

## **Who, When, Wow, Season 2, Episode 24**

### **Anastasia**

**Carly.** Psst! Hey! It's me, the secret host here, from the secret podcast you are currently listening to. Today's adventure is a mystery over one hundred years in the making, and it's all about ROYALTY and secret imposters. So put on your "thinking crown" and let's get to the bottom of it -- I'm Carly Q, and this is Who When Wow, Mystery Edition!

(THEME SONG)

(Soundbite of office and people talking.)

**Carly.** When I got into work this morning I was looking good and feeling better.

**Carol.** Hey Carly, your hair looks amazing today!

**Carly.** Thank you, Carol! Day one curls.

**Linda.** Carly Q, I just LOVE that shirt. Your style is so cool and unique!

**Carly.** What? Thank you, Linda! Compliments, I feel great. Nothing could ruin my mood today.

(Soundbite steps down to basement.)

**Carly.** Unfortunately, my mood hit a bit of a snag when I got down to the basement.

**Lewis.** Carly Q!

**Carly in the background.** Lewis Q!

**Carly.** Lewis was waiting for me at my desk, and I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was pretty excited about something. Which was never good news because what's exciting to Lewis is not necessarily what's exciting to me.

**Lewis.** The BUTTHED employee newsletter wants to do a profile on us!

**Carly.** Us? As in you and me?

**Lewis.** I got added to the newsletter subcommittee last month, they asked for some ideas on who to profile, I suggested me, they said that was a little weird, I said no it wasn't, they said yes it was--

**Carly.** Lewis.

**Lewis.** So then I suggested you, too! Like, the both of us! Time traveling compadres!

**Carly.** Wow, fun! Wait, we're not gonna talk about using the time elevator though, right? Or my secret podcast?

**Lewis.** Of course not! What podcast, there's no podcast, I've never even heard a podcast. Wink wink. Nudge nudge.

**Carly.** That's what I like to hear. Or not hear.

**Lewis.** Just make sure you don't mention anything about pie, okay? The rest of the newsletter is all about healthy eating. Oh, and maybe straighten your hair before the photo shoot?

**Carly.** Wait, what?

**Lewis.** Oh and DEFINITELY don't mention anything about Nibbles. Nobody needs to know that your best friend is a disgusting rodent.

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

**Lewis.** Ohh..you're amazing... hiiiii Nibbles! Didn't see you there.

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

**Lewis.** Awkward.

**Carly.** I agree with Nibbles. This whole thing seems weird. I mean really? Change my hair? And not talk about pie?!? What else is there to even talk about? But before Lewis could answer, something new came down the vacuum tube.

(Soundbite of a thumb drive comes down the vacuum tube.)

**Carly and Lewis.** A new time-sealed file!

**Lewis.** Play it, play it!

**Audio File.** Event: February 6, 1928 (BLEEP) Russian Throne (BLEEP) New York City (BLEEP)

**Carly.** New York City, Russian Throne?

**Lewis.** What is this, some trendy new caviar bar in Park Slope?

**Carly.** I pulled out my digital assistant device H-dad, and entered in the keywords from the event.

(Soundbite of typing.)

**Carly.** February 6, 1928 - Russian Throne -New York City.

**H-dad.** This file most likely refers to Anna Anderson, a woman who claimed to be Princess Anastasia Romanov, the heir to the Russian throne. Crown emoji.

**Carly.** Whoa!

**H-dad.** On this date, her ship arrived in New York City, and held a press conference to announce herself.

**Lewis.** Wait, "CLAIMED" to be the heir? ...So who was she really?

**Carly.** Maybe a distant relative with a score to settle? An imposter who likes caviar and Russian stuff? ...OOOH or an alien body-snatcher?

**Lewis.** Orrrr, maybe it was actually her?

**Carly.** I know what you're gonna say H-dad, but any chance you've got more--

**H-dad.** H-dad to the rescue. Analyzing, analyzing, analyzing.

**Carly and Lewis.** Typical.

**Lewis.** In case you hadn't guessed it Carly Q, I'm coming along for this one. Always wanted to meet royalty or fake royalty. See you at lunch time.

(Soundbite of Lewis walking up stairs.)

**Carly.** While H-dad analyzed away, Lewis and I split up to get some work done. And a few hours later,

**P.A. Voice.** Attention, BUTHEAD employees: get out your yams and stretch those gams, it's time for a Calories and Calisthenics Meal Break!

**Lewis.** Luuuuunch time!!!!

**Carly.** Okay Lewis. You too Nibbles.

**Lewis.** Of course.

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

**Carly.** And with that, we took off for the elevator. Lewis what was that?

**Lewis.** I'm doing voiceover training.

**Carly.** OK, cool.

(Soundbite of elevator ding.)

**Carly.** Hi Odie!

**Odie.** Hello, basement companion. Oh Lewis is back.

**Lewis.** I never left.

**Odie.** Uh huh. Another mystery today?

**Carly.** Yes indeed! This one's all about the missing Russian princess Anastasia.

**Odie.** Ahh, a classic mystery! It all goes back to the Russian Revolution of 1917, when the Tsar and his family were all killed.

**Lewis.** Tsar, that's like a King, right?

**Odie.** Pretty much. But there's rumors that one of his daughters, Princess Anastasia, somehow survived. And if true, she would have been set to inherit the sizable fortune left behind by the Romanovs.

**Carly.** So who is this woman from the file, Anna Anderson?

**Odie.** Isn't that the question? All I know is, she was one of a number of women who claimed to be Anastasia, most of whom turned out to be imposters.

**Lewis.** Oh I've had imposters of my own before.

**Carly.** Why would anyone pretend to be you?

**Lewis.** Uh because who wouldn't want to be me?

**Odie.** Right. Let's review the time travel rules. No changing the past, no staying past lunchtime.

**Carly.** AND the elevator's time cloak function will make our clothing more appropriate for the location. Hashtag fashion.

**Odie.** That's exactly right!

**Lewis.** Then let's get out of here, yeah?

**Odie.** Yes, but just remember: Always stay true to the you-know-who.

(Soundbite of wind chimes.)

**Carly.** The who, when, what now?

**Lewis.** Wait.

**Odie.** Okay here you go.

(Soundbite of elevator ding and travel noises.)

**Lewis.** Ahhh why am I still always surprised by thiiiiiiiis?

(Soundbite of thud and elevator lands, sea sounds.)

**Carly.** Wow we made it! Look at the New York City skyline, it's beautiful!

**Lewis.** And this ship is huge!

**Carly.** We were standing on the deck of a giant ocean liner with 3 huge smokestacks.

**Nibbles.** (inhales) Ah it is good to be home! No smell in the world compares to the stench of New York City baby!

**Lewis.** Whoa, look at our clothes! A bespoke suit and tie for each of us!

**Carly and Lewis.** We look SO GOOD!

**Nibbles.** Okay not to rush your fashion show, but I think something's happening?

(Soundbite of crowd noise.)

**Carly.** Sure enough, on the other side of ship there were a bunch of reporters gathered around a stage, and it looked like something was just about to get started.

**Lewis.** Let's get closer so we can hear!

**Carly.** We walked over right as a young woman stepped up to the microphone.

**Anna.** Hello and thank you for the warm American welcome. I am here now only because of the terrible tragedy that happened to my family 10 years ago during the Revolution. But I was lucky enough to survive the tragedy, and then escape with the help of a friendly soldier.

(Soundbite of commotion from the reporters)

**Reporter.** Ms Anderson? Ms Anderson?

**Anna.** Uh, yes? You?

**Reporter.** Gil Tager, the Washington Post, what brings you to America?

**Anna.** During the attack on my family, I suffered an injury to my jaw. I have come here for surgery to have it reset. Yes, in the back?

**Another reporter.** Can you prove you are who you say you are?

**Anna.** Of course, I can.

**Carly.** Lewis and I pushed our way through the reporters, raising our hands, but Lewis got her attention first.

**Anna.** Yes you, young man?

**Lewis.** Lewis Marlow, from the, uh, Perfectly Tailored Times. How did you survive when the rest of your family didn't?

**Anna.** I believe I truly just got lucky, though I did not get out unscathed. In addition to my jaw, I sustained other injuries, and I have many scars to prove it.

**Reporters.** Can we see the scars? Can we see the proof?

**Anna.** Unfortunately that is all the time I have today. But thank you.

**Carly.** Where is she going?

**Lewis.** I have more questions!

(Soundbite of cameras flashing.)

**Carly.** Two men escorted Anna off the stage, taking her over to the gangway to exit the ship. We need to find out more info before she leaves for her surgery.

**Nibbles.** Follow me, there's another way off the ship!

**Carly.** We followed Nibbles to another gangway, and as we did --

**Carly.** H-dad! I need you tell me some basic facts about Anastasia's life.

**Lewis.** Why?

**Carly.** So we can quiz her to see if she's the real deal!

**H-dad.** H-dad gearing up for an Anastasia info dump! Talking face emoji!

**Carly.** We raced down the gangway as H-dad gave us some deets on the princess.

**H-dad.** Grand Duchess Anastasis Nicolerna, born 1901 in St Petersburg, Russia. As a child, she and her sister were frequently referred to as the Little Pair by friends and family.

**Carly.** Come on Nibbles, there she is! A few minutes later we arrived on the dock next to the ship, and a few paces away we could see Anna waiting for her car.

**Carly.** Okay, let's see if this is really her. Wait, Nibbles where you going?

**Nibbles.** To snoop around while you two question her. This is New York City baby, even in 1928, I know my town! Booyah.

**Carly.** Okay, good luck! Nibbles raced off, as Lewis and I approached Anna. My plan was to grill her with all the facts that H-dad had given me. Hello there!

**Lewis.** We're sorry to bother you, but.

**Anna.** Reporter man, I told you all, no more questions.

**Lewis.** Right okay, butttt.

**Anna.** But you young lady, you are with the jaw surgeons, no? You must be, with that handsome suit you're in.

**Carly.** Yes! Yes I am, I am a jaw surgeon and I'm here to ask you a few questions before the surgery.

**Anna.** Go right ahead.

**Carly.** I'm told you speak English, Russian and French, correct?

**Anna.** Oui, j'ai appris le français.

**Carly.** Uh.

**Lewis.** (whisper) Do *you* speak French?

**Carly.** I thought I did, but I'm realizing I only know how to ask for dessert. (Back to Anna) Uh, okay, forget the languages, how about this: Who are you named after?

**Anna.** Fourth-century martyr St. Anastasia.

**Carly.** Correct! And what did your family call you and your sister Maria?

**Anna.** The Little Pair.

**Carly.** Also correct. What did you do at the St. Petersburg Opera House that got you in trouble?

**Anna.** Ate candies without taking off my white gloves. May I ask, why is a jaw surgeon asking such personal questions?

**Carly.** Oh, it's just, uh, standard operating procedure for standard... jaw procedures?

**Lewis.** You are smooth as silk.

**Anna.** Are you *sure* you are with the jaw surgeons?

**Carly.** Yes, lool at my suit and actually-- we gotta go! Thanks Anna! I mean, Anastasia. Er, whoever you are!

**Lewis.** Alright, come on!

(Soundbite of them running away.)

**Carly.** We raced away before she got any more suspicious. Phew! Close one.

**Lewis.** Tell me about it.

**Carly.** Don't you feel like we're always running? And immediately ran right back into Nibbles.

**Nibbles.** Hope you two had as much luck as I did, you're not gonna believe what I found!

**Carly and Lewis.** What?!

**Nibbles.** See that guy over there in the bowler hat? His name's Martin Knopf, he's a private investigator following Anna.

**Carly.** No way!

**Nibbles.** He was hired by the Grand Duke of Hesse, Anastasia's uncle. They must think Anna's lying.

**Carly.** Then let's go have a talk with him.

**Carly.** Nibbles hid underneath my suit jacket as we walked over, while I put on my best private detective accent.

**Carly.** Oh hey there fella. We hear you're following the Russian princess gal.

**Martin the Private Investigator.** Oh yeah?

**Carly.** Yeah, cause we're following her too.

**Martin the Private Investigator.** Is that right?

**Carly.** Yeah it's right.

**Lewis.** It is right, and don't you forget it. (whispers) Voiceover classes.

**Carly.** My partner and I, we're having a little bet, see? He thinks there's no way you could have learned more about her than we have, but I'm not so sure.

**Martin the Private Investigator.** Well, what do you know?

**Carly.** What do *you* know?

**Martin the Private Investigator.** I know that "Anna" is actually a Polish-German factory worker named Franziska Schanzkowska.

**Carly.** Wait really-- I mean, yeah! We know that too. What else do you know?

**Martin the Private Investigator.** I know that Franziska went missing in 1920, and was later pulled out of a canal in Berlin. She refused to tell anyone her identity and so was committed to a psychiatric hospital.

**Lewis.** Whoa.



**Carly.** Right, yep, we know all that as well.

**Martin the Private Investigator.** I know that she had a history of mental instability, and that the scarring on her body was from a factory explosion in 1916.

**Lewis.** So that's what happened to her jaw! I mean...obvi.

**Martin the Private Investigator.** AND I know that after two years at the asylum, she suddenly announced she was Anastasia, and has been bouncing around Europe ever since.

**Lewis.** Well that is alot.

**Carly.** Here's what I wanna know: does "Franziska" know she's lying? Or does she actually, sincerely believe she's Anastasia?

**Martin the Private Investigator.** Hard to tell, she may have gotten a head injury from that factory blast. Alright, so what do you two know?

**Carly.** Oh, uh...pretty much all of that, more or less.

**Martin the Private Investigator.** Oh come on, you scratch my back, I scratch yours, right?

**Carly.** Actually, speaking of, we have an appointment at-

**Lewis.** The back scratch store!

**Carly.** So we gotta get going. Thanks for the info though! Bye!

(Soundbite of them running away.)

**Carly.** That guy was a real detective! He knew everything!

**Lewis.** Yeah but he loves scratching backs, which was weird.

**Carly.** Wow, what a story!

**Lewis.** Do we really believe him? That Anna is really Franziska?

**Carly.** Maybe? What do you think, Nibbles?

**Nibbles.** I'm buying it! Why would anyone make up a story like that?!

**H-dad.** Analysis complete!

**Carly.** Yes! Tell us everything H-dad, what ended up happening with this Anna Franziska Anastasia person?

**H-dad.** Anna Anderson continued fighting to be recognized as Anastasia for decades, but ultimately lost her case in German court, with the judge saying she hadn't "provided sufficient proof to claim the identity of the grand duchess."

**Lewis.** So what happened to her?

**H-dad.** She eventually moved to the US and married a history professor, where she lived until her death in 1984.

**Carly.** Then what about all that stuff the PI said, about who she really was?

**H-dad.** In 1991, teams of scientists in both England and the US conducted DNA tests and finally proved that Anna was almost certainly NOT a Romanov. And other scientists noticed Anna's DNA had a lot of similarities with a great-nephew of Franziska Schanzkowska.

**Nibbles.** So the PI was right! Anna was actually Franziska.

**Carly.** Which just leaves one question.

**Carly and Lewis.** What actually happened to Anastasia?!

**H-dad.** Despite numerous other imposters making claims over the years, the real Anastasia most likely died along with her family back in 1918. After the remains of two Romanov children were discovered in 2007, DNA tests proved that every member of the Romanov family had been accounted for -- including Anastasia.

**Lewis.** So all the imposters over the years were actually just that-- imposters.

**Nibbles.** Wow! Mystery actually solved! Ding Ding!

**H-dad.** Incoming message from Butthead-quarters.

**Carly.** And just in time, too.

**P.A. Voice.** Attention employees: Calories and Calisthenics ends in 5 minutes. Finish lunging, finish lunching, and get back to work!

**Lewis.** Here we go.

**Carly.** We went back to the ocean liner, found the elevator, and

**Carly in background.** I don't understand why would someone for decades pretend they are somebody else?

**Lewis.** I know, who would do that? Well it's kind of like a,  
(Soundbite of elevator ding and travel noises.)

**Odie.** Welcome back you two.

**Carly.** Hi Odie.

**Odie.** So what did we find out about Anna Anderson?

**Carly.** Turns out she was actually a Polish-German woman who went through some very rough times.

**Lewis.** And even though she may have genuinely believed she was Anastasia, she wasn't.

**Carly.** Because sadly the *real* Anastasia died along with her family.

**Odie.** Hm, Impressive work.

**Carly.** My head is kind of spinning though, I feel like we pretended to have so many different jobs today – reporters, jaw surgeons, other private investigators. Woof! (gasps) That's what you meant with your riddle, Odie!

**Odie.** Always stay true to the you know who.

**Carly.** The 'you know who' is me! Or, you. Or, each one of us. It's yourself!

**Lewis.** Oooooohhhhh.

**Carly.** You meant that we shouldn't ever lose sight of who we really are inside.

**Odie.** Indeed you should not. Whoever Anna Anderson really believed herself to be, the lesson of staying true to ourselves is something we can all stand to remember.

**Carly.** And how! Odie, We won't forget it!

**Odie.** Then have a pleasant rest of your day you two.

**Carly.** Thank you Odie. This is just what I needed to hear. Lewis...about that newsletter thing, I think I'm gonna have to turn it down.

**Lewis.** WHAT?!

**Carly.** Not talking about pie, straightening my hair...That's just not me!

**Lewis in background.** Okay, well...what if you DIDN'T have to straighten your hair? And let's say you make, I don't know, one reference to pie?

**Carly in background.** Three references!

**Lewis in background.** Two and that's my final offer.

**Carly.** Lewis and I kept hashing out the details, and I'm pleased to report that we did finally come to an agreement. I was so glad I stuck up for myself about the profile, and doing it in a way I felt comfortable with. After exploring so many different identities

today, not to mention the history of one very famous imposter, it felt extra good to really, truly, be myself. Anyway, that's it for today. Wondering what time sealed adventure we'll get into next week? Me too! Until then, this is Carly Q, signing off. And remember: you never heard this!