

Podcast: What If World

[Episode: 228: What if everything started turning into LEGO? \(Dracoverse Part 2\)](#)

File Length: 00:18:00

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 today we're starting off with a question from a patron named Sully. Sully writes: What if Dracomax breathed out LEGO and everything started turning into LEGO? That gives us the perfect place to continue our two-part holiday special set in the Dracoverse.

We've also got a review question from siblings Tully and Dublin, but we'll read that at the end so we don't spoil the surprise.

But before we start the story, I think we could all do with a quick refresher from our old friend, Recap.

Recap: It all began 20 years ago inside Randall Radbot's mind. Rather than face a painful memory, he imagined a world in which robots did not exist. Of course, that caused dragons to take over the world and also ruin prom night.

[Characters screaming while Dracomax laughs.]

20 years passed and Mamma Jamma sought to take her revenge on Dracomax, only to find him stuck in a mountain begging for help. The dragon sent her on a quest alongside his loyal servant, Poppa Moo, aka Poppa Loo in a cow costume. They were to find the most bearded wizard, the only one who could free the dragon.

Poppa Loo and Mamma Jamma found old Abacus, but little did they know, his beard was fake and his magic would not be enough.

With the wicked silver dragon, Squarebox on their tail, Poppa Loo stayed behind to save Mamma Jamma and Abacus. Meanwhile, Randall Radbot couldn't watch his friends suffer anymore, so he jumped inside his own memory.

Randall Radbot: Ooh hooo hoo aaah! Gnarly!

Recap: Don't ask me how.

Will Randall save his friends or will the Dracoverse continue to be ruled by dragons. It's called the Dracoverse, so I don't like our odds.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, Recap. Now, let's find out what if Dracomax breathed out LEGO and everything started turning into LEGO. Plus, a secret review question from Tully and Dublin.

[Rising harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: A shiny, rust-free Randall Radbot was at the prom, dancing with a young Mamma Jamma.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, Randall, you've really made this a special night.

Randall Radbot: Oh ha, yeah, of course I did. This was like the beapest night of my life.

Mamma Jamma: What do you mean was, silly? We've still got two hours left to dance.

Randall Radbot: Really? That's wired. I thought this was like, already over.

[Crashing!]

Mamma Jamma: [Distantly] It's not over, Abacus! I didn't come all this way to give up!

Mr. Eric: That voice sounded like Mamma Jamma, too. But somehow older and farther away.

Randall Radbot: Give up what...? Who's Abacus?

Mr. Eric: Randall tried to look away from his dance partner but Mamma Jamma grabbed his metal chin with fingers so hard and sharp that they felt like talons.

Mamma Jamma: Don't worry about them. Just stay here with me.

Randall Radbot: Uh, oh, my gears are grinding. No, I know you like Poppa Loo. I just thought if I made myself shiny enough you'd like me more.

Abacus: [Distantly] You're right! Beard or no beard, this wizard has to try! [Magic noises.] And fail...

Randall Radbot: Who is that? What's going on.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, it must be Poppa Loo... trying to pull us apart again. But we belong together, right?

Randall Radbot: That doesn't sound like something Loo would do, or you would say.

Mr. Eric: This young image of Mamma Jamma seemed to be losing her patience. Her eyes flashed bright yellow for a moment, and her hand gripped Randall so hard that his metal chin started to dent.

Mamma Jamma: You can imagine a world without Loo. A perfect little universe for just the two of us. Then you can leave the Dracoverse for good.

Randall Radbot: No, I should have never imagined a world without robots. Of course it'd create an alternate reality where evil dragons ruled the world. I should have seen it coming.

Mamma Jamma: Leave the Dracoverse, Randall. We don't want you.

Mr. Eric: Randall found that he couldn't move his head but he looked down to see that Mamma Jamma's hand was really the talon of a silvery dragon.

Randall Radbot: You're not Mamma Jamma! Let me go, bot!

Squarebox: I am no bot. I am dragon, and this universe will be mine!

Mr. Eric: The dance hall melted away to reveal a scorched world and Mamma Jamma's young face suddenly stretched into the gigantic toothy maw of Squarebox, the silvery dragon who had been chasing Mamma Jamma, Abacus, and Poppa Loo, only moments ago.

Squarebox: Your friends will not save you, Radbot. Here, they do not even know you.

Mr. Eric: Try as he might, Randall couldn't squirm away from the dragon's grip. He cast around with his antenna and sensed the real Mamma Jamma a few dozen yards away.

Mamma Jamma: Quick, Abacus! Cast a spell on Squarebox or something.

Abacus: I can't! They've got a hostage. Some sort of rusty metal puppet, I guess?

Randall Radbot: I'm a robot, okay! And a little rust gives character.

Mamma Jamma: Okay... don't hurt the rustbot.

Randall Radbot: Robot. I'll also accept radbot.

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, that's what I said. Now, Abacus, if you can't break Dracomax out of the mountain, maybe cast a spell on him so he can help protect us?

Dracomax: What? What is happening? You're all on the tail side of my mountain. Can you scooch over your epic battle a little?

Randall Radbot: I could scooch.

Squarebox: There will be no scooching. This is the deciding moment. The fate of the universe hangs in the balance!

Mamma Jamma: But he can't see.

Squarebox: Fine. One scooch. But only so that Dracomax may witness the final fall of his kingdom and the rise of my dracoverse.

Mr. Eric: And so they scooched. [Scooching sounds]

Dracomax: Little more, please.

Mr. Eric: And they scooched a little more. [More rustling and scooching]

Dracomax: Great, I think one more scooch will do it.

Squarebox: Can we all stop saying scooch.

Randall Radbot: Yeah, three or more scooches is technically closer to a schlep.

Dracomax: But no one would have agreed to a schlep.

Abacus: Dracomax, you deceived us!

Dracomax: I cannot see you. I had no idea how many scooches—

Randall Radbot: Or schleps.

Dracomax: Or shaleps it would have taken, so—

Mamma Jamma: Abacus, now!

Mr. Eric: Dracomax's head had just come into view and Abacus, showing a canniness he'd seldom displayed outside of the Dracoverse—

Abacus: Hey!

Mr. Eric: Cast a spell out of his wand. The wand burst open at the end, but it managed to shoot a multi-colored ray of light into Dracomax's mouth.

Dracomax: Ooh. This magic does not taste right. You must not be the most bearded wizard.

Mr. Beard: Yeah, he's beardless, the name is Beardwig, Mr. Beard. Pleased to meet you.

Squarebox: What kind of sorcery is this?

Mamma Jamma: Uh, the dangerous kind that'll get you if you don't give Poppa Loo back right now!

Squarebox: Poppa who?

Mamma Jamma: Oh no, he's still warm in your belly and you don't even remember him.

Dracomax: Oh, please do not talk about eating. I'm feeling woozy.

Mamma Jamma: But Dracomax, he was your faithful friend for 20 years.

Dracomax: You mean Poppa Moo? He's right over there.

Mr. Eric: And there, clinging atop the scaly back of Squarebox, wearing his cow costume, was Poppa Moo... I mean Loo!

Poppa Loo: I respond to either!

Mr. Eric: And Poppa Loo pulled off his heavy cow helmet. He was okay!

Dracomax: Oh, what is happening. My only friend was a human head with a cow body? Or a cow with a hu-oooh. A hu-oooh... A human head... no, just don't tell me. [BLECH]

Mr. Eric: And Dracomax let loose his dragon breath, but instead of fire, he unleashed a pile of plastic blocks.

Abacus: Mr. Beard, look! I gave him BWIPB breath!

Mr. Breath: Not LEGO breath?

Abacus: Legoo? No, B-W-I-P-B, short for Building With Interlocking Plastic Blocks.

Squarebox: Of course, BWIPB. It is more literally accurate than "Legot", Danish for play well. [Record scratch.] Wait. Why do I know that?

Randall Radbot: Because, Squarebot, you used to be a scholar and my best bro-bot. This isn't you.

Squarebox: I do not compuutely understand. Ooh, what is happening.

Poppa Loo: Oh, that must be why you didn't eat me. There's still good inside you.

Squarebox: No, I thought you were a wingless, black and white spotted dragon.

Mamma Jamma: That cannot be a thing.

Squarebox: [Robotic moaning]

Abacus: Oh dear, my BWIPB spell. I fear it may have been more of a slight um, curse.

Dracomax: Of curse...

Mr. Eric: Some of the building with interlocking plastic blocks, which we will henceforth refer to as BWIPBs, had landed on Squarebox the silvery dragon, and he appeared to be turning into blocks, himself.

Dracomax: I am so sorry, Squarebox. I did not mean to turn you into blocks.

Squarebox: You turned your dragon breath on me. The consequences are your fault.

Abacus: And also mine, a little.

Mamma Jamma: Yeah, and I found the wand.

Randall Radbot: No, it's all my beep-boop fault for imagining this weird world inside my head.

Mr. Beard: And dinnae forget the What If World questions. They put us in this pickle, too.

Mr. Eric: Now, Mr. Beard, don't go blaming the kids! We've got to take responsibility for our own mistakes.

Squarebox: It is true. For 20 years, dragons have ruled this world, treating all other creatures as lesser.

Mr. Eric: Squarebox didn't seem to be in pain anymore. In fact, the blockier their body became, the more rational they got.

Squarebox: But we had to defend this world for if Randall forgets us, our dragon hatchlings will cease to exist.

Dracomax: You all had hatchlings? I was just stuck in a mountain with a human-headed cow.

Squarebox: To each their own.

Mr. Eric: Squarebox was now entirely made up of silvery blocks. But the BWIPBs hadn't stopped spreading there. The land below Squarebox's feet was turning into squares and rectangles, all stacked together and interlocking. But the same color as the land and rubble they replaced, leaving everything looking like a weird blocky 8-bit landscape.

Squarebox: What? The dracoverse cannot also be the BWIPB-verse. That would be confusing and off-brand.

Dracomax: Oh no. Does it hurt to be made out of blocks?

Squarebox: Not really. It feels like taking a cold bath.

Dracomax: Nooooooo!!!! I prefer warm.

Mr. Eric: But scramble and hide and climb as they might, everyone and everything in the dracoverse was soon touched by these spreading BWIPBs and became blocks, themselves.

Abacus: I must say, that's one of my more blunderous curses. I'll have to study these magical effects and the wand... where's the wand?

Mr. Eric: And holding up a wand that was split at the end in four directions, there stood Mamma Jamma.

Mamma Jamma: Squarebot, I don't care if you suddenly realize your mistakes. You dragons ruined this world!

Squarebox: That is true. And now we must devote ourselves to fixing it and giving back the power that we took.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, for crying out loud. [Record scratch.] I just wanted to blast somebody with a wand.

Poppa Loo: Okay, everybody. Hang on a second.

Mr. Eric: Said Poppa Moo, walking closer to Randall Radbot.

Poppa Loo: Are we just glossing over the fact that we just found out we live inside a robot's brain?

Mamma Jamma: Oh, get over it, Poppa Moo. I'm just glad you're okay.

Poppa Loo: Oh, really?

Mamma Jamma: [LOUD KISS]

Poppa Loo: Oh, blocks.

Abacus: Well, we've got a lot of work to do if we're going to fix this place up. But at least these blocks are really easy to take apart and put back together.

Mr. Beard: Yeah, that'll save a lot of time.

Abacus: Indeed, Mr. Beard. And now you're officially attached to my face, so it's like I do have a beard after all.

Mr. Beard: Nae.

Abacus: No, you're right. Who am I kidding?

Mr. Eric: But suddenly they saw countless blocky young wyrmling dragons crashing about the sky.

Dracomax: Oh, they are probably very confused right now.

Squarebox: And a confused dragon is an angry dragon is a dangerous dragon.

Poppa Loo: I moo, this would happen.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, Poppa Moo.

Poppa Loo: Yeah, I'm leaning into it.

Mr. Eric: And Mamma Jamma raised the split wand toward the sky, a look of determination painted onto her blocky face.

Mamma Jamma: I did have one little spell I've been wanting to try out.

Abacus: But there's no way it could possibly work. You don't even have a beard, Mamma Jamma.

Mamma Jamma: Oh, I don't need a beard. I have something better, Tully and Dublin's imagination. And my own awesomeness, of course.

Poppa Loo: Moo got that right.

Mamma Jamma: You could probably dial back the moos a little.

Poppa Loo: Noted.



Mr. Eric: And as she swirled the wand about, its four split ends stretched out tendrils of light into the sky, gently brushing against every dragon in the entire dracoverse. And she enchanted the what if question.

Mamma Jamma: What if when dragons got angry, they turned into kittens? Hehehe.

Mr. Eric: And every angry dragon flying about looking for something to destroy, suddenly turned into a little winged kitten gliding gently to the ground.

[Many meows]

Mr. Eric: And scratching posts and old blocks and balls of tiny block yarn, the kitten dragons worked out their anger, had a little nap, and woke up feeling a lot better.

Squarebox: We should probably still explain this to them.

Abacus: Oh, please do, and let me come along in case they get angry again. They're so cute when they're angry.

Mamma Jamma: Hey, we have to acknowledge their feelings, no matter how adorable they are.

Randall Radbot: And I'll teach them to process this new draco-kitty-BWIPB-verse.

Dracomax: I'm still going to call it the dracoverse.

Poppa Loo: Moo can say that again.

Mamma Jamma: There must be more cow pun areas than that for you to explore.

Poppa Loo: You mean you don't find me amoosing.

Mr. Eric: Yeah, all right. I'm out. The end, everybody.

Poppa Loo: You mean I should udder another word?

Mr. Eric: Noo... oh! Oh, he snuck that one in there.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric: Well, Sunny, Tully, and Dublin, I hope you enjoyed your story.

Fred the Dog: Fred the Dog, here, to shout out Jonah. Jonah likes LEGO and Mario, so I hope you liked this story.

Cleocatra: And I, Cleocatra, have come with greetings for Vala. Vala is age seven. She loves to cuddle with her four cats and listen to What If World with her mom, Carissa.

Alabaster Zero: Alabaster Zero, here with a shout out for Clare. Clare said to ask me to give you and your little sister Avery this shout out. Clare is nine years old and lives in Denmark. She listens to What If World with her sister on the way to and from school.

Petey the Pirate: Y'arr, and then there's Matthew, age nine. He likes elephants and swimming, and presumably swimming with elephants. And he has a six year old brother named Joshua.

Fred the Dog: Finally, there's Wren from Portland, Oregon, who's eight years old and loves dragons. So I hope you liked this story.

JF Kitty: And don't forget Wren's sister Willa, who's six and loves me, J.F. Kat.

Mr. Eric: And I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator. Miss Lynn, my associate producer. My grandma, Barbara, who's as Mamma Jamma as they come, and all you kids at home who look for healthy ways to express your anger. May we all learn how to turn into cute, cuddly kittens.

And until we meet again, keep wondering.

[What If World theme song plays.]