

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 50 What if Mr. Eric did a two-part Halloween special?

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Transcription by Keffy

[Spooky sounds in the background of 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.

Cackula: Hello there, delicious listeners, ah ah ah ah. And welcome back to a very spec—

Mr. Eric: Cackula, please give me back the microphone.

Cackula: But I hadn't finished my bit. He he heh. Get it. Bit, like—

Mr. Eric: Like a vampire bite?

Cackula: Yes, I was going to work that in somehow.

Mr. Eric: I believe you, Cackula, but this is where I talk to the folks at home before the story starts.

Whendy Well then why did you come to What If World before starting your story?

Mr. Eric: That's a good question, Whendiana. Well, it's our 50th episode.

Cackula: 50? And you haven't been canceled yet. Ah ah ah.

Mr. Eric: Very funny, Cackula. I—

Petey the Pirate: You should all be nicer to Mr. Eric. None of us would exist without him.

Mr. Eric: Petey, that is so nice of you to say, but it's still an interruption.

Whendy That's right, you are all—

Petey the Pirate: Interruption, interschmuption.

Cackula: Oh oh. I think his blood is up, ah ah ah.

Mr. Eric: Okay. Please quiet down. Folks at home, we're by this campfire in What If World in order to tell a few spooky stories as part of our 50th episode.

Whendy Well, you know, you actually showed up in What If World's past.

Mr. Eric: Wait, really? Oh, I meant to be in the present. Then how is Cackula here?

Cackula: I'm a vampire! I can live forever as long as I am not exposed to even the tiniest ray of sunlight.

Mr. Eric: Okay... and what about Petey the Pirate?

Petey the Pirate: Funny story. I'm Petey the Pirate's great-great-grandfather, Petey the Pirate.

Mr. Eric: Oh, so is he Petey the Pirate the 5th or something?

Petey the Pirate: Pirates aren't that good at counting.

Mr. Eric: Okay, well, I'll just have to do this story in the past, I suppose. Let's get started with our first question.

Amelia: Hi, my name is Amerlia. I'm four years world. I love playing with my sis. My what if question is what if a campfire talked.

Amelia's Mom: Okay, so that was Amelia. She's four years old. She loves playing with her sister and her question is what if a campfire talked. Thank you. We love your show. Bye!

Amelia: Bye.

Mr. Eric: Cool question, Amelia. I've never heard that one before. What if—

Campfire: Campfires could talk. Ooowee. I've been waiting for someone to ask that question nigh on 10 minutes ago when I was lit.

Mr. Eric: Wow, that was quick.

Campfire: You're in What If World, son. What if questions happen real quick.

Whendy Well, not all that quick. Amelia also said she liked playing with her sister but I don't see any—

Ana: Whendy, it's me, Ana. We're having some problems in the present. I thought maybe you could help us with them.

Mr. Eric: Folks at home, you see, Whendiana Joan split into three of herself and they're kind of like sisters. There's Whendy in the past, Ana in the present and Joan in the future.

Campfire: That's awfully confusing. Og course, my brain's made of fire so it might not work that well.

Mr. Eric: Campfire, I'm glad that you're here but we need to focus on the problem at hand.

Petey the Pirate: Yarr. Tell us, Ana. What be this problem with the present?

Cackula: We would like to know. Especially if it's kind of silly. That way I'll have over a hundred years to write a good joke about it when I get to the present.

Ana: If we let this problem continue, the present's going to be no laughing matter.

Cackula: We'll see about that. Ah ah ah.

Petey the Pirate: Shoosh.

Whendy: Cackula.

Campfire: Where's my hat? Oh yeah, it burned off because I'm fire.

Mr. Eric: Whoa, whoa, everybody. Quiet down, this is getting to be a crowded campfire.

Whendy: Okay.

Petey the Pirate: Sorry.

Cackula: Fine.

Mr. Eric: Okay, Ana. What's happening in the present?

Ana: Well, you see, there have been some really bad storms in What If World lately. They've flooded towns, knocked over buildings and people are in real bad shape.

Whendy: Oh my goodness.

Cackula: That's... not very funny.

Petey the Pirate: Then why are you traveling back in time rather than dealing with your problems in the present.

Ana: Me and my Learninator were working in the relief effort, but there were just too many problems everywhere. Too many people hungry and without homes.

Mr. Eric: Wow, so you came back to find me so that I could ask a cool what if question to save the present?

Ana: No, my Learninator just used the last of his powers to send me back in time so I could warn Whendy and then everybody would be better prepared for the storm.

Petey the Pirate: But a what if question—

Whendy: That could be just the thing we need.

Campfire: And I happen to be one of them thar campfires what can tell the future.

Cackula: Ah ah ah. You've got to be kidding me.

Whendy: Well, Mr. Eric, what are you waiting for?

Mr. Eric: Oh, so we've decided this is a good idea?

Cackula: As long as I can pick the first question, ah ah ah.

Petey the Pirate: I call secondsies.

Whendy: Secondsies isn't a thing you just call, Petey. Besides, I had my hand raised politely waiting for my turn to ask for secondsies.

Mr. Eric: Um, so, when do I get to pick a question.

Campfire: You picked the question that brought me to life, remember.

Mr. Eric: All right, as long as I get to tell the story.

Cackula: Oh, listen up, Mr. Eric.

Whendy: I mean, you do tell all the stories.

Petey the Pirate: Arr, what do you think? We can't handle the pressure?

Mr. Eric: Okay, fine. But just remember to keep it kid-friendly and make sure we try to help these people in the present.

Cackula: So many rules! Oh, I found the perfect question.

Henry: Hi, my name is Henry and I thought of my what if question is what if dogs got turned into zombies.

Henry's Mom: His name is Henry, he likes dogs and his what if question is what if dogs could turn into zombies. We love your podcast, keep it up. Thank you, Mr. Eric.

Cackula: Henry, what a wonderful question you have asked. I have always wanted a zombie dog. That way I could not be so along for so...

Mr. Eric: Hey, hey, hey, Cackula. Remember, kid-friendly, so no crying, please.

Cackula: Very well. Now how do I do this?

Campfire: Just peer into my flames and the future will reveal itself to you.

[Rising harp scale.]

Cackula: It was a bright and beautiful day when Fred the pug woke up from a long nap.

Fred: That was a long nap. Oh oh, my house blew away!

Cackula: You see, Fred had been staying in the Whattington D.W. with the rest of the Fur Force in order to fight crime and saves lives. And most especially, to sniff each other's butts. Ah ah ah!

Mr. Eric: Kid-friendly, Cackula.

Cackula: But it's a natural thing for dogs to do.

Fred: So I go no house, that's kind of bad. But that was a really good long nap, so that's kind of good.

Howdy Pooch: Hey, Fred?

Cackula: Said Howdy Pooch, a wickedly fluffy golden retriever.

Howdy Pooch: You got a big piece of wood sticking out of you.

Fred: Oh no, that's a big piece of wood. I don't think doggies can live with big pieces of wood sticking out of them.

Cackula: The pain was so excruciating—

Mr. Eric: [Clears throat] Um, Cackula.

Cackula: I mean, fortunately for Fred, Patty Pan, the green, flying schnauzer, was there in an instant with the fairy dust.

Patty Pan: Fairy dust can heal little scrapes and bruises but the only way to save you from this.

Fred: Is to turn me into a zombie. I know. Go ahead with it.

Patty Pan: Oh, are you sure?

Howdy Pooch: Don't do it, Fred! What if you're stuck a zombie forever?

Fred: I mean, I'm already a pretty old dog and I already stink pretty bad. I don't think I'm gonna notice much difference.

Cackula: So the flying puppy sprinkles the fairy dust up on Fred the dog and the lightning snaps and the thunder cracks and up rises the pug from the dead.

Mr. Eric: Ix-nay on the ead-day.

Cackula: Eh, from the wounded. Very badly. By a big stick.

Fred: Oh, I's a zombie now.

Howdy Pooch: Don't you mean, "Brains, brains brains brains?"

Fred: No, I don't speak zombie yet.

Patty Pan: Well, we should really get this stick out of you.

Fred: Why would you want to do that?

Cackula: And Fred the dog chewed on the stick that stuck out from him and it was delicious.

Fred: I like to eat stick. I don't just run with them in my mouth. I actually want to crunch them up and eat them. That's my whole thing.

Howdy Pooch: So you're like a stick zombie.

Fred: No, I'm a doggie zombie, and doggie zombies like stick brains the most.

Cackula: The storm was finally ending but the relief efforts would take many moons. Full moon. Crescent moons. Spooky red moons that make the werewolves howl in the night! [Howling]

Fred: Hey guys, our narrator is a getting a little off track, so why don't we just go start saving people.

Howdy Pooch: I pulled six people out of that rubble while he was talking about that moons.

Cackula: And new moons, when the sky is pitch black and it's dark enough for you to go to open mic night to try out your new jokes. Then no one can see you.

Patty Pan: I caught about six dozen wounded birds falling from the sky while he was talking about... open mic night, whatever that is.

Cackula: Open mic night is when a vampire is least likely to get booted off the stage.

Fred: And I ate the brains of a bunch of sticks and freed a bunch of squirrels from their tree homes.

Cackula: Indeed, the three dogs spread their goodness and their rescuing.

Howdy Pooch: It's getting real tiring spreading all this goodness and rescuing.

Patty Pan: I know. I don't think I can fly another foot.

Fred: That's okay, just turn like zombie dogs. Then you eat some stick brains. You'll feel good as new, just like me.

Howdy Pooch: Okay, sure.

Patty Pan: Oh, I don't know if I want to be a zombie. I actually smell good for a dog.

Fred: Patty Pan, you're part of the Fur Force now, and being a dogbie gonna help you save lives.

Howdy Pooch: Oh, like a dog zombie, I get it.

Cackula: That was supposed to be my joke. I was this close to thinking of the word dogbie.

Patty Pan: Okay, Fred. I'll turn into a dogbie if it means I can help more people.

Fred: Okay, here. Let me poke you with this stick sticking out of me. It's got all kinds of zombie juice because I lick it all the time.

Howdy Pooch: Fred, why don't you finish that stick so it's not sticking out of you?

Fred: Oh, this one's my favorite, though.

Patty Pan: Ew, ew ew. Let's just get this over with, please.

Cackula: And so, the dogs joined the ranks of the walking undead. Ah ah ah. And used their dark powers to save many lives. But there were still so many people that needed help. It was a dog gone shame. Ah ah ah ah. [Sad trombone].

Fred: I can't believe our story ends on that bad joke.

Howdy Pooch: Oh no.

All: [Howl]

Cackula: The end.

[Organ music plays]

Question mark?

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Cackula, that was different. Thank you for your story.

Petey the Pirate: I'm next.

Whendy: I think we've already established that I am next, Petey.

Mr. Eric: All right, you two. We'll make sure you each get a story, but I'm afraid it's going to have to wait until next week.

Petey the Pirate: Next week!?

Whendy: No fair, Mr. Eric.

Campfire: I'm gonna be burning a long time, then.

Mr. Eric: I know, I know. But we've just got a lot of story left to tell. So, folks at home, we're gonna answer two more questions to finish our Halloween 50th episode extravaganza special next week.

Cackula: Well, I'll just be going, then. I already got my story.

Mr. Eric: Cackula, that is quite rude. You are going to sit back down, and you are going to stay here until next week.

Cackula: Oh, but the sun will turn me into ash.

Mr. Eric: Okay, you can hang out in your coffin until next week.

Cackula: Very well.

Mr. Eric: All right. I hope you all enjoyed our story. I'd like to thank Karen Marshall, my editor and producer. Jason O'Keeffe for our awesome artwork. Craig Martinson... hey, I did their names out of order. I guess it's okay. Craig wrote our favorite theme, but Karen gave it a little tweak this week. Thanks, Karen. And I'd like to thank all you kids at home who know that sometimes a little bit of help doesn't quite get the job done. But with a little help every day from a lot of people, you can accomplish almost anything.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays with spooky sounds in the background.]

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