

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 117: What if you travelled back in time to when it rained candy?](#)

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Transcription by Keffy

Mr. Eric: Once we officially start you can pipe in at any time.

Teddy: Okay.

Mr. Eric: You can interrupt me. You can mess with me, I mean, you're my nephew, it's...

Teddy: I won't interrupt you, but I might mess with you! Ha!

[Rising harp scales followed by the What If World theme song.]

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.

[Gentle bell music.]

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 none other than—

Teddy: Teddy.

Mr. Eric: Teddy! He and his cousin Adela were probably... would you say probably our very first fans, right?

Teddy: Yeah, I think so.

Mr. Eric: I think so, too. I'm really, really happy to have you here, Teddy. I heard that you had a what if question already picked out.

Teddy: What if Dracomax, Abacus P. Grumbler, and Mr. Star went back in time and found out that Mr. Business was a super villain? That's it.

Mr. Eric: Your memory is better than my own. So, okay. I'm gonna do the—

Teddy: Thanks.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, man.

Teddy: You're welcome.

Mr. Eric: Dude, I'm so excited.

Teddy: Me, too.

Mr. Eric: So, Teddy, I've never heard of Mr. Star before. Did you make up Mr. Star.

Teddy: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: Awesome. Is he an actual star?

Teddy: Yeah, he's like a living star.

Mr. Eric: Ooh, cool. Is it okay for the story if we make him kind of like smaller than an actual star?

Teddy: Sure, sure.

Mr. Eric: Because otherwise he'd be, you know, about a million times the size of What If World, and—oh wow, it's Mr. Star, and then the end of the show.

Okay, what if it rained candy originally played on October 30th of 2016, a long time ago. You can go back and find that episode if you like.

So, what if Mr. Star, Abacus P. Grumbler, and Dracomax went back in time to when it rained candy and met Mr. Business and found out that he was a bad guy.

Teddy: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: Can you do the sound when it goes back—when it goes to story?

Teddy: Sure. Uhm.

Mr. Eric: Is it like WAH WAHM WAAAAOOW!

Teddy: Yeah. WAH WAH WAH.

Mr. Eric: All right, ok. Bwom bwom BWOM.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Once upon a time there was a star and this star happened to choose a name for himself because he didn't like just being a lonely star up in

outer space with no friends or no one around. So, he decided to call himself Mr. Star. Now, having a name that's one part of being a person. What's something else that a person needs to be a real person?

Teddy: Clothes, clothes.

Mr. Eric: Clothes? Very cool. So, Mr. Star... flew down to What If World, trailing a long, bright line through the sky as he landed right next to a clothing store.

Dracomax: Hello, Dracomax's Haberdashery. That means "hat store." I can breathe out any hat that you like. What hat may I breathe onto you?

Mr. Star: Can I please have a baseball cap?

Dracomax: A baseball cap? Of course. [BLECH]

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax breathed out a nice little cap that went right on the pointed star head of Mr. Star.

Then Dracomax said:

Dracomax: I think you still need a little more clothing. Like, around your body area, uh. I know you're from outer space and that people might have different opinions of how to dress in outer space but here we usually wear more than just a hat. Now, I know someone who has really good robes. Would you like to meet him?

Mr. Star: Yes, please.

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax and Mr. Star flew all the way to the Observatory.

Abacus: Oh, very good. We can be robe-y twins.

Mr. Eric: With a wiggle of his fingers, a simple woolen robe appeared on Mr. Star. It wasn't really much, nor was the hat. They were both just simple, plain clothes. But these people had given him something for absolutely nothing and it felt really nice for Mr. Star.

Abacus: You know, you've been in outer space before, haven't you, Mr. Star?

Mr. Star: Yes, yes!

Abacus: Did you notice a few weeks ago how there was a sort of a, like a split across all of spacetime? Is this something that we should be concerned about?

Mr. Star: Well, aliens might come through it, so yes.

Abacus: Oh, alien—wait, if aliens can come through it, does that mean that we could go through the crack, ourselves, and travel to different places and times?

Mr. Star: Yes yes!

Abacus: Ooh.

Dracomax: I smell a road trip.

Abacus: Oh, I'm sorry, I really should shower, I just wasn't expecting company.

Dracomax: Can we just go to outer space?

Abacus: Oh, yes, yes, yes yes.

Mr. Eric: Abacus P. Grumbler cast a spell to protect himself from outer space, jumped on Dracomax's back and they flew alongside Mr. Star who, I'm assuming, can fly, like, anywhere he wants, yeah. Flew all the way into outer space and found that crack in space time, that bright split across all of everything, and went right through it.

Dracomax: Wow, this is so exciting. We're going to see new and incredible places that we cannot even ima—okay, we're back on What If World. [Record scratch.]

Abacus: Mr. Star, did we take a left turn at Albuquerque or some such, or—

Mr. Star: I think we went back in time.

Abacus: Oh! Back in time? Ooh, well, there's only one time that I ever wanted to revisit and that was when. [Thud thud crack crack] Ow! Ooh! Ow! What was that?

[Gasps] Do you know what time it is, Mr. Star?

Mr. Star: Uh huh?

Abacus: It's when it rained candy!

Mr. Star: Yummy!

Mr. Eric: And yes, indeed, candy was raining from the sky.

Dracomax: Ow, ooh, oh, ow, let me try some. [Eating noise] I should probably take the wrappers off. [More muffled eating] Ooh, I ate a lot of candy. Mr. Star, can you eat candy?

Mr. Star: Um, yes. Yes, yes.

Dracomax: What is your favorite kind?

Mr. Star: Caramel candy.

Dracomax: Ooh, that's Mr. Eric's favorite kind of candy.

Mr. Eric: How did you know that?

Abacus: Oh, just get on with the story, Mr. Eric. Don't worry about small details.

Mr. Eric: Oh, sorry. Yes yes yes. It was raining candy from the sky. They were already up to their knees! It must have been raining for a while by the time they came. And they saw rivers of candy flowing down streets. They saw chimneys with candy popping out the top, they were already full up with candy. And they saw a little cotton candy cowboy arguing with a man in a business suit in front of a tall building. They saw that cotton candy kid hand over a big pot of gold. Then they saw this man in a business suit tear up a piece of paper and walk back into the building. But there was a problem...

Abacus: Oh! This is the end of the story. I remember, now it stops... raining...

Mr. Eric: It hadn't stopped raining yet. And Candy the Kid was so happy he'd already skipped off in his butterscotch boots. He thought he'd won the day, but... they hadn't.

Dracomax: We don't know much about time travel. Do you think this could be our fault somehow for going back in time? Did we change something?

Mr. Star: Nope.

Dracomax: Then maybe that Mr. Business fellow is keeping secrets.

Mr. Star: [Unclear]

Abacus: I say we sneak into Mr. Business's business building and see if we can get to the bottom of this.

Dracomax: Um, sorry, sneaking is not exactly my speciality. I am a colossal dragon.

Abacus: Okay, well you stay here and Mr. Star and I will go in, but if you hear us call for help–

Dracomax: Yes, I'll come flying and crashing through a building and I'll probably get stuck there.

Mr. Eric: Mr. Star and Abacus snuck towards the building and Abacus made a little hole in the side so they could sneak right through. There was Mr. Business, counting piece after piece of gold.

Mr. Business: Oh, wow. It's so easy to trick children. He thought me ripping up a contract meant anything? I have a back-up copy on my computer. [Laughs].

Mr. Eric: And then he punched in a code on a keypad and a secret door opened behind him in the lobby of his building. He got on an elevator going down and disappeared.

Abacus: Mr. Star, do you think that you can crack the code? Young people these days seem to know all about the gizmos and the doodads.

Mr. Star: Uh-huh.

Abacus: Talk me through what you're doing over there on the keyboard.

Mr. Star: I'm cracking the computer as you told me to. [Crack, thud]

Abacus: Oh, ooh! You just sliced it in half with your white-hot star hand.

Mr. Star: You told me to crack the code! So I cracked the code!

Abacus: I probably shouldn't have assumed that a space alien would know anything more about computers than–[Machinery noises]

Mr. Eric: And suddenly the elevator appeared.

Abacus: I stand corrected. Okay, let's be very sneaky.

Mr. Eric: They snuck onto the elevator which quietly went down and down and deep, deep down. And when they got out... [Machine noises].

Now, Teddy, before we started this story you had told me that one of the things that you like is what?

Teddy: Robots.

Mr. Eric: Ah, yes. I... can I hear you make a sort of robot noise?

Teddy: [Robot noises]

Mr. Eric: They saw a whole factory full of robots. Boys and girls, young and old, big and small, and all of them were wrapping candy and sending it down a conveyor belt that shot right back up and up out of the building.

Abacus: I think that candy's going directly into our atmosphere and raining down upon us all.

Mr. Eric: They snuck over to the nearest robot.

Robot: I am so happy to see you. We have been taken captive.

Mr. Eric: What's a good name for a lady robot?

Teddy: Bee-bop.

Mr. Eric: Bee-bop Betty?

Teddy: Yeah.

Bee-bop Betty: My name is Bee-bop Betty. Mr. Business does not think that robots deserve the same rights as other people so he puts us to work to make himself money.

Mr. Eric: And all the time she's saying it, she's wrapping one candy after another after another and sliding it down the conveyor belt to shoot back up through the building into the atmosphere and keep raining down candy.

Abacus: Mr. Star, could it perhaps be damaging to be sending candy wrappers all over the world all the time.

Mr. Star: Yep.

Abacus: But listen, this Mr. Business has an army of robots here... oh, what are we supposed to do?

Mr. Star: Why'd you ask the star that didn't know about technology?

Mr. Eric: Just then they heard, walking through the lobby, still counting out his gold coins, Mr. Business.

Mr. Business: Faster, please? Faster, faster, faster! We need to get this candy out all over the world. I'm gonna charge each nation a fee for their candy and then I'm gonna charge them a different fee when they need us to clean up the candy.

Bee-bop Betty: But where will the candy go?

Mr. Eric: Teddy, do you know where a lot of plastic ends up these days?

Teddy: The ocean.

Mr. Business: Yeah, we'll just dump it into the ocean it can take one for the team.

Bee-bop Betty: The ocean has already taken several for the team.

Mr. Business: Oh, forget... hang on a second. [Sniffs] I smell something other than motor oil and money. Something other than robots and candy. Somebody's in my workshop.

Mr. Eric: Grumbling, he plopped down his pot of gold.

Mr. Business: Robots, I want you all on high alert.

Mr. Eric: He left his pot of gold behind and searched high and low even though Abacus and Mr. Star were hiding right behind Bee-bop Betty, all the other robots pretended not to see them.

Abacus: How are we going to get out of this mess?

Mr. Star: I don't know.

Mr. Eric: Mr. Business was getting closer. He was coming around Bee-bop Betty's table, which Abacus and Mr. Star were kneeling underneath.

Mr. Business: Hey... who are you?

Mr. Star: Mr. Star.

Mr. Business: Mr. Star... well, I'm Mr. Business and I don't take kindly to people invading my workshop. What are you doing here?

Mr. Star: Trying to stop you from poisoning the world.

Mr. Business: Poisoning the world? Listen to me! I'm trying to make myself a few Whatters, just a few Whatters and a few Whatters more. And listen, I have kids. I want the world to be okay, so I'll spend that money eventually and help clean things up by throwing it in the ocean. It's fine. Weren't you listening to my evil plan? I mean, my plan?

Mr. Star: That's poisoning the world.

Mr. Business: Whoa. Okay, okay. Hang on, hang on. How you gonna stop me?
Hahahahaha!

Mr. Eric: And Mr. Business ran off and grabbed his pot of gold.

Mr. Business: Stop `em, robots!

Mr. Eric: And he darted towards the elevator.

Abacus: I'm never very good in a pinch, Mr. Star. You've got to do something!

Mr. Star: Yes, I can laser ray all of the robots in half.

Abacus: Ooh, um...

Bee-bop Betty: We do not want to be laser rayed in half. You could laser ray these off?

Mr. Eric: She said, holding up her wrist. There was a little shackle with a silvery cable plugged right into her wrist.

Bee-bop Betty: These are what control us. If you get these off, we will stop trying to get you.

Mr. Eric: As if she couldn't control her own motions, Bee-bop Betty tried to grab at Mr. Star. What did he do?

Teddy: He lasers it!

Mr. Eric: Mr. Star lasered that cord right in half! And Bee-bop Betty stood.

Bee-bop Betty: I have been working for him my entire life but not one day longer.

Mr. Business: Ahaha! What are you gonna do, Bee-bop Betty?

Mr. Eric: Mr. Business said, as his elevator door was closing slowly.

Mr. Business: You know, I should have made faster close door buttons.

Mr. Eric: He said as Betty darted towards his door super fast and got a hand in.

Mr. Business: Oh, hold on there a minute. Bee-boop-bee boop bee bee boop boop bulolo stop it!

Mr. Eric: And she grabbed... what do you think she grabbed?

Teddy: Mr. Business.

Mr. Business: You got no right to lay a finger on me.

Mr. Eric: And she said.

Bee-bop Betty: I guess you are right.

Mr. Eric: Is there anything that Mr. Business values more than himself? What do you think?

Teddy: The gold.

Mr. Eric: Ahaha.

Bee-bop Betty: I will just have to lay a finger on this gold.

Mr. Business: Ah hey, whoa whoa whoa, wait a minute.

Bee-bop Betty: Mr. Star, can you help me out with this?

Mr. Star: Yep.

Mr. Eric: She dropped the cauldron on the ground. What did Mr. Star do to the pot of gold?

Teddy: He made it vanish.

Mr. Eric: With one bright, hot flash of white star light, he hit the pot of gold. It looked like it was melting and then evaporating into the very air itself.

Mr. Business: No no no no! My goooooold!

Mr. Eric: Bee-bop Betty was unlocking all of the other robots as was Abacus. He'd finally found a way to help. He was undoing their little chains as well.

Mr. Business: No, no! I need all of you workers to help me to make more money.

Mr. Eric: And suddenly--[CRASH]

Dracomax: Did someone say Dracomax? I saw a bright flash in here. I thought--

Mr. Business: Ah, you just blew up half of my building!

Mr. Eric: And all the robots started running out of the hole that Dracomax had made.

Dracomax: Do you need some help? Anyone? No? Mr. Star? Mr. Star?

Mr. Star: Nope.

Dracomax: Oh boy.

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax slowly pulled himself back out.

The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: All right, Teddy. How'd you like your story?

Teddy: Thank you very much, I loved it!

Mr. Eric: It's always such a good time and what was I gonna say? Um... I don't know. I don't know. It's just so good to see you.

Teddy: Yeah.

Mr. Eric: And hear your giggles. Your Mr. Star voice cracked me up so much. Folks at home, you won't have heard much of it because I will have to edit out all the time of me laughing at Teddy's voice. Um, but he came up with his own character and his own voice and it rocked.

Teddy: Thank you.

Mr. Eric: Thank you.

Teddy: You're welcome.

Mr. Eric: All right, I like to always be thankful at the end of the show, and is there anyone you want to give a shout-out to today?

Teddy: Um, Adella.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, Adella for being one of our pair of original listeners. All right. Teddy, I'm gonna let you go. Enjoy your St. Patrick's Day.

Teddy: I will! You, too!

Mr. Eric: Thank you, thank you.

Teddy: You're welcome.

Mr. Eric: We didn't squeeze a leprechaun into this because you'll be hearing it a week later. All right, I love you, buddy.

Teddy: I love you, too. I'll see you later.

Mr. Eric: Okay, bye.

Teddy: Bye.

Mr. Eric: I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, Mr. Donager, my high school theater director, and all you kids at home who don't mind earning things for yourself sometimes rather than treating your parents like robots...

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]

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