

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 069: [What if ants could dance and people could turn invisible?](#)

File Length: 21:49

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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.

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 I'm joined by two of my favorite people. Do you guys want to introduce yourselves?

Andrew: Hello, I'm Andrew.

Polly: And I'm Polly.

Mr. Eric: This is Andrew and Polly of Earsnacks. If you haven't heard the Earsnacks podcast, please do yourself a favor. Please listen to it right now. When Ms. Karen and I moved into our new house, we were listening to some of their music while we painted and I just, I love their show and I'm so excited to have them, today.

Andrew: Aw, thanks, Eric.

Polly: Aw, thank you, we love your show, too.

Mr. Eric: Oh, thanks! I'll let you guys talk about your show and everything a little bit at the end, too. But right now, I figure we should play our kids' questions.

Rosie: Hi, I'm Rosie, and I really like to dance. And my What If World question is what if ants could dance?

Andrew: That's a really good question, Rosie.

Mr. Eric: I love it, Rosie! What if ants could dance? It's so natural, why don't they? And then we have one more question from Quinn.

Quinn: Hi, my name is Quinn and I really like heavy electric guitars and sounds like this: [Mimics an electric guitar shredding it]. So, my what if question is, what if people could turn invisible?

Mr. Eric: Wow, what if people could turn invisible? That's a really cool question. Wait, did Andrew just turn invisible, or is that just me?

Polly: He's gone.

Mr. Eric: What? Andrew?

Polly: Where is he?

Mr. Eric: Oh, this is going to be a really—

Polly: I know he was right here.

Mr. Eric: —hard story to record without—

Andrew: Hey, guys.

Mr. Eric: Oh, hey.

Andrew: I'm back.

Polly: You're just invisible, now?

Andrew: No, you can see me.

Polly: Oh, I can see you.

Andrew: We're all in a room together.

Polly: Yeah, that's true.

Andrew: Eric, you said this was your first three person improv?

Mr. Eric: That is absolutely correct, so I'm a little nervous, but I'm very, very excited. You two have been practicing your voices recently, haven't you?

Andrew & Polly: We have.

Polly: Yeah, we had someone on our show, Earsnacks, a voice actor named Morla Gorrondona who told us how to make some different voices.

Mr. Eric: Yeah!

Polly: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: I heard that episode—both of those episodes, and now you're going to get to use those skills you've learned, in our story.

Andrew: Well, we're just starting to learn, Eric. We're not as practiced as you are at making so many amazing voices.

Polly: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: Oh, that's okay. I just, I'm practicing right now, so—

Polly: That's very yoga of you. This is your practice. Life is my practice.

Mr. Eric: Mm-hmm.

Polly: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: I'm learning as I go.

Polly: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: And we'll all learn a little bit together today.

Polly: Okay, sounds good.

Mr. Eric: Okay, so let's get into our story. What if ants could dance? And what if people could turn invisible?

[Rising harp scale]

Once upon a time, there was a little red ant named Rosie and she really wanted to be noticed. It was tough being part of a big colony of ants, but there was one gardener, standing above all those ants, and he seemed to be looking right over at them.

Gardener: These are some fine looking ants, I must say. And what is this? Is that a little red ant?

Rosie: Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Is anybody there? Hellooo! Hello! Hello, Mr. Gardener.

Gardener: Whoa, a little red ant.

Rosie: Um, hello!

Gardener: Amidst all these black ants, it's so strange.

Rosie: Doodedoo doo doo dododo dobedoo doop!

Gardener: Oh, geez, my hose!

Rosie: Hey!

Mr. Eric: He'd been watering his plants and his hose just skewed astray while he was watching this ant dance, and you know what happens when an ant gets hit by water!

Rosie: [Glug glug]
[Water spraying]

Gardener: Ooh, I'm sorry! I hope you're okay. Where'd it go?

Mr. Eric: In the meantime there was a little bee. His name was Quinn Bee.

Quinn Bee: Oh, hey guys.

Mr. Eric: And he kept trying to talk to the other bees.

Quinn Bee: Um, hey! George Bee, George Bee, um...

George Bee: Buzz off, Quinn.

Quinn Bee: Oh, sorry, sorry. Oh, hey, Ronald Bee. Hey, what's going on. I just thought maybe I would, you know, just, we could hang out and talk about our bee stuff, like our dances and what kind of flowers were gonna look for today...

Ronald Bee: I'm sorry, I'm very busy, I'm a bee.

Quinn Bee: Oh, sorry Ronald. Oh, gosh. Everyone's so busy, today.

Mr. Eric: Quinn Bee decided to get back to work like all the other worker bees and he found his way over to a little goldenrod. And as he collected some of its pollen.

Goldenrod: What are you doing, dear boy?

Quinn Bee: Goodness! I didn't realize you could talk, Goldenrod.

Goldenrod: Yes, indeed, of course I can talk. And what is it that you are doing to my beautiful golden rod?

Quinn Bee: Oh, I'm a bee of course. I was just collecting some pollen, and I was gonna go buzz about to some other flowers once I collected your pollen.

Goldenrod: And I notice you tried to talk to the other bees. It's not a very bee-like behavior.

Quinn Bee: I know bees are supposed to just be busy all day, but I kind of like just hanging out with friends and talking about stuff and thinking about our ideas.

Goldenrod: Yes, well, I like being left alone.

Quinn Bee: Oh, sorry, Mr. Goldenrod.

Goldenrod: Have you ever considered that maybe they don't see you because maybe you're invisible?

Quinn Bee: Wait, what?

Goldenrod: Wait, where'd you go?

Quinn Bee: I'm right here, Mr. Goldenrod, I'm just—

Goldenrod: Oh, what? Where did that bee go?

Quinn Bee: Do you really not notice me? I'm buzzing right about you.

Mr. Eric: And the long golden flower turned this way and that, pretending it couldn't see Quinn. I'm not sure Quinn felt so good about that.

Quinn Bee: Aw, geez. Seems like nobody even notices me.

Goldenrod: No, nobody notices you, indeed. Oh, I'm so sorry, must be completely invisible. [Sneezes]

Quinn Bee: Oh, gesundheit, Mr. Goldenrod. Are you all right?

Mr. Eric: And as he gave his big sneeze—

Rosie: Hey! All that stuff just fell on me! What is that! [Splutters]

Mr. Eric: Pollen dusted over little Rosie and a big goldenrod leaf landed right on top of her.

[Whoosh! Bonk.]

Mr. Eric: And as that leaf fell from Goldenrod and little bits of pollen dusted down, it began to reach Rosie the red ant. And she was wandering around trying to find the rest of her colony. And as she did, she sang a little song.

[Xylophone and shaker accompaniment]

Rosie: [Singing] Where, oh where, have my friends gone? Where, oh, where are all my friends, today. No one is here. It's a little weird that I don't see anybody I know, today.

Mr. Eric: And then that leaf landed right on top of her [xylophone and cabasa clatter] and all of its pollen made quite a dust upon her.

Rosie: [Sneezes]

Mr. Eric: Quinn couldn't help but hear her lovely song, nor her loud sneeze.

Rosie: [Sneezes again]

Quinn Bee: Hey, uh, gesundheit, there, little ant. What's your name?

Rosie: Whoa! Who said that? Hello? Hello?

Quinn Bee: Oh, I'm up here, I'm Quinn Bee, can you see me?

Rosie: Oh, I see you up there. I'm Rosie. Hi, nice to meet you, Quinn.

Quinn Bee: Phew, I was really worried because so many people were not noticing me I was starting to think I was invisible or something.

Rosie: You're not invisible to me, I see you.

Quinn Bee: I heard you, I heard you sneeze just now when that leaf fell on you.

Rosie: I've got terrible allergies. [Sneezes]

Leaf: It's too bad neither one of them can see me or hear me.

Mr. Eric: Said the little leaf.

Quinn Bee: Rosie, hey Rosie, do you hear that?

Rosie: I did hear it.

Leaf: What? Wait a second, you two invisible creatures can hear this invisible leaf?

Rosie: Oh, hello invisible, hey, I see you!

Quinn Bee: Yeah, you're not invisible, leaf. We notice you right there. What's your name?

Leaf: Well, I was the nose of Goldenrod, so I guess, call me Goldennose.

Rosie: That's a great name, Goldennose.

Goldennose: Thanks.

Quinn Bee: I didn't know goldenrods could talk, let alone noses of goldenrods.

Goldennose: I didn't either until I fell off of him just now.

Quinn Bee: Well, I'll be.

Mr. Eric: The three little invisible creatures were having a great time together.

Quinn Bee: Yeah, let's hang out.

Rosie: Oh, we could be kind of like the invisible super team.

Quinn Bee: Yeah, let's go about the garden and play.

Rosie: Hey, you guys want to be in a bowling team? A bowling super team? We could be bowling super team.

Quinn Bee: Bowling, are you gonna bowl.

Rosie: Yeah, invisible bowling super team.

Quinn Bee: I've always wanted to be on a bowling team.

Goldennose: I always imagined myself as a bowling pin someday.

Quinn Bee: Well, let's go.

Mr. Eric: The little leaf started blowing away and Quinn Bee and Rosie the Red Ant followed.

Goldennose: You guys shouldn't be following me, I don't know where I'm going, it's just the wind.

Rosie: But don't go! We were having so much fun hanging out with you and bowling and doing all that fun stuff and being invisible and being a super team.

Goldennose: Well, that's—

Rosie: Can't we hang out just a little bit longer?

Goldennose: It's so nice to have friends. Of course, but could maybe one of you pick me up because I'm just gonna keep blowing away.

Quinn Bee: Oh yeah, sure. No, I got you. I got you, Goldennose. Here, you go, let's—
[Loud electric guitar]

Whoa, did that sound just come out of you?

Goldennose: I think it did. That tickled. Can you try that again.

Quinn Bee: Oh yeah, sure.

Mr. Eric: And using his stinger as a pick, Quinn Bee strummed Goldennose and—

[Electric guitar riff]

Rosie: Hey, you're really rocking out. That's totally awesome. Oh, I like this. And it kind of makes me want to dance like totally a lot.

Quinn Bee: It does?

Rosie: Yeah, and also I want to play some more drums.

Quinn Bee: Yeah, let's do it.

[Tambourine beat joins the music]

Goldennose: Oh, wow. I like being a guitar. It's kind of like being a bowling pin, only sideways.

Quinn Bee: You sound great, Goldennose, and you too, Rosie.

Rosie: Oh thanks! Oh thanks, Quinn.

Quinn Bee: Yeah.

[Scene change sound]

Mr. Eric: In the meantime, Mr. Gardener was looking all over for little Rosie the Red Ant. And he found his way to Queen Bee's hive.

Queen Bee: Hey, who is that outside my hive?

Gardener: Oh, hi. I'm Mr. Gardener. I don't mean to disturb your home, but have you seen a little red ant, by any chance?

Queen Bee: Oh, nice to meet you, and no, I have not.

Gardener: You see, I accidentally sprayed her a little with my hose, and I'm afraid she might have washed away.

Queen Bee: Oh no, that sounds terrible. Ah, I definitely didn't see anything. I was making lasagna and getting ready to go to a Morrissey concert.

Gardener: Oh, wow, you are quite busy indeed. Do you have some sort of worker bee you might send out to help me find Rosie or give me a little help.

Queen Bee: Well, I've got a pretty awesome friend. That guy over there? I don't know if you see him, he's just popping out of his chrysalis.

Betterfly: Whooooa, good afternoon, dudes!

Queen Bee: Hey, betterfly!

Gardener: Hello there, betterfly, better... what'd you say?

Queen Bee: Betterfly.

Gardener: Betterfly?

Betterfly: Yeah, my name used to be Better Betterpilar, but now it's Betterfly, I've got these great wings. I've got these rad wings, dudes.

Gardener: Well, I tip my cap to you. Have you seen a little red ant by any chance?

Betterfly: Oh, no. Well, I've been in this chrysalis for like, I don't know how long. Do you know how long I've been in here, Queen Bee?

Queen Bee: Well, it depends on what kind of betterfly you are.

Betterfly: That's true, that's true, yeah. Well, anyway, I've been in here for such a long time, metamorphosing that no, I haven't even noticed anything going on in the garden today. Do you want me to go about and like scout out and look for them for you?

Queen Bee: Yes, but you'll have to be careful because it seems to me, from Mr. Gardener's story, that this little ant is like, almost completely invisible, maybe.

Gardener: She's very, she's quite small and—

Queen Bee: But I know that's impossible because you can't be invisible, can you? If you're here, you're here.

Gardener: I'm here.

Queen Bee: I'm here.

Betterfly: I'm totally here.

Queen Bee: Well, and I see all of you, so I know we're all here and we can be seen.

Gardener: Well, let's go see if we can see the rest of them.

Betterfly: Schyah.

Mr. Eric: And just at that moment, a whole flock of butterflies flew by.

Betterfly: Whoa, hey dudes. Those are my pals.

Butterflies: What up, Betterfly! Hey man, you going to the concert? Hey dude, what's going on? We heard some invisible music.

Betterfly: Oh, oooh, I totally forgot there was gonna be a concert after I busted out of my chrysalis. You guys, do I have to go find that red little ant right now?

Gardener: Did you say invisible concert?

Butterfly: Yeah, dude. The concert's invisible.

Betterfly: Yeah, there's a bunch of people and they're all like, bleh blehblehblehblehbleem, but you can't see anybody.

Butterfly: Brodacious, you totally gotta go to this show!

Gardener: That could be Rosie Red Ant, let's go!

Mr. Eric: And so, Queen Bee, Mr. Gardener, and Betterfly got together and went to look for their friends.

Betterfly: Yo, I remember Rosie when she was just like a little baby ant, like, she was so shy. I don't... I feel like people barely noticed her. I don't think she'd be up on stage, do you?

Gardener: Well, I don't know, either. Let me try to get a little closer.

Mr. Eric: As they got closer, they started hearing some great music.

[Energetic rock music plays in the background]

Queen Bee: Yeah, this music is great. This is like almost as good as that Morrissey concert I'm going to later with my lasagna.

Gardener: Oh, you were making the lasagna to take to the concert?

Queen Bee: Oh yeah, because that sounds great. That's—

Betterfly: A potluck Morrissey concert?

Queen Bee: Yeah, right?

Betterfly: Whoa!

Queen Bee: What could be better than a concert? It's a concert with lasagna.

Betterfly: Well, this invisible concert might have a potluck, too. Should we check it out?

Queen Bee: Yeah, we definitely should.

Mr. Eric: As they got closer, they saw a whole colony of ants all dancing up a storm:

[Ants cheering, laughing, and singing to the music]

Gardener: I see a bunch of little black carpenter ants, but I don't see the even littler Rosie Red Ant.

[Scene change]

Goldennose: All these ants are dancing.

Quinn Bee: Yeah, and look! Look up above us? All those butterflies are like, having a mosh pit up in the sky.

Rosie: This is totally awesome! This is so awesome. It's so awesome that they can hear us. It's—

Quinn Bee: Yeah, it's really too bad they can't see us, but I like that we can make them dance.

Goldennose: Yeah. It's like a new superpower. We have invisibility and dance-ability?

Quinn Bee: Yeah! You said it, Goldennose!

Gardener: Look up on that tiny little stage? Is that a little bee playing a leaf?

Betterfly: Whoa, is that an ant tapdancing on like, marimba shells or something?

Queen Bee: They've got a totally powerful sound, that leaf-bee-ant combo situation.

Gardener: Hang on, one minute. Is that little Rosie Red Ant?

Queen Bee: Wait a second, is that Quinn Bee? What are you doing away from the hive, Quinn Bee?

Betterfly: Whoa, dude, that's the nose from Goldenrod! That's Goldennose. Dude, it's so good to see you!

Goldennose: Why are you so excited to see me?

Betterfly: Well, because I'm a butterfly now, bro! I get to just flap around onto awesome flowers and check out their pollens and stuff.

Goldennose: Oh, man. I'm just so excited to be seen.

Quinn Bee: Queen Bee, what are you doing here at this concert? Queen bees aren't supposed to leave their hives.

Queen Bee: You know, we all have to leave sometime, so let's make the most of it at this totally awesome dance music invisible, not-invisible great place party.

Quinn Bee: Are you sure? You want to be here at a concert with us instead of going to your Morrissey concert with your lasagna?

Queen Bee: Eh, forget Morrissey. I've got lasagna, I've got friends. This is great.

Quinn Bee: Woohoo!

Gardener: I think I've got a casserole in the kitchen, too. Let's make this a real concert.

Rosie: Did anybody bring any pie, or like, one potato chip? I'm an ant, so like, one potato chip would probably do it for like, a bunch of us.

Goldenrod: Excuse me, would you all mind terribly just keeping it down?

Mr. Eric: Said Goldenrod.

Quinn Bee: All right everyone, last dance number, let's do it!

Rosie: All right! One, two, three, four!

Betterfly: Who-hoa!

Rosie: [Squeals with excitement]

All: [Scream and cheer with the music, having a great time]

Goldenrod: They're not listening to me. I must have caught invisibility.

Rosie: [Singing]

Quinn Bee: It's cool, Goldenrod. Do you maybe want to come up on stage and play an instrument? Everyone notices you when you rock out.

Goldenrod: Ooh, I've always wanted to play the triangle.

Quinn Bee: That's cool with me. Rosie, is that cool with you?

Rosie: Oh yeah, absolulutely!

Quinn Bee: Goldennose, do you have a triangle for your Dad... flower?

Goldennose: Well, let me just see if I can bend once and then one more time. Okay! I'm a triangle, now.

Quinn Bee: Do you see that, Rosie? Goldennose just turned his whole body into a triangle.

Rosie: That's incredible!

Mr. Eric: And the whole band got up and jammed. The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Mr. Eric: Whoo hoo! Yes! We did it!

Andrew: That was great.

Polly: We made it!

Andrew: Yeah!

Polly: We made it all the way through!

Andrew: Yeah!

Mr. Eric: That was so, so, exciting, guys. I've never had live musicians making—

Polly: Up a terrible song, before, and—

Mr. Eric: Improvising an amazing song.

Andrew: Don't self-deprecate, Rosie.

Rosie: Oh, I'm sorry!

Mr. Eric: Before we go, I want to find out a little bit more about Earsnacks so our listeners can check it out.

Polly: Yeah.

Andrew: Yeah, totally. Polly and I make a podcast called Earsnacks that you can find anywhere you find a podcast, and it's for young kids and it's about the real world.

Polly: Yeah, it's about all kinds of things. It's about stuff you might see in your neighborhood. It's about little ideas and about big ideas. There's lots of music and fun. We have kids on the show, so if any of you like to ask Mr. Eric questions, we'd love to hear from you, too. Actually, this last week on Earsnacks, we were wondering, if I had a superhero name, and superhero powers, what should my superhero name, and what should my super powers be?

Andrew: Oh man, we kind of almost answered that today, Polly.

Polly: Well, what do you think it should be? Invisible music making?

Mr. Eric: Invisible music making!

Polly: And lasagna and Morrissey going?

Andrew: This is—

Mr. Eric: The next concert I go to, I really want to just bring a big lasagna to.

Polly: Right? Like what would... I mean, here's the thing. I've never been at a concert where somebody showed up with a lasagna. But if I were at a concert and somebody showed up with lasagna, especially if they didn't forget the forks, which we have been known to do.

Andrew: Oh dear.

Polly: If they remembered the forks and they brought a lasagna and they sat down next to me and they were like, isn't this amazing, would you also like some lasagna? My... I would be like [rocket sound].

Mr. Eric: It's just next level, yup. Well, I hope that next time we do a podcast together, I can bring a lasagna that we can all share.

Polly: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: And, I hope to do another story with you all, soon.

Andrew: Yeah, and thanks to Rosie and Quinn for asking us such awesome questions!

Polly: They were fun to think about.

Andrew: I'm so glad we got to answer them with you, Eric!

Mr. Eric: Thanks. Thank you. I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keeffe, my editor and producer, Jason O'Keefe for his artwork, Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who might sometimes think you're invisible. But—

Polly: You definitely are not.

Andrew: We can see you.

Polly: We can see you.

All: [Laugh]

Polly: And we can hear you.

Andrew: But not right now.

Polly: We can hear you.

Mr. Eric: We certainly can. So call in to Earsnacks and What If World, and we hope to hear from you next time.

Andrew: Woohoo!

Mr. Eric: Until we meet again, keep wondering!

[What If World theme plays]

[What If World theme plays behind these outtakes.]

Polly: Eric do you get very animated or do you stay about where you are?

Andrew: How animated does—

Mr. Eric: Well, to be honest, I don't know because I am usually sitting in a closet.

Polly: Okay, cool. I think you're—

Andrew: We can put you in a closet. Do you want to be in a—

Polly: And Andrew, you tend to get—
I might need a tambourine and a shaker, too.

Mr. Eric: That's amazing. Oh, it's so exciting.

Polly: Can you hand me my shaker.

Andrew: Shaker? Like salt, or otherwise?

Polly: Yeah, salt. There's a salt one right there, to your right.

Mr. Eric: Oh, you actually meant salt. I thought you were being funny, but—

Andrew: No, salt's the best shaker.

Mr. Eric: Salt is the—
[Shaking noises]

Mr. Eric: Oh, wow.

Polly: It's so warm and lovely.

Andrew: Yeah, it's nice.

Mr. Eric: It is, it is very warm. It's not. Yeah.

The most important thing is that in improv there are no mistakes. Every mistake is a gift. It's a gift we're giving each other.

Polly: Okay.

Mr. Eric: So...

Polly: I make a lot of mistakes.

Andrew: So many gifts!

Polly: Sounds like we're going to get a lot of presents.

Andrew: Like a Hanukkah mistake!

Polly: Like Hanukkah and Christmas.

Andrew: That's great, let's do it.

Mr. Eric: And with a strum of his little—what is a... I guess it's a leg on a bee, right?

Andrew: Oh, am I strumming, yeah with a strum of, yeah.

Polly: Or stinger.

Andrew: Yeah, whatever.

Mr. Eric: Oh yeah, yeah, the stinger, that's great.

Polly: Or an antennae. Or wing.

Andrew: Using his stinger as a pick.

Goldennose: I like being a guitar, it's kind of like being a bowling pin, only sideways.
[Polly and Andrew laugh]

Mr. Eric: My thorax brings the boys to the yard.
[All laugh]