

The Adventure Zone 390: Dadlands 4: Don't Cry Uncle

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[theme music plays]

Justin: I never get tired of it, honestly, I never get tired of it, thank you.

Griffin: We have 100 seconds of music to get to our chairs, and Dad somehow—

Justin: Still missed it.

Griffin: Didn't quite make it.

Justin: Hello, everyone, and welcome to The Adventure Zone: Dadlands, part four!

[audience cheers]

Clint: That's why, Justin was in my seat!

Griffin: It felt wrong, didn't it?

Justin: Everything—oh my god, that's so much better.

Travis: I'll be your Travis McElroy tonight!

Griffin: *Whoo!*

[audience cheers]

[pause]

Travis: Do you guys wanna say your names? Or...

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: I switched seats, so I'm actually not sure anymore which one I am— my name is Justin McElroy, I'm the oldest brother, hi.

[audience cheers]

Clint: I'm Clint McElroy!

[audience cheers]

Clint: I have nothing cute to say!

Griffin: I'm Griffin McElroy, and this mustache ain't making it to act two!

[audience cheers]

Travis: And let's turn it over to our game mom for this evening, Brennan Lee Mulligan!

[audience cheers]

Travis: Now, clearly most of you don't know who Brennan is, but—

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: We should have done his intro first to build him up a bit.

Travis: Yeah.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: A privilege, a pleasure, an honor and a joy to join for the fourth installment of the Dadlands. And the first installment of the Dadlands in which every member of the Dadlands is currently a dad!

[audience cheers]

Clint: Except for me!

Travis: Sorry, sorry, when you become a grandfather, Dad, you don't stop being our dad. You know that, right?

Clint: It kind of felt like it.

[audience chuckles]

Travis: That explains so much.

Justin: He abdicated that a long time ago.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: I was raised by the TV!

[audience chuckles]

Justin: I remember Dad taught me how to shave, and then he was like, "Actually, that's it. I'm out. That's all I got. You're on your own from here on out." [chuckles]

Brennan: It gives me so much pride, and I'm so in awe and filled with admiration, because this is the first show I'm doing where I am so tired, all the time.

Griffin: That's the secret sauce!

Brennan: [laughs] And speaking of secret sauce, I think let's start with our sauciest of dads. Griffin, who are you playing tonight?

Griffin: Thank you, Brennan. Tonight, I will be portraying Briquette Hoggins.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Just a quick rundown. Used to own a barbecue joint in the Waco wasteland with my partner, Walton Goggins, but he cheated me out of the business. He also somehow stole my smoked prosciutto wizard's familiar,

Chokey, from me. I'm not quite sure how he managed that, but I do get sent mystic visions through the smoke of the forbidden meats.

Travis: To be fair, I didn't know you and Chokey were exclusive.

Griffin: Yeah, apparently not, man. Hey, we asked this last time we did this, who has never heard of Dadlands before?

[a few audience members exclaim]

Griffin: Less than last time! That's great! Fuck yeah!

Justin: Such a relief, god!

Travis: Tonight I will be playing—I'm Guy Ferrari!

[audience cheers]

Travis: I'm a car dad who has touched the energy of chaos a lot in the last three episodes! Come very near to deadbeat dad status quite a few times! I like to drive one mile over the speed limit! [spoofs an engine revving sound] *Raahr!*

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

[audience cheers]

Clint: I'm a sports dad, and I have no fascinating backstory... because apparently, we've been developing these jokers more than they've been developing me! Although, I have had the single greatest highlight—

Justin: Here he goes.

Griffin: Listen—

Clint: Of any Dadlands—

Griffin: There's a level of meta truth to Dad's character now, because the last time we played this game, he made a really impressive throw of a ball into a small hole. And—

[a few audience members cheer]

Griffin: Yeah. But the audience lost their fuckin' gourds, and now he's—

[audience cheers]

Griffin: It's like he's—

Justin: Dad has been talking—[laughs]

Griffin: He dropped that ball backstage five minutes ago!

Justin: Yeah, like the great Bambino, Dad has been talking himself up like, "Well, it doesn't even really matter what I choose to do, because I'm gonna sink everyone. Right, guys?"

Travis: It is—it is the most sports dad thing to have one good moment you have, and dine out on it forever.

Clint: And live forever on that—

Griffin: Dad dropped that ball backstage in the dark, and it rolled under some risers. [chuckles] And we had to have Jack, who's working on this show with us, go down hands and knees to find Dad's special ball before we could come out on stage!

Justin: And I'm Chip Hugginsby. [chuckles]

[audience cheers]

Justin: I'm a Disney dad! And today, I actually got to go to... well, I went to Downtown Disney... It's all right, I got to see the back of Batuu. [titters]

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: If you—if—

Justin: Incredible back of the rocks of Batuu.

Brennan: Without further—

Travis: Weave!

Justin: Don't do—Travis! Dang it!

Brennan: Commencing to weave!

Justin: No, can I say—no, hold on. I relistened to the third episode of Dadlands, and the part where Travis yelled at Brennan and told him to weave gave me such back wash off, and I don't want to repeat that. So, Travis, do a nicer one that we can have in the permanent edit.

Travis: Hey—okay. Hey, Brennan?

Brennan: Yes, Travis?

Travis: Could you please weave?

Brennan: It'd be my pleasure.

Justin: Thank you.

Travis: Thanks, bitch!

Griffin: Thank you so much, we—Travis! No!

Justin: [yells out] No! Wait! Trav, no!

Travis: [yells out] Ah! Cut!

Brennan: [yells out] Commencing to weave!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Previously on the Dadlands... behold! A ruined waste of red rock, bleached beneath the sun, beating down on the post-apocalyptic eternity! Ruined and ravaged, a land of only dads!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Scientists from far dimensions considering what need have arisen to produce an entire civilization where everyone is a dad, and nobody is any other kind of thing.

Justin: [chuckles]

Brennan: Surely, the scientists of a far-flung dimension posited, surely, the dads themselves are at least brothers, right? No! Only dads! But surely a dad is the son of—nosebleed, scientist, dead, eldritch horror!

Clint: [laughs]

Brennan: You cannot comprehend the dadness of the Dadlands! And yet, some have. For the beginning of our tale, four dads of four different dad tribes came together; Briquette Hoggins of the grill dads, Guy Ferrari of the car dads, Red Ruffinsore of the sports dads, and Chip Hugginsby of the Disney dads were brought together in front of the great screen to retrieve the remote from the villainous craft dads of Sawberg... Retrieve it they did!

That was episode one. Episode two, they returned to their friend and pal, the science dad, in his tower of glass, with his satellites made of birds with disposable cameras tied to them. And were able to, in their adventures in the lands of the hard asses, retrieve the formula for continuity obliterating recurrent neutrinos, and the holes in space and time that they were capable of creating, the *corn holes*.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Traveling through their first corn hole, they were swept up by the mothership of the maternal alliance of... what the fuck did I call this? Hold on one second...

[audience laughs]

Griffin: It's okay, dude.

Brennan: No, no, no, I got it right here—

Griffin: It's just a—it's just us.

Travis: Yeah, no pressure.

Brennan: No, no, no, it's good!

Clint: Remember, it's just us talking to each other.

Brennan: The Meritorious Alliance of Maternal Astrospace, or Mama!

Justin: Mama!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Captain Mary Amalthea of the mother ship took them aboard and told them of the existence of a theorized space, Ever-Ever Land, with a type of being heretofore never seen, but that could connect the various dimensions. What entity could connect mothers and dads, aunts and uncles? What do you need to—

Travis: Puppies!

Brennan: Close.

Travis: Ah!

Justin: Is it family?

Brennan: Ooh! And how are you spelling that?

Justin: I don't remember!

Travis: F-A-M—

Clint: L-E-E.

Justin: L-F-A-M. We agreed on that, right? [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Brennan: Having gone through the space station of Antioch and meeting the wine aunts...

[audience cheers]

Brennan: The Broadway aunts...

[audience cheers]

Brennan: The hippie aunts...

[audience cheers]

Brennan: And the gossip aunts...

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Astride a rocketing VW bus, our four dads head through space, towards the avuncularity. It is here we begin our journey. [spoofs explosion sounds effects] At the wheel of a VW bus—[spoofs computer sounds effects] a computer alights.

Computer: Hey, everybody, this is the... Hippie Aunt Supercomputer. Who's steering this—hey, if we're both back here blazing, who's driving this thing?

Briquette: Is there a different type of aunt supercomputer that we are able to opt into?

Justin: [laughs]

Brennan: [spoofs computer sound effects]

Computer: Gossip Aunt Supercomputer coming on board.

Chip: Is there a type A over-planning aunt available that we can type to?

Computer: Older sister aunt unlocked.

[audience cheers]

Guy: Hi! I'm Guy Ferrari! And I'm driving this bus!

Computer: I guess so. Where's our itinerary?

Guy: It's right here!

Computer: What do you mean right here? Are you gesturing to something fun?

Guy: I'm—

Chip: He prefers to call it a—

Guy: I'm just having a chip like—the itinerary!

Chip: Yeah, yeah, the—he calls it a guytinerary! Here you go! It's—we have fun!

Computer: Okay, and do we have luncheon here? Are there bathroom breaks planned? We're gonna be out in the sun all day, what's going on exactly?

Chip: Hold on, now! Wait now one second! All right? I have planned for a day outside, all right? We're covered on that end! I've got sunscreen—

Justin: [spoofs cream-smearing sound effects] And he glazes himself in like 10 seconds.

Travis: Like Spider-Man—

Justin: Yeah, I said-

Travis: You had web shooters—

Justin: I said exactly what I said.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Covered in sunscreen, Chip, you stand to your full height. A nearby red dwarf star glances harmlessly off of your sunscreensed body, as this powerful ointment covers you.

Griffin: And I say:

Briquette: Don't worry about lunch.

Griffin: And six hot dogs pop out from between my fingers like Wolverine.

[audience laughs]

Griffin: They don't come out of the flesh, I was just holding six hot dogs in my hands. [chuckles] Waiting. Waiting for this—

Travis: Wolverine—wiener. Wolverwiener.

Griffin: It's not—

Travis: Yeah, got it.

Griffin: There's nothing there.

Clint: Wienerine! Wienerine!

Griffin: Still no, but thanks for trying so hard.

Justin: Listen! In Deadpool, Wolverine couldn't find Wolverine or—what hope do you have? [chuckles]

Brennan: Moving through space ahead of you...

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Sometimes you just do a hard segue.

Griffin: Yeah, got to—

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: Got to.

[**audience** chuckles]

Brennan: Moving through—

Justin: It's the equivalent of the RA saying, "Guys, we all have to wake up in six hours." [chuckles]

Brennan: [spoofs laser sounds] Neutrinos blasting through space. [spoofs a bass-heavy sound] As it folds, you see space and time, the shape of distant stars, wrapping around each other, forming something circular, like an event horizon or a hole, with a slight... oblong shape. Until you realize you're seeing almost the shape of an ear in space. The Unclear.

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: That's really good shit, man.

Justin: I'm talking—hold on. Yeah, no, yeah, Unclear. I don't know. Okay. If you're sure. It's okay.

Brennan: It's good? Great.

Justin: It's fine.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: [spoofs a bass-heavy sound] As the ship travels, you begin to see the ship sort of shaking in its approach, different neutrinos—[spoofs an impact sound] hitting across the VW bus!

Travis: I turn on the windshield wipers.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: This is going to be our first test. I'm going to need an order check from you. Just one token!

[audience cheers]

Clint: Should we explain this phase—

Justin: Yeah, real quick.

Clint: Because Justin and I don't remember.

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: And also, it's going to look like Travis is jorking it otherwise.

Clint: [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Don't pull me—

Brennan: As you all—

Justin: Down to the sea with you. [chuckles]

Brennan: As you all know, fatherhood, the concept of paternity, thrives on the interplay between chaos and order. Order: I will turn this spaceship around. Chaos: Yes, we can go to McDonald's and get ice cream.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Within this interplay, each of our dads has a fanny pack filled with different colored poker chips. Blue representing order, and red representing chaos.

Griffin: They're green this time.

Brennan: Good call. Green representing chaos, blue—hm, other way!

Griffin: Red is chaos—

Brennan: Chaos, green is order.

Griffin: We couldn't find any fuckin' blue chips, so we—the color changed—

Justin: What do you want?

Griffin: Chill out, everybody!

Justin: Shut up!

Griffin: Making games is hard as shit, dude!

Justin: Yeah, dude. Haven't you heard about tariffs? God...

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Shit! Chips...

Brennan: So, on a difficulty of one, Guy Ferrari needs to reach in blind to his fanny pack, and remove a single chip. If it is a green order chip, this is successful, and the VW bus is saved from the harmful neutrinos. If it is a red chaos chip, it is a failure, and the chip is lost.

Clint: Oh... It's red, everybody at home.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Flipping on the wind—

Travis: But nothing's really ever lost, is it Brennan?

Justin: No, that is—this is actually—

Travis: Oh, shit?

Clint: No, it's gone forever.

Travis: Really?! Fuck.

Justin: Yeah, the chip's lost. I really, really can't see it, it's on the floor.
[chuckles] Griff put it on the ground, so you can tell it's like—

Griffin: It's on the ground, man. You ain't getting that shit.

Brennan: Neutrinos slam into the VW bus! [spoofs impact sounds] Space bends and warps! Around you, you hear:

Voice: Hey there, kiddo! You're looking way bigger than the last time I saw-saw-saw-saw you!

Justin: [chortles]

Brennan: Space and Time, neutrinos, black void of space, white neutrinos! Increasing, increasing! All white, all white, all white! [spoofs a space warping sound] Gravity suspends... You have entered the Avuncularity, endless white

space, no longer being governed by Newtonian physics. You have entered into pure conceptual space—[spoofs bass-heavy sounds] The end of physics.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: And here at the end of space and time, slowly clapping, famed character actor Walton Goggins.

[audience cheers]

Brennan: [slow claps] [sings] Well, the—

Justin: Wait, no, we're—[chuckles]

Griffin: No, no, this isn't a—

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: [chants] Walter!

Justin: Wait!

Griffin: [chants] Walter—no.

Clint: [sings] Well, me and my kid were kind of laid back, ain't nothing old country boy like me can't hack.

Brennan: [chuckles]

Clint: No.

Griffin: No, no, no—

Justin: Just—wait, sorry! Just to be clear, as soon as Walton appears, Chip Hugginsby fires a pistol at him. Just unloads a clip! [chuckles]

Brennan: Incredible! I'm gonna need a difficulty of two chaos pull.

Griffin: Why do you have a gun?! [chuckles]

Justin: I never mentioned that.

Travis: No, actually, it was established in episode one that you filled your bag with guns, as well as sunscreen and snacks. That's canonical!

Justin: Canonically, you see. Okay, so difficulty of two, what does that mean? I need to take out...

Brennan: You're gonna take out—you're gonna take out two tokens. If they are both chaos, the move will be a success.

Justin: Okay.

Brennan: So, we're looking for two red.

Justin: Okay. And we've got... a red and a green!

Brennan: A mix—

Justin: A red and a green!

Brennan: A mixed success.

Justin: Okay.

Brennan: So, you must choose one of those two tokens to discard.

Justin: I'll discard the law token. We're going to Disney. [chuckles]

[audience cheers]

Brennan: [chuckles] So, taking out—

Travis: We might need those, yeah.

Justin: Let's not—we might need 'em—

Griffin: We shouldn't do that, we actually might need 'em.

Justin: Let's not throw, what if they shatter?

Clint: Oh, sorry.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Brennan: Removing a gun—what does a Disney dad's gun look like?

[audience chuckles]

Justin: It's—[chuckles] it's got the Haunted Mansion print on it, right?

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Because we got 999 happy haunts, and I'm about to make the last one.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Yeah.

Clint: You memento mori'd that shit!

Justin: Yeah, baby! Nobody's gonna memento this mori. [chuckles]

Brennan: On a mixed success, you see that Walton, with a supernatural, almost vampiric celerity, he whips to one side as the bullet grazes his cheek.

[spoofs a dodging sound] Ichor, black as midnight, oozes down his face, as the bullet grazes him.

Walton Goggins: Oh, look what you gone and did, Hugginsby...

[audience chuckles]

Justin: We agree Walton Goggins is our most likely vampire, right?

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Justin: Currently? Sorry.

Brennan: And he says:

Walton Goggins: If only I had some help to heal these wounds. Chokey, get out here!

Chip: No!

Brennan: Emerging from the interior pocket of his finely-tailored blazer, Chokey, spirit of smoke and prosciutto.

Chokey: Briquette, I'm so sorry, I couldn't resist. His power's too great.

Justin: Brennan, just to be clear, is this a thrall situation, or is he just seen the sort of logic of what Walton is laying down?

Brennan: I think you see that there's a little bit of like, little bit of column A, little bit of column B. [chuckles]

Justin: Sure, yeah.

Brennan: Where he's going like:

Chokey: His presence, the power of his spirit is too great to resist. And also, did you see Vice Principals?

Justin: So good.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Chokey: I love it!

Briquette: Of course I did, of course I saw. They play it on the big screen all the time.

Chip: He's got a—he's got an easy sexuality that really appeals!

Briquette: Don't even worry your head none at all, Chokey. Besides, I got a—I got a new familiar, and he kicks ass.

Griffin: And I put down the grill, and I summon Ground Keith, who's my ground beef familiar.

[audience laughs]

Griffin: Not shaped into a patty, just loose ground beef. And he sucks!

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: [chuckles] You—

Griffin: Ground Keith. [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: You throw like—when you say loose ground beef, you mean like this should be in a saucepan becoming taco meat—

Griffin: It looks like I'm starting a story for the—for the approval of the Midnight Society, but just—[blows a raspberry]

Justin: Just tossing loose—man, it sucks when they make the Dadlands TV show, I gotta wait like four years before Ground Keith shows up.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: [laughs] This pile of ground beef on the grill, easily 90%, immediately shoots on the coals.

Justin: [laughs]

Brennan: Right through the grill! And a little burst of smoke goes:

Ground Keith: Ah, shit! Most of my ass is dead!

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Briquette: Yeah, Ground Keith, first of all, Ground Keith, behave yourself. I'm trying to impress—

Ground Keith: [yells out] Ah! My ass just burned up right on them coals! Help, I'm dead! Help my ass, I'm dead!

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Ground Keith instantly switches teams to Walton Goggins.
[chuckles]

Ground Keith: [yells out] Ah!

Justin: [laughs]

Briquette: I mean, do you want me to—

Griffin: I pull up the fuckin'—I pull up the George Foreman grill—

Chip: [yells out] Please, god, just kill him!

Griffin: I bring up the George Foreman grill and I say:

Briquette: Do you want the George Foreman? Because I—

Ground Keith: [yells out] George Forman grill—

Briquette: Okay, hold—okay, hold on—

Chip: [yells out] Just kill him! Please kill him!

Griffin: Kill—I close it and I put it on—

Chip: [yells out] Kill him!

Griffin: The George Foreman, to preserve—

Chip: [yells out] You're hurting him! Kill him!

Brennan: You—[chuckles] What's little left of Ground Keith squeezes into the George Foreman grill—

Chip: [yells out] Is he dead?! God, just swear he's dead!

Brennan: Without the plastic tray, he immediately slides down the grill!

Ground Keith: [yells out] I have... I'm sad and dead! I hate it!

Briquette: He's joking! We have so much fun, Chokey! This is one of our games. He makes me so much happier than you or Walton Goggins made me.

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Chip has gone fetal. [titters]

Brennan: [chuckles] You see Chokey looks and says:

Chokey: Do you want me to help Ground Keith?! He won't stop screaming about his ass!

Chip: Please, kill one of us!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Briquette: No, he's fine! He's joking for our game.

Ground Keith: [yells out] I never joked in my life! I hate to laugh! I suck!

Griffin: [chuckles] I'll discard Ground Keith. He's played his part.

Justin: God, that's brutal, Griffin! Sheesh! [chuckles]

Brennan: You throw him off to the side, and as you do, you see Walton Goggins puts two fingers to his temple, and an enormous grill appears underneath your feet for Ground Keith to fall directly into.

Walton Goggins: We're here in conceptual space, Briquette. All the guns in the world, no matter how much Disney memorabilia they have printed on the side, all the hidden whistles you see here—

Brennan: And he makes direct eye contact with Guy Ferrari.

Walton Goggins: And dirty secrets. All of them—

Briquette: Hey, what's he talk—hey, what does that mean?

Guy: Uh! Uh! Uh! Pornography!

[audience laughs]

Walton Goggins: You want porn?!

Guy: No!

Travis: [chuckles]

[audience laughs]

Clint: Is this a voting situation?

Travis: Tonight, we've added porn hole to the show!

Clint: [laughs]

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Chip is carefully labeling Disney branded guns he's conceived of for sale on eBay. [chuckles]

Brennan: [chuckles] You see that Walton looks at you and says:

Walton Goggins: Anything you'd ever want to look at, dirty or otherwise, it's all waiting here. This beautiful space was created by the avuncular physicists of old.

Guy: Yeah.

Briquette: We don't know, we—well, we don't know what that means.

Walton Goggins: Oh? You want to find out about the lost tribes of uncles?

Chip: It's just a rumor, we've all heard it, but it's not real.

Briquette: Yeah, how can there be a dad who's not a dad? That's crazy?

Walton Goggins: Oh, there's not... anymore.

Guy: What?

Walton Goggins: I came here to a land rich with uncles... and I destroyed them all.

Guy: Not cool!

Chip: Why?

Walton Goggins: The Fireworks Uncles, dead!

Guy: Oh, man!

Chip: That's—

Walton Goggins: The Arts Uncles, dead!

Chip: Dang?

Guy: What did they ever do?!

Walton Goggins: The Thanksgiving Uncles!

Chip: No!

Walton Goggins: Dead!

Guy: That's actually okay.

Walton Goggins: Those guys were bad!

Guy: Yeah!

Walton Goggins: The Arts Uncles, dead.

Briquette: You said that one already—

Guy: Yeah, that's the second one!

Red: You killed 'em again?!

[audience laughs]

Brennan: Well, it's conceptual space, and they kind of imagined—

Clint: Right, yeah.

Brennan: What if they came back as sort of a performance art?

Clint: Sure.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: And finally—

Justin: Brennan, can I conceive of a second, taller Walton Goggins? Just to be clear.

Brennan: Give me...

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: This is going to be our first cornhole throw of the show.

Justin: Wow!

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Can you bring the paraphernalia? Please, Paul. Bring our—bring our beautiful weapons.

Justin: Okay, so, I—

Travis: The Waltest Goggins!

Justin: So, I want to be really clear about this, so it can help to calibrate, I am trying to conceive of a Walton Goggins that is 20% larger and stronger than the Walton Goggins we see before us, that could, by logic, overpower him 100% of the time.

Brennan: If you want a Walton Goggins to those exact specifications, the nearest line is available to you, that will succeed. If you would like it to happen without any complications, you must throw from the furthest line.

Travis: If you get him on the first one, can it be Walter Goggers? And if you get him on the furthest line, it's Waltest Goggest.

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: Where are you—where are you shooting from, Pal. Middle of the road? Great.

Brennan: Middle of the road, here we go.

Griffin: That's great. Just one—just one sack? This is a one sack deal?

[audience cheers]

Brennan: One sack, one shot.

Justin: Do you want the microphone? No, he's not—

Travis: Wait! Wait! Before you throw, just a reminder for those at home, we have "you'll get 'em next time, champ—"

Griffin: Is the closest.

Travis: "That's my boy, is the middle, and "I love you, son."

Justin: Can I, actually, can I scoot up? Because it's like kind of a stupid thing I'm doing.

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: Yeah.

Justin: I don't really care if it works or not.

Travis: Sorry! Do you mean, Justin, the show we're making right now, or the action your character's making?

Griffin: The show is what I live for! This specific action is kind of stupid. I just kind of said it.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Justin: Okay!

Brennan: Here we go.

Griffin: Buckets...

[everyone exclaims]

Travis: He made it! For those of you at home, he made it!

Clint: Somebody's been practicing!

Travis: It was a clean shot.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: We have plenty of—we got plenty of sacks, Paul. That's his game ball he gets to take home at the end of the night.

Justin: I'll take my complications, Weaver!

Brennan: As—hold on one second, you said 20%?

Justin: 20% taller, 20% stronger—

Travis: How tall is Walton Goggins?

Justin: I was gonna specify 20% like craftier, but I thought that would make the throw too hard. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Justin: So I kept him with just physi—like—

Griffin: With just a bigger—

Justin: Mentally, it's an even match, right? But physically, he's got the reach.

Brennan: Okay. So, at 5'10", a seven-foot-tall Walton Goggins.

[audience cheers]

Justin: Yeah!

Griffin: Awesome.

Justin: Yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Brennan: Wall Tower—

Justin: Wait, wait, wait! Wait, sorry, I'm so sorry—

Griffin: No, Justin, you just shit on Wall Tower!

Justin: Now, I know, we're gonna get it, I just gotta know, does the website list his crushing pressure? How much—

Griffin: [laughs] The PSI.

Justin: PSI of Walton Goggins!

Brennan: A 20% height increase is so much easier to calculate than a 20%—because if it's 20%—wait, if he's—sorry, hold on—

Clint: No! No! No! Take—

Brennan: I am so sorry that I'm like this!

Justin: Yeah!

Clint: Do it like this—

Brennan: If his height increases—

Justin: I was gonna get a T-shirt that had that—

Brennan: If his height increases by 20%, and his weight increases by 20%, his weight should increase by so much more than 20% if his height has increased by 20%. A towering, anemic, deeply hungry Walton Goggins—

Justin: [chuckles] No! His physical strength—

Travis: No!

Justin: Increased 20—

Griffin: 20%—

Justin: Not his fuckin'—

Griffin: In every dimension.

Justin: Not his density! He's not a dwarf star! It's a straw! He's like a beefy, swole Walton!

Brennan: Right! But what I'm saying is, if he goes from 5'10" to seven feet, but only go—what—internet, how heavy is Walton Goggins?

Travis: No! No, no! I'm sorry, Brennan! I'm sorry, Brennan! But Justin is correct! Because if he increased 20% height, but not weight, then he'd be all gangly! The 20% increase in weight balances the 20% increase—

Justin: In power!

Travis: In height!

Clint: And then he'd be Walton Gangland!

Griffin: No!

Brennan: Do we have a doctor in the house?!

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: With each inch of height added, there is—

Justin: Okay—

Griffin: A greater than—

Justin: Listen—

Griffin: Than equal ratio—

Justin: My wife—my wife is at home watching the kids. It's 10:56 Eastern. I think what she wants is for me to call her—

Griffin: [chuckles] No!

Justin: And ask. [chuckles]

[audience cheers]

Justin: So, hey, listen, if you—if you cheer loud enough that she hears, I'm gonna get in trouble, so please don't, okay?

Brennan: Can I say—can I say, the very first Google question is, how much does Walton Goggins weigh? And that's wild to me.

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: Okay—

Travis: He's one Walton Goggins worth!

Justin: It's also your computer, Brennan, so-[chuckles]

Brennan: Telling on myself.

Justin: The algo! [chuckles]

Brennan: As this massive Walton Goggins appears, he looks to you. All of your specifications, exact. Turns and says:

Big Walton Goggins: Oh, my creator! Why have you made me? I—[gasps] hah... Goggins Prime?

Brennan: And bows to Walton Goggins.

Chip: Ah!

[audience laughs]

Brennan: Where you see, Walton goes:

Walton Goggins: My sweet baby boy...

[audience chuckles]

Walton Goggins: You know what you must do for me.

Wall Tower Goggins: It is an honor, Goggins Prime! Please make it fast!

Brennan: Walton Goggins slits—

Travis: Hey, Brennan?

Justin: *What?*

[audience exclaims]

Justin: Go on!

Brennan: You know where this is going. [chuckles]

Justin: No, no, no, no, baby, go on.

Brennan: Walton Goggins slits Wall Tower Goggins' throat.

Justin: Fuck!

Brennan: And says:

Walton Goggins: By the power of the Avuncularity and the mystery of the Unclear, and its secret treasure—

Brennan: And here you see in distant space, this shimmering, ear-shaped singularity. He says:

Walton Goggins: I have burned the land of the uncles, and I summon from conceptual space the four Ultimate Uncles, to defeat the champions of the Dad Lands, once and for all! Uncles forged of conceptual space itself, not rendered by any real family!

Brennan: And that word rings out in space.

Walton Goggins: Rendered only of pure myth, I call upon the first of the four, Uncle Scrooge!

Clint: Ah, no!

Brennan: In a Dickensian top hat, an ancient British landlord shoots out and says:

Uncle Scrooge: With the power of old ghosts, do I now destroy the dads!

Brennan: He says:

Walton Goggins: I call Uncle Sam!

Brennan: With eyes made of fire and an enormous eagle's beak, a monstrous cackling gargoye, with a star's and stripes top hat goes:

Uncle Sam: [squawks] *Aaah!* Is everything going okay with America while I'm in conceptual space?!

Guy: [yells out] Oh! Oh! Oh!

Briquette: Oh, Uncle Sam! Oh, shit, dude!

Guy: [yells out] Eh! Eh! Eh! Eeh!

Walton Goggins: [yells out] Uncle Drosselmeyer!

Brennan: You see a weird old German wizard goes:

Uncle Drosselmeyer: I'm from the Nutcracker ballet.

Guy: Ah! Okay, yeah, yeah, yeah!

Clint: Also known as Uncle Exposition!

Griffin: I say—[chuckles] I say:

Briquette: Dibs. If we're splitting these up, dibs.

Brennan: And the one Goggins goes—

Justin: And I—and I'm Uncle Arthritis. [chuckles]

Brennan: Walton Goggins finishes and says:

Walton Goggins: And the fourth great ultimate uncle, Poseidon, god of the sea!

Chip: Aah!

[audience laughs]

Guy: Wait!

Chip: You were smart to get in when you did!

Brennan: You see a massive, watery Greek god appears.

Poseidon: If you think about it, I am an uncle!

Guy: Yeah, many times over!

Poseidon: Many times—my brother, Zeus, has a lot of kids.

Guy: Through questionable means!

Poseidon: Oh, sure. I don't approve!

[audience chuckles]

Justin: So, can I—Brennan, can I—

Brennan: Yeah.

Justin: Clarify something real quick, just to bring down the energy a little bit.

Brennan: Yeah.

Justin: Because I feel like it's getting a little bit too...

Travis: Exciting and fun?

Griffin: Yeah. [chuckles]

Justin: Yeah. So, Uncle Scrooge is not the duck?

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Hey, Justin?

Justin: I just want—I'm not mad! I'm not mad!

Brennan: Hey, Justin?

Justin: I'm not mad! I don't want you to do the voice! I did—I was afraid of you doing the voice. I didn't want you to do it. But I want to make sure... not the duck?

Brennan: Hey, he's not the duck... yet.

[audience cheers]

Travis: Oh! He's a wereduck! [chuckles]

Justin: Okay.

[audience chuckles]

Travis: I see.

Justin: Okay. Chip empties a clip into Poseidon.

Briquette: Oh, hold on—

Justin: I mean I—[chuckles]

Briquette: It's best to let him—Poseidon, it's best to let him get it out of his system.

Travis: Use the 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea gun!

Justin: [chuckles]

Brennan: [chuckles]

Justin: "This is gonna leave you six leagues under the dirt!" [spoofs the sound of a gunshot]

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: As you begin to square up, as you pull your gun, go ahead, give me, I'm gonna say give me... two chaos, once again, to light up the god of the ocean.

Justin: Okay, mixed success—

Brennan: Order?

Justin: One of each.

Brennan: One of—one of each, okay.

Griffin: You gotta burn one.

Brennan: Chip, you're burning your second law.

Griffin: Are you sure? Because—

Justin: No, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Griffin: If you run out of law tokens, then you're out of the game.

Justin: Let me look. Hold on, let me see what my blend is... No, I'm good!

Griffin: Okay, okay.

Justin: It's a fun—this is a fun split that's going to generate a real active show for everybody. [chuckles]

Griffin: Okay, okay, exciting.

Brennan: Chip, I'm going to give it over to you. On a mixed success, you've just given up two order tokens in quick succession. The forces of chaos are moving upon—you're feeling it. As you fire wildly at the god of the sea, what happens? You cannot aim true, as you see he goes:

Poseidon: I summoned the waves of the Aegean Sea, which questionably exists in this timeline, but let's work with it!

Justin: Okay.

[audience chuckles]

Justin: [spoofs a gunshot]

Chip: Chip, what are you doing, Pal?

Justin: [spoofs a gunshot]

Chip: Chip, this really isn't you. I don't understand this side of you?

Justin: [chuckles and spoofs a gunshot]

Chip: I mean, a gun? Pal, what's going on? This isn't us?

Justin: [spoofs three gunshots]

Chip: All right, I don't really get it!

Brennan: Your heart, something about your heart is not in it. Is this, this wild violence, is this what you would want on a beautiful day at the park with your kids? And you see—

Griffin: What?

Brennan: And suddenly, you realize what's staying your hand. From the other side of that massive ear-shaped fold in space and time, you hear a voice ring out.

Voice: Dad?

Brennan: And at the last minute, you avert, because there's something in space and time that you don't want to see you kill the mythological god of the ocean.

[audience laughs]

Justin: I imagine—I imagine a toilet, and drop my gun in it.

Brennan: As you imagine a toilet, all of you swirl down through space and time. As you do—

Justin: I'm sorry I didn't specify the size. [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: The VW bus, all of you getting choked up in the water. Through that giant grill, you hear:

Chokey: [yells out] God damn, my ass and water!

Briquette: Oh, man.

Chokey: [yells out] Ah, shit ass!

Chip: He swore he was dead!

Briquette: I thought he was, man! I must have missed a few granules!

Justin: [chuckles]

Chokey: [yells out] When they ground me up, I saw God's face! And he said I was so bad, I could never die!

Travis: Hey, while that—I roll up the windows.

Griffin: [laughs]

Brennan: Windows up—

Justin: [spoofs muffled speech]

Brennan: You see—you see as you—as you shoot through that toilet, Walton says—

Travis: [sings] On the Magic School Bus!

Justin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

[audience laughs and cheers]

Griffin: [laughs]

Brennan: Walton's—

Travis: I thought we were gonna go in an ear, and I was saving it for then. But then we went down a giant toilet instead and I was like, ah, this works!

Griffin: Yeah, for sure.

Brennan: As you shoot down this watery sort of funnel, you look up and you see Walton suddenly looking and recognizing something on Chip's face. He sees that Chip has seen something or heard something that he must not have seen or heard. And you see under his breath, he goes:

Walton Goggins: [gasps] *Hah*. The treasure... After them Ultimate Uncles! Destroy them, before they get farther into conceptual space time!

Travis: I want to conceive of a fart in Walton Goggin's face.

Griffin: Do it.

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: That's good shit.

Brennan: I am going to need—

Clint: Almost.

Brennan: I am going to need two chaos tokens, unless you can make the fart more dad-like somehow, in which case it will be one.

Travis: I want to envision a giant finger in front of Walton Goggins, that he can pull.

Brennan: He looks and says:

Walton Goggins: Get out of here! *Wha—no!*

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Looking for a chaos.

Griffin: Come on dude, rip it. Rip that shit, man! Come on! Yes!

Brennan: [yells out] Chaos!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Walton Goggins looks and sees a pure fart emanating from no butthole, but a fart so bad that it is ever so slightly visible.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Walton Goggins' already quite pronounced hairline is blasted back.

Walton Goggins: [yells out] *Noo!*

Brennan: As he vanishes towards the ear. As the four Ultimate Uncles leap, you see Scrooge goes:

Scrooge: [yells out] Time ghosts, to me!

Brennan: And ghosts of past, present and future surround his fists like mighty spectral gloves.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: Sure.

Griffin: Just like in the book!

Justin: Yeah.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: He goes—[chuckles] he goes:

Walton Goggins: Better to decrease the surplus dad population! I'm gonna punch you into last week, literally!

Travis: I have a question for you, Brennan. How does Uncle Sam react when the Disney dad just whips out a glock and starts firing because he saw something he didn't understand?

Brennan: You see—

[audience laughs and cheers]

Brennan: You see—you see, as you fire, as you go to the—to Poseidon and attempt to fire, you see Uncle Sam literally growing larger, as two massive bald eagle wings spread from his back. And he goes:

Uncle Sam: [squawks] Yes!

Brennan: And as you avert at the last second, he goes:

Uncle Sam: Come on!

[audience chuckles]

Briquette: Hey, hey, let's—guys, quick team meeting. Let's do our best not to make any of the uncle monsters horny.

[audience chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles]

Red: Well, I'll try!

Griffin: [chuckles] Yeah.

Chip: That means nobody withhold any money from orphans, they love that.

Justin: [chuckles]

Briquette: They do, it's their favorite.

Brennan: All of you shoot down the funnel. You, in this moment, have the opportunity to appear in any kind of conceptual landscape that you want to. This space was rendered by sort of like other uncles. You guys can look to see if there's any other wreckage of this sort of like mental uncle space that they made. You guys can also kind of create things in this space, as you have, but you have mere moments before the uncles descend on you.

Clint: A ball pit!

Griffin: It has nothing to do with anything, but it could be fun.

Brennan: Go ahead, if you would, Red, I want you to create a ball pit. You can pull either order or chaos here, whichever you prefer, but just announce it ahead of time. What are you trying to pull?

Griffin: What are you trying to pull? Say it.

Clint: Trying to pull fast one. No, I'm gonna pull... a red one.

Brennan: Okay, chaos.

Clint: Chaos!

Brennan: Mm-hm.

Griffin: There it is.

Brennan: [yells out] Chaos!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: As you imagine a ball pit—[spoofs a whooshing sound] you see a vast play land. Ball pits in an enormous canyon, towering spires, conceived here in space, a perfect recreation of your home! The Dadlands appears before you! [spoofs a thump sound] As the VW bus hits the sandstone, heading towards the ancient ball pits that mark the far edge of Frisbee Canyon, your ancient homeland. Looking behind you, the ball pits, you see all the uncles go:

Uncles: *Aah!* Wait! Don't—no, don't push the ball pit! Can we—we have to have—we have to show that we're here with kids!

Brennan: You see kids, *boom-boom-boom!*

Griffin: What?

Brennan: Echoes out through space and time once again. [spoofs space warping sounds] You look out and you see a force field scatter the uncles across the Dadlands. You look, badly injured, trudging from conceptual space, the last uncle collapses to the ground. A device in his hand, clicked, having just repelled the Ultimate Uncles. He looks at you, goes:

The Last Uncle: [in a strained voice] Oh, shit, man, I—Walton Goggins fuckin' shot me, man! Oh, shit, are you guys—are you guys from—you're not uncles? What the fuck are you guys?

Briquette: It's gonna be really hard to explain without killing you.

Chip: Listen, you're an uncle, right?

The Last Uncle: I'm the last uncle. I'm the hard on his luncle.

[audience chuckles]

Chip: Aw. Listen—

The Last Uncle: Do you guys have 20 bucks?

[audience chuckles]

Chip: Are you the kind of—are you the kind of uncle that has a water bed? Because if—I'd like to call dibs before you die, if you're that kind of uncle. Most uncles have a water bed!

The Last Uncle: It's still mostly good. I duct taped the hole, and it's not all water anymore.

Chip: Fantastic.

Briquette: Oh, god... What a bummer, dude.

Guy: I'm gonna offer you four rides to the airport, for you to help us stop Walton Goggins!

The Last Uncle: Four rides to the airport? Man, there's usually like a bunch of cigarette butts with plenty of cigarettes left on 'em! At the airport.

Guy: Hey, man—

Griffin: [laughs] Dude, hold on!

Guy: Hey, listen! No, no, no!

Griffin: Yeah!

Guy: Walton Goggins is out the window now, man! You doing okay?!

Briquette: Because you're trying real hard to be sad!

Justin: This is what—this is a really good sub-genre of Brennan trying to read people that smoke cigarettes and drink booze.

Clint: [laughs]

Guy: Do you need to crash on our couch?

The Last Uncle: You know a real couch?

Justin: [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Guy: There's sofa mountains?

Griffin: I say—I say—

The Last Uncle: Sofa mountains?

Briquette: Brother, where we come from, there...

Griffin: Brother?

Clint: Brother?

[audience chuckles]

The Last Uncle: I want to help you guys. What do I call you?

Briquette: Not "Dad," because that would make our relationship something completely different.

Guy: I like "Brother!"

Briquette: Brother.

Chip: "Chip."

Briquette: Wow.

Guy: Oh, yeah, "Chip" works too! "Guy!"

Chip: "Chip."

The Last Uncle: Well—

Chip: I'll be Chip.

The Last Uncle: Chip?

Chip: Chip.

The Last Uncle: You're my brother?

Chip: Chip.

The Last Uncle: Chip.

Red: I'm your brother, Red!

Chip: Just "Chip" is fine.

The Last Uncle: And what I call you?

Guy: Guy!

The Last Uncle: Guy?

Briquette: So, half-brothers—

The Last Uncle: So, Guy, Chip, My Brother, My Brother and Me. Great.

[audience laughs and cheers]

Justin: Ladies and gentlemen, Brennan Lee Mulligan. That's a series we have—

Clint: [yells out] Brennan Lee Mulligan!

Justin: On Brennan Lee Mulligan!

Clint: It's been a great ride! Make sure you check out the posters in the lobby!

[audience cheers]

Justin: He is actually gonna become an insurance adjuster in Las Cruces, New Mexico. He is gonna run a daycare. This is his last show—

Travis: What you guys didn't see is, after he said that, he pulled out an old, worn notebook and marked a final thing off a list.

Justin: He's actually, if you're listening later, he's actually still running into the distance. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: Oh, he's turning into smoke! Where'd he go?! He's floating up to heaven!

Justin: He's back.

Brennan: You look, the hard on his luncle goes—

Justin: Wait, wait, what is it again?

Griffin: Hard on his luncle.

Brennan: Hard on his luncle.

Griffin: I'll be honest, at first, I thought it was some sort of euphemism that he was very sick. And I was like, that's a weird—[chuckles] that's a weird direction to take.

Clint: I thought it was a variety of bread!

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Brennan: Wait—

Justin: I like how it started with "hard on." [chuckles]

Brennan: Am I saying hard—I'm saying "hard on his luncle?"

Griffin: That's what it sounds like, yeah.

Justin: Hard on. Hard on.

Clint: Hard on.

Justin: Hard on is definitely—

Clint: This is hard on! His luncle.

Travis: Not, you—

Brennan: Sorry! I meant down on his luncle, thank you so much!

[audience cheers]

Justin: Okay, now, Brennan?

Brennan: Yes?

Justin: Obviously, you understand—

Griffin: The confusion.

Justin: He will need to continue to be hard on his luncle. [chuckles]

Brennan: Hard on his luncle. [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Justin: You understand it's—

Brennan: He says:

The Last Uncle: Oh, I fucked up my own name again! Oh, I can't get anything right! See? It's all justified!

Brennan: [chuckles]

Griffin: Is he bleed—is he oozing blood from a gunshot wound?

Brennan: Yeah! He goes:

The Last Uncle: He fuckin' shot—

Brennan: And he collapses to the ground.

The Last Uncle: Oh! Shit ass!

Travis: I'm gonna fix him—

Chip: Can I just call you Hard On for short?

[audience chuckles]

The Last Uncle: If you want, man!

Chip: I do want very much—

The Last Uncle: All right, Chip, you got it! You got—

Travis: I'm gonna give him a blood transfusion, because I don't see how it's that different from an oil change.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Go ahead, and we're gonna call this chaos.

Travis: Yeah!

Brennan: We're gonna call this chaos. Give me two chaos.

Griffin: Here we go, two beautiful reds. The red blood of Guy Ferrari.

Travis: I didn't say the blood was coming from me. [chuckles]

Griffin: Oh. [chuckles]

Brennan: All right, here we go. We got a red and—

Justin: Chaos.

Griffin: A green.

Brennan: Green.

Travis: Yeah, it'll be my own blood.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: On a red and a green, can I ask which of those tokens are you getting rid of?

Griffin: Yeah, yeah—

Brennan: Is that—

Griffin: No, don't put it on the ground, because we got—

Brennan: Is that your final order?

Travis: No.

Brennan: No, okay. Going into it, your blood is not enough. You are going to have to put—and you'll see that he's lost more than just blood, he's lost a lot of tissue—

Griffin: Yeah, can I get in there and, with a real tiny grill, can I cauterize the wound?

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: And I'm gonna put him on it. It's *real small*—

Travis: Put some of your meat in him. [chuckles]

Griffin: That's a good point, yeah.

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Guys, I can't even fucking conceive of a show in my mind's eye anymore! Like, I can't conceive of it!

Griffin: I open up the—

Justin: What are you saying?!

Griffin: I open up the refrigerator in my chest cavity—

Justin: [yells out] *What?!*

Brennan: Yes. [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: This is canon! This is actually pre-established—

Griffin: This is actually—

Brennan: Yeah.

Griffin: This is pre—

Justin: Yeah, I actually—

Travis: I went and I put 'em on the car lifts! And raise them up.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: And just hook the blood drain in the back.

Griffin: I take a little bit of tenderloin, I—[blows a raspberry] right up in there. And then I get the tiny grill and I—[spoofs a searing sound]

Brennan: You grill it down. I'm gonna need an order from you.

Justin: That's order?!

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Just as is intended by god's plan, he's cauterizing a wound with a tiny grill?!

Travis: Meat is meat!

Clint: That he pulled out of his chest, yeah!

Griffin: Oh!

Justin: [yells out] *Oh!*

[audience exclaims]

Griffin: I cooked a man!

Brennan: Okay—

Griffin: I cooked a man! I said I never would, but I cooked a man!

[audience chuckles]

Justin: The forbidden meat! The meat that must not be cooked!

Brennan: The meat that must not be cooked. As you sear the grill into the side of the down on his luncle, AKA hard on—[chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: You see, he screams out in pain, as he does—

Justin: [chuckles] That's just because—

Brennan: He gives—

Justin: Cooking him with a grill!

Brennan: [chuckles] He goes—

Justin: What a wimp!

Brennan: He goes:

The Last Uncle: [yells out] *Aah!* Shit, that burns! And the blood burns too!

Griffin: [chuckles]

Guy: [yells out] Grow up! Hurts Donut!

Briquette: It's just blood?

Brennan: As he—

Travis: I give him a Hurts Donut.

Brennan: As he—

Travis: It's instinctual, and I don't know why I do it.

Brennan: As he screams from the four corners of the Dadlands, the scream echoes out. Uncle Sam:

Uncle Sam: [squawks and yells] There they are!

Brennan: And Scrooge, Sam, Drosselmeyer, who, again, is the Magician Uncle from the Nutcracker ballet.

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: And Poseidon.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Brennan: All perfectly pinpoint your location. You have mere moments to act quickly. And in that last moment before you must leap into action, you see Ground Keith calls out:

Ground Keith: [yells out] Fuck! Ow, my ass! Ultimate Uncles, I'll betray! I'll betray too!

Travis: I eat him.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Give me—give me a chaos one.

Justin: That's chaos. I agree on that one.

[audience cheers]

Travis: That's a chaos token.

Justin: I would—I would like him to not eat.

Travis: I eat him! I eat Ground Keith!

Brennan: You eat Ground Keith?

Travis: I eat him up real good!

Griffin: It's why—it's why I cooked him, yeah.

Brennan: You eat the most badly burned small pile of ground beef ever.
[chuckles]

Justin: Every face in the audience could catalog every human emotion right now.

Griffin: It's amazing.

[audience chuckles]

Justin: I'm seeing the real gamut of human experience.

Travis: I'm sick of this guy—

Justin: Everybody feels something a little bit different.

Brennan: As you do, you see that looking up at you from the ground, as you consume this last sort of betraying meat spirit, you see that the down on his luncle looks up and goes:

The Last Uncle: [panting] Thank you. It all makes sense to me. You guys are on a mission from the Dadlands. You're trying to find whatever's beyond the Avuncularity. And your enemy, Walton Goggins, killed all the uncles to distill them into four conceptual uncles that are Uncle Sam, Uncle Scrooge, Uncle Drosselmeyer and Poseidon—

Red: Like you do.

The Last Uncle: And you almost got betrayed by a ground beef spirit. And you just saved my life, and now I'm here to help. That all checks out, right?

Briquette: Yeah, yeah, yeah, for sure.

Guy: Yeah, it tracks, man!

Briquette: Well—

Guy: Time to start the adventure!

Griffin: [laughs]

Briquette: Oh, well...

Brennan: [yells out] And that's our first half!

[audience cheers]

Griffin: We'll be right back!

[theme music plays]

[ad reads]

[theme music plays]

Justin: Back I will spiral out, in a way that—what?

Griffin: He's just showing you the whistle, but he's not actually gonna blow it?

Justin: It's broken. It's broken because I broke it. I conceived of it being broken in the Avuncularity, and it broke it.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: We return now—

Travis: Wait, first, let's hear it for our poster artist, Fae Day.

Griffin: Thank you, Fae Day—

Travis: We're gonna do—

Griffin: Poster.

[audience cheers]

Travis: Yeah, let's get this out of the way now! Also, the Paul Memorial—
Paul Sabourin Memorial Canned Food Drive.

[audience cheers]

Travis: Thank you all so much for being here. Let's hear it for Brennan, yay!

Clint: Whoo!

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Now, Brennan, where can—now, Brennan, if people who are
interested in finding your work—[laughs] where would they go to do that?

Brennan: Well, please, you can find plenty of work from Dimension 20,
Game Changer, make some noise.

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Over on dropout.tv. And you can also listen to Worlds Beyond
Number, wherever fine pods are cast!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: You can us—and that you can find on Patreon, for Worlds Beyond
Number. And then Brandon Lee Mulligan on various socials.

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: That are not as fully evil as social networks become, but in the medium range of evil, you can find me on those social networks.

Travis: Your average, normal amount!

Justin: The ones that are still kind of evil, but also still worth the time.
[chuckles]

Travis: Yeah.

Brennan: Those where you're like, I think you're selling my data, but I don't know to who yet, so fine, I'll stay here.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: The proceeds from the canned food drive are gonna go to the Second Harvest Food Bank of Orange County.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: All right.

Justin: Okay, Dad, no more whistles.

Griffin: No more whistles. What is this for?

Justin: No more whistles.

Travis: Now, Brennan—

Justin: I'm getting rid of all Dad's whistles.

Brennan: I believe—

Travis: Brennan?

Brennan: I believe a flag has been thrown on the play.

Clint: Yes!

Justin: Okay.

Clint: I'm calling for a review of the last 90 seconds of the first act.

Justin: Yeah, I threw all of Dad's whistles!

Brennan: We return 90 seconds into the past. Red Ruffinsore, you behold... that the down on his luncle is about to die. But—

Clint: I thought it was "go down on his—"

Griffin: No!

[audience exclaims]

Griffin: Jesus!

Travis: [yells out] Well, that's gonna do it for us! Thank you, everyone!

Griffin: Sorry, guys. Yeah. I am now sick. I was not sick before my dad said that, and then I was made sick by it.

[audience chuckles]

Clint: Family unity.

Griffin: Yeah, no—

Travis: Yeah! That's exactly actually what you just ruined!

Griffin: That's—[laughs]

[audience chuckles]

Justin: [laughs] It's our job—

Brennan: As coach Red Ruffinsore sees time fold back at this instant review, where do you want to intercede? You see the down on his luncle is bleeding out. Guy Ferrari is about to perform the blood transfusion. You see that shortly after that, Briquette is going to grill that which must not be grilled—

Justin: Is it just—

Brennan: Man!

Griffin: Man.

Brennan: Man that must not be grilled!

Justin: Is it just him seeing this? Or are we all seeing the flashback?

Brennan: In this moment, I think you are all seeing the flashback, mediated through Red Ruffinsore's command, as all sports dads command over the flow of time itself.

Justin: Chip looks at himself—Chip looks at himself to see if he's pulling off the tank top.

Brennan: Give me—

[audience cheers]

Justin: There character—

Travis: This is about you!

Justin: Not me.

Brennan: Yes.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Go ahead and give me an order pull.

[pause]

Griffin: You can do it, Juice. Just show me that green stuff! There we go!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Chip, you look relaxed, with it, vibrant, hip, healthy, and most of all, happy.

Justin: Thank you.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Wait—

Justin: Perfect. Feel good. Feel strong.

Griffin: Are you giving Justin that extra chip? Yes, okay, there was one on the floor, a bonus.

Justin: Does that work that way?

Brennan: It works that way, when you succeed, you get a chip back.

Justin: It's good game.

Clint: Cool.

Brennan: [laughs]

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Red, where do you intercede on the play?

Clint: I want to give a pep talk to him before we resort to the Donner Party.

Brennan: Okay.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Go ahead and you intercede—give a pep talk.

Griffin: Wait—

Clint: I need to draw a chip out for it?

Brennan: You can talk for free.

[audience chuckles]

Red: All right, boy, listen! I know you falled in fire and you're all shot and you're a bum and you know, you're kind of down on your luck and sleeping on other people's—

Travis: Who are you—okay, you're talking to the uncle.

Red: Talking to the uncle! I know that you've been sleeping—

Travis: You're gonna pep talk him back to health.

Red: [yells out] Let me talk, for god's sake!

Justin: Holy crap, does anybody else feel like they're 11? Because I feel...

Griffin: [laughs]

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Right? We all—

Griffin: Dad had that accent when he was—when he was younger. It's weird.

Justin: Yeah, he taught it out of himself—

Clint: [snort laughs]

[audience laughs]

Justin: For the internet. [chuckles]

Red: Listen, I know things are hard.

Justin: That's how we were raised! Imagine.

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles] Crazy.

Red: But you know what? Ruffinsores don't quit? No, that was McElroys
Don't quit, which was a lie.

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: We quit all the time.

Red: But you know what? I know as an uncle, you've got under your couch
some old, dirty magazines, and you know they're probably worth a great
deal of money on eBay.

Justin: [laughs]

Red: So, I want you to get off that couch, drop, give me 20, and spring up a
new man. A man that doesn't want to be cooked. No, not cooked, that's the
other guy. Who doesn't want to be a bum on somebody else's couch.

Briquette: No, I was about to cook him.

[audience chuckles]

Red: Okay, you don't want to be cooked! I want you to stand up and I want
you to look right into their faces, and spit in their eye!

Justin: I'd rather you didn't.

[audience chuckles]

Red: Spit in their eye! And tell them you're a winner, and not a quitter.

[audience cheers]

Travis: I get the feeling some of you in this audience really needed someone like dad to say that to you.

Brennan: With the—with the beauty and passion and ardor of that speech, I'm gonna give you three throws at the cornhole.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Wait, wait, wait... do they have to be bags?

Brennan: They do not have to be bags.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Save this man's life, Clint.

Travis: If you fail to make the throw with a ball, though—

Griffin: It's in your pocket, dude, I can see the bulge. It sucks.

Travis: That's his dick!

[audience laughs]

Griffin: It sucks that I can see that, man.

Travis: If you miss it, we'll erase—

Justin: Guys!

Travis: The evidence of—

Justin: When Dad—

Travis: Your previous throw.

Justin: Confidently throws and misses, the pleasure I experience is going to overwhelm me! I will not be able to speak because I'll be so delighted by the hubris as his wings melt before me!

Griffin: I'm gonna backstop it here, just in case it goes wide, and I don't want you to lose your special ball and let Jack go get it again.

Justin: [chuckles] Oh, yeah, it's good! Dad, stroll up there!

Brennan: Here we go. Here we go. Here we go!

Justin: Come on, Dad, give me what I need—

Brennan: Three throws, three throws.

Justin: Three throws of any object!

Travis: Okay, he's starting with bean bags.

Brennan: Here we go.

Justin: Starting with beanbags, the first throw.

Travis: He's standing at the, "You'll get 'em next time, Champ."

[pause]

Audience: [chants] Clint! Clint! Clint! Clint!

Brennan: [yells out] *Aaah!*

[audience cheers]

Justin: [yells out] Yeah!

Travis: That was a first throw success. Now, that was from the lowest difficulty.

Justin: Really a low difficulty.

Griffin: Nowhere to go but up, Mac!

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Get greedy! Get greedy! Get greedy!

Justin: [laughs]

Brennan: Here we go, here we go, here we go.

Travis: He's stepping back to the middle line.

Justin: My confection has grown even sweeter.

Griffin: Here we go.

Justin: Now, let the hubris drip down from—

Griffin: [chants] Clint, Clint, Clint.

Audience: [chants] Clint! Clint! Clint!

Griffin: *Buckets.* Oh...

Travis: Ah! That was close, that was close, but that was a miss.

Brennan: This is already a success on the cornhole throw, we are just seeing if this success is explosive or not. On your final throw, here we go.

Griffin: This is it.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Oh, yeah.

Travis: Oh?

Brennan: Oh my god.

[audience cheers]

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: "I love you, Son. I love you, Son!"

Travis: For those of you at home, he missed on the middle line, he's moved back to "I love you, Son."

Brennan: "I love you, Son," the most powerful throw of all. Here we go.

Justin: Yeah, did we—

Griffin: Can't even imagine a throw that far.

Justin: All right, Dad.

Travis: This is to convince an uncle not to give up and get cooked on a George Foreman grill.

Griffin: Yeah. Let's see, it looks like he's going with, ah, yes, the four-three formation. Here he goes. Absolute, absolute silence in the audience!

Justin: Shh.

Griffin: Absolute silence!

An Audience Member: Sorry.

[audience laughs]

Justin: [chuckles]

Travis: [yells out] Quiet!

Griffin: Quiet, silence, from everyone!

Justin: Who said sorry—

Griffin: Silence!

Justin: Sorry.

Brennan: [chuckles] Sorry.

Griffin: Here we go.

[pause]

Griffin: [whispers] Shh. Shut up. *Tobey*. No. [titters]

[audience exclaims]

Griffin: No. [chuckles] Sorry.

Travis: No, that was short by a mile.

Griffin: Nobey.

Travis: But he did get a success.

Clint: He got a success on the cornhole—

Griffin: He did a success, yeah, and it still feels—

Brennan: I think—

Griffin: It still feels as good, right?

[audience cheers]

Brennan: I'm so glad, that third throw was worth it, if only to get the quietest sorry in the world. From someone who, I think for a moment was like, "I was the only person talking."

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, it was your fault.

Justin: Yeah, someone that you could tell they're a fan of ours, they just felt compelled to apologize for cheering at a live show.

Griffin: Yeah.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: As, Red, you move through time and space, peering through into the past, correcting the timeline with this impassioned speech, you see the down on his luncle goes:

The Last Uncle: Oh, god... Wait, I could sell all that porn?

[audience chuckles]

The Last Uncle: I... *hooa!*

Brennan: Flips over onto his stomach, knocks out a quick 20 pushups!

The Last Uncle: One! Two! Three! *Heh! Eh!*

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Collapses to his stomach, reaches onto the couch, grabs a bunch of porn, goes:

The Last Uncle: [yells out] I'm gonna turn my life around!

[audience cheers]

Justin: [chuckles] Like every great story of a hero, it starts with scooping out all the classic vintage porn.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: From under his bed.

Clint: Atta boy.

[audience cheers]

Brennan: And he goes—he wraps his arms around you.

The Last Uncle: You're a good brother, and I want to be a good uncle. And... [yells out] and all the uncles out here, I'm turning this around right now! I'm gonna get on eBay and I'm gonna sell this porn to, hopefully, I don't know, an eccentric millionaire or somebody!

Red: Adults!

Griffin: Yeah.

Red: Adults.

Justin: Adults! Yeah!

Brennan: Oh, for sure!

Justin: Implied, I think! [laughs]

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: Hey! Adults are the only kind of people that exist!

Red: Right!

Justin: In porn buying and every other regard!

Brennan: [chuckles]

Clint: Just remember that, folks! It's cannon that in Dadlands, anybody can buy porn.

Griffin: [chuckles] Yes.

[audience laughs]

Brennan: With this chronomancy on the behalf of coach Red Ruffinsore, not only does the down on his luncle leap into action, restoring, you see to an uncle that, like a dad, thrived on law and chaos. You see, he restores his first order token back into himself, and ends his deadbeat status.

[audience cheers]

Travis: Do I still canonically eat Ground Keith? Or...

Brennan: In this moment, the timeline has been averted, and you see Ground Keith, who has not yet been eaten, does not betray. And instead goes:

Ground Keith: Ah! Wow, that was beautiful! Shit ass!

Briquette: Dude, you gotta watch your language.

Ground Keith: What?!

Briquette: I think there's child-ren listening!

Ground Keith: Ah! Wait, I wanna... I wanna help. I don't wanna just be a bunch of burnt, old bits of ground up beef at the bottom of the grill.

Briquette: Don't—

Ground Keith: If he—

Guy: I was gonna eat him!

Briquette: No, don't do it.

Ground Keith: If this guy—if this guy can do 20 pushups and sell porn, like an honorable man—

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [laughs]

Ground Keith: Then maybe I don't have to be grilled ground beef! Maybe I could be a...

Brennan: And in conceptual space he goes:

Ground Keith: Maybe one day I could be a... a hamburger...

Brennan: And he congeals into a patty and goes:

Ground Keith: I don't want to be Ground Keith anymore! I want to be—

Brennan: And a little bit of cheese congeals on top of him.

Ground Keith: I want to be a keys burger!

Brennan: [chuckles]

[audience laughs]

Justin: Hey, Paul, can you double check the script? Did we have—

Griffin: Did we write "keys burger—"

Justin: Did we write "keys burger?"

Griffin: In there?

Justin: Is that right?

Griffin: It's crazy!

Clint: Can I have my red review flag back?

Justin: He's nodding yes. Fervently. Yeah, I guess that's what we scripted, all right. Keys burger.

Brennan: It's like Keith burger, but cheese—

Travis: [yells out] No, yeah, no, no, no! Brennan, Brennan, Brennan!
Brennan—

Justin: 100%, yeah, it's so good, dude.

Travis: It's not that we didn't get it.

Justin: Oh, now that I know it's definitely in, I'm buying in fully, yeah.

Brennan: Gotcha, great. As you see—he says—he says:

Ground Keith: Or we can stay with Ground Keith?

Briquette: No, please, be what—be what you want to be. That's what—

Ground Keith: I want to be scared! Here come the uncles! [yells out] *Gaah!*

Brennan: And you see Uncle Sam comes barreling after you. What do you do?

Travis: I tell the other three to get out of the VW Bug. Are we out of the VW Bug?

Griffin: It would be crazy—

Travis: Or VW van.

Griffin: if this whole thing happened inside of a little bus.

Travis: I hop in the VW van, and I start whippin' shitties.

Griffin: Well, I guess he's just leaving. [chuckles]

Briquette: Bye! I guess?

Travis: No, I'm doing donuts! You don't see someone doing donuts and think they're leaving. In fact, I would say doing donuts is the exact polar opposite of leaving!

Griffin: [chuckles] Sure, yeah.

Brennan: You start pulling donuts, hell yeah—

Travis: Sorry, whippin' shit—I want you to say the phrase "whipping shitties."

Griffin: Whipping shitties, yeah. He wants—

Brennan: You start—you start—

Griffin: Debase yourself.

Brennan: Great. You start whippin' shitties.

[audience laughs]

Brennan: A term—

Justin: Can you—

Brennan: I have never heard of before this instant.

Griffin: Yeah. [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Hey, Brennan, just so you know, that's not like an us thing. I've never heard it either—

Travis: No, this might be that time travel loop paradox of who wrote Hamlet kind of deal.

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Travis: I'm pretty sure I heard it—

Justin: Sorry, what?

Travis: Somewhere else.

Clint: You think it was William Whippin' Shitties?

Griffin: No. Travis, heard "whippin' shitties" on My Brother, My Brother and Me. But he doesn't—he didn't say—it's fucked up, man. Don't worry about it.

Travis: Anyways! I'm whipping shitties.

Griffin: Yeah.

Travis: And I pop open the glove compartment.

Griffin: Oh, wow?

Travis: And I flip the switch that turns on the solar panels and biodiesel of this VW van, given to us by a hippie aunt.

Brennan: Hell yes.

Travis: Because I assume sustainable energy is Uncle Sam's weakness.
[chuckles]

Clint: [laughs]

[audience laughs and cheers]

Brennan: Hell yes. I'm going to ask for a cornhole toss.

Griffin: Fuck yeah.

[audience cheers]

Brennan: You're gonna get two sacks on this one. A throw from the near line will get you a mortal blow. If you want to instantly destroy this conceptual uncle, you gotta go back to at least our second line.

Griffin: I mean, get the—get with the—get the real deal. No, don't consult the audience.

Justin: Don't kill him, dude? Hey, get your microphone so you can say, "Oh, I missed."

Travis: Okay.

Griffin: Here we go, from line two... Yeah, he can't have the—

Justin: So, why do you need two hands to throw? I don't understand.

Griffin: Here we go.

Travis: One is for balance! One is for aim!

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Justin: No one heard that.

Travis: These are fuckin'—

Griffin: Here we go!

Justin: No one heard that.

Clint: Justin, here he goes. He's lining up for the—

Griffin: Shh.

Justin: Shh!

Griffin: Shh.

Brennan: *Ah!*

Clint: Ah...

[audience exclaims]

Brennan: So close. So close.

Griffin: Right over—

Justin: All right, you got—you got this one, Trav.

Griffin: Oh, wow? He's not stepping forward—

Justin: You got it.

Griffin: He's start—he's staying at the middle line.

Clint: Oh, yeah.

Justin: You got it.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Dial in. Dial in. Here we go. And... yeah.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah.

[pause]

Justin: Hit it.

Clint: *Oh!*

[audience exclaims]

Griffin: God, another skipper—

Brennan: Now—

Justin: Now you're really—

Brennan: Guy!

Justin: Whippin' shitties. [chuckles]

Brennan: Guy, you see as you open up the solar panels and all of the gear on top of this aunt—this hippie aunt van, you see that Uncle Sam screeches and looks and goes:

Uncle Sam: [squawks] You think I can't destroy renewable energy?! You think it's not within me to do so?!

Brennan: And a beeping button appears. A beeping button appears on the VW bus, in your—like in your driver's seat, that goes:

Van AI: Hey, if you want, we have—we have a different kind of renewable energy. If you want to summon in a constructed aunt presence, a constructed aunt presence to fight Uncle Sam with sort of material sciences, we recommend the most powerful artificial aunt of all, Auntie Matter.

[audience cheers]

Van AI: Do you want to summon Auntie Matter?

Guy: Yes, I do.

Travis: And as I summon it, I'm also going to dive out of the van and let the AI take over.

Brennan: You dive out of the van—

Travis: Wait! Before I let the AI take over, is Uncle Sam gonna like that?

Justin: [laughs]

Brennan: Far from it! This is not an artificial intelligence. It is instead a constructed persona made of the collective might of all aunts in their resistance to blow-hard, screaming uncles everywhere. [chuckles]

Justin: It's AI, it's...

[audience cheers]

Justin: It's auntish.

Brennan: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: It's auntish!

Brennan: It's auntish! You summon Auntie Matter?

Travis: Yeah?

Brennan: Friends, Aabria Iyengar, please, come on out here!

[audience cheers]

Aabria: This is a lot of pressure! [chuckles]

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Please describe what happens as the VW bus transforms into a mecha aunt!

Aabria: [laughs]

[audience cheers]

Aabria: The VW bus like stops, it's like mid-donut, and it rolls over. And in a barrel roll, first you smell it; a beautiful, buttery Chardonnay. [chuckles] On the wind.

[audience cheers]

Aabria: And then a cloud kicks up, that cloud smells like... what do aunts smell like?

Justin: Patchouli!

Aabria: Yeah, patchouli!

Griffin: A lot of patchouli.

Justin: Patchouli!

Aabria: 100%!

Justin: Patchouli. Yeah, Patchouli—

Aabria: Patchouli!

Justin: Everyone agrees.

Aabria: A scattering of crystals quartz.

Griffin: [chuckles]

Aabria: Like a candle. And then standing from it, an aunt in paisley.

Justin: [laughs]

Aabria: With like a—with an overly—like she looks like she's coming to or from an art project. There's clay and like paint on her, and no sign of a completed craft anywhere, because that's how ADHD works.

Griffin: No. [chuckles]

[audience cheers]

Auntie Matter: Hello, boys.

Brennan: I would—as Auntie Matter stares down Uncle Sam, Aabria, I'd like you to take three throws for me on the cornhole.

Griffin: [laughs]

[audience cheers]

Justin: You choose, right? Maybe one from each?

Aabria: One from each?

Brennan: Your shot, same deal. First line is mortal blow, but if you get two mortal blows, that's a wrap on Uncle Sam!

Clint: Whoa?

Griffin: Ooh, that's a good deal!

Justin: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

Brennan: Here we go.

Griffin: Here we go.

Justin: All right.

Griffin: This is your chance—

[audience cheers]

Griffin: To kill—

Justin: We need silence!

Clint: Here we go, here we go!

[audience cheers]

Justin: Complete silence.

Griffin: Kill America!

Justin: Complete silence.

Clint: She knows.

[pause]

Clint: [yells out] *Oh!*

Griffin: No! That's okay!

Travis: You can get it! You can get it!

Justin: It's okay.

[pause]

Brennan: Oh?

Justin: Oh, it's okay—

Travis: Okay! We got one on the rim!

Aabria: No!

Justin: No! It's okay!

[audience exclaims]

Brennan: Briquette, are you thinking what I'm thinking? [chuckles]

Griffin: Yes!

Brennan: [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Clint: Me too!

Brennan: Me too! Let's get to jumpin', hold on. [chuckles] Do you remember the last time when we jumped to make it go in?

Griffin: Oh, yeah, sorry.

Clint: Oh, yeah, yeah.

[audience cheers]

[rhythmic thudding as they jump on the stage]

[audience cheers]

Travis: Yay!

Clint: It's a miracle!

Brennan: [yells out] It's a miracle!

Griffin: Just took a little bit of stomp! A little stomp work. A little stomp work never hurt nobody!

Brennan: Auntie Matter, go ahead and give me Auntie Matter's attack on Uncle Sam!

Aabria: She looks him in the eye, and as he screeches like an eagle, she says:

Auntie Matter: Oh, sweetie... no... Okay, those are big feelings.

[audience cheers]

Auntie Matter: I'm gonna brew some tea, why don't we sit down and talk about it?

Griffin: Ah, man.

Justin: [laughs]

Brennan: [yells out] Everyone, Aabria Iyengar!

Justin: [yells out] Aabria Iyengar!

Travis: [yells out] *Yeah!*

[audience cheers]

Justin: That's the best! What a treat!

Griffin: Just take it— That's amazing. Thank you, Aabria.

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Fix it, Paul.

Travis: Devastating.

Justin: The literal best.

Clint: Is it—is that coming out of my share?

Griffin: Yeah! [chuckles]

[audience laughs]

Clint: Okay, that's fine.

Brennan: A mortally injured Uncle Sam goes:

Uncle Sam: [squawks]

Brennan: As energy surrounds and shreds the American flag, it begins to fall from the sky. But before he can crash and be smothered, you see a massive wave surrounds him.

Poseidon: Let the soft waves of the Aegean Sea, which is the sea surrounding Greece, which again, questionably exists in this timeline, protect Uncle Sam!

Brennan: As Poseidon appears besides you. What are you gonna do?

Red: Well... I am going to throw a bunch of balls at Poseidon's—I have a lot of luck with throwing things in monsters' mouths...

[Justin whispers something to Clint]

Red: Oh, that's much better.

[audience chuckles]

Red: Thank god you're here, Son.

Griffin: What?

Red: We're gonna have a—

Travis: [yells out] Son?!

Red: We're gonna have a—

Travis: [yells out] Son?!

Justin: That was just Dad talking to me. [titters]

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Clint: That was supposed to have been sotto voce. We're gonna have us a trident fight!

Brennan: Hell yeah.

Griffin: [laughs]

Travis: Wait, hold on!

Griffin: Justin made a face!

Travis: I just—yeah! Justin, was that what you suggested to Dad?!

Clint: No!

Travis: When he said, "That's better?"

Clint: Much better.

Travis: Okay! Okay! Hold on! Hold on! So, you're telling me the order of events was Dad said a thing about throwing balls in Poseidon's mouth, and Justin leaned over and said something, and Dad said, "Oh, that's better." And then Dad said, "But wait—" [chuckles]

Griffin: Then he came up with a third, even more kick-ass idea!

Clint: Yeah!

Justin: It's irrelevant—it's irrelevant how the muse doth flutter.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: One don'th know how the muse doth flutter.

Griffin: [laughs]

Brennan: Incredible. Okay, so, trident fight, here we go.

Clint: [yells out] Yeah!

Brennan: I love it. Out of curiosity, Justin, what did you say you?

Justin: You should have a javelin throwing competition.

Clint: Yeah, but—

Brennan: I love that.

Griffin: But trident fight is the better version of it—

Justin: Trident fight is better! He was right about it. I wasn't gonna like pump the brakes because like, trident fight, right? I mean—[chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, better.

Brennan: So you see—

Justin: Kick-ass! Like the parts where the two tridents like get hooked and they're like—*aah!* That's cool, man!

Griffin: Yeah, man.

Justin: Yeah.

Griffin: And cool hand symbol to symbolize...

[audience laughs]

Brennan: Coach Red—

Travis: Hey— **may** or may not get up to!

Justin: Yeah.

Brennan: Coach Red, a single order token will wound Poseidon. A second may destroy him utterly. And a third, if you dare be so bold to try to pull three in a row...

Griffin: There's no way. You may not even have three of them.

Brennan: First, you see—

Justin: Aabria just yelled, "Do it!"

Brennan: [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Token the first, we need order.

Justin: I need a—

Griffin: Green. Beautiful green. Beautiful green.

Brennan: Beautiful green.

Griffin: Show me that [in a high-pitched voice] *green*... yes!

Brennan: [yells out] Green!

[audience cheers]

Clint: Trident fight!

Travis: Wait! You—no, hold on—

Clint: Trident fight!

Travis: First of all, you keep the token.

Clint: Oh.

Griffin: Yeah, don't throw that one away.

Travis: Second of all—

Brennan: You don't—you don't put it back, you just hold on to it. Correct?

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: Because otherwise you'll fill up the pool.

Brennan: Yeah. So, second token, let's—if you want a—if—you can just wound him, but if you want her to destroy him right now, you just need another green.

Griffin: Yes, yes, god, I've seen this look in his eyes before...

Red: I came here to chew trident—

Travis: Please emphasize the—

Justin: Wait, wait, wait! Shouldn't—wait, sorry, query. Shouldn't this green go back in? Because it doesn't seem like it should be less likely—no?

Griffin: No.

Justin: Wow. With a—we made the game.

Clint: Yeah.

Griffin: Yeah. Sorry, man.

Clint: That, I think that was my part, so I should—

Justin: I wish I had a—I wish I had a yet older brother I could appeal to.
[chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: "Sorry, Justin!"

Brennan: Here we go—

Justin: I took his highest—

Brennan: Second token, here we go!

Griffin: Is it *green*... yes!

Brennan: [yells out] *Green!*

[audience cheers]

Travis: That's a second green!

[audience cheers]

Clint: Yeah! I stick the trident in and really twist it!

Brennan: Incredible! Now, are you—

Travis: Can we—hold on, take a second! The idea of stabbing someone with a triden—

Griffin: And then twisting—

Travis: And twisting it?!

Griffin: It is wild—

Justin: [yells out] Eah!

Travis: You've made a donut of a person!

Griffin: You've turned it into a pineapple corer!

Clint: Let me tell you something about Coach Red.

Justin: Okay?

Clint: Red believes in the one god.

Griffin: Cool, man!

Travis: [yells out] Whoa!

Clint: And it ain't this guy!

Travis: Whoa! [chuckles] Hold on! Hold on! You're saying god, the father?

[audience exclaims]

Clint: Yeah!

Justin: Yeah.

Red: I prefer god, the dad!

Brennan: [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Travis: [yells out] Yeah! And fuck—yeah!

Griffin: Clint, it's oaky—

Travis: [yells out] Clint!

Griffin: You gotta let it—

Travis: It's just, I can't—

Justin: Hey, listen—

Griffin: I know, I know—

Clint: Hold on!

Griffin: I know, I know—

Clint: Hold on!

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: With that, do you want to go for the third pull, or do you want to call it here at two?

Griffin: Don't get fucking greedy, man.

Clint: What happens if—what happens—

Brennan: There will be an additional effect past destroying Poseidon.

Griffin: *Clint...*

[audience cheers]

Justin: Oh my god, he's gonna become the new Poseidon!

Griffin: [chants] Clint, Clint, Clint. Hit that in! Hit that in hard. Clint, Clint.

Clint: Yeah, hit the T!

Griffin: Clint. Clint!

Audience: [chants] Clint! Clint! Clint! Clint!

Clint: Oh, god, I'm scared now.

Griffin: Yeah, me too, man!

Travis: [yells out] Yeah, man!

Griffin: Should have thought about that before you pulled out the token—

Clint: What is it?

Griffin: Justin, you look at it.

Justin: I don't wanna look.

Brennan: [yells out] Green!

Griffin: [yells out] *Gree-eeen!*

[audience cheers]

Brennan: All right! So...

[audience cheers]

Griffin: Wow.

Brennan: Red, you—

Clint: [yells out] Oh, god! I just hugged Auntie Matter! Boom!

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Red, you surge forward with the trident. Describe what happens, as you lunge forward after Poseidon.

Red: Well, I stuck it...

[audience chuckles]

Red: I twisted it, so the tines are up and down, and I ran it right up!

[audience exclaims]

Brennan: [spoofs a whooshing sound] Poseidon goes:

Poseidon: Like a fish! [yells out] How ironic!

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: As Poseidon leans backwards, you see—falling and being disassembled in conceptual space, he goes:

Poseidon: [yells out] I don't understand! I am the lord of the tides! How could you have destroyed me?!

Brennan: And behind you, you hear, [yells out] "Old tide!" [spoofs an explosion sound]

Griffin: Whoa.

[audience cheers]

Brennan: The...

Clint: I wrote that.

Griffin: No, Brennan did, just now! [chuckles]

Travis: Wait, sorry, did the spirit of Alabama sports show up? [chuckles]

Brennan: The spirit of Alabama sports shows up and says, "Only Alabama will be the true god of the sea!" [chuckles]

Griffin: [laughs]

Clint: [chuckles]

Brennan: Poseidon—

Travis: One of my favorite things that happens when Brennan plays with the McElroys, is Brennan will say something like bigger will happen, and he's thinking, "They'll fail." And then we succeed, and he's written a cheque that he—[chuckles]

Clint: [chuckles] And he does!

Griffin: And he does, effortlessly.

Brennan: As you invoke the name of god, the father...

[audience laughs]

Griffin: [laughs]

Brennan: You see—

Justin: Which we all kind of knew would happen, right? It's a little predictable.

Brennan: Only... you see that, surging forward, the mortally injured but still alive, shrieking eagle monster of Uncle Sam looks up and says:

Uncle Sam: You think you can defeat me? God's on my side!

Brennan: And from above you, you hear:

Voice: Hey, kiddo, god has no nationality.

Brennan: And—

[audience cheers]

Brennan: And the lord destroys Uncle Sam! [chuckles]

Justin: [chuckles] Whoa!

[audience cheers]

Clint: That... you know, I'm traveling out of the country in a couple months. I'm never gonna get back in, am I?

Griffin: No, you are not.

Travis: You're welcome!

Clint: Yeah...

Brennan: However, at this exact moment, leaping from the shadows, a one- eyed German magician leaps out and says:

Uncle Drosselmeyer: It's me, Uncle Drosselmeyer. I'm—

Clint: From the Nutcracker!

Travis: [yells out] I'm also surprised I wasn't involved in that last exchange!

Justin: Okay! [chuckles] That's when Chip—okay, Chip Hugginsby sprints at that guy, right? And then he sprints around him to get to Scrooge.

Griffin: [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Wait! Do you need more facts about me?! We can interact!

Justin: [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Chip: The amount of time we spend on you depends on how much time we have left in the show!

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Running forward, you see Scrooge—

Travis: [chortles]

Brennan: You see that...

Justin: [sings] Too-choo-*too-too*!

Brennan: You rush forward—

Justin: [sings] I need a hero! Holding out for a hero 'til the end of the night!

Brennan: You Scrooge sees you coming. He reaches to his right, through the Ghost of Christmas Future—

Chip: Wait!

Uncle Scrooge: Ghost of Christmas Future, give me a ray gun from the distant future!

Brennan: [spoofs an explosion sound]

Chip: No, wait. Because I'm a Disney fan, I'm going to do the one thing I do better than anything else, and that's ruin the magic.

[audience cheers]

Chip: Because those ghosts aren't real, they're created by a visual effect called Pepper's ghosts.

[audience cheers]

Chip: You see, when you angle a piece of glass at a 45-degree angle and then shine lights upon mannequins that are behind the 45-degree angle, they can create the visual illusion of ghosts dancing or appearing to dance in an empty space, and in an effect called Pepper's ghost.

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Justin, you know, I'm gonna need three cornhole throws.

Griffin: Three beautiful cornhole throws. You can fuckin' do it, man. Put that...

Brennan: One—

Griffin: Little less.

Brennan: Two...

Travis: Oh!

[audience exclaims]

Brennan: [yells out] Yes!

[audience cheers]

Travis: Bumping in the second overhanging one with the third, Justin McElroy scores a success.

Griffin: A gorgeous, gorgeous throw.

Justin: Anytime I can... be impressive in sports in front of my dad, it gives me a genuine not for show thrill.

Griffin: [laughs]

Justin: So, I do appreciate you all being here and facilitating that, thank you.

Griffin: You're gonna be working through that for a bit!

Justin: I'll be riding high, Griffin, thank you. [chuckles]

Brennan: The optical illusion of all three ghosts is shattered as by mirror glass! [spoofs a shattering sound]

[audience cheers]

Justin: And then—

Brennan: Leaving a 19th century landlord as your only opponent!

Justin: And then I—and then I reach in—[chuckles]

Travis: Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Clint: Oh, here it goes!

Travis: [yells out] Yeah! Yeah! *Yeah!*

Justin: I reach into my holster, and I pull out a colorful gun, and I say:

Chip: Don't worry, it's a small hole.

[audience cheers]

Brennan: [chuckles] You pull out a gun, no pull necessary, you blast Scrooge away!

Griffin: [chuckles]

[audience cheers]

Justin: Thank you very much!

Brennan: [chuckles] He looks and goes:

Uncle Scrooge: Tell me, what day is it?

Justin: [laughs]

Chip: It's the day of your funeral!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: Scrooge is fuckin' dead! Leaving—

Justin: Sorry, let me try again!

Chip: It's the day to sell your curtains!

Justin: [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, that's good. That's good shit.

Justin: That's good.

Griffin: Air five. Thank you.

Brennan: Uncle Drosselmeyer turns around and says:

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Quickly! Someone establish a relationship with me!

Briquette: I haven't done one yet. Do you want—

Justin: [chuckles]

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Yes, let's—

Briquette: All right.

Uncle Drosselmeyer: I would love to have us—what's—

Briquette: Tell me—you gotta give me fuckin' anything about you, Uncle Nutcracker.

Uncle Drosselmeyer: [yells out] Okay! Okay! Okay! So, in the ballet, there is a toy, the nutcracker!

Briquette: Yeah.

Uncle Drosselmeyer: There's like a mouse king, who's in some versions like a rat.

Briquette: That's crazy.

Uncle Drosselmeyer: So, is there something with like rat and meat and—

Justin: I think it's—

Travis: Wait! Are you the—

Justin: It's think it's crazy that you guys are doing the literal thing that is going on in your brains, but you're doing it out loud!

Griffin: Yeah, we're—Brennan and I are just fuckin' talking, right—

Justin: Right, you're just like—there's gotta be something like a rock guy! Right? Like—

Briquette: And you do—and you're an actual magician, you do actual magic?

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Yes, I'm a true sorcerer, but I do—I use the dark secrets of magic to make toys that come to life—

Justin: Oh, we're getting farther!

Uncle Drosselmeyer: And make my niece have a—

Justin: Colder!

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Horrible time.

Justin: Colder, colder, colder—

Briquette: No, no, no! I mean, I do—I do a very similar thing, but with the forbidden meats. It seems like we—you know what? You like, like, arcane tomes and texts and stuff? Because I got a bunch of them.

Uncle Drosselmeyer: I love arcane tomes and stuff.

Briquette: Check this out!

Griffin: I pull out the George Foreman, and I open it up, and I'm like:

Briquette: Contained within this book is—

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Secrets!

Briquette: Oh, yes, the—

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Certainly, a grill would never open like a book?

Briquette: No, no, why would it?

Clint: [laughs]

Briquette: This is no grill, this—

Uncle Drosselmeyer: All right. But I—but I'm going to have to get close to be able to read it.

Brennan: And you see—

Briquette: Yeah, get real, real close. You're gonna need to, the type is very small—

Travis: And to be fair, Brennan! He is wearing an eye patch, so he has depth perception issues!

[audience chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

Brennan: He gets in and says:

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Okay, they—I only am seeing grease stains, are the letters going to reveal themselves?

Briquette: Yeah, they reveal themselves. Did I tell you the name of my magic book?

Uncle Drosselmeyer: What is it?

Briquette: Oh, it's the Grill Marillion.

Griffin: And I smash his face in it!

[audience cheers]

Travis: Griffin, voluntarily throwing bean bags.

[pause]

Brennan: [yells out] *Oh!*

[audience exclaims]

Travis: Fuckin' swish!

Clint: [yells out] Nothing but net!

Travis: A swish from "You'll get 'em next time, Champ." He's going from the middle...

Griffin: No, no, no.

[audience exclaims]

Travis: Oh? He's stepping back...

[pause]

Brennan: [yells out] *Waaa—*

Travis: [yells out] Yes!

[audience cheers]

Travis: [yells out] That is—

Justin: [yells out] *Whoo! Whoo!*

Travis: A success from "I love you, Son!"

[audience cheers]

Travis: [yells out] That! With the shot heard 'round the world, folks!

Justin: [yells out] That!

Travis: [yells out] Griffin sinks it from "I love you, Son!"

Justin: [yells out] Dad! You have to love him!

Travis: [yells out] To kill Uncle Drosselmeyer with a George Foreman grill!

Justin: [yells out] Clint McElroy has to love Griffin McElroy! You heard it here first! Clint McElroy now has to love Griffin!

Clint: [yells out] I love you, Son!

[audience cheers]

Clint: First time for everything!

Justin: I started to pretend it was for me, but even that felt wrong.

[audience chuckles]

Travis: It's so bitter to hear it out loud, Justin—

Justin: [yells out] I know! Trav, I know, bud! I know, bud!

Travis: I know it's possible now, but it wasn't for me!

Justin: He can't physically say the syllable!

Griffin: Get fucking good at cornhole—I'm so out of breath.

[audience chuckles]

Justin: Do you know this is the longest running Adventure Zone story?
[chuckles]

Griffin: [chuckles]

Clint: It is!

Brennan: It started in 2019!

Griffin: It's true.

Justin: Sorry, go ahead. [chuckles]

Brennan: As the villainous Uncle Drosselmeyer, the concept of this magical, strange uncle, has the George Foreman grill close on his head. Searing flesh, he cries out:

Uncle Drosselmeyer: [yells out] Ah! Now I know what all those nuts felt like! Bam!

Guy: [yells out] Wait! No! Don't—

Justin: [yells out] Wait, wait, wait! Wait, wait—

Guy: [yells out] I have so many questions!

Justin: Bring him back! Bring him back real quick!

Guy: [yells out] I got a lot of questions!

Justin: Wait, I conceive of him coming back for 30 seconds.

Chip: What do you mean, man?

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Wait! The movement of a George Foreman grill cracking a skull is sort of a lot like a nutcracker—

Chip: Do you have a nut thing in your—is there a nut thing?

Uncle Drosselmeyer: A nut thing?

Chip: Nutcracker! Oh, I get it now! Okay.

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Nutcracker!

[audience chuckles]

Chip: So, all right.

Uncle Drosselmeyer: It's not—yeah, it's not like a—

Justin: That's 30!

Uncle Drosselmeyer: An expression—

Justin: That's 30!

Uncle Drosselmeyer: Therefor, cracker—

Justin: That's 30!

Briquette: All right, see you—

Justin: That's 30!

Briquette: See you—

Justin: That's 30!

Briquette: See you later, Uncle Cracker.

Griffin: And I—

Uncle Drosselmeyer: [yells out] I'm fucking dead!

Brennan: Blam. [chuckles]

[audience cheers]

Brennan: On that success, Briquette, you shut the grill—have defeated the last of the Ultimate Uncles. In this moment, you feel all of the sorcery of Uncle Drosselmeyer flow through your nostrils. You have cooked the forbidden meat of man, and stolen the powers of a rival wizard!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: In this moment, the uncle defeated in distant space, you see Walton Goggins.

Justin: What?!

Brennan: Standing up.

Travis: [yells out] What is this sentence and paragraph?!

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: You guys asked me six years ago—

Griffin: No, yeah, no, this is your—

Brennan: To come run a game called the Dadlands!

Griffin: I'm into it. I'm so into it, Brennan.

Brennan: The quest—the—

Clint: [yells out] All we want is a semicolon in there somewhere!

Brennan: You have me—you gave me a garbage bag full of question marks!

Clint: [laughs]

Justin: Okay, fair enough.

Brennan: And said, "Mulligan, get to work!" Okay?

[audience cheers]

Justin: Okay.

Brennan: And six years and four episodes later—

Griffin: We love it.

Justin: And one—several children. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, many children.

Justin: It's like five more kids!

Brennan: Yeah, a lot more kids! One of us who wasn't a dad is one!

Griffin: Yeah, yeah.

[audience cheers]

Brennan: I didn't put Walton Goggins here, you put Walton Goggins here!

Griffin: I get—you're right, you're right.

Travis: [yells out] Sorry! But you said the magic of Uncle Drossel—
[chuckles]

Justin: Okay, let him weave. [chuckles]

Griffin: Let him weave.

Brennan: The uncle from the Nutcracker!

Griffin: Yeah, yeah, yeah, we got there.

Brennan: Now, Walton Goggins, who is in conceptual space time, created by now-dead Uncle Physicists, is still being blasted by a summoned fart. Okay?

Griffin: Yeah.

Justin: [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Justin: There are people in the audience that look like they're trying to recover their grip on reality. [chuckles]

Griffin: Yeah. [chuckles]

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Now... now—

Clint: And failing!

Griffin: Yeah.

Brennan: Now, in this moment, you see Goggins, his cheeks rippling, his beautiful dental work, his beautiful white teeth on rippling cheeks being blasted by a fart, looks out in horror and goes:

Walton Goggins: Not the treasure...

Brennan: Briquette, you also look and see in this moment, the Unclear, this ear-shaped singularity. And behind it, much like Chip, you hear:

Voice: Dad?

Briquette: That's my name, don't wear it out!

[audience chuckles and cheers]

Brennan: Goggins points to the ear, something about the Unclear, the Unclear... He's pointing at it and saying:

Walton Goggins: The treasure.

Brennan: But you don't see it? In this moment, the magic of Uncle Drosselmeyer filling your Grill Dad hands, you must make a choice. On that cornhole throw from "I love you, Son," you can either use the magic of Uncle Drosselmeyer to permanently destroy your arch nemesis, Walton Goggins. Or give up that most needed vengeance, and turn your eyes to the voice behind the Avuncularity. You must choose now.

Briquette: I have learned so much on our quest. Before, I thought the only power was the power granted to us by the ashen gods of the charcoal pit. Now, I know different. There's one thing important in this life, Walton, and you never understood that.

Griffin: That's the fireworks from the Angels game next door.

Travis: I knew it would work out! Keep going.

Justin: Yeah, keep going, keep going!

Griffin: I say:

Briquette: There's no power in this world more important than family. And sometimes, Walton—sometimes, Walton, a family is just four dads!

Griffin: And I kill Walton Goggins!

Clint: [laughs]

[audience cheers]

Brennan: As Walton Goggins, real life character actor Walton Goggins is unmade—

Justin: [yells out] Living man! Living man, Walton Goggins!

Brennan: Living man! Guy who might hear this, Walton Goggin.

Travis: Oh my god, can you imagine?! That'd be the fucking cool shit ever!

Justin: Humiliated! Humiliated!

Brennan: You see the fireworks—

Travis: Can you imagine Walton Goggins being mad at us?

Griffin: We have to end this while the fireworks are happening!

Brennan: The fire—you see that the Fireworks Uncles come back from the dead!

Brennan and Travis: [yell out] Yay!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: All of the lost uncles come back! Walton Goggins is unraveled!

Walton Goggins: I can't believe that's the call you made.

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: Revenge. Chokey returns to you.

Chokey: Oh, Briquette! I'm so sorry!

Briquette: I missed you so much, Chokey!

Chokey: I missed you so much!

Briquette: I made a horrible little ground beef man!

[audience chuckles]

Brennan: [chuckles] Ground Keys—or Ground Keith goes:

Ground Keith: [yells out] Ah, my ass! No one gives a shit about me!

Brennan: [blows a raspberry]

Travis: Brennan?

Brennan: Yes?

Travis: I would like to offer up—

Griffin: The fireworks are getting so loud, man.

Travis: Yeah. With the power of the fireworks drawing me in—

Brennan: Yes.

Travis: And thinking how great it would be to impress someone that wasn't another adult—

Brennan: Yeah.

Travis: That could do that themselves, I would like to offer up my two last law tokens, to reset the GPS towards the sound beyond the Unclear.

[audience cheers]

Briquette: Thank god, man. You seem different, Guy?

Guy: Sorry, man, what?

Chip: Oh my god, he's gone of full deadbeat?

Brennan: With—

Travis: Underneath me forms a motorcycle.

[audience chuckles]

Briquette: Wait—

Travis: Which I rev twice, and ride off into the distance.

Briquette: No!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: You ride off into the distance, marking the way towards the Avuncularity, towards the Unclear. In that unclarity, you go full deadbeat. Fireworks—[spoofs fireworks sounds]. Conveniently, in this moment, in this moment, the four dads—

Clint: [laughs]

Brennan: Our four dads are fractured. One of your dads has been lost to the forces of deadbeat, giving everything he can to find that voice. There is a treasure I have mentioned multiple times. We... we will end here on a cliffhanger. Unless! Unless, in this moment—unless, in this moment, we will end in a cliffhanger where Guy disappears, full deadbeat, motorcycle over the horizon, abandoning his three dads. To what end? We will not possibly know. We will end on that cliffhanger. Unless any of you knows my hidden secret? The puzzle, the treasure. In this moment, if any of you can—if any of you know how to produce the treasure of the Unclear—

Briquette: I... I... I think I know?

Brennan: Briquette?

Briquette: It's from the ancient magics that I learned in the Ashen University.

Griffin: I just kind of reach up and say:

Briquette: What's that behind there?

[audience cheers]

Brennan: [yells out] Exactly right!

[audience cheers]

Briquette: Not... not yet.

Travis: And I get a law token back from behind my ear, it brings me back from the brink.

Griffin: And I say:

Briquette: None of the other three of us know how to drive a car.

Guy: [yells out] Oh, right, yeah! Okay! Cool, man! Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Brennan: [yells out] The treasure made real, the Unclear reveals behind it the entrance beyond the Avuncularity! To Ever-Ever Land... the land of children!

[audience cheers]

Brennan: [yells out] That's all for our show.

Griffin: [yells out] Thank you all so much! You've been fuckin' rad!

[audience cheers]

[theme music plays]