

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 125: What if rich ghosts were bad at selling cars?](#)

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Transcription by Keffy

[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 let's start with a question from a listener named Kiera.
- Kiera: Hello, my name is Kiera and my favorite character is JF Kat. My what if question is what if butterflies were made of butter?
- Mr. Eric: Thank you, Kiera, for that great question.
- JF Kitty: I'm so glad you like me, Kiera, because I wanted to come today and give a big shout out to Amalia, one of our newest patrons.
- Mr. Eric: And yes, thank you, Amalia, whose favorite characters are JF Kat and me, Mr. Eric.
- Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, don't you be having another question to answer?
- Mr. Eric: Oh, oh, you're right, Petey. But what are you doing here?
- Petey the Pirate: Oh, I've got a very special shout out for a friend of yours named Sam.
- Mr. Eric: Oh, Sam Kendall, my old college buddy?
- Petey the Pirate: Y'arr. The two of you made me up a good 16 years ago.
- Mr. Eric: That's right. You're getting big, Petey. And thank you, Sam. Now, let's get our next question from a Patron named Arya.
- Arya: My name's Arya and I'm five years old and I like horses. And my what if question is what if rich ghosts were bad at selling cars and what if bats played frisbee with dessert pizza. Bye!

Mr. Eric: Whoa! There is a lot of question there to unpack, Arya.

Abacus: Such a mysterious and involved question will surely yield a wonderful story.

Mr. Eric: Abacus, please don't put that much pressure on me.

Abacus: Nonsense! I'm not here to talk to you at all! I'm here to shout out Zoe.

Mr. Eric: All right. Well, thank you to our patrons Zoe, Sam, and Amalia. Now let's find out what if rich ghosts were bad at selling cars and what if bats played frisbee with dessert pizza? And what if butterflies were made of butter?

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo was walking to his first job interview in many years when a beautiful butterfly landed on his nose.

Poppa Loo: Oh, well, if this isn't good luck, then I don't know what—oh. Oh, God, this is the greasiest butterfly! Are you actually made out of butter?

Mr. Eric: He swatted at the butterfly, which flew off, leaving a greasy gob of colorful butter melting on his nose.

Poppa Loo: Oh, that was gross and also kind of delicious.

Mr. Eric: But Poppa Loo quickly forgot about the butterfly as he reached Boo Boo's Used and New Car Emporium.

Boo Boo: Hey, Poppa Loo, name's Boo Boo!

Mr. Eric: A big puffy ghost seemed to appear out of nowhere.

Poppa Loo: Well, hey, Mr. Boo Boo! I'm really glad to have this opportunity to interview with you.

Mr. Eric: And Poppa Loo took out his paper resume when a whipped cream pizza whizzed by and smacked it out of his hand.

Poppa Loo: Aw geez, I shoulda brought a back-up copy.

Boo Boo: Never mind that, that family of bats has been throwing dessert pizzas ever since those pizza trees grew this morning.

Poppa Loo: Yeah, well, it's a very dairy day in What If World for some reason.

Mr. Eric: And as Poppa Loo followed Boo Boo towards his office that family of bats kept throwing pizzas back and forth throughout the car emporium.

Poppa Loo: Well, my resume was gonna say that I haven't worked for a while. I've been staying at home, taking care of the kids.

Boo Boo: You're very fortunate to be able to do so.

Poppa Loo: Oh, I know. But now that they're in school, I want to try to work a few hours and—

Boo Boo: Hey, that's all I need to know. You're hired.

Poppa Loo: You don't want to ask about my relevant experience?

Boo Boo: I'm not really concerned with much anymore.

Poppa Loo: Well, yeah, but I'm gonna work hard to earn you some money, sir.

Boo Boo: Don't worry about that either. I'm a rich ghost. I just happen to haunt this car emporium, which I also own.

Poppa Loo: Okay.

Boo Boo: But if you're so eager to work, then why don't you sell those bats a car?

Poppa Loo: Oh, I'm starting right now? Sure! Sure, sure, sure!

Mr. Eric: And Poppa Loo ran back onto the lot, and... got a hot fudge sundae pizza straight to the face.

Poppa Loo: Okay. All right, very... that's a good one, ya bats. Ya batty bats... now if you're hanging out at the car emporium, you must be looking for a car, right?

Bats: Oh yeah.

We got distracted by the dessert pizzas.

Yeah, we never seen a pizza tree before, and now they're sprouting up all over the place.

Poppa Loo: Well, since bats use echolocation, you probably want a drop top convertible car.

Bats: That sounds good.

Which would you recommend?

For a big family of bats.

Poppa Loo: Oh yeah, there's more of you than I can keep track of. Um.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo walked them over to a shiny black convertible.

Poppa Loo: Oh, well, this one matches you all, kind of like a bat... mobile, if you will.

Bats: Oh, this looks great.

Yeah, I think we want this one.

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

Poppa Loo: Oh, hot diggity dog!

Mr. Eric: But then, there was big Boo Boo right beside him.

Boo Boo: Well, you know this car is not any better than the last five models, although it does cost a heck of a lot more money.

Poppa Loo: There's... no, I'm sure there's many improvements.

Boo Boo: Well, it does have a wider rear view mirror, but what do you care? You're a bunch of bats! You can fly wherever you want to go.

Bats: Oh yeah, he's right.

What are we doing trying to buy a car in the first place?

Let's get out of here!

Mr. Eric: And the family of bats flew away.

Poppa Loo: Ah, I could practically taste that sale.

Boo Boo: Tastes like an extra cheese pizza in your face, doesn't it?

Poppa Loo: Ah, cheese and chocolate, yeah. Gross.

Mr. Eric: And as the bats flew away, suddenly Petey the Pirate pushed through some ice cream bushes that hadn't actually been there before as butterfly flies continued to fill the skies.

Boo Boo: Ah, so you messed up one sale. There's another customer for you.

Poppa Loo: Look, I didn't mess up the sale. You're just... you're kinda bad at selling cars.

Boo Boo: Is it bad to tell the truth?

Poppa Loo: Of course not. But you also have to listen to what people want. I swear, you're just trying to scare people away.

Boo Boo: Well, I am a ghost.

Petey the Pirate: Excuse me, I was looking to buy a flashy car, please.

Poppa Loo: Well, you're in the right place. Boo Boo's Used and New Car Emporium has some of the flashiest wheels in What If World.

Petey the Pirate: That's wonderful.

Boo Boo: But no matter how much you spend, no one's gonna think any better of you.

[Record scratch.]

Petey the Pirate: Oh. I guess you're right.

Poppa Loo: Oh hey, that's not entirely true. Materialistic people will be very impressed.

Petey the Pirate: You're right.

Boo Boo: But none of that matters unless you are impressed with yourself.

[Record scratch.]

Petey the Pirate: Oh. You're right. I've got to learn to love me, Petey.

Poppa Loo: And how better than by treating yourself to a nice car. You've earned it! You sold me our house for crying out loud.

Petey the Pirate: Well, now that you mention it.

Boo Boo: You didn't tell me this was a friend of yours, Poppa Loo! We've got to give him a car for free.

Poppa Loo: Oh no, that's not... what I was saying.

Petey the Pirate: I'll take a free car.

Mr. Eric: And Poppa Loo was left stammering as Boo Boo handed Petey the Pirate the keys to a sensible used bug.

Petey the Pirate: Honk honk! Thanks Poppa Loo and Boo Boo, too!

Mr. Eric: And Petey started slipping and sliding away on the buttery streets. As Petey continued to wend and wind down the slippery street, pungent, cheesy flowers started growing all along the curb.

Poppa Loo: Okay, Boo Boo, if I'm gonna work for you, you've got to let me do my job.

Boo Boo: But a true salesperson knows that helping others will come back to help you, hey Poppa Loo!

Poppa Loo: Well, I agree with you but I've got a family I'm trying to support!

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo was smacked in the face by a mascarpone calzone!

Poppa Loo: Oh, for crying out—

Mr. Eric: And perched atop that calzone was none other than JF Kat.

JF Kitty: Poppa Loo, Boo Boo, I need a fleet of your fastest, flashiest, shiniest cars!

Poppa Loo: Okay, I think we can help you out, there.

JF Kitty: That's what that family of bats said before they flipped me into your face on a calzone.

Boo Boo: See, Poppa Loo? The good you do comes back to you.

Poppa Loo: Okay, Boo Boo. Now, let's sell this cat a whole bunch of expensive cars.

JF Kitty: Just be quick about it. All the butterflies have turned to butter and instead of pollinating, they're dairy-ating!

Mr. Eric: And as JF Kat spoke, butterflies continued to swarm around the emporium and sour smelling yogurt-y weeds sprouted out through every crack in the pavement.

Poppa Loo: Well, we've got the flashiest cars sure to attract butterflies.

Boo Boo: And they're really fast, too. They all have 250 ghost horse power.

JF Kitty: I'm sorry, did you say ghost horse power?

Boo Boo: Don't worry, they're all the ghosts of very old horses.

JF Kitty: I'd rather not drive a car haunted by horses.

Poppa Loo: Oh, no problem. Don't listen to Boo Boo. He's just messing with you.

Boo Boo: No horses, no problem!

Mr. Eric: And Boo Boo flipped the lid to a bright pink car and 250 ghost horses sped out of the engine.

JF Kitty: Well, now how's the car gonna drive?

Boo Boo: Don't you worry, it was a hybrid. You just have to switch to the 250 cheetah ghost powered engine.

JF Kitty: That's purr-a-somehow worse.

Poppa Loo: Okay, well, we do have non-haunted cars here, as well.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo had grabbed a bucket of keys to all the fastest and most colorful cars in the lot. The air was thick with buttery flies and parmesan pollen. Howdy Pooch and Patty Pan and the rest of the Fur Force had shown up and were ready to drive.

Poppa Loo: Oh, okay, we just have to fill out some quick paperwork and—

Mr. Eric: Another buttery fly landed on his nose. It was easily twice as big as the last one.

Poppa Loo: Ah, forget it, Fur Force, just borrow the cars. Commandeer them. There's no time to waste.

Mr. Eric: Poppa Loo dumped out all the keys and dogs and cats and mice set up big butterfly nets atop a fleet of cars.

Boo Boo: Hey, Poppa Loo. Why don't you help, too?

Mr. Eric: And Boo Boo gestured to one last pair of car keys on the ground. Poppa Loo scooped up the keys and helped JF Kat and the Fur Force catch hundreds and thousands of buttery flies. And as each butterfly entered the net, it came out a regular butterfly again, able to sip the nectar of real flowers and help get What If World back to normal.

[Time skip noise.]

Mr. Eric: The next day, a bleary-eyed Poppa Loo drove back to Boo Boo's Used and New Car Emporium. The car he'd borrowed was beat up and covered in cheese and it slowly backfired and sputtered through a crowd of people gathered at the entrance to the lot.

Poppa Loo: I'm sorry, folks, we gave away all our flashiest cars to the Fur Force. I'm probably gonna get fired today.

Cthunkle: But we were hoping you would sell us a car.

Person: You're the most honest salespeople in town.

Person 2: I want to drive a car from the people who helped save What If World from them deliciously dangerous butterfly flies.

Poppa Loo: Oh, my goodness. Let me just open up.

Mr. Eric: And there Boo Boo appeared, flinging open the gates to the emporium like magic as a horde of new customers poured in.

Boo Boo: I think we're gonna have a busy day, Poppa Loo.

Poppa Loo: Wowie! I gotta tell Mamma Jamma I might be home late.

Boo Boo: Now, listen up, everybody! We've got a new batch of wind-powered cars. They're terribly slow and expensive and you can only charge them on top of a mountain.

People: Huh, oh, uh...

Poppa Loo: Oh, maybe I won't be home that late after all.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Arya and Kiera, I hope you enjoyed your story.

I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song. My uncle Kevin and my cousin Mike who sell cars to help people and support their families, and all you kids at home who know it's okay to be honest and sincere, and it's the easiest way to meet other honest and sincere people.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]



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