

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 078: [What if mad scientists had to wear diapers and if you wish for something you got it right beside you?](#)

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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. Let's hear our first question from Paige.

Paige: Hello, my name is Paige. I really like golden retrievers and my What If World question is, what if, if you wish for something, you got it right beside you? Thank you, bye!

Mr. Eric: Ooh, that's a good question. I love golden retrievers, too. Although the closest I ever got was having a black lab as a kid. All right, Paige, we're going to add in one more question from Mila.

Mila: Hi, my name is Mila and my question for Mr. Eric is what if mad scientists had to wear diapers and I forgot to say I'm six years old. Bye!

Mr. Eric: That is a good one, Mila. Folks at home, don't worry, we're still going to keep this episode clean. Just keep your fingers crossed there won't be any accidents. All right, what if mad scientists had to wear diapers and if you wished for something you got it right beside you.

[Rising harp scale]

Professor Moosh was a brilliant inventor, especially for a baby and his best friend, archnemesis, and big sister, was a golden retriever named Doctor Nose-it-all. Now, most days they spent working together to take over What If World, but today, while their parents were at work, Professor Moosh and Doctor Nose-it-all were stuck at Lab-y Love, a maximum security day care for young mad scientists.

Prof. Moosh: Be vewwy, vewwy quiet.

Mr. Eric: Said Professor Moosh, his diaper crinkling ever so slightly.

Prof. Moosh: I'm building wobots.

Doctor Nose-it-all: You're always building robots.

Mr. Eric: Said Doctor Nose-it-all.

Prof. Moosh: That's not true, sometimes I play with the robots I bui—

Doctor Nose-it-all: [Sniff sniff] Well, if you want me to make any noise, then I want you to not make any smells.

Prof. Moosh: Okay, I'll stop in just a minute, then we can get back to work.

Doctor Nose-it-all: It doesn't matter! Nothing we do is gonna help us break out of here.

Prof. Moosh: That's what you think. I don't care if this place has ten foot think, adinaranium walls, a fusion-powered child safety field—

Doctor Nose-it-all: Don't forget the water bottle that squirts me when I try to dig out.

Prof. Moosh: Lab-y Love is certainly the most devious prison ever invented for mad scientist babies.

Doctor Nose-it-all: I know we're rival mad scientist brother and sister, but the only chance of escape I smell comes from us.

Prof. Moosh: Mostly me.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Yes, mostly you. But it comes from us building a machine together.

Mr. Eric: And so Professor Moosh and Doctor Nose-it-all combined their science-y robot-y computer-y quantum genius brains and worked together on the same machine.

[Building noises.]

And a bunch more science-y sounds later, they were finished.

Prof. Moosh: You see, when we work together, we are unstoppable.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Yes, nothing can keep us trapped now that we've built our...

Prof. Moosh: Burpmi Machine.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Tickyonbox Machine.

Both: What?

Mr. Eric: And as they activated the robot, it started walking around in circles and burping a lot.

Robot: [Burping noises.]

Prof. Moosh: This is not what I expected.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Yeah, I'm surprised it works at all.

Prof. Moosh: You know what I really want?

Doctor Nose-it-all: A robot that, if you wish for something, you got it right beside you.

Prof. Moosh: Actually, yes, that's exactly what I was thinking, but how can we invent such a machine when we can barely work together?

Doctor Nose-it-all: Why don't we just ask G.I.R.B.Y?

Prof. Moosh: You mean GIRBY? The Get It Right Beside You robot who's been trapped inside the Lab-y Love day care with us, all along?

Doctor Nose-it-all: Yeah. Let's ask GIRBY. [Sniffing] I think GIRBY is right over...

Prof. Moosh: She's right in front of us.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Doctor Nose-it-all sniffs it again!

GIRBY: Doctor Nose-it-all and Professor Mooshpants, I'm so happy you're finally including me.

Prof. Moosh: I'm sorry we've been ignoring you for the last several minutes.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Your smell was being overpowered by nearby diapers.

GIRBY: Please tell me, what may GIRBY get right beside you?

Prof. Moosh: Only you have the power to make this for us.

GIRBY: Yes?

Doctor Nose-it-all: We want...

GIRBY: Yes?

Prof. Moosh: A get what I want machine. [Record scratch.] So go ahead and make that right beside you.

GIRBY: [Sighs] Very well.

Mr. Eric: And GIRBY [beeping noises] 3D printed, right out of her tummy, a GWIWM, or Get What I Want Machine.

Doctor Nose-it-all: It's perfect. Let me test it out. I want a new smart leash.

GWIWM: GWIWM makes leash. [machine noises]

Prof. Moosh: Wow, it works like magic. Okay, GWIWM—

Mr. Eric: But Doctor Nose-it-all interrupted her brother!

Doctor Nose-it-all: Make me a thousand rocket-powered tennis balls!

GWIWM: GWIWM makes.

Mr. Eric: And tennis balls started firing out of GWIWM's chest in every direction!

Prof. Moosh: Oh boy, let's... maybe I should print myself a helmet or—

Mr. Eric: But Doctor Nose-it-all kept interrupting her little brother just asking for things she wanted.

Doctor Nose-it-all: A dog house made of lasers. A life-size, chewable mail carrier robot!

Mr. Eric: And before Professor Moosh could get a word in edgewise, the day care was half-full of stuff only Doctor Nose-it-all wanted.

Prof. Moosh: I can't stop her from making whatever she wants. Wait a second. I could just use GIRBY.

Mr. Eric: And the little deep blue robot popped right up beside Professor Moosh.

GIRBY: Oh, happy day. I knew you'd figure out that I can make whatever you want, for I am a Get It Right Beside You robot.

Prof. Moosh: And that's why I need you—

GIRBY: Yes?

Prof. Moosh: To get me—

GIRBY: Uh-huh.

Prof. Moosh: A GWIWM 2.0. [Record scratch.]

GIRBY: Oh. [Beeping noises]

Mr. Eric: And just like that, GIRBY had made a bigger, better, faster Get What I Want Machine and Professor Moosh started filling the day care with things he wanted.

Prof. Moosh: A pacifier that passes fire. [Flame thrower nose] A ten foot tall, indestructible, two-headed Mommy-Daddy robot.

Mommy-Daddy Bot: We love you son.

Prof. Moosh: And invisible diaper! You know what, scratch that. A visible diaper would be fine.

Mr. Eric: Doctor Nose-it-all and Professor Moosh kept filling the day care with more and more things, pushing each other farther away until.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Professor Moosh, I can barely smell you.

Prof. Moosh: That's because we're smooshed into opposite walls by all these toys we made.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Well, at least we have lots of stuff to play with.

Prof. Moosh: But we don't have any room to play.

Doctor Nose-it-all: You're right. There is such thing as too much. I can hardly smell anything apart.

Prof. Moosh: Okay, let's just make a disintegrator.

Mr. Eric: GWIWM and GWIWM 2.0 gave an error message.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Oh, that's right. The fusion-powered child safety field.

Prof. Moosh: It won't let a disintegrator work.

Doctor Nose-it-all: What about a teleporter, to get some of this stuff out of here.

Prof. Moosh: If teleporters could work inside the field, do you think we'd still be here?

Mr. Eric: Just then, GIRBY, the Get It Right Beside You robot pushed through the ocean of toys and reached out to Professor Moosh with a shrink ray.

Prof. Moosh: GIRBY, you're a genius!

GIRBY: Finally, you have recognized my potential.

Doctor Nose-it-all: What's that? A shrink ray?

Prof. Moosh: Yeah! Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

GIRBY: I think I know what you're both thinking.

Prof. Moosh: GIRBY, I want you—

GIRBY: Yes.

Prof. Moosh: To tell GWIWM—

GIRBY: Yes...

Prof. Moosh: To make me a machine that makes shrink buttons that I can put on stuff to make it shrink.

GWIWM 2.0: You two are really thick.

Mr. Eric: Said GWIWM 2.0, but it made the MTMSBTICPOSTMIS just the same.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Hey, Machine That Makes Shrink Buttons That I Can Put On Stuff To Make It Shrink!

MTMS: Please, you can call me Mitmsbticpostmiss for short.

Doctor Nose-it-all: MTMSBTICPOSTMIS, can you make us a bunch of shrink buttons?

MTMS: [Error noises.]

Doc & Prof: What?

MTMS: Just kidding.

Mr. Eric: And every little last bit of spare space started filling up with attachable shrink buttons! And so, swimming around in their ocean of toys, Professor Moosh and Doctor Nose-it-all took shrink button after shrink button and attached it to every too-big toy they'd made, and every giant toy and ball and bot shrunk down until it was no bigger than your fist.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Why'd everything shrink down to the same size?

Mr. Eric: Asked Doctor Nose-it-all.

Prof. Moosh: Child safety field.

Mr. Eric: Said Professor Moosh, trying to stick the indestructible Mom and Dad bot into his mouth.

Prof. Moosh: Any smaller would be a choking hazard.

Mom & Dad bot: We love you son. Even if you eat us.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Aww.

Mr. Eric: Professor Moosh, Doctor Nose-it-all and GIRBY stacked up all the shrunken toys like blocks and then sat down in sudden silence.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Now all I can think about is how Mom and Dad have been gone forever.

Prof. Moosh: You're lucky. I don't understand object permanence, so I think they stopped existing... just like when they play peek-a-boo.

GIRBY: You're both lucky you love each other. But I gave you everything you wanted and you don't even respect me.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Oh, we thought you liked giving us what we want all the time.

Prof. Moosh: Just like our parents.

GIRBY: No, I'm a person, too. Well, a robot person.

Prof. Moosh: I guess we all have to listen to what each other want more often.

GIRBY: Well, I would like to play charades. I'm really good at charades.

Doctor Nose-it-all: Because you 3D print the exact clue every time?

GIRBY: Because I 3D print the exact clue every time.

Prof. Moosh: Okay, let's play a few rounds.

Mr. Eric: And when they all started playing nicely with each other, time just flew by. Before they knew it, their mom and dad were there to pick them up.

Day Care Worker: Oh, Professor Moosh, Doctor Nose-it-all?

Prof. Moosh: Wow! The day's over already!

Mom: That's right! Your indestructible 10 foot tall, two-headed Mommy Daddy robot is here to pick you up.

Mom Dad bot: Looks like you two made a new friend today. Wow, you must have had so much fun.

Doctor Nose-it-all: [Sniffs] Yeah, we had about 1.5 diapers worth of fun.

Prof. Moosh: Yeah, each.

Mom Dad bot: Uh-oh.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Mr. Eric: All right Paige and Mila, I hope you enjoyed your story. Folks at home, I hope you've been enjoying the show. I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keefe, our editor and producer, Jason O'Keefe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for our theme song and all you kids at home who know that a real friendship isn't all giving and getting. Good friends try out each other's favorite things. Try something your friend likes and see if they'll try something you like. If you keep an open mind, you both might end up liking something new.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]