

Episode 29: July 17-23, 2000

(INTRO MUSIC)

Scene 29.1

OLIVIA

Kia ora (*KEE-ə OR-ə*) and welcome to Y2K - now from Auckland, New Zealand!

I'm Olivia, back under a blanket for this one, in my room in our new student flat - Tammi and I were really lucky - we have a shared flat just the two of us! It's small but so NICE! Much nicer than my old place in Birmingham. Think it's quite new which is probably why. We had our intro at uni this week, and I am excited! This year is gonna be so much fun. (*beat*) And... I promised to tell you how it all went with my parents... I finally told them about the podcast. After we'd packed up we went to dinner at the pub down the road and... I just blurted out 'I've started a podcast'. Then of course there was much confusion as I had to explain what a podcast is -

can't believe they don't know - lots of people of all ages listen to podcasts. I think they're just oblivious. I mean my mama - Rachel - is a librarian, and she should know all about various forms of media, or you'd think so anyway. But podcasts seem to have flown completely under the radar for her. My mum - Jess - is a novelist these days so she has more of an excuse I suppose - a little isolated from the world... But... She should know about the world in order to write about it though, shouldn't she? Anyway. Then I told them about the voice mail files, and... they both went completely silent. For a long time. It was a little scary. (*beat*) Right. I'm babbling on. I'll play today's voice mails before I tell you the rest, I think. (*beat*) Last week Kat felt like she was falling into a black hole, and Jess and Rachel looked at a blurry sonogram - of me! (*smiles*) Here we go - welcome to the year 2000!

Scene 29.2

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

KIRSTEN

(*very worried*) Hej Katarina, det er mor. Jeg er lidt bekymret for dig - du kan vel give lyd fra dig? Send en sms, så ringer jeg op. Jeg- (*stops herself*) OK. Kram! Hej!

(clicks)

Scene 29.3

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

KAT

Hello Jess. I am SO TIRED. This past week has been even busier. (*sighs*) Good for not falling down the black hole but also means I have slept much less than I should - I am so busy during the day that all the bad thoughts creep up when I try to go to sleep and

then I'm awake for *hours*. (*sighs*) Maybe you're right. I should find a psychologist - psychiatrist? Therapist? One of those. It's just so expensive, and even though I make a little more at the pub now money is still scarce. Or... can I get one on the NHS? Have to check. Anyway. I'm looking for another job. Remember I did that strange job in a call center where I interviewed people in Norway about their internet habits? Maybe something like that. Though preferably not in Norwegian! That was a little too wacky. I remember the supervisor listening in on one call, and then he was like 'Your Norwegian is great' but he was English, so what did he know? (*laughs*) A call center job might be good, though. As long as I don't have to sell anything, hate that! So looking into those kinds of jobs... I also have some theatre auditions coming up - I was trying to find new audition monologues the other day, I'm tired of the ones we worked on in drama school, I want something new, you know? Not the same old classics that every actor uses. Something where I can really show emotion. I probably need to read more new plays, don't I? Yeah... Will get on that. I do go to a fair bit of theatre with Johnno, but he tends to pick the plays, and his taste is a little... safer than mine. The other day we went to the opening of Hamlet at Lyttleton and it was... it was good. But I feel like I know Hamlet backwards and forwards and even if they do a fresh production it's still the same story, the same text. (*sighs*) Also I-

(00s mobile phone signal)

KAT

It's my mother (*beat*) I'd better get it, she's been chasing me...
(*click*) Hej mor!

KIRSTEN (*very faint*)

Hej min skat! Hvordan går det?

KAT

(*sighs*) OK. Du jag lämnar meddelande till Jess, kan vi prata sen?

KIRSTEN (*very faint*)

Sæt mig på højttaler, så jeg kan sige hej!

KAT

Um, OK? (beep)

KIRSTEN

Jessica, just wanted to say hello!

KAT

And now you've said it...

KIRSTEN

Jessica, I'm worried about Katarina.

KAT

(*mildly annoyed*) You can say that directly to me you know.

KIRSTEN

I know. But you haven't been very easy to get hold of, and I wanted to say something to Jessica.

KAT

(*frustrated*) OK, fine. What?

KIRSTEN

(*worried but trying not to show it*) Jessica, Katarina won't talk to me, but I really hope she's talking to you. So I want to say thank you. And if you ever want to get in touch with me you can e-mail me or find me as "Kirsten55" on this voice mail thing you are using.

KAT

(*sighs*) OK. Is that it?

KIRSTEN

Yes. Skal jeg ringe om en time?

KAT

OK.

KIRSTEN

Kram min skat.

KAT

Kram. (*beep*) Oh, Jess. Don't know what to say. She is so worried and just wants to take care of me but I feel like I did when I was a teenager, you know? Like everything she does and says is just wrong and gets under my skin. (*frustrated sound*) Please don't contact her. Everything gets blown out of all dimension - proportion, I mean - when she hears about it. Can't deal with that. Anyway. (*beat*) Oh, yes! I read your screenplay! Should have started with that, but, again, very tired. I love it. It is really beautiful and nothing like what you usually see produced. I want to watch this - and I want to be in it! (*smiles*) So when this is optioned for millions of dollars, make sure to say you already have an actress lined up for Karen, all right? (*laughs*) That would be... incredible. But back to earth... What else is up at your end? Uni starts up again soon, right? Let me know. Love you!

(*clicks*)

Scene 29.4

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

JESS

Hi Kat. I get why your Mom is so worried. And I think you do too. So if you can, try to be a little patient with her, all right? She's far away and just wants to make sure you're happy. Kind of like me, really. *(smiles)* It's a hard thing to know that you are unhappy and be on the other side of the world, you know? And you do know, 'cause you've been worrying about me... *(smiles)* I'm feeling much better, though. School started this week and this semester is basically all about the dissertation. I thought I had to keep that completely separate from the screenplay, I thought they only accepted novels or short stories, but had a meeting with my supervisor today, and she says I can develop the screenplay as part of my dissertation, and write a reflective commentary alongside it. So that's a relief! *(beat)* Bri also started school this week - sorry! Bri *(pronounced Bree)*! She changed the pronunciation, and I think it suits her so well! Though I admit I've been teasing her a little about Brie cheese - but we both love Brie cheese so I don't think she minds too much. And she does make the most incredible cheese puffs, so it fits! Anyways, she says she's been thinking about it for a while, and it seemed like a good idea to change it before she meets all these new people at university. So far she seems happy - her professors seem to have handled using the right name and pronouns pretty well and she's already found some people to talk to. I'm glad she's not in that weird limbo I was in my first few weeks here... guess Social Anthropology undergrad is a little less stressful than what I'm doing, which is great. Also, I have a surprise for you, check your e-mail! *(smiles)* I'll say no more, but hope you'll like it! *(beat)* Rachel is having a tough time of it, nausea and ligament aches and all sorts of weird symptoms. But her midwife says it's all normal, so nothing to worry about I suppose. Just hard for her. But she's so- she goes about her life and her work and still makes headspace to take care of me when I get worried. *(deep breath)* She's wonderful. She really is. And already I can't imagine my life without her... *(smiles)* You know that feeling, my dear... How are you and Johnno doing these days? Are you talking about the hard stuff or is it too painful still? And if you don't talk to each other, maybe you could both benefit from a therapist? Separate ones, I mean, though maybe couple's therapy would be good too. I think they are available through the NHS... *(realizes)* yes - the one I talked to a few years ago was on the NHS, how else could I have afforded it? You'd better check, of course... Take care of yourself, my dear. And figure out a way to get more sleep, maybe ease up on the activities for a bit? Love you!

(clicks)

Scene 29.5

OLIVIA

There! I'd been wondering when aunt Bri *(pronounced Bree)* changed the pronunciation of her name. *(smiles)* I had a hard time with who she was when she first turned up in the voice mails, the names sound

so different, even though the spelling's the same. I'm going to give her a call, actually, she lives right here in Auckland, and I know my mum's been e-mailing asking her to keep an eye on me while I'm over here... Haven't seen her for a few years, so looking forward to it. Right. I promised to tell you the rest of the story... So my parents and I were down the pub and I'd just explained about the voice mails. And for the first time of the whole visit, they looked at each other. Really looked. And... it's hard to explain but it was like they were communicating without saying anything. Like all sorts of feelings flew across their faces, and they just sat there. I didn't know what to say, so I just waited. And then mama sighed, and said... it was all right. And mum said yes, but she wished I'd asked them. And I was so relieved. (*emotional pause*) I- they're separated. That's what I found out at Christmas. (*small sob*) They said it was OK to tell you that. Mama said... 'If you're telling them the beginning of our love story you may as well tell them the end'. (*voice breaks*) I hate that they are separated. They've always been so... so loving. And so kind to each other. And they're still kind. Maybe it would be easier if they were yelling... I don't know! (*frustrated sigh*) I feel like I'm little again and all I want I s for my parents to love each other and be together. Shit. And I get that it is their business. I do. Doesn't stop it from hurting. 'Cause it's my business too. Also... doesn't stop me from hoping they'll work it out somehow. (*forces herself to regain composure*) Yeah. Sorry. Now you know. (*sighs*) As usual, we have a trailer for you this week. Here it is.

(Trailer for A Ninth World Journal)

OLIVIA

If you knew either Kat or Jess or any of their friends twenty years ago, I would like to hear from you. Please e-mail me at y2kpod@gmail.com, find me on Twitter or Instagram @y2kpod, that's the number two. Also check out our webpage, at y2kpod.com, where you can find more info, and, of course, listen to all the episodes. The show is 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. It can help others find the show. And a lso, it makes me very happy! If you want to support the show further - thank you so much - you can do that by going to [patreon.com\[/y2kpod\]](https://patreon.com/y2kpod) and pledging a monthly amount - from 1 US dollar you get all our episodes early! So if you were a patron, you could check out next week's episode in just a few days! Our fantastic music is created and recorded by Jake Haws, check out his podcast "Making Music with Jake Haws" to hear more. I'm Olivia, thank you for listening, and welcome back next week when we return to the year 2000.

(OUTRO MUSIC)