

Who, When, Wow! Mystery Edition

The Pineapple in the Painting

Carly. Hello Podcast listeners! The one and only Carly Q here coming at you with another episode. This podcast may be a secret right now, but someday I hope this thing goes VIRAL. Have it stand the test of time! Who knows maybe in three hundred years people will look back on this episode and go. 'This, ladies and gentlemen of the New New York public art gallery, is a prominent example of early 21st century art and story telling. 'Kinda like the painting at the heart of today's mystery. Oooh! How's that for a teaser! I'm Carly Q and this is Who, When, Wow, Mystery Edition.

(THEME SONG)

(Soundbite of office noises, phone ringing.)

Carly. It was a hot summer morning, and for once, I was happy to get to the office early!

Carly in the background. Air conditioning! Yes!

Carl. Morning Carly.

Carly. (actively fanning herself) Morning Carl.

Carl. Hot one today?

Carly. You can say that again!

Carl. Hot one today?

Carly. Oh I didn't literally mean, never mind. And that's when I noticed it.

Carl. You digging the new art work Carly Q? Lewis put them in yesterday.

Carly. Lewis had, unbeknownst to me, redecorated the entire lobby!

Lewis. Ughhhh! Air conditioning ... thank goodness.

Carl. Morning Lewis.

Lewis. Morning Carl.

Carly. Lewis!

Lewis. Oh, you're here too Carly Q.

Carly. Did you replace all the puppy and donut artwork in the lobby?!

Lewis. Yes I did Carly Q. Our clients are never going to take us seriously if we have stock photos of puppies and donuts all over our lobby!

Carly. Wait, we have clients?

Lewis. So I took it upon myself to class up the space a little bit.

Carly. With a bunch of boring old paintings?

Lewis. Oh please. These are hardly boring Carly Q. What we have here is a veritable retrospective of European artwork through the 16th and 17th centuries.

Carly. You lost me after 'what we have here is'.

Carl. I think that one's my favorite.

Carly. Carl pointed over to a large painting in the corner of the room. It seemed just as boring as the others to me; two frilly old dudes posed outside some old-timey mansion. But then, I noticed something.

Carly. Wait a minute is that, a pineapple?

Lewis. (laughs) Don't be ridiculous Carly. Why on earth would anyone in a 16th century portrait be holding a,

Carly. It was definitely a pineapple.

Lewis. Oh my goodness that does look like a pineapple doesn't it?

Carly. Lewis, why is this dude down on one knee holding a pineapple?

Lewis. I don't know.

Carly. (gasps) Did we just find a new mystery to solve? And without a time sealed file even?

Lewis. We?

Carly. Oh like you have anything better to do during lunch break.

Lewis. Fine.

Carly. Meet you at the elevator?

Lewis. Don't be late.

Carly. How could I be late? I work down there.

(Soundbite of door closing to elevator.)

Carly. I spent the rest of the morning filing away historical events.

Carly in the background. The chicken first crossed the road in 2032 BC.

Carly. But I couldn't get that pineapple out of my head.

Carly in the background. Awesome. Ugh.

P.A. Voice. Attention everyone. It's lunchtime! Don't forget to have some cooling refreshments.

Carly. Ooh yes!

(Soundbite of Lewis coming down the stairs.)

Lewis. Carly Quu, I'm hereee.

Carly. Before I knew it it was lunchtime and Lewis and I were heading to the elevator to get to the bottom of our pineapple painting mystery!

Lewis. Are you sure it was a pineapple? Maybe it was just a very large tennis ball?

Carly. Huh? That makes even less sense!

Odie. What are you two arguing about now?

Carly. Oh hey Odie. We're having a debate about fine art?

Odie. Fine art? That doesn't sound like you.

Carly. Odie, that's a little spicy but whatever. There's a whole new collection of paintings up in the lobby.

Odie. I noticed. Whatever happened to those photos of dogs with donuts?

Carly. Ask him.

Lewis. Storage.

Odie. Storage!

Lewis. We needed to class up the place! Not that you would know anything about that.

Carly. But don't worry, it's not all bad. We got a new mystery out of it!

Odie. You did? A mystery without a time sealed file?

Carly. I know right? Hey, did you see the painting in the corner? The one with the two old dudes?

Odie. That doesn't exactly narrow it down.

Carly. Hm ok, I hear that. The one with the pineapple.

Odie. That was a pineapple?!

Lewis. It might be a large tennis ball. We're not sure yet.

Carly. It's definitely a pineapple.

Odie. What is a pineapple doing in a 17th century painting?

Carly. That's what we've been trying to find out! I asked H-dad to tell me who the two people in the painting are but

H-dad. Analyzing. Analyzing. Analyzing. Aaaaaaanalyzing. Still analyzing.

Odie. Let me take a look at that.

(Soundbite of Odie banging it against her hand.)

H-dad. Analysis Complete!

Odie. Works every time.

Carly. Thanks for the tip!

H-dad. The two persons depicted in the painting titled 'King Charles II is presented with a Pineapple'.

Carly. Ha! See, I told you it wasn't a tennis ball.

H-dad. Are King Charles II of England.

Lewis. Obviously.

H-dad. And John Rose, the Royal Gardener of Dorney House. Dated, 1675.

Carly. We got a date! Now we just need to hop into the Time Traveling Elevator to get to the bottom of this mystery.

Lewis. What do you say Odie?

Odie. Okay. I'll allow it. But only because I'm curious myself. But remember.

(Soundbite of wind chimes.)

Odie. No interacting with the past.

Carly. And be back before lunchtime.

Lewis. And be back before lunchtime.

Odie. Very good. You've been listening. Now, hold on tight! Say hello to the King!
(laughing)

Carly. Is anyone else thinking about pineapple pieeee?

(Soundbite of elevator travel noises then loud thud.)

Lewis. Oooooof! (Stretches) Never gets any easier does it?

Carly. Nope! But there are certainly worse places to be dropped off - Get a load of this place!

(Soundbite of birds chirping.)

Lewis. It is a fabulous garden. Yes.

Guard. Oi! What are you doing out here? This is a restricted area.

Carly. Sorry, we were looking for a mister uh, John.

Lewis. (under breath) Rose.

Carly. ROSE! John Rose.

Guard. Ah! You must be the new groundskeepers they sent for.

Carly. Ah, Yes that's us. Two humble groundskeepers. That is who we are.

Guard. Well, Mr Rose is usually holed up in his greenhouse.

Carly. Hmm a greenhouse?

Lewis. A greenhouse, you know? Like an indoor garden in a glass room.

Guard. Follow me and don't lag behind.

(Soundbite of Carly, Lewis and the Guard walking through the garden towards the greenhouse.)

Carly. Right, right. So, what's this John Rose like?

Guard. Hard to say. He's a very secretive man. Barely seen him these last few weeks. Been tied up in his greenhouse working on something special. Probably why he called you two in.

Carly. Right. Of course.

Guard. Anyway, this is the place. Good luck with Mr Rose. He's... an interesting character.

Lewis. An interesting character? What does that mean?

Carly. Let's find out! Come on!

(Soundbite of Lewis and Carly going into greenhouse.)

Lewis. Ugh, so humid in here. I don't like this Carly.

Carly. Why not?!

Lewis. Oh I don't know; the creepy plants, the half empty vials, the general haunting atmosphere! And the humidity does horrible things to my hair!

Carly. Oh please! Lewis look at my hair! It has doubled in size and I'm not complaining. I love it. The humidity is not that baaa...

(Soundbite of glass breaking.)

John. Hello?

Carly and Lewis. Ahhh!

John. Sorry didn't mean to spook you. May I offer my most sincere apologies. John Rose, at your service.

Lewis. (gasp) Royal Gardener John Rose.

John. The very same!

Carly. Just the man we've been looking for!

John. Really?

Carly. Yes! We've been sent to help!

John. Ah! You must be my new groundskeepers. Perfect. But before you set off I'd like your opinion on something. If you take a seat here.

(Soundbite of John dusting off some stools.)

Carly. Oh man, a silk sheet? Very mysterious. This ought to be good.

John. Lady and Gentleman. Under this silk sheet lies something that has hitherto never been seen before on this continent. A delicacy that up until this very moment remained a vestige of the elite and the wealthy.

Carly. I understood about 20% of that.

Lewis. Shhhhhhhh.

John. Without any further ado; let me introduce to you.

(Soundbite of the silk cloth being wiped away.)

Carly. A pineapple!

John. (confused) Uh...yes. Wait. You've seen one of these before?

Carly. Duh, it's like my favorite pizza topping.

Lewis. Really?!

Carly. Yes! It's delicious!

John. Wait. You have tasted this fruit?!

Carly. Yeah, I had a slice of Hawaiian pizza for breakfast just this morning.

Lewis. Eww you did?

Carly. Do not judge me.

John. But I thought you two were groundskeepers.

Carly. Yes, definitely grounds keepers. We're just well fed.

John. Then how is it that you've had the opportunity to dine on such rare delicacies?

Carly. Uhhhhh, well... you see the thing about that is...oof, is it hot in here?

Lewis. We were royal tasters.

John. What?

Lewis. Yeah, for the king. Tasted a whole bunch of weird foods. You name it we've tried it!

John. Well, in that case you two will be aware that my spiky little friend here. Ow. Is the hottest thing in Europe at the moment!

Carly. You guys eat it hot?!

Lewis. Not literally hot! He means it's very popular.

Carly. Oh, right. I knew that. Carry on.

John. Well since Columbus found them in the West Indies a while back people just can't seem to get enough!

Carly. Uh huh, 'found them'. I'm doing air-quotes.

Lewis. I can see.

John. The only problem is that they only grow under very specific conditions, hot and humid.

Carly. Which England is not.

John. Exactly! So the King has been having these pineapples shipped over here from the other side of the world, that is until now.

Carly. What do you mean?

John. Lady and Gentleman, what you are looking at before you is the first pineapple to ever be grown on British soil!

(Soundbite Carly and Lewis clap and cheer.)

John. Thank you! I plan on presenting it to the King Right here at Dorney House when he comes to visit next week!

Carly. (gasp) That must be what the painting was all about!

John. What painting?

Carly and Lewis. Uh, nothing!

John. I'm hoping that this botanical advancement will help lower the price of the fruit so that everyone can enjoy it. Not just King, Queens and Royal tasters.

Carly. The price? Why, how much does one of these bad boys possibly go for?

John. Oh, at the moment I think they're going for around 70 pounds.

H-dad. That's almost ten thousand dollars in today's money. Cash emoji, pineapple emoji.

Carly. Who in their right mind would pay?

John. Oh plenty of people; Louis the XIV, the Duke of Savoy, a Habsburg or two... King Charles of course.

Lewis. That's quite a list.

John. It's actually become a sort of status symbol amongst the wealthy.

Carly. Which is why this home grown pineapple is such a big deal!

Lewis. And painting worthy!

John. You keep going on about that. Do you two really think I'll get my portrait taken for this? I really do hope so. I've always wanted a portrait.

Carly. Let's just say I have a very good feeling about it Johnny boy.

Lewis. (through gritted teeth) Ex-nay on the revealing information about the future -ay

John. Okay, playtime is over. If you two really want to help me out the rose bush over by the Royal Guest house haven't been trimmed in weeks. You can start there.

Carly. You got it Mr Rose. Wait your name is Rose and you grow rose bushes? That's so cool. That's like if my name was Carly Mystery.

Lewis. Ha ha ha, such a good jokester! Alright. Bye Mr Rose. Come on Carly, we gotta get out of here before lunchtime's over.

Carly. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Lewis. Head out the way we came?

Carly. Sounds like a plan, just keep an eye out for that guard.

Lewis. Copy that.

(Soundbite of door opening and tranquil garden.)

Lewis. Come on, the time elevator's over by those petunias.

Carly. Right behind you.

Guard. Hey you two! What did I say about wandering off?!

Carly. Lewis! You had one job!

Lewis. Run!

(Soundbite of Carly and Lewis running for the elevator.)

Guard. Get back here!

Lewis. Quick!

Carly. I'm here! Go go go!

Lewis. Close the door! We didn't even get to see the Kingggg.

(Soundbite of elevator ding and travel noises.)

Odie. So, did you figure out the mystery of the pineapple in the painting?

Carly. You bet your sweet be-toot we did!

Odie. What?

Carly. Yeah, sorry. That felt weird coming out of my mouth.

Lewis. We did solve the mystery though.

Odie. And?

Lewis. Turns out that it was a giant tennis ball!

Odie. Really?

Lewis. No.

Carly. It was a pineapple, and not only that, we think it was the first pineapple EVER grown in England!

Odie. That's probably true but indigenous people in the Caribbean had been enjoying them for hundreds of years before the Europeans found out about them right?

Carly. Yup, and the ones they imported from the Caribbean cost almost ten thousand dollars a piece!

Odie. What?!

Lewis. Yup.

Odie. Well, Now I can see why the King wanted his portrait painted with one.

Lewis. Sooo I guess the new art work in the Lobby really DID class up the place huh?

Odie. I suppose it did.

Carly. But I still want that photo of that dog with the donut back.

Odie. Me too.

Lewis. FINE! I'll see if I can get it out of storage.

Carly. Yes! A mystery solved AND an injustice righted!? I am on a ROLL today!

Odie. You think that if it makes you happy basement companion. Have a good day.

(Soundbite of Odie walking away.)

Carly. So I found out how the pineapple got in the painting. It's amazing to think that something as universally loved as Hawaiian pizza could have started from such noble roots. Just goes to show; you never know how things are going to play out over time. Who knows - maybe in another three hundred years people will be trying to figure out the origins of the photo of the dog and the donut!

Lewis. (straining) How's this?

Carly. Little to the left.

Lewis. Now?

Carly. And if you're listening to this podcast three hundred years in the future while you're flying around in your spaceship or whatever, well, tell your friends, and thanks for listening.

Carly. Little more, little more.

Lewis. Carly!

Carly. Perfect!