

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 101: What if Cthunkle did his show, "What Is World," and interviewed Mr. Eric?

File Length: 00:17:28

Transcription by Keffy

Cthunkle: Okay, Freddy, just like we rehearsed.

Fred the Dog: [Sings a doot doot doot song as a theme song.]

Cthunkle: [Unclear] cats play musical instruments.

Mr. Eric: Cthunkle's trapped me.

Cthunkle: Unicorns are just less handsome porpoises.

Mr. Eric: No, really.

Cthunkle: Only I can fly and I'll rule for all time. We begrudgingly accept you in What Is World.

Mr. Eric: Begrudgingly accept?

Cthunkle: Yes. That's where you are.

Fred the Dog: What is world.

Cthunkle: This is What Is World.

Fred the Dog: What Is World.

Cthunkle: Unfortunately.

[Gentle bell music.]

Cthunkle: Hello there, piteous mortals and welcome to the first episode of What Is World, the show where I question Mr. Eric and his ideas help me take over the world. I have Megan to thank for making this possible. Megan says: My name is Megan. I'm 11 years old and I like llamas, robots, drawing comics, playing my saxophone and superheroes, especially Superman, Mrs. Marvel, Batman, and Spider-Man. What if Cthunkle took over this week's story and did a show, What Is World, and interviewed Mr. Eric about the upcoming vote?

Fred the Dog: You see? You can't just ask him about anything ever.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, and actually, all the votes are in so I was going to reveal the new president today.

JF Kitty: I'm purretty sure it's gonna be me.

Cthunkle: Fred the dog, JF Kat, help me give the shout outs.

Fred the Dog: Oh, okay, Cthunkle. So first we have Victoria, and she from Sweden. She likes licks from Selma, that's her dog, and she used her allowance to become a patron.

Cthunkle: How sweet of her.

Mr. Eric: Yes, thank you, Victoria, that is incredibly gener-

Cthunkle: Next shout out!

[Record scratch.]

Fred the Dog: Vivian, she likes stuffed animals. She's 11 years old. And she wanted a shout out from me, too, so thank you Vivian and Victoria. You're very good and nice and thank you very much.

Cthunkle: Why are you nervous, Fred the Dog?

JF Kitty: He assumes you're going to eat us or somesuch.

Cthunkle: Absurd. I only eat evil artifacts to absorb their power. Well, and french fries.

JF Kitty: Well, I'm here to give Nina a shout out. She also presumably voted for me, JF Kat, for president.

Cthunkle: Next shout out.

Mr. Eric: Sorry, we want to make sure that Nina knows that we are really appreciative of her.

Cthunkle: Oliver also desires a shout out for his birthday.

Mr. Eric: Oh, yeah yeah yeah. We just found out his birthday is November 18th, so we just wanted to squeeze in this shout out real quick.

Cthunkle: Poppycock. Let's sing a happy birthday song to Oliver that is equally applicable to all children and people whose birthdays it is, was, or might soon be.

Mr. Eric: That's not normally how we do things.

Fred the Dog: It sounds like a pretty good idea.

Mr. Eric: Fred!

Cthunkle: Happy birthday to insert your name here!

Mr. Eric: Oliver.

Cthunkle: Happy birthday to insert your name here.

JF Kitty: Oliver.

Cthunkle: Happy birthday to you.

Fred the Dog: Oliver.

Cthunkle: Happy birthday to you. And if it's less than six months after your birthday, happy belated birthday. And if it's less than six months until your birthday, happy pre-birthday. Doo dooo! Whoever you are.

Mr. Eric: His name's Oliver. We—

Cthunkle: No, but the other. The other ones, too.

Fred the Dog: Oh, and since Cthunkle trapped me, too, and you, Mr. Eric, and I guess you, JF Kat.

JF Kitty: I'm not trapped. I can come and go as I please.

Cthunkle: Well, what kind of future president would I be if I kidnapped the current president?

JF Kitty: Okay, see you later.

Mr. Eric: JF Kat! Where... where are you going?

JF Kitty: Well, if cats could wink, then you would see me winking right now.

Fred the Dog: And if dogs could understand facial cues, I would know what that meant.



Mr. Eric: Okay.

Fred the Dog: Don't do it, Mr. Eric!

Mr. Eric: The next president of What If World will be... a robot llama playing the saxophone?

[Saxophone playing in the background.]

Cthunkle: But that wasn't even one of the final candidates.

Fred the Dog: No, there's a robot llama playing a saxophone in the studio.

Cthunkle: Oh, it's the what if question, it's interfering with my interrogation.

Robot Llama: Robot llama. [Singing] Llamaaaaa, ooh, aaah, ooaaaah, waa waa waa waa waa wow!

Mr. Eric: Robot llama! Use your saxophone to tickle us out of Cthunkle's tentacles?

Robot Llama: Robot llama! Gonna tickle Cthunkle. Because of the tentacle [skats].

Fred the Dog: Robot Llama, you got to tickle his squid pits.

Robot Llama: No way am I going near his squid pits.

Cthunkle: Ooh! You spit into my squid pits. Ooh, your oily robot llama spit is so ticklish.

Mr. Eric: Fred, I'm too big, I'm too tangled up. But if you use your slimy tongue, you might be able to get away.

Fred the Dog: Okay Mr. Eric.

Cthunkle: This interview is really going off the rails!

Fred the Dog: I'm free, Mr. Eric! Oh, I stepped on my tongue.

Robot Llama: Robot llama! [Saxophone] Gonna take you back. [Saxophone] To What If World.

Cthunkle: You know, I lost one of my hostages, but I gotta say—

Mr. Eric: You're glad the robot llama's gone?

Cthunkle: Yeah. Yeah.

Mr. Eric: Me, too.

Cthunkle: It was a lot.

Mr. Eric: Well, Cthunkle, I want to keep my word but I feel like you weren't being honest with me when you said you wouldn't hurt the future president.

Cthunkle: No, I promised not to do anything horrible to them.

Mr. Eric: Well, hurting someone is horrible!

Cthunkle: Really? Huh. I guess we should have laid down those ground rules, first.

Mr. Eric: Yeah. I think we're at a bit of an impasse here, Cthunkle. Maybe you just want to do a little interview and we can all go our separate ways.

Cthunkle: Very well. Mr. Eric, why am I not president of What If World?

Mr. Eric: Well, it's still JF Kat, right now.

Cthunkle: And why is he president.

Mr. Eric: Because he pushed a button.

Cthunkle: That doesn't sound very democratic.

Mr. Eric: I know. That's why it was about time for kids to get to vote.

Cthunkle: So, if a child votes then whoever they voted for gets to be president.

Mr. Eric: Whoever gets the most votes.

Cthunkle: So you're going to leave many disappointed children across the barren wasteland of What Is World?

Mr. Eric: Well, I wouldn't put it that way. Most of them don't live in barren wastelands, first of all.

Cthunkle: How's that for them?

Mr. Eric: And secondly, it's okay for people to feel disappointed.

Cthunkle: What?

Mr. Eric: Well, coming back from disappointment is a really important life skill.

Cthunkle: Well, I disagree. When I suffer disappointment, I merely destroy everything in my path. It works wonderfully.

Mr. Eric: And how many friends do you have, now, Cthunkle?

Cthunkle: Whose interview is this, anyway?

Mr. Eric: Okay, okay.

Cthunkle: Not many.

Mr. Eric: But what if you let yourself feel disappointed for a little bit and then just went and did something fun and cool rather than destroying everything in your path.

Cthunkle: If I don't destroy everything in my path, then people won't know that I'm disappointed and then they're likely to disappoint me again.

Mr. Eric: What if you were honest with your feelings first.

Cthunkle: This is a lot of what if, Mr. Eric. This is What Is World, I'll remind you.

Mr. Eric: Well, What Is World never would've gotten this far if not for a lot of what if.

Cthunkle: Now you're being just plain mysterious. I think I'm going to eat you.

Mr. Eric: Please don't eat you.

Cthunkle: Don't worry, I can only digest ancient artifacts of power. I just don't want to listen to you right now.

Mr. Eric: That doesn't make me less worried—urk! Hey! OW!

Cthunkle: While I let Mr. Eric stew in my tummy, I'm going to read this comic book. You don't have to be here for this. Are you still listening, weird. Wow, this is a really good comic. It has Superman, Mrs. Marvel, Batman, and Spider-Man. Huh. Despite the fact that they're from two separate comic universes. Oh dear. It's Megan's blasted what if question. The superheroes are pulling themselves out of the comic book and if I describe them I'll be sued by several companies at once.

Mr. Eric: [Echoing inside Cthunkle's stomach] I worry about that every week, Cthunkle.

Cthunkle: Quiet, Mr. Eric. Listen, superheroes. I'm just going to throw open a quick portal to What If World and once you step through, you'll become simple, generic, unlicensed comic people and then this show can keep going.

Mr. Eric: What are they doing?

Cthunkle: They're considering it, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Please don't get my show canceled.

Cthunkle: I'm... I'm trying not to, all right? They're just—

Mr. Eric: Try narrating, Cthunkle!

Cthunkle: Narrating? Um, Sooperman spelled with two Os, Mrs. Marvle spelled with an L-E, Batmannnnnn with six Ns and Spyder-Man with a Y started stepping through the portal when suddenly, Whendiana Joan, Alabaster Zero, Mr. Mouser, Fred the Dog, JF Kat, and Abacus P. Grumbler burst into the studio.

Mr. Eric: You're in trouble now, Cthunkle!

Abacus: Release Mr. Eric, you beast!

Whendiana Joan: Looks like the cavalry's here.

Alabaster Zero: Look like the caval—Whendiana! That's what I was gonna say.

JF Kitty: Today's not the day you get to be president!

Fred the Dog: Today's the day you get licked.

Mr. Mouser: I'm Mr. Mouser and I approve this message.

Cthunkle: Blast it. I cannot stand against your combined might. Plus that of these four generic superheroes whose names are strikingly similar to actual superheroes.

Mr. Eric: Guys? A little help?

Abacus: Would you mind terribly spitting up Mr. Eric.

Cthunkle: Oh, cruel fate. Even in my own show, I don't get to eat anyone. [BLEGH]

Mr. Eric: Ew, ooh, oh, man. Cthunkle, why is the inside of your stomach decorated like a clown museum?

Fred the Dog: Maybe a lot of old artifacts are really just clown stuff.

JF Kitty: Or maybe he really likes clowns.



Cthunkle: Well, if either of you care to find out...

Fred the Dog: Oh, no. I'm good right here.

JF Kitty: Meow that I think of it, it must be some other third reason.

Cthunkle: Very well. Before you send me back to What If World, there are so many mysteries left unsolved about What Is World.

Mr. Eric: Okay, Cthunkle, I'll give you a couple of questions, but then I need to go take a bath and what gets slime off?

Abacus: Magic!

Whendiana Joan: Pure tomato juice and vinegar.

Fred the Dog: I could always lick it off.

JF Kitty: Meow don't listen to them, you've got to lick it off, yourself.

Cthunkle: My questions. Let me the mysteries of the What Is-verse unravel before me.

Mr. Eric: I don't know if I can really promise th—

Cthunkle: Question one. Where do I get squid socks in What Is World?

Mr. Eric: Oh, I don't think we sell those.

Cthunkle: And how do you open barbeque sauce packets without getting any on you.

Mr. Eric: Nobody knows.

Cthunkle: If someone calls me is it okay to text them back?

Mr. Eric: Not if it's your parents.

Cthunkle: Who's going to be the next president?

Mr. Eric: Fred the Dog. Oop!

Cthunkle: [Evil laugh.]

Fred the Dog: Oh, this is probably bad for me.

Mr. Mouser: Congratulations, Fred. I will serve as your Chief of Staff if you'll have me.

Fred the Dog: Okay, okay. Thank you.

Whendiana Joan: I call vice president.

Alabaster Zero: I call vice presi—ah! Whendiana! Can I be like, Detective General?

Fred the Dog: That sounds good, sure.

Alabaster Zero: Sweet.

Abacus: I would be your Magister of Magic if you'd have me.

Fred the Dog: Yeah. Abacus, you got lots of votes.

Abacus: Then is it too late to be vice president?

Whendiana Joan: Yes, Abacus.

Abacus: Ugh. Very well.

Cthunkle: I volunteer to be your emperor of everything.

Fred the Dog: Uh, you could be emperor of equality, maybe?

Cthunkle: Yes, I will be most equal of all.

Fred the Dog: JF Kat, is there anything you'd like to do?

JF Kitty: Uh, sorry, I just nodded off there for a minute. Am I still president?

Mr. Eric: Sorry, JF Kat. I know you might feel disappointed.

JF Kitty: That's true, but I served my term and I got a lot to learn about leadership.

Fred the Dog: Well, you know, if I'm going to be the president, the Fur Force is really going to need a new leader.

JF Kitty: The Fur Force, but aren't they all d-d-d—

Mr. Mouser: Canines? Yes.

JF Kitty: Well, then it's about time the Fur Force had their first cat-like president.

Fred the Dog: That's the spirit. And do you think maybe sometimes I could ask you for advice if I need help?

Mr. Eric: Oh, of course! I'd be happy to help in any way that I—

Fred the Dog: I was talking to Jojo Fluffy Kat.

Mr. Eric: Oh, sorry.

JF Kitty: That would be nice.

Cthunkle: Wait, we're all okay with this? Aren't you all disappointed?

Abacus: Oh, we knew there would only be one president and although I imagined myself as the most magical president in history, I can still take those same ideas and use them to make the world better.

Cthunkle: Can't I just feel disappointed for a little while.

Whendiana Joan: Well, sure you can. But then you should could on back to What If World and help us out where you can.

Cthunkle: H...eeeellp? And helping's like the opposite of eating?

Mr. Eric: Oh, would you just get out of here, Cthunkle?

[Record scratch.]

JF Kitty: Well, you know what they say? It ain't over until the robot llama plays the—

Robot Llama: [Singing] The episode's over.

JF Kitty: Oh, there he is.

Robot Llama: It was a weird one. [Saxophone playing] The episode's over. I'm a robot llamaaaaaa.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: All right, Megan. I hope you enjoyed your story. I'd like to thank all the kids and parents who voted in this What If World election, as well as Karen Marshall O'Keefe, my co-creator, Jason O'Keefe for our artwork, Craig Martinson for our theme song and all you kids at home who know that dealing with disappointment is a tough skill to master. Even grown ups like me have trouble with it. It's okay to feel those feelings. And then I hope you feel thankful for all the awesome stuff you have in your life. Take that feeling and do something great.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]

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