

The Pop Ups. Stay seated. Three, two, one, ignition. Get ready for an adventure of magnificent proportion.

The Pop Ups. (Singing.) I don't know what you've been told, but we're in a golden age - so many discoveries that are jumping off the page. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world. Wow in the world.

The Pop Ups. With Guy and Mindy. We're on our way, Houston.

(Soundbite typewriter clacking.)

Guy. (Voiceover.) The Curious Incident of the Missing Salmon...it's the kind of case that comes across your desk once in a blue moon. Hundreds of innocent fish.

(Soundbite of water.)

Guy. Healthy one minute, and then a spell of rain.

(Soundbite of storm.)

Guy. And bam, gone!

(Soundbite typewriter clacking continues.)

Guy. For twenty years they'd been trying to crack the case, but the trail went cold, and if it wasn't for that amateur detective that waltzed into my office that morning, we might've never found the killer.

(Soundbite of knocking.)

Guy. Come in...

(Soundbite of door opening.)

Mindy. (High-pitched.) Good morning detective. (Regular voice.) No, that's not it. (Lower pitched voice) Uhh, good morning detective! (Regular voice.) Nope, that's not it either. Um, ahem...(Settles on a voice.) Good morning, detective. Yeah, that's it.

Guy. (Groans.)

Mindy. Sorry.

Guy. Ah detective, Mindy.

Mindy. Detective Guy Raz. Have you had a chance to look at the morning paper yet? Seen this?

(Soundbite of newspaper plopping on desk and rustling.)

Guy. (Reading) Ah. Mysterious salmon killer strikes again.

Mindy. Go on.

(Soundbite of paper rustling, thunder, and mysterious music.)

Guy. (Reading.) For almost twenty years, a mysterious and elusive killer has stalked the salmon near Puget Sound. After an ambitious project to reintroduce Coho salmon to the region, up to ninety percent have died off in some of the creeks and streams in the area.

(Soundbite of paper rustling.)

Mindy. Puget Sound, you say? That's in Washington state isn't it, detective?

Guy. Right you are, Detective Mindy. It says here that these mysterious die-offs occur directly after it rains.

Mindy. Rain? In Seattle? (Chuckle.) Oh now I've heard it all!

Guy. Uh-huh.

Mindy. Keep reading.

Dennis. (Reading.) Despite ongoing efforts to protect the fish from this apparent aversion to rainfall, the cause of these deaths remains a mystery.

(Soundbite of thunder crack.)

Mindy. You know what I'm thinking, Detective Guy Raz?

Guy. I think I do, Detective Mindy.

Mindy. This sounds like another job for...Guy Raz–

Guy. And Mindy!

Mindy and Guy. Detectives at large!

Mindy. Now high five for effect!

Guy. (Groans.)

(Soundbite of high five.)

Mindy. Eee ee eee ee!

(Soundbite of whoosh and storm.)

Reggie. Coo coo.

Guy. (Voiceover.) We took the first pigeon out to Seattle to see if we could crack the case.

Reggie. Coo.

(Soundbite of Reggie takeoff.)

Guy. (Voiceover.) I was certain that the case had gone cold, but detective Mindy told me she had a lead.

Mindy. This way, Detective Guy Raz. I believe the information we're looking for is just inside this old, creepy, neighborhood grocery store.

(Soundbite of open door chime and footsteps.)

Dennis. Oh hey, Mindy! Hey, Guy Raz!

Mindy. Ugh, Dennis! You're supposed to be in character!

Dennis. Oh, right! (Clears throat.) Argh, mateys! Nope, that's a pirate.

Mindy. Ugh.

Dennis. Um, welcome, detectives. What brings you to my grocery store this day?

Mindy. (Clears throat.) Well mister, I um. Oh sorry, I didn't catch your name.

Dennis. Oh, my name is Static Maaaaa--no wait. Um, it's Mister...Sta..dikeman ...Yeah. Mister Stadikeman.

Guy. Really?

Dennis. You heard me correct, sir.

Guy. Uh, heh heh heh.

Mindy. Okay, Mister Stadikeman. We heard that there was something fishy going on around here.

Guy. Ha! Fishy. Good one detective.

Mindy. Thanks, partner.

Dennis. Something fishy, huh?

Mindy. Have you ever heard of Coho salmon before Mister Stadikeman?

Dennis. (In character.) I mean, of course. Coho salmon. They were reintroduced to this area about twenty years ago

Mindy. Well in that case, did you also know that in some streams in this area almost ninety percent of those fish have kicked the bucket!

Dennis. (Nervous laugh.) Who, me? Mr. Stadikeman? No, no. I'm just a lowly old shop-keep. I don't know anything about that.

Guy. We got word that these sorts of die offs tended to happen after it rained.

Mindy. Ring any bells?

Dennis. (Back in character.) You know, now that you mention it. I did notice something odd about those salmon after it rained last.

Mindy. Aha! I knew it! Write this down Detective Guy Raz!

Guy. Good idea partner.

(Soundbite of notepad.)

Dennis. Ok, get this. After it rained...

(Soundbite of thunder.)

Dennis. The salmon, they started acting real strange.

Mindy. Strange? What do you mean by strange?

Dennis. Well, they would start swimming in circles.

(Soundbite of fish swimming through water.)

Dennis. All jittery-like.

(Soundbite of pencil to paper.)

Guy. (Talking to himself.) Jittery-like.

Dennis. Then they'd just roll over.

(Soundbite of water stops and silence.)

Dennis. And stop moving all together.

(Soundbite of single bubble.)

Mindy. Hm. It almost sounds like maybe those fish were...

Mindy and Guy. Poisoned!

(Soundbite of thunder.)

Dennis. (Gasp.) Poisoned?

Mindy. And where exactly did you see these fish, Mister Stadikeman?

Dennis. Just down the road there's a creek over there that I use to wash my underwear!

Guy. Ugh!

Dennis. Everyone does it!

Guy. Let's check it out Detective Mindy, maybe we can get a water sample?

Mindy. Water sample. Great idea detective, come on. Let's get out of here.

(Soundbite of footsteps, door opening, chime, transition whoosh, and footsteps through nature.)

Guy. (Voiceover.) Myself and detective Mindy decided to take a stroll down to the local creek.

(Soundbite of creek babbling.)

Mindy. Here we are at the creek, Detective Guy Raz.

Guy. (Voiceover.) Now I'd seen a lot of creeks in my time, and this one looked just like any other.

Mindy. Hmm, looks like an ordinary creek to me.

Guy. (Voiceover.) So what was it that was causing all this commotion?

Mindy. Are you even listening to me? Oh wait, you're doing that thing where you talk inside your head again, aren't you?

Guy. (Voiceover.) It had just rained...

Mindy. Ugh.

Guy. (Voiceover.) ...The night before we'd touched down in the Pacific Northwest, so it seemed like the perfect time to take a water sample and try to get to the bottom of this mystery once and for all.

(Soundbite of nature.)

Guy. (Sigh.) What a way to go.

(Soundbite of creek babbling and splashing in water.)

Mindy. Just look at this, Detective Guy Raz! There are fish all over this creek, and they're all belly-up. What do you think could be causing all this mayhem?

(Soundbite of typing on phone.)

Guy. Well, I was just able to pull up the forensic report by Jenifer McIntyre, a toxicologist and Professor at Washington State University.

Mindy. A toxicologist, you say? A scientist who specializes in how chemicals affect living organisms? What did she have to say?

Guy. Well it looks as though the fish were suffocating due to lack of oxygen.

Mindy. Lack of oxygen? Suffocating? Huh. How does a fish suffocate? They're swimming around in the water!

Guy. Well Detective Mindy, fish breathe a little differently than you or me.

Mindy. Hm. You don't say. Go on.

Guy. They still use oxygen to work everything from their brain to their guts to their muscles, but instead of breathing oxygen out of the air like us humans, they extract the oxygen from the water around them using organs called gills.

Mindy. Oh, I know about gills. As the fish swim through the water...

(Soundbite of fish swimming through water.)

Mindy. ...Their gills help them suck the oxygen up out of the water and pump it into the bloodstream.

Guy. Well, sometimes, if the river or stream the fish are swimming in is dirty or polluted, it can make it difficult for them to suck up that oxygen in the water and they suffocate!

(Soundbite of bubble.)

Mindy. Well, detective. Do you think that's what happened here?

Guy. Well, that would have been my first guess.

Mindy. But?

Guy. But that wouldn't explain why it only happens once it rains.

Mindy. Wait a minute, I think I got it.

Guy. Got what, Detective Mindy?

Mindy. One of my famous brainwaves!

(Soundbite of lightbulb and chime.)

Guy. Well spit it out partner. What is it?

Mindy. What if it's not the rainwater that's killing the fish, what if it's something in the rain water.

Guy. Something in the rain water. What do you mean?

Mindy. I'm talking about road run-off.

Guy. Road run-off?

Mindy. The water that 'runs off' the road when it rains.

Guy. Huh.

(Soundbite of storm and rain.)

Mindy. You see, when it rains, the water washes everything from motor oil to trash to animal feces off the road and into the surrounding creeks and streams like you see here.

Guy. And you think that there's something in this 'road run-off' that's causing the fish to get sick?

Mindy. There's only one way to find out!

Guy. Water sample?

Mindy. Water sample.

Guy. Great idea.

Mindy. Alright, now let me just get out my official detective the water sample extraction kit here.

(Soundbite of rustling.)

Mindy. Uh, where's my adventure toolkit?

Guy. Wha...uh..?

Mindy. Oh! Here it is!

(Soundbite of tools plopping on ground.)

Mindy. Alright let me just see here. (Clears throat). Oh! Here it is!

Guy. Uh, detective...

Mindy. Yes, Detective Guy Raz?

Guy. Is that just a pool noodle?

Mindy. No. It is a highly sophisticated official detective water sampling tool...kit.

Guy. Really?

Mindy. Yes.

Guy. Because it looks just like that pool noodle you gave me to give you for your unbirthday two weeks ago.

Mindy. Ugh.

(Soundbite of noodle whacking Guy.)

Guy. Ow! Mindy!

Mindy. Just go with it, okay?

Guy. Okay.

Mindy. Okay, now Detective Guy Raz if you could just hold that plastic bag open there.

(Soundbite of plastic bag.)

Guy. This plastic bag right here?

Mindy. That's the one. Now just hold it open for me.

(Soundbite of plastic bag.)

Guy. To do what?

Mindy. To collect the sample. I'm going to squirt it, uh, I mean dispense it from this nood...water extractor, into that plastic bag.

Guy. Wait? What?

Mindy. Now stay still while I suck the water out.

(Soundbite of water sucking through noodle.)

Mindy. And...

(Soundbite of squirt, splash, and drip drip.)

Guy. Gah! Peh peh.

Mindy. Whoopsy. I'm sorry detective. It looks like I missed my mark.

Guy. I'm soaked!

Mindy. Well, as I always say, "anything to crack the case!" Right, Detective Guy Raz?

Guy. (Groans.) Anything to crack the case.

Mindy. Ah, that's the detective spirit I know. Now it does appear that some of the water did make it into this plastic bag indeed. Let's get this sample sent off to Washington State University and let Professor Jenifer McIntyre and the other researchers there, do what they do best.

(Soundbite footsteps through nature and typewriter clacking.)

Guy. (Voiceover.) The idea was simple, we'd send this road runoff water to the big brains at Washington State University. From there they'd be able to use a fancy machine called a high resolution mass spectrometer to compare the water in the creek to the water that killed all those fish. After that we'd be able to find out exactly what it was that was causing these fish so much grief.

(Soundbite of door opening and footsteps.)

Mindy. Detective Guy Raz.

Guy. Detective Mindy.

Mindy. The results are in!

(Soundbite of pages turning.)

Guy. And what's the verdict?

Mindy. Tire particles.

Guy. Tire particles?

Mindy. You heard me, Detective Guy. Tire particles. The research team from Washington State University have identified two thousand similar chemicals in the water sample we sent in and the water samples from the poisoned fish, all of which are found in tires.

(Soundbite of thunder cracking.)

Guy. Well I'll be. Those chemicals must rub-off the tires when cars drive on the road.

(Soundbite of cars driving on wet road.)

Mindy. Only to be washed off the roads and into streams. When. It. Rains.

(Soundbite of thunder cracking.)

Guy. Great detective work, partner.

Mindy. Ah, let's not celebrate too soon. You see, we still need to find out which one of these two thousand chemicals is causing all this trouble.

Guy. Right.

Mindy. Do we still have those water samples from the creek?

Guy. Yes we do. They're right here in the evidence locker.

(Soundbite of unlocking cabinet door, drawer opening, and water sloshing.)

Mindy. Perfect.

(Soundbite of water continuing to slosh.)

Mindy. Let's get this downstairs stat. See if they can make heads or tails of this fishy situation.

Gramma G-Force. Well howdy partners! What can I do you for?

Guy. We've got something for you G-Force.

(Soundbite of water sloshing.)

Guy. It's a water sample from that creek out near Seattle.

Gramma G-Force. Yup, I heard you detectives were out there investigating all that fishy business.

Guy. Well, we got the results back from the lab at Washington State University.

(Soundbite of report plopping down on desk.)

Gramma G-Force. And?

Guy. Tire particles.

Gramma G-Force. Tire particles!

Mindy. That's right, there are two thousand chemicals that make up this tire residue and–

Gramma G-Force. –and let me guess you need me to tell you which one of those two thousand chemicals is your mysterious killer?

Mindy. Please G-Force. We wouldn't ask if it wasn't important.

Guy. Thousands of fishy lives lie in the balance.

Gramma G-Force. Alright you two detectives. Leave it for me.

(Soundbite water sloshing and rummaging.)

Guy. (Voiceover.) And after a few hours, we had our results.

(Soundbite of fax, printing results, and tearing paper.)

Gramma G-Force. Alright.

(Soundbite of music ending.)

Gramma G-Force. Now listen up. I got some letters for you. Six PPD-quinone. That's what's making all those fish go belly up!

Mindy. And this is a chemical that's found in tires?

Gramma G-Force. I don't know!

Mindy. (Clears throat.)

Gramma G-Force. I mean, yes.

Guy. Then the rain comes along.

(Soundbite of storm.)

Guy. And sweeps it right into the creeks and rivers where the fish live.

(Soundbite of thunder cracking.)

Mindy. Bingo.

Guy. And this matches what those researchers out at Washington State University found?

Mindy. That's right, looks like they've been doing some rather intense detective work of their own.

Guy. Well in that case, it looks like we've found our killer, Detective Mindy.

Mindy. High five, detective partner!

Guy. Another mystery solved by Mindy.

Mindy. And Guy Razzy...

Guy and Mindy. Detectives at large!