

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 008: What if Tom Brady came to my house?

File Length: 00:13:58

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. I'm Mr. Eric, your host, and today we've got a bit of a quicker story for you because this week we're going to have a bonus episode. That means you're going to get twice the What If World this week.

Our first question, I want to get right into it, is from a boy named Jack.

Jack: My name is Jack. I like Tom Brady. What happens if Tom Brady came in our house?

Mr. Eric: Oh, Jack. What an awesome question. You might not know this, but I am originally from New England, so naturally, I'm a fan of the Patriots, and Tom Brady. Folks at home, if you're not a big fan of Tom Brady, or your kid isn't. Don't worry, we have some with them in this story. Here it goes.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Do you folks remember our friend Zizi? Her parents were Mamma Jamma and Poppa Loo? Well, you might not know this, but Zizi had a little brother, too. His name was Zach, and he slept through that whole last story, which is why we didn't meet him until today.

Now, Zach had a lot of things he was interested in. He liked bicycles, and worms. He liked singing and cartwheels and most of all, Zach loved football. Now Zach was really, really excited to play football in his house. And he was throwing around the football with Zizi.

Zach: Hey, Zizi, catch!

Mr. Eric: And Zizi caught it at the other side of the living room.

Zizi: Hey Zach, that was a really nice throw. I think you might be like a quarterback someday.

Zach: Oh, I don't know. I think I just got lucky. I'll never be as good as Tom Brady.

Zizi: You'll never get as good as Tom Brady with that attitude. Why don't you catch this ball and let's keep playing and getting better.

Mr. Eric: And Zizi threw the ball back to her little brother.

Poppa Loo: Now see here, Zach and Zizi, what are you doing tossing around this pigskin in the middle of the living room? You could knock over my favorite elephant lamp.

Zizi: Dad...

Mr. Eric: said Zizi.

Zizi: We're just practicing. You said it's really important to practice in order to get better.

Zach: Yeah, Dad. I want to be a football guy, like a quarterback like Tom Brady.

Poppa Loo: Ah, heck, Tom Brady. That guy. He thinks he's the best football player in the whole wide world. Why if he were ever in my house, I'd tell him a thing or two about—

[Doorbell rings]

Well, that's weird. I don't remember inviting anyone over for dinner or whatever. Well, let's see who it is.

Mr. Eric: And Poppa Loo walked to the door.

[Door opens]

Tom Brady: Hi there, I'm Tom Brady of the New England Patriots. We were practicing our football at Gillette Stadium in Foxborough, Massachusetts when it started raining and then it kept raining all this candy. And then there was candy filling up the field and there was so much candy that we couldn't play any more football. So can we play candy, I mean football, here?

Poppa Loo: Well, of course you can come on in and finish your football practice. You're a regular celebrity. My goodness, Tom Brady! [Laughs] I was just telling my kids how big a fan I am of yours.

Zach: Uh, no you weren't, you were saying you thought he was overrated.

Poppa Loo: I don't think I particularly used the word overrated, I think. [Nervous laughter] Come on in, Mr. Brady. Bring the whole team, if you want to.

Tom Brady: Well, right now I just need someone I can throw the football with. Can I throw it with Zach and Zizi here.

Poppa Loo: Oh, sure thing, go ahead.

Tom Brady: Okay, here we go. Ready to catch, Zach?

Zach: Oh man, it's like a dream come true. I've always wanted to catch a—OOF.

Mr. Eric: Tom Brady had thrown his best throw right to Zach.

Zach: Ow, Mr. Brady, you threw that football really hard.

Tom Brady: I'm trying to practice. I need to get better.

Zizi: Mr. Brady, if you threw that hard all the time in our house, you'd probably do a little bit of damage,

Mr. Eric: said Zizi.

Tom Brady: Well, in that case, I'll just leave.

Poppa Loo: What, are you kidding? Leaving right now before you've autographed everything in my house [laughter]. No, you gotta stay. Just go ahead, throw that football as hard as you like. We can take it. We're a tough family. Isn't that right, Zach?

Zach: I guess so, yeah. I'll do my best. I'm really happy to be playing here.

Tom Brady: Okay. Lately I've been working on a new move called the hop pass. So I've got to jump up on your couch and jump up and down and throw footballs in all directions at the same time and then you've got to try and catch one.

Zizi: Don't you ever only have one football at a time to throw?

Tom Brady: It's an experimental pass play, okay? We've just got to work out the kinks right now.

Zach: Okay, Mr. Brady. Go ahead, give it a toss.

Mr. Eric: And Tom Brady jumped on the couch and started hopping up and down and throwing footballs in every direction. You couldn't even tell where he was getting the footballs. [Crashing noises]. He just kept throwing one after another after another after another! And when he was done throwing footballs, the house was a wreck!

Poppa Loo was just coming down the stairs.

Poppa Loo: All right, Mr. Brady, I got a nice jersey for you to sign and I found a little foam football. I think if you sign that, I could sell it on eBay, I mean, put it in a trophy case, or—

[Record scratch]

Oh my goodness!

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo just noticed how damaged his house was.

Poppa Loo: You've broken just about everything in my house. I'm going to tell Mamma Jamma on you.

Tom Brady: Um, who's Mamma Jamma.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, you Mr. Tom Brady, what are you doing in my house and you haven't even given me a smooch yet? Come on over and bring me those cheeks?

Tom Brady: Oh no. Oh no. Oh no.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, yes! Oh, and I just put on lipstick. Oh, this is gonna be [long kissing noise].

Mr. Eric: Mamma Jamma gave Tom Brady a big kiss on the cheek, leaving a large red lipstick print.

Tom Brady: Oh boy, Bill Belichick's really going to make fun of me for this one.

Mamma Jamma: Now Tom Brady, you have just gone ahead and broken almost everything in my house. You broke my elephant lamps, you broke my new curtains, you just threw a football right through them. Oh, and they were brand new. You broke my vacuum, Mr. Brady, and you know, I need to clean up all of this mess with the vacuum so that's the first thing you gotta fix.

Tom Brady: Okay, let me fix this vacuum.

Mr. Eric: And Tom Brady got out his phone.

Zach: Um, Mr. Brady, are you calling a vacuum repairman to fix our vacuum?

Mr. Eric: asked Zach.

Tom Brady: Not necessary. I'm Tom Brady. I've won four Super Bowls. I can certainly figure out how to fix a vacuum.

Zach: Okay.

Mr. Eric: So Tom Brady looked up everything he could about vacuums on his phone. He looked up the origin of the vacuum. He looked up the making of a vacuum. He even learned everything he could about President Herbert Hoover, just in case he was related to vacuums. He wasn't.

Tom Brady: Okay. I've watched a lot of video tape of this vacuum in action. I've read every review on the interwhat. I know this vacuum's strengths. I know its weaknesses. You can't stand up to me, vacuum.

Mr. Eric: And with that, Tom Brady whipped a football at it, 100 miles per hour. BOOM! The vacuum exploded into even more pieces than it was in before.

Tom Brady: Done and done.

Mr. Eric: And Tom Brady dusted off his hands and headed for the door.

Poppa Loo: Um, excuse me, Mr. Brady, you know. I'm just so excited to meet you, but, uh, you didn't quite fix that vacuum.

Mamma Jamma: What are you talking about, Poppa Loo? He broke it worse than ever!

Tom Brady: What are you talking about? I used football on the vacuum. I used the best throw for that vacuum. It was perfect.

Zach: Um, Mr. Brady. It was a perfect throw. I gotta admit it was beautiful, but um, I don't think you can fix a vacuum by throwing a vacuum at it.

Tom Brady: Hmm. You're right. Sometimes you need a little bit of help.

Mr. Eric: And with that, Tom Brady opened their door and called out, "Hey Gronk, can you get in here?"

In burst the biggest, baddest monster you've ever seen.

Gronk Monster: GRONK MONSTER.

Mr. Eric: He was about as tall as ten Patriots and he had a giant arm made of black metal.

Gronk Monster: GRONK MONSTER! Gronk Monsterrrr! Give me something to catch and break and run and catch and break and smash and run and jump and catch and—

Zizi: Just get this—

Gronk Monster: Gonna catch a football. Gimme that football.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, that's a lamp.

Gronk Monster: Gimme this football.

Mamma Jamma: Uh, that's a book.

Gronk Monster: Gimme those footballs.

Zach: Those are chips.

Gronk Monster: You look like a football, gimme you!

Zach: Oh, no, no, I'm not.

Gronk Monster: Now I run all over the—

Zach: Ooh, oh, please put me down.

Poppa Loo: Well, you didn't fix our vacuum but you broke everything else in our house so I think it might be time for you to leave.

Mr. Eric: said Poppa Loo.

Gronk Monster: So sorry.

Mr. Eric: said Gronk Monster.

Tom Brady: Listen, next time you need some help with something that's more football related, you can go ahead and call me.

Zach: I don't think we're gonna need your help any time soon Tom Brady. It's been really fun watching you guys play football, though.

Tom Brady: Wait, I think I finally figured out how to fix your house.

Zach: That's okay,

Mr. Eric: said Zach.

Zach: I think we're okay.

Mr. Eric: Tom Brady pulled out his phone again.

Mamma Jamma: You know what, you can just go ahead and put that down. I mean, you're not going to learn anything more about how to smash up our house. I think you're pretty much a master at that.

Tom Brady: No, I was calling a vacuum repairman.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, well that would just be great. Why didn't you do that in the first place.

Tom Brady: I don't know...

Gronk Monster: Gronk Monster?

Tom Brady: That's right, Gronk Monster. Let's go find us something that's shaped like a football to throw.

Mr. Eric: So Tom Brady picked up his phone and made a quick call.

Tom Brady: I think I did the best I can for you. It was nice meeting everybody. Gronk and I are gonna just hop on your couch just one more time before we head out. Get some exercise.

Poppa Loo: Well, you know, that's okay, you really don't... oh. Okay, there they go. They're hopping around. Yep. That's... that's two grown men hopping on my couch, until it breaks [crack] there it breaks.

Oh, all right. See you later, boys.

Mr. Eric: And just they left, ding dong [doorbell rings]. Their doorbell rang.

Mamma Jamma: Oh good, it must finally be that repairman.

Mr. Eric: She opened the door.

Payton: It's me, Payton Repair Manning. Gonna fix your house right up in a jiffy.

Mamma Jamma: All right, well, you gotta start with the vacuum here, and—

Payton: Ooh, sorry. This vacuum looks like it's really in rough shape. Now, I think I know what to do with it.

Mr. Eric: He picked up the vacuum.

Payton: You're going back to Omaha now, and he threw it out the window [whistling of something flying into the distance and crashing through glass]. That's the last that vacuum's ever gonna bother you, ma'am. You're welcome.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, brother.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, I guess not everyone's good at everything, right? I think that's an important lesson to learn. Sometimes you need a professional's help to get the job done. I hope you liked today's story. I'd like to thank Jack for today's awesome question and all you folks at home for your continued support.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

Copyright 2016, Eric O'Keeffe / What If World