



Mr. Eric: All of them?

Mr. E: Yeah. All the questions.

Mr. Eric: There's like, thousands of them, though.

Mr. E: Yes, and I love solving mysteries, so we're just going to solve all the mysteries in one story.

Mr. Eric: But then, wouldn't like... the show end?

Mr. E: Guess that's just one more mystery to solve, right?

Mr. Eric: I don't know... we usually just do one or two questions per story.

Mr. E: Uh, what a bratty brother, I have. Fine, I'll just pick one question.

Mr. Eric: Great.

Mr. E: It's a review question from Sophia, who asks, what if What If World ran out of what ifs?

Mr. Eric: I just told you, I'm never gonna run out of what ifs. I've got so many thousands of... okay that's weird. Um, where'd they all go. I had them saved in a folder. Well, let me just check my email then. Oh, okay, I'll just double check the voicemail line and, okay Mr. E. What happened to all my questions?

Mr. E: Don't ask me, ask Sophia.

Mr. Eric: I think you had something to do with it.

Mr. E: Eh, sorry, I gotta go back to What If World, solve thousands upon thousands of mysteries all at once.

Mr. Eric: What? Hey. Give me back my questions.

Mr. E: Come get them! [Laughs] [Magic portal sound effect]

Mr. Eric: Hey, you can't make sound effects with your mouth? I make sound effects with my mouth! [Bad imitation of the sound effect]

Mr. E: Too slow, lost your mojo!

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Mr. E, why'd you just make the story start sound? I've got no story and you stole all my questions. Oh, okay. Um, sorry folks. Bear with me. I

have to figure out a way to get to What If World if I'm going to stop Mr. E. I know, Fred.

Fred: Hard pass, Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Fred, you don't even know what I was getting at.

Fred: I just wanted like one story off.

Mr. Eric: I'm sorry, buddy. You're the only creature that simultaneously exists in What Is World and What If World.

Fred: I know, it baffles the mind.

Mr. Eric: Also, I need you to get me to What If World so we can track down the questions.

Fred: What's all this we stuff? You got a stick in your pocket?

Mr. Eric: Well, yeah, actually.

Fred: Okay, I'm in. But you better give me that stick right now. [Chewing stick]

Mr. Eric: Okay, so take me to What If World.

Fred: I already did, silly. How do you think I'm talking?

Mr. Eric: Oh, yeah. I guess let's just step out of this studio, and then... whoa. Fred, does What If World look a little weirder than usual to you?

Fred: Hm... everything's floating and flying and talking, even the ground we're standing on.

Ground: Hey, no loitering.

Mr. Eric: I'm sorry, Ground.

Ground: My name isn't Ground. I'm Sky.

Mr. Eric: Your name's Sky and you're the ground.

Ground: I used to be the sky, but then a what if question turned me into the ground. Why is it so hard for you to follow?

Mr. Eric: Okay, Sky, the ground that was formerly sky.

Sky: No, I'm just Sky. You don't need those other qualifiers.

Mr. Eric: I'm looking for Mr. E. I think he's been off answering too many what if questions.

Sky: Well, wait. You're saying that wasn't you?

Mr. Eric: Me? No. He doesn't sound anything like me.

Fred: I think he sounds exactly like you.

Mr. Eric: Fred, you haven't even met him yet.

Fred: I could hear you through the door. It was like you were talking to yourself, it was really weird.

Mr. Eric: That would be really weird, but it's not what was happening. It was obviously a different person.

Sky: I don't know, he looked a lot like you.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, I mean, he's my evil twin, it's a long story.

Fred: No, actually that's the whole story.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, Fred.

Sky: Well, listen, I can take you as far as the wall, but no one can get past that.

Mr. Eric: And ask Sky lifted us into the air and flew us toward the wall—

Fred: Mr. Eric, what are you doing?

Mr. Eric: Just... a little narration, just—

Sky: It's weird.

Mr. Eric: We're flying through the sky with all manner of creatures fluttering around us.

Sky: Actually, we're flying through the ground. It was made into the sky. Weren't you listening?

Mr. Eric: Wow. Is that the wall? That stretches on forever and ever.

Sky: No, it just gets bigger the farther away you get from it and smaller, the closer you get to it. You know. That's how perspective works now.

Mr. Eric: Oh, Sky, I think this world is just a little too confusing.

Fred: And this wall isn't made with a single stick.

Mr. Eric: Oh, is that Dracomax?

Sky: Sort of. Okay, bye.

Mr. Eric: Wait, wait, Sky? Oh. I can fly, too?

Fred: Yeah, so can I. I think everything can fly, now.

Mr. Eric: That's... fun... I guess.

Fred: Let's go meet Dracomax.

Dracomini: Please help me, I am stuck.

Mr. Eric: Dracomax, there's just a little wall in front of you. Your head is resting on top of it.

Dracomini: I am not Dracomax, I am Dracomini.

Mr. Eric: Okay... what's your thing?

Dracomini: I already told you. I am stuck. I cannot get past this wall.

Mr. Eric: Dracomini, you're just walking into the wall. Why don't you step over it or go in a different direction?

Fred: Yeah, or fly, maybe.

Dracomini: No, no no. Stop asking questions. All questions have been answered, so says Mr. E.

Fred: Come on, buddy. Just look around. Get a little curious. So you can't go through the wall? You can do literally anything else.

Dracomini: No, I cannot, because I'm stuck!

Mr. Eric: Do you even know why you need to get through this wall?

Dracomini: Why do I? Because it's there and I'm here.

Mr. Eric: And what's wrong with that?

Dracomini: Well, I'm—

Fred: Stuck, yeah. But are you really?

Dracomini: I... oh, you two are making my head hurt with your questions. Please leave me alone.

Fred: I don't think Dracomini's going to be much help.

Mr. Eric: Can we just figure out why he's called Dracomini—

Dracomini: Why SHE'S called Dracomini. I'm Dracomax's sister.

Fred: Oh. But you're not actually any smaller.

Dracomini: It is short for Winnifred.

Fred: Hey, that's like my name.

Dracomini: Yes, that's why I prefer Dracomini.

Fred: Okay, this Dracomini person isn't very reliable, clearly.

Mr. Eric: Just because she doesn't want your name?

Fred: No, not because of that, let's just go find Fair Elise, she's president.

Mr. Eric: Dracomini, do you know where Fair Elise is?

Dracomini: Oh, what did I say about questions? [Cries]

Fred: Don't worry, I got her on speed dial. Hey Speedy, call Fair Elise for me.

Speedy: You've got it, boss.

Mr. Eric: So, Speed is a person.

Speedy: Yep, now all I need is a phone!

Mr. Eric: To dial.

Speedy: That's why they call me speed dial.

Mr. Eric: Oh, Mr. E. Can't you see that this is just too many weird things for one story?

Speedy: Who's this Mr. E? Do you want me to dial him.

Mr. Eric: Do you have his number?

Speedy: No.

Mr. Eric: Okay, fine. Just take my phone, call Fair Elise, please.

[Phone ringing]

Fair Elise: Hello.

Fred: Oh, President Fair Elise. Thank goodness. It's me, Fred the Dog.

Fair Elise: Fair Elise isn't President right now, because every question's been answered and so all forms of leadership and collaboration are irrelevant. Please hang up and don't try again. [Click]

Fred: Speedy, dial her again.

Speedy: You've got it, boss. [Dialing]

Fair Elise: I said, don't try again, Fred.

Fred: Oh, Fair Elise. You are there! I just thought it was an answering machine.

Fair Elise: The distinction is irrelevant. Without questions, there is no choice, meaning I have no more free will than a machine. Please leave your message after the beep. Beeeeeeeeeeep.

Fred: Okay, Fair Elise. Now I'm really confused.

Mr. Eric: Me, too.

Fair Elise: How can you be confused when all questions have been answered? I'm confused by your confusion.

Fred: See? That means you have questions. Come on, you're a detective, Fair Elise.

Fair Elise: If you are satisfied with your message, please hang up. Or don't. It truly doesn't matter.

Mr. Eric: Fair Elise, can you just tell us where Mr. E. is?

Fair Elise: You shouldn't have to ask. All mysteries have been solved by Mr. E. from his floating fortif.

Fred: Fortrif?

Mr. Eric: And there it was, the Fortrif, a giant, jagged mass of every kind of if you can imagine, all scrunched up.

Fred: You don't need to narrate. I can see it.

Mr. Eric: There were toasters, books, lamps, ferrets. Everything you can imagine. Even lamps.

Fred: Are you feeling okay, Mr. Eric? You just said lamps.

Mr. Eric: Huh, sorry. I feel like I don't have any questions so it's getting kind of foggy to...

Fred: Then I guess it's just on me and my stick that I'm chewing on.

Stick: I am the stick. And the tree. And your twiggy poop tomorrow.

Fred: Oh, stick, not you, too. Can't I just eat you?

Stick: All questions have been answered. You have already eaten me and you are chewing me now. And you have never eaten me.

Fred: You're making my head hurt, Stick.

Stick: Your head is my head is the universe.

Fred: You don't have a head, you're a stick! Ugh. Will you still talk like this when you're dog doo?

Stick: Probably.

Fred: Okay, then I'm just going to keep chewing you.

Stick: Oh, the pain. Just kidding. See you, tomorrow.

Fred: Oh, I sure hope not.

Mr. Eric: And with that, Freddy flew off toward the fortif.

Fred: Nuh uh, Mr. Eric. You're coming with me.

Mr. Eric: And so, Fred the Dog, picked me up with his slimy tongue.

Fred: You don't have to say "and so" for everything.

Mr. Eric: And so I stopped saying "and so" forever.

Fred: No, you'll probably have to say it again, you know in transitional... it's grammatically awkward. Maybe you should try something new.



Mr. Eric: Subsequently, Fred reached the fortif.

Fred: Mr. E? Are you home?

Mr. E: Hey, no asking questions. I'm just about to solve the very final mystery by ending this story.

Fred: Hey, you sound just like Mr. Eric.

Mr. E: I know. We're twins.

Mr. Eric: He doesn't sound like me.

Dracomini: Wow. It is two Mr. Erics.

Fair Elise: But which one is the real Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: Oh, come on. He's wearing a turtleneck and a beret.

Mr. E: Sorry, Bro. I can't help it if we look and sound exactly the same.

Mr. Eric: Mr. E, you don't look so good.

Mr. E: You're just jealous you can't pull off a beret.

Fred: No, actually, whoever you are, I'm just saying you look unhappy. All alone in this fortif... what kind of life could this be?

Mr. E: Uh! No questions!

Mr. Eric: Mr. E. Look around you. The questions are still everywhere. More than you can ever answer and that's okay.

Fred: This imposter has a pretty good point, though. You might not answer every question, you gonna still put a lot of good out into the world.

Mr. E: Impossible. We don't need questions, we need answers.

Fair Elise: We need both, and one can always lead to the other.

Dracomini: It is a wonderful thing, what I remember now.

Fair Elise: Yes. That's right. A true detective learns how to ask questions, not just answer them.

Mr. E: No, no no. I was so close to being finished. I just have to let this tory end, and I'll have answered all of the questions and solved all the mysteries and—

Fred: And then--?

Mr. E: No! No questions.

Fred: I'm not the one who said and then, you were. So go ahead and just finish your sentence. That'll be the end of the story, okay? And then—

Mr. E: And then, my evil plan is complete.

Fred: And then of course you'll—

Mr. E: Then, of course I'll...

Fair Elise: You'll—

Dracomini: You will—

Mr. E: I'll nothing! Nothing! I had nothing planned after my evil plan, okay?

Fred: I don't know. Sounds like you're about to have an idea right now.

Mr. E: I am? [Gasps] I just asked a question. Yeah. I am. I'm gonna ask another, now.

Mr. Eric: There you go. Go for it!

Mr. E: Which one of us is the real Mr. Eric?

Mr. Eric: Wait, what? It's me, obviously.

Fair Elise: I'm not so sure.

Mr. Eric: Okay, okay. I think you're all still under the lack of imagination spell of this story, but I'm obviously Mr. Eric.

Mr. E: I'm obviously Mr. E.

Dracomini: That is right. That's a nickname that Mr. Eric often uses to describe himself. You must be the real Mr. Eric.

Mr. E: Well, there you have it.

Fred: Then it was the evil twin that took me out of retirement and made my Stick talk all funny.

Stick: The mysteries of the universe made me talk.

Fred: I'm going to swallow the last bit.

Mr. Eric: You seriously can't believe this guy?

Mr. E: Just like an evil twin to cast aspersions.

Mr. Eric: I'm not casting aspersions. We're nothing alike.

Mr. E: Obviously, because I'm Mr. Eric. And I do lots of voices.

Fred: That's definitely Mr. Eric.

Dracomini: Please do one of your magical voices, Mr. Eric.

Mr. E: This is an impression of your neighbor. You know, that one that you don't talk to that often? Okay, here I go. Hi, I'm your neighbor. We don't talk that often. This is an impression of me.

Mr. Eric: Why would the neighbor say they're doing an impression of themselves?

Fair Elise: Oh, Mr. E. You'll never understand Mr. Eric's wonderful impressions and voices.

Mr. Eric: Come on. They're not even that great. Well, mine aren't really that great.

Fred: I know, I know. You're no Mr. Eric.

Mr. Eric: UGH!

Mr. E: The end.

Mr. Eric: No, no no, I say that!

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. E: Well, Sophia, Ava. I hope you enjoyed your story. Folks at home—

Mr. Eric: Give me back my microphone.

Mr. E: In the business, we podcasters, like me, Mr. Eric, call it a mic.

Mr. Eric: [Frustrated scream]

Fred: Okay, well, that weird imposter came and he's trying to grab the microphone back. So I'm going to just do some shout outs. First, there's Leia, who's almost six. She loves all the arts and Frozen, and she's got a ten year old sister Luka, and a nine year old brother, D.C.

Wowzer: Wowzer here to shout out Connor S.

Fred: And then I got another shout out for Kai Kaufman, who's seven from Washington, D.C., and likes reading Harry Potter.

Harigo: Go go go, Harigo has a shout out, Jack and Kevin from Anchorage, Alaska. Thank you Jack, I've got to go, now.

Fred: Oh hey, I've got another Jack, age ten. He likes football and skateboarding and baseball and his sisters, Zoey, age eight, and Emily age six, from Toronto.

Mr. Eric: [Sighs] Okay. I finally got the mic back. Fred, you don't need to worry anymore.

Fred: Who's this guy?

Mr. Eric: I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator.

Fred: Your co-creator?

Mr. Eric: Craig Martinson for our theme song and all you kids at home who know we're never truly stuck as long as we're asking questions. So until we meet again.

Mr. E: Keep wondering.

Mr. Eric: Mr. E! Stop it! You're the worst evil twin, ever.

Mr. E: Honestly, I could be so much more evil.

Fred: I'll help you, Mr. Daddy.

Mr. Eric: Fred! Let go of my pant leg.

Fred: Tastes like evil twin.

Mr. Eric: So until we meet again, keep wonder—

Mr. E: Keep wondering. Yeah! That's my cool thing that I say at the end of the episode.

Fred: It sure is, Mr. Eric. It sure is.

Mr. Eric: Okay. I give up.

[What If World theme song plays.]

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