

Podcast: What If World

Episode: 085: [What if Bobby Robot delivered pizza](#) (plus a bunny robot)?

File Length: 14:00

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 really excited for this guest episode. This is a fellow
New Englander that I've been wanting to work with for a while, and her
name is Angela Ferrari.

Is it Ferrari like the car?

Angela: It is! I've heard a lot of jokes about that, too.

Mr. Eric: Nope, nothing from me. I only just would have wanted your last name a
lot as a kid, it's super cool. Angela Ferrari is the host of *Story Spectacular*
which is as spectacular as the title implies. I encourage you to check it
out.

Angela: Thank you.

Mr. Eric: No, thank you for coming on my show. You don't mind sticking around
after the story to tell us more about *Story Spectacular*?

Angela: Oh, of course! I'd be happy to.

Mr. Eric: Awesome, awesome. So we are going to start with our first question.
And, folks at home, I fielded this question to many of my listeners who
are on our private Facebook group to try to figure out if the name is
Casey or Pacey. I am sorry Casey or Pacey if I am saying your name
wrong. I guess I am, no matter what. But here is your question. [Note:
Sounds like Stacey to me]

Casey: My name Casey, I am seven years and I am from Sacramento, California.
And I want to know what if Bobby Robot delivered pizza?

Mr. Eric: All right, thank you so much for your question. What if Bobby Robot
delivered pizza. And again, if I'm mis-hearing any of this, I apologize
sincerely but you know that I am trying to give you an awesome story, no
matter what. And we have one more question from Miley.

Miley: Hello, my name is Miley and I'm was hoping that bunnies could turn into a robot.

Miley's Parent: What if...

Miley: What if a bunny can turn into a robot.

Miley's Parent: Say thanks.

Miley: Thanks! Bye.

Mr. Eric: All right, thank you, Miley, for that question.

Angela: Yeah, I love the idea of a Rab-bot.

Mr. Eric: Ooh, yes. Okay. Well, it sounds like we already have the seed of a very cool story. This is actually an old time what if story, about the tortoise bot and the hare bot? Have you ever—or the rab-bot more specifically. Have you heard this one before, Angela?

Angela: I have! But every time I hear it, something surprises me.

Mr. Eric: [Laughs] All right, well, let's find out what if Bobby Robot delivered pizza and what if a bunny could turn into a robot.

[Rising harp scale]

Mr. Eric: Bobby Robot and Miley Rab-bot had just been hired by Howverati's Pizza Party to be pizza make-liverers! They have to make and deliver the pizzas.

Bobby Robot: We make the pizzas and deliver them, Howverati?

Miley Rab-bot: So how does it work, Howverati?

Howverati: [Singing] I siiiiiing and siiiiiing and siiiiiiiiiiing, and I will never stop until you buy my pizza!

Miley Rab-bot: Sounds delicious.

Howverati: And then you deliver it.

Bobby Robot: I don't know if he's ever not sung anything like that before.

Miley Rab-bot: I think singing and pizza go great together.

Mr. Eric: Now, Miley was very excited to be one of the latest pizza make-liverers of What If World. And Bobby Robot, well, it's kinda hard to tell with a giant robot tortoise. He plodded slowly along after they left Howverati's office.

Miley Rab-bot: Golly, Bobby Turtle-bot, you move awfully slow. Do you want help delivering pizza?

Bobby Robot: Oh, I can deliver more than you think.

Miley Rab-bot: But how are you ever gonna get them delivered without them getting cold?

Bobby Robot: [Laughs] I'll give you a race and prove how fast I can deliver pizzas.

Miley Rab-bot: Okay, Bobby Turtle-bot, you're on.

Mr. Eric: And she hopped ahead of him. She'd already left him about a mile in the dust. When she got to the store, she bought up all the freshest ingredients and all the nicest bricks for her brick oven pizza. And even all the best wood to fire it.

Miley Rab-bot: Oh, Bunny! I can't wait to make some perfect pizzas!

Mr. Eric: By the time Bobby Robot showed up to the store, she'd already built her brick oven and she was already working on her first pizzas.

Miley Rab-bot: I think I'm gonna win, Bobby Turtle-bot.

Bobby Robot: Oh, it won't matter. I'll win in the end. I know how this story goes.

Miley Rab-bot: She was already cooking the most delicious-looking pizzas right outside her little bunny hut on a very hot day. When Bobby passed her by, he was dragging, not beautiful, fresh ingredients, but a big old bag of plain beefsteak tomatoes and another bigger, wetter bag of sloppy-looking dough, and he had a giant wheel of old cheese balanced on his back.

Miley Rab-bot: Golly, Bobby. Those ingredients aren't very exciting!

Bobby Robot: I think they'll do the trick, I know how this story goes.

Mr. Eric: And he just kept dragging his ingredients until he was just past her brick oven pizza, which had just—ding! Finished baking its first three pizzas.

Miley Rab-bot: I think they're ready!

Mr. Eric: Miley took off like a shot and before you know it, she was right in front of Randall Radbot's house.

Miley Rab-bot: Enjoy this Bolt-aroni pizza, Randall Robot!

Randall Radbot: Oh, whoa. Miley, you're like the friendliest make-liverer of pizzas I've ever met.

Miley Rab-bot: My pleasure! Just doing my real bunny job!

Mr. Eric: And next she hopped over to Lola Rabbit's house.

Lola: Hi! Where's my pizza! Do—do you have a pizza? Whoa, you're like a bunny like me but you're metal bunny? Do you turn into a normal bunny or are you always a metal bunny?

Miley Rab-bot: I'm always a metal bunny and I'm always on time with pizza.

Lola: Well, do you have my carrot supreme?

Miley Rab-bot: I sure do! A carrot supreme for my bunny buddy!

Lola: You are so lovely! Thank you veryveryveryveryveryveryveryvery—

Mr. Eric: And finally she got to Petey the Pirate's ship and she gave a knock. But when she knocked—

[BOOM BOOM BOOM]

It sounded like cannon fire.

Miley Rab-bot: Huh, that's weird.

Petey: Yee have an awfully big knock for a little bunny bot.

Miley Rab-bot: Oh, that knock wasn't me! I thought it was cannon coming from your pirate ship!

Petey: Oh, these cannons are decommissioned. I think there are a bunch of owls sleeping in 'em these days.

Miley Rab-bot: Weird! I wonder where that sound was coming from.

[Owls hooting.]

Mr. Eric: She hopped back, lickety-split to her brick oven right outside her house, to see Bobby Robot eating his ingredients.

Miley Rab-bot: Yikes, Bobby! You're eating all your own food!

Bobby Robot: [Slow nomnom noises] I sure am.

Miley Rab-bot: How are you going to make pizzas if you eat all the ingredients?

Bobby Robot: Oh, don't worry. I know how this story goes.

Miley Rab-bot: Well, Miley didn't have any time to worry. There were three more pizza make-liveries to be performed right away. She was getting tired but she whipped up those pizzas as fast as she could. Oh, and it was such a hot day. Holding hot pizzas right by your head and hopping all over What If World with them? She was really dragging her bunny feet.

Miley Rab-bot: Phew! I'm feeling a little overheated, but if I stop and rest, Bobby Turtle-bot is surely going to win. So, I must keep going and going and going!

Mr. Eric: And she kept going like she was never going to run out of energy. She first got to Fred the Dog's little dog house.

Fred: Oh, hi Miley.

Miley Rab-bot: Hi, Fred! I hope you enjoy this fantast-stick crust pizza!

Fred: Oh, that's... a stick-crust pizza. I get it. You're funny, I like you.

Miley Rab-bot: I like you, too, Fred. Enjoy!

Mr. Eric: And she was off to Fair Elise's little thimble house in the clouds. She had to jump super high to get there and she used a lot of her spare robot energy.

Miley Rab-bot: Phew! Bon appétit, Fair Elise! I have a neo-smalliton pizza for you.

Fair Elise: Oh, you are so lovely. You look a little hot in this sun. Are you getting enough rest?

Miley Rab-bot: I am feeling awfully tired but these pizzas aren't going to deliver themselves so I must keep going.

Mr. Eric: And down she hopped out of the clouds, leaving Fair Elise to smile and wave. Then she had to get all the way to the cold mountains and when she got to the icy fortress of the Snokemon...

[BOOM BOOM BOOM] [Ding-dong.]

Mr. Eric: Why did it sound just like those cannon shots? The door slowly creaked open and she looked up to see a massive ice dragon.

Miley Rab-bot: Whoa.

Snarizard: Snarizard?

Miley Rab-bot: Hi, Snokemon! Have fun chilling with this cold zone pizza!

Pikasnu: Pikasnuuuu.

Mr. Eric: And she left Pikasnu and Snarizard with their delicious cold zones and jumped back to her house just as the sun was beginning to set. It looked like Bobby was still eating pizza ingredients. They were more than half-way gone. He had never left?

Miley Rab-bot: What? I definitely beat Bobby Turtle-bot. I didn't fall asleep, so I must win. She leapt for joy. Hip, hop, hooray!

[BOOM BOOM BOOMBOOM]

Mr. Eric: She turned around to see that Bobby Robot had stretched out his long tortoise neck and was firing boxed pizzas from it like it was a cannon. His robo-shell had also opened up. It was a massive mechanical brick oven pizza. And there was whole factory of pizzas he'd been shooting off in every direction all day long.

Miley Rab-bot: Oh no! Bobby Turtle-bot definitely beat me!

Bobby Robot: Yep, I told you.

Miley Rab-bot: Aw.

Bobby Robot: I know how this story goes.

Poppa Loo: Hey, what gives?

Abacus: I think I need a refund.

Customers: Mine tastes like turtle spit! My pizza tastes like it's been dragged through the dirt! Mine's still on fire!

Mr. Eric: There was a horde of angry customers marching towards Bobby Robot. Suddenly, Howverati flew in with his massive red cape, swirling it about dramatically.

Howverati: No, no, no refuuunds, no no no refuuunds! No no no refunds! No refunds!

Abacus: No refunds? You literally blasted a pizza through my Observatorium!

Miley Rab-bot: Hmm. I think I have an idea.

Bobby Robot: What?

Miley Rab-bot: What if you and I team up. We can make perfect pizzas together and deliver them really fast with your turtle cannon!

Bobby Robot: Oh, and maybe I should turn the fire rockets just a bit down. [Powering down noise.]

Miley Rab-bot: Yeah, those were looking extra crispy. And so everyone put down their flaming bricks of pizza and Miley Rab-bot and Bobby Robot set about making fresh fired pizzas as fast as ever.

Howverati: Wheeeen the pizza hits your eye and it isn't on fiiiire, that's a-good for business.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale]

Mr. Eric: Oh man, Angela, that was so much fun.

Angela: That episode is making me really hungry I'm definitely going to have to have a pizza after this.

Mr. Eric: Oh yes, of course. We're on different coasts so it's like 8:30 in the morning and I'm still like, you know what? It's not too early for pizza. Angela, thank you, it's just always so lovely to have a new voice on my show, especially when it's someone who's really talented and has done so much work with kids. Angela, thank you again, so much. This was so fun and easy and the best stories always feel that way when you're telling them with another great storyteller.

Angela: Oh my gosh, I love getting to be part of this story today. It was so much fun. Yeah, thank you so much!

Mr. Eric: Okay, bye, Angela. Thank you.

Angela: Bye.

Mr. Eric: I'd like to thank Karen Marshall O'Keefe, my co-editor and producer, Jason O'Keefe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who work to add your own personal touch to

everything that you do. It helps you make real connections, and, I mean, I think it just makes things more enjoyable. What's something pretty normal that you've done recently but you did it in your own special way. Think about it.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]

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