornhole toss.

Clint: I'm with him, yeah!

Brennan: I'm gonna need to see a cornhole toss.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: All right, how many bags there, captain?

Brennan: I'm gonna say it's gonna be one bag, because it's one set of keys.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: All right.

Griffin: Don't shoot the moon here, man. Don't guild the lily.

Justin: Can I do it from you'll get 'em next time, champ? Is that the difficulty?

Brennan: That's correct. That sounds good to me. Unless you want to see if there's a better result you could potentially—

Griffin: For throwing the key—you throw 'em cool!

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Yeah, I could think of 1000 bad versions and just the one normal.

Clint: Oh, Justin's moving back.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Here we go, baby! Here we go, baby!

Clint: It looks like he's gonna—

Justin: Okay, I've moved back to that's my boy.

Griffin: Here we go. Shh! Wait, he's gotta—

Justin: What?

Griffin: Shh, he's gotta focus.

Justin: [chuckles] This sucks.

Griffin: I know, man.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Sucks! This sucks.

Griffin: Sucks, man, yeah.

Justin: All right.

Clint: I believe in him.

Griffin: Here we go.

Crowd Member: You've got this!

Griffin: Shh!

Justin: Shh.

[thud]

Griffin: Way off!

Clint: Wow.

[crowd exclaims]

Griffin: Way, way, way, way too far.

Clint: Yeah, that was a little north of the board.

Justin: If you're listening later, that was—I threw it over the board.

Travis: He was just too strong!

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: Chip, as you go to throw the keys...

Justin: Fuck.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: The fob becomes entangled on one of many VIP Fastpass entrance badges on—

Justin: Magic bands.

Brennan: Magic bands. Flying forward, it careens past Guy Ferrari, lands in the console at the end of the escape nook. And the nook... [spoofs rocket sound] rockets off into space, spinning wildly, gyroscopic! I need everybody here to give me a pull, two order tokens!

Griffin: I only have two order tokens! [chuckles]

Brennan: Or sorry, give me one! One order token—

Griffin: No, I can do two.

Brennan: Give me two.

Travis: Nope.

Justin: We're looking for blue tokens, correct?

Griffin: I got one! Hey, I got one of my two.

Brennan: You got one of your two, okay! Partial, partial. Okay, chaos, we got order right here, we got law. And then go—okay, law here, awesome. So, for Brennan and coach, as this vehicle goes careening, you see Guy and Chip go spinning ass over teakettle throughout the nook. Cozies, doilies, so many slip covers flying in all directions! What do you do to gain control of the escape nook?

Griffin: Geez...

Brennan: You gotta you gotta throw me.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Brennan: Did you just say 'you have to throw me?'

Griffin: Yeah. I don't know, I was thinking like a Wolverine, Colossus sort of situation—

Clint: Oh, yeah! Oh yeah, fastball special.

Griffin: Are we zero gravity right now?

Brennan: You are not zero gravity right now. So, you are like clothes in a washing machine, going around and around and around. But you do see, far in the distance of the nook, there is a button saying 'grav drive.' So if you hit the—if you've got to fastball special there—

Clint: Oh! Wait a minute!

Griffin: Oh, wait!

Clint: Wait just one minute! I'm gonna throw my little buddy in the direction of that thing with which you had mentioned.

Griffin: The button.

Clint: The button.

Brennan: Coach Red Ruffinsore, you get deep in your quads and glutes... A real athlete never skips leg day!

Clint: No!

Brennan: It's all about that core strength! And you hurl your grill dad compatriot through the air, across the nook. Briquette, as you see that grav drive button coming up, what do you do?

Griffin: I'm gonna hit it with my hand?

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Bam, you hit the grav drive! And suddenly—[spoofs anti-gravity sound] you are floating in air. A console at the end of the nook beeps. Beep-beep-beep-beep-beep. As you approach the dangerous liminal astro space. In this moment, anyone who wants to can attempt to make an order pull, to orient the nook in the direction of where you want to go. But that begs the question, where are you trying to go? You know that there's a singularity. You know there's a space station orbiting it, which is the last place life was seen. But you also know that beyond that singularity is where it is said that there will be... a potential for even more.

Briquette: From what little I do know about singularities, is that it's sort of a one-way situation, famously. So maybe we could go to the thing before we are... consumed by the darkness forever?

Chip: Yeah, it seems reasonable.

Red: Yeah.

Briquette: Just if we're routing it out, I know this ain't our specialty. But it seems like we I save the thing that consumes us forever for last.

Guy: Yeah, but it's on the way...

Red: Yeah...

[crowd chuckles]

Chip: I don't want to make two trips, that's a good point.

Red: Yeah.

Guy: Because we'd have to come back.

Briquette: Yeah, yeah... And there would be traffic.

Guy: Yeah!

[crowd chuckles]

Red: And we're not exactly sure the directions. We think we know.

Chip: Yeah... hm... yeah, let's go for it.

Briquette: The space station?

Guy: Which one? Yeah.

Chip: Hm? Yeah, the space station.

Briquette: Cool.

Brennan: All right, someone give me a pull for a law token, to orient the nook towards Antioch.

Griffin: I could not be worse for this. Please, no, I won't... Please be blue. Nope, fuck.

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: It's not me!

Brennan: Guy, as you try to approach Antioch, you gotta make a call here. Pulling chaos tokens, I will give you the choice between veering wildly off course or coming in too hot.

Travis: Oh, I'm coming in too hot!

Brennan: [laughs]

[crowd cheers]

Clint: What a brilliant choice!

Brennan: You hear—[spoofs static sounds]

Mary: This is Captain Mary Amalthea! We're clocking at high altitude on approach to—

Brennan: [spoofs rocket sound] Tiles, ping, ping, ping! Peeling off. A beautiful ceramic tile of a little illustrated rooster flies! Flies off the nook! Captain Amalthea goes:

Mary: No!

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: [spoofs rocket sound] Antioch approaches. Rings and rings of a partially destroyed space station... what could have destroyed it? Boom! Boom-boom-boom! Crash! The lights in the nook go out as you pierce the hull of the space station. The nook... destroyed.

Griffin: Ah...

Brennan: Critical system failure on the breakfast nook. As the doors—

Guy: I can fix that.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: As the doors open, you see dim flickering of backup emergency lights that have been draining limited battery power for years, or maybe decades. At the end of a long hallway, you see a pair of [irising??] steel doors, like an airlock. With an emblem of a wine glass on it.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: What do you do?

Griffin: I walk over to the giant hole we've made in the space station and I say:

Brennan: That ought to buff right out.

[crowd chuckles]

Briquette: I got a cousin who could probably fix that up cheap, so...

Guy: It's mostly paint!

Briquette: It's mostly paint, yeah.

Red: Don't turn it in for your insurance, because that'll just drive your rate right through the ceiling.

Briquette: Again, this word...

Brennan: [chuckles] Emerging from this place, you look at the door. Look at the sort of, you know, wreckage behind you. And you can hear that there are like emergency places that have like sealed off as the vacuum of space—sort of opened by the approach and crash of the ship. As the iris-ing door opens up, you see a hologram flickers into life. As a computer-generated image appears goes:

Hologram: Starlog... whatever ding-dang day it is...

[crowd chuckles]

Hologram: These are the recordings of Venola Veritas, the leader of the Wine Aunts.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Do that cute little thing you do!

Travis: [chuckles] Guy Ferrari start dancing.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You see that the AI—[spoofs flickering sound]—flickers for a second. And regards all of you. And goes:

Venola: Well, if this isn't a sight for sore eyes! Who am I beholden?

Chip: What are you?!

Guy: I think it's LED!

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: The only LED around here is someone leading me to a box of Franzia.

[crowd laughs]

Chip: I can say that 100% certainty when you find out about Disney, you're gonna shit your ass.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Chip: I have good news for you! [chuckles]

Briquette: Sorry, this is the second alien abduction we have been party to today...

Justin: [chuckles]

Briquette: Do you want us to just tell you what we told the other ones?
Or...

Venola: Well, listen here, sailor. I...

Brennan: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: Say it, don't spray it, first of all.

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: Gottem!

Clint: Don't make him laugh!

Briquette: That's really goddamn funny.

[crowd chuckles]

Chip: What was it again?

Venola: What's that?

Chip: What was it again? One more time.

Venola: Me, my name?

Chip: No, no, no, say it, don't what?

Venola: Say it, don't spray it.

Clint: Hah!

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: It rhymes!

Briquette: You are so much fun.

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: I hope so! I'm the leader of the wine moms. Or at least I ding-dang was... I am a freakin' hologram now. I'm an artificial intelligence, I'm just composed from the memories of who I was when I was alive. Who even knows if my body's in cryo sleep or... hopefully I'm somewhere enjoying a nice Pinot!

[crowd cheers]

Briquette: You don't know if you are alive in cryo sleep or dead?

Guy: Or drunk.

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: Hey, dead or drunk, I'd rather be dead-drunk!

[crowd cheers]

Guy: That's good!

Briquette: Sorry, I thought our existence was a sort of existentialist nightmare of unparalleled scope, but that's some next level shit right there. You're Schrödinger's catted yourself!

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: Hey, listen, there are two things I know. Number one, you gotta know how to pair your whites and your reds. And number two, something horrible happened here.

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: I do enjoy Brennan's impression of what he thinks wine people say.

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Don't let them know I've never had a drink in my life!

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Travis: Something about tannins!

Briquette: I mean, do you want us to go check in the fridge for you to see if you're in there?

Guy: Would that help or hurt?

Briquette: Just rip the Band-Aid, off or the moustache.

Griffin: [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: Hey, the only ripping off happening around here is the guy at my local store up charging for Merlot!

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

Venola: I think something terrible occurred...

Guy: Do you want to just—okay... Do you want to tell us about the terrible thing that happened? Or...

Venola: Well, we were all... there was a plan, until we could figure out this ding-dang Avuncularity.

Guy: Yeah?

Venola: To put ourselves into cryo sleep. But there was a problem with the fuel center of the space station. And we had to choose whether to maintain the freon energy in the cryo sleep chamber, or in the chilling station for a really lovely set of whites.

[crowd cheers]

Venola: And we chose the ding-dang whites, and...

Briquette: Now, hold on. You know that if you're dead you can't drink wine, right?

Venola: Never tell me what I'm capable of.

[crowd laughs]

Venola: So, I don't know what kind of ding-dang aunts you are. But you better get to stepping, buster. Because it seems like you have bodies and—

Guy: Thank you for noticing!

Venola: Hey, this many glasses in, you're lucky that I'm a hologram or I'd be pinching those cheeks!

[crowd cheers]

Venola: And the other ones.

Guy: What a strange feeling I'm having!

[crowd cheers]

Chip: So, are you saying you're melting somewhere? I'm trying to... Do you want us to check on your corpses?

Venola: Look... we might be melting somewhere. We were not the only aunts that were on the space station.

Briquette: Like bugs? I'm having a hard time because you are not—you have no thorax or antennae.

Guy: That we can see!

Briquette: That we can see. And so, if you are some sort of flesh-walking ant creature, that's fine. I just want to check.

Brennan: You see she takes a big sigh and thinks for a second and goes:

Venola: The only... the only antennae I care about is when an aunt and I get a nice glass of greasy Grigio!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Unstoppable!

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Brennan: She says:

Venola: There were many other aunts here, and I just hope, given all of our experiments, that if something went wrong that nothing got out.

Brennan: Deep in the space station you hear—[spoofs screeching, monster-like sound] And she goes:

Venola: Ha... Beth?

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: And I think that's where we can stop the first act!

Clint: Whoa!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: We'll be back in a bit!

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Justin: In the interim, while we have a brief moment before we rejoin the adventure, we'd like to do our TAZ housekeeping at the top of act two. So as not to dull the thrill of seeing the narrative consummate before your very eyes.

Griffin: Gross!

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: Our stories fuck! [chuckles]

Justin: Sorry, climax. Climax. You see the narrative climax.

Travis: Thank you.

Griffin: Thank you to—gross, again. Thank you to Matt H. Taylor who did our poster for this show.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: You can see a tiny, tiny little Brennan.

Justin: Brennan, did you see how little you are?

Griffin: Little Brennan about to get squished.

Brennan: Oh my god, that's me!

Travis: Let's hear it again for Brennan!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: And thank you to Paul and Amanda and Rachel and Shannon and Carol for—

Travis: And Christina.

Griffin: And Christina, for everything.

[crowd cheers]

Travis: And let's hear it for our dad!

[crowd cheers]

Travis: We don't know how many more of these we got with him, so...

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Ahem...

Travis: Weave.

Brennan: Weave! I love it. Nobody else that I play with commands me to do my job.

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: [laughs]

Griffin: We actually get that feedback a lot when we work with other creative types. It's weird.

Brennan: Coming into like a playful, creative space and hearing, "Do your work, story master!"

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: [chuckles]

Brennan: Dancer, oh weaver of details! Well, who am I to argue? We return.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: We return to Antioch. A frigid space station orbiting the Avuncularity. A black hole at the center of liminal astro space. This frigid space station that our fearless dads have only just discovered aboard Antioch, our four fearless dads hear—[spoofs screeching, monster-like sound]—screeching of a beast deep within the space station. As Venola, the leader of the wine aunts, rendered here as an AI hologram goes:

Venola: Beth? Oh, you're... Beth. [chuckles] Let me tell you, she's a piece of work.

[crowd chuckles]

Briquette: What is a Beth?

Venola: Beth was the lead bio engineer here on Antioch. And let me tell you right now, Beth, she... hit the sauce a little too hard. She was a master of the forbidden wines.

Brennan: And here, Briquette, you feel forbidden meats, deep within your own grill dad satchel.

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: Oh, yeah. She did a Pinot Noir Prosecco Frosé blend...

[crowd cheers]

Venola: Trying to create a kind of, you know, bio exo-form hybrid body that would be able to survive, you know, the Avuncularity. And you know, she was stressed, she was tired. And she went mad with power. And that...

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: That's the fatal combo.

Chip: So, if I could ask, where do you all keep your flame throwers and whatnot?

Venola: We don't have any flame throwers to speak of. But we do have one of those little torches that you used to put a little crisp on like an orange zest.

Guy: Oh, like a brulée torch.

Venola: Yeah, yeah. So, we have those. They're itty-bitty, but if you put a bunch together, I don't know—

Chip: Do you...

Briquette: Do you have hairspray?

Venola: Sweetheart, do I have hairspray?

[crowd laughs and cheers]

Griffin: [laughs]

Chip: I'd hope, yeah. I've only heard it in legend, but...

Griffin: Is it getting closer? Is this sound, the screeching sound, did it sound free?

Brennan: [spoofs screeching, monster-like sound] You begin to hear—
[spoofing approaching thuds]—something approaching.

Griffin: Okay, I immediately start rooting through my chest refrigerator. I'm looking for prosciutto, I'm looking for small pickles, I'm looking for apricots.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: And this is the snicklefritz of the meat cavity inside me. This stuff is low, deep in there.

Brennan: Do you feel this would be a chaos or a law check here?

Griffin: I think the many things that I keep inside of my body is a pretty chaotic action.

Brennan: Yeah, let's do it. Just give me one chaos token.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: We're looking for a red. We're looking for a red... and he pulls a chaos!

Brennan: A red!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: You reach deep, pulling out prosciutto, apricot. Now that's a forbidden meat, because that's a fruit.

Griffin: Oh, yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: You're pulling all these forbidden meats out, you find yourself armed with some of the strangest meats available to grill dads. Chip, as you search for hairspray here, give me either law or chaos, whatever you think would make sense to find hairspray.

Justin: Probably chaos, because I don't know where it would be. I'm just sort of randomly looking.

Brennan: Hell yeah, go ahead and give me—let's get one chaos token.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Yes!

Clint: It's a chaos token!

[crowd cheers]

Clint: It's a chaos token!

Brennan: You pull out a scuba tank with a picture of a woman with the craziest eyeliner you've ever seen, and like Flock of Seagulls, Kate Gosselin hair on it. Going like eight different directions and it just says 'Gosselin Goo' on the side.

Justin: [laughs]

Brennan: And you see that there's a nozzle, like a fire extinguisher, on the end of this hairspray.

Justin: Perfect. I want to try to attach a lighter to the front of it, to try to make a rudimentary flame thrower.

Brennan: Hell yes. I'm gonna say flame thrower here, I'm gonna have this—you found the hairspray. So, if you have a lighter, what kind of lighter does Chip have? Do you think you have a lighter on you?

Justin: She said that they had lighters.

Griffin: Oh, I'm sorry. I have 19 lighters.

Brennan: [laughs]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: Thank you.

Briquette: You need a lighter, man?

Chip: Yeah, that would be great, thank you.

Griffin: I fuckin' pull 'em out of some holsters and do like spin tricks.

Chip: I'll get one with the like—the trigger mechanism on it—

Briquette: Oh, do you want safety or not?

Clint: Oh, those are good.

Chip: Yeah.

Briquette: I got the Bic 950.

Chip: Can you give me one where the safety has been pulled off, so it's just a fuckin' hair trigger?

Griffin: I take out a small, gilded box.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: And I open it up and I hand you just a solid brass grill lighter, that looks like I built it myself.

Chip: I thought these were illegal now?

Briquette: We're in... if this is not international waters, my friend...

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Can I assist?

Brennan: Yes, absolutely.

Clint: I have a way for him to stick the lighter on the can of hairspray.

Griffin: Oh, that's good.

Brennan: Hell yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Justin: A big—

Clint: Big League Chew!

Justin: A big—dad just pulled out a big ol' bucket a Big League Chew. My mouth is watering just looking at all that beautiful—

Clint: Yeah, look at that!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: That's so much gum, though.

Justin: Oh, it's a little.

Clint: Look at that. Look at all that gum.

Justin: Oh, that's fun.

Brennan: All right—

Clint: It smells good.

Brennan: Big League Chew, the only gum that comes in a bucket.

Travis: [chuckles]

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: So, the team leaps into action.

Travis: While they're doing that, I want to talk to the captain and say like:

Guy: Hey! Where's like the helm? Do you guys have any like thrusters or anything? Because we wrecked our nook and... Like ships, you got ships? Or...

Brennan: You see that Venola looks at you and says:

Venola: You're looking for ships? I mean, this is a space station. You know, the ships come to us, sweetie. When I'm drinking, I'm not moving. Okay? This space station is like me at a pool party. I find my spot and that's where you'll find me.

[crowd cheers]

Venola: That's where I'm gonna be.

Brennan: So you hear—[spoofs monster-like screeching] And you can hear some beast right down the hall at your nook. At your crashed nook. And Venola looks at you and says:

Venola: Listen, I don't know where you're gonna find other spacecraft. But I do know who would know, if they're still alive. As I said, the wine aunts were not the only ants. There are aunts that know everything about this space station. You need to find the gossip aunts.

[crowd cheers]

Venola: They know everything, okay? They know everything.

Brennan: You hear—[spoofs monster-like screeching] A massive, six-limbed aunt...

[crowd exclaims]

Brennan: Long—

Travis: Most ants have six legs.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: It's okay—

Clint: I mean, that's science! You want to talk about science? That's science.

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: Whew! Hm...

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Brennan was really surprised when he started working with us to find out that some words sound like other words.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: This is something that we've been very fixed on. We go wild for it.

Griffin: We love that shit.

Brennan: It's just that Travis has these like delayed action jokes, that it's like, I heard those words. And then a second later I'm like, it's been four days...

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Brennan: Where am I in physical space and time?

Travis: [chuckles]

Clint: Brennan, do you know the key to good comedy?

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: This is not a joke that works well on a live sort of—

Clint: Do you know the key to good comedy?

Brennan: No, Clint. What's the key to good comedy?

Griffin: The meal he is going to make of—

Clint: Timing!

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: Pretty good.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: I'm done.

Brennan: [chuckles] Bursting through the door, this massive, again, chitinous exoskeleton—[spoofs monster-like screeching] An aunt scientist that has bio engineered herself into some kind of alien monstrosity. Swiveling, serpentine head—[spoofs monster-like screeching] comes down and goes—[spoofs monster-like screeching]

Beth: Let me hold that baby!

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: [chuckles] I approach so slowly, with a charcuterie board in front of me like:

Briquette: Shh, shh, shh.

[crowd chuckles]

Briquette: [spoofs bird sound] Prrr-rrr.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Okay. Lulling this bio-engineered beast aunt into some kind of peace or reverie with the presentation of these forbidden meats... is a dire gambit.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: We established prosciutto, apricot and I believe you said one other type—

Griffin: Tiny little pickles.

Brennan: Tiny little pickles. Three forbidden meats, three throws.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Wow.

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: God almighty.

Travis: We're gonna need quiet.

Griffin: Why did we not practice for real though? Here it goes...

Clint: Oh my god.

Travis: That's one, that was a miss.

Griffin: Shh, shh.

Travis: Off the board.

Griffin: Oy.

Travis: Yeah!

Briquette: Yeah!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: One bag left.

Travis: A cling, a swish!

Brennan: We have, for the folks listening, that is a success from the second line, which is that's my boy.

Griffin: It was a fuckin' swish, folks at home. I've never been so competent in my life.

Brennan: That's my boy. This is from I love you, son. I love you, son difficulty.

[thud]

Brennan: Ooh!

[crowd exclaims]

Griffin: Didn't go in...

Clint: I still love you, son.

Brennan: All right, sunk in, you see Beth.

Beth: [snarls and snuffles] Oh, let's be bad.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: And with a long tongue with a smaller, fanged mouth at the end of it, she begins to suck down tiny little, what are they called, cabachon?

Griffin: Yeah, sure.

Brennan: Little cabachons.

Griffin: Cornichons.

Brennan: Cornichons, thank you. Cabachon is the mancala beads, right?

Griffin: You're the only—what?

Clint: I thought that was what—

Griffin: If someone else asked me that question, I would be like, "Oh, let me ask Brennan."

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Okay so, Beth begins to eat the forbidden meats from your hand. As this happens, what are you going to do? You have Beth momentarily feeding on these forbidden meats. What is the next move here?

Guy: Captain, where are the gossip aunts? Where would they be if they were still here?

Brennan: You're asking this to Beth?

Travis: No, I'm asking it the captain of the wine aunts.

Brennan: Okay, Venola, you see—

Travis: What is it, Venola?

Brennan: Venola.

Travis: Okay.

Clint: Veritas.

Brennan: Venola Veritas. You see, Venola looks to you and says:

Venola: Here's the problem... you cannot find the lair of the gossip aunts. But if you go off to a corner somewhere and start talking some shit...

[crowd chuckles]

Venola: They will appear.

[crowd chuckles and cheers]

Guy: Chip, Chip, come here.

Chip: Yeah, what's going on?

Guy: Did you notice that they sprayed us with Febreze? But is one smell really better than another smell, you know what I'm talking about? Maybe they like the smell, but I thought Febreze smelled bad. What do you think?

Chip: Oh, you don't know how to talk shit.

Guy: I don't.

Chip: Oh...

[crowd chuckles]

Guy: Now you go.

Chip: Okay. Journey into your Imagination, the recent re-theme with Eric Idle, is actually a pretty shabby comparison to the original escapade featuring Dreamfinder and Figment, and all his people. Now don't even get me started on Bob Chapek, that's a whole other kettle of fish.

[crowd cheers]

Guy: Hey, you know who's kind of a real jerk? Beth.

Chip: Yeah.

Brennan: As you say that, you see Beth—[spoofs monster-like screeching]

Briquette: No, no, no, shh, shh, shh. [spoofs bird sounds] Krrr-krrr.

Guy: Different Beth! Different Beth!

Brennan: Beth is going to charge.

Griffin: No...

[crowd exclaims]

Brennan: But you did successfully gossip. So, I'm going to need Guy Ferrari and Chip Hugginsby to each pull the same token. It can be chaos, it can be law.

Justin: Oh, okay.

Brennan: You each need to pull the same token.

Griffin: Well, the audience's reaction is going to give it away.

Clint: Oh...

Griffin: One, two, three, reveal! No...

[crowd exclaims]

Griffin: It was a law and a chaos. They failed.

Brennan: Law and chaos together the energy of this gossip. There's a sort of... the insult against Beth breaks the boundary of shit talk to become sort of an actual insult. So that now it's juicy or to gossip about you!

Travis: I get that.

Brennan: Beth—[screeches]—rears up and bam! I'm gonna pull, and if I—I'm gonna pull a token. If I pull one chaos token, Guy Ferrari is bruised. If I pull two chaos tokens, Guy Ferrari is injured. If I pull three—

Travis: He's fine.

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: I was just trying to follow your logic.

Griffin: Can you stand, Brennan?

Clint: Stand up, Brennan.

Griffin: Can you stand?

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Brennan, first pull—

Clint: It never ends with us! Weave, stand, pull!

Griffin: We're doing them one at a time. Here we go. First pull is... I can't see.

Clint: Chaos.

Justin: Chaos.

Griffin: Chaos.

Clint: It's red, chaos.

Griffin: We're at bruised.

Clint: Oh, boy.

Guy: Ow!

Clint: [chuckles] Having trouble differentiating? Blue!

[crowd cheers]

Justin: One law.

Griffin: It's law.

Justin: Okay.

Brennan: Guy, Beth lunges, trying to bite into your neck, shoulder, chest. But you swivel to the side and boom! Are knocked back across the deck of the room. You see Venola goes:

Venola: Holy smokes, no one hit the glasses!

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: What do you guys do? Beth is charging and attempting to devour Guy Ferrari.

Clint: I'm gonna, Red's gonna distract her. Red's going to distract Beth.

Griffin: Just turn your head away from the microphone is all I asked. If you must blow the whistle, Clint, please don't do it into the microphone.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Red, so you want to distract Beth?

Clint: Yes!

Brennan: Go ahead, I'm going to say... would you call this law or chaos?

Clint: Let me think how many I have in my bag...

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Law!

Brennan: All right.

Clint: Sports is law. Its rules, its regulations.

Brennan: Give me, if you can pull one law token, Beth will turn her attention to you. For better or worse. If you can give me two law tokens, an even more advantageous result will occur. Go ahead and pull.

Griffin: Here we go.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Yeah, good.

Travis: That's one!

Brennan: That's one law token. Let's see if we can go for two.

Travis: That's one law token.

Griffin: Here we go.

Travis: He's going for two.

Griffin: Please... just pull the thing out! No, wait...

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: What color is it? [chuckles]

Brennan: Ah!

Travis: Yeah, that's two! That's two law tokens!

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Okay, now I'm done.

Brennan: Two law tokens, blowing the whistle you hear a reverberating screech, glasses start shattering. [spoofs shattering glass sound] You see Venola goes:

Venola: My flutes!

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Beth recoils with the shrieking piercing of the whistle. And as you all turn around, you see that—an auditory frequency—brrr! Lights in the side of the chamber wall. And, whoosh, an exhaust chute opens. All of you shoot down the exhaust chute, away from the monster, away from the Venola. And boom! Appear in another chamber. As you are [spoofs sound of

tumbling] moving down the slide, you see certain words registering on ancient computers coming back to life around the space station. And you see something goes; "Bzzz-bzzz-bzz, Chapek—bzzz-pitchew—[spoofs sound of static] Disney."

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: And suddenly, whoosh, you appear in a new chamber. An AI begins to boot up a spinning cymbal of two masks. One smiling, one weeping. And you hear, "Hello, it's the Broadway aunts!"

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: A fabulous woman with big horn-rimmed glasses, jewelry, bracelets, a big, fun necklace. So fun! Appears and says:

Woman: Hello! Who are these boys here all of a sudden appearing? I should tell you, number one, I'm an artificial intelligence and I might be melting in real life.

[crowd chuckles]

Chip: All right. It's good to get that cleared up, yeah.

Woman: Number two, we're doing the Hamilton Lottery!

[crowd cheers]

Woman: It's a brand-new musical written by one of our very own Lin-Manuel Miranda.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: TM, TM, TM, TM.

Griffin: You can't fuckin'—what?!

Travis: Yeah, that's right! We own his—[chuckles] no. We've taken name!

Chip: What's your name? I'm Chip Hugginsby.

Woman: What's that?

Chip: This is all great.

Brennan: She says:

Woman: I'm Sue Ellen Star and I cannot wait to show—there are so many great shows. Hey, wait a minute...

Chip: Yeah?

Sue Ellen: There's something I recognize here... There's something... Have you ever seen Cats?

[crowd chuckles]

Sue Ellen: Phantom?

Chip: No?

Sue Ellen: What's... oh, are you like, you know like... Look, can I ask a question?

Chip: Yeah.

Sue Ellen: If someone talks to you about Sondheim, are you like, "Yeah, into the woods." Or are you like assassins?

[crowd chuckles and cheers]

Chip: I do not understand your strange tongue. But I will endeavor to learn its ways.

Sue Ellen: It's all right. Listen... Oh, wait a minute. Are you being hunted by Beth?

Chip: Okay, that makes sense. Yes, we're being hunted by Beth.

Sue Ellen: All right, well... I suppose I could try to help you find someone who would know what to do about Beth, that it gets you off of Antioch. But you have to sing me a beautiful song!

[crowd cheers]

Guy: I could sing you the song of my people?

Sue Ellen: The song of your people?

Guy: Yeah.

Sue Ellen: Well, that sounds so touching. I would love that.

Guy: Okay. [sings] And remember we were driving. Driving in your car. Speed so fast it felt like I was drunk.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: [sings] That's all the words that Travis know of this song.

Travis: [sings] And your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder. And I-I had a feeling that I belonged. I-I had a feeling I could be someone, could be someone, could be someone.

Justin: [sings] Could be someone.

Brennan: Travis...

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: I'm gonna need you to make a cornhole throw.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: What I love here, Travis, is that if you miss, you just sang shitty.

Clint: [chuckles]

Brennan: So, Travis, I'm gonna let you, in honor of Fast Car...

Travis: Yeah, thank you.

Brennan: I'm gonna let you throw all of those bags, but you cannot pause in between them. You have to throw them as fast as possible.

Clint: We gotta get this.

Griffin: [sings] Travis has a fast bag. That goes faster than other bags.

Travis: Okay, here we go.

Brennan: Here we go.

Clint: Wait, wait, wait—

Griffin: One—no.

Brennan: Two.

Griffin: No.

Brennan: Three.

Griffin: Bad.

Brennan: Four.

Travis: Oh!

Justin: Really bad. Really bad.

Travis: No, I panicked!

[crowd exclaims]

Griffin: That was the worst possible way to have to throw a bunch of beanbags.

Travis: Yeah. Hey, Brennan?

Brennan: Yeah?

Travis: That's the worst way I've ever had to throw some beanbags.

Brennan: Well, that's gonna happen. You see that Sue Ellen looks at you and says:

Sue Ellen: That was beautiful. What show is that from?

Guy: Show?

Sue Ellen: Activate laser grid!

[crowd chuckles]

Sue Ellen: Activate it! These are Philistines! Uncultured exo-forms!

Briquette: You mean like Mythbusters?

Sue Ellen: I don't know what in the hell ding-dang hell that is!

Briquette: [spoofs crying] It's the only show we've got!

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: Activating a laser grid, you see the alarms sound deeper in the station. And you can hear in the distance—[spoofs monster-like screeching] as you hear steel peeling and crunching. As Beth begins to move from one level to the other. Tearing through the walls of the space station to find her prey.

Travis: I should've done Grease Lightning.

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Is the laser grid between us and Beth?

Brennan: The laser grid appears to be blocking your exit, but you hear Beth tearing through the levels above you to come down.

Justin: Hm...

Briquette: Hey, turn that off.

[crowd chuckles]

Chip: Yeah, could you actually turn it off so we can leave?

Sue Ellen: What's that?

Chip: Can you turn it off so we can leave?

Travis: Please?

Sue Ellen: Why would I turn it off? I love these lasers. [sings] These are my friends.

[crowd cheers]

Sue Ellen: [sings] See how they sparkle.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You hear Beth approaching closer and closer, you hear the gnashing of steel. [spoofs monster-like screeching]

Travis: Wait, is there—do I see like what one might refer to as a panel? Somewhere that maybe I could access the controls of these lasers or hack them?

Brennan: You do. You see that these different holograms are AI computer programs. But there are physical panels that the scientists who were once here were using. So you see a big control panel right in front of you.

Travis: Okay. I'm going to attempt to access the controls of the lasers.

Brennan: Go ahead. If you can pull one law token, you'll be able to control them.

Griffin: You should have a pretty easy job doing that, sort of statistically.

Brennan: Oh, it's not what you want, it's bad, it's red.

[crowd exclaims]

Brennan: Now... you've pulled a chaos token. If you can pull another chaos token right now, you won't gain control of the control panel. But something else might happen to your advantage.

Griffin: If you draw one more chaos token, I'm pretty sure Travis is going to go hard ass.

Brennan: Are you—you only have two chaos tokens?

Griffin: How many more chaos tokens do you have in your—y ah,, man. Yeah, dog. If that's red, Travis is—okay, shoof. Whoow!

Clint: It's blue!

Griffin: It's blue, it's blue.

Brennan: It's blue. So, you go over to the control panel. As you punch in, you see it goes—[spoofs computer sound] Prrrt, "Password, please."

Guy: I got this. Password.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: It doesn't go through.

Travis: Okay.

Guy: Iron sights.

Brennan: It doesn't go through.

Guy: No, wait... Hamilton!

Brennan: Third attempt... [spoofs computer sound] Beep-boop.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: The control panel opens up in front of you. What do you do with access to the controls of the room? As you hear Beth probably one level above you.

Travis: I'm going to point those lasers up at the ceiling, where she is coming in. [chuckles]

Brennan: Hell yes. Okay—

Travis: Oh, and while I do it, I'll make it do a laser light show. So that [the star will light up??].

Brennan: You begin to punch in. There are so many different music files in here that you're quickly able to put some like music files together that have their own algorithms that can make the lasers go. I'm gonna go ahead and say this is, yet again, a cornhole roll.

Justin: Wow.

Griffin: Here we go.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Redemption time, Travis. It's wicked easy, man.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Three password attempts, three bags.

Griffin: Good. Starting from the front... starting from the front and—

Clint: Oh!

Griffin: A little short, still on the board. A little short, still on the board, here we go, baby! Triangulation!

Brennan: You got it. You got it. You got it.

Clint: Put some arch on it, son!

Travis: [heckles Clint away from the microphone]

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Give it more arch!

Griffin: He's in the right spot. Stop yelling, you're not on the microphone.

Justin: You didn't bring the microphone, Travis.

Travis: What I said was, why would I back up?

Brennan: You got it. You got it.

Travis: I'm not gonna back up!

Griffin: Shush! He needs—Travis, you need this. Travis—hush. Shush, shush. Shh! Shh.

Clint: Yeah!

[crowd cheers]

Travis: It was because of the Kobe! Who said Kobe?!

Justin: Who said Kobe?!

Brennan: Whoever—

Justin: Who said—

Brennan: You said Kobe?

Travis: You did it!

Justin: You said Kobe! This is because of you!

Travis: You did it!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Straight up, what's your name?

Rube: Ruben!

Brennan: Ruben? Give it up for Ruben, an American hero!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Now—

Justin: Go throw gum at Ruben.

Clint: Here, Ruben!

Griffin: Does this set a terrible precedent for our live shows—

Travis: Well, here's why it worked and here's why you're a hero. I heard Kobe after it had left my hand.

Griffin: Yeah, that's the perfect time to yell Kobe.

Travis: It was the perfect timing! If you had said it any earlier, I would have been mad. But it was the confidence, I heard it in your voice. It guided the bag in.

Brennan: Someone saying Kobe doesn't make you better at throwing, it makes the world better at knowing you're a winner.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Right.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: That's what you did. That's what you did. You all watch Guy Ferrari leap to the control panel. You've driven cars with complicated interfaces and strange apparatus before. You hit a button and all of you hear, thundering over speakers that are normally playing only OSTs, suddenly—[mouths guitar riff and explosion sounds] Lasers dice through the room. Beth peels open—[screeches and moans]—hit by lasers. And just as she recoils, the lasers cut a hole in the floor. And you guys—whoosh—drop another level. You are in a... room.

Griffin: Whoa... whoa!

Travis: Oh, shit! Oh, no!

Clint: Sure didn't see that coming!

Travis: I can picture it in my mind! It's like I'm really there!

Justin: Let him weave!

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Weave on!

Brennan: All right, you wanna be in a fuckin' anti-chamber, you fuckin' goons?

Justin: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You are in yet another command center.

Travis: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Brennan: Where a hologram spins into focus. [spoofs hologram sound]
Prongs a spinning marijuana leaf...

[crowd cheers]

Woman: Oh, is it—am I there? Do you see me? It's—I'm... I know how to work this...

[crowd chuckles]

Woman: Welcome to the... lair? Not a lair, golly.

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: And you see a woman appears. Long, long, very flat, flaxen hair down past her butt. Little like string top, bell bottom pants. And just goes:

Woman: This is the room—sorry, room of the hippie aunts. Hi, hi. Hi, hi.

[crowd cheers]

Briquette: We have been assaulted by so many different exotic scents since leaving our home. This one is the most enjoyable one yet.

[crowd chuckles]

Briquette: As one smoke master to another, I commend you.

Clint: [laughs]

[crowd cheers]

Woman: Yeah, like, if you guys are gonna do it, I prefer you do it here.

[crowd chuckles and cheers]

Chip: That's so chill.

Guy: Yeah, that's so cool.

Briquette: Very cool of you.

Woman: Well, help yourself. We have some beanbag chairs. We have some—

Guy: You have beanbag chairs?!

Brennan: And you see a moment where two universes align...

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: [guffaws]

Brennan: A theoretical particle manifests in front of you as this corner of Antioch, the realm of the aunt tribes, borders, touches and unites. And you can see one of their computer screens lines up as the coordinates of the Dadlands appears! There it is. Beanbagberg.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: The beanbag chair town from the Dadlands—

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah—

Justin: Oh, yeah!

Brennan: You know Beanbagberg!

Travis: Yeah!

Justin: Yeah, yeah, yeah—

Red: I have the T-shirt!

Chip: My dad's in Beanbagberg!

Briquette: Wait, wait, wait! I must ask you a question. And it is imperative that you answer me honestly.

Woman: Yeah?

Briquette: How do you feel about Frisbees?

Woman: How do I feel about Frisbees? The only way I can describe it is through the majesty of dance.

[crowd chuckles and cheers]

Brennan: And then she just sort of sways, hands go up and she sways.

Briquette: Is that good?

Travis: A long time passes without us saying anything!

Briquette: All right, cool. So, what's the answer?

[crowd chuckles]

Woman: I love Frisbees. I love... well, so this is... Oh my god, I'm such a space cadet, sorry. My name is River Lakestream.

[crowd chuckles]

River: And I'm the... I always hate that they made me say this. It's like I'm not the leader of the hippie aunts. We don't even really believe in that. Like, it's... we're a flat hierarchy. We make decisions by consensus. And frankly, we don't even really do that.

[crowd chuckles]

River: We don't even really make decisions, because even that is sort of like, whoa, relax! You know?

[crowd chuckles]

Chip: I get it.

Guy: Yeah, like live your life a quarter mile at a time, you know?

River: I am in love with all of you.

[crowd chuckles]

Red: You're my best friend!

Clint: [chuckles]

River: You're my best friend. Do you guys want this theoretical particle?

Red: Yeah!

Guy: Yeah!

River: I have like not even known what to like do with it. We put it in a lava lamp and it was just sort of there for a while. But I'd love to get rid of it because I'm going on a big trip with my college friends—

Justin: Don't put—

Clint: Hm? Go on, go on.

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Dad's chewing gum and it's just like not... it's gonna be...

Brennan: The doors burst wide open. Beth leaps in and is going to attack the computer generating River.

Griffin: I put myself between—no fuckin' way.

[crowd laughs]

Travis: Yeah, same. Same.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: We form a human wall.

Clint: I strike a defensive position, too.

Brennan: Okay, anyone that is leaping in the way, does that feel like law or chaos to you? To throw yourself in the way of this oncoming bio-beast?

Griffin: I think chaos.

Brennan: Chaos, all right! Give it to me.

Griffin: Just one? Just one pull?

Brennan: I'm gonna say one means you take the full brunt of the attack. Two means you are able to successfully thwart Beth. One... one.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Two!

[crowd cheers and DJ Airhorn sound effect plays]

Brennan: You leap into the way of Beth! Briquette, what power do you use to fully stop this barreling bioengineered monstrosity from destroying the computer generating River?

Griffin: I just hold out my refrigerator chest and just fuckin' open it and then close it on the claws, like:

Briquette: Oh, just gotcha there, sorry!

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: Do me one favor; I just want you to draw one more time and see if you draw another chaos token. You already are succeeding flawlessly, but I just want to see—

Griffin: I have so many fuckin' chaos tokens now, so statistically—

Brennan: Let me see a—yeah, let's see if you do.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: No!

[crowd exclaims]

Brennan: All right, you're good. Beth—[screeches]—her claw goes into the fridge as it closes. Thud! The door shuts on her hand. You have added a new forbidden meat to your inventory.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Beth—[screeches] The rest of you, Beth is in the room. River goes:

River: Hey, hey, man, no violence here. Nuh-uh.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: It has no effect.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: The rest of you, what do you do?

Clint: Ah...

Griffin: I can't tell if dad is uncomfortable or if he has a prop. He has a pro, okay, good.

Justin: Oh, he's got a tiny ball.

Clint: Red's gonna chuck this ball as hard as possible. Right towards Beth's... mouth? Mandibles?

Brennan: Mandible feels right.

Clint: Right towards Beth's opening!

Brennan: Well...

[crowd chuckles and exclams]

Brennan: Let's go ahead and stick with mandible.

Griffin: Let's do mandible.

Brennan: Well, you've got a ball...

Griffin: No fucking way!

Brennan: That looks a lot like a mouth to me. Red, let's jump on up.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Y'all... oh, yeah, make sure you use the—if you use that racket to throw the ball, you are going to kill someone in the front row.

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: Don't—no, wait! Stop! Stop! Hey! Don't yell 'me!'

[crowd laughs]

Griffin: I get kind it, kind of. Like, you want...

[crowd cheers]

Travis: And to be fair, Griffin, this year at San Diego, there's not a lot of more famous people to kill them.

Griffin: You're right.

Travis: So like...

Griffin: You can do so much worse. Here we go, there's no—hey, anybody wanna—I'm gonna hop on like some online sports betting platforms right now. No way, you can...

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Dad looks like the last fetish they discovered before they decided to stop looking for fetishes.

Griffin: Yeah, right? [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Justin: This is it, everybody! This is as far as we go!

Travis: It's only for one person and they're like, "Let 'em have this."

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: Here we go, Mac!

Clint: Come on, Red.

Griffin: Buckets! Just like you taught us. Backyard playing Chicago 21, come on, Mac! Come on, Mac!

Justin: This is really low stakes, guys. There's just... there's absolutely no reality—

Travis: I feel like we should film this.

Griffin: Shh!

Brennan: Ooh!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Do you believe in miracles?!

[DJ Airhorn sound effect plays]

[crowd cheers]

Travis: He's done it!

Brennan: Do you believe in miracles?!

Travis: He's done it, he got it on the bounce!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: Yeah! Let's fuckin' go!

Travis: On the bounce, folks!

[crowd cheers]

Travis: He got it on the bounce.

[crowd cheers]

Crowd: [chants] Clint! Clint! Clint! Clint! Clint!

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: You get one. One!

Clint: Now I'm done.

Travis: You know what? No one thought he could do it.

[crowd chuckles]

Griffin: I just watched \$15,000—

Justin: Hey, Trav! You know people say that figuratively sometimes!

Travis: Yeah.

Justin: But no one thought he could do it.

Travis: No one thought—

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Travis: No one believed.

Brennan: The ball sails through the air. Beth whips around. [screeches] A secondary mouth erupts from her mandibles. And a tiny, little novelty basketball...

[crowd cheers]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Justin: The brave little novelty basketball. [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: Yeah, personify it, that's good. [chuckles]

Brennan: Enters... [spoofs monster-like swallowing sounds] she swallows it. The exomorphic material, another dimension native to the Dadlands— [spoofs small explosion sound and screeches] [spoofs electrifying sounds] Shimmering light courses along her veins.

Beth: Not anymore! Gah!

Brennan: Whoosh! An aunt appears in front of you.

Aunt: Let me just say, it is so shady.

Guy: Yeah.

[crowd chuckles]

Aunt: It is so shady that they gave us the space station and didn't give us those, whatever that—by the way, hi, I'm Beth. I'm the leader—

Guy: Hey, Beth!

[crowd cheers]

Beth: I'm the leader of the gossip aunts. And I just want to say thank you so much.

[crowd cheers]

Beth: Thank you so much. But it is so weird, right, that like we have this whole space station and we don't have any of this little basketballs. And you have to wonder like, did they set us up? Like is that a set up? Like, what is the point of that? Like...

Guy: Hey, can I just ask, do you want me to fix it or do you want to just talk about it?

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: She looks at you, smiles at Guy's growth and transformation. She comes over, gives you a little, fun kiss on both cheeks. [spoofs the sound of kissing on cheeks] She says:

Beth: Guy, if you fix it, we can't have fun talking about how bad it is.

[crowd chuckles]

Guy: Yeah, yeah.

Brennan: So—

Justin: Throughout, while she speaks, by the way, Chip is just slowly lowering his flame thrower. [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: So like, the slower the better, just as long as the conversation continues.

Brennan: She looks at you, she looks at you all and says:

Beth: Listen, like, anytime you just want to come here... By the way, did Sue Ellen give you a hard time with the Broadway aunts?

Briquette: A little bit.

Guy: Yeah.

Beth: Listen, she is always—the only things she likes more than drama on the stage is drama off the stage. You know what I'm saying?

[crowd cheers]

Guy: I like that!

Briquette: Yeah, me too. Hey, I'm never leaving this place.

Guy: Yeah!

[crowd laughs]

Brennan: You see she says:

Beth: I know, I know, but you guys have been, I assume, if you have this theoretical particle, then you have what you need. I mean you're welcome to stay for as long as you want. I can put on some tea. We can kick our feet up. Have you heard—by the way, speaking of tea, have you heard about...

[crowd chuckles]

Beth: Have you heard about the cryo sleep thing that happened?

Guy: Oh, yeah, were they—because they had chilled wine.

Beth: The wine aunts, I know.

Guy: And they decided to like do that instead.

Beth: Who does that?

Guy: It's pretty messed up! Am I right?

Beth: It's so messed up, like how—

Guy: Because you can't get drunk if you're dead?

Brennan: You see she uses her bioengineering, she opens up a set of eyes above either temple so she doesn't have to constantly look around to see. Because like I know it's—

Travis: I hand her a set of side view mirrors. I'm like:

Guy: There you go!

Beth: Our cultures have to come together. There's so much mutuality here! You have this theoretical particle. I don't want to keep you guys any longer than I needed you. I just want to say, from all of us at Antioch, you dads are welcome here anytime.

Chip: Aw... thank you. That's very nice.

[crowd cheers]

Guy: So we'll visit like every three years or so? Or what do you think?

[crowd chuckles]

Beth: You know, around the holidays, we'll see.

Chip: Sure, yeah.

Beth: We'll see, we'll have to see.

Briquette: I give you the gift of extending the same courtesy to you. Because when you come to the Dadlands, you are going to find so many things so bad and gossipable about.

Brennan: A single tear rolls. [chuckles]

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: Out of which eye?

Briquette: It is nonstop clown shoes. We made all the animals go away.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: A sort of dimensional portal opens up in some aunt technology. She sees windswept plains of just detritus and rubble. Endless choking, you know, spike cars and war rigs.

Travis: Poster just taped up, not in a frame. [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Beth: I need you to know that the respect I have for you is so great. And the minute you are gone, I am going to light you guys up like a fuckin' Christmas tree.

[crowd cheers]

Red: Fair. That's fair.

Chip: Roast us, mommy.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: [chuckles] You get your theoretical particle. It is stored in a big, wide-bottom wineglass, sealed at the top. You see River opens it up. And you can hear all of over Antioch, now that you have cured Beth... you've cured Beth!

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: You hear the noises of cryosleep chambers opening—as just slightly melted aunts, not—it's fine, they'll be fine, they'll keep—open up as Beth takes the little—like coughs up the little basketball and says:

Beth: I'm going to get working on engineering this and we're going to find a way to unmelt all these little melty—the melty aunts.

Brennan: And you see that a wine aunt comes in, like sort of crusted in frost and says:

Wine Aunt: A little melty? The only thing I want to melt is wine grapes.
[spoofs melting sound] Bl-aah...

Brennan: And just goes—

Griffin: [laughs]

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: And she like—you see Beth goes:

Beth: We're gonna... we're gonna fix all this. Just know that—just know. It looks bad, I was a monster. Things went bad here. We're gonna fix it all.

Brennan: And she says:

Beth: Is there any way... please, take the particle. But is there any other way we can repay you for your journey in here?

Red: Can I have my ball back?

[crowd chuckles]

Red: Or do you need it for your research?

Brennan: You see she goes:

Beth: Let me just ask real quick.

Brennan: And she turns to two other scientists and goes:

Beth: I just said we need the basketball...

[crowd chuckles]

Red: Well, I know. But listen, let me explain something. What happened here about seven minutes ago, where I actually bounced the ball in the hole, that is never, ever going to happen again.

Briquette: Ever, ever, ever again.

Guy: It's kind of the best thing that's ever happened in his life.

Red: It's the best thing that's ever happened in my life.

Guy: So, he's gonna need to put that in like a clear acrylic case and put it up on the mantel, and point at it whenever people come to visit and stuff.

Beth: So, the thing I'm going to use to save our civilization, the priority is going to be putting that on a mantel somewhere?

Briquette: It's a very special ball.

Guy: And it's a very nice mantel.

Red: I am a sports dad.

Beth: I'll FedEx it to you this weekend, okay?

Red: All right. Maybe clean it a little?

Guy: Though, I do have a question. So, we're trying to figure out a family particle thing. We've gotta go into the Avuncular. If you've got like a ship or you can fix our nook? Anything you can do?

Beth: Oh, you want to ship?

Guy: Yeah!

Brennan: You see River says:

River: I got you covered.

Guy: You're the best. You're the fucking best.

Briquette: You're the best ever.

[crowd chuckles]

River: There's an old VW bus...

[crowd cheers]

Guy: Go on?!

River: It's in... that was my coo-coo year after college.

Guy: Before you got it together.

River: That was before I got it together. Which let's be clear, I have.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: And you see that she looks and says:

River: It's perfectly aero sealed, it can survive space. It just needs some kind of rocket mechanism or something. It needs some kind of... it needs some kind of propulsion.

Red: Some more flames?

River: Oh, yeah! Yeah...

[crowd cheers]

Chip: So, wait. Now, wait. Now hold on. I want to lean in, too. But just making a flamethrower out of hairspray isn't a jet propulsion system, everybody. I want to lean into the bit, but...

Guy: Wait, why would we do that? Like, we're on a space station. We can find rockets and stuff. Why would you think it was a flamethrower made out of hairspray?

Clint: Because I don't want all of Justin's work to be for naught.

Justin: It wasn't, I...

[crowd chuckles]

Justin: I set it down, remember? And everybody laughed and laughed and we all had a good time.

Clint: I know, but—

[crowd chuckles]

Clint: I wanted to see you use it—

Justin: It was fun, right? No, we didn't need to—like, we all had fun. It was—yeah.

[crowd cheers]

Clint: Remember the Pinewood derby. Remember when you did the Pinewood derby?

Travis: While this is happening, I'm just taking a thruster off the space station and attaching it.

Brennan: You see Beth goes:

Beth: Oh, great. Yeah, that works, too. So just like help yourself to the thrusters, I guess...

[crowd chuckles]

Beth: Those are for everybody.

Briquette: Do y'all need me to go with you, or can I kick it here? Because I do think I would be extremely happy.

Chip: I think we should stick together.

Guy: Oh! Have them start posting on Yelp about Walter Goggins! And it's gonna put him out of business!

Briquette: Gossip mom, yo, you gotta hear about this total prick.

[**crowd** chuckles and cheers]

Brennan: As you say that, the wine aunts, the Broadway aunts, the hippie aunts, the gossip aunts, all look to you. Beth goes:

Beth: Walter Goggins?

Briquette: It's Walton. Walton Goggins. Fuck Walter, too, though.

[crowd chuckles]

Brennan: You see she goes, she says:

Beth: Walton Goggins? Are we in the cabinet? No. But you're still about to dish.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: And as she pulls up a screen—[spoofs screen switching on sound] Galactic criminal, Walton Goggins.

[crowd cheers]

Brennan: We zoom through the portal as this council of dads and aunts convenes, to the—

Travis: Hey, fuck this guy. [laughs]

Brennan: Yeah—convenes. We zoom out... back to the Dadlands. Past the great Sofa Mountains, past the Great Plasma Screen... over cliffs, dune-swept—the great Frisbee Canyon, back to a glass tower... The science dad in a darkened room, looking up at a screen. And you see he says:

Science Dad: Sir, there was nothing I could do. The mothership discovered them. It was before anything... I had no idea that Captain Amalthea...

Brennan: And you hear, "I'm gonna need you to be quiet." We look up at the screen. A wisp of smoke, whoosh...

Man: Well gee whiz, Mr. Goggins!

Travis: No!

[crowd exclaims]

Man: If your minion displeases you, I'd be more than happy to find this science dead and turn them inside out and put 'em on the smoker!

Brennan: We see steepled fingers and the face of beloved character actor, Walton Goggins.

[crowd exclaims and cheers]

Walton: Chokey, that won't be necessary. I have eyes that range as far as the mesquite flavor of that Sloppy Doggone Hog Spot... by all—

Brennan: [chuckles]

[crowd laughs]

Walton: Today... today...

Travis: [laughs]

Justin: Finish it!

Walton: If you say it, I have to make it true.

Travis: [chortles]

Walton: You can't spell FAMLEE without me.

Griffin: [laughs]

Brennan: And that's all for the Dadlands chapter three!

Justin: Thank you!

[crowd cheers]

Justin: Ladies and gentlemen, Brennen Lee Mulligan!

[crowd cheers]

[Dadlands theme music plays]

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