

Episode 2: January 10-16, 2000

(INTRO MUSIC)

Scene 2.1

OLIVIA

(reads, forced cheerfulness) My name's Olivia and this is the Y2K podcast - welcome to the year 2000! *(beat)* Yeah. Hey. That's rather cheerful, isn't it? Just trying to figure out how to open the podcast. Got any ideas? Answers on a postcard... Hang on, why do people say that? I think my parents say it, so I suppose it's some old reference. They're full of those. Anyway, e-mail me if you have any tips... I really don't know what I'm doing. *(laughs)* So to recap I've found a bunch of files on my Mum's old laptop, it's 20-year-old voicemails between my Mum and a friend of hers, and I'm turning them into a podcast. And I'm calling it Y2K because that's short for the year 2000, when the voicemails were recorded. Yeah. But you probably got that. *(laughs)* So. I'm back at uni and just had a Sedimentology lecture and it was all right I guess but I was just so tired and unfocused that I couldn't really grasp what they were saying. Like the information just didn't reach my brain. *(sighs)* Sorry. So last week *(slight hesitation)* Jess had just arrived in Auckland and was whispering in a library, while *(slight hesitation)* Kat was feeling blue back in London. And here is the second round of audio files from January 2000. They seem to be in completely opposite moods here.

Scene 2.2

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

KAT

Jess! Oh I wish I could talk to you directly! Right now! I feel so great! *(hums, speaks text)* Livin' La vida Loca... I'm living the 'loca' life over here! So, Johnno came to the pub Tuesday night, and he was... He was really cool. It was pretty quiet at the start of the night, and he just ordered a pint and sat there and talked to me when I wasn't busy. And he's really smart, you know, I never realized that. We talked about books and politics and theatre - of course we talked about theatre! And music - he's a huge music nerd and listens to all sorts of stuff I've never heard of. We also ended up talking about TV shows, and of course I had to check - and he IS a Buffy fan - maybe even more so than I am! AND he has the first half of season 4 on video and so OF COURSE I invited myself over to watch it. Clever me, huh? So last night I went to his place - he lives in Chalk Farm and he has his own apartment! Haven't quite figured out how he can afford that... He's a musician. At least I think so? Yes, he's in that band, you know? Plays bass? We did NOT

talk about our jobs. OK, anyway, we did watch Buffy, like two episodes, you know 'The Freshman', and that one with the horrible room-mate - Kathy! - remember how angry we were with her? Anyway, Johnno and I kind of lost interest in TV somewhere around there and... Well it was seriously the best sex I've ever had, which is strange, right? But also absolutely amazing. And it wasn't just sex, we talked. And got hardly any sleep... (*serious*) I know you've heard things about him. But it can't be right. He's lovely. And, you know, it's only been one night - maybe he doesn't want it to be anything more. Maybe *I* won't want it to be more. We haven't promised each other anything. So, no worries, ok?

(00s text noise) Oh! (*pause*) It's him. (*smiles*) He wants to see me tonight! There's a gig in Brixton - some band I've never heard of, but who cares! I have to figure out what to wear. Cross your fingers there's more amazing sex tonight! (*laughs*) Love you - bye!

(clicks)

Scene 2.3

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

KAT

Sorry! I mean, let me know what's up with you - met anyone nice at university? And how is it anyway - it started this week, right? OK, really really wish you were here! Bye again!

(clicks)

Scene 2.4

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)
(library ambience)

JESS

Hi Kat. I'm happy you're so happy. It makes me feel better too. And maybe you're right about Johnno, maybe it's all just rumours. But, please, be careful? Have as much sex as you like, but guard your emotions a little. (*laughs*) I feel like someone in an Austen novel saying that, though of course Lizzie never told Jane to have as much sex as she liked! Maybe she should have, huh? Anyways, remember you're in that lust-fog now where you feel like you're in love just because the sex is so good? Don't trust that feeling! Wait 'til the fog lifts and then figure out what you want to do. All right? And of course congratulations on best sex ever - that's great. (*smiles*) No, I'm not jealous. Or bitter. Lonely. Ugh. My dear I'm so happy for you, I'm just having a hard time. Moving to a new country - again - is just exhausting. I did all this when I moved to London five years ago, and it was mostly fun, you know, figuring out where the post office was and what milk to buy and how to get bus passes. I was so happy to be there - and so happy to NOT be in Edmonton - that it

didn't register as a chore. But now, I'm... kind of wondering if I did the right thing coming here. Maybe I didn't think it through properly. I was just so happy to be accepted, and get the scholarship and everything, and -- I was still reeling from the break-up. You know. I do want to do this, and I am sure I will learn a lot, but it's just so hard. (*verge of tears*) Damn! I can't cry in the library! (*sniffles, pulls herself together*) Yep, still in the library. I move into the new place on Friday. It seems good, the new flatmates are Maia and Tia, and they seem nice enough, just a little stand-offish you know? Like they're happy to share a flat but don't really want to hang out. Which is fine, of course, just -- And on top of that I've now completed two whole days of the *Master of Creative Writing* and talked to exactly no-one apart from the registration person yesterday. (*lowers voice*) I thought Kiwis were supposed to be friendly, but so far, nope. (*normal volume*) I know, I know. Give it time. It will get easier. And I can't give up after two days - I moved all the way to the other end of the world to do this after all. All that ocean between us. That's actually wonderful here in Auckland - the sea is never far away, and some places are so incredibly beautiful I can hardly believe it. (*footsteps approaching, whispers*) Crap! Here's the librarian!

RACHEL

(*kindly*) You do need to keep it down you know.

JESS

Sorry! Again! I'll be done in a sec--

RACHEL

What is that anyway, why are you talking to the computer?

JESS

It's... I just moved here, so my friend and I are doing internet voicemails. To keep in touch. Phone calls to England are really expensive, and --

RACHEL (*interrupts*)

How clever! Sorry --

JESS (*interrupts*)

No, I'm sorry --

(*They laugh*)

JESS

Go ahead.

RACHEL

I forgot what -- Oh! Just how clever, to do voice mails on the computer. I've never heard of that.

JESS

Yeah, it's new I think. Pretty handy. *(beat)* I'm Jess, by the way.

RACHEL

Rachel. Good to meet you. *(smiles)* So you just moved here? You a student?

JESS

Yep. Creative Writing. Just started, so can't really tell you anything about it.

RACHEL

(laughs) All right, I won't ask. Yet anyway. Where are you staying?

JESS

At the hostel down the street right now, but I'm moving into a flatshare in Newmarket this Friday.

RACHEL

Newmarket's nice, I hope you'll enjoy -- Oh! There's someone waiting at the desk, I'd better go. Finish this quickly, right?

JESS

All right, thanks! *(pause, footsteps retreating)* Did you catch all that Kat? I actually talked to someone! And they were nice! I'll try to take it as a positive sign. There are nice people here - maybe not kindred spirits like you... and Anne Shirley and Diana Barry *(laughs)* I'm all literary today, maybe some of the creative writing atmosphere is rubbing off on me after all. *(laughs)* Not that anyone's mentioned Montgomery yet - or Austen for that matter. *(laughs)* The professors seem quite good actually. Though lots of work and super fast paced. We will see. So, my kindred spirit, take care of yourself, and don't jump into anything too fast, right? Sending you hugs across all the oceans - oceans of hugs! *(laughs)* Let me know how everything goes with Johnno, of course, and everything else. Love you!

(clicks)

Scene 2.5

OLIVIA

Right. That's - *(stops herself)* I'm glad she seemed happier toward the end there. But - *(shudders)* -- all that sex talk. Do NOT wish to hear my Mum or her friends on that topic. It's... just odd. I know they're around 25 here and sex talk in your 20s is to be expected, but still. I don't have to like it... Anyway. I'm still wondering if any of you knew my mum or her friend around the year 2000? Or maybe you know anything about the other people they hang out with? I'd like to get more of the story around these voice mails. *(reads,*

still a little uncertain) Please e-mail me at y2kpod@gmail.com, find me on Twitter or Instagram @y2kpod, that's the number two. Our wonderful music is created and recorded by Jake Haws, check out his podcast "Making Music with Jake Haws" to hear more. (*comments aside from text*) I'm doing episode descriptions now, so the link is there. This is Olivia, signing off. (*reads, still a little uncertain*) Thank you for listening, and welcome back next week when we return to the year 2000.

(OUTRO MUSIC)