

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 071: [What if George Washington had Fred the Zombie Dog as a pet and Alexander Hamilton were alive as a vampire?](#)

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Transcription by Keffy

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 am joined by my good friend Mick Sullivan.

Mick: Hey, Eric!

Mr. Eric: Hey, Mick. I'm so happy to have you on my show.

Mick: I've been looking forward to this for a while now, I'm really excited.

Mr. Eric: Me, too. I, if you don't know, Mick is the host of The Past and the Curious. It is a history podcast for kids. It's really funny. Actually, Mick's going to talk about it more at the end. Some of you might have heard me. I was actually on that, right, Mick?

Mick: You were, that was the last episode. It was about the Statue of Liberty. It was awesome.

Mr. Eric: Ah! I had so much fun and—

Mick: Yeah, you were hilarious.

Both: [Laugh]

Mr. Eric: Aw, thank you. It was just a joy to do something a little historical.

Mick: Yeah, you gotta hear this guy's French accent.

Mr. Eric: Well, you won't hear it today, but... unless we through in Lafayette... no, too late. Anyway, folks. We were so excited about teaming up that we decided to do a historical question together, which is why I've been asking my listeners for some historical questions.

Let's play the first, from Caitlyn.

Caitlyn: My name is Caitlyn and I love musicals. And my question is: what if Alexander Hamilton was alive as a vampire?

Mr. Eric: Wow, Caitlyn! What a great question!

Mick: Oh, yeah. Vampire? I love it.

Mr. Eric: As soon as I heard that question, I thought, Alexander Vampirton and... the story just all started coming together. But we did get an emailed historical question from Grace and I'm just gonna read that for you folks really quickly so that we can get right into our story.

Grace asks: what if G. Washington had Fred the Zombie Dog for a pet?

Mick: [Laughs]

Mr. Eric: That's so wonderful! Mick, I think these kids are probably excited for their story and I'm excited to get into it.

Mick: Let's do it.

Mr. Eric: All right, let's go!

Mick: Yeah, yeah! Let's go.

[Rising harp scale]

[Snare drum and fife play in the background]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time, General G. Washington was planning for a battle of the Revolutionary War. He was in his tents, he was looking over maps and charts and realizing that, well, he just did not have a lot of troops, he did not have a lot of food. It was logistically a nightmare.

G. Washington: Uh, I'm going to need some help if I ever have a hope of winning this war.

Mr. Eric: At that moment, a little dog sniffed his way into the tent.

Fred: Excuse me, uh, Mr. Washington?

G. Washington: That's General Washington.

Fred: Uh, General Washington. Do you have any, like, scraps of little, like somehardtack or any of that good stuff.

G. Washington: Oh, my goodness. Are you a zombie dog?

Fred: Oh, yeah. Guilty as charged.

G. Washington: I have never seen something so cute in all my life! Oh, ooh, you stink really bad, but your tongue's so long.

Fred: I know, it's a little too long for my mouth. It's a whole thing.

Mr. Eric: At that moment, Alexander Hamilton also entered the very same tent.

A. Hamilton: Knock, knock!

G. Washington: It's a tent. It's just a flap, you don't have to—

A. Hamilton: Flap flap flap!

G. Washington: Oh, Mr. Hamilton, yes, come on in.

A. Hamilton: How do you do, George? Well, Mr... Mr. Washington, I'm sorry.

G. Washington: General Washington.

A. Hamilton: General Washington, I'm sorry.

G. Washington: Oh, no, I'm great. You know, I was really worried about this war, I thought I needed some help planning it and then—

A. Hamilton: What is that? What's wrong with that dog? Is that a dog?

Fred: Well, first I was a pug and then I got a stick in me, and well, anyway, now I'm a zombie. But I don't eat brains, I just eat sticks. It's okay.

A. Hamilton: Oh, okay, okay. I've never met a zombie dog before.

G. Washington: Listen, I need help planning this war and I think that you are—

A. Hamilton: Oh yeah, I'm your guy, yeah.

G. Washington: Oh, sorry, I wasn't—I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to Fred the Cur.

A. Hamilton: Oh, uh, go on.

Fred: I can totally help with this war, if you've got like, just a little bit of meatballs or like, a really good stick, actually, those are my favorites.

A. Hamilton: I can help. I'll work for sticks, too.

G. Washington: All right, as long as you're comfortable working under Fred the Cur. As they say, living is easy, zombie-ing is hard.

Fred: And my first order, I think that we should collect all the sticks. Like, you see that big stick that all the soldiers got slung of their back.

A. Hamilton: They're all carrying those sticks?

Fred: Yeah, they got sticks on straps.

A. Hamilton: I think they need those. I think those are rifles.

Fred: Oh.

A. Hamilton: Am I taking orders from you, dog?

Fred: I mean, I'm giving the orders. It's your choice if you want to follow them or not.

A. Hamilton: If you're my superior, superior zombie dog, sure. So you want me to go get those rifle stick things?

Fred: I think that would be a very good strategy. Just get all the sticks and bring them in here, in a big ol' pile.

A. Hamilton: Okay, all right. I'll go get the sticks. This is awfully unorthodox.

Mr. Eric: Alexander Hamilton was quite confused by all this, but he did as he was told.

A. Hamilton: Taking orders from a dog...

Mr. Eric: And collected all the rifles from all the soldiers.

A. Hamilton: It's like pick-up sticks.

Mr. Eric: And put them in George Washington's tent!

A. Hamilton: I think this is all the rifles. I could do another run through, but this is like two or three hundred of them. I lost count.

Fred: Oh yeah, very good.

Mr. Eric: But Fred didn't seem to be paying much attention to Mr. Hamilton. He seemed to be enjoying his sticks.

Fred: [Chewing noises] [Blam!] Ooh, that one went off. That's a loud stick. [More chewing]

G. Washington: This zombie, he's tireless. He's just strategizing all through the night. I guess being a zombie, he never needs to rest. So convenient.

A. Hamilton: Hm. Yeah.

G. Washington: Mr. Hamilton, you are dismissed, we will see how this wonderful strategy pays off.

A. Hamilton: Well, uh, I'm not a zombie and I need to get some sleep so I am going to go to my tent and think about this strange occurrence.

Mr. Eric: As Alexander walked back to his tent, everyone in the camp seemed to be talking about Fred the Zombie Dog.

Soldier: Hey, Al! Did you see that great dog?

A. Hamilton: Yeah, that dog was awesome, that's a super cool dog. That tongue, like, a really long tongue.

Soldier 2: Man, that dog totally showed you up, huh.

A. Hamilton: Is he talking to me? You don't talk to Alexander Hamilton like that!

Soldier 2: I'm sorry, you just must really wish you're a zombie right now, because then maybe you'd be getting all the attention like him.

A. Hamilton: Look, I can eat sticks. What's the big deal?

Soldier 2: Yeah, but you're not as cute. There's just something about that zombie dog.

A. Hamilton: Look, look! Look how long my tongue is. When I was a kid, they called me Alexander Hamiltongue.

Soldier 2: That's funny man, but you know, Fred the Cur, he's just effortlessly funny, everything he does.

A. Hamilton: He didn't make me laugh, he just ate sticks all day. I don't get—I don't see what you guys see in that dog.

Mr. Eric: Alexander Hamilton was frustrated. Everyone seemed to just be listening to Fred the Dog and watching him chew on sticks and bringing him more rifles to chew on.

A. Hamilton: Woe is me, Alexander Hamilton, just alone, kicking cans, people talking about me behind my back. Think I might just... beg my pardon... and take my leave.

Mr. Eric: And Alexander Hamilton did just that. He left the front lines, but before long, he found himself in front of Angelica, Eliza, and Peggy Vampuyler.

A. Hamilton: Well, hello. What are you all?

Angelica: Oh, hello Alexander. Am I receiving a feeling of jealousy from you?

A. Hamilton: I've been eating some peanut butter and jealous sandwiches, yeah.

Eliza: It's a dog you fear, is it not?

A. Hamilton: Yeah, it's a smelly dog with a big long tongue, eating sticks.

Peggy: There might be something that we can do for you.

Angelica: If you need to be a zombie like him, we just happen to be the Vampuyler sisters.

A. Hamilton: Uh, z-z-z-zombie? Me? I don't know.

Angelica: Sort of like a zombie, a vampire.

A. Hamilton: Oh.

Angelica: It's undead, it's in the same family.

A. Hamilton: Yeah, that sounds good.

Angelica: What?

A. Hamilton: Where do I sign up?

Angelica: Wow, I didn't think it would be that easy.

A. Hamilton: No, it sounds great.

Angelica: We just bite your neck once, and then you're a vampire.

A. Hamilton: That's it? Well, here.

Angelica: Yeah, it pinches a little.

A. Hamilton: Oh, okay, well, here you go.

Angelica: Yeah.

A. Hamilton: Let me pull my hair back, you know, got long locks. There you go.

Mr. Eric: And with one little nibble from the Vampuyler sisters...

A. Hamilton: [Grunts] Oooh.

Mr. Eric: Alexander Hamilton became Alexander Vampirton.

A. Hamilton: [Evil laugh] Wait 'til they get a load of me. I'm going to fly back to Yorktown, go talk to General Washington and not that Fred the Cur.

Mr. Eric: Alexander turned into a vampire bat and flew all the way to Yorktown.

Fred: What's that? Is that a bat?

G. Washington: Is that some sort of flying machine.

Fred: No, I think it's a vampire.

A. Hamilton: Yep, yep. It's me. Hi guys, did you miss me.

G. Washington: I didn't even notice you were gone. [Record scratch.]

A. Hamilton: Of course.

G. Washington: But, sure, welcome back. We're waiting for more sticks.

A. Hamilton: What happened to all the other sticks, I got like 300 of them.

Fred: Oh yeah, well, I chewed on those and then I wanted some more and I noticed that there was a bunch of soldiers on the other side and—

A. Hamilton: Yes, yes, I know.

Fred: I ate their sticks, too.

A. Hamilton: You ate them, too. So what is everybody doing?

G. Washington: Well, we're all just waiting for the next delivery of rifles so we can, you know, pick up the war again.

A. Hamilton: Well, that could take forever. They're probably coming on a boat from France.

Fred: I hear France had some really stinky cheese. That sound good to me.

A. Hamilton: Yeah, as long as they don't have garlic, it's cool. Well, speaking of stinky cheese, which I like, and garlic, which I don't like, I am hungry. Flying is tough work and the bugs that I ate as a bat, they just aren't cutting it.

G. Washington: Aren't you a vampire? I don't want you taking any of my blood.

A. Hamilton: No, I wouldn't think of it, sir.

Fred: When you're a zombie or vampire, like, I don't want eat brains, right? So I eat stick brains, because when I was alive, I liked sticks the most. You need to figure out what you needed the most when you were still human.

A. Hamilton: When I was human, what did I need the most? You know, George, can I call you George right now? This is gonna get real heavy.

G. Washington: Yes, you may call me George or G-Dubbs, if you prefer.

A. Hamilton: G-Dubbs, that's even better. G-Dubbs.

G. Washington: Yes.

A. Hamilton: When I was a little boy, I didn't get to know my father. I never thought I would feel that love again, until I met you.

G. Washington: Oh.

A. Hamilton: I think of you like a father, George. I just want your approval.

G. Washington: Oh, and all this time I've been giving my attention to a silly zombie dog.

A. Hamilton: He's a great dog, I can't fault you for it. Look at that tongue.

Fred: Yeah, it's pretty dirty right now. It drags in the dirt sometimes.

A. Hamilton: That's cool.

G. Washington: Listen, you didn't have to turn yourself into a vampire to get my approval.

Fred: Well, maybe he felt like he did because you weren't paying attention.

G. Washington: We have bigger fish to fry right now. We have a war to win.

A. Hamilton: Okay, I have an idea, you guys. Gather around. Let's all, let's all get really, really close.

Fred: I'm all ears. Actually my ears kinda little for a dog.

A. Hamilton: Well, you're all ears and tongue, mostly.

Fred: Yeah, I'm basically all tongue.

A. Hamilton: And George, like, you're some wooden teeth and some stuff, right? That's true, right? I've heard that. Do you have wooden teeth? Let me see.

G. Washington: I have a little toothpick in there, but I think they're mostly ivory and—

A. Hamilton: Okay. Were you chewing sticks, too.

G. Washington: Well, when in Rome.

A. Hamilton: Anyway, get in close. Here's the plan. I know who the general is over there. His name is Cornwallis, but his men, they call him Corny Wallis, because he loves popcorn.

Fred: Oooh.

A. Hamilton: The buttery-er the better-er. The butteryer the betterer.

Fred: The buttery-er the bettery-er.

A. Hamilton: Right. That's it. That's what I'm trying to say.

Fred: Okay. It's a tongue twister, I gotta untie mine, now.

A. Hamilton: It's like a double knot. What we need to do is send some men over to that cornfield, harvest that corn. We need to pop corn all night long. And somebody needs to go milk some cows and churn some butter, and then we're going to go sweet talk him.

G. Washington: I like where this is going.

Mr. Eric: The next morning, with a whole bag full of popcorn, Fred and Alexander Vampirton went to meet Corny Wallis.

A. Hamilton: Well, hello, Corny.

Corny Wallis: My men call me Corny, but you may also call me Corny.

A. Hamilton: Okay, Corny. This is my friend, Fred the Cur.

Corny Wallis: Your friend? I heard you two were rivals.

Fred: Oh, we got past that.

A. Hamilton: Fred taught me some things about really finding the things that I needed in life and he's made me a better person because of it.

Fred: And also, he gave me lots of sticks, so I like him.

A. Hamilton: Yeah, like two or three hundred of them. But I hear he came and got yours last night, or the night before.

Corny Wallis: He did, we're waiting patiently so that we can resume our gentleman's war.

A. Hamilton: That's what we're here to talk to you about, Corny.

Corny Wallis: [Sniffs] What is that smell? [Sniffs] Mm, smells buttery.

A. Hamilton: It's working. It's working.

Corny Wallis: And also like wet zombie. [splutters]

Fred: Oh, sorry. I think I'll just go stand over here.

A. Hamilton: I'll take the bag. Thank you. Yeah. Corny, I'm gonna hand you this bag, and I think you're gonna like what you find.

Corny Wallis: It is p-p-p-p-popped corn? [Whimpers with excitement]

A. Hamilton: Yeah. We milked the cows and churned the butter last night.

Corny Wallis: Oh, this is one of my favorite American treats!

A. Hamilton: Oh, I know. Word gets around.

Corny Wallis: [Eating]

A. Hamilton: All right, so while you're cramming your face full of popcorn, Corny Wallis...

Corny Wallis: Mm-hmm? [With mouth full of popcorn]

A. Hamilton: I need to tell you.

Corny Wallis: Uh-huh? [Mouth still full of popcorn]

A. Hamilton: There's a bunch of ships coming from France and you're trapped on the front side of the peninsula. And you're trapped on the back side because there's an ocean. You guys can't swim across that ocean, can you? If you do, you're going to have to wait 30 minutes after eating that popcorn.

Corny Wallis: Then our plan is ruined! You are a clever man—

A. Hamilton: Yeah.

Corny Wallis: Alexander Vampirton!

A. Hamilton: So, is this a surrender?

Corny Wallis: Whoa whoa whoa, I just have one question.

A. Hamilton: Okay.

Corny Wallis: Did you say that there are French chips coming or French ships coming. Because if they're, if you're just bringing chips to go with this popcorn, that would be a delight.

A. Hamilton: So you need more salt, more butter? I'm going to keep you in suspense for a little bit.

Corny Wallis: Oh, it's a good thing I have all this popcorn. [stuffs face]

A. Hamilton: So, there are ships, boats, coming from France.

Corny Wallis: [Disgusted] Oooh.

A. Hamilton: Yes, but, what if I told you they had chips on ships?

Corny Wallis: [Gasp]

A. Hamilton: And those ships full of chips were ready to take you back to England. Do not pass Go, do not collect \$200.

Corny Wallis: The chips on the ships. Ooh, you have played this masterfully Alexander Vampirton.

Fred: Ah, yeah, well, I ate your sticks, so...

A. Hamilton: That was the first part of the plan. It was a two step plan.

Corny Wallis: Well, he didn't eat all of them, but then he licked the others and my men just don't want to touch them. Have you smelled his breath?

A. Hamilton: Yeah, yeah. Yes. Yes.

Corny Wallis: Well, then I will sign your treaty and we shall finally put this unpleasantness behind us.

A. Hamilton: Okay, Cornwallis.

Corny Wallis: You can have your independence and whatnot. I don't know why it was such a big deal for you.

A. Hamilton: It matters to us. Let's just leave it at that. Let's sign a treaty, and then let's all share some treaties.

Corny Wallis: Ooh, I love puns.

A. Hamilton: [Laughs] Yep.

Corny Wallis: They're just as delicious as—

A. Hamilton: Oh, turn around, Corny Wallis. Look! There's the ships with chips.

Corny Wallis: There they are!

A. Hamilton: Ahoy! Ahoy, guys!

Corny Wallis: Huzzah! The day is won! Well, lost by us, but in a greater sense, yum!

A. Hamilton: Yum, indeed.

Mr. Eric: And so the ships came in and the treaty was signed, and that feeling of hunger that Alexander Vampirton had had ever since becoming a vampire, started to subside.

G. Washington: Alexander, you have done a wonderful job today.

Mr. Eric: Said George Washington.

A. Hamilton: Thanks, G-Dubb. I really feel good about myself, and that's the most important part.

Fred: I feel kind of sleepy, I'm going to take a nap, okay?

A. Hamilton: Oh, hey wait. Fred.

Fred: Yeah?

A. Hamilton: I got you some more sticks.

Fred: [Gasps]

A. Hamilton: Check your tent, buddy.

Fred: I'm so happy! Oh, they're real sticks, not the kind that go BOOM BOOM BOOM in my mouth all the time.

A. Hamilton: Yeah, that's genuine, grade A, American stick wood.

Fred: Well, I know you're a vampire and you seek approval more than sticks, but you want to chew one with me, just for old times?

A. Hamilton: I don't mind if I do, buddy.

G. Washington: Save one for me!

A. Hamilton: All right, George!

Mr. Eric: And the three friends sat down at the end of the war to chew some sticks together.

All: [Chewing and smacking their lips]

G. Washington: Oh, delicious!

A. Hamilton: What do you do if you get a splinter?

Fred: I've been wondering that about a thousand splinters ago.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Mr. Eric: All right, Mick! We did it!

Mick: That was fun.

Mr. Eric: That was so fun.

Mick: That was awesome.

Mr. Eric: I normally improvise these stories but I got a lot of help from Mick because he is so knowledgeable about history and he shares a lot of that knowledge in The Past and the Curious. Do you want to tell the folks at home a little bit about it?

Mick: Yeah! The Past and the Curious is a monthly show. I do monthly, about 20 minute, 20 to 25 minutes. Everything is themed. I'll tell two different stories in the same episode and a lot of times, I'll also have a song. I'm a musician as well, and I have a lot of neat music throughout the podcast.

But all the stories are really great stories from American and actually world history. We try to cover a lot. It's been a lot of fun. We have an episode about spies, people have been really liking that one.

There's an episode that I'm just finishing up right now called "Bridges" and it's about the woman who finished building the Brooklyn Bridge when her husband got sick and couldn't do it. The other story is about a musician who, everyone told him he was like the best in the world, and he didn't feel that way, so he took this sabbatical. He kind of retired and just spent a couple years just playing on a bridge and then back and became world famous again. He was really great.

There's one episode, what I'm really excited about is the end of that episode, I have a new character and that character's name is Dr. Awkward, and Dr. Awkward is the Palindrome Professor. Everything Dr. Awkward says is a palindrome, which means it's the same forward as it is backwards, if you spell it. It's a fun thing to learn about.

Dr. Awkward is a palindrome in itself if you didn't get it.

Mr. Eric: That is going to be the hardest thing to do. That is so ambitious. Dr. Palindrome, oh man.

Mick: Yeah, it's going to be fun. It's going to be fun.

Mr. Eric: That's so cool. Well, I can't wait to check it out and hear Dr. Palindrome. And yeah, it's just, it's educational and it's fun and I strongly suggest you check out The Past and the Curious.

Mick: Well, thank you for saying so.

Mr. Eric: Oh, and Caitlyn, I know that you love musicals and I like to try and throw in the things that kids love, however Mick and I are not Lin Manuel Miranda. We wish that we were.

Mick: Yeah, yeah. I do.

Mr. Eric: He's so talented. But we're going to try to give you just a little musical treat at the end, here.

Well, Mick, thanks for coming on the show today.

Mick: Thank you for having me, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Yeah!

Mick: And thank you all for listening.

Mr. Eric: I hope to team up with you and play some silly characters on your show again sometime.

Mick: Can't wait.

Mr. Eric: And I hope to have you back.

Mick: I hope so, too.

Mr. Eric: All right, take care, Mick. Bye!

Mick: All right, bye!

Mr. Eric: I'd like to thank Grace and Caitlyn for their great historical questions. Mick Sullivan, of course, for coming on our show. Karen Marshall O'Keefe, my editor and producer. Jason O'Keefe for our artwork. Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who know you shouldn't have to change yourself into a vampire just to get someone's approval.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[Musical theater song plays with singing by Alexander Hamilton and Fred the Zombie dog]

A. Hamilton: [Rapping] Ahoy, he's my zombie dog.

Fred: [Singing] And he's a vampire federalist.

Together: And somehow we got ourselves into a mess.

A. Hamilton: Yorktown, 1781. Cornwallis might be cornered, but he's far from done. We gotta figure out a way to bring an end to this war. But all we've got are some cows and some corn.

[Key change]

But Fred, you've gone and you've chewed all the sticks.

Fred: Well, not all the sticks because some I just licked.

A. Hamilton: [Singing dramatically] How will we win, this war? We've got to win it for our dear friend George.

Together: Don't you know they call him Corny Wallis. There's a reason why they call him Corny Wallis.

Fred: I don't know what it is, though.

A. Hamilton: That's what we'll do, we'll give him popcorn. Ships of chips and hot buttered popcorn.

Together: That's what we'll do! We'll give him popcorn. The buttery-er, the
 bettery-er.

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