

Episode 38: September 18-24, 2000

(INTRO MUSIC)

Scene 38.1

OLIVIA

Hello! Olivia here, relaxed, happy and filled with so much springtime joy and incredible nature and fresh air I can hardly contain it! We were very lucky and it didn't rain once, though we did three days of hikes. *(beat)* I love living here. I know I am both Kiwi and British, and my mum's Canadian, of course, but I've always felt... English I suppose... and yet here, now, I am starting to feel Kiwi too in a way I don't remember feeling before. Although I don't sound Kiwi, though, not sure I could! I was asking Kai the other day about a good place to get new headphones, and they said what I thought sounded like Dixmouth *(-mouth pronounced like in Plymouth)*, but I couldn't find it when I googled it. Turns out it's Dick Smith's *(laughs)* I love that! Need to calibrate my ears to the Kiwi accent, I think... Time for some voice mails perhaps? Last week Kat filmed her TV role, Shirin got an internship in New York and Jess and Rachel settled in at the new flat. Welcome to the year 2000!

Scene 38.2

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)
(outdoor city ambience)

KAT

Hey Jess. On the bus, hope you can hear me OK. *(sighs)* Today is not great. Got my period this morning. It's just a regular period among dozens - hundreds! - I'll probably have in my life but... fuck. *(near tears)* I felt like it was time, you know? I know it is nothing to worry about but... I wasn't prepared for how hard this would hit. *(almost sob)* It's like a loss... even though there was never anything there to lose. And it's... *(voice breaks)* it feels like I am miscarrying all over again... I know that's not it, but... Yeah. *(deep breath)* It's fine. We'll just... try again. And I'll feel better tomorrow. But today... I am mourning the loss of a... dream, I suppose. *(sighs)* A *lot* going on, as usual... I went back for my second day filming EastEnders on Friday, it was exciting and exhilarating and all went well, but... I completely forgot that I was due for a shift at the pub at lunchtime. Completely flew out of my head. So once I was done filming I had about twenty missed calls from Lee. It was awful, I never miss things like that. But I did. *(sighs)* Oh maybe I should get a psych-, a therapist. You *can* get them on the NHS. Talked to some people at work about it and they said the waiting lists are really long - can take months apparently.

But maybe worth getting the process started, anyway... Tomorrow I work my last shift at the pub. I'll be sad to leave, it's been pretty good. But the new job will be good too. *(smiles)* "Welcome to Ticketmaster, my name is Kat, how can I help?" - don't I sound professional? Working on my voiceover skills! Much much better than speaking Norwegian, don't you agree? *(smiles, then sighs)* I always feel gloomy around my period so it's never the best time to get bad news - and now the period *is* the bad news... Ugh. Oh well. There's always next month. And then the month after that, and the next, and the next... Better get used to it I suppose. I'm meeting Emma for coffee now, hopefully she can cheer me up a little. Take care my dear - I miss you! Oceans!

(clicks)

Scene 38.3

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

BRI

Hi sib. It's Bri (*Bree*). Probably the last person you expect to hear from on here. It's late, you're probably asleep. Know you check these voice mails first thing, so... Here I am. Talking to you from last night. *(smiles)* This isn't urgent, exactly. I just don't want to forget to talk to you about it. I know you worry living in different flats will be bad for us. *(smiles)* We will be fine. Five years on different continents didn't break our connection, I think we can handle separate apartments in the same city. *(smiles)* Think we can handle anything. *(beat)* I wanted to talk to you about... I've been writing songs. Gerrie has a guitar in the café, and I've tuned it and started playing when the café is empty. Gerrie happened upon me singing today, and they want me to sing at the open mic next week. I... would love to. But also I worry that it will... attract unwanted attention. *(smiles)* I am not like the other girls, as you know, and sometimes it is best to just stay under the radar. Talk about it tomorrow? *(smiles)* Today, for you. Love you sib.

(clicks)

Scene 38.4

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

JESS

Hi Kat. I'm so sorry. I know you had hopes for this month. I've never thought of it like that - but of course getting bad news while hormonal and bloaty is always bad, so, yeah. That really sucks. And please do get on the waiting list for a therapist. Can't hurt, right? I am still seeing Antonio, but we are spacing out the sessions to monthly, and he says we should probably phase it out so we're finished by the end of the year. Feels OK. *(stretches and*

yawns) It's late - Rachel's asleep, Bri (Bree) just left, we've had a really long talk. Turns out she's been writing songs - I had no idea. She's always been musical, of course, but it's the first I've heard of her writing songs. Rachel and I got to hear two of them, and I am simply floored. So powerful, so beautiful. I know Bri (Bree) is my sib and I am probably biased, but still. She is incredible. She is concerned about performing in public, though. Apparently she tried it in Edmonton a few times, and she got a little more attention than she wanted from revolting men with wandering hands, one of whom turned into some kind of stalker for a while. So, pretty damned grim. We talked for a long time. And in the end she decided to try it anyway. Because she really wants to. So she will be performing at the café's open mic night next week. The crowd at Gerrie's is... it's not stated anywhere, but let's just say there aren't many straight white men there, generally. So I am hoping it will be a supportive place for Bri (Bree). And I will be there with a barge pole, so if anyone tries anything funny... Yeah. Nothing could stop me from being there. I am so proud of her, my heart is bursting at the seams. I-

(sound of bedroom door opening, bare feet on wood, RACHEL moans and grunts a little from hip pain)

JESS

Rachel! Did I wake you? I'm so sorry!

RACHEL

(very sleepy) No, love. Just need to pee. *(pained grunt)*

JESS

(stands up) Let me help.

RACHEL

(leans on JESS, footsteps from both) *(sleepy)* Thanks. Ow. I'll be right. *(smiles)* Just this kid sitting on my bladder.

JESS

Yeah. We'll tell them off for that later.

RACHEL

(sleepy laugh) We will.

JESS

I'll wait here.

(door opening, RACHEL goes in, door closing, sounds of peeing, flushing, washing hands, JESS hums 'Scarborough Fair', door opens)

JESS

Here. (RACHEL leans on JESS, they start walking back. Small pained exertions from RACHEL.) You all right love?

RACHEL

(sleepy) Yes. Better now. (they move into bedroom, RACHEL gets back into bed, voices are distant) Come to bed love, it's late.

JESS

(kisses RACHEL) Hm... (smiles) Better not right now. Not sure I'd want you to go back to sleep.

RACHEL

(sleepy laugh) Can you hold that thought 'til I'm much more awake please?

JESS

(small laugh) I will. (kisses RACHEL) Sleep well my love.

RACHEL

(very sleepy) I love you.

JESS

Love you. (footsteps, door closes, footsteps, JESS hums again) Oh! (to desk) I'm back, Kat. Time to wrap it up, I guess. Rachel's... you heard. Walking is painful for her. She has this elastic belt-thing that helps a bit, but apart from that, not much can be done, apparently. All frustratingly normal... Oh, that's right, I never told you about the scan. Everything is good, all measurements and tests and everything looks exactly as they should. So the baby is perfect, it's just hard on Rachel. (sighs) Have to remind both of us that it's temporary. She's not 97 all of a sudden, she just feels like it, she says. The midwife says it will go away once the baby is born. So there we are. As far as curveballs go, I think this is one we can handle. Or, Rachel is handling it fine. I'm the one who is most frustrated about it - feel so damned powerless. (yawns) This time I'd really better go sleep. Love you! Oceans!

(clicks)

Scene 38.5

OLIVIA

Oh that was... a little too close, somehow. Huh. (smiles) Mama used to tell me a story of how I used to kick her bladder when I was inside her tummy so she had to go pee STRAIGHT AWAY. I remember laughing so hard at that when I was... six maybe? Seven? I suppose this is the start of that. (smiles, then yawns) Right, I should go to bed too - must be all that fresh air. Talk to you next week. Bye!

(Trailer for Palimpsest)

OLIVIA

If you know anything about my biological father - Mike - please let me know, I would very much like to get in touch with him. (pause)

Please e-mail me at y2kpod@gmail.com, find me on Twitter or Instagram @y2kpod. Also check out our webpage, at y2kpod.com, where you can find out more about the show, and, of course, listen to all the episodes. We are also on Apple Podcasts, Google Podcasts, Spotify and wherever you get your podcasts. If you like Y2K, please tell your friends to listen too! And 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. I am so very happy and so grateful to our wonderful amazing patrons! We also have merch - check it out at [Y2Kpod.com\[/merch\]](http://Y2Kpod.com[/merch]). Our amazing intro and outro 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)