

Who When Wow, Season 2, Episode 1

Loch Ness Monster

(Soundbite Plucky piano / percussion music leads us into...)

Carly. Hi! It's me. Carly Quinn. But everybody calls me Carly Q. Well, except my mom who – well no, she calls me Carly Q too. Nevermind. What you need to know is that today, I made an amazing discovery! But it wasn't the discovery I thought it would be. Someone stole my dessert, I went back in time, and I hunted a monster. And it's only Monday...I'm Carly Q, and this is Who When Wow, The Mystery Edition!

(THEME SONG)

(Soundbite Carly's Butthead office, dripping water, printer noise)

Carly in background. It was cold this morning when I got into the office, colder than usual. Oh hey Carol, is that a haircut? No? Okay, well looks good.

Carly. (Continued) Something felt...off. But who knows, maybe I was just imagining things. George, the twins start school this week? I work as a Junior Temporal Analyst at the Bureau Of Universal Time Travel Historical Exploration Division....And yes, that spells BUTTHEAD. Somebody in the marketing department has a weird sense of humor...or none at all. Hard to tell around here.... Hey Brian!

Brian. Hey Carly, good to see you again. You still here?

(Soundbite hum of the HVAC kicking on)

Carly. Yup, still work here, in the basement, walking down now.

Brian. Have a great day!

Carly. I work in the basement office, which isn't really an office, since I have the only desk. But it's quiet.

(Soundbite CLANK as the boiler warms up)

Carly. (Continued) Mostly, and I get to work on this podcast in my free time. Which is actually kind of a no-no. So let me be direct: this podcast you're listening to is a secret. It has to be. But you didn't hear that from me. You haven't heard ANYTHING from me. You don't know me! But totally keep listening. This podcast, I hope, will be exciting, versus my job which is often very boring. See, BUTTHEAD has me down here cataloging random historical events. They send me audio files from upstairs on little thumb drives.

Audio File Event: French military leader Napoleon Bonaparte, exiled in 1815 to the island of Saint Helena

Carly. Then it's my job to tag it with a case number, note it in the master file, label it in the database and print out the report for my boss, boss's boss, and boss's boss's boss's boss.

(Soundbite computer clicking)

Carly. Aaaaaaaaaaand cataloged! The details aren't important, it's definitely not very exciting. Except....for when I get a file that's a little different.

Audio File. Event: <<BLEEP>> Surgeon's Photograph, possible <<BLEEEEEEP>> Inverness Scotland 1934 of the unexplained <<BLEEEEEEEEP>> Monster

Carly. Now I know what you're probably thinking: Monster!? What gives? Well that is exactly the question. This kind of file is a time-sealed event, where the details have been, well – sealed, and sealed up tight! The higher ups don't want anyone asking questions, they just want me to catalog these like usual and keep my head down.

Carly in background. It might be good to know what kind of monster we're talking about.

Carly. But I can't stand for that. I'm obsessed with mysteries and I need to know what really happened. That's why I started this podcast - that you're definitely not listening to right now. And it's why I came up with my top secret plan: to use the Bureau's very own time traveling elevator to investigate the mysteries MYSELF! With this time-sealed monster event in hand, the plan was finally ready for action.

Loud Speaker. Attention BUTTHEAD employees, there are three hours until lunch.

Carly. Ugh 3 hours? I just had to wait a few measly hours till lunch time to get started.

(Soundbite a rat nibbles on a crumb)

Carly. Fortunately I had a visitor to keep me company: Mr. Nibbles, the rat! Mr Nibbles, it honestly is a pleasure to share this space with you.

(Soundbite rat noises)

Carly. (Continued) Mr. Nibbles lives in the walls down here, which I imagine is an absolute playground if you're a rat. Mr Nibbles, I see you had your morning crumb. We hang out from time to time depending on our moods and work loads. He's a

good little guy!

(Soundbite rat noises)

Carly. Alright I'll catch ya when I catch ya. Anyway, while Mr. Nibbles went sniffing around for, I don't know, cheese? I pulled out my AI assistant H-dad. -- that stands for Handheld Digital Assistance Device

H-dad. H-dad powering up.

Carly. I put in the keywords from the time sealed file to see if he had any useful information, but all I got was --

H-dad. Inverness, city in Scotland, United Kingdom. Population: 47,000

Carly. Anything else?

H-dad. Nope. Heart emoji, smiley face, heart emoji.

Carly. Could you maybe try a little bit harder?

H-dad. (sighs, annoyed) Analyzing. Analyzing. Analyzing. Analyzing. (continues under)

Carly. H-dad and I have kind of a....complicated relationship. Sometimes he's really helpful.... and sometimes he just says "analyzing" all day and then shuts himself off.

H-dad. Still analyzing, Battery low, powering down.

Carly. I plugged him in to recharge, then went to the kitchen for a snack. Specifically, for the delicious slice of rhubarb pie I'd been saving for just this very snack break.

Carly in background. (singing) My pie, my pie, my pie. Not seeing it..is it behind something else? Where is my pie?

Carly (Continued). But to my horror- Where is my pie?! Why do I not see the pie in the fridge? I put it here..what is going on? it's gone!!! Where is it?? It's gone it's gone it's gone! My pie is gone! AHHA. Someone had stolen my pie! And let me tell you, I have big feelings for pie. Really big feelings. And I'm not just talking about dessert pies. I love quiche, chicken pot pie, shepherds pie, even those weird rectangles you get from the drive thru -anything that can be folded and filed and baked is something that I love. You get the point, pie is important to me! But more importantly, I already knew who the culprit was: my arch nemesis Lewis.

(Sound bite Footsteps clank down metal stairs)

Lewis. (calling out, sing-songy) Oh heeeeeey, Carly Q?

Carly. Okay arch nemesis, maybe that's a little dramatic. Bottom line is, he works upstairs, but he's always coming down here to bug me AND steal fizzy waters from the fridge.

Lewis. Hey hey hey, juuuuuuuust making sure you saw boss's new memo about cover sheets.

Carly. Oh, I saw. You know what else I saw?

Lewis. Yeah the thing iiiiiiis, you actually didn't use a cover sheet on your last report like we're supposed to. You know, like it says in the memo?

Carly. You want a memo Lewis? How about this for a memo: WHY'D YOU EAT MY PIE?

Lewis. What? I didn't eat your pie.

Carly. Yes you did! It's gone! I knew something felt weird when I got here this morning. You must have come down and eaten it first thing, before I even got in!

Lewis. Mmmmm, I didn't. For one thing, pie's not really a part of my sugar free lifestyle. Though I toooooootally understand that healthy eating's not for everyone.

Carly. You can brag about your healthy lifestyle all day Lewis, I KNOW it was you. And I will not rest until you get me a replacement pie AND an apology candle!

Lewis. (laughs) Okay, I'll just make sure you get another copy of that memo then.

(Soundbite of rat noises)

Lewis. You have rats down here.

Carly. That's my colleague, that's not a rat .. it is but that's my friend.

Lewis. See ya laterrrr Carly Q.

(Soundbite of Lewis's footsteps growing quieter as he CLANKS back up the metal stairs.)

Carly. It had to be him. Other than Lewis, the only other person I see down here is Odessa who operates the time traveling elevator, also she hates pie (don't get me started) No, Lewis was the one and only suspect. I was fuming after he left.

Carly in background. I'm supposed to be eating pie right now.

Carly. (Continued). I was so angry I had to go pace around the copy machine. Thankfully, after a couple rounds of photocopying my shoes, it was finally time to kick my plan into action. Lunch time. My first task was to talk with with Odessa, the time-travel elevator operator. We call her Odie for short. I grabbed H-dad and my backpack, plus a little secret surprise I had planned, and took off for the elevator on the other side of the basement.

Loud Speaker. Attention BUTHEAD personnel, please refrain from photocopying footwear.

Carly. How did she know? They always know.

(Sound effect elevator ding)

Odie. Hello basement companion.

Carly. Odessa! Odie! How you doing pal?

Odie. What do you want?

Carly. Just to say hi, and maybe ask a favor?

Odie. Doesn't sound like a maybe.

Carly. How about this: every time I offer you pie you say no, which is still slightly insane to me. But I do remember you saying there was an old Filipino dessert you love.

(Sound effect of Carly carefully unwrapping something in tin foil)

Carly. How about some fresh baked biko, sticky-rice-cake, just for you?

Odie. (small gasp of delight) This must be some big favor, basement companion.

Carly. Nooooo.

Odie. You wanna use the time-traveling elevator don't you?

Carly. Maybe? Another time-sealed event came across my desk this morning, and I can't take it anymore. The not knowing, the mystery, it's killing me! I know the rules say we're not supposed to, but could you please consider making an exception?

Odie. When you trying to go to?

Carly. 1934. All I've got to go on is Inverness Scotland, surgeon's photo and monster.

Odie. "Inverness monster"? Basement companion, you're talking about the Loch Ness Monster.

Carly. Whoa! I've heard of that. The big sea snake thing, right? Is it really for real?

Odie. You think they tell me? I have been running this elevator since the Bureau was founded 112 years ago. If I had a dime for every mysterious event they didn't tell me about, I'd have enough money to build my own time-traveling elevator.

Carly. Wait, 112 years? How old are you?

Odie. I'm inclined to say no to your request, given that it's against the rules and you ask rude questions about my age.

Carly. No, no I'm sorry!

Odie. BUT.....you did bring me biko. Plus I have been bored out of my mind recently. You know what, why not? Let's do it.

Carly. Really?

Odie. But you must follow the rules. When you go to the past you can't try and change or stop anything. You can observe, witness, ask questions. But you meddle too much, it will throw off the whole timeline and then we'll both be in trouble. Very big trouble, understand?

Carly. Yes m'am. Understood.

Odie. When you arrive back in time, a small card reader will remain where you came in. Use this keycard and the elevator will reappear. You can also use it to fast forward to other time periods on the file. But you **MUST** be back here before the end of your lunch break, otherwise--

Carly. Someone might find out. I'm on it! Alright, so you'll send me back to just before the event, right? So I can see whatever happened on the file?

Odie. Oh, foolish basement companion no, I could only do that if it were a regular file. This is what the "time-sealed" part means, the event itself has been sealed! The best I can do is send you to the day before or the day after, the day OF is all sealed up.

Carly. So I can't go back and witness whatever happened, but I can collect clues from the aftermath? Or the...beforemath?

Odie. Exactly. And just remember basement companion: a narrow gorge breeds narrow fish.

Carly. Huh?

Odie. In to the elevator, might want to hold on.

(Sound effect-- DING! -- The doors close, crazy time travel noises, bigger and louder and crazier)

Carly. Whoa!

(Sound effect elevator ding)

Carly. So that happened, okay walking out of the elevator. I did it! I did it, I traveled back in time! And to such a beautiful place. It's sunny and warm here, I see a town nearby – must be Inverness – but I'm at the shore of a lake. And the time-traveling elevator has completely disappeared behind me. Alright, we are really doing this.

(Sound effect people talking and taking pictures)

Carly. There's people crowded around looking at the lake, pointing out at the water, and everyone seems very excited. Oooh , there's someone coming over!

Townswoman. Hello young lass! Have you seen the monster?

Carly. Oh! No, I'm not from around here. I just came to see what all the fuss is about.

Townswoman. You haven't heard? About the photograph?

Carly. No?

Townswoman. I've got it right here. (soundbite rustling of a newspaper)
Published just this morning in the Daily Mail newspaper.

Carly. I'm sure I had seen this photo before, it's famous – though it was different seeing it like this. In grainy black and white you could see the monster with its neck sticking up out of the water, its broad upper-body disappearing underneath the surface of the lake.

Townswoman. That's our Nessie. She's been rumored to exist for hundreds of years, but now there's finally photographic proof. Everyone's very excited.

Child. She's real, she's real, Nessie's real, Nessie's real!

Townswoman. (laughing) Apparently a surgeon was driving by, just the other night, when he saw something in the water -- and luckily he had his camera right nearby.

Carly. The "surgeon's photo"...of course, from the file.

Townswoman. I've never quite been sure about Nessie myself, but now it seems there's no question. Oh what a photograph! Especially after that whole business with the hippo feet.

Carly. The what?

Townswoman. A few years ago this big game-hunter named Marmaduke Wetherell had come looking for Nessie. He found some footprints in the sand, he was sure they were hers... until it all turned out to be the work of a prankster using a hippopotamus foot umbrella stand. Poor Marmaduke must have been mortified, he was mocked in all the local newspapers.

Carly. Is that really his real name? Not important. Who is this surgeon, who took the photo?

Townswoman. Colonel R.W. Wilson. According to the paper he's a "well-respected London doctor." Oh can you imagine it? To be the man who finally caught Nessie on camera?

Carly. The mystery's not really a mystery at all? The monster's just -- real?

Townswoman. Oh goodness me, that's not the only monster. There's a rat poking out of your bag!

Carly. AHH! (drops the bag)
Oh, wait! I know that rat, that's just Mr. Nibbles.

Townswoman. You're...friends? With a rat?

Carly. Not friend friends, more like...work friends? Colleagues even, right Mr. Nibbles?

Townswoman. I'm just a bit scared of rats, so I'll just be over...you two have fun then!

(Sound of Townswoman running off)

Carly. Mr. Nibbles, I cannot believe you wanted a piece of this adventure. You stowed away in my backpack?

Nibbles. Alright alright with the Mr Nibble stuff already.

Carly. Ahh!

Nibbles. Ahh!!

Carly. AHH!!

Carly. What are you doing? You can talk!?!

Nibbles. Well yeah, Out here I can. But quit with all this Mr talk okay. I mean really, do I look like a dude to you? Dont answer that.

Carly. I didnt know, I'm so sorry. What's your real name?

Nibbles. I dont really have one. You know, my ma had so many of us she started using numbers instead of names. I was number 43.

Carly. Oh my goodness, That's awful.

Nibbles. Oh it's okay, what's in a name anyway? Let's just say Nibbles and leave it at that. Besides you've got a mystery to solve. Am I right?

Carly. It's already solved. Nessie is real!

Nibbles. I wouldn't be so sure. Something smells fishy about all this, and it aint just the mythical sea monster. Oh Speaking of fish, you hungry? I'm not starving or

nothing but I could eat. I've been a while since I had that pie.

Carly. Excuse me?

Nibbles. That slice of rhubarb in the fridge this morning. Delicious.

Carly. It was YOU? YOU'RE the one who ate my pie??

Nibbles. What, was I not supposed to?

Carly. No!

Nibbles. That's why I stowed away, hoping there'd be pie. I love pie.

Carly. No, I love pie.

Nibbles. What if...we both love pie?

Carly. Which means it wasn't Lewis. Drat! I was so sure it was him.

Nibbles. Alright alright, enough yapping. Let's go find some pie! Or at least get to the bottom of this Nessie mystery thing.

Carly. Ok Nibbles let's get some pie. Nibbles and I went into town, straight into the first bakery we could find --

(Sound effect bakery door bell dings, Carly and Nibbles singing "Pie, Pie, Pie")

Baker. Welcome there lassie, what can I do you for?

Carly. Two slices of rhubarb pie, and all the info you can get me on this photo.

Nibbles. (whisper to Carly) And some milk!

Baker. Two pieces of pie coming up.

Carly. While the baker got us our pie and milk, I discreetly took out H-dad and scanned in the article from the newspaper.

H-dad. Analyzing. Analyzing. Analyzing.

Carly. As usual, it looked like he was gonna take awhile. Luckily the baker had lots to say.

Baker. Here's your pie and milk. Now about that photo. The legend of Nessie goes back centuries! The first recorded sighting was by an Irish monk all the way back in

the year 565. But now of course we really have a “recorded sighting.” (laughs) No, it’s no surprise to me someone finally got her on film. Just last year my mate George and his wife saw the beast up out of the water. They said it was the nearest thing to a dragon they’d ever seen.

Carly. (mouth full of pie) That is incredible! Almost as incredible as this pie.

Nibbles. (whisper) I still don’t buy it.

Carly. Nibs and I went outside to discuss --How can you not buy it? This settles it!

Nibbles. You seriously think all that bologna that guy was spewing settles it?

Carly. You heard what he said, his friend saw it! And now there’s a photograph! Clearly the Loch Ness Monster is REAL!

(Sound effect of H-Dad BEEP BEEP BEEP)

H-dad. Error in factuality!

Nibbles. Sure about that?

H-dad. Partial analysis complete!

Carly. Nibbles, shush. What have you got H-dad?

H-dad. Additional information found in 1994.

Nibbles. But what about the monster? Has Carly Q gone off the deep end? You can tell me buddy ol pay.

Carly. H-dad do not even THINK about teaming up with her.

H-dad. Return to temporal elevator and fast-forward to 1994. Running girl emoji, fast-forward emoji, double exclamation-mark emoji.

Nibbles. Well, you heard the robot. Let’s go!

Carly. One more bite, ok coming!

(Soundbite of mystery music)

Carly. We hightailed it back to the loch – that’s Scottish for lake, I eventually realized – and found the spot where we came in.

Nibbles. My legs can only run but so fast, they’re very small.

Carly. I put in the keycard, the elevator appeared, we stepped inside,

Nibbles. You have to press the button or lift me up and I'll do it with my nose. I'm claustropic you know?

Carly. Don't worry you'll get used to ittttt..

(Sound effect elevator landing)

Carly. Moments later, we stepped out into a conference room in 1994!

(Soundbite of press conference noise, reporters and photographers)

Carly. It's a press conference, all these reporters are here.

Nibbles. A press conference for what?

Presenter. Alright, alright, quiet down. We're here to announce that the Surgeon's Photograph, published in our paper the Daily Mail back in 1934...is actually a fake.

Carly and Nibbles. A fake?!

Reporter. Terry Reynolds from The Glasgow Times. What do you mean, a "fake"??

Presenter. Well the photograph was not taken by the surgeon but by his friend Marmaduke Wetherell, out of revenge after his humiliation in the hippo feet footprints affair. Marmaduke and his sons staged the photo of Nessie and –

Carly. Me! Me!

Presenter. uh, yes? You with the big curly hair?

Carly. Hi, Hi, Carly Q from The, uh, Definitely Not From The Future Gazette. How exactly was the photograph "staged"?

Presenter. With a toy submarine and a long neck sculpted out of wood. Once they got the photo they had the surgeon claim to have taken it, thinking his high standing in society meant no one would question it. But Marmaduke's sons have finally confessed the truth: the famous photo of Nessie was a hoax, an elaborate practical joke that has duped the world for 60 years.

(Sound effects of Reporters ask more questions in the background)

Carly. Marma-DUPED! Ugh, I was so sure the photo meant that Nessie was real, and it was all fake. I wasn't right about anything today.

Nibbles. The photograph was fake. Nessie could still be real.

Carly. Oh, so now you're a believer?

Nibbles. Don't get it twisted, I'm a skeptic through and through. All I'm saying is we don't know.

H-dad. EELS!

Carly. What?

H-dad. Full analysis complete. Headline, 2019: "Loch Ness Monster may be a giant eel, say scientists." Eels! Eels! Eels!

Nibbles. Sure loves saying that, doesn't he?

H-dad. Researchers from New Zealand looked at DNA from Loch Ness water samples. They found no giant fish....but lots of eels!

Nibbles. (simultaneous) Eels! Alright, I get it, it is quite fun to say.

H-dad. Headline, 2022: "Loch Ness Monster Existence 'Plausible' After Incredible Discovery"

Nibbles. What?!

H-dad. A study found fossils of large aquatic dinosaurs in similar freshwater lakes, indicating it's possible a dinosaur-like creature may have existed in the Loch.

Carly. So, long neck story short, it might be eels, it might be a dinosaur -- or it might be nothing?

H-dad. Question mark emoji, snake emoji, eyeballs emoji.

Nibbles. What, no eel emoji?

Carly. Well I wouldn't say we solved it, exactly, but maybe that's okay? I guess it's good we found out the truth about the surgeon's photo at least.

Nibbles. To this day that picture still shows up in news reports about Loch Ness. Bit sketchy huh?

Carly. Extremely sketchy!

H-dad. Incoming message from BUTHEAD Headquarters. "Lunctime is over"

Carly. Uh-oh, lunch break's almost over! We gotta go! Into the elevator Nibbles!

Nibbles. Okay but I'm gonna be able to talk anymore when I get back. So you should enjoy my talking now. How about I tell you my life story? It all began..

(Sound effect elevator dings, travel music, ding)

Carly. Yes I get it, lots of brothers and sisters. Hard being a rat. Oh here comes Odie, shush.

Odie. Just in time, basement companion. I was starting to get worried.

Carly. Odie, I had the most incredible time! Except I couldn't confirm whether Nessie actually exists or not.

Odie. No?

Carly. Well, after seeing the surgeon's photograph I thought it was real for sure. But then that turned out to be fake! I think I was thinking too narrowly, like that it had to be -- hey wait! Narrowly??

Odie. "A narrow gorge breeds narrow fish"

Carly. (getting it) You meant that thinking about it from one point of view would only get me one answer. That what I really needed to do was to open up to consider other possibilities!

Odie. You've always got to keep an open mind. Sometimes even when you think you are right, you could still be wrong.

Carly. I am starting to see that... Well, thank you again for all your help Odessa. And enjoy that biko.

Odie. You're welcome, basement companion, rat... Enjoy the rest of your day....

Carly. So there I was, finally back at the office. I set up a spot for Nibbles under my desk. Okay Nibbles let's set you up here, do you love it?

(Soundbite of rat noises)

Carly. And I filed the time sealed event, leaving out the part where I personally traveled back in time. That part is just for you and me. And then there was just one more thing --

(Sound effect Footsteps come down metal stairs).

Lewis. Oh Carly Q? I've got a fresh clean copy of that memo for you.

Carly. (sighs) You know what? Okay! I'm not gonna fight you on this Lewis, because I owe you an apology. You didn't eat my pie, I figured out the culprit was actually....a rat.

Lewis. Eww A rat?! How did it open the fridge?

Carly. That's...actually a good question, I don't know. The point is, the evidence seemed so obvious I thought it had to be you, but sometimes things aren't what they first seem. I'm sorry.

Lewis. Aww this is such a great lesson. Even though we started working here at the same time, it's soooo cool you're finally learning that too.

Carly. Okay

Lewis. Thanks Carly Q, I really appreciate you clearing my name. Just don't forget about the memo, okay? I'd reeeeeeally hate to have to tell the boss you're still doing the cover sheets wrong.

Carly. Whatever you say Lewis.

Lewis. Take care of those rats.

Carly. I will.

(Sounds of steps back up the metal stairs.)

Carly. Nibbles, I'm so sorry you had to hear that. All told it'd been a pretty good 193 day. I hadn't exactly done my best work correctly solving mysteries on the first try, but whew did it feel good to get out into the field and do some detective work on my own. Well, on my own plus H-dad and Nibbles. We make a pretty okay team. I wonder what time-sealed mystery we'll explore next. Guess I'll have to wait until my lunch break tomorrow....Till then, this is Carly Q, singing off. And remember: you never heard this!!!