

Podcast: [What If World](#)

Episode: 180: What if every closet had a skeleton in it?

File Length: 17:10

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.

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 we've got a question from a listener named Devyansh.

Devyansh: Hello Eric. I'm Devyansh from Delhi. I am eight years old and my what if question is as follows: You go to your room and open your closet and find a skeleton in it. You open another closet and find another skeleton in it. What if every closet in What If World has a skeleton in it? That's my what if question. Bye!

Mr. Eric: Thank you so much. I love how you really walked us through that question. You got my imagination going already. Now, we've got another question from patrons Ethan, Matthew and Cassidy. But I think I'd rather play that at the end.

Fred: Excuse me, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Hey, Fred.

Fred: I just wanted to give a shout out to Helena from London, Ontario. She really likes space.

Abacus: And I would like to give a shout out to Helena's grandfather, Marcello M. Mulder, a fan of tall tales, churrascos, and surfing.

Mr. Eric: That is very nice to share your shout out.

Cthunder: It is I, Cthunder.

Mr. Eric: The extra evil Cthunkle from Alternia?

Cthunder: I like to think of Cthunkle as the less evil Cthunder.

Mr. Eric: Okay.

Cthunder: I am here to shout out Matthias. He's seven, loves snakes, and is from Portland, Oregon.

Fred: I've got another shout-out for Natalie, who's six and loves yogurt and marbles.

Cthunkle: And I, Cthunkle, not to be confused with Cthunder, have a shout out for Eldin, who's eight years old, loves Legos and hopes to visit the Lego Headquarters in Denmark someday.

Cthunder: Oh, I hope he does get to do that.

Cthunkle: Don't horn in on my shout out, Cthunder.

Cthunder: Okay.

Cackula: And one last shout out for Oliver H. He loves Mario and wild crats and wants to share his shout out with Althea, Dru, and Emily.

Mr. Eric: Very nice shout-outs. Now let's find out what if every closet in What If World had a skeleton in it plus a secret question that I bet you'll figure out.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: It was night time in What If World in the month of Spooktober. I didn't realize they had different names for months until now, but that's what Mamma Jamma's calendar says.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I love a good Spooktober celebration. I'm gonna get all the spookiest decorations out of our closet.

Mr. Eric: But when Mamma Jamma opened the closet.

Skeleton: Unicorn.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, great.

Mr. Eric: [Creak] [Door slams shut] She'd just seen a skeleton in there. Now, if you've listened to episode three, what if we moved into a spooky, scary, house, you'd know that the Jamaloo family has some experience with skeletons in the closet.

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Loo, we got some skeletons in the closet again.

Poppa Loo: What is this, episode three: What if we moved into a spooky, scary, house?

Mamma Jamma: No, it isn't. It's episode 180: What if every closet in What If World had a—oh, a skeleton in it, yeah.

Poppa Loo: Well, see what it wants.

Mr. Eric: And Mamma Jamma, exasperated, opened the door again.

Skeleton: Unicorn... or dragon...

Mamma Jamma: It's asking me, "Unicorn or dragon?"

Poppa Loo: Is it giving any context?

Mamma Jamma: No, it's just asking me, "Unicorn or dragon?"

Mr. Eric: Meanwhile, in Randall Radbot's apartment, Randall was searching around for some spare batteries when he opened HIS closet door.

Skeleton: Unicorn or dragon?

Randall Radbot: You beep beep boop startled me.

Skeleton: Unicorn or dragon?

Randall Radbot: What are you asking, like, which is radder?

Skeleton: Unicorn?

Randall Radbot: Well, that's a really complicated question you're asking there, bud. See, we can currently only measure radness down to the nearest nanorad, which is of course one billionth of a unit of radness. Now, I've been working on a radometer that could theoretically pinpoint radness down to the yoctorad. Heh heh heh.

Which I obviously think, is like, six yottorads.

Skeleton: Oh, a dragon...

Mr. Eric: Also meanwhile:

Abacus: I think you mean meanwhiler.

Mr. Eric: I don't, Abacus.

Abacus: Okay, Mr. Narrator. I don't need you to narrate what I'm doing.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, but how else will they know—

Abacus: I'm going to narrate it myself, said Abacus as he went to his closet to look for some wand varnish.

[Door creaks open]

Skeleton: Unicorn or dragon?

Abacus: Oh my g—oh! Mr. Eric, why didn't you tell me there was going to be a spellin-an-uh-a-spelbuduh, a skabudoo... [Stammers, flustered]

Mr. Eric: Abacus appeared to be afraid of—

Abacus: Abacus appeared to be afraid of the skeleton in his closet. There, I said it.

Mr. Eric: And everyone, everywhere, throughout What If World who had a closet of any kind, found a skeleton in there asking them the same question over and over and over again until they all felt like they had no choice but to answer.

Mamma Jamma: Well, if I'm getting one of these, I suppose I'd prefer a dragon. It would really help with my morning commute.

Dragon: Roooarrrrrrr...rrr... [whimper]

Mamma Jamma: Why is the dragon the size of my pinky finger? How am I going to get to work on that dragon?

Dragon: Roarr.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, ho ho. But it's so cute.

Randall Radbot: So, in summary, all creatures are of equal potential radness.

Skeleton: Ugh... unicorn or dragon?

Randall Radbot: Which is why my answer to the question is: dragicorn.

Mr. Eric: And a creature with the face of a dragon, the mane of a unicorn, feathered wings and hooves at the end of its scaly legs called out in confusion.

Dragicorn: Uh, what happened to me? I am neither dragon nor unicorn. This is the least rad thing to ever happen!

Randall Radbot: Whoa. That's all a matter of per-beep boop-spective.

Abacus: Uh, skeleton, just get out of my closet.

Skeleton: Unicorn or dragon?

Abacus: Unicorn, unicorn, now go away!

Unicorn: You have chosen well, Abacus.

Mr. Eric: Said the wizard's unicorn. I have the power to make inanimate objects into nearly edible jerky.

Abacus: You said nearly edible jerky...

Unicorn: Nearly edible, indeed.

Abacus: Uh, I'm all set on jerky.

Unicorn: Oh, um... oh.

Abacus: Yeah, I don't know where to go from here, either.

Mr. Eric: Finally, we see Fred in the What House, literally swimming in sticks.

Fred: [Singing] Ya-da-dee, ya-da-daaa. Oh, stick dragon, more sticks please.

Stick Dragon: Whatever you say, Prezident!

Mr. Eric: And she used her dragon breath of sticks to fill the What House a little bit higher.

Fred: Oh, I know it's election season soon and everyone's just going to love their surprise pet.

Stick Dragon: Indeed! You must be correct for you have said that several times and I don't know any better.

Fred: I'm just going to turn on the TV and soak up the log lines. Best prezident ever.

[Sound of TV turning on]

Poppa Loo: Poppa Loo's news here.

Mr. Eric: Said Poppa Loo on the TV screen.

Poppa Loo: Waiting for someone to turn on the TV so that I can say, President Fred is perhaps the worst president ever.

Fred: That can't be.

Poppa Loo: For those wondering whether or not this can be, it can be, and in fact is.

Mr. Eric: He was reporting live from New What City where unicorns and dragons were running amok!

[Sounds of unicorns and dragons roaring and whinnying followed by groans and dragons using their breaths]

Poppa Loo: Apparently Fred the Dog thought it'd be a bright idea to give everyone a skeleton in their closet that badgered them with a question until they accidentally summoned a unicorn or dragon into their house.

Fred: Uh, no, it was supposed to be a fun pet for everyone.

Poppa Loo: While some were eager to be fun pets for everyone...

Fred: How does he keep doing that?

Poppa Loo: Others didn't have any room to live or people who were able to feed them or take care of them, hence the chaos you see before you.

Dragicorn: Unicorns and dragons, we must declare war on humanity!

Poppa Loo: And it appears one half dragon, half unicorn is threatening to destroy What If World, pretty much right on time for this point in the story.

Dragicorn: Free yourselves from the shackles of pethood. Use your overwhelming magical powers to, uh, overwhelm.

[TV shuts off]

Mr. Eric: Fred flicked off the TV with his tongue.

Fred: Oh, this sticks.

Stick Dragon: More sticks! Lovely!

Mr. Eric: Said the stick dragon. And breathed out so many that Fred was now up to the ceiling in a sea of sticks.

[Knocking]

Fred: Uh, this isn't really a good time, whoever's at the door.

Mr. Eric: But Mamma Jamma opened the door anyway.

[Sound of sticks clattering]

Mr. Eric: And thousands of sticks poured out. They would have knocked her over if Abacus hadn't cast a quick spell from behind her.

Mamma Jamma: Fred. The. Dog.

Fred: Nothing!

Randall Radbot: We didn't even ask a beep boop question, yet, pup.

Mr. Eric: Randall Radbot was there, too.

Fred: How'd everyone know it was me.

Abacus: Observamentory, my dear friend.

Mamma Jamma: Well, I knew there was something magic afoot, so I went to my kid's teacher and on the way, I found Randall being chased down by an angry dragicorn.

Randall Radbot: I'd observed the bones of the skeleton in my closet and found them to have tiny tooth marks.

Fred: Well, that doesn't prove nothing. I'm missing most of my teeth.

Randall Radbot: And also gum marks.

Fred: Oh no!

Abacus: And my unicorn, as well as many others, had the power to transform things into other chewy kinds of things.

Unicorn: I can turn feet into squeak toys!

Mr. Eric: Said a tiny unicorn who'd slipped under the door.

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, I learned that the hard way. [Squeaking]

Fred: Oh no. I just wanted to make people happy. I thought this would be my crowning achievement.

Stick Dragon: Did someone say more sticks?

Fred: No, I said achievement.

Stick Dragon: When I hear words I don't understand, I assume you mean sticks.

Fred: An achievement's like when you reach a goal or—

[Clattering of more sticks from the stick dragon's breath]

Fred: Oh, forget it.

Mamma Jamma: Fred, I know you were trying to help, but you didn't think this through, did you?

Fred: I did think it through. My stick dragon has been the best thing to ever happen to me.

Randall Radbot: Beep, brah. Your path to happiness might not be the same as everyone else's.

Abacus: And you've got to consider the wider ramifications of your actions.

Stick Dragon: Did someone say sticks?

Abacus: [Sputters] Consequences! That-that—oh...
[More stickers clatter]

Fred: Ramificaquences?

Mamma Jamma: Well, like, where can they all live? How are they all gonna get food. What if someone doesn't want a dragon or unicorn?

Abacus: Or a spooky skeleton in their closet?

Fred: Who wouldn't want a skeleton in their closet? You get to chew on the bones any time.

Randall Radbot: Ew. Most people don't chew on skeletons.

Fred: I find that hard to believe.

Mamma Jamma: It's not about what you believe. It's about how your actions affect other people.

Abacus: Plus those unicorns just keep going in the street.

Fred: No problem, it tastes like candy.

Abacus: [Sputters] And who's going to confirm that theory?

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, but it's more of a problem with texture.
[Record scratch]

I would assume... if I or someone I knew has ever, and no one has, because would you?

Unicorn: She wrapped mine up in foil for later.

Mamma Jamma: Okay.

Randall Radbot: The fact is, Fred, you haven't made people happy.

Fred: No, just give it time. Some unicorn powers and some dragon breaths are just sort of cancel each other out, then everyone's gonna be happy.

[Creak]

Oh...

Mr. Eric: Mamma Jamma opened the door to the What House. The scene of chaos had spread all the way from New What City to the forests surrounding the What House.

Dragicorn: All hail the dragoncorn! Only our people shall remain on this planet!

Unicorn: Yes, just us, and the jerky!

Dragicorns: Only dragicorns.

Unicorn: Plus a small amount of jerky.

Dragon: Awesome.

Fred: You guys, I've been trying hard at this president thing, but I'm an old dog. I never wanted to lead What If World. I just wanted to help people out one on one sometimes and then get a lot of naps and a lot of sticks.

Stick Dragon: More sticks on the double!

[Sticks clatter]

Fred: I know this is going to come as a shocking revelation, but—

Mamma Jamma: You don't want to be president anymore.

Fred: Oh, I guess it's not that shocking, then.

Abacus: Fred, you have learned an important lesson about yourself.

Randall Rabbot: Yeah, if this president stuff was bumming you out, why did you keep boop it up for so long?

Fred: I was just trying to make people happy.

Mamma Jamma: And you did a great job there for, you know, a while.

Abacus: ...When, when did he do a great job?

Mamma Jamma: Shh! Just!

Abacus: Yes-yes, I mean, of course, of course. And you have great empathy, the hallmark of any good leader.

Fred: Why thanks. I just hope the next president's up to the job. It's a lot of work.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, well, who's going to be the next president.

Fred: I don't know. Someone who's smart and nice and stuff. Oh, and works hard, too. That's a good one. Basically anybody except me.

Abacus: Oh, to be fair, most world leaders are not 12 year old dogs.

Fred: Really? Fascinating.

Stick Dragon: Stickinating indeed!

[Sticks clatter]

Abacus: We've really got to work on her vocabulary.

Fred: Yeah, I think so, too.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Divyansh, Ethan, Matthew, and Cassidy, I hope you enjoyed your story, and let's play our patron question for you now.

Children: Hi, Mr. Eric!

Ethan: My name's Ethan.

Matthew: My name is Matthew!

Cassidy: My name's Cassidy.

Ethan: And our what if question is: what if everyone had a pet dragon or unicorn and what if Fred the dog had a dragon that could breathe out sticks. And we love Fred the dog. Thank you!

Children: Bye!

Mr. Eric: Well, there you have it. Now, I'm wondering. Who do you think would make a really good president of What If World. Not just a fun one, but someone who could make a difference for the better?

I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator. Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home searching for the path that brings you joy even if it isn't always easy.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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