

Podcast: What If World
Episode: 006: What if it rained candy?
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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 there folks, and welcome back to What If World, the show where your questions and ideas inspire off the cuff stories. Our next question comes from a boy named Ryan. Let's listen up.

Parent: All right, what's your name?

Ryan: Ryan.

Parent: What do you like?

Ryan: Candy.

Parent: And what's a what if question?

Ryan: I forgot!

Parent: What if it rained candy?

Ryan: If it rained candy!

Parent: Very good. See you later, Mr. Eric.

Ryan: I want to say that.

Parent: You say, say say.

Ryan: See you later, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Ryan. I loved your question. I especially loved how you got help from your dad. It's always good to get help from your parents. Folks, I think I noticed a common theme with Ryan's questions. It seemed like he sort of had a thing for candy? Did anyone else pick up on that. That's kind of perfect, because today, the day this podcast comes out anyway, you might listen to it later. But today is Halloween! So, happy Halloween Ryan, and I hope you enjoy your

story. I have a friend here. A friend all the way from What If World who's going to help us tell it. Hey, Candy the Kid, can you come on in?

Candy: Howdy there, Mr. Eric. Thanks for having me.

Mr. Eric: Wow, Candy. It's so cool to have you. And I really love your Halloween costume. You look like you're made of cotton candy, that's so cool. Let me just pinch a piece of—

Candy: Ow!

Mr. Eric: I am so sorry. You are actually made of cotton candy, aren't you?

Candy: Heck yeah, I am! Why do you think they call me Candy the Kid.

Mr. Eric: I forget that sometimes What If World people are made of all kinds of crazy things. I just never...

Candy: Well, it's okay. I forgive ya, if you give me some candy.

Mr. Eric: Oh, wait, you're made of candy and you also eat candy. Isn't that kind of weird?

Candy: What do you mean? It's not like I eat candy that's alive, like me. See. This is my candy vest, it's made of milk chocolate [nom nom nom] mm. It's really good. You want to try some?

Mr. Eric: Oh, wow. Thank you. I actually am really interested in your butterscotch boots? Could I just have a little bit of that?

Boots: AAAH! SAVE US, CANDY THE KID!

Candy: Mr. Eric, what do you think you're doing, trying to eat my butterscotch boots?

Mr. Eric: Oh, my gosh, I didn't.

Boots: [Together] Mr. Eric, please don't eat us.

Mr. Eric: I will not even come near you guys, I did not realize you were alive.

Boots: [Together] Oh, Candy the Kid, you saved us.

Candy: Heck, I know I saved you. Just relax about it.

Boots: [Together] Candy the Kid, we love you.

Candy: Oh, come on, Chuck, you're embarrassing me in front of Mr. Eric. Quit it with the love stuff.

Boots: [Together] Do you love us?

Candy: Ah, yes, I love you guys too, just oh, let's get on with the story already.

Boots: [Together] Okay!

Mr. Eric: Okay, I guess story time it is.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time Candy the Kid was getting ready for Halloween.

Candy: Well, I got my cowboy hat on, and my chocolate vest, and, hey, butterscotch bootsies, how you two doing down there?

Boots: Oh, we're fine. Could you just give us a quick hug?

Candy: No, I ain't hugging you. You're hugging my feet, ain't that enough.

Boots: Okay.

Candy: Well, I'm dressed up as a candy cowboy, and I mean, so what if I'm already a candy cowboy in real life. No one's going to know the difference, heh heh heh. So let me get to that first house and start trick or treating.

Mr. Eric: So Candy the Kid went to the very first house he could find and knocked on the door.

Cackula: Vell, hello. If it isn't a child made of candy, ah ah ah ah. What a vonderful costume.

Candy: Oh, and what are you? Like, some kind of vampire. That's a cool costume.

Cackula: Yes...

Candy: That's enough of that, old man. Now where's my candy.

Cackula: Oh yes. I have vonderful candy all the way from what's Whatsylvania. It is blood pudding.

Candy: Ew, that sounds gross. I don't want that.

Cackula: Oh, very well, more for me. Ah ah ah ah. [Eating noises]

Candy: I'm starting to think you are a vampire.

Cackula: Yes, you're right. Well, happy Halloween. Good bye. [Slam]

Mr. Eric: And the door closed.

Candy: Aw, shucks. That was a bust. Well, on to the next house, I suppose.

Mr. Eric: So Candy the Kid walked on over in his butterscotch boots to a new house. This one looked kind of like a pirate ship, hm.

[Knocking and door creaking open]

Potty: Hi there, it's me, Potty the Pirate. Would you like a pot of stew for your Halloweensgiving?

Candy: It's not called Halloweensgiving, it's just Halloween.

Potty: Oh, okay. Here's, and I have some stew for your, for your Thanksoween.

Candy: No, I just. Stew's not a traditional Halloween gift, man. Just give me some candy.

Potty: Oh, but this is such delicious stew it is. It's made with the bestest spoiled cabbage and also the bestest uh boiled celery and then I added some sneezes. Achoo! Heh heh. For flavor.

Candy: Well, somebody's got to have candy for crying out loud, it's Halloween!

Mr. Eric: And off to the next house he went.

[Gong noises]

And it rang like iron when he knocked on the door here.

Larry: Oh, well, hello little cotton candy lad. It's me, Larry Leprechaun and I've got a whole pot of gold for you to pick from for your Halloween treats. Just go ahead.

Candy: Well, now that's a mighty swell kinda candy. One of those gold pieces that you unwrap it and there's chocolate on the inside.

Larry: No, it's actually real gold, but you see, lad, with this much gold, you could buy all the candy you'd ever be able to eat—[Door shuts]

Mr. Eric: He shut the door on the leprechaun. Candy the kid was really, really discouraged. He was just about to go home when he saw one

last house. Actually, it wasn't really a house. It was a glass building reaching up as far as the eye could see.

- Candy: Wow. I bet a building that big has all kinds of candy. [Knocking]
- Mr. Eric: As soon as he knocked on the door, zip! It slid open and there was a very slick man dressed in a business suit standing behind it.
- Mr. Business: Hey there, kid, happy Halloween. Looks like you want some candy. Here you go, [whooshing noises].
- Mr. Eric: He threw piles and piles of candy at Candy the Kid. So much he could hardly carry it all.
- Candy: Ah, shucks. Gee willikers! This is the most candy I've ever seen. You made this the happiest Halloween ever.
- Mr. Business: Kid, if it were up to me, it would be Halloween every day.
- Candy: What do you mean?
- Mr. Business: I have a plan to make it rain candy.
- Candy: Oh, wow. That would be just the best.
- Mr. Business: That's right, kid. All you need to do is sign right here on the dotted line and it's going to start raining candy.
- Candy: Oh, shucks. Well, yeah. Gimme that pen. I'll sign right at—wait a minute. What's in it for you? You're just going to make it rain candy in my neighborhood for nothing?
- Mr. Business: That's right, kid. All I need is to get rid of those real clouds, take their water.
- Candy: Well, I don't know. Don't we need rainwater sometimes.
- Mr. Business: Oh, what are you talking about, kid? Rainwater just gets in your boots, muddies up your streets, and messes up your morning commute. Let's get rid of that pesky rain once and for all. What do you say?
- Candy: Ah, shucks. Well, I don't know if I should speak for the whole neighborhood, but, okay! Huh huh huh huh!
- Mr. Eric: And he signed on the dotted line, and the door slid closed as fast as it had opened, leaving Candy the Kid, by himself.
- Boots: You're not by yourself, Candy the Kid.

Candy: Oh, I know I still got you butterscotch boots, shush up now.

Mr. Eric: And he walked all the way home, wondering if what he'd done was right. But he didn't have much time to think about it because before he could even get back to his house [clatter], a piece of candy fell on his head.

Candy: Look at this? It's a peanut butter candy wrapped in chocolate. Oh, goodness gracious me. [Eating noises]. Mm, it's good. [Thunk]

Mr. Eric: Another piece of candy landed right beside him.

Candy: That one landed on the ground, maybe I shouldn't eat that one, but oh, I'm going to go ahead and [eating noises]. Oh, it's chewy and gummy and oh, so, cinnamon-y. Oh, what good candy is this. Oh, my goodness. [Many clatters and thunking noises].

Mr. Eric: It was raining candy by the bucketful. Lemon candy, chocolate candy, vanilla candy, cinnamon candy, brownies and cookies and every kind of unhealthy, frosted-topped, cream-filled, gooey, gross, gummy goodness you can imagine! He danced the whole way home, eating as much candy as he could stomach and putting the rest in his pockets for later.

Candy: Well, this is just the best Halloween ever. Oh. Stomach doesn't feel so good. I better go to sleep. [Snoring]

Mr. Eric: He woke up in the morning not feeling so well.

Candy: Oh, oh, my stomach. Oh, I feel like I barely slept a wink.

Mr. Eric: He went to open his door and really had to push hard to get it open.

Candy: Hoo boy, what is keeping this door closed?

Mr. Eric: He opened it by pushing aside a giant pile of candy, up to his knees.

Candy: That is a lot of candy. Uh, huh huh. That's great!

Mr. Eric: And he jumped in the candy and started making candy angels as he stuffed his face full and—

Potty: Oh dear, my stew is ruined.

Mr. Eric: He looked over to see Potty the Pirate stirring a big pot in his back yard. He used to always stir in different kinds of fruits and vegetables and meats and anything he could find that was yummy and healthy. But now the pot was just full of candy.

Potty: Oh dear. Looks like it's candy stew for dinner tonight.

Candy: Hey, man. I'd have some of that candy stew, that sounds just swell.

Potty: Okay, fine. I don't even want to make stew anymore. I ate so much candy, I just want to take a nap til I feel better.

Mr. Eric: And he plopped down in the pile of candy and went fast asleep.

Candy: Well, that's fine by me. I'll just eat all this candy stew myself. Yeehaw!

Mr. Eric: And he dove head first into the pot of stew [eating noises].

Candy: Oh boy, that was quite a bit of candy.

Mr. Eric: And he fell out of the pot.

Boots: Hey, Candy the Kid?

Candy: What's wrong, there, butterscotch boots. Aren't you eating your fill of candy, too?

Boots: Yeah, now we're so big and chubby we can't even fit on your feet no more.

Candy: What are you saying? You're my butterscotch boots, you can't leave me.

Boots: Well, we can't stay on you, neither. You're too big.

Candy: No! Butterscotch boots. No, stay on my feet. Oh, please.

Mr. Eric: But his butterscotch boots wiggled off his feet and started walking down the street as well as they could with all the candy in the way.

Candy: Oh man. My stomach's hurting so bad. Oh, I think I just need a sip of water, maybe, to help me. Oh, wait a second.

Mr. Eric: He went back to his house and turned on the faucet.

[Clattering noises]

Only candy came out.

Candy: Oh no, this isn't what I wanted.

Mr. Eric: He went over to his bathtub and turned on the shower head and [clattering] a shower of candy scattered all over his bathroom.

Candy: Oh, heck, there's just candy everywhere. I've got to go back to that man in the tower, see if I can get him to make things back to normal.

Mr. Eric: And he rushed back to that tall glass building barefoot. Halfway there, he spied his butterscotch boots. They were flopped over, still eating candy, getting bigger and bigger. They couldn't even move. He picked them up.

Candy: I got you, butterscotch boots, I ain't gonna leave ya!

Mr. Eric: He slung them over his shoulder and he trod,

Candy: Oh, uh, oh, it's so heavy.

Mr. Eric: as fast as he could get back to the building. He knocked on the door. It slid open just as fast as before.

Mr. Business: Hey there, kid, you been enjoying having all the candy you could ever eat, huh? [Laughs].

Candy: No. I mean, well, yes, I was, but now I need some water.

Mr. Business: All right, sure thing, buddy. Just give me 50 whaters and you can have this one bottle of water.

Mr. Eric: Now, I know what you're thinking. Whaters sounds a whole lot like water, right? I don't know whose bright idea it was to use those two words together in a sentence. But whaters are the currency of What If World. Kind of like dollars.

Candy: 50 whaters! Aw shucks. I don't have that kind of money. Can't we just go back and tear up that contract?

Mr. Business: Excuse me, kid. My name is Mr. Business. I don't know if you knew, but contracts are my whole thing and you signed this contact, which means I have all the water in this town forever. [Laughs]. And I'm willing to sell it back to you at 50 whaters a bottle.

Candy: But Mr. Business, you gotta know candy ain't healthy for you, we can't live off of it.

Mr. Business: Oh, who you kidding, candy's great for everybody. In fact, I had a candy breakfast just this morning, and I'm feeling totally fi—ooh....

Candy: See! You're eating candy and now you're feeling sick. Come on man, it's the best thing for all of us. Just tear that contract up.

Mr. Business: Why don't you show me the whaters first, huh?

Mr. Eric: Candy the Kid thought and thought. Where could he get money? Where had he seen money before? Can you folks at home think of where he might have seen money? [Gasp] That's right! Candy the Kid shot off to the Leprechaun's house!

Candy: [Knocking] Mr. Leprechaun, please open the door.

Larry: Oh, there ye are, Candy the Kid. You've finally come back to have a piece of me gold. Oh, that's lovely.

Mr. Eric: And Candy the Kid grabbed the entire pot of gold.

Candy: Hey, uh, is it okay, if I just take the whole pot.

Larry: Oh, sure. Why not, I got about a million of them back at the end of the rainbow there. I'll see you tomorrow Candy the Kid.

Candy: Okay, thanks very much!

Mr. Eric: He was already running back to Mr. Business's building. The door slid open.

Mr. Business: Come on now, kid, there's no chance you just made 50 whaters in about five minutes so just give it up and go—oh, whoa.

Mr. Eric: Mr. Business saw the pot of gold and his eyes literally bugged out of his head.

Mr. Business: Whoa, oh, my eyeballs. Hey, I'll bet you just push these back. Oh, whoa. Hey kid, what are you thinking about doing with that pot of gold there, because you know, I—I—I could use a little bit of that gold after all and maybe I could make—

Candy: I'll tell you what. I give you this whole pot of gold if you take that contract and you tear it up.

Mr. Business: Are you kidding, done and done [ripping noises]. Gimme the gold, gimme the gold, gimme the gold, gimme the gold!

Mr. Eric: He grabbed the pot of gold and suddenly a rainbow shot out under his feet.

Mr. Business: Ha, I'm out of here, kid! Looks like you got the raw end of this deal. Hoo hoo hoaaa.

Mr. Eric: And he ran away on top of that rainbow until he was far out of sight.

Candy: Wow, that Mr. Business sure does love money. I think I'd rather just have some rain back.

Mr. Eric: And just then, he felt a drop on his nose, except this time it wasn't a gumdrop or a candy drop. It was a raindrop.

Candy: Oh, thank goodness. I was certain to get real thirsty.

Mr. Eric: And another drop, and another, and another, and suddenly it was raining so hard it started to wash away all the candy.

Candy: Oh, maybe I could save just one piece.

Mr. Eric: He grabbed one piece of caramel candy and stuck it in his pocket, and watched the rest float away from his town.

Candy: Ah, you know, I kind of feel like I need a good healthy meal, and—

Potty: Did somebody say healthy meal? I happen to have a mighty fine stew waiting for ya.

Mr. Eric: Potty the Pirate's ship had sailed up on this sudden wash of rainwater.

Candy: Oh, Potty the Pirate, just tell me isn't a spoiled cabbage and boiled celery stew, please.

Potty: No, you're right. This one's much better. It's poached carrots.

Candy: Poached carrots and?

Potty: And water.

Candy: Oh, I would eat anything as long as it's healthy right now. [Slurps] Aye, you know, actually that ain't all that bad.

Potty: Oh, I guess I did put some spices in it.

Candy: Oh man, you know, some healthy food's pretty good. Hey, you think you got some healthy food for my boots, too? Maybe we could all get healthy again and my butterscotch boots could finally fit on my feet?

Boots: Yay!

Mr. Eric: And they all had a nice healthy meal with Potty the Pirate. And with a lot more healthy meals and some exercise, too, they were back in shape before you could say lickety split.

Potty: Well, if you ever want to try me spoiled cabbage and boiled celery stew, I got plenty left over from Halloween—

Candy: No, I don't think that's gonna be an issue, okay. But thank you very much anyhow. Whoeee. You know what, now that I've been eating healthy for so long, I don't even really feel like this candy. Maybe just every once in a while.

Mr. Eric: And he put the caramel candy back in his pocket for later. Then he danced all the way home. It wasn't raining candy this time, but, you know, he liked the feel of the real rain a lot better.

The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Hey, Candy the Kid, did you like that story?

Candy: Oh, it was an okay story.

Boots: He loved it!

Candy: Oh, quiet there, butterscotch boots. Stop reading my mind.

Boots: We can't help it.

Candy: I know, I know. My cotton candy brain's in my feet. Geeze louise.

Mr. Eric: Wow, that is a lot of information, Candy the Kid. I'm glad you enjoyed this story, though. Hey, see you later, okay. Bye.

I'd like to thank Ryan for his excellent question and all of you folks at home for your continued support.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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