

**Podcast: What If World**

**Episode: 003: What if we moved into a spooky, scary house?**

**File Length: 00:18:19**

**Transcription by Keffy**

[Rising harp scales followed by the What If World theme song.]

Lyrics: What if kittens played the glockenspiel? And what if unicorns were real? What if you could fly or travel back in time, we welcome you to What If World. What If World. This is What If World.

[Gentle bell music.]

Mr. Eric: Hey everybody, and welcome back to What If World. I'm your host, Mr. Eric, and I'm here to answer your what if questions, or really any questions at all. We take them and turn them into stories, but I get a little help from What If World. Actually, I don't think I ever told you how I got there in the first place.

Well, one day in the spring time I was stopping to smell the roses as I often do when I felt the biggest sneeze... coming... achoo! And when I opened my eyes after that sneeze, I found myself smack dab in the middle of What If World. There was a tyrannosaurus rex taking a fly on top of a seagull. Don't ask me how. There was a robot having a tea party with a ninja and they looked like they were really getting along. There was a vampire sunbathing next to a fairy princess who was sparring with a great big knight and she won.

This place was cool, and I found that any time I closed my eyes after that day, I can go right back to What If World. And when people started asking me questions, What If World started showing me cool stories in response. So I thought, you know what? It's time I share this place with the rest of you. But that's enough about that. It's time to get into our real story, and I've got two special guests today to give us our question.

Mamma Jamma, Poppa Loo, come on in!

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I'm so nervous, oh, this is just. Oh, look at the microphones. Oh my goodness, do I put these? What do I do with them? Do I put the headphones on my ears, or do I just kinda, or do I just squish them, oh they're so squishy.

Mr. Eric: Uh, Mamma Jamma, yeah, you just put them on your ears, it's not hard. And then you talk in the microphone.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, hello microphone! How are you, microphone? Oh, do you need a snack? You know, I have some hard candies if you'd like.

Mr. Eric: The microphone's not alive, it's just—you don't have to talk to it, just like, like talk into it.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, silly Mr. Eric. Everything's alive in What If World, so it's really not that weird for me to make that assumption.

Mr. Eric: Wait, everything's alive in What If World?

Mamma Jamma: No, I mean, not everything. Anything you want to be at any time can just whoop! Spring to life. It's soooooo kooky-crazy.

Mr. Eric: Okay, great. Well, where's Poppa Loo, is he...?

Mamma Jamma: Oh, he was just parking the car. He likes to get his parallel parking just right, so he was going in and out and in and out, and then he sort of bumped the bumper so he had to leave a note...

Poppa Loo: What, me? Bump a car, oh please Mamma Jamma. I would never do such a thing, I'm a great driver. I'm good at everything.

Mr. Eric: Oh hey, Poppa Loo. Come on down, yeah, take a seat.

Poppa Loo: Great, Yep. I know how it goes. Put on the headphones, talk into the microphone. I'm already a professional.

Mr. Eric: Um, yeah. Okay, great, I'm glad you figured it out.

Poppa Loo: Of course I figured it out, I'm good at everything, you know? I just figure things out. They call me the figurer outerer.

Mr. Eric: That's a great nickname, Poppa Loo.

Poppa Loo: Yep. Ughh. So how are you, son?

Mr. Eric: Oh me, uh, yeah. I'm great, I just wanted you two to... since you're a couple, I figured you could come in together and give us a question to get our story started.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, oh! I have the perfect question. See, we've been looking for a house and you know, it's so hard to find a house. It's like every place you find has some kind of problem. So, I just wanted to know, what's going to happen when we find our house?

Mr. Eric: Oh, okay. Hmm.

Poppa Loo: You know what? That's a great question, Mamma Jamma, but I think, seeing as it's getting close to Halloween time, we ought to have a little twist to it, don't you think?

Mamma Jamma: Oooh, like a spooky, scary twist?

Poppa Loo: What if we found a spooky, scary house, hmm?

Mr. Eric: Yeah, okay, great. So that's your question? I love it. Let's see the answer.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time, there was a little girl. Her name was Zizi, and her mom and dad, Mamma Jamma and Poppa Loo were looking for a new house. Now, this was exhausting for poor little Zizi. She had to go one house after the other, and she had to look through all of them from top to bottom and sit through all these long conversations her mom and dad would have with this realtor person. Ugh. Boy, it was rough.

But one house they got to was really old and really big and really cool looking. And Zizi, for the first time, was excited.

Zizi: Mom! Dad! I love it so much! And it's close to your job, Dad, and it's close to your job, Mom! And it's walking distance from school and it's so big! Can we move in? Please please please please?

Poppa Loo: Oh, well, I don't know. I mean, for crying out loud, it just seems too good to be true. Peter the Realtor, can you tell us, is there anything up with this house?

Mr. Eric: And Peter the Realtor answered:

Peter the Realtor: Oh, well. As far as my, umhh, blueprints show, no, there's not a thing wrong with this house other than a few skeletons in the closet, you know?

Mamma Jamma: Uhhmm, did you say skeletons in the closet?

Peter the Realtor: Aye, yes. Skeletons in the closet. You know how it goes. I mean, I assume it's just a saying, like how they say—

Mamma Jamma: Oh yeah, like when there's a secret or something. Or somebody's done something a little bit naughty, right? It's like, there are skeletons in the closet, is that what you mean?

Peter the Realtor: Of course. That's probably exactly what it means, yes. Someone who once lived here did something a little bit naughty or something. But then they moved out, so I'm sure it's no problem.

Poppa Loo: Peter the Realtor, you are a gem. Okay, this is a great house. I'm going to buy it from you on the spot, cha-CHING!

Mr. Eric: And they moved in that very same day. Whoo! It's a lot of work moving. I don't know if you've ever been through it, but it is exhausting, and Zizi was so tired she couldn't even finish unpacking her bedroom. It took a long time. So before she got the last box unpacked, she hopped into bed and drifted off to sleep.

[Creaking noise]

She heard a creak. But she looked at the door into the hallway, it was closed fast. Where had that creak come from?

Zizi: Oh well, must be nothing. Just an old house. Old houses are awfully creaky sometimes. I'll just go back...[yawns]

[Creaking noise]

[Gasp] I definitely heard something that time!

Mr. Eric: She leapt out of bed and looked over the room. Hmm... well, nothing seemed to be amiss. Oh, but the closet was open just a peek.

Zizi: Okay, let me just close the closet and—

Skeleton: Boooonees.

Zizi: She closed the closet door. Had that word just come from the closet itself? Oooh, I'm a little bit scared!

Mr. Eric: And she ran into her Mom and Dad's room.

Zizi: Mom! Dad! Wake up! Wake up! Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!

Poppa Loo: Aaah, uhh, it's the middle of the night, Zizi, we still gotta finish unpacking in the morning [yawn]. Let me go back to sleep.

Zizi: No, Dad Dad Dad Dad Dad! Poppa Loo, you gotta get up! There. Is something. In the closet. And it's asking about bones!

Poppa Loo: Ah, asking about bones. Oh, it must be that television show. That's great, I'll just break out my DVD collection and we'll sit down and just have a watch together. Okay.

Zizi: No, Daddy! I'm not joking. I don't want to watch that show, I just, I want you to come and check out my closet.

Poppa Loo: Oh, all right.

Mr. Eric: And he put on his slippers and he tied up his bathrobe and he stalked into the room.

Poppa Loo: Oh, Mr. Bone Man. Why don't you come on out and tell us what the hullabaloo is all about, huh?

[Creaking noise]

Oh. That was a spooky noise, Zizi. Did you hear that?

Zizi: Yes, I did! I'm trying to tell you there's something really scary in this house.

Poppa Loo: Well, I'll believe it when I see it. That's what I always say.

[Creaking noise]

Mr. Eric: And the closet door opened really wide this time, and he could see, shining out of the door, two glowing yellow lights just where eyes and a head would be.

Poppa Loo: Oohh.... Zizi, are you seeing what I'm seeing?

Zizi: Yeah, Dad, that's what I was telling you. There's something in there. It's really spooky!

Poppa Loo: Uhhhh, let's go get your mother, okay? [Screams]

Zizi: [Screams]

Mr. Eric: [Whoosh!] And off they ran back to the bedroom.

Poppa Loo: Mom, Mom!

Zizi: Mom! Mom! Please wake up, there's something spooky in my room. I don't know what it is, what's going on?

Mamma Jamma: Ooh, why, I was really trying to get some sleep. Oh, what do you need? You need a grilled cheese sandwich?

Zizi: No, Mom, there's something spooky going on!

Poppa Loo: Honey, you know I wouldn't wake you up in the middle of the night if it weren't really, really scary, okay! So please, we just need you to get up right now.

Mamma Jamma: Okay, I'll wake up.

Mr. Eric: And she put on her slippers and she tied up her bathrobe and she tiptoed with the rest of them back to Zizi's room.

Mamma Jamma: Well, I don't know, I don't see anything in—

[Creaking noise]

Okay, so there's a little creak. This is a creaky old house, I mean, come on. At least the walls are pretty thick. See, when I knock on the walls, no creaks.

[Knocks on wall]

Poppa Loo: I don't know what that has to do with anything. We're talking about something in the closet, okay? So please go check it out just so we can go back to sleep.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, fine. Oh, hm. Yeah, there's two little glowing yellow things just about where eyes would be.

Zizi: Mamma Jamma, those are real eyes, I'm sure of it!

Mamma Jamma: Sure of it? Did you go see if those were actually glowing eyeballs of some kind. I mean, they could be nightlights left over from the last person who lived here, right?

Zizi: Um, I guess. Yeah, yeah. Oh, it's probably just night lights, and—

Skeleton: Booooooneeessssss.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, it was a little spooky of a sound, wasn't it?

Zizi: Yeah.

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo? You want to go check it out?

Poppa Loo: Oh, well, you know I would but I got this darn trick foot acting up. Ooh, ow! Foot cramp. Woah, boy! Ooh, I gotta sit down. Ooh, I gotta take off this slipper. Ooh, what a foot cramp. Oh, I just wish I could go in that closet right now and scare away whatever's in there, but Mamma Jamma, I'm afraid it's gonna have to fall to you.

Mamma Jamma: Uh, yeah. Mamma Jamma has to do everything. All right, let's see what's in here. I mean, it can't be anything too scary.

Mr. Eric: And she opened the door the rest of the way, walked in, and [door slam!]

The door closed behind her with a slam. And then, silence.

Zizi: Uh, ummm, it's a little spooky, Dad.

Poppa Loo: Yeah, I mean, sure, but she's probably just in there, uh... I don't know what she's doing in there!

Zizi: Do you think—do you think that whatever's in there got her?

Poppa Loo: Well, of course not, I mean, for crying out loud, your mom's a tough bird. If she can handle me, heh heh heh, she can handle whatever spooky thing's in that closet.

Zizi: Ooh, okay. Will you go in after her?

Poppa Loo: Me? Why would I go in after her, I mean, heh heh, it's your bedroom, so you should go on in after her.

Zizi: But you said you're good at everything and you're not afraid of anything, and—

Poppa Loo: Ah, rub that in my face will ya. Well, you know what—

Zizi: Dad! Just go in there and check!

Poppa Loo: Oh, fine. [Knocks] Hello? Hello? Bone closet? Uh, it's Poppa Loo, just coming in for a peek. [Creaking noise]

Mr. Eric: And he stepped in and the door [slam!] shut behind him. Zizi was all alone.

Zizi: Why wouldn't they just open the door. Oh my goodness, what's going on in there? Ooh. Oh, my mom and dad. I think maybe it's up to me to save them.

Mr. Eric: And she walked bravely to the door.

Zizi: [Knock] Um, Mom, Dad? Bone people? I'm coming in, okay? I come in peace. [Creak]

Mr. Eric: And she opened the door to see her mom, her dad, and a skeleton sitting in lawn chairs on a big old sandbox.

Skeleton: Uh, booooneeeesssss.

Zizi: But what's going on here? Why, you three are just sitting around?

Poppa Loo: Yeah, funny story. You see, we're trying to help this guy find his bones. Apparently he lost them in this sandbox in your closet, and...

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, honey. I mean, once the door closed you can't see a doggone thing.

Zizi: Then why didn't you just tell me! I was so scared! I thought you were gone.

Mamma Jamma: We told you... You know what it is? These walls are just so thick [knocks]. See, I mean you can't hear through one side to the other. They are really good walls, I'm telling you. Old houses are built great.

Zizi: Mom! You should have told me!

Skeleton: Booonneesssss...

Zizi: And you! Can you say anything other than, "Bones?"

Skeleton: Yeeaaasss.

Zizi: Okay, so you can say "bones" and "yes", is that it?

Skeleton: That's it.

Zizi: Wait, I don't understand. So you can say "bones", "yes", and "that's it", but that's it?

Skeleton: Yes.

Zizi: Oh, brother! This skeleton is really getting on my nerves. Can we just find his finger bones so we can get him out of here?

Poppa Loo: Well, that's what we're up to, young lady. Why don't you just dive in and help.

Zizi: Oh, of course I will. Geeze louse.

Mr. Eric: And she flipped over the sandbox, found all three missing finger bones right away.

Zizi: Mr. Skeleton, if I give you these bones will you get out—



Skeleton: That's it...

Zizi: Don't you mean, "yes?"

Skeleton: Booonnesss

Zizi: Oh, brother. You are really getting on my nerves. Here you go! [Pop pop pop]. You've got all the bones back on your hands, so beat it!

Skeleton: Thank you!

Zizi: Will you just get out of here?

Mr. Eric: And with a nod, the skeleton put on his hat, packed up his sandbox and headed on out.

Poppa Loo: See, Zizi, there was nothing to be a little 'fraidy cat about, all along.

Zizi: Dad! You were just as scared as me, admit it!

Poppa Loo: Me, scared? I was actually totally afraid for my life, yes, that's true.

Mamma Jamma: Well, now everybody's happy, okay? The skeleton's gone and Zizi can go back to sleep and we can all finish unpacking in the morning.

Zizi: I don't know if I want to live here if there are skeletons in the closet.

Poppa Loo: But we just got the skeleton out of the closet.

Mr. Eric: And then they heard:

Skeletons: Boones! BONES!!! BOooooonness! Boooooonees!

Zizi: See, Dad? He said skeletonS.

Poppa Loo: Oh, brother. Pack your bags.  
[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Oh man, that story got a little spooky for a minute.

Poppa Loo: Well, not for me, I'll tell you, I've never been afraid for one single second of my—Oh! OOOOH! What is that?

Mamma Jamma: It's just chocolate ghost, honey. He gave us chocolate ghosts, Mr. Eric, for Halloween. It was really nice of him.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, it was just a little thank you for coming in and giving us that great question.

Poppa Loo: Oh, well, next time why don't you give me a little bit of warning before you throw spooky chocolate ghosts at my face!

Mr. Eric: I didn't throw it at your face, I just put it down on the table right in front of you.

Poppa Loo: Well, I have my story and you have yours. All right, great seeing you, we'll see you next time. I'm so proud of you, boy.

Mamma Jamma: Gimme these cheeks! Oh, I wanna give them a pinch. Oh boy, I love them so much. Oh, I love you so much.

Mr. Eric: Wow, okay, that is a lot of love. Thanks. Hey, it was great having you in the studio, anyway. I hope you come back again, soon.

Mamma Jamma: Come on, let's go. We gotta see if that person got your note who you backed into with your car.

Poppa Loo: Yeah, we should go really soon.

Mr. Eric: See you guys!

I'd like to thank Karen Marshall, my editor and Craig Martinson who made our awesome theme.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

*Copyright 2016, Eric O'Keeffe / What If World*