

MBMBaM 82: Fried Green Lockout

Published December 5, 2011

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Intro (Bob Ball):

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

[theme song plays]

Justin:

Ladies and gentlemen, after taking a week off to finish our groundbreaking work on the Herman Cain campaign, we return to you, *My Brother, My Brother and Me*, an advice show for the modern era, with heavy hearts today.

Griffin:

We drove that bitch until the wheels fell off!

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Right? Somebody put a penny on the track, and that penny was common sense, and it knocked us clean— that penny is called “sexual harassment allegations, and allegations of a long-term affair,” and that penny, it took the Cain train clean off the tracks.

Griffin:

Is that really...

Justin:

Where did we go wrong, Travis— uh, Griffin, where did we go wrong?

Griffin:

I just can't believe that something that minute ended our nation's most beautiful dream.

Travis:

Just something as small as a 13-year-long illicit affair.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

So minor.

Griffin:

But only an affair that is as old as a seventh grader.

Travis:

You know, if we looked at time, uh, in its completeness...

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

...13 years? Not that much. Like a blink of the eye.

Griffin:

Consider the fullness of time, *Huffington Post*. Give it a thought.

Travis:

Yeah.

Griffin:

Give it a once-over.

Justin:

Give it a once-over, you jerks. You know, I told my children that they will live to see a day when a black, unqualified man could be president of this

country, and you are ruining— you are making me a liar to my nonexistent children.

Travis:

I told my 13-year-old love child that he would get to see his daddy in the White House.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

And Mommy 1 had to walk across that stage, as Mommy 2 clapped inconspicuously from the crowd. I promised him that, *sir*.

Griffin:

Guys...

Justin:

Thanks a lot, America. You ruined it.

[laughs] Hey, uh, this, of course, is an advice show for the modern era. I'm your oldest brother and campaign manager, Justin McElroy.

Travis:

I am your middlest brother and intern, Travis McElroy.

Griffin:

And I am Griffin McElroy, the charming and witty press secretary.

Justin:

[laughs] Hey, I saw you and Danny Concannon in the back room.

Griffin:

Oh, we were smooching.

Justin:

Smooching. I do not approve.

Griffin:

I'd smooch his beard clean off.

Justin:

"Hey where's your beard, Timothy Busfield? Go and smooched it off again?"

"Yeah..."

Griffin:

Smooched it off. Give me a sweet goldfish.

Justin:

Must be Tuesday.

Griffin:

You sweet, sweet bearded man.

Justin:

[laughs] "So brothers, I really like this girl, and she likes me. However, she is two-to-three inches taller than me. Is this a deal breaker?" That's from Compact in Kentucky.

Griffin:

Why are you so small?

Justin:

Why are you so small?

Griffin:

Why are you so tiny?

Justin:

Why are you so little?

Griffin:

Hey, little guy.

Justin:

You know, two-to-three inches, are you shitting me?

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

We just wasted three months of our life trying to get Herman Cain elected president, and you're worried about two-to-three *inches*?

Travis:

Now, if it was two-to-three feet, that's a deal breaker, 'cause she's like nine feet tall.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Right. She's a big, friendly giant.

Griffin:

I'm dating Mandy the Giant, and... that's the closest female version of Andre.

Travis:

I was gonna say, do you mean Mandre?

Griffin:

Andrea. *Damn it!*

Travis:

Damn it.

Justin:

Yeah. Yeah, [crosstalk].

Travis:

Here's the thing. What I like about this kind of worry is, if this was a girl and she was saying, "I like this guy, but he's two-to-three inches taller than me," everyone would be like, "That's stupid; what are you talking about?"

I think it's a little bit sexist to worry about it...

Griffin:

Is it sexist, or is it scientifically proven that men are a little bit taller than women, Travis? Just a little bit. Not a lot, just a little bit. And not all women. I know women who are taller than me.

Travis:

Griffin, I did read your paper titled: "Women be Short!"

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Um, and I thought that was really interesting.

Griffin:

Well, it's not— they got those tiny little robin bones, like a robin bird has!

Justin:

Um, Travis, I wanted to ask you something about Herman Cain real quick, before we return to the question.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

You're not so great with keeping up on the politics, right?

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

Like, you are sometimes out of the loop, as far as that stuff goes?

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

Are you aware that in his final speech suspending his campaign— and I promise we will return to this question in just a moment. Um, are you aware that in his final campaign speech, he quoted the *Pokemon* movie?

Travis:

[gasps]

Justin:

And not just quoted the *Pokemon* movie, but specifically cited, "I believe these words came from the *Pokemon* movie: 'Life can be a challenge. Life can seem impossible. It's never easy when there's so much on the line.'"

Travis:

[laughs] Are you kidding me?

Justin:

No, I'm not sh— this is why—

Travis:

No. Okay, I want you guys to know, I was in no way invested in his campaign, but only now, when he's gone, do I realize what I missed.

Justin:

Yeah, you don't— [singing] don't it always seem to go?

Travis:

[sighs]

Justin:

[singing] You don't know what you got 'til it's gone.

Griffin:

[laughs] Guys.

Justin:

[singing] [crosstalk] paradise, and quoted *Pokemon*.

Travis:

Somebody tweeted about him, like, "He wasn't having affairs; he was just trying to catch them all." I get it.

Griffin:

Yeah, that makes more sense now.

Justin:

There you go.

Griffin:

Guys, we have to go back.

Justin:

So, anyway...

Griffin:

[laughs] We have to go back!

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

We have to go back [laughs] to the Cain train.

Griffin:

[weakly] Choo-choo.

Justin:

I'm gonna have to wait until 2016 to get that beautiful motherfucker back on the stage. I just know it.

Griffin:

Goddamn it.

Justin:

Damn it!

Griffin:

Is there any other things that he can run for, in the meantime?

Justin:

Yeah. We could use a new mayor, Huntington, probably soon.

Griffin:

For all cities? Can he just be the across-the-board mayor?

Justin:

The super mayor.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

I have a problem. My super mayor is two-to-three inches taller than me. Is this a deal breaker?

Griffin:

And made of metal.

Justin:

And made of metal.

Griffin:

He has metal in his skin.

Justin:

And has missile fingers.

Travis:

Okay, you guys might— tell me if I'm out of line here.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

I feel like this two-to-three inch taller problem is only a problem depending on how old they are.

Griffin:

Is it?

Justin:

Hmm, so you're saying...

Travis:

Like, if they're in high school, versus like 26, 27.

Justin:

[sighs] Why don't—

Griffin:

High schools don't know how to use the internet to email, though.

Travis:

That is true.

Justin:

Yeah, they don't learn that 'til college.

Griffin:

Yeah. They're not allowed.

Justin:

Hey, well, why don't you know how— if you're so hung up on this, why don't you know exactly how much the difference is?

Griffin:

Hmm.

Travis:

"2.4 inches taller than me."

Justin:

Yeah, two-to-three—

Travis:

If we were on a metric system, you could do that.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Right.

Griffin:

Goddamn our stupid inch system.

Justin:

I know.

Travis:

But the thing is, like, I feel like maybe if she's taller than him, his worry is that he'll catch some flak from, like, other students and other, you know, bullies and whatnot.

Griffin:

Maybe, 'cause she's so—

Justin:

I really don't think—

Griffin:

She's so big that she'll absorb all the flak for him.

Travis:

Oh, I see.

Justin:

Right.

Griffin:

I'm all—

Justin:

She can take that flak.

Griffin:

[crosstalk]

Travis:

[booming voice] "Leave tiny boyfriend alone!"

Griffin:

[laughs] Yeah!

Justin:

[bursts out laughing] Maybe they're both super tall, and one of them's just less super tall than the other.

Travis:

"She's 7'5", and I'm only 7'2".

Justin:

"Right. I'm afraid her parents are gonna try to dunk on me."

Travis:

[giggles]

Griffin:

Um, if you're so con—

Travis:

No, it's not a deal breaker. To answer the question, not a deal breaker.

Justin:

Not a deal breaker.

Griffin:

If you're so concerned about it, then why don't you buy some man pumps?

Justin:

Yeah. Uh, man pumps are available.

Griffin:

Just slap some man pumps on that bitch, and then height problem solved.

Travis:

No joke, cowboy boots will give you, like, another inch-and-a-half to two inches.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Look, you're halfway there. Now, put, uh, a nice, spiky stiletto on your cowboy boot.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

And you'll be five inches taller. [laughs]

Travis:

And a 10-gallon hat.

Griffin:

Get yourself a—

Justin:

10-gallon hat.

Travis:

That's a look right there.

Griffin:

You gotta get yourself a cowboy ugly boot. A coyote ugly— *fuck!*

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

[bursts out laughing]

Travis:

You gotta find yourself an ugly cowboy.

Griffin:

You gotta find an ugly cowboy, and ride him to save a horse. Big and Rich.

Justin:

Big and Rich.

“Hey, in August, I moved into a house with three friends from college. While I was out one day, my roommates decorated the house without asking me. I hate the art they hung up on the walls. Here's the rub: the art was all done by my roommate's girlfriend of five years. There's *no way* I can broach the subject without coming off like a complete asshole. What do I do?” That's from *Irked* in Indiana.

Travis:

You hire someone to rob your house.

Justin:

Oh, my God, Travis. That's brilliant!

Travis:

Thank you.

Justin:

It's an art thief with great taste, apparently, 'cause he stole all of Janie's, uh, paintings of her dog, and her dog's friends, and their dogs.

Travis:

The other option is, I think, equally as good, and that is you hire someone to dress as an art collector, and sweep into the room in their half-cape and beret and say, "I'll take 'em!"

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

That's gonna require some—

Travis:

As the cigarette dangles from the long cigarette-holder with their tiny mustache.

Justin:

Speaking of cigarettes.

Travis:

And eye patch.

Justin:

Speaking of cigarettes, maybe burn the apartment down.

Griffin:

Hey.

Travis:

Hey!

Justin:

That's another solution.

Griffin:

Um, why don't you speak up, and talk to your rude-ass roommate who decorated— “Yeah, I just put some paintings in your room, is that cool?”

“It's absolutely not. It is absolutely not cool.”

Justin:

“These paintings are not cool with me.”

Griffin:

I don't feel like an asshole, 'cause he's the fucking guy who made all the Martha Stewart decisions without asking you, and that's the best part of a house, is that you get to decorate it, and make it your own.

Travis:

Yeah, I—

Griffin:

You didn't make it your own, though. You made it Jeff's.

Travis:

Jeff was the asshole first, and now you are completely within your right to be like, “Hey, this decoration choice, we tried it out for a while. I don't think it's

working. Uh, my friends have come over; they don't like it. Um, maybe we wanna switch it out for something else, and see how that works."

Griffin:

Is this art, like, *violently* sexual? Like really, really...

Travis:

It's just all boobs.

Griffin:

...aggressively sexual?

Travis:

Boobs everywhere.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Yeah. Why don't you get your own art that is, in fact, violently sexual, and hang it up? Say, "I don't know. I'm just trying this out, too."

Travis:

"This is my painting, and it's five dogs playing poker. Also, they have giant boners."

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Um, you know, you need to have this conversation with your roommate. That's option one. You talk to him about it.

Option two, guy comes in and buys `em.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Option three, burn it down.

Option four, thief. Art thief.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

I think the other one is you just... just suffer.

Griffin:

Just eat it.

Justin:

You know, so often we rush to fix the little things that plague us, but it's like you don't appreciate breathing until you try to hold your breath.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Why don't you just try living with something you hate for a while? And then it'll be such a refreshing change when you finally get out of it.

Travis:

But is it possible that our, you know, listener here, say his name is Steven, that these paintings just say, like, "Steven's a dick."

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

And they're just, like, paintings of Steven with a knife in his head.

Justin:

[crying laughter in background]

Griffin:

This painting, this is an apple, but the apple is saying, "Fuck you, Steven."

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

[laughs] I do not think that is...

Travis:

Oh, and then the roommate and his girlfriend are just standing there, going, "What do you think, Steven? You like 'em?"

Griffin:

"I believe, uh, this is from her 2011, uh, *Steven Sucks Dick* collection. Um, this magnum opus is titled, *Fuck Off, Steven, You're a Jerk, and...* that's it. That's the end of the painting."

Travis:

That's the end of the—

Griffin:

"It ends on an ellipsis, 'cause it's art."

Justin:

[laughs]

I— [sighs] is this that big of a deal? I feel like I don't even notice art most of the time.

Travis:

I don't think it's that big of a deal, but I could see where this could be the kind of thing that, like, just kind of eats at you. And just like, you come home from a hard day at work, and suddenly you look up, and there's that stupid-ass painting. It's like, "Here's one more thing I don't need." I could see where that— it would, like, be a tiny thing that just bugs at you.

Justin:

I just don't—

Griffin:

But if it's like two werewolves, like, sucking each other off, then you are gonna notice it every time you walk into the house.

Justin:

[through laughter] You're gonna be embarrassed to bring people over.

Griffin:

I'm saying, this is— we are definitely dealing with an aggressively sexual lycanthropic art situation.

Justin:

[through laughter] Maybe it's— [laughs uncontrollably]

Griffin:

It's Taylor Lautner, he's man from the waist up.

Justin:

Right.

Griffin:

Werewolf from the waist down. From the waist out, he is all boner. Extending on the Y axis.

Travis:

[bursts out laughing]

Oh, God. Maybe you just, one day when they're out, you redecorate. And be like, "Oh, I thought this was a thing we were doing now, just taking turns redecorating every couple of months."

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

"I thought it was my month to have up some shitty paintings. Sorry, Janie. I didn't mean that." [laughs]

Travis:

"No offense."

Justin:

"I didn't mean shitty, Janie."

Griffin, do you have a Yahoo?

Griffin:

Maybe they are shitty paintings. Maybe that's her medium, is human fecal matter. [laughs] There's so many ways for this art to be bad art. Get out of here, bad art.

Justin:

Griffin.

Griffin:

I have a Yahoo. This Yahoo was sent in by Atiana Kuriyama. Thank you, Atiana. It's by Yahoo Answers User Allison, who asks, "Any good Facebook statuses?"

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

"I know this sounds tacky, but I haven't updated my status in a while, and do any of you have any good statuses that will get a lot of likes? They have to be appropriate for a teenage girl, because my mom gets on Facebook like every day. Any funny, meaningful, meaningless, or cool statuses? [crosstalk]."

Justin:

[bursts out in wheezing laughter]

Griffin:

"All answers are greatly appreciated, thank you."

Justin:

Um...

Travis:

I don't wanna live... [sighs] in this world anymore.

Griffin:

That's what the status should be?

Travis:

No.

Justin:

Yes.

Griffin:

That's a downer.

Travis:

That's what the title of my autobiography is.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

Did you know that they just bumped up the Facebook status limit, uh, the amount of characters you can use, to 63,000?

Griffin:

That's important. Sometimes people make fucking manifes— sometimes people write novellas, and post them on the Facebook.

Travis:

63,000!

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

And then they tag you in it, and you're not in it 'til the end.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

And you read that whole, dumb thing. About how they're—

Griffin:

I just read about your whole fucking Christmas trip to Target. Thanks for wasting my entire life.

Justin:

Yeah. Why did you even tell everybody about that? Who has this much time? You know when I last update my status update? When I want people to know that I did something cool.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

That's the only time that you should ever have to update your status on Twitter or anything. If you're doing something cooler than somebody else might doing at that exact second, that's when you tweet. Or you're making something good for dinner. [crosstalk] two acceptable statuses.

Travis:

Over half of my status updates just say, "Check out this thing I did."

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

That's basically it.

Griffin:

"I made this."

Justin:

"I made this thing."

Travis:

Okay, and as much as I hate people that are just like, "I went to the store today," what I really hate is those ones that are like, uh, you know, "A true friend will do this, but a *dear* friend..." and I'm just like, fuck you. You know, that's the people that don't actually have friends.

Griffin:

Can you give me an example of what you mean, Travis?

Travis:

Oh, you're gonna have to give me a second.

Justin:

Yeah, Travis, I'd love an example too.

Griffin:

I would love this.

Travis:

You're gonna have to give me a second.

Justin;

Could you find—

Griffin:

No, no, no. I would love it just, like, straight-off-the-dome, freestyle, bud.

Travis:

[laughs] Uh, I don't know. Oh, God give me— fuck.

Griffin:

So like, "A true friend will drive you to the airport, a *dear* friend will fly the plane."

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Right?

Travis:

"A good guy will get you flowers. The *right* guy will eat them for you." I don't know.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

[laughs] "Eat these flowers! Prove you love me, eat these Rhododendrons."

Justin:

"Prove your love, and eat the Rhododendrons."

Griffin:

"Eat them, David."

Travis:

"Bite the rose."

Griffin:

"Bite the rose, David."

Justin:

[through gritted teeth] "Bite the rose, David!" [bursts out laughing]

Griffin:

Um, guys...

Justin:

Gingerly.

Griffin:

She needs a real knock-them-out-of-the-park Facebook status update that's gonna win her all kinds of awards.

Travis:

So basically what's gonna get her, like, the Nobel Peace Prize for Facebook status messages.

Griffin:

Yeah. Here, I'll give you an example. Dwight suggested, "Another day, another food stamp." I don't understand, Dwight.

Travis:

Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

Justin:

[laughs] Can you explain?

Griffin:

Uh, no, I can't, 'cause he didn't.

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

"Wouldn't it be nice if iPods could detect your mood, and make a playlist for it?" Oh, man, that's so now. That's so now, and so hip. Kids'll care about i—

Travis:

But no, that would be terrifying.

Griffin:

All about playlists and moods. "When I fall down a flight of stairs, I'm not worried about if I'm hurt. I'm worried if anybody saw."

Travis:

Wow, post-seeker.

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

Keep that shit to yourself.

Griffin:

Yeah. You fucking snuff film videographer guy.

Justin:

How often are you falling down stairs that you're thinking about this, this much? When I fall down stairs...

Travis:

[laughs] Whenever I fall down stairs, I think, "I wish I could stop falling down these damn stairs..."

Griffin:

"I wish my legs worked better! Aw..."

Justin:

"I think I really gotta put that light bulb back in."

Travis:

[laughs] "Damn these Crisco stairs."

Justin:

[laughs] Wait a minute, what? What is the logic—

Travis:

You know, they're made out of lard.

Justin:

They're made out of— they're stairs made from lard, now.

Travis:

Well, not— I mean, not primarily, but that's just like the finishing coat.

Griffin:

Oh, my God.

Justin:

They put a coat— you mean they Pledge 'em? They use the Pledge...

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

...and then they Crisco them.

Travis:

And then they lard `em.

Justin:

Do you live in the *Home Alone* house, is that what's happening?

Griffin and Travis:

[burst out laughing]

Travis:

Damn you, Kevin!

Griffin:

They tie some buckets of paint on the thing...

Justin:

Damn you, Kevin.

Griffin:

...pour turpentine on the toilet.

Travis:

I slipped on these micro machines.

Justin:

I feel like a pretty good status update would be, "The Wet Bandits ride again." Would that be...

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

I'm gonna make that my status update right now on Facebook.

Travis:

I want my status update to be, "You know, that old pigeon lady ain't so bad."

Griffin:

Um, "What if our dreams were just blurred memories of our previous lives?"

[pause]

Justin:

What?

Griffin:

These are all coming to us from Yahoo Answers User Los Pumas, who has really turned out about 60 of these.

Justin:

Okay. Los—

Travis:

I would like to think that this is basically like the new guy who writes the music for jingles kind of thing, where he just kind of sits there and goes, "Okay, let me think. Uh, when I fall down the stairs... yeah, yeah, good start. Fall down the stairs, I hope no one's looking. Ah, yes, perfect."

Griffin:

"I love it when Ron Weasley say, 'Bloody hell,'" smiley face.

Travis:

Is that from the same guy?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Is he just copying all of his status messages?

Griffin:

Um, I think so. "Dear parents, just because it's your house doesn't mean it's not my privacy. Sincerely, teens."

Justin:

[bursts out laughing]

Travis:

Is this guy 45?

Justin:

"Teens."

Griffin:

"Teens."

Guess what? It does mean that. [laughs] It means it! It means it, all over.

Justin:

"Teens."

Griffin:

"Teens." That's our new signoff for *My Brother, My Brother and Me*.

Travis:

"Teens."

Griffin:

"Kiss your dad square on the lips" is gone. "Teens" is in.

Travis:

"Teens."

Griffin:

[laughs] Oh, my God, there's websites that generate Facebook statuses for you.

Travis:

What?

Justin:

Teens.

Griffin:

Oh, no, that's— oh, now I have a virus.

Travis:

[laughs heartily]

Justin:

Teens.

Travis:

Teens.

Griffin:

Teens.

Justin:

Now, maybe, "Hey, Mom, get off my back."

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

"Teens."

Griffin:

"Teens."

Justin:

And you gotta put— "teens" at the end is important.

Griffin:

I think you gotta sign off all your Facebook messages with “teens.”

Travis:

Well, why don't you just put up some lyrics from your favorite My Chemical Romance jacket?

Griffin:

[laughs] My jacket, chemicals.

Travis:

[laughs] My jacket of romance. My jacket of many colors.

Griffin:

Um, I don't know. This used to be a consideration of mine when I was on LiveJournal, but those days are so long gone.

Justin:

What?

Griffin:

I'm trying to think of things to say that people would enjoy, and will win me [crosstalk] awards.

Travis:

You know, I straight up remember being on LiveJournal and putting so much thought into what emotion I was feeling at that moment, so I knew which smiley face to pick at the end of it.

Griffin:

I always went with quixotic.

Justin:

You are a terrible pile. You're a mess. You're both messes.

Griffin:

Okay.

Justin:

You're wrecks. Human...

Travis:

I don't do that anymore, now. I just keep all of those emoticons locked up inside my heart.

Justin:

[bursts out laughing] You'll never know. You'll never know what I'm feeling right now.

Travis:

People'll be like, "What are you feeling?"

And I'm like, "That's mine."

Griffin:

"That's mine. I feel quixotic, but shut it. It's my secret feeling."

Justin:

I was raised Baptist, so if I don't know what emotions I'm feeling at any given moment, I don't see why everybody else gets to.

Travis:

[laughs] I barely even have the words to tell people I'm happy.

Justin:

[laughs] I stifle all of that stuff, and then later, I turn them into jokes.

Travis:

[laughs] I turn 'em into sandwiches.

Justin:

My heart is like a mine, where I put the sadness, and then out comes the chuckle [crosstalk].

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Oh, boy. Good show today, I think. It's going really well.

Griffin:

Yeah, really, really crushing. Teens.

Justin:

Really? Teens.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

[laughs] Um, "Christmas is coming," the goose is getting fat, "and I have presents for my boyfriend and everyone in my family, except my middlest sister."

Travis:

Mm.

Justin:

Wow, people are— guys, how's your Christmas shopping going? Are you, like— are you...

Travis:

God's honest? Haven't even started.

Griffin:

Nor I.

Justin:

Okay, okay.

Griffin:

I got that Amazon Prime! I can do that shit on the 23rd, and Christmas would be saved.

Travis:

Yeah. I'm thinking of just making ashtrays for everyone.

Griffin:

Oh, don't do that. I want shit.

Justin:

Make me an ass-tray.

Travis:

Ha!

Justin:

Ha! Teens.

Griffin:

Teens. Go.

Justin:

Teens.

Griffin:

Go, read it.

Justin:

[laughs] "...my middlest sister. We aren't close," and she's a listener, so I plan on an awkward holiday season. No. "Since we aren't close, and we don't spend time together more than once a month, so it's difficult for me to decide on my own what she might like or find useful. I've asked her to list a few things she might like, but she hasn't offered any suggestions. What can I get my sister that she will appreciate, in case she doesn't tell me what she'd like in time to get it shipped by Christmas?" That's from Christmas Confounded in Carolina.

Griffin:

Are you fucking kidding? You've consulted the three people who know your sister less than you.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

We don't know her, what she does.

Justin:

If you're worried about something—

Travis:

Any gift anyone could suggest that was like, "This is safe for everyone, and anyone would like this," it's so obvious that that is what you did.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Like, "I got you some soap," like ...

Griffin:

"Here's a Slap Chop."

Like, "Thanks..."

Travis:

Yeah.

Griffin:

"Thank you."

Justin:

"Thank you, I guess."

Griffin:

"I guess you were watching TV at night, and saw it..."

Justin:

Maybe get her a webcam, and say, "I want the two of us to be better connected."

Griffin:

Aw, Justin, slam dunk!

Travis:

Aw, I like that.

Justin:

Thanks.

Travis:

I like that a lot.

Justin:

But maybe she doesn't like her. So let's operate on that, too, also.

Travis:

Okay. Um, you could get her a something-of-the-month club membership? Like, if she likes cheese and wine, or something. Chocolates. But, see, that, once again, is just such a generic gift that says, like, "Hey, I didn't know what else to get you."

Justin:

Well not if they know that, like— like, we got Sydnee's dad a beer-of-the-month, uh, club because he likes beer.

Travis:

Okay, so if it's something like they're a big coffee drinker, and they're really into coffee, then going with a gourmet-coffee-of-the-month club, you know, might be a great way to go.

Griffin:

Yeah. Or if they're a raging alcoholic, get them the beer-of-the-month club. They're guaranteed to love it.

Justin:

You know, a lot of people have a coffee grinder that's not really good for them. Maybe get 'em a nice Burr Grinder.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

That's what you want. And some fresh coffee from your local confiserie.

Travis:

What about— what's that Scentsy shit that you guys are always talking about?

Justin:

Uh, Scentsy, man, a Scentsy's a great present, actually. 'Cause you get a warmer, and you get some, uh, wafers. Right now, I'm melting, um— what do I got in there? Christmas Cottage.

Griffin:

You selling that [crosstalk] shit?

Justin:

No, no, no. It's the holidays, Griffin. Please. It's the holidays.

Griffin:

Okay. Sorry.

Justin:

I got Christmas Cottage up in there, and later, I think I'm gonna swap in Festival of Trees.

Griffin:

Ooh.

Justin:

Just whatever you want.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

It's really nice.

Travis:

You could also, um, get her some kind of decorative dagger.

Griffin:

Okay. So you're saying, let's go to the local Excalibur...

Travis:

Yeah.

Griffin:

...and let's buy her maybe a pewter dragon statue with fake—

Travis:

It's just been a while since I mentioned Sexual Edge, and business is really [crosstalk].

Griffin:

Oh, God, no.

Justin:

[laughing quietly in background]

Griffin:

Um, are we getting that Scentsy money yet? Are we getting that Scentsy endorsement money? You guys know we got that Genesis Today hook. You know I got two big bags of Genesis Today swag here, waiting for you.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Oh, good.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

So it's— you've got it, definitely. We've got the Genesis Today...

Griffin:

We've got the Genesis Today.

Justin:

...super fruit gummies.

Travis:

You got the clicky pens...

Griffin:

I have been taking—

Travis:

...and the pens that, like, you could pull out the information sheet for?

Griffin:

No, no, no. These are all edible. Uh, we're talking about Omega 3 fatty acid, Vitamin C chewables. We're talking about, uh, fucking super fruit immunity-boosting gummies. We're talking about—

Travis:

Wait, so when you say you've got bags of them, do you mean you just have, like, grocery bags full of pills?

Griffin:

Two Genesis Today-branded canvas bags.

Travis:

Just filled with pills?

Griffin:

It's full of health, is what it is. It's like a big...

Justin:

Do you have anything in there that's, like, chock full of B12 and other assorted B vitamins? 'Cause—

Griffin:

I have a fucking acai chew with 2,000% acai daily value.

Travis:

Whoa!

Justin:

I just really need to set my energy free.

Griffin:

"Whoa! My kidneys, ahhh!"

Justin:

[laughs, wheezes] "Ahh!"

Griffin:

You'll feel your brain synapses firing.

Justin:

You know, that's how ninjas get their powers.

Griffin:

You'll feel all the tissues in your body loosen, and then tighten. "Whoa, where did that come from?" [whispers] It's the acai.

Travis:

Could you just hand your sister, like, a \$50 dollar bill?

Justin:

"I don't know you very well, so here's some money."

Travis:

Hey, you know what everybody likes? Money.

Justin:

Do-re-mi.

Griffin:

Uh...

Justin:

A Starbucks gift card's always nice.

Griffin:

No, it's not. Well, I guess it is.

Justin:

You get to go there, get a Burr Grinder.

Travis:

Here's the thing. The best thing you could do— so you asked your sister what she would like, and you're waiting on a list back from her. Maybe ask around to other places. You know, ask your parents, ask your other, uh, siblings. Like, "What are you getting her?" And maybe you can do, like, a tandem gift, where like they're getting her, you know, a new set of something, so you get a complementary set of something.

Um, you know, but it's Christmas, and the point is that, you know, just get her something you think she would like, and I'm sure it'll be great.

Griffin:

But she— Travis, she doesn't know her very well. You didn't listen to the core conceit of this question...

Travis:

No, I know that.

Griffin:

...is that she does not—

Travis:

So then you have to go off of, like, your own judgment, and say, like, "I think she would like this."

Griffin:

Can you s—

Travis:

"Because I would like it."

Griffin:

Can you steal something from her, and then return it?

Justin:

[snorts] Uh, get her something that's already in her house.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Then she'll have doubles, but at least you'll know it's something she likes.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

That's not a good idea. That's a stupid idea.

Griffin:

[softly] Fuck.

Justin:

[softly] Stupid. Stupid idea.

Griffin:

Unless it's something that's awesome to have doubles of.

Justin:

Oh, right! Like a picture of two werewolves fucking.

Griffin:

[laughs] Or two lonely werewolves. Put the pictures next to each other, cut out the...

Travis:

And then wait for the magic.

Griffin:

...sides of the frames, wait for the magic pictures, wait for the werewolf sex to happen. Wait for the two werewolves to have sex in each other's paintings.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Um...

Griffin:

Wait for the *Harry Potter* magic painting crossover werewolf fuck.

Justin:

Get her something really terrible, and then you'll be giving her the best gift you can give anyone, which is the right to complain about the shitty gift you got them all year.

Travis:

Yeah. And you'll be giving everyone else the present of knowing that their present to anyone else wasn't the worst thing.

Justin:

Yeah. Fall on this grenade for her. Get 'em nothing, and then when she goes back and talks to the girls around the steno pool, she can say, "Oh, and my younger sister, she's a real peach. Guess what she got me? A big box of diddly squat!"

Travis:

Yeah, just give her an empty box, and when she opens it, say, "Should've gotten me that list quicker, huh?"

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

[snorts] Now, that's— Christmas morning is the perfect time to be vindictive. I've always said that.

Travis:

Yeah. Let's turn the Christmas lesson into an object lesson.

Justin:

[wheezing laugh]

Griffin:

What about a box with a note in it that says, "I wish I knew you better"?

Travis:

[giggles]

Griffin:

That's the real gift, is getting to know your sibling.

Travis:

Ooh, get her a gift certificate for one sister.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Or, like, 20 free phone calls.

Griffin:

Yeah! Well, you'd have to go...

Travis:

But to her.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

You gotta clarify, you're not, like, paying her long-distance bill.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

That would get awkward. Um, don't get her anything. [laughs]

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

She should've been better at contact.

Travis:

Just don't show up to Christmas.

Justin:

Christmas is the time where— when it started, a long time ago...

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

...the Wise Men gave Jesus those really nice gifts, even though he was a baby, and he couldn't give them shit.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

So they get—

Griffin:

Nor can you do it— like, what are you doing, giving frankincense to a baby?

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

Babies eat that, and it will kill them. It's poison.

Griffin:

[laughs] It kills them instantly.

Justin:

Toxic to a baby. Toxic to a baby. But what they were doing was, they were making Jesus feel guilty from the very start. They wanted him to feel indebted to them, so he would— they didn't know how it was gonna work, with the cross and what all.

Griffin:

Yeah. [bursts out laughing]

Travis:

But it did have a pretty epic payoff, I would say.

Justin:

Well, they didn't know how it was all gonna work, so they thought, "Well, we want this guy in our pocket."

Travis:

You know, that's a scene that they usually cut out of that story, where the Wise Men show back up 33 years later...

Griffin:

"Hey."

Travis:

...and say, like, "Hey, do you remember when we gave you that stuff? Yeah, we're gonna have to call in that favor."

Justin:

They all got together beforehand. They say, "Darryl, I like this kid."

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

"I want juice with this kid."

Griffin:

It must've been tricky. Baby Jesus don't come with no rule book. You don't know how all that stuff operates, the heavenly salvation.

Justin:

Baby Jesus...

Griffin:

All that stuff.

Justin:

Baby Jesus is like the suit from *Greatest American Hero*. Nobody knew how it was gonna go down.

Griffin:

Yeah, but it happened.

Justin:

But it happened. But, like, the Wise Men, the reason they got him such nice gifts is so they could feel superior...

Griffin:

Yeah. It's almost like—

Justin:

...to Jesus for a little while, and then he would be indebted to them, and Jesus would feel guilt— I mean, he didn't have those emotions at the beginning, he was just a baby, but he would feel guilty later about the nice gifts that he didn't return.

Griffin:

Actually, also—

Travis:

Is there any parallel we can draw between Jesus and the suit from *Condorman*?

Justin:

I do not think so, Travis.

Travis:

Oh, okay.

Griffin:

I do not know what you're talking about, is the problem for me. My problem is, I have no idea what you're talking about.

Justin:

I can't get into a riff where Travis explains the film, *Condorman*. I can't. I don't think it's a great fit for our show.

Travis:

Can I talk about [crosstalk]?

Griffin:

Can we talk about literally anything else?

Travis:

Okay.

Justin:

Sure, of course. Um, God, Christmas gifts are the pits for people you don't know very well, huh?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

It's just the worst. Uh, why don't you give a preemptive gift? Call her, and say, "You don't have to get me anything, and I'm not gonna get you anything, and let's just not worry about it." 'Cause that will be the best gift anybody could get anybody else.

Travis:

Oh, just cancel it out?

Justin:

Yeah. Say, like, "Listen, I don't like you, you don't like me." [laughs]

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

"No gifts this year."

Griffin:

Tell her that you bought her a goat through Heifer International, and when she's like, "Doesn't that usually come with a certificate?"

You'd be like, "Nah, nah, nah. Shh, shh, shh. It's cool."

Travis:

"This is a special goat."

Griffin:

"It's cool."

Justin:

"I told him to use that certificate overhead to donate to the family, so they can have some porridge."

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

I mean... and if all else fails, go on ThinkGeek, and get her something awesome.

Griffin:

Okay, well...

Travis:

That's what ThinkGeek exists for. It exists for, like, getting her some sweet-ass astronaut ice cream or something.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

Everybody loves astronaut ice cream.

Travis:

Yeah. I love astronaut ice—

Griffin:

When they 12!

Justin:

[laughs] Good one. Good zing.

Travis:

You know that hurts, Griffin.

Griffin:

My new burn, um, is called, "When they 12."

Travis:

Yeah?

Justin:

[laughing] It's sort of a riff on "teens."

Griffin:

Yeah. Teens.

Travis:

Teens. Pre-teens.

Justin:

[wheezing laughter]

Griffin:

Don't go trying to change— we just gave birth to this meme, and you're trying to fucking chop it and screw it.

Justin:

[laughs] It's not time for the—

Travis:

[holding back laughter] In no way am I trying to chop and screw teens.

Griffin:

[laughs]

Justin:

[bursts out laughing] If you want a show that is not like our show, that does not make terrible things like that happen with their mouths, then boy, have we got a recommendation for you.

Travis:

[laughs heartily]

[ad plays]

[funky tech music plays in the background]

Graham:

Hello, there. My name's Graham Clark.

Dave:

And I'm Dave Shumka.

Graham:

And together, we host a podcast called *Stop Podcasting Yourself*.

Dave:

This is a file that you download from the internet, and then you listen to it in your pod.

Graham:

What's that about, you ask? Well, who are you to ask? Who do you think you are?

Dave:

Yeah, get lost, bozo.

Graham:

[laughs]

Dave:

We're a couple of standup comedians in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, and every week, we bring a guest on the show. Sometimes they're Canadian, sometimes they're not, sometimes they're a ghost.

Graham:

It's like you're sitting in on a friendly, uh, afternoon chat.

Dave:

And plus we're Canadian, so you get a tax break.

Graham:

[wheezing laughter]

Dave:

You can find us on iTunes, or online at Maximumfun.org. Eh?

Graham:

Ooh!

Dave:

Spell.

[ad ends]

Justin:

Celebrities. Celebrities.

Travis:

Who needs `em?

Justin:

Who needs `em?

Griffin:

Well, we do, desperately.

Justin:

We do.

Travis:

Yes.

Griffin:

I am so excited about this celebrity.

Justin:

Yeah, this is a really big one for us. Um, we asked our— every week, we start the show off with the hit song, “(It's a) Departure” from The Long Winters, and we know that so many of you have gotten into The Long Winters as a result of, well, us. Our personal influence.

Travis:

Yeah. You're welcome.

Justin:

You're welcome. Um, but this week, we actually have a celebrity question from Mr. John Roderick of *The Long Winters*.

John:

[clears throat] Hello, *My Brother, My Brother and Me* brothers. Uh, this is John Roderick calling, and, um, my question for you is, I want to learn to be an eBay retailer. I have a lot of junk that I've collected, because I'm a collector, and now I'm looking around my house, and I'm realizing that, uh, I've crossed the line from being a collector to being a crazy person in a house full of crap. And so what better way to, uh, unload the crap than to go on eBay?

But I can't stand being on eBay. Whenever I'm there, it just confuses me, and it doesn't fill me with delight, uh, like being in a room full of crap does. So what I'm trying to do is transition from being a crazy person in a room full of crap to a wealthy person in an empty room. And, uh, I think eBay might be the way, but I don't have the first idea how to begin. So, any suggestion, or advice for me? Thanks so much, homies.

Justin:

[sighs] Thank you, uh, John Roderick, for that question. You have gotten to us just in time, because you are about to make a terrible, terrible mistake.

Griffin:

Oops, you almost did it!

Justin:

Almost made a mistake.

Travis:

That was so close.

Justin:

Here's the thing: no one puts you on TV for reasonably getting rid of your stuff.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

You lean—

Griffin:

I'm glad we're on the same page here, Justin.

Justin:

Yeah, you gotta lean into it. You know that promo— you know that digital ink, that TV ink of getting on the hit show *Hoarders* is gonna be great for your band, it's gonna be great for your image.

Travis:

Well, not only that, think about the newspaper coverage.

Griffin:

[laughs] Well, hold on. One second, I'm not exactly sure it will be great for your image. Not sure that this—

Justin:

What the fuck? People talked about that fucker from The Libertines for like two years, just 'cause he had such a terrible drug addiction. You don't think people are gonna chat up the lead singer of a hit indie rock band who is also [holding back laughter] a hoarder?

Griffin:

Hey—

Travis:

I feel like *Hoarders* is, like, just a hair's breadth separated from *MTV Cribs*.

Griffin:

Maybe.

Justin:

[bursts out laughing]

Griffin:

It's just like *MTV Cribs*, if they just had a bunch of shit around their house.

Griffin:

But oh, my God, is that hair important. Oh, my God.

Travis:

[laughs]

Justin:

Yeah. It is a—

Griffin:

Nobody's gonna wanna be the guy who people come up to on the street, and it's like, "Hey, I saw you on *Hoarders*. Your house looks like fucking Scrooge McDuck's vault, if Scrooge McDuck were a homeless person, and..."

Travis:

"But your albums *rule!*"

Griffin:

"But your albums are great, is the thing. Your albums are so good."

Justin:

Hey, [crosstalk]—

Travis:

Think about— you never see the headline in the paper, um, "Hit Indie Rocker Killed by Mountain of Air."

Griffin:

Yeah. [bursts out laughing]

Travis:

It's gotta be old newspaper, or shoeboxes filled with toenail clippings.

Griffin:

"Pile of 45 Gramophones Topples on..."

Travis:

[laughing]

Justin:

The number one thing is, you can't— and this is the mistake that so many hoarders make.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Which, by the way, we are definitely, definitely leaning towards you becoming a hoarder.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Um, you can't go organic.

Griffin:

[shuddering] Oh...

Justin:

You gotta keep the organics out of it, 'cause then you're a dirty, dirty...

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

It's dirty.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

It's shameful.

Griffin:

Then you got a compost home, and nobody wants that.

Justin:

Right. Nobody wants that. You're gonna find decomposed cats, and old containers of yogurt. It's terrible.

Travis:

Do you think that there is a style of hoarding you could do that would actually be awesome? Like, "I hoard old *Nintendo Power* magazines."

Griffin:

Oh, my God, yes.

Justin:

Yeah, but what he's saying, I think, is that— like, that does make you a collector. What he's saying is that if you collect enough things, you're a hoarder. [laughs]

Travis:

Well, doesn't that just mean it's time to move into a bigger house?

Justin:

No, it doesn't mean that!

Griffin:

You're saying it's all relative? You're saying if you have 20,000 square feet...

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Griffin:

...and you fill it with 1,000 square feet of old newspaper clippings and coupons from the 1970s...

Travis:

Right.

Griffin:

...you're no longer a hoarder; you are just an eccentric person with a large house?

Travis:

Exactly.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

If you're like, "And this is my room for, um, *Perfect Strangers* memorabilia."

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Then, you know, you're not a weirdo...

Justin:

Nope.

Travis:

...but if you're like, "This is my house, which is [laughs] floor-to-ceiling covered with *Perfect Strangers* memorabilia," you've got a problem.

Justin:

Well, okay. Now, you've stumbled onto a hit, new idea we like to call a museum. Like, you're not— [laughs] you're creating more problems. Then, you've got overhead, you have to get a special tax classification.

Travis:

Ooh, what about this? Ooh, when someone's like, "You're a hoarder," say, "No, no, no. I'm working on an art installation."

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Ooh, that's good.

Griffin:

I mean, you kind of are. I think we're being a little myopic by just focusing on *Hoarders*. I feel like there's other reality TV shows that we can use to help John get rid of his stuff, and make some money off of it.

Justin:

Oh, my God, yes!

Griffin:

Like, I'm thinking, there's the, there's the triumvirate, right? You've got *Pawn Stars*.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Griffin:

Drop that shit on them, they'll give you mad skrilla. That is their catchphrase.

Justin:

[giggling in background]

Griffin:

You got, uh, fucking— you got *American Pickers*. Call the *American Pickers* guys, they'll just swoop in, and give you fair trade for your stuff and—

Travis:

And, of course, *Hillbilly Handfishin'*.

Griffin:

[laughs] There's, um— uh, there's fucking— there's fucking...

Travis:

Sons of Guns.

Griffin:

...*Storage Wars*! You've got *Storage Wars*. Just put all your shit in a storage unit, and then go delinquent on the payments, and then it's gone. You don't get any money for it, but your stuff gets on TV, and you get to watch your memories picked over by heartless, heartless men.

Travis:

And you could go on *LA Ink*, and get tattoos of all the stuff you have.

Griffin:

You can go on *Real Housewives* and marry a sweet, beautiful woman!

Travis:

[giggling]

Justin:

[snorts] Think about that!

Griffin:

Think about that, John! You could—

Justin:

You could be the one guy with the beard, who is a hoarder, and married the one from *Sweet Housewives of Atlanta*.

Griffin:

Sweet— [incomprehensible through laughter]

Travis:

And that was on *Ace of Cakes*.

Justin:

He was on *Ace of Cakes*!

Griffin:

Did you see—

Justin:

We wanted to celebrate you deciding to be a hoarder.

Travis:

I want a cake that's just covered in shit!

Griffin:

Sweet Housewives of Biloxi this week, it was great! Those sweet, sweet women married John Roderick.

Travis:

[laughs] All of them.

Griffin:

All of them.

Travis:

And then they were on *Sister Wives*.

Griffin:

Did you see *Sister Wives* this week? Kody, he's out.

Justin:

[crosstalk] *Sister Wives*?

Griffin:

Kody's out, John Roderick's in. He just swooped in.

Travis:

It was the world's biggest divorce.

Griffin:

It was like the quickening. He just swooped in, and he got a bunch of wives and, like, 35 kids.

Travis:

Oh, he's hoarding kids!

Griffin:

He's hoarding kids. [laughs]

Justin:

[wheezing laugh]

Griffin:

Floor-to-ceiling.

Travis:

My house is, floor-to-ceiling, covered with kids.

Griffin:

Spawn everywhere.

Justin:

Now, listen, John. If you wanna put kids on eBay...

Griffin:

Uh-oh.

Travis:

It's gonna go fast.

Justin:

...we're gonna talk about this. I know a guy.

Griffin:

Let's—

Justin:

Let me talk to my guy, Rico. He's gonna take care of it.

Griffin:

If you have to use eBay, the trick is, as somebody who used eBay, uh, once, to— I think I bought a DVD, and then the second time was I sold some Pokemon cards, and they asked me to pay a fee for selling shit, and I was like, [scoffs] “No!” and I got banned from eBay forever.

Justin and Travis:

[giggling]

Griffin:

Um, but you gotta make it seem like a place— your sales space has to seem like a place where it seems like you're not trying to fuck the user right through their pants. You gotta make it seem like a safe space for them.

Travis:

Uh-huh.

Justin:

Right.

Griffin:

Like you are actually going to give them the things that they want. And you know what?

Travis:

Yeah.

Griffin:

Why not use your name on there? People can get— you're not selling old newspaper clippings; you're selling rock memorabilia.

Justin:

Hey, it's all rock memorabilia.

Griffin:

Everything you own is rock memorabilia.

Travis:

And whatever you do, be careful that if you take a picture of something that is shiny and reflective, that you are dressed in that reflection.

Griffin:

[laughs] Or not!

Justin:

Yeah, you don't wanna become an— you don't wanna— [laughs] everybody is into something different.

Griffin:

That picture is now rock memorabilia.

Justin:

“Hey, is that a picture of a werewolf in the background? What is it doing to him?”

Travis:

“I'll take it!”

Griffin:

“I'll take two.”

Justin:

"I'll take it."

Griffin:

"I'll take them both. I'll take that one, and its brother next door."

Justin:

"Hey, I'm a 25 year old male. At work, I share a small office with two lovely young ladies about my age, both of whom are close friends of mine that I adore, but the amount of girl talk and estrogen in the room can quickly become overwhelming. Unfortunately, there aren't really any dudes at work that I can nerd out with. I need a dude outlet. What can I do to get the old testosterone pumping at work?" That's from Smothered in the South.

Travis:

Okay, here's— [sighs] this is where I'm going to, uh, completely go outside of what you asked, and say that basically, this would be like if in World War II, an American soldier was like, [complaining] "I'm stuck with all these Germans all day, listening to all their plans and secrets."

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

[bursts out laughing] Travis, that was...

Travis:

You are behind enemy lines, collecting information.

Justin:

For the rest of us!

Travis:

Yes!

Justin:

Find out what they're talking about, and what is going on in there.

Griffin:

"I don't— did you guys even know that they have a thing called a 'brood pouch'? This is all new information to me. Do you know where the brood pouch is?"

Travis:

Now, it's also possible that women are feeding you misinformation.

Griffin:

Yeah. "Man, my—"

Travis:

Which is actually one of their names.

Griffin:

"The jelly that I've been producing from my brood pouch has been really opaque lately. I'm worried."

Travis:

[laughing, groans]

Griffin:

Oh, Travis, don't be that way. It's a natural, beautiful part of life.

Justin:

The brood pouch is beautiful, natural.

Griffin:

You can get that jam from it.

Travis:

Now, for actual, helpful information, is it possible that there's, like, a crossover thing, where, like, you can talk about things...

Griffin:

No, no, Travis, there's nothing that both men and women like at the same time.

Justin:

[bursts out laughing]

Griffin:

Don't be ridiculous. Oh, wait, there's a billion things. *Top Chef*, for one.

Justin:

[wheezing laughter] Just to pick one of the things.

Griffin:

Just to pick one of the hundred drillion things that there are that men and women like together.

Travis:

And if I'm correct, a drillion is a trillion trillion, if I'm not mistaken?

Griffin:

Yeah, it's all the trillions that there could possibly be.

Justin:

It's a number only girls know about, so you can't...

Travis:

[giggles]

Justin:

[sighs] Men are from Mars, guys.

Griffin:

Fuckin' talking about sports? Ladies like sports, too, sometimes. Maybe—how about— [shouting] how about *Top Chef*!? Just talk about *Top Chef*. That can last you, like, an entire day's worth of conversation. Like, "Oh, I—"

Travis:

How about, like, any movies ever?

Justin:

Movies are good— well, not *any* movie.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Some movies, girls aren't allowed to see, and vice versa.

Travis:

That's true.

Justin:

I've been trying to see *Fried Green Tomatoes* for, ah, 15 years now.

Griffin:

Every time.

Travis:

I would love to see *Love Actually*, but I can't get my passport cleared.

Griffin:

[laughs] I'm imagining Sally Field just runs in, and is like, "No!" Slaps it out of your hand.

Justin:

[laughs] "Excuse me, ladies. I hate to interrupt our conversation, but I believe a boy has entered the room where our film is airing."

Griffin:

[bursts out laughing]

Justin:

And, like, she breaks the fourth wall like Zack Morris.

Griffin:

[continues laughing uncontrollably]

Travis:

"Time out!"

Justin:

"Time out, Sissy Spacek..."

Griffin:

"Pardon me, ladies."

Justin:

"...who may or may not be in this film." [laughs]

Travis:

"Calm down, woman from *Jurassic Park*."

Justin:

[screeching laughter]

Ladies, uh, just so you know, *Jurassic Park* is a movie with...

Griffin:

[bursts into laughter again]

Justin:

[through laughter] ...dinosaurs and Laura Dern in it. Sorry, ladies, I didn't— didn't wanna lose you.

Griffin:

[coming down from crying laughter] It's so good.

Travis:

I wish you could see it.

Justin:

I wish you guys could see it.

Travis:

I feel like it would really bridge a lot of gaps.

Justin:

Right. It's sort of like—

Travis:

Hey, guys, let's tear down these walls, huh?

Justin:

It's sort of like the— what I imagine the *How Stella Got Her Groove Back* [crosstalk].

Travis:

I wouldn't know.

Griffin:

Guys.

Justin:

I wouldn't know; I'm guessing, but...

Griffin:

I'm hoping that whatever comes after Blu-ray has a feature where if you're watching *Fried Green Tomatoes* and a man walks into the room, just, like,

Kathy Bates just looks into the camera and just stops talking mid-sentence, and goes, "Shh, shh, shh. Shh, shh. He's here."

Justin:

"Shh. Pretend you're paused."

Travis:

"Fee-fi-fo-fum..."

Griffin:

Wait! [chiding] Travis...

Justin:

"Someone make me some buffalo wings."

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Don't be— guys, don't be mean to Kathy Bates.

Travis:

[laughs] She doesn't need it.

Justin:

She's doing her best out there. Her show just got canceled.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Aww.

Justin:

Oh, misery. Um...

Griffin:

Do you guys want a Yahoo Answer?

Justin:

I would like that very much.

Travis:

Yes, please.

Griffin:

Okay. This one was sent in by Golly Aolly. Thank you, Golly. It's by Yahoo Answers User... Ewgewegwegweg...

Travis:

Uh-huh (affirmative).

Griffin:

...it's just a bunch of E's and W's and G's, who asks, "When a girl wears flip-flops why do I stare at her feet, so I can get a glimpse of her soles?"

[pause]

Justin:

Uh, what? Excuse me?

Griffin:

"When a girl wears flip-flops, why do I stare at her feet, so I can get a glimpse of her soles?" It's almost like he answers the question in the question a little bit, but he just doesn't understand why he's able to answer it.

Travis:

Why is it that when a woman wears her flip-flops, I'm such a dirty foot bird?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

[wheezing laugh] A what?

Griffin:

A dirty birdy.

Travis:

A dirty foot bird.

Griffin:

Travis is really, really...

Justin:

A dirty...

Griffin:

...on a Kathy Bates kick right now. He's doing his impression of her from the film, the hit film *Misery*.

Travis:

Is Kathy Bates a dirty foot bird in *Misery*?

Griffin:

Yeah, she's a real nasty...

Justin:

That's why she— yeah.

Griffin:

Is this person just now coming to terms with the fact that he's a dirty birdy?

Travis:

I don't know.

Griffin:

That he's a real dirty Gus?

Travis:

Here's the thing. There are so many things in this world that, you know, I'm not necessarily into, but I don't judge other people for. I don't get the foot thing, like, at all.

Griffin:

I mean, do you want me to show my hand right now?

Justin:

I mean...

Griffin:

You want me to play— show my cards? Just lay them on the table?

Travis:

Yeah. I'm afraid, Griffin.

Justin:

Yeah, show your cards, I guess, or something.

Griffin:

There's something about a delicate arch.

Justin:

Oh, well, okay, let's not talk about—

Travis:

No.

Griffin:

No, listen, listen, listen, listen.

Justin:

[dissenting crosstalk]

Griffin:

Well, no, shush, shush, shush. Listen, listen, listen.

Justin:

Okay, okay, okay.

Griffin:

The line between heel and ball, [whispers] that delicate arch?

Travis:

Okay.

Griffin:

Okay.

Travis:

No.

Griffin:

Well, wait, wait, wait, wait.

Travis:

No, no.

Justin:

Wait.

Griffin:

What about those toesies?

Travis:

No, no, no.

Justin:

Okay, nope. I do not— can't—

Griffin:

No? Hold on, wait, wait, wait. Stop, stop, stop.

Justin:

Oh, okay. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin:

[whispers] But that arch.

Travis:

Nope! Nope!

Justin:

Okay. Well, you don't actually have a thing.

Griffin:

Shh, shh. [whispering] But that soft padding on there, [crosstalk].

Travis:

No, you're just getting quieter, and that's making it worse.

Justin:

It's making it much worse for me, personally.

Griffin:

Okay. Alright. So the quiet, you don't— [shouting] how about that arch!?

Travis:

No. No, no, no.

Griffin:

Okay.

Justin:

No.

Travis:

No, no, no.

Justin:

No. Now, you sound like one of the Kings of Comedy, [laughs] and I don't, I don't appreciate that. Not on my show, sorry.

Griffin:

Do you think this guy actually does not know why he's doing these things? Or do you think he does know, and he just wants to tell the internet about it?

Justin:

[sighs]

Travis:

Maybe he just feels like he's possessed by a foot demon or something.

Griffin:

It's possible.

Justin:

There is what— there is that d— well, that's what it is, [crosstalk].

Griffin:

I am Pod Tracks, King of Feet. Pod Tracks, King of Feet!

Justin:

[laughs] "Have you heard that new pod tracks on *My Brother, My Brother and Me*? It's like a podcast, but it's got lots of feet."

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

Is there any way we can get around this man having a fetish? Is there— maybe he just wants to be a podiatrist. Maybe he's got a secret podiatry...

Travis:

No, maybe he *is* a podiatrist. He's just very forgetful.

Griffin:

Oh, my God. Maybe all podiatrists are nasty, nasty, dirty birds.

Travis:

[whimpers, groans]

Justin:

I think he's got a double fetish, like a lot of these Yahoo Answers people. It's not just that he's into feet. You can be into whatever you're into, but by definition, you keep it locked away in your heart, and never tell anyone.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

But these people have a double fetish, where they have to be into something that is outside the mainstream, and they have to tell people about it.

Griffin:

I don't think that they have—

Travis:

So he's into foot— so you're saying he's into feet, *and* his other fetish is telling people about it?

Justin:

Exactly. That he's into feet.

Griffin:

As somebody who works on the internet and has seen the worst that it absolutely has to offer, I'm gonna go ahead and say that a foot fetish is not outside the mainstream. I'm gonna say a foot fetish is actually pretty milquetoast at this point.

Travis:

No, but here's—

Justin:

Okay, I can grant you that.

Griffin:

If you're saying a—

Travis:

Here's the thing that makes me more uncomfortable.

Griffin:

If your thing is cut-off-feet fetish... "I only like feet, but once they're not on the rest of the body, is the only thing."

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

I'm into half-foot fetish.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Right.

Travis:

This is what bothers me more. Do you know when you get caught, like, checking out a girl's butt or something?

Griffin:

No.

Travis:

Imagine if you got—

Justin:

Oh, yeah. Sure, yeah.

Travis:

Imagine if you got caught checking out her *feet*.

Griffin:

No, 'cause you can play that off. You can be like, "Hey, I like your... shoes."

Justin:

"I like your delicate arch."

Griffin:

"I like that delicate arch."

Travis:

But I think in that circumstance, everyone knows what's up.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

It's like, "Were you just peeping my toes?"

Justin:

No. Why are you looking at girls' butts, Travis?

Griffin:

Travis.

Justin:

What kind of— you're a dirty guy.

Griffin:

Dirty bird.

Justin:

Treat `em like a *lady*.

Travis:

Because I'm a... podiatrist.

Justin:

You're— [bursts out laughing]

Griffin:

No, no.

Justin:

Podiatrists, of course, are notoriously nasty.

Travis:

Well, I was gonna say I was a butterist, but that's not a thing.

Justin:

No, it is not, unless you work at a bakery.

Travis:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

It's a high-rising, uh, j— we have to end this show.

Griffin:

Well hold on, just wait.

Justin:

I wanna hear Griffin's—

Griffin:

There's one last thing we have to do. If we have time. Do we have time?

Travis:

I think we have time.

Justin:

No we don't. We really don't have time.

Griffin:

Well here's the thing, is— you don't— do we seriously not have time? Do we have time?

Justin:

[sighs]

Griffin:

We got all month!

Justin:

Can we make it quick?

Griffin:

But here's the thing, is that it's the first show in the month of December, and we don't do it, then people aren't gonna know that it's Bingo's Birthday Month.

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

Oh.

Justin:

[through laughter] What?

Griffin:

People aren't gonna know that it's Operation Santa Paws.

Travis:

[bewildered] Excuse me?

Justin:

[laughing uncontrollably]

Griffin:

Do you know what I mean? Like, if we don't—

Justin:

What is op—

Travis:

Is that P-A-W-S or P-A-U-S-E?

Griffin:

If people don't know that it's National Drunk and Drugged Driving 3D Prevention Month, then, like, how are they gonna know not to do whatever that thing means, not to do to it?

Justin:

[attempting to hold back laughter] What is National 3D Drugged and Drunk Driving Prevention?

Travis:

“It's like the drunk guy's coming right at me!”

Griffin:

Let's explore it. Let's explore this, okay. National Drunk...

Justin:

Okay.

Griffin:

...and Drugged Driving 3D Prevention Month.

Justin:

You have to have some other background than that.

Travis:

Are the three D's drunk, drugged, and driving?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

I feel like [laughs] you can't say the three words that it is, and then say the thing after it.

Griffin:

Or, possibly, the two concepts are completely unrelated, so it's like, "Hey, don't go see *Avatar*, but if you absolutely have to, don't be drunk in the car when you go to do it."

Justin:

Get drunk *there*. Get drunk in the bathroom.

Griffin:

"Hey, Hugo, cut it out!" ...is another one that we could do [crosstalk].

Travis:

Our country is plagued with 3D movies that are also full of drunk and drugged drivers.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Yeah, like *Drive Angry*. Did you see that?

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

Drinking Jack Daniels the whole time, flying through the screen, reckless abandon...

Travis:

Man, *Smurfs*?

Justin:

...fornicating. *Smurfs* was family fun. I can't follow you down that. I mean, it's fun for the whole family.

Griffin:

It was.

Justin:

NPH.

Griffin:

You're right, Justin. It was like watching two whole families get hit by a truck that was driven by a drunk driver in 3D.

Justin:

[laughing]

Griffin:

We gotta prevent it from happening. Neil Patrick Harris. What are you doing, Neil?

Travis:

You're better than that, NPH.

Griffin:

Neil.

Justin:

Better than that. I loved you in, uh, that movie about Cheech and Chong.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Yeah, so good.

Griffin:

You mean *Cheech and Chong Today!*

Travis:

Nah.

Justin:

Cheech and Chong Now. Cheech and Chong: Back Up in Smoke 3D. Neil Patrick Harris.

I mean, is there a warning about drunk, drug, and driving that we can dispense to people?

Griffin:

Obviously, don't drink and drive, you goof, but like— and don't drug and drive.

Travis:

Here's the thing. At this point in the course of humanity, who doesn't know not to do that?

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Like, who's sitting there, going, "Oh, that's a bad thing to do?"

Like, I think we're past the point of awareness now, to like, just try to stamp out forgetfulness.

Griffin:

Yeah. If someone hands you some fucking— a big dime bag of drug sauce, and a fucking copy of *Spy Kids 4D*, you gotta slap both out of their hands, and you gotta say—

Travis:

Well, now, Griffin, I've gotta stop you there.

Griffin:

Okay, sorry.

Travis:

This doesn't say anything about 4D.

Justin:

[laughs]

Griffin:

The fourth dimension is smell.

Travis:

Yeah.

Justin:

Right. Technically speaking, you don't want— yeah, at this point, you're just, uh, piling on guilt, 'cause people know they're not supposed to drunk drive. And you know what I don't need when I'm trying to drive drunk?

Griffin:

What's that?

Justin:

Guilt to distract me.

Travis:

[laughs]

Griffin:

[laughs] I need total focus on the job at hand.

Justin:

I need complete focus, and I don't need the echo of some nagging that I got about it to be reverberating around my mind.

Travis:

Listen, I already feel super bad, 'cause I'm super drunk.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Justin:

Right? I've had enough about it.

Travis:

Like, I am in a bad place.

Griffin:

I just think—

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

I just think, National Drunk and Drugged Driving 3D Prevention Month, I think that you— I think it's wrong to try and piggyback your own issues onto drunk driving.

Like, you can't be like, "It's National Drunk Driving and No Gay Marriage Prevention Month!"

Like, you can't— you'll be like, "Yeah, boo— wait, wait, what was the other thing?"

Justin:

"Wait. What did you say? Did you slip in—" yeah.

Griffin:

"We are Mothers Against Drunk Driving [whispers] and Gays. Gay people, boo!"

Justin:

Wait, hold on.

Griffin:

"Don't drink and drive."

Justin:

Did you say Mothers Against Drunk Driving and for Clubbing Seals? Like, what kind of organization is that? Your acronym is wack.

Griffin:

It's *mad*...

Justin:

Mad [crosstalk]. Mad ax. Uh, hey, I wanna hear Griffin's last question, uh, but first, super quick housekeeping stuff, we are doing a live performance of this very show— not this one. It won't be a stage reading of this; it'll be another episode of this, uh, on December 11th, at the Blue Theater in Austin. Um, you can get tickets. You can look at our Twitter feed for the link. You can go to MBMBaM.com, and there's something there, right, to do?

Griffin:

Maybe.

Justin:

Maybe. Poke around.

Griffin:

You just gotta— you gotta know that the theater is behind...

Justin:

Yes, there is. If you go to—

Griffin:

It's behind another building, and you gotta keep an eye out for it.

Justin:

Okay.

Griffin:

It's giant, and it's blue, but you gotta look. You're gonna drive into a lot, and you're gonna think, "This isn't a the—" then you'll see a big, blue building, and that's when you'll know.

Justin:

Yeah.

Griffin:

Just park anywhere, and come inside.

Justin:

We sold out of our 9 o'clock show. We have less than 30 tickets left for our 7:00 PM show.

Griffin:

Mm-hmm.

Justin:

Um, and if you go to MBMBAM.com, you can find the link there. We expect that, I mean, with any luck, we'll sell all those tickets, um, you know, before the show launches.

And the 7 and 9 o'clock shows will be completely different, so if you wanna come to both, we'd love to have you at both. I think everybody has gotten a chance to get tickets who wants 'em, so you won't be really, you know, edging anybody out.

Travis:

And kind of the same MO as, uh, past live shows. If you're gonna be at the show, and you'd like to have a question answered, make sure that you, when you email the question, let us know that you're going to be at the live show, and which one you're going to be at. Whether you're gonna be at the 7:00 or the 9:00.

Griffin:

Yeah, please do that. This is the first time that we've ever tried to do two shows in one day, so we are going to need as much content— same for Yahoo Answers, too. If you can just send in, like, a bunch of those this week, I would be eternally grateful. Um, and, uh, if you live in Austin, and can think of a bar that we could basically occupy, uh, after both shows, and like hang out for a bit, uh, let me know, uh, I know that there's—

Justin:

He means after the 9 o'clock show.

Griffin:

Yeah, so like...

Travis:

After both shows are over.

Griffin:

Yeah, like 10:30 or something like that.

Justin:

Right. And 7 o'clock people, we expect you to come back out, and then hang out.

Griffin:

Yeah.

Travis:

Yeah, so just sit outside the theater, uh, and wait for us for a while.

Justin:

Or pick up a ticket for the 9 o'clock.

Travis:

Yep.

Justin:

They're gonna be completely different. Somebody asked if they're gonna be the same, and if we could fucking manage that...

Griffin:

That would be awesome.

Travis:

[laughs heartily]

Justin:

...that would be amazing.

Griffin:

The second show will be the first show, but backwards!

Justin:

[laughs]

Travis:

We'll just have to cut out all of our references to the time that we wrote into the first show.

Um, also, we're gonna have our posters with us, uh, so make sure you bring some, uh, cash money if you'd like to pick up one of those. They're gonna be...

Justin:

What are they, \$10?

Travis:

Yep.

Justin:

\$10, \$10 bucks? Yeah. Bring \$10 bucks for you to get it. Make sure you get it signed, if you are interested in that sort of thing.

Griffin:

And also, I shaved my mustache. I know I said I was gonna keep it for the live show, but it was too gross, too gross.

Travis:

I have a giant beard. The biggest beard.

Griffin:

Travis is gonna go full Grizzly Adams. I'm looking at a fucking Joseph Gordon-Levitt situation over here. Smooth, smooth face.

Justin:

Uh, as always, thank you to John Roderick from The Long Winters for both his question this week, and for letting us use his music. Um, and thank you for people talking about our show on Twitter using the #MBMBAM hashtag. Uh, I Should Play Me, uh, Babylonian doing a lot there. Our dear friend, Ashna Basu, from New Zealand was wondering if we would be returning this week. DMZilla, as always, complimenting our good friend Bob Ball. Um, NerdyShow, we helped to make their 16-hour drive survivable this week. Viva La Betty. Everybody. We really appreciate it.

Griffin:

Thanks, everybody. I can't wait to see you guys next week. It's gonna be so great.

Justin:

Yeah, it's gonna be a lot of fun. Um, so yeah!

Griffin, hit it.

Griffin:

This final question was sent in by Golly Aolly. Thanks, Golly. It's by Yahoo Answers User The Hotdog Bun, who asks, "Bobby Vernier ate my French bread pizza, and I am still angry?"

Justin:

[screeching laughter] I'm Justin McElroy.

Travis:

I'm Travis McElroy.

Griffin:

I'm Griffin McElroy.

Travis:

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

Griffin:

Teens.

[theme song plays and ends]