

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 227: What if robots didn't exist? \(Dracoverse Part 1\)](#)

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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—

Randall Radbot: And I'm Randall Radbot, here to put the watt back in what.

Mr. Eric: Oh, hi, Randall. What are you doing here?

Randall Radbot: As a motor of fact, I'm here to lodge a beep-boop complaint.

Mr. Eric: Oh no, what's wrong?

Randall Radbot: Watt indeed, Mr. Eric. I'm sick and wired of being left out of your stories.

Mr. Eric: I'm so sorry I've made you feel neglected.

Randall Radbot: Well, it gigahertz, man, and it's time I said something.

Mr. Eric: No, we actually do have a question about you today, from a listener named Will.

Will: Hi, my name is Will, and I like the movie *Coraline*, and my what if question is what if Randall Radbot fell in love and went to the prom with Mamma Jamma. Thank you!

Will's Parent: We love your podcast, bye!

Will: I listen to it every night!

Randall Radbot: Sorry, Will, no con-du-it.

Mr. Eric: No conduit?

Randall Rادبوت: Exactly. I've severed all conduits to that memory.

Mr. Eric: Randall, you do not have to share a painful experience with me or anyone else. But ignoring those feelings can be detrim-

Randall Rادبوت: Oh, I've got an even battery idea. We'll show the folks at home, but I'll just delete myself from the memories.

Mr. Eric: But that wasn't the what if ques-

Randall Rادبوت: Then good thing we've got another question from William, no relation.

William: Hello, my name is William and I'm five years old and my what if question is: what if robots didn't exist?

William's Parent: Good job. Bye, Mr. Eric. Thank you.

William: Bye bye!

Mr. Eric: Thanks, William. And we've also got one review question from Amalia that we'll read at the end.

Randall Rادبوت: So let's find out what if Randall Rادبوت fell in love and went to prom with Mamma Jamma?

Mr. Eric: And what if robots didn't exist?

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: There once was not a robot, the coolest kid in school. He never got to take his shot and feel a lovestruck fool.

Randall Rادبوت: Why are you rhymin, Mr. Eric?

Mr. Eric: For we rewrote his memories and you can come along to witness all the pleasantries of the world without his song?

Randall Rادبوت: Uh, you're bleeping me out a little bot.

Mr. Eric: And Mamma never got his note so on this lonely night, she'd never prance and love and float. She had no dance invite.

Mamma Jamma: This Mamma's all alone, feeling quite forsaken. I'm in my jammies missing prom and they're all merrymakin'.

Randall Radbot: That doesn't sound like the Mamma Jamma I know.

Mr. Eric: There once was not a robot whose good friend Poppa Loo had hid behind the hot shot bot and felt a big crush, too.

Poppa Loo: I've never had the courage to take that scary chance, but on prom night, I swear a pledge, I'll ask her out to dance.

Randall Radbot: Wait, Poppa Loo didn't have a crush. He just liked Mamma Jamma because he wanted to be like me and have the things that I have.

Mr. Eric: So many times he tried to say a word about his crush but when he tried his words would spray out like alphabetty mush.

Poppa Loo: I know I have to tell her how I feel and that is why I dressed up like the big moon cow, my heroes in the sky.

Randall Radbot: Oh yeah. It was a costume prom. I went as a chicken, haha. Good times.

Poppa Loo: I'll finally have the spirit to say just how I feel. I just hope she can hear it. This cow head is for real.

Mr. Eric: How Mamma would have giggled at his sweaty bravery and loved Loo just a little as he cowedanced shakily.

Randall Radbot: I thought she just felt sorry for him.

Mamma Jamma: My parents say they see my strength even though I'm shy, and I know it doesn't matter, Mamma doesn't need a guy. But senior year... I thought by now at least someone would see, or even raise an eyebrow at the wonder that is me.

Randall Radbot: I don't remember her ever needing a confidence beep-boost.

[CRASH]

Mamma Jamma: Now, wait a minute, what is that?

Mr. Eric: Our Mamma Jamma spied as something big crashed through the school that she lived right beside.

Randall Radbot: Wait, I don't remember this part of the dance.

Dracomax: It is I, Almighty Dracomax, the dragon lord on high. I'll make you all my subjects or bake you in a pie.

Mr. Eric: See, dragons used to be half robot, but now robots don't exist, and dragon rage runs rampant.

Randall Radbot: Way to generate a twist.

[Time skip noise.]

Mr. Eric: A score of fiery years have passed in this world without a Randall, and Mamma Jamma lives alone and writes by light of candle.

Mamma Jamma: Dear Diary, my only friend for some-odd twenty years. Now finally I'll have revenge. It's time to face my fears.

Mr. Eric: She closed the book and took a wand found on a broken street, its magic might be just enough for one last mighty feat.

Randall Radbot: I don't like where this is going.

Mr. Eric: She walked across the broken street and toward a mountain high, her destiny awoken as fires fell from the sky.

Dracomax: Who dares approach the Dracomax, and are you friend or foe?

Mamma Jamma: Well, I'm your enemy, of course. Nobody likes you—

Dracomax: I know. I am no lord these days. I'm stuck and not sure how. But now I want to change my ways, can you please help me out?

Mr. Eric: This wasn't how she saw her day. Where was her grand finale? She took her wand, and held it raised, but her spirits wouldn't rally.

Dracomax: You came here seeking violence, but now you hesitate. Free me and we can be friends. I know it's not too late.

Mr. Eric: You see our dragon, he was stuck, not metaphorically, but by his golden jewels and stuff. Quite categorically.

Mamma Jamma: Well, first you must agree to free your subjects and your riches. Then, promise not to harm us and to do all our dishes.

Dracomax: Deal.

Mr. Eric: The deal was done. She raised her wand. It sputtered and it fizzled.

Dracomax: If you're to free me, you'll need help from the most bearded wizard.

Mamma Jamma: Of course, there had to be a quest. Why is nothing never easy. Please help me out, I'm feeling stressed and also kind of queasy.

Mr. Eric: While Max had fallen as a king, he had one loyal servant.

Dracomax: Take my dragon without wings, though you hardly deserve it.

Mr. Eric: And squeezing out the mountain came an unfamiliar sight.

Mamma Jamma: I've never seen a wingless dragon, spotted black and white?

Poppa Loo: Of course I am a dragon, it's not a cow costume! And dragons are not easily tricked by simple Poppa Loos...

Mamma Jamma: Poppa Whos?

Mr. Eric: She asked, confused. Her school days were long past.

Poppa Loo: Mamma Jamma is that you, we meet again, at last.

Randall Radbot: I can't believe they're just meeting. And Poppa Loo's a traitor? So where are Zach and Zizi? Are we gonna meet 'em later?

Mr. Eric: For many days they walked the trails of this broken place. They fled from dragons and their wails and set a grueling pace while Poppa Loo remembered his giddy schoolboy crush. This Mamma was so different, they'd both been through so much.

Poppa Loo: So... bloobloobletrick.

Mr. Eric: His words turned back to mush.

Poppa Loo: You look post-apocalyptic.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, Poppa Loo. Please hush.

Mr. Eric: The two of them had come upon an old observatory, a dragon square and chrome upon it slumped in all its glory.

Squarebox: I am Squarebox, here I lair in this old place of learning. It's now dilapidated, but it still speaks to my yearning.

Randall Radbot: But Squarebot's not a villain, and he wouldn't hurt a school! This memory's not chillin', okay, Eric? Uncool.

Mr. Eric: While some dragons love reading, like Squarebox and his kin, their fires had needed feeding, and so the books went in.

Abacus: We all need inner robot to quell our dragon's rage, for but an errant slingshot can fell the wisest sage.

Poppa Loo: Hey, back it up there, wizard. I swear he just poofed here.

Abacus: A poof? Well, I would never! I just magically appeared! Oh, that's what you meant by poof. I thought you meant I tooted.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, wizard wise, please top.

Mr. Eric: Said Mamma, quietly.

Mamma Jamma: We'd rather not cook in the pot of Squarebox, savvy?

Squarebox: [Snoring]

Mr. Eric: They'd lingered just a moment long and Squarebox caught their scent. Now the chase was truly on! And on the heroes went.

Mamma Jamma: You are the most bearded wizard. I've got your wand, here, see? To save us from this lizard you must set another free.

Abacus: Oh, is that all? No bother. You two just lead the way. But I really wouldn't rather face a dragon down this day.

[Time skip noise.]

Mr. Eric: Our Mamma Jamma had survived a thousand monster chases. She led them safely as their guide, through all the secret places.

Poppa Loo: I never got to see this place. Old New What City? Even as a pile of runes, it's really kind of pretty.

Mamma Jamma: You know, I never took the time, not once in all my life. It's hard to see real beauty in days so full of strife.

Abacus: Will you two please stop mooning? [Record scratch.] That beast is everywhere. Oh, our doom is looming, and you're sniffing at his hair.

Mamma Jamma: No, I was not. I thought maybe he was an evil dragon in disguise and I just, um...

Randall Radbot: Wait, time out. You're trying to say that even without me, those two were gonna fall in love like it was destiny? Then what's the point of all this pain? The whole world upside-down, if everything ends up the same without Randall around?

Mr. Eric: A few days passed and they drew near the Dracomax's mountain, and deep down, quiet hope and fear burbled like a fountain.

Randall Radbot: And let me guess what happens next. A joyful end for all.

Mamma Jamma: I meant to search for happiness, not just at a dance hall, but every day in little ways when things aren't all just right. So maybe I can finally say—

Poppa Loo: Uh, that's a dragon, right? [Record scratch.]

Mr. Eric: The silver beast had tracked them down and dove straight for its lunch.

Poppa Loo: Just run, you two, don't make a sound! I'll give him something to munch.

Mamma Jamma: But Poppa Loo, I never said!

Poppa Loo: And now there isn't time. The Dracomax lies just ahead and this is my last rhyme.

Mr. Eric: So Mamma and the wizard went while Poppa stayed behind. With haste they finished their ascent to save all humankind.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, Abacus, please take the wand and set the dragon free. Apparently it takes a beard, so you're the magic key.

Abacus: A beard! Indeed, that's what I have. No dragon burned it off.

Beard: Or my name isn't Mr. Beard, and he cannot take me off.

Mamma Jamma: You're kidding me. Your beard is fake? This can't happen to me.

Abacus: Not fake, but not my own. A symbiotic entity.

Mr. Eric: Would Mamma and the beardless mage have time to save the day, and would dear Poppa Loo escape?

Randall Radbot: You can't stop now, no way! My friends are all in trouble and I feel like it's all my fault. The world reduced the rubble, and I was the catapult.

Mr. Eric: But you really can't help, Randall, from here in What Is World.

Randall Radbot: Then guess what, E. I'm going in to get them unimperiled!

Mr. Eric: Is unimperiling a thing?

Randall Radbot: Uh, probably boop-not, but I'm all done with rhyming, can we drop it?

Mr. Eric: Like it's hot?

Randall Radbot: No.

Mr. Eric: The stakes were never higher as Randal Rad arrived. Would he halt and catch fire or help his friends survive?

Randall Radbot: You could have just said, "the een—" Aaaaah! Gnarly!

Mr. Eric: Bye, Randall! The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Wow, I sure hope Randall can help save the Dracoverse. I guess we'll find out next week.

Well, Will and William, no relation, I hope you enjoyed your story. And thank you, too, Amalia. Here's your secret review question that gave us our twist!

Amalia wrote: what if Abacus wore a fake beard so people would think he's cool. And I made up a new character called Mr. Beard.

I think we'll be seeing more of Mr. Beard next week.

Cthunkle: Now I, Cthunkle, must tell you of Ayla, age eight. She lives in Minneapolis with her two dogs, Sally and Luna, and presumably some other people who aren't as cute as doggies.

Mr. Eric: I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, our co-creator, Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who know that you do affect the lives around you, so often, for the better.

Until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]