

Who When Wow, Season 2, Episode 15

Roswell

(Soundbite sad bagpipe music)

Carly. Greetings listeners and welcome to a somber episode of Who, When, Wow. BUTTHED HQ's office plant and stalwart guardian, Phineas the Ficus plant, has tragically passed away. And people aren't taking it great.

Coworker. (Wailing in the distance) Why!? Why didn't anyone think to water Phineas?!

Carly. Sorry, let me just move the microphone here.

(Soundbite crying fades into the distance.)

Carly. Alright at 3 months old, Phineas the Ficus was taken from us far too young. And although we only knew him for a short time, he will leave a sizable hole in our hearts.

(Soundbite bagpipes and crying.)

Carly. Phineas the Ficus plant we honor thee with this episode of Who When Wow Mystery Edition.

(THEME SONG)

(Soundbite office sounds, quiet whispers and crying)

P.A. System. Greetings employees and Happy, SAD, Friday. Please note, all office chairs will be lowered to half mast for the remainder of the week.

Carly. It was the morning after our beloved pet slash mascot slash office plant had withered up and died, and the office was in shatters!

Carly in background. Hey Karen, how's it going?

Karen. (SOBS)

Carly. Yikes. Not good. Steven? Hanging in there?

Steven. (sobbing) He was so young!

Carly. Handkerchief?

(Soundbite nose blowing.)

Steven. (Through sniffles) Thanks.

Carly. You know what, you keep it.

(Soundbite Carly walks down to basement)

Carly. It was clearly a very difficult time at BUTTHED HQ. And I had been given a very important task. I was supposed to give a speech, to the entire office, about how Phineas the Ficus Plant 'Embodied everything that the bureau stood for', whatever that means! Man, people are upset about this plant.

Lewis. Hey there Carly Q...

Carly. Gah! Lewis? What are you doing here?

Lewis. The higher ups sent me down here to make sure that everyone is dressed appropriately.

Carly. Dressed appropriately?

Lewis. Yes, the memo. Remember?

Carly. Yes I remember the memo, Lewis, you don't have to...

Lewis. (Cutting her off) All employees are required to wear black for a period of one week, starting tomorrow, as a sign of respect as we mourn the loss of our beloved office plant

Carly. (Finishing his sentence)...beloved office plant Phineas the ficus. Yes I got the same memo Lewis.

Lewis. Well I know you have a tendency for all things blue, pink and covered in sparkles, so.

Carly. Well you can report back to management that things are all A-OK down here. Look, black tie, black suit. I'm all good!

Lewis. Also, management wanted me to double check that you're all set for the eulogy later this afternoon.

Carly. The Who-a-gy?

Lewis. The Eulogy... for Phineas the Ficus?

Carly. Oh right, the speech! Yeah, I was up all night finishing it. It is gonna blow your socks off!

Lewis. Not sure that the goal of a Eulogy is to "blow peoples socks off".

Carly. Is that all, Lewis? I really have work to get to.

Lewis. Sure you do, Carly Q.

Carly. I do. Look!

Carly. I took Lewis over to my desk to show him the sudoku puzzle that I had been working on for the past couple of weeks. But lying on my desk was something much more interesting.

(Soundbite mysterious music.)

Carly. A time sealed event.

Carly. When did that get here?

Lewis. Huh, another time sealed even for you to waste company time and money on?

Carly. Lewis I know you know I only investigate time sealed events on my lunch break so.

Lewis. So you're skipping meals as well as wasting company time and money?

Carly. Just listen to it okay.

(Soundbite Carly sticks the USB into the computer)

Audio File. Event: (BLEEP) Roswell, New Mexico (BLEEP) 1947 (BLEEP) Flying Saucer.

Carly. Flying Saucer? Oh man, this is gonna be great!

Lewis. Yeah, I can't wait!

Carly. What?

Lewis. I'm coming too. To supervise.

Carly. Ughhhhhh, what?

Lewis. Unless of course you want me to run it past management first?

Carly. (Frantic) No no no! Yes okay you can come.

Lewis. You're not going to bring that rat of yours along with you are you?

Carly. Firstly, her name is Nibbles and B, now you have me doing that, no she won't be coming. She's auditing a Spanish class at the local community college today.

Lewis. Bueno! Then I'll see you back here at lunch.

Carly. Yep can't wait. Time seemed to stand still all morning at my desk, but I managed to squeeze in some questions for H-dad about the time sealed mystery.

H-dad. Pooooooooowering up!

Carly. H-dad, what exactly happened in Roswell, New Mexico in 1947?

H-dad. Roswell, New Mexico 1947... "Forever Amber" was the top grossing motion picture. James and Linda were the most popular names for babies... Steve Mackie asked Jennifer Martin to the enchantment under the sea dance at Roswell High... Glenda Smith bought... 3.2 pounds of potatoes... William Austin parked on main street for exactly 2.1234 Hours... Fred Holmes...

Carly. Looks like I'm going to have to be specific. Uh, H-dad, filter results... keyword 'Flying Saucer'.

H-dad. Roswell, New Mexico, 1947, Keyword, FLYING SAUCER. Analyzing... Analyzing... Analyzing.

P.A. System. To celebrate the life of Phineas the Ficus, the cafeteria will be serving EXCLUSIVELY plant based burgers the rest of the week. Happy lunch break!

Carly. A dead plant by eating dead plants? Doesn't feel right Uh Nevermind... Time to go to the elevator. Where is Lewis?

Odie. Hey there basement companion.

Carly. Hey there Odie.

Odie. What's with the suit?

Carly. Didn't you get the memo?

Odie. Oh, I never read those things.

Lewis. Man, this place is a labyrinth. Hello Odell.

Odie. My name is Odessa. Odie to my friends.

Lewis. Well OK, Odie. Can I call you Odie?

Odie. Jury's still out

Lewis. Why aren't you in black? Didn't you get the memo?

Odie. Oh I got it.

Lewis. Don't you care about Phineas?!

Odie. Phineas? That little ficus plant they keep up on level two?

Lewis. Yeah!

Carly. Um..He passed away last night.

Odie. Well that's not surprising. This place has no windows.

Carly. ANYWAY, I got a good one today.

Lewis. WE'VE got a good one today.

Carly. Right. Check it out.

(Soundbite paper noise.)

Odie. Grabbing it

Carly. Roswell, New Mexico aka ALIENS!

Lewis. Lets not get ahead of ourselves.

Odie. And what exactly are you doing down here Mr. Lewis? Aren't there any office rumors you need to chase down?

Lewis. Of course there are, but I'm on my lunch break.

Odie. Uh huh.

Lewis. And I'm here to make sure Carly Q makes it back in one piece. For some unknown reason, Carly Q has been selected to deliver a speech on Phineas the Ficus this afternoon.

Odie. Is that so?

Carly. Yup!

Odie. Can I get a sneak preview?

Carly. Of course you can, Odie. I've got it right here in my jacket pocket. Hold on a second.

(Soundbite paper being pulled from jacket.)

Carly. Phineas the ficus plant was an incredible office plant and a close personal friend of mine.

Lewis. (interjecting under his breath) Not true.

Carly. He led several departments in his short time here at the bureau.

Lewis. Pretty sure plants can't hold positions here.

Carly. And was the first plant to be inducted into the bureau's hall of fame.

Lewis. Do we even have a hall of fame?

Carly. He'll always be in our hearts yada yada yada...you get the picture.

Lewis. You can't use that speech, Carly Q.

Carly. Why not!?

Lewis. Because half the stuff you said wasn't even true!

Odie. Carly?

Carly. Well okay I may have stretched the truth a little bit, but what's the harm in that? It's a tiny little speech about an even tinier office plant!

Odie. Be careful Carly.

(Sounbite of wind chimes.)

Odie. THE WORDS YOU SEW ... YOU NEVER KNOW HOW FAR THEY GO.

Carly. Woah, that rhymed Odie!

Odie. I know. Makes me sound more wise.

Carly. I 'll say!But look we gotta get cracking on this alien investigation.

Odie. Let's have a look at this time sealed event again. Indeed, Carly Q, Lewis, It appears that a UFO crashed on a ranch outside of Roswell, New Mexico in the Summer of 1947.

Carly. Lewis, did you know that the U in UFO stands for...

Lewis. Unidentified got it

Odie. Now as per usual, I can't drop you off at the event. It looks like the closest I can get you is when the Ranch owner brought the UFO into his local police station.

Carly. Sounds good to me.

Lewis. Uh and me!

Odie. Great. Remember the rules?

Lewis. Oh oh, I do...

Odie. Yes?

Lewis. Don't interfere with the past...

Odie. And?

Lewis. And be back before the end of lunch.

Odie. Right, and don't touch anything purple either. Don't ask me why. Weird stuff just happens.

Carly. Got it.

Odie. Okay, strap in you two. Here we go!

(Soundbite of elevator ding and traveling noises, then muffled voices)

Carly. Ow, Lewis. You're standing on my foot!

Lewis. It's not my fault your foot squirmed underneath mine.

Carly. Squirmed?

Lewis. It's so cramped in here. Where are we anyway?

Carly. I think we're in some sort of broom closet.

Lewis. Why would Odie drop us off in a broom closet?

Carly. I don't know, she's got a really weird sense of humor.

Lewis. Well can we get out of here? I'm getting a little claustrophobic.

Carly. Hold on a second...(listening)... do you hear that?

Lewis. Hear what?

Carly. Those voices. There on the other side of this door. Be quiet for a second.

Mac Brazel. All I know is it's a really big oval-shaped disc. It's not as heavy as you think it would be, but it's REALLY shiny.

Sheriff Wilcox. Was this shiny when you picked it up?

Mac Brazel. Yup!

(Soundbite of knock at door.)

Sheriff Wilcox. Come in.

(Soundbite of door opening.)

Sheriff Wilcox. Ah, Colonel Blanchard. Thanks for coming, sorry for bringing you in this late.

Colonel Blanchard. I was halfway through my TV dinner, Sheriff! This better be good.

Sheriff Wilcox. Oh I think you're gonna like this one Colonel. What do you make... of this?

Colonel Blanchard. What in blue blazes?

Sheriff Wilcox. Some sort of UFO, we were hoping you could shed some light on this issue

Carly. UFO! He said UFO!

Mac Brazel. This one of your top secret government experiments, army man?

Colonel Blanchard. Air Force. Who is this man, Wilcox?

Sheriff Wilcox. Mac Brazel, sir. He's the man who found the UFO on his ranch about a week ago.

Mac Brazel. Crashed into my bull pen on the 4th of July is what it did!

Carly. Like Independence day, the movie! Today will no longer be a day of American independence but nevermind.

Lewis. I do love that movie.

Sheriff Wilcox. So, is this one of yours?

Colonel Blanchard. Nothing that I recognize. Though we'll need to do a full assessment back at Fort Worth. It does look fairly advanced though. This shiny, plastic-like material. Seems pretty space-age wouldn't you say, Wilcox?

Mac Brazel. Maybe it's one of them alien space ships I been reading about!

Carly. I can't believe it. This is IT. It's a real live alien spaceship! It has to be!!

Lewis. (loud whisper) Shhh! Carly?! What are you doing?

(Soundbite of typing sounds.)

Carly. H-Dad they said...Shiny... plastic..space-age.

Lewis. Quiet. They'll hear us!

H-dad. (at full volume) Extra keywords added to search! Thumbs up emoji.
Magnifying glass emoji. Detective emoji.

Carly. Oh shoot.

(Soundbite of volume decreasing.)

Colonel Blanchard. Who was that?

Mac Brazel. Sounded like it was coming from that there closet.

Colonel Blanchard. Ready your weapon, Officer.

Lewis. Way to go, Carly! Now you've done it!

Carly. Stop moving around so much, Lewis! I can't breathe in here!

Lewis. You stop moving around!

Sheriff Wilcox. You better come out right now

(Soundbite of Carly and Lewis's fighting builds until the door finally bursts open and Carly and Lewis are flung onto the floor)

Carly. Heh heh... hi.

Sheriff Wilcox. Um.

Colonel Blanchard. Great. Secret Service. I should have guessed.

Mac Brazel. Secret Service?

Sheriff Wilcox. How do you know?

Colonel Blanchard. Black suits? Spying on us from the closet? Don't be so naïve, Wilcox.

Sheriff Wilcox. Right.

Carly. Uhhhh, actually we're from the bureau of...

Colonel Blanchard. FBI. Of course. Well, your cover's blown now so you may as well help us with this UFO.

Carly. (Excited) Well if you insist!

Lewis. (Nervous) Sure.

Colonel Blanchard. You two got any ideas? This fall off one of your FBI spy planes?

Lewis. Could be modern art,um ancient art,um postmodern,uh but mid-century art

Carly. (Cutting him off) Aliens! My money's on aliens.

Sheriff Wilcox. (SHOCKED GASP)

Colonel Blanchard. Uh huh. Well, we're certainly not ruling anything out.

Lewis. So what's next on the agenda Colonel.

Colonel Blanchard. Well my recommendation is to transport this wreckage back to Fort Worth for further assessment. Until then, we can't confirm or deny what this device is.

Lewis. I was just about to say that.

Colonel Blanchard. I've got my jeep parked out the front of the station. Can you all help me with the transportation?

(Soundbite of murmurs of agreement.)

Carly. Yes sir, colonel. We love to help transport things

Colonel Blanchard. Okay, let's cover it up.

Carly. Our specialties as a team

Lewis. I'll supervise.

Carly. Don't flatter yourself.

Colonel Blanchard. Everyone grab a corner. Lift on 3. 1, 2, 3.

(Soundbite of effort as everyone lifts UFO wreckage.)

Colonel Blanchard. Okay, the jeep is just through those doors.

Sheriff Wilcox. I should warn you all that a couple of the members of the press got wind about this thing and have been hanging outside the station for the last few hours now.

Colonel Blanchard. Just ignore them. My commanding officer Major Marcel will give them an official statement once we make it back the airbase.

(Soundbite of door opening, then photographs and reporters talking.)

Reporter. Hey! Hey! Over here! Hank Landsborough - Roswell Daily Record - What you got under that cover there?

Colonel Blanchard. We don't know. No more questions.

Reporter. Does this have anything to do with the flying saucers that have been reported in the Pacific Northwest?

Carly. Oh, I don't know anything about that. But maybe. Anything's possible!

Reporter. And where exactly are you from?

Carly. The bureau of.

Reporter. Wowee, the FBI. This must be big. So do you think this here UFO could be the result of alien activity?

Carly. Well that's my theory but.

Reporter. (Cutting her off) Jeepers creepers, G-men confirms extraterrestrial flying saucer found outside Roswell. That's some headline!

Lewis. Carly! You can't talk to the press!

Carly. What's the worst that could happen?

Lewis. She could publish false information! Just like your little speech about Phineas!

Carly. Oh he's not going to do that. Are you, Ms Linz? Wait where'd she go?

Lewis. Great job Carly Q! Now she's gonna go write that nonsense about this being an alien spaceship!

Carly. Oh, I'm sure it'll be fine.

Colonel Blanchard. You two. Stop chit chatting and help load this thing in the back here.

Carly. Okay grab the other end Lewis.

(Soundbite of car door opening and wreckage being placed down.)

Colonel Blanchard. Okay Wilcox, thank you for your help. We'll take it from here.

(Soundbite of walking steps.)

Carly. Uh what about us?

Colonel Blanchard. Well you and the other special agent are more than welcome to join us at the airbase.

Carly. (Super excited) Really?!

Lewis. (Under breath) Uh Carly, aren't you forgetting something?

Carly. What?

Lewis. Lunch break is almost over.

Colonel Blanchard. Lunch break?

Carly. Uhhhh...no... he said large... snake.

Lewis. What?

Carly. Yeah, special agent Lewis here got bitten by a large snake earlier today and isn't feeling too well at the moment.

Colonel Blanchard. You gotta look out for those suckers. You ain't in Langley anymore, Special Agent.

Carly. So anyway, I better take him to a doctor. Make sure he's alright for our flight back tomorrow.

Colonel Blanchard. OK, suit yourself. If you happen to come across anymore information just radio the airbase. Ask for Colonel Blanchard.

Carly. Yes Sir.

Colonel Blanchard. Alright, well goodnight folks.

(Soundbite of car driving off.)

H-dad. Analysis complete!

Carly. Hey! I completely forgot about this! What you got for me, H-dad?

H-dad. June 24, 1997, US Air Force releases report on 1947 Roswell incident.

Carly. And?

H-dad. Project MOGUL.

Carly. Project Mogul?

Lewis. I had an uncle called Mogul.

Carly. Shhh!

H-dad. Air Force confirms that wreckage found on Brazel Ranch in 1947 was from a high altitude weather balloon used to spy on the soviet union.

Lewis. A balloon? For spying? Now I've heard everything!

Carly. So it definitely wasn't aliens?

H-dad. Correct. The spy balloon, as part of Project MOGUL, was classified as TOP SECRET, until 1997.

Carly. I guess that explains why there was so much mystery surrounding it.

Lewis. Come on Carly, here's the elevator. You may not have any work to get back to but I do!

Carly. Ughhh, fine! But I still believeeeee.

(Soundbite of elevator ding and travel noises)

Odie. Carly Q.

Carly. Odie! What's going on, basement companion?

Odie. Don't you basement companion me! What did you do back there in 1947? The whole timeline is wobbling! Did you touch something purple? I told you not to touch anything purple!

Carly. I didn't touch anything purple! Back me up here, Lewis.

Lewis. She didn't.

Carly. Thank you!

Lewis. But she did interfere with the past!

Odie. What?!

Carly. Yeah, what?

Lewis. When you talked to that reporter.

Odie. You talked to a reporter?

Carly. Yeah like for a second.

Lewis. She told him that the crashed UFO was an alien space ship.

Odie. Carly!

Carly. Yeah okay, maybe I did. But it was one little comment. How much harm could it do?

Odie. You tell me! Look at this newspaper!

(Soundbite of Odie slamming a newspaper down in front of Carly.)

Lewis. (Reading) The Roswell Daily Record?

Carly. (Reading) Flying Saucer Captured on Ranch in Roswell Region....Whoops.

Odie. Whoops is right Carly! Did you forget what I told you just before we stepped into the elevator?

Carly. Uhhhhh.

Lewis. Ooooh, me, me! Pick me! I remember.

Odie. Lewis?

Lewis. You said...(Clears throat) Be careful of the words you sow, you never know how far they go.

Carly. Oh yeah, you rhymed it. I remember now.

Odie. That's right. And THIS is exactly what I was talking about! Those little words of yours may not have seemed that important in the moment, but they had ripple effects that would affect popular culture for the next 50 years!

Carly. Gah Odie, I'm sorry. I just got a little carried away, it won't happen again, I promise, scouts honor.

Lewis. You were never in scouts.

Carly. Shhhh!

Odie. It better not. Otherwise they'll be no more lunch break time trips from your friendly basement companion. You understand?

Carly. Got it. Loud and Clear.

Odie. You have any idea how hard it was to cover up that little misstep of yours? I'm getting too old for this!

Carly. You don't look a day over eighty two.

Odie. (Disapproving grumble)

P.A. System. Attention BUTTHED employees. We will now end our lunch hour break with one minute of silence for Phineas the Ficus. COMMENCING MINUTE OF SILENCE. 59 SECONDS REMAINING. 58 SECONDS REMAINING. 57 SECONDS REMAINING.

Carly. Lewis, silence means no talking.

Lewis. I know but I like to talk.

Carly. Yeah I know you do but you need to be quiet now okay? Think of someone other than yourself for once in your life? Cut the commentary.

(Soundbite bagpipes in background, people speaking.)

Carly. So, it turns out it wasn't aliens that crash landed in Roswell in 1947. It was a super top secret government spy balloon. A balloon for spying! Who would have thunk it? No wonder Colonel Blanchard wanted to get that thing back to his air base as soon as possible. But that wasn't the most important thing I learned this week. The most important thing I learned was not to speculate because One- You never know what the consequences of your words may be and Two- It seems to really annoy Odie. So, with that I decided to edit my speech about Phineas the Ficus to make sure that EVERYTHING that came out of my mouth was 100% correct and could not be misconstrued in ANY WAY.

Office employee. I'd now like to welcome to the stage Carly Q, an employee from basement subsegment management to say a few words about how Phineas the Ficus exemplified everything that the bureau stands for.

Random Coworker. We have a basement?! In distance. Who is she?!

(Soundbite of microphone squeal)

Carly. Phew hot mic. How we feeling today Butt-Head Headquarters? Sad? Ohh. Tough crowd. Okay, I will dive straight in, to the words.(Clears throat) Phineas the Ficus exemplified everything that the bureau stands for... he was always the first in and last to leave the office, because he lived here. He breathed new life into the office, because he was an air purifying plant. And although Phineas could never be replaced. I have been told that we will be getting a new office plant tomorrow. It was a little soon, but our broken hearts couldn't make it another day Am I right? So here's to Phineas the ficus plant, gone but never forgotten. and that's the truth.

(Soundbite of audience applause)

Carly in background. And remember, you never heard this.