

Who When Wow, Season 2, Episode 10

Crop Circles

Carly. We meet again whosers, wenzers and wowsers? ..And I've got a quick question for you: Do you believe? I'm not talking about the tooth fairy! He actually works here at BUTTHED up on level 3. I'm talking about interstellar travelers! Y'know visitors from another world? Because I met some people this week who were *pretty* convinced. I'm Carly Q, and this is Who, When,Wow? Mystery Edition

(THEME SONG)

(Soundbite Carly entering office breathing hard/out of breath.)

Carly. It was just another work day at Bureau of Universal Time Travel Historical Exploration Division ...

Carly. Hi Meredith! Hi Claire!

Coworker. Oh, hey...uh..Carin.

Carly in background. It's *Carly*. and I'm sorry... but I can't talk today.

Carly. Except on this particular day, I was in a rush.

P.A Voice. Congratulations to (robotic voice) EMPLOYEE NAME HERE (normal voice) on becoming BUTTHED's latest employee of the month! Everyone in (robotic voice) Employee's Home Town (normal voice) must be so proud.

Carly. Wow. That's great! Way to go employee of the month! Speaking of having to *go*.

(Soundbite of door closing and rapid feet running down the basement stairs.)

Carly. I'd recently started a hydration plan I read about where you drink 2 liters of water every morning to be more productive in your workday.I know that sounds like a lot. Which it is. BUT I'd never been more hydrated in my life. And I *definitely* moved faster sometimes!

Carly. The only problem was.

(Soundbite of bathroom door opening and closing.)

Carly. The constant bathroom breaks.

(Soundbite of Flush of toilet and washing of hands. Foot steps as she walks back to her desk.)

Carly. Was it every morning? Or every *day*? I was starting to wonder if maybe I had read the article wrong, then I noticed that something was not right with my workspace. Ummmmmmmm ... where is my stool? My work stool had been stolen! Somebody's stolen my work stool! Then it hit me, (gasps) the culprit was obvious.

Carly in background. Ghosts.

Carly. Ghosts.

(Soundbite of Spooky music.)

Carly. I'd been convinced for sometime now that the basement of BUTTHED HeadQuarters was haunted. My sandwiches were always disappearing from the break room fridge. How else are you supposed to explain such a thing? Obviously, it has to be because it is haunted. Everyone knows ghosts love sandwiches. But now I had undeniable proof. My workplace stool had been stolen. What does this tag say?..Fully adjustable ergonomic office chair with added lumbar support? And in its place; a hideous contraption that had the audacity to call itself a chair.

Carly in the background. Is this english?

Carly. It was in english, and that tag confirmed my worst suspicions; not only was the basement level of BUTTHED HQ haunted by ghosts. It was haunted by the worst kind of ghosts; Interior designer ghosts!..I ain't afraid of no ghosts.

(Soundbite of music.)

Carly. I was about to pivot the entire podcast to become a show about Ghost Hunting when suddenly ...

(Soundbite of thumb drive comes down vacuum tube.)

Carly. Gah! What was that?! Another time sealed event arrived on my desk.

Carly. Oh it's just ...(gasps)... a time sealed event!? Gimmie gimmie gimmie!

(Soundbite of USB plugged into computer.)

Audio File. Event, (BLEEP) Wiltshire, England (BLEEP) 1991 (BLEEP) Crop Circles.

Carly. Crop circles? H-dad.

H-dad. H-DAD poooooowering up.

Carly. Aren't crop circles some sort of breakfast cereal?

H-dad. Incorrect. A crop circle is an area of standing crops that has been flattened or pressed to form of a circle or more complex pattern, most often found in the fields of southern England. In many cases, the exact cause is unknown leading some to believe the marks were left by extraterrestrial beings.

Carly. Ooooh! But wait. What was I thinking of?

H-dad. You are thinking of ... (computing noises) ... Cheerios.

Carly. Speaking of which, it must almost be lunchtime.

P.A. Voice. Attention; we would like to wish everyone at BUTTHED HQ a happy lunch-hour!

(Soundbite of a party popper)

Carly. They wouldn't be so happy if they knew how haunted this basement was.

(Soundbite of Carly running to elevator.)

Odie. Woah, easy there my little basement companion

Carly. (slightly out of breath). Hey Odie. Sorry. I'm just a little riled up this morning.

Odie. Uh-oh.

Carly. What?

Odie. It's always bad news when you get a little riled up.

Carly. Well it's hard not to be riled up when you learn that this basement is haunted!

Odie. Haunted?

Carly. And these aren't just any ghosts. They're.. interior designer ghosts!

Odie. Ooooh, those are the worst kind.

Carly. I KNOW!

Odie. And what makes you think that the basement is haunted by the ghosts of interior designers?

Carly. Well, I was on my way back from my 5th bathroom break this morning.

Odie. 5th bathroom break?!

Carly. Yeah, I've been drinking a lot of water all morning because of this thing that I read about in an article and I don't know... I gotta go like 15 times a day now because I got a bladder the size of a brazil nut and.

Odie. Ay,ay,ay too much information okay?

Carly. Sorry, anyway, I got back to my work station and you'll never guess what happened.

Odie. What?

Carly. Those sneaky ghosts had replaced my furniture ...

Odie. What do you mean?

Carly. What I mean, is that instead of my regular desk stool, there was this great big ego-matic lumbar support chair ...

Odie. You mean a Ergonomic office chair with extra lumbar support?

Carly. (skeptical). Yeahhhh. How'd you know?

Odie. Because I got mine a few months ago. They're replacing all the chairs in the building. I'm surprised it took them this long to get to you.

Carly. (skeptical) I don't know Odie ... seems a little too ...convenient.

Odie. Have you heard of Occam's Razor?

Carly. I don't shave.

Odie. No no no this has nothing to do with shaving Carly Q! Occam's Razor is the philosophy that the simplest solution is also often the correct one.

Carly. Yeah aaand?

Odie. Well, which of these 2 scenarios seems simplest to you; that corporate has finally made their way down to the basement to replace your 14 year old work stool OR that interior designer ghosts are haunting your workspace.

Carly. The second one. For sure.

Odie. (Sighs.)

Carly. There are somethings in this world that can't be explained Odie. Like crop circles for example.

Odie. Circles? Ghosts? What are you talking about?

Carly. It's another time sealed event; look!

(Soundbite of Carly handing Odie a piece of paper.)

Odie. Huh, well I'll be. Crop circles.

Carly. See I told you! Hundreds of these weird patterns in crop fields all over southern England for decades. It's gotta be aliens right?

Odie. Well I wouldn't go that far.

Carly. But surely you believe that,

Odie. (cutting her off) I believe that there is a logical explanation for these crop circles, Carly, and it'll be a lot simpler than 'aliens'.

Carly. What? Because of Austin's Razor?

Odie. Occam's Razor.

Carly. Whatever.

Odie. So, where are we going this time?

Carly. England, 1991.

Odie. Great. Now remember when you go to the past you can't change or stop anything, so don't even try.

Carly. Yeah Yeah Yeah I got it ...

Odie. Oh and buy stock in Apple.

Carly. What?

Odie. Nothing.

Carly. I should probably have used the bathroom before wee --WOOOOAAAAHHH.

(Soundbite of elevator ding, travel noises then loud thud.)

Carly. Ooooh. Jeez, those rides never get any smoother. Wow this place is damp and DIFFERENT. Lots of brick and cobblestone streets. And old buildings. And people with fanny packs! I LOVE fanny packs! How quaint! ...Wait, what's this big red thing heading towards me?

Old Lady. Watch out!

(Soundbite of a blaring horn of a bus approaches fast.)

Carly. Ahhhhh! Woah, that thing nearly ran me over!

Old Lady. Well you didn't give it much choice dear. You really must keep a better eye out for buses when crossing the road.

Carly. Wait, that was a bus?

Old Lady. Of course it was. What else would it have been?

Carly. It was on the complete wrong side of the road, and it had TWO floors (gasps) Maybe it was an alien spaceship. Out to get me because they know I'm onto them!

Old Lady. Oh, you must be here for the alien convention?

Carly. Alien convention?

Old Lady. Yeah, the big one going on in the town hall.

Carly. Oh, is that you're heading?

Old Lady. Oh course not!

Carly. Don't you want to believe!?

Old Lady.No.

Carly. Ughhh, fine. Well can you point me in the direction of the people who DO want to believe?

Old Lady. Of course dear. Town Hall is just down the end of this street and then to the right.

Carly. Thank you!

(Soundbite street noises.)

Carly. OK. End of the street and then to the right.H-Dad where are we?

H-dad. You are currently located in Wiltshire, South England.

Carly. Although H-dad assured me that I was still on planet Earth, I felt as though I had been dropped onto the surface of an alien world. The mailboxes here were red, the cars all drove on the wrong side of the road and EVERYTHING WAS DAMP!

(Soudbite of backpack opening.)

Nibbles. Y'know my great great great great great great great great great grandmother was from England.

Carly. Nibbles! Have you been in my backpack this whole time?

Nibbles. Yuh-huh.

Carly. And you just decided to pop out now?

Nibbles. Yeah, I was takin' a rat nap

Carly. Well, how do you know your great- great-lots of greats granny was from England?

Nibbles. I took one of them there Rat-sestory.com Quiz's

Carly. You did?

Nibbles. Yup, she came over in a bag o' corn on the Mayflower.

Carly. What a pioneer.

Nibbles. Double Yup, you know, a bag of corn was like a Ferrari in those days. Everybody wanted to go in a bag of corn.

Carly. Honestly I would too. Come on, Nibbles. Let's see if we can find a bathroom on the way...Or Should I say the loo?..We gotta find a loo.. Or a WC..Either way as long as it's got a ..nevermind.

(Soundbite of crowd noises.)

Nibbles. Wait, what are all these people doing in tinfoil?

Carly. This must be the convention!

Nibbles. The what?

Carly. It's a group of likeminded people that all have come together to explore the possibility of extraterrestrial life.

Nibbles. (saracastic) Sounds suuuuper cool.

Carly. It is cool Nibbles. And the people here are highly sophisticated individuals who.

Nibbles. Ooooh, highly sophisticated individual in tinfoil, incoming.

Stephen. Greetings earthling!

Carly. (polite laugh) Haha ... What?

Stephen. Just a joke. My name's Stephen. I'm sort of in charge of welcoming people here.

Carly. Oh Nice. I like your tin hat.

Stephen. Thanks, made it myself. Protects my brain from ,you know,them.So, what are you here for today?

Carly. I'm not exactly sure. I'm supposed to be investigating the crop circles?

Stephen. Oh! You're not here for the interview are you?

Carly. The interview?

Stephen. Yeah! There's this big talk coming up in about 5 minutes with some bloke who's supposedly blow the roof of this whole 'crop circle thing'.

Carly. Reaaaally?

Stephen. Yeah, except the person who's meant to be interviewing them hasn't shown up yet! I'm supposed to be the one bringing them to the stage and introducing them but.

Carly. (interrupting). Well, you know...Maybe I could do it?

Stephen. Oh Really?

Carly. Sure, why not?! I host a podcast and everything!

Stephen. Really? That's wonderful! (pause) What's a podcast?

Carly. Uh. You'll find out in few years, believe me. But it's like a radio show. I'm Carly Q.

Stephen. Oh. A radio presenter is exactly what I need!! Carly Q, thank you for stepping in! It won't be hard, I promise. I've put everything down on these cue cards. But we have to get to the stage now!

(Soundbite of Carly and Stephen walking in and through the convention.)

Carly. So wait, who's the guy I'm supposed to be interviewing?

Stephen. Ever heard of Liam McCaffey?

Carly. Yes, but just tell me a little bit more, just so we're on the same page.

Stephen. Liam McCaffey is the investigative journalist who claims to have found the origin of crop circles.

Carly. Really?! Like he's figured out who's making them?

Stephen. Apparently! Isn't it exciting! We're finally gonna get some answers! My money's on it being portal travel! What about you?

Carly. Aliens ... or possibly ghosts. I haven't decided yet.

Stephen. Ooooooh, ghosts, that's a good one. I don't think I've heard that one before.

(Soundbite crowd noises.)

Random person #1. It's clearly evidence of an extraterrestrial encounter. You'd have to be blind to not see that.

Random person #2. I swear! A full-on poltergeist in my kitchen. He was making waffles!

Random person #3. Dolphins are the most intelligent species on the planet! Mark my words. This time next year we'll all be talking dolphinese. We hear Nibbles squirrel out of Carly's backpack.

Carly. I think I might have found my people. This place rules!

Nibbles. You know they really shouldn't say that kind of stuff about Dolphin people. It's an insult to Dolphins.

Stephen. What was that?

(Soundbite of nibbles scurrying to backpack.)

Carly. Nothing.

Stephen. Well we're here! Just through these doors and we'll be back stage. Come on.

(Soundbite of doors opening.)

Carly. Cool it Nibs..Showtime.

Stephen. Alright, well this is it. Here are those cue cards..

Carly. Oh, right.

Stephen. You wait right here while I get the crowd warmed up.

Carly. Whatever you say Stephen!

Stephen. What is up Wiltshire!

(Soundbite of muffled applause.)

Nibbles. So, whataya think about this Liam MacAbee guy?

Carly. Who?

Nibbles. The dude over there. He's the guy you're about to interview!?

Carly. Oh right. That's probably just his earth name though.

Nibbles. Mmmm. Looks like a regular "Liam" to me... I bet that these crop circles are just some art project that got out of control ... People have some crazy ideas about aliens around here.

Carly. No way. He's an alien in a human suit here to tell us the truth. I can feel it.

Nibbles. Case and point.

Stephen. And now ladies and gentlemen, please introduce your host ... Carly Q!

Nibbles. That's you kid.

Carly. Oh right.

(Soundbite of audience applauding.)

Carly. Thank you! Thank you!

(Awkward silence)

Stephen. Read the card!

Carly. Oh right...My guest today is Liam MacAbee. An investigative journalist, whose latest discovery, will forever change our under - (soundbite of "page turning") --standing of crop circles.

Audience Member. Woooo! I love Crop circles!

Carly. Yes. So without any further ado. Please welcome ... the one and only Liam MacAbee!

(Soundbite of audience applauding.)

Liam. Thank you! Thanks so much!

Carly. Liam! Thank you so much for being here.

Liam. My pleasure. I've been meaning to get this off my chest for sometime now.

Carly. Your human suit?!

Liam. Um What?

Carly. Nothing.OK,Uh let's get straight down to the brass tacks. Are you an alien?

Liam. Um ... no?

(Soundbite of crowd gives out a disappointed sigh.)

Carly. Okay, well do you know any aliens?

Liam. I'm afraid not.

(Soundbite of crowd gives out a disappointed sigh.)

Carly. Gah! Do we have the right person here? I thought you were going to reveal the secret behind crop circles.

Liam. That's right, that's what I'm here to do.

Carly. And it says here that you know who made these crop circles?

Liam. That's correct.

Carly. But you're also saying that you don't know any aliens?

Liam. Yes

Carly. So you're telling me aliens didn't make these crop circles?

Liam. Uh, no they did not.

(Soundbite of entire crowd gasping.)

Carly. Okay...well if it wasn't aliens that made these crop circles. Then who was it?

Liam. Well, as it turns out it was actually just a couple of pranksters from south England called Dave and Doug.

(Soundbite of entire crowd gasping again. commotion.)

Carly. Dave..and Doug?!

Liam. Yes

Carly. And these guys are definitely not aliens?

Liam. No, they're actually landscape painters.

Carly. What?!

Liam. It's true

Carly. .How do you know?

Liam. Well I've been investigating this story for almost 6 years and ..well, they also admitted it to me.

Carly. Admitted what?

Liam. That they created the crop circles.

Carly. Woah woah woah woah, OK back up. You're telling me that Dave and Doug, these two random painters from the countryside created the first ever crop circle. In just one night. On a whim?

Liam. YES. That's basically it yeah.

Nibbles. (Muffled inside backpack) Told ya.

Liam. What was that?

Carly.. Nothing.

Liam. Are you sure? It sort of sounded like the squeak of a

Carly. (interrupting him) Sorry, I still don't think I quite get it. These crop circles are so big and complex. Surely they could only be created by alien spaceships landing and taking off!

Liam. Nope, I'm afraid it was done with a plank of wood, some rope and a tape measure.

Carly. No

Liam. Yeah, they even took me out one night and showed me how it was done. They simply used the piece of wood to push the crops down flat, and then used the tape measure to outline the pattern that they wanted to make in the field.

Carly. But there are hundreds of these crop circles. All over England!

Liam. Yeah they had a busy few years after the success of their first art piece it sort of became a hobby for them.

Carly. A hobby?

Liam. Yeah, they must have done about twenty five to thirty new circles every year for about thirteen years.

Carly. So it wasn't aliens.

Liam. No.

Carly. Or ghosts?

Liam. Afraid not.

Carly. It was just two British dudes with a plank of wood and a piece of rope.

Liam. And a tape measure.

Carly. I guess Odie was right. Sometimes the simplest explanation is the right one.

Nibbles. Ha! I was right!

(Soundbite of the audience gasps.)

Stephen. (Yelling from audience) RAAAAAT!

(Soundbite of everyone yelling and running.)

Nibbles. Really? Y'all believe in aliens and talking a dolphin but as soon as a little old rat shows up you go running for the hills? I can see why my great great granny left this place.

(Soundbite of the doors burst opening.)

Stephen. There they are officers. Over there!

Carly. Et tu Stephen?

Nibbles. Uh Carly, maybe we should get out of here before those big scary men grab us.

Carly. Great idea Nibbles. Make a run for it in three...

Nibbles. Two...

Carly. One!

(Soundbite of Nibbles and Carly running for the door. It swings back and forth as they pass through it.)

Security. Oi! Get back here!

Nibbles. Through that door Carly!Through that door.

Carly. Way ahead of you ...

Nibbles. The elevator!

Carly. Yeah! I can see that!

Security. (stopped in his tracks) What the?

Carly. Haha! Sayonara Skeezers!!

(Soundbite of elevator ding and travel noises.)

Odie. Hey - who were you calling skeezers? And why are you speaking Japanese?

Carly. Oh just some guy.

Odie. That doesn't sound very nice.

Carly. I know, but I needed a cool line to end on.

Odie. Uh huh.

Carly.I'll keep working on it... Oh, by the way, turns out you were right.

Odie. Obviously. What about?

Carly. About the crop circles.

Odie. Ahhhhh, so it wasn't aliens.

Carly. Nope

Odie. Or ghosts?

Carly. Nope, turns out it was just two British dudes named Dave and Dough, with an artistic flair and plank of wood.

Odie. Huh.

Carly. It seems as though the simplest explanation actually was the correct one. Just like you said. Oprah's Lazor.

Odie. *Occam's Razor.*

Carly. Sorry. I'm not good with names sometimes.

(Soundbite of Swoosh sound.)

Carly. And so another case was closed. I am not going to remember that. Tomorrow it'll be Obi-Wan's taser. The simplest explanation was the correct one. With this new information in mind I decided to re-examine the case of missing office stool, and I came across a critical piece of evidence I had overlooked in my initial investigation.

(Soundbite of Carly rummaging through a pile of paper.)

Carly in background. What is this? A memo? I don't remember getting this. Huh, looks like I used it for chewing gum disposal. Uggh, gross. Wait a minute.. "Office chair replacement".

Carly. So, for the time being, production of my ghost hunting podcast is on pause. I can't decide if I'm disappointed or relieved. But my Wow, When, Wow mystery podcast? Well that's just getting started! See you next week gang. And remember, you never heard this.