

Episode 9: March 1-5, 2000

(INTRO MUSIC)

Scene 9.1

OLIVIA

Hello everyone, welcome to the Y2K podcast! My name is Olivia, and I will be your tour guide as we time travel twenty years back in time. *(laughs)* All right, yeah, I am still working on that intro... I'm at the BurnFM studio again today, feeling a little less lost among all the tech in here. Thanks again, Tammi! So guess what I found yesterday? The website for the Free Online Voicemail service that Kat and Jess were using twenty years ago. It looked completely ridiculous - but I did some googling, and apparently websites in the nineties and early noughties all looked like that. I guess no-one ever bothered to take it down. Not sure if you could still record a voicemail on there, but their profiles were still searchable, which is a little creepy. I guess nothing really disappears once it's been online. Like an old footprint - a fossil if you like. Two friends left fossils twenty years ago and now I'm digging them up, sorting them and sending them off in the world for all to... admire? Enjoy? Share? Something. All right, let's get to it. Last week Jess's mother reached new lows of horrible, and the ladies had breakfast in different time zones, and Johnno was odd about the word love again. Welcome to the year 2000!

Scene 9.2

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

KAT

Hi Jess. (slight rustling of clothes) I'm folding laundry. I keep putting laundry off because it is just *so* BORING... Also I'm hardly ever home. But now I'm down to wearing my workout gear, so today is laundry day - yay! *(smiles)*. I'm staying here tonight too, Johnno has a work thing. We hardly ever stay here together, because - duh! - he has his own place with no sneaky flatmates. Speaking of flatmates, um, not sure if you want to know this but *(beat)* I think Rose broke up with Claire. I don't know what it was about, but Claire seems to be in a really bad mood, and I haven't seen Rose over here in a while. Talked to Emma about it in the kitchen this morning, and she thinks so too, but we're both too chicken to ask... Anyway. That's the laundry folded *(puts laundry away in dresser)* I have another load in the machine but that won't be done for a while yet... Hang on. (opens window, light Sunday morning street noise, lights cigarette, blows out smoke, sighs) I tried to talk to Johnno about money last night. We'd been to dinner with his friends in Soho and had lovely Chinese food and when we got the bill Johnno just

said "Let's just split it in six parts!" like it was no big deal. I had ordered one dish and had one beer, because that was all I knew I had money for. The others - (*inhales-exhales smoke*) there were six of us, but you got that - had all had multiple dishes and many pints each. And when I told Johnno - in a low voice so the others wouldn't hear - that I didn't have money for that, and that I wanted to just pay for what I'd had, he says really loudly "Well, at least you're gorgeous! Don't worry, it'll be my treat!". I felt about five millimeters tall. I didn't want to advertise my financial status to all his well-off friends with steady jobs and cars and apartments. It made me feel like a failure, this poor little out-of-work actor who gets by on bartending. So when we got home - to his place I mean - I brought it up. And he... Just doesn't seem to get it. He says I can pay for 'other things' but the fact that he has money means we do much more expensive things, so even if he treats me a lot of the time - which is of course lovely of him - it doesn't mean I can always pay for the other expensive things that I wouldn't be doing if I wasn't with him. You know? (*inhales-exhales smoke*) Last week I walked from his apartment in Chalk farm to work in Finsbury Park almost every day to save on bus fare. (puts out cigarette, closes window) Turns out it's nearly an hour's walk each way so it took a lot of time.

(washing machine subtly starts spin cycle, increases during following)

KAT (*continues*)

Haven't told him this. I feel... I feel ashamed to not have money. Which is ridiculous. Why is it shameful? I guess I didn't feel quite as bad about it when we were students. Now I'm supposed to be an adult, a graduate who supports herself. Yeah. Not going so well. Anyway, Johnno and I argued. For the first time, really. He just wouldn't see that I had a point, that my frustration was real. He kept trying to reassure me he would take care of me and I kept trying to tell him that wasn't the point. We were yelling. You know me. I don't yell. It was freaky. We made up in the morning but- the issue is still there and I don't know what-

(spin cycle at noisiest)

CLAIRE

(muffled yell) Who the fuck is doing laundry at this hour?

(KAT opens door)

KAT

Hey Claire. Sorry. Guilty. It's almost do-

CLAIRE

(interrupts, furious) What the hell were you thinking? I was asleep!

KAT

(tries to remain calm) Well it's almost noon, so-

CLAIRE

(interrupts) I was asleep!

KAT

(still trying to keep calm) I get that. Are- Are you OK?

CLAIRE

No! I'm not fucking OK! (storms off)

KAT

O--K. (*mutters under breath*) Jävla subba. (washing machine starts winding down, KAT closes door, sits down) (to JESS, near tears) Jess. That was really unpleasant. I hate getting yelled at. And there was no reason - there's no rule about doing laundry in daytime. Well, you know all this. (*small sob*) Hate this! I start crying instead of getting angry. (*exasperated*) (*sighs*) I'd better go take care of that laundry now. Anyway, confirmed: Claire is *not* in a good place. Wow! (*beat*) So... (*pulls herself together*) let me know all about your hike, and how Bri is, and how you are, and everything else that's going on. OK? Love you!

(clicks)

Scene 9.3

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

JESS

Hey Kat, so sorry you got yelled at, first by Johnno and then by Claire. She seems a little... unhinged. It's weird, now that Bri's here and everything I feel (*beat*) distanced from the pain of that break-up. Like the new pain of Bri and I basically being (*beat*) orphans ate up some of the old pain. (*pause*) Also, with Bri here I feel like I belong more, you know? Like she's making this feel like home just by being here. It's a little too early to say for sure, but Bri's talking about possibly staying in Auckland, trying to get transferred to university here and finishing her degree. It won't be until the spring semester though - which starts in August, very confusing! - so she'd have to get a job in the meantime. I hope she does stay! This past week has been so full of pain and misery yet it's also been wonderful to connect with Bri again. We had the most incredible hike through unbelievable scenery, I took lots of pictures, I'll have to get them double printed and send you some! And we talked and talked some more, and I told her about Mom, and it was awful but Bri said she'd rather know than not. So we've decided not to pick up Mom's calls, either of us. Or Dad's, but he's not usually one for calling. (*pause*) I had my second therapy appointment today, with Antonio, which somehow seems a far too beautiful name for somebody as prosaic as a therapist. But I like him. He listens

and thinks and lets me finish my rambling thoughts, and then he offers up a question or a comment that gets me thinking further. It's still early days, but I think it's helping... Let's see. School is getting more fun - still breakneck-paced but we're doing feedback sessions in groups which is very useful but also terrifying. One thing this degree is definitely teaching me is to not be so precious about my writing - I can't double- and triple-check everything before letting anyone read it, I just have to get writing, and then pass it along for feedback. (very soft sound of front door opening in background) It's taking some getting used to, but it seems to also unlock me creatively somehow, I don't get in my own way as much, if you know what I mean. Yesterday I-
(slight footsteps, soft knock on door)

RACHEL
Jess? You there?

JESS
(gets up and opens door) Yeah. *(smiles)* Hi! Rachel!

RACHEL
(laughs) Hi. So Maia invited me over for dinner again - you want to help us make dumplings?

JESS
Um, sure! I'll check if Bri wants to join in as well.

RACHEL
Cool, more the merrier, right?

JESS
(laughs) I just have to finish-

RACHEL
(interrupts with a smile) You voicemailing your friend again?

JESS
Yep. But I was just going to wrap it up, so-

RACHEL
OK. *(smiles)* See you in a bit then.

JESS
(closes door, smiles) Yeah. *(to KAT)* So, dumplings! Never made those before. You would know - is it hard? *(laughs)* You know I'm a little lost when it comes to cooking... Or a lot lost... Anyways, I'm sure it will be fun. Take care of yourself, my dear. Any exciting auditions lined up? Love you!

(clicks)

Scene 9.4

OLIVIA

So, seems things are looking a little better at Jess's end. I'm a concerned for Kat though - all that yelling... Um, we will see what happens... Or what happened, really. Sort of feels like it's happening now... Is it just me or do you feel that way too listeners? Either way, did you know Kat or Jess or their friends around the year 2000? I would like to hear from you. Please e-mail me at y2kpod@gmail.com, find me on Twitter or Instagram @y2kpod, and that's the number two. Also check out our beautiful webpage, at y2kpod.com, where you can find more info about the show and, of course, listen to all our episodes. We are also on Apple Podcasts - what used to be iTunes - on Google Podcasts, Spotify and wherever you get your podcasts. If you like Y2K, please tell your friends to listen too! And if you have a minute, it would mean so much if you would rate and review the show on Apple Podcasts. Our jaw-dropping music is created and recorded by Jake Haws, check out his podcast "Making Music with Jake Haws" to hear more. The link is in the episode description. My name's Olivia, (reads) thank you for listening, and welcome back next week when we return to the year 2000.

(OUTRO MUSIC)