

Who When Wow, Season 2, Episode 6

The Disappearing Crew of the Mary Celeste

Carly. Pssst!! Hey! It's me. Carly Quinn with another unbelievable (...and yes I do mean that...) episode of our super- secret podcast that you're totally not about to listen to. We got courtroom drama, pirates and even some explosions!! You're gonna have to hear it to believe it... I'm Carly Q, and this is Who When Wow, Mystery Edition!

(THEME SONG)

(Soundbite Carly enters the office to cheery music)

Carly. Coming into work this morning I had a big decision on my mind.

Carly in the background. Sorry I'm a little bit sweaty. Keep your distance.

Carly. Last week I had started a month-long fitness challenge

Carly in the background. Hi everybody! Morning..Morning Larry!

Carly. Led by my coworker Desiree. I'd been excited about the *idea* of it, because it ends in a 5k race...but in reality? It's not as much fun as I thought.

Carly in the background. Anybody else workout before they came in today?

Carly. Don't get me wrong. I LOVE moving.

Carly in the background. No, no, no, it's fine if you didn't.

Carly. But when it's exercise, it becomes extra sweaty. And it often involves doing the same thing over and over again, which I find tedious?

Carly. Huh, So much running...so much pedaling...Oooh Oooh my legs are sore. If I could just, sit down for a second...

(Soundbite Footsteps come down metal stairs.)

Lewis. (calling out, sing-songy) Oh heeeeeey, Carly Quuuu!

Carly. And as usual, I wasn't even here five minutes before getting a visit from my upstairs coworker, Lewis.

Lewis. Hellooooo! I know how much you loooooove wasting company time with idle chit-chat, but I'm actually here only to use the printer, the one upstairs is broken again.

(soundbite of printer)

Carly. Can't believe I'm actually saying this, but I'm glad you're here Lewis --

Lewis. You are?

Carly. Yes, I am. You see, I have a favor to ask.

Lewis. Oooo, do tell.

Carly. You sit near Desiree upstairs, right?

Lewis. She sits near me.

Carly. Right. Anyway, could you tell her that I'm gonna have to bow out of her fitness challenge?

Lewis. Aww, what's wrong? Is all that exercise too much for you?

Carly. Oh no! I love exercise, but all of these practice runs and training routines are SO repetitive. If I go on one more training run for the 5K next week, I'm afraid my brain is gonna leak out my ears.

Lewis. Groooooooss.

Carly. Unless YOU would like to train FOR me?

Lewis. Buuhhhh. That's even more gross.

Carly. Oh come on! You could do all of the practice runs so I can just show up on race day!

Lewis. I don't think it works like that, Carly

Carly. I'll print out a certificate and everything!

Lewis. Hmmm. I DO love certificates...

Carly. Mhmmm.. I just need someone to be my proxy. Besides, I bet this would be a great way for you to stay in shape!

Lewis. Mmmm... Actually, no. I don't need a fitness challenge. I've got a Peddle Town Machine at home. Only the latest model, oooooobviously. It also makes smoothies.

Carly. It. It makes smoothies? Of course it does. Ahh. Okay, so you'll tell her?

(Soundbite printer finishes printing)

Lewis. Sure. Next time I see Desiree I'll tell her your chickening out of the challenge.

Carly. Those were not the words I used!

Lewis. Enjoy your morning, Carly "The Chicken" Quuuuuuuu.

Carly. Uhh. I'm not a chicken. I can run all day, everyday.

(Soundbite footsteps back up)

Carly. With Lewis gone it was finally time to get down to work. And I only had to catalog 12 different random historical events before finally- finally!

(Sound bite Thumb drive drops down the vacuum tube)

Carly. A new time-sealed file!

Audio File. Event: December 1872 (BLEEEEEEP) Mary Celeste (BLEEEEEEEEP) Missing crew.

Carly. Mary Celeste? Missing Crew?!?

Carly. I pulled out my AI device H-dad --

H-dad. H-dad, powering on!

Carly. And typed in the keywords right away. But as usual.

H-dad. Analyzing. Analyzing. Analyzing.

Carly. It looked like it was going to be a while before I had any more information. But luckily my rat friend Nibbles came by to keep me company.

Carly in background. Hello Nibbles. Hiiii. Ooo..Huh..kay

(Soundbite rat squeaking)

Carly. I was still feeling a little stiff from all that running and bike- riding, so we passed the time by doing some stretches together.

Carly in background. Other side

Carly. Wow Nibs, for a rodent that is a surprisingly impressive downward dog.

(Soundbite Rat squeaks)

Carly. And before I knew it

P.A. Voice. Attention, Butthed employees: Lunch time!!! Please remember to only consume the food designated for you. Dessert trading is permitted only with manager approval. Enjoy your meal!

Carly. I grabbed Nibbles and H-dad, and took off for the elevator. Wahoo! Time to go investigate!

(Soundbite DING of an elevator)

Carly. Hi Odie!

Odie. Hello basement companion. You have another mystery?

Carly. Sure do! I've got nothing on this one except the keywords from the file: December 1872. Mary Celeste. Missing crew. Have you ever heard of it?

Odie. I believe I have.

Carly. So what's the story? Who was this Mary Celeste woman? And why was she missing her WHOLE friend group?

Odie. Mary Celeste wasn't a person, she was a ship! Her whole crew disappeared, and no one knows what happened to them.

Carly. Hmm, Ooooh, a nautical nystery!

Odie. Excuse me?

Carly. Oh, I just turned "mystery" into "nystery" so that it's not-- never mind.

Odie. After the crew went missing, another ship found the empty Celeste out at sea and sailed her back to port.

Carly. Mmm. That must have been a weird ride.

Odie. Indeed. However, with the time seal on the file, the earliest I can send you back to is the day the ships arrived back at shore, to the port city of Gibraltar. You know where that is?

Carly. Mmm, H-dad?

H-dad. Gibraltar: a city located on the Southern tip of Spain, overlooking the narrow entrance into the Mediterranean Sea from the Atlantic Ocean. Map emoji! Sail boat emoji.

Odie. Good. Now you remember your time- travel rules huh? No changing anything in the past, no funny business. And remember too that the elevator will translate all language and alter your clothing into something more appropriate for the time.

Carly. Yess, hashtag, fashionnn!!

Odie. Right. Okay, I think you're ready to go. But just remember basement companion: the half-sewed sail catches no wind.

(Soundbite wind chimes)

Carly. Huh?

Odie. Okay here you go.

Carly. Wait, But--

(Soundbite elevator ding, time travel noises)

Carly. Whoah I don't even know how to sewwwwwwwww!

(Soundbite elevator ding, the bustling port noise, creaking ships)

Carly. Whew... You know I don't think I'll ever get used to that (looking around) Huh..Ohh.. Alright.. Wow! We're here! This is the port city of Gibraltar, 1872.

Nibbles. Ahh...Smells delicious!

Carly. Oh..Hey Nibs! There's a real fishy smell in the air, and tons of crates coming on and off all the huge wooden ships all around. And oh! Nibbles, look! There's the Mary Celeste pulling into port right now!

Nibbles. How do you know it's that one?

Carly. Cause it says so on the side?

Nibbles. Yeah, Yeah, Ahuhh..Cause I can read, of course i knew that. that was just...me testing you!

Carly. The ship was magnificent, a hundred feet long, with dozens of sails. And it was trailing behind another ship, the Dei Gratia. In just a few minutes both of them had pulled into port.

Carly. Oh Nibbles, That ship in front, the Dei Gratia-- they must be the ones who found the Mary Celeste out at sea.

Nibbles. Well what are you waiting for, let's go talk to the crew!

Carly. One of the crew members was tying the ship into place at the dock. Excuse me...could you tell me what happened with the Mary Celeste? Was there a storm out there? A whirlpool?? A giant squid???

Crewman. What are you supposed to be, some curious little street urchin?

Carly. Uhh? Why Yes! Yes I am. A VERY curious, And I've heard some rumors about this ship and I'm desperate to know what happened. ESPECIALLY if a sea monster was involved.

Crewman. If only we knew. The Mary Celeste was a ghost ship when we found her.

Nibbles. Gah..Gahh..Gahh..Gh... Ghostttt?!

Carly. Sorry, did you say a Gh..Gh..Gh..Gh..Ghost?

Crewman. She was seaworthy, everything onboard in good working order...but not a single crew member anywhere to be found.

Carly. So what did you do?

Crewman. What could we do? We put a few men aboard and sailed her back here. We're going to claim her as salvage... In fact our captain and some of the crew are off to the courts to make that claim as we speak...

Carly. Oooh, can I come too?

Crewman. Hah. The court is no place for a street urchin. They'd never allow you in... Best be off.

Carly. He walked up the gangway back on board the Die Gratia.

Carly. Nibbles, what is all this talk about "salvage"?

(Soundbite of H-dad goes BEEP BEEP BEEP!)

H-dad. H-dad with the answer! Salvage: the process of rescuing a damaged or abandoned ship from out at sea, often for a reward for the rescued cargo.

Carly. Ah! So that's why the Die Gratia ship brought the Celeste ship back here, they're hoping to make some money.

H-dad. Ship emoji. Money eyes emoji!

Carly. I know he said I'm not allowed in court, but that's the only way we're gonna get more info on this mystery. Nothing is going to stop this detective slash street urchin from following the clues!

Nibbles. No way! Unless we see a place that sells pie.

Carly. Well, obviously... But NO! We're going to that courthouse, come on let's go!

Carly. Nibbles hopped on my shoulder, and we made our way to the courthouse.

(Soundbite of city noise)

Nibbles. I think I need to get more exercise!!

Carly. Wait. Nibbles get out of my hair!! Uh!! Luckily it was just a short walk away. The courthouse was a big stately building with guards out front, too many for us to sneak past. But before I could stop her.

Nibbles. I'll run around back and see if I can find a way in!

(Soundbite of Nibbles running off)

Carly. Nibbles wait, wait, wait-- Nibbles disappeared behind the building! I tried to look inconspicuous while I waited.

Carly. (singing). Do do do do, I'm just a street urchin hanging around.

(Soundbite of coins landing)

Carly. Oh, uh, thank you, thank you, I'll be here all week! After a few minutes, I looked up and saw the Die Gratia crew down the street, heading for the courthouse. And just then.

Nibbles. Okay, I found a way in. Follow me!

Carly. Nibbles led me around the side of the building to an open back door. We passed through a mud-room and some side offices, snuck past a guard who was half-asleep --

(Soundbite of Snoring)

Carly. Okay, all the way asleep, and then we pushed through another door and suddenly found ourselves --Ahh. Whoa In the back corner of a grand courtroom!

Judge. (banging a gavel) Order, order, order.

Carly. A judge sat at the front, while the Die Gratia crew stood off to one side. And on the other side, a tall man wearing a wig and a long black robe.

Judge. The court calls the Advocate- General for the Queen in Her Office of Admiralty --

Carly. What a title.

Judge. Frederick Solly-Flood.

Nibbles. Whew-we! What a name!

Carly. That's the guy in the wig and the robe.

Frederick Solly-Flood. As Advocate-General I am here to investigate what happened to the Mary Celeste, and determine if these claims of salvage are legitimate.

Carly. Legitimate?

Frederick Solly-Flood. Would Captain David Morehouse of the Die Gratia please step forward?

Captain Morehouse. I'm here, I'm Captain Morehouse.

Carly. Ooh, the Captain!

Nibbles. Keep listening. I bet somewhere in this hearing we're gonna learn what happened!

Frederick Solly-Flood. Captain Morehouse, we understand the Mary Celeste was in good working order when you found her, other than the missing crew. Were there any other clues to their whereabouts?

Captain Morehouse. Not many, sir. There was a bit more water down in the hold than one would expect.

Carly. Hmm. The hold?

Carly. The hold is the bottom of the ship, where they store all the cargo.
Thanks H-Dad

H-dad. You're welcome!

Captain Morehouse. And there was also a disassembled pump down there. Other than that, the only other clue was a missing lifeboat.

Frederick Solly-Flood. Leading you to what conclusion?

Carly. Ooh, good question.

Captain Morehouse. It's not exactly clear. The captain of the Mary Celeste was Benjamin Briggs, a very well experienced sailor. He would not have had his crew abandon ship unless it was a very dangerous circumstance. But the ship seemed in mostly fine condition when we found it.

Frederick Solly-Flood. So is it possible then, that your entire story...is a LIE!

Courtroom. Uh-oh!

Carly. Whoa!

(Soundbite shouts of No! from the crew)

Judge. Order, order, order!

Carly. This courtroom is getting SPICY!

Nibbles. It's just like the Judge Julie Show.

Captain Morehouse. Our story is the truth!

Frederick Solly-Flood. But is it really?

Carly. Only with wigs.

Nibbles. Well, Judge Julie wears a wig.

Captain Morehouse. We had nothing to do with the disappearance of the Mary Celeste's crew! We are a humble merchant vessel, and we found the Celeste exactly as I've described.

Carly. What? No.

Nibbles. There's no way that's her real hair. So poofy and beautiful.

Carly. Well Maybe she has stylists who styles her hair poofy.-- uh-oh!

Guard. Hey you!

Carly. Oh-no a guard had found us!

Nibbles. We've been spotted. Scatter!!

Guard. You're not allowed in here! Get out, you riff-raff!!

Carly. Nibbles scurried to safety but the guard escorted me out to the street

(Soundbite of street noise and loud thud)

Guard. All the way out. And dont come back.

Carly. Ow. My butt.

Guard. And STAY out!

(Soundbite The SLAM of a door.)

Carly. Oh MAN! Now we're not going to get to see the end of the hearing!
Rats!

Nibbles. You rang?

Carly. There you are! Nibbles

Nibbles. What do you think? Is this Captain guy on the up and up? Is he lying? Or is that wig-wearing lawyer just a little too wound up?

Carly. Mmm..I don't think the Captain's lying. But it seems clear there's more going on here. Not sure what to do next, though...

Nibbles. I strongly suggest, ooh, uh i dont know.. a snack break.

Carly. Nice try! I know it'd be easier to just go an eat some delicious local dessert, and trust me, I am tempted to. But I wanna figure this out! We've still got some time before the end of lunch break and I am not giving up on this.

Nibbles. So then what's the plan, detective? You got any bright ideas?

Carly. Actually... I think I do....

(Sondbite courthouse sounds)

Carly. Nibbles followed me as we snuck back in through the side door. Shh.shh. Come on Nibbles. Tip toe. We passed through the mud-room again, and the guard who was somehow still sleeping.

(Soundbite of The sound of SNORING)

Carly. Do you even have toes.

Nibbles. Well technically, they're not toes. There what, you know.. Claws!!

Carly. That is some impressively loud snoring. You might want to get that checked out, but we stopped just outside the courtroom.

Carly. Here We go! At a rack of wigs and robes!

Nibbles. Oh no, you're not really gonna wear that are you?

Carly. Oh you better believe I'm about to wear this robe and this wig!... and I'm gonna make it look good!

Nibbles. Meh. You're no Judge Julie, but you make it work..

Carly. Dunk,dunk.. In the criminal justice system the people are represented by two separate yet equally important groups. With my wig and robe disguise in place -- and Nibbles tucked away and concealed, I marched right back into that courtroom like I totally owned the place.

(Soundbite CREAK of the courtroom doors)

Judge. Oh, hello! You must be that new prosecutor we were told to expect?

Carly. (pause, then deep voice) Yes! Yes I am. Please continue, I just wanted to have a listen. To the law.

Frederick Solly-Flood. We were just discussing some various *unlikely theories* for what might have happened to the Mary Celeste.

Judge. This is MY court room, Mr. Solly Flood, I'll be the one to determine what's "unlikely."

Carly. (deep voice). Right-o, Mr. Judge -- man -- honorable-- person.

Judge. Uh, yes, thank you. I see from the cargo list that the Celeste was transporting a large amount of alcohol. Perhaps some small explosion of fumes scared them into abandoning ship? What do you think, Captain Morehouse?

Captain Morehouse. That could be it.

Carly. Fumes?

Nibbles. (to Carly, quietly) Smelly stuff, like dangerous gas. Like, you know, when I have some bad lasagna? Ooh, silent but deadly.

Carly. Shh

Captain Morehouse. I beg your pardon?

Carly. Sssssuuuure. Fumes. Yes! Please Continue...

Captain Morehouse. There's also always the possibility of mutiny.

Nibbles. (again quietly to Carly) When the crew of a ship rebels against the captain.

Crewman. Or pirates!

Nibbles. (whispering) Those are people who-

Carly. (louder than intended) I know what a pirate is!

Frederick Solly-Flood. How nice for you. Your qualifications are obviously exceptional.

Captain Morehouse. Perhaps it wasn't even so dramatic, just some rough weather.

Frederick Solly-Flood. But, by your own words Captain, the Celeste's captain was "a very well- experienced sailor."

Captain Morehouse. But with the water and the broken pump down in the hold, perhaps he mistakenly thought they were sinking?

Carly. (clears throat, deep voice) Not to interrupt, but why aren't you all discussing sea monsters here? Couldn't giant squids or a kraken be a possibility??

Judge / Captain / Frederick. Umm...?

Guard. Hey! You again?!

Carly. That guard caught us again.

Nibbles. That's it! Our cover is blown. We've been made! Scatter!.

Carly. RUN!

Nibbles. Same thing!

Carly. As we ran out, the guard yanked off my robe and wig, and chased us back out to the street. I do feel lighter without the robe and the wig.

Guard. I will not say it again: stay OUT!

(Soundbite Carly lands with a THUD on the street.)

Carly. Ow. Same spot. Brutal.

Nibbles. Well, huh. it was a nice shot, at least.

Carly. Plus I looked pretty good in that robe, right?

Nibbles. Like I said, you made it work.

H-dad. H-dad on the street, analysis complete!

Carly. Wow H-dad, I sort of forgot you were even still working on this.

H-dad. Two recent theories may explain what happened to the Mary Celeste. Theory one: in 2002, a documentarian discovered that on its previous voyage, the ship had transported a large amount of coal--

Carly. Cold?

Nibbles. *Coal.* You know, the dusty black stuff that even thinking about it makes me... sneeze? (sneezes)

Carly. Gesundheit!

Nibbles. Thank you!

H-dad. Coal dust could have caused the ship's pumps to malfunction, leading the crew to think the ship had taken on much more water than it actually had, which could explain why they abandoned ship.

Carly. Just like Captain Morehouse suggested!

H-dad. Theory two: in 2006, a London chemist conducted an experiment with an explosion of alcohol vapors. He built a scale model of the Mary Celeste, and then used butane gas to create an explosion in the hold.

Carly. Whoa! Like a REAL explosion? With flames and fire and stuff??

H-dad. Despite a large blast, there was no fire damage. The chemist noted that "There was a spectacular wave of flame but no soot was left behind, and there was no burning or scorching."

Nibbles. If I was on a boat and heard a huge blast down below, that would definitely get me to abandon ship.

Carly. And it would also explain why there wasn't any evidence of an explosion.

H-dad. Flame emoji. Fireball emoji!

Carly. So basically, *something* scared the crew into abandoning ship.

Nibbles. We just don't know exactly what.

Carly. And I'm not ruling out sea monsters either!

Nibbles. Okay seriously?

H-dad. Incoming message from Butthead- quarters.

P.A. Voice. Lunch time is ending. Make sure your lunch boxes are locked and in the upright position!

Carly. Alright. Guess it's time to head back.

Nibbles. Let's go!

Carly. Come on Nibbles. We raced back to the elevator, and moments later -

(Soundbite time travel noises -- and then DING)

Odie. Hello basement companion. How was Gibraltar?

Carly. It was Pretty exhilarating. We listened in on a maritime courtroom hearing, and we got kicked out, twice!

Odie. And the Mary Celeste?

Carly. Well, there was a missing lifeboat, so now we know that something probably scared the crew into abandoning ship. But since the lifeboat was never found, we don't know what. It might have been a faulty pump, or rough weather, or even an explosion of alcohol vapors! Or, you know, a sea monster. I'm leaning towards a giant squid myself, but I haven't ruled out Kraken...

Odie. Of course.

Carly. It's funny, there were multiple times today where it would have been easier to just give up, cause at pretty much every step of the journey there was something thrown in our way. But each time I decided to keep on going, and I'm so glad I did!

Odie. Oh really.

Carly. Yeah, it's a good thing *I* didn't "abandon ship." It's almost like--

(Soundbite wind chimes/flashback sound)

Odie. The half-sewed sail catches no wind.

Carly. It's almost like that's what you meant with your riddle! A sail that's not finished isn't going to catch any wind, which means it's not gonna go anywhere. The trick is that whatever it is you're doing, you've got to keep at it in order to get results.

Odie. And?

Carly. And it feels good when you do. Not just good -- GREAT!

Odie. It really does, doesn't it? Well I hope you continue having such a nice day, basement companion...

(Soundbite Carly walking back to her desk.)

Carly. As I walked back to my desk, I heard a familiar clanking sound from the stairs –

(Soundbite Footsteps come down metal stairs.)

Lewis. Don't mind me, just here to use the printer again.

Carly. Hello Lewis.

(Soundbite of printer)

Lewis. I'm suuuuure they'll fix the broken printer in a few weeks. Or, you know, *years*.

Carly. No, once again, I am actually glad you're here. It turns out, I've changed my mind about Desiree's fitness challenge.

Lewis. Oh haaaaave you?

Carly. I have! So I need you to go back up there and tell her I am BACK IN. No Stand-ins. All me.

Lewis. Well aaaaaaactually I never told her you were out...because I forgot. So I'll just.....not say anything at all?

Carly. Perfect! I guess I'll gonna get back to practicing for the 5K next week. You sure you don't want in?

Lewis. No thanks. I'm all exercised out, I'm getting in soooo many extra steps coming down here to use the printer. But good luck at the 5K!

(Soundbite Footsteps going up metal stairs.)

Carly. After Lewis left, I filed the Mary Celeste event and got down to work. I'm still kind of dreading all the practice runs I have coming up, but boy am I glad I didn't quit the fitness challenge. I may not win the 5K...or even finish it, to be honest. But as long as I *try it*, I'm gonna be happy. And no matter what, you know I'm gonna

be back here next week investigating another mystery. Until then, this is Carly Q, signing off. And remember: you never heard this!