

Podcast: What If World

[Episode 246: What if flowers grew in play-dough?](#)

File Length: 00:16:30

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 patron question from Keelan, age nine. She writes: what if Fred the Dog went on a TV show?

Keelan, thank you so much for your question.

Fred the Dog: Yeah, let's just set up right in here, people. [Construction and working sounds]

Mr. Eric: Oh, hi Fred. I hadn't quite finished getting through the intro yet.

Fred the Dog: Well, that's okay, we should get the rest on the camera, anyway.

Mr. Eric: I'm sorry, I'm still... actually I was gonna do two more questions this week.

Fred the Dog: Yes, yes, perfect, okay. Yeah, can we get a wide shot of me and Mr. Eric sitting in the studio?

Mr. Eric: Who are what are these things or people?

Fred the Dog: They're just my floating cameras and boom mics, Mr. Eric? Haven't you ever had your own reality television show before?

Mr. Eric: I can't say that I have.

Fred the Dog: Hey there, folks, and welcome back to InFredible, the What If World show where you follow me, Fred the Dog as I do awesome stuff everywhere, or sometimes taking long naps.

Mr. Eric: Did you say InFredible?

Fred the Dog: Okay, that's good, Mr. Eric, but don't say the title of the show like it's a question.

Mr. Eric: It's InFredible!

Fred the Dog: Yeah, maybe we'll cut that part out. Okay, let's just get the boom mic here for our next question from a patron named Elliot.

Elliot: Hello, my name is Elliot. I'm five years old and my what if question is what if flowers grew in play-dough?

Mr. Eric: Thank you, Elliot. And this week we have one final question from a listener named Violet.

Fred the Dog: Can we get me reading the question? Should I wear these glasses? Glasses on or off?

Mr. Eric: I didn't know you could read, Fred.

Fred the Dog: Well, it says, I like flowers and what if flowers sang a song that could make people fall asleep? Plus, Fred the Dog. Everybody's after me, today.

Mr. Eric: Thank you, Violet. I could really use some of those singing flowers some nights. Okay, Fred. Good luck with your show. It sounds InFredible.

Fred the Dog: Of course it does.

Mr. Eric: I guess I'll just leave and let you take care of business, then?

Fred the Dog: Oh, how should we do it when someone's having a private aside with the camera and we're talking to them but nobody else hears them talking because it was recorded at different times?

Mr. Eric: Hmm. If I were editing your show—

Fred the Dog: Which, you will be, you and Mommy.

Mr. Eric: We never agreed to that, but sure. Well, okay, maybe we just do a quick scene dash sound and then we have a slightly different song going under those talking heads so we know that that's just a secret just for the audience.

Fred the Dog: Okay, let me do a secret talking head, right now.

Mr. Eric: Of course, Freddy, anything for our first fur baby of the house.

[Scene break.]

[Background music changes.]

Fred the Dog: I really don't like it when Mr. Eric calls me a fur baby. I'm 14 and a half years old. Open your eyes, Mr. Eric!

[Scene break.]

[Background music changes back.]

Mr. Eric: Did we do it? Did we do the talking head?

Fred the Dog: We sure did, less furry Daddy!

[Scene break.]

[Background music changes again.]

Mr. Eric: I don't know why he calls me "less furry Daddy" sometimes. Admittedly, I am kind of hairy and I have a beard, but I'll never be as soft as Freddy.
[Sighs.]

[Scene break.]

[Background music goes back to the original.]

Fred the Dog: Hey, Mr. Eric, you don't get to do talking heads to yourself, you're the narrator!

Mr. Eric: How could you tell I did a talking head?

Fred the Dog: Well, you got sort of a far away look in your eye and you stopped talking to me for 15 seconds.

Mr. Eric: Oh, yeah, because it's just you and me talking right now. That makes sense. We should probably get to the story, huh?

Fred the Dog: Oh, definitely. We're running late.

Mr. Eric: So let's find out what if flowers sang a song that could make people fall asleep? What if flowers grew in play-dough? And what if Fred the Dog went on a TV show?

[Rising harp scale.]

Fred the Dog: Hey, everybody! Welcome back to InFredible! We're here on a nice green lawn of the Observatorium for our very first episode. Now, if you haven't met me before, I'm an old pug with a tongue that's too long for my mouth, which is why I have this particularly awesome voice. And on my show, InFredible, we meet other InFredible people, except that most of them probably won't be named Fred, so I guess that they're slightly less InFredible, but they're still very amazing, and we're gonna do fun stuff together!

[Loud, thumping footsteps]

That must be our first guest, now. The world-famous giant sculptor, Chamomile!

Chamomile: Fred, darling, it's so nice to see you again, and I'm honored to be your very first guest.

Abacus: Greetings, 'tis I, Abacus P. Grumbler, wizard, professor, and the first guest of Fred's show, InFredible.

Fred the Dog: Oh... boy. Hey, Abacus. You just said that we could use your lawn for the first episode.

Chamomile: Yes, exactly, because I was going to be your first guest, presumably.

Fred the Dog: Oh, boy. Hey, Mr. Eric, could you take Abacus aside and do one of those interviews but really you're just explaining to him that he's not the first guest, we're just using his lawn.

Mr. Eric: Sure, but I'm pretty sure he just overheard all that.

Fred the Dog: Okay, you go for it, Mr. Eric. Abacus, I'll see you later!

Abacus: I'm not gonna be his first guest? I'm one of the most popular characters in What If World!

Mr. Eric: You must be really disappointed, Abacus.

Abacus: That's not the half of it. I stayed up all night thinking of new catchphrases that I could use to be like a famous television wizard.

Mr. Eric: What'd you come up with?

Abacus: Abacus-am!

Mr. Eric: Good one. Any others?

Abacus: Well, that was sort of the best of them. [Yawn] I can't really remember the others, I'm so sleepy.

[Splattering sounds]

What are they doing to my lawn out there?

[Record scratch.]

Abacus: [Panting and running] Why is there all this clay about?

Chamomile: Abacus, Darling, it's play-clay. You summoned it, yourself!

Abacus: I did? Who are you?

Chamomile: I'm Chamomile, the famous sculptor. The first guest of Fred's show, InFredible.

Abacus: Oh, Abacus-am... [Yawns]

Fred the Dog: Okay, Abacus, why don't you go take a nap somewhere and we can talk about having you on like a future episode?

Abacus: Wait wait wait wait, THE Chamomile? I never knew you were a giant. You've kept your mysterious identity a secret until now.

Chamomile: Only because no one's offered to have me on their TV show yet.

Abacus: Well, you are a truly inFredible guest. I can't wait to watch you work. I'm just going to get my lawn chair.

Chamomile: Oh, the cameras will really be quite enough to catch everything.

Abacus: Oh, good idea. I can just make my wand a third camera to get us another angle.

Fred the Dog: Okay, for a show called InFredible, we haven't been talking about me so much, yet. So, Chamomile, why don't you tell the people what you're making with your play-clay?

Chamomile: Well, since it's the very first episode of InFredible, I wanted to make an inFredible sculpture of Fred the Dog.

Fred the Dog: Wow! I'm so surprised!

[Scene break.]

[Background music changes.]

Chamomile: He wasn't surprised. He's been begging me for weeks to sculpt him.

[Scene break.]

[Background music changes back.]

Abacus: Did you say you were making a really big sculpture?

Chamomile: Yes, Darling. I am going to get every crease and crack and crevice immortalized in play-clay.

Abacus: Oh, then I bet you'll need even more, and I'm really good at summoning stuff.

Fred the Dog: Uh, Abacus, you really don't need to do that.

Chamomile: Really, I think you summoned quite enough earlier.

Abacus: [Yawns] It's really no trouble, just a simple summoning spell.

Fred the Dog: Abacus, put that wand away!

Abacus: Don't swing your slimy tongue at me! Abacus-am!

Chamomile: Well, there seem to be some flowers growing from my play-clay. I suppose a sculpture of clay and flower could make this more of a sculpture garden. What a lovely mistake, Abacus.

Abacus: Lovely mistake. That's the best most of my magic turns out, anyway.

Fred the Dog: I'm sorry, Chamomile. Abacus just gets this way around celebrities. I mean, he's the same way around me most of the time.

Abacus: [Sleepily] No, I'm not.

Fred the Dog: Are, too... what, am I catching your sleepiness?

Abacus: Oh, it's that breeze. The flowers are blooming.

Fred the Dog: Whoa, are those flowers singing?

Abacus: They are magic flowers, Fred. They're going to do what they want.

Chamomile: And they are chamomile flowers. You might find their song extra soothing. As a big giant, I can resist the effects for a while. Probably long enough to finish my sculpture if I work quickly and without disruption.

Fred the Dog: Oh, I catch your drift and I am drifting... off to sleep. See, that's the kind of wordplay, folks, you can expect lots more of in InFredible. Also a lot of this is me curling up in a ball and sleeping for four hours. [Snores]

Chamomile: You might both just want to take a nap and leave me alone to work.

Abacus: Oh, no no no! Chamomile, I wouldn't do that to you. You might need my magic to finish your sculpture.

Chamomile: I assure you, I will not.

Abacus: Oh, that's the thing about magic, you never know when you might need it. Okay... I've really got to finish drinking this coffee. Oh! Why does anyone drink that!? Let me just wake up the old face, ow my cheeks.

Chamomile: This is really unnecessary, Abacus.

Abacus: Nonsense, that's what friends are for. I'll just start running in a circle, maybe that'll wake up the old brain. [Panting]

Chamomile: We're not really friends. We just met. You're more like a fan who didn't even know I was a giant.

Abacus: Well, I'll make up for that by being an even bigger fan, now. Oh, you're really sculpting that play-clay quickly.

[Scene break.]

[Background music changes.]

Chamomile: Obviously, I wanted him to go away. But people think because I'm a world-famous sculptor, that I just always want attention and I have trouble telling them when I need to be left... okay. The camera's falling asleep, too. All right.

[Scene break.]

[Background music changes back.]

Abacus: Oh, were you doing one of those asides to the audience? Oh, they're so exciting. Oh, but I see your camera operator has fallen asleep. You know I could cast a spell to wake them back up.

Chamomile: Please don't, I'd rather just finish in peace.

Abacus: No, no, this spell is just the thing to make your eyes open wide, or turn you into ice cream, perhaps. I'm not sure. Aba...[snores]

Chamomile: Oh, there are advantages to being a giant. Thank goodness, I can stay awake longer than all these sleepy little people. I'll just finish up here and then maybe take a little nap, myself. Oh, I'm done! [Record scratch.] Oh, look at that. It's some of my best work.

Fred the Dog: Well, there it is, everybody, you can Fred the Dog is now larger than life. Come on, let's get some more cameras in here, okay?

Chamomile: Actually, I really could use a quick rest though.

Fred the Dog: Okay, but first tell the cameras what it was like to craft me, the most beautifully strange old doggy that ever lived?

Chamomile: Well, beauty can come in many forms, you know?

Abacus: Chamomile, you did it! And look, I made my beard into a big cloud bed that I can fly around on. Can your second sculpture be of me flying around in the air on my cloud bed beard?

Chamomile: How would I make a sculpture that floats in the air?

Abacus: I'd help you with magic, of course.

Chamomile: I really don't want any more of your magic, thank you.

Petey the Pirate: Whoa, what wonderful work, Chamomile. You should sculpt me a play-clay pirate ship with flowers just like these.

Chamomile: The flowers were kind of an accident, and what are you doing here, Petey?

Zizi: Wow! Chamomile's taking sculpture requests! Come on, every student in the Observatorium! Let's ask her to sculpt us.

Chamomile: No...

Students: Yay! Hooray!

And I'm here for some reason!

Chamomile: No, no no no no! No!

Abacus: But please sculpt me!

Chamomile: No! Ugh!

Petey the Pirate: Well, after she sculpts me, maybe?

Chamomile: No more sculpting.

Zizi: It's our school, she should sculpt all of us.

Chamomile: Oh, I need a break.

Fred the Dog: Chamomile!

Abacus: Chamomile!

Chamomile: Must... stand up for myself...

Students: Chamomile? Chamomile! Chamomile?

Chamomile: What just happened?

Fred the Dog: You fell asleep. But we had one of our cameras set up to dream vision. Half of the show is me dreaming about chewing on sticks and we really don't want people to miss it.

Chamomile: So I didn't finish the sculpture yet?

Abacus: No, but that's really our fault, isn't it? I'm sorry. After getting a little nap, myself, I realized I was being quite unreasonable.

Fred the Dog: I apologize for being even more insensitive and even more sleepy and even more inFredible.

Chamomile: Yes, feeling tired is a signal for us to get rest and we won't be much use to anyone, especially ourselves until we do it. What is this blanket I'm wearing, made of chamomile flowers? It's rather nice.

Abacus: You really were asleep quite a while. I thought you might be getting cold.

Chamomile: Thank you for that.

Abacus: It's an enchanted chamomile flower robe, you know? Put your nose in one of these flowers and you will fall fast asleep.

Chamomile: It's a lovely gift.

Abacus: Now I will give you some space and I will clear out the lawn so that you can work in peace.

Fred the Dog: Oh, and then I'm going to give you even more space. Outer space level of space. We'll commission a satellite and we'll shoot InFredible from orbit. I'll just have to get a really loud microphone so you can still hear us shouting at you from there. Abacus, can you teleport us to outer space?

Abacus: I will teleport you exactly where you need to be, Fred.

Fred the Dog: See, this is how you handle wizards, Chamomile. You just have to be direct and don't let them get too fancy with their magic, you know.

Abacus: Abacus-am! [Magic noises]

Chamomile: Where did you just send that dog?

Abacus: Why, Chamomile, I sent him exactly where he needed to be.

Chamomile: And how much sleep have you gotten since waking up to make me this cloak.

Abacus: Oh, don't worry about me, Chamomile, I'll stay here nice and quiet and make sure no one in What If World bothers you one bit.

Chamomile: You know, it just occurred to me, Abacus, I don't know if your magic cloak works at all.

Abacus: Of course it works, Chamomile. What you do is you just lean towards a flower and you breathe in very deeply [inhales deeply] okay, and then what you got to do is you got to count to eight while you breathe out...

Chamomile: Oh, your magic finally worked, Abacus. Sweet dreams, little wizard.

[Scene break.]

[Background music changes.]

Fred the Dog: Apparently Abacus messed up big time because we are in Stinkland. [Laughs] Wizards, what are you gonna do, right? But let's just sniff one of these flowers out of curiosity, you know? [Inhales] Oh, this flower smells like moldy goat cheese with hints of, whoa, sasquatch armpit. Oh, inFredible.

Mr. Eric: The end.

[Falling harp scale.]

Mr. Eric:

Keelan, Violet, and Elliot, thank you so much for your questions and I hope you all enjoyed your story. I'd like to thank Karen O'Keeffe, my co-creator, my producer, Miss Lynn, Craig Martinson for our theme song, and all you kids at home who know that fighting off that sleepy feeling usually just makes things worse.

So, until we meet again, rest well, and keep wondering.

[What If World theme plays.]

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