

Y2K Take 2

**Episode 1: Kirsten - Age 21 -  
Gothenburg - January 1976**

**Scene 1.0**

DIRECTOR

Places, please. We'll try again everyone. Right. Whenever  
you're ready - Take 2.

*(MUSIC "Welcome to the Year 2000")*

NARRATOR

Episode 1. Welcome to the year 1976. January. Gothenburg,  
Sweden. Kirsten is 21 years old.

**Scene 1.1**

*(INT. bar, 1970s lounge music, crowd speaking Swedish. KIRSTEN  
and MANIKA are drinking wine. Both are slightly drunk, and in  
the middle of a friendly argument.)*

KIRSTEN

-but Manika, we cannot accept the way women are still ignored  
for promotions and kept out of board rooms all while being  
paid much less than their male peers! The workplace is not  
equal, it is better than it was but there is still such a long  
way to go.

MANIKA

I agree, Kirsten! But I don't see how quotas are the way to go  
- how are women ever to be taken seriously if we have not  
earned our positions?

KIRSTEN

But we are not given a chance to earn our positions - don't  
you see? It's as though men are on quota now, and have been  
for hundreds, maybe thousands of years! Quotas are a way of  
evening things out so that we \*can\* earn our positions. Do you

want our daughters, our daughters' daughters to have to deal  
with this shit?

MANIKA

No, of course not. I just wouldn't feel comfortable knowing I  
was quota:d into a position, that's all. (*lights cigarette,*  
*smokes*)

KIRSTEN

(*sobers slightly*) That's fair. I'm not sure I would either.  
But I believe in the principle. (*sips wine*) Maybe we should  
all go on strike like the women in Iceland?

MANIKA

(*laughs*) Maybe! Though not sure students striking for one day  
would accomplish anything. We'd only have to catch up on  
everything afterwards. (*smokes*)

KIRSTEN

(*sighs*) Yeah. And all the boys in our year would get ahead. As  
usual.

MANIKA

Yeah, we'd be the only two on strike... Ugh.

KIRSTEN

Did you get the "mekanik-tenta" back yet?

MANIKA

Yeah. (*smokes*) Barely scraped by. You?

KIRSTEN

Same. At least we passed! More wine to celebrate?

MANIKA

Absolutely!

(*BOTH get up from high metal bar stools, MANIKA takes a final  
puff and puts out cigarette*)

KIRSTEN

Oh! I need to pee, sorry! You wanna get the wine?

MANIKA

Sure. Red?

KIRSTEN

Yes please.

MANIKA

On it.

*(Footsteps in two directions. We follow KIRSTEN. Music gets more distant.)*

KIRSTEN

*(hums 'Una Paloma Blanca' as she walks, bumps in to someone)*  
Oh, sorry!

INGA-LISA

*(casual, in Swedish)* Ursäkta, förlåt!

KIRSTEN

*(in Danish)* Undskyld- *(suddenly feels dizzy)* Whoa. *(staggers a little)*

INGA-LISA

*(concerned, in Swedish)* Är allt OK? Ska jag- OJ! *(catches KIRSTEN)* Du ska nog sitta ner. *(helps KIRSTEN to bench)*

KIRSTEN

*(dazed, in Danish)* Whoa. Tack. Jag vet inte vad som hände.

INGA-LISA

*(in Swedish)* Ska jag hämta nån?

KIRSTEN

*(feeling better, in Danish)* Nej, det är OK. Bättre nu.  
*(smiles)* Tack.

INGA-LISA

*(smiles, in Swedish)* Säkert?

KIRSTEN

*(stands up, in Danish)* Ja. Tusind tack.

INGA-LISA

*(in Swedish)* OK. Ta det lugnt.

KIRSTEN

*(smiles, in Danish)* I lige måde. *(starts walking. Muttering to herself)* What \*was\* that. I'm not that drunk.

*(opens door to bathroom with several cubicles. Slight echo and music further distanced. KIRSTEN stops by the mirror.)*

KIRSTEN

*(hums 'Una Paloma Blanca' again, turns on tap, splashes water on face, suddenly dizzy again, in Danish)* Whoa. Va fan? *(suddenly realizes she could be pregnant)* Vänta... Idag är den tredje, när... December... Nej, November! Två... tre... fyra... *(in shock)* HELVETE! *(slaps hand on wall)* Aj! *(rapid breathing, slides down and sits on floor, breathing quiets)*

*(door opens, MANIKA enters)*

MANIKA

Kirsten? *(sees KIRSTEN, quick footsteps, bends down, worried)*  
What happened? Are you OK?

KIRSTEN

I'm... *(can't get the words out)*

MANIKA

*(sits on floor beside KIRSTEN, really scared now)* Darling, come here, did someone hurt you?

KIRSTEN

No. I'm... Oh Manika I think I... I might be... pregnant.

MANIKA

*(disbelieving sound)* Really? *(a little relieved)* I thought you'd been hit or something.

KIRSTEN

Feels like I've been hit by something.

MANIKA

Of course you do. But... who?

KIRSTEN

Bengt. In December, before he left for Afghanistan.

MANIKA

Oh. Guess I didn't realize...

KIRSTEN

It was nothing special. You know.

MANIKA

*(gently)* I know. So... what are you going to do?

KIRSTEN

*(quietly)* I don't know.

MANIKA

OK. *(beat)* You don't have to know right now. And it could still be a false alarm.

KIRSTEN

Yeah. It could. Have to see a doctor, I suppose.

MANIKA

You do. First thing Monday.

KIRSTEN

Yeah. *(beat, small voice)* I'm scared.

*(Fade out)*

## Scene 1.2

(INT. small student room, carpeted floor, daytime, MANIKA is typing a paper on a typewriter, knock on door.)

MANIKA

Yes?

KIRSTEN

It's Kirsten. Can I come in?

MANIKA

Of course!

(door opens, KIRSTEN comes in)

KIRSTEN

You busy?

MANIKA

It's fine, it's just the thermodynamics assignment, it's not due 'til Friday.

KIRSTEN

(sits down on bed) Ugh. I haven't even started mine. Other things on my mind...

MANIKA

Of course. How did it go?

KIRSTEN

All right.

MANIKA

So you *\*are\** pregnant.

KIRSTEN

Yes. As far as she could tell. It's never completely certain, apparently.

MANIKA

All right.

KIRSTEN

She brought up abortion.

MANIKA

Yeah. How do you feel about that?

KIRSTEN

Remember how happy we were last year when it became legal?

MANIKA

Yeah.

KIRSTEN

I'm really glad it's an option now. But I'm not a teenager anymore. I need to think this through.

MANIKA

When do you need to decide?

KIRSTEN

Within the next six weeks or so. But sooner is better, she said.

MANIKA

*(trying to stay neutral)* Big decision.

KIRSTEN

Oh yeah. *(pause)*

MANIKA

What about your education?

KIRSTEN

I don't know. I'd need to skip a term, maybe? Or two?

MANIKA

You've always been so ambitious.

KIRSTEN

I know. I still am. But I don't want to make this decision lightly.

MANIKA

I get that. But... this will change... well, a lot of things.

KIRSTEN

Yes. And no. I mean, of course it will, but also... I've met many mothers in the Forum, and they seem to manage fine.

MANIKA

Of course. *(beat)* You still scared?

KIRSTEN

*(emotional)* Oh yeah. But not... I think if I decide to do this, I think... I will be OK.

MANIKA

Oh I'm sure you will but... *(gently)* I'm worried you'll get stuck.

KIRSTEN

*(surprised)* Stuck how?

MANIKA

Stuck in... being a mum I suppose. That you'll- that you won't finish your degree, won't be an engineer, won't do all the things-

KIRSTEN

*(interrupts, passionate)* But of course I will! That's the whole point! Women today - we can do everything, \*have\* everything. I can have this baby \*and\* a career.

MANIKA

Don't you worry that you'll-

KIRSTEN

*(interrupts)* That I'll what?

MANIKA

That you'll change your mind? That if you have a baby your priorities will change, \*you\* will change?

KIRSTEN

I... No. *(hesitantly)* I don't.

MANIKA

*(Grabs pack of cigarettes, gets one out, lights it, smokes)*  
I've told you about my sister Parvani, right?

KIRSTEN

*(distracted)* Yeah, lives in Bristol. Married... Three kids, right?

MANIKA

Yeah. She used to be... She used to talk about her dreams and her goals all the time. I'm four years younger and I looked up to her so much. She inspired me, you know? I was this awkward teenager, good at maths but not much else, and she was great at... everything. *(smokes)* Brilliant at languages, social sciences, sports... Always had loads of friends. She talked about being a diplomat, maybe, or a lawyer. Used to tell me all about which schools she wanted to apply to, she planned to study in the US maybe, or try for Oxford or Cambridge... I think she could have had a chance at getting in, too. *(smokes)* But then she met Sanjay, and fell in love, and they got married when she was 19, and... She stopped talking about... It's like there wasn't room for \*her\* dreams anymore, it was all about the kids, or Sanjay, or the family... *(sad)* Parvani's still encouraging when I talk about my ambitions, but it's like she's forgotten her own, you know? *(smokes)*

KIRSTEN

*(taken aback)* Oh. Yeah, that... Don't want that to happen.

MANIKA

*(smiles)* Me neither. So keep that in mind, yeah? *(smokes)*

KIRSTEN

All right. I will.

MANIKA

*(puts out cigarette)* I look up to you too, you know.

KIRSTEN

*(surprised)* To me? *(beat)* Why?

MANIKA

You are always so... So strong and calm. Certain. All the guys in our year, whenever they try to explain things you already know, or confuse you with tech terms in Swedish, or treat you like 'just' a girl, you simply refuse to let them. You so clearly \*belong\* wherever you go, whatever you do. You make it look easy. Like that time when we were first-years and Lars-Åke slapped your butt. You just calmly \*looked\* at him and asked him why he did that. You didn't say anything else, but it was as if the whole lecture hall just held its breath, and his face got redder and redder. And then he apologized.

KIRSTEN

*(small laugh)* He did. And never tried it again. We're friends now. *(beat)* Thank you. I'm... Not always that calm on the inside, you know.

MANIKA

I know.

KIRSTEN

*(worried smile)* Especially not now.

MANIKA

Yeah. But you have time to think about it. What are you most worried about?

KIRSTEN

I... *(pause)* I was going to say something about being a single mother, but, you know, that part would probably be OK.

MANIKA

Will you try to contact Bengt?

KIRSTEN

I'll try, but... He'll be away until late summer, I think.  
Don't really know how to get hold of him in Afghanistan.

MANIKA

No address or anything?

KIRSTEN

Nope. We weren't- It wasn't that kind of thing. I'll talk to  
him when he gets home, I suppose.

MANIKA

That's fair. So what *\*are\** you worried about?

KIRSTEN

Practical things, mostly. Like, where would I live? Can't stay  
in student housing with a baby!

MANIKA

No, that really wouldn't work. Against the rules for one  
thing, and babies aren't exactly sneaky and quiet.

KIRSTEN

*(laugh-snort)* Definitely not. And, how would I support us? Can  
I get paid maternity leave as a student?

MANIKA

I don't know. Think it's six months if you're employed, but,  
who knows?

KIRSTEN

Yeah. Lots of things to figure out.

MANIKA

Anything else on the worry list?

KIRSTEN

Well... \*If\* I end up keeping the baby. Am not exactly looking forward to telling my parents.

MANIKA

Will they be angry?

KIRSTEN

Maybe. They're quite old, and I'm an only child. They've always been quite... strict in their ways.

MANIKA

You think they'll disapprove?

KIRSTEN

Probably. They grew up in the 20s and 30s. It was a very different time.

MANIKA

I can imagine. But if you decide to stay pregnant, you are going to have to tell them at some point. You're going home to Aalborg this summer, right?

KIRSTEN

I am. If I'm pregnant at that point I'll be \*very\* pregnant...

MANIKA

*(gently)* You will figure it out. And whatever you decide, I'll help as much as I can.

KIRSTEN

Thank you. *(stands up)* I'd better get started on that thermodynamics thing.

MANIKA

All right. I'll get back to work on mine. Dinner at seven?

KIRSTEN

Absolutely. *(footsteps, door opens, typewriter starts up again.)*

*(Fade out)*

### Scene 1.3

*(INT café, afternoon, moderately busy, Swedish voices in background. KIRSTEN and MANIKA are having coffee)*

MANIKA

You are sure this is the right thing for you?

KIRSTEN

*(smiles)* Yes. I feel so much happier now that I've made up my mind. *(sips coffee)*

MANIKA

Good. I'm glad. So... have you told your parents yet?

KIRSTEN

No... Still dreading that part. *(sighs)* But they're going to be grandparents, I'll have to tell them sometime.

MANIKA

Maybe once you have a new place? *(sips coffee)*

KIRSTEN

Yeah. *(beat)* Yeah... Speaking of that, tell me about this friend of yours we're meeting.

MANIKA

*(grabs pack of cigarettes)* More like friend of a friend. Dagur. *(lights cigarette, breathes out smoke)* I put the word out you were looking for somewhere, and Anna-Lisa knows him. He runs a 'kollektiv' in Haga somewhere, and they have a room open. He's from Iceland. Artist, I think. I've only met him once. *(smokes)*

KIRSTEN

And he's meeting us here? *(sips coffee)*

MANIKA

Yes. *(beat)* He said he'd meet us at three, so he's a bit late.  
I'm sure he'll be here soon.

*(during previous, light bell sound as café front door opens,  
footsteps, DAGUR approaches)*

DAGUR

*(energetic, rushed, calls)* Manika! Manika! Manika! *(DAGUR  
kisses both MANIKA's cheeks)* So sorry I'm late, I mixed it all  
up completely *(takes off jacket)* you said Flygarns Haga on the  
phone and that's what I wrote down but as I was heading out  
today today I was completely sure it was Smålands nation. So  
when I got to Smålands at three and they were closed, of  
course, 'cause it's afternoon, and I was like "Why would she  
want to meet here, it's closed!" and then I looked around for  
a phone box but as I was searching in my pocket for change  
*(slight jingle of coins in pocket)* I found the note and it of  
course said Flygarns so I walked as fast as I could and here I  
am! Brain spaz! *(wide smile, quickly dumps bag and heavy  
jacket on chair)* I'm getting a coffee, you want anything?  
*(leaves before getting a response, footsteps)*

DAGUR

*(distant) (falsely confident in Swedish)* Hej. Kaffe, tack?

WAITRESS

*(distant, in Swedish)* En kaffe... Vill du ha något annat?

DAGUR

*(distant)* Eh, sorry, excuse me?

WAITRESS

*(distant)* Anything else?

DAGUR

*(distant)* No, that's all right. Sorry, still working on my  
Swedish! *(laughs)*

WAITRESS

*(distant) (smiles)* That's all right. *(pours coffee)* Where are  
you from?

DAGUR

*(distant)* Iceland. The land of ice and fire. *(smiles)* And, you know, independent women.

WAITRESS

*(distant)* Oh yes, the women's strike!

DAGUR

*(distant)* *(smiles)* That's right. Good for them!

WAITRESS

*(distant)* Yes. Here's your coffee. *(places cup in saucer on counter)*

KIRSTEN

Eh, so that must be-

MANIKA

DAGUR, yes. *(smokes)*

KIRSTEN

He's...

MANIKA

*(smiles)* A lot. Heart's in the right place though.

KIRSTEN

*(a little dubious)* Well, that's the main thing I suppose.

DAGUR

*(distant)* *(casual flirting)* You could go on strike right now, you know - wanna take a walk with me?

WAITRESS

*(distant)* *(smiles)* Maybe another time. Looks like your friends are waiting.

DAGUR

*(distant)* Oh! Right, right, yeah. Catch you later!

*(footsteps as DAGUR returns, sets coffee cup and saucer on table)*

DAGUR

*(to KIRSTEN) I'm so sorry! You must be Kirsten! (DAGUR bends down to kiss both cheeks, KIRSTEN makes confused laugh, DAGUR sits down while talking) Wonderful to meet you! Danish, eh? (falsely confident in Danish) Hvordan går det? (laughs) I love København! Tivoli, Kongens Have, such great beer! (chuckles) Oh the stories I could tell! A few years ago me and my friend Brynjar- No. That's not why you're here. Shame, it's a great story! Maybe I'll tell you later, eh? Now. Let me tell you about our place instead! Manika says you need somewhere to stay?*

KIRSTEN

Yes. I do. But-

DAGUR

*(warmly) There is room for you with us! You know that saying? (hesitates, tries to remember) Where there's room in the heart, there is room for the butt! (laughs)*

*(MANIKA laughs, smokes, puts out cigarette)*

KIRSTEN

*(slightly confused laugh) Um, no, never heard that. But it-*

DAGUR

*You should, it's Swedish! (thinks) Or is it German? Could be Dutch, maybe? One of those! (slight laugh)*

KIRSTEN

OK. But it's not just me, you see, its'-

DAGUR

*Ah, you have a boyfriend? Girlfriend? Both? They can come, too!*

KIRSTEN

No-

DAGUR

*(so enthusiastic he doesn't stop to listen)* We have a big crib in Haga - Skolgatan - it's on a demolition contract - is that how you say it? *(attempts Swedish)* Rivningskontrakt? Ah, you know what I mean! They want to tear it down, we want to keep living there. No demolition date set yet, so we should be fine for another few years. So far, so great, eh? Now there are eight of us, we share cooking and the household stuff, and we have a room available from the 25th - Anita is moving to Malmö, sadly, she's a great artist, but she's got a hotel job or something down there. It's a pretty big room, before Anita we had a couple living there, and they certainly didn't complain! *(laughs)* We don't have many rules, we all just try to help out as best we can, it's all a big friendly, relaxed group. Trying to be like a family, really. From each according to means, to each according to needs, that sort of thing, you know?

KIRSTEN

*(finally gets a word in)* Yes. That all sounds really good. But you see, I'm pregnant-

DAGUR

*(joyful)* Oh that is wonderful, congratulations! Ah, it would be so nice to have a baby in the house again! Inga-Lisa's girl is a toddler now, very curious, wobbles around everywhere. Toddles around? *(smiles)* Both really! But there is something so soothing about tiny little babies, you know? Unless they're screaming, but we can handle that too!

KIRSTEN

*(very relieved)* Are you sure? Won't a baby disturb everyone?

DAGUR

Ah, we're used to it. It'll be fine. What is the baby's birthday?

*(MANIKA laughs slightly)*

KIRSTEN

*(laughs)* September 1st, according to the doctor. If all goes well.

DAGUR

Oh, it will. I am sure. So what do you say. Want to join us?

KIRSTEN

I- I would. I think. Can I come visit?

DAGUR

Of course! How about this Friday? You can have dinner with us!  
I'm cooking, so dinner won't be very good, but you can meet everyone, and see the room. Tell you what, come by at five and I can show you around before dinner. Sound good?

KIRSTEN

That sounds perfect. Thank you.

DAGUR

Don't thank me, thank Manika! It's all her doing.

MANIKA

I'm really glad this seems to be working out.

KIRSTEN

Me too. Thank you both so much.

DAGUR

Now, let me tell you all about that time I was locked into Kongens Have overnight-

*(Fade out)*

#### **Scene 1.4**

*(INT. cluttered apartment with high ceilings and wood floors, KIRSTEN and DAGUR are walking around, opens door)*

DAGUR

So through here is the kitchen, Inga-Lisa's dyeing batik - say hello!

INGA-LISA

*(distracted, wipes hands on towel, friendly)* Hello! Nice to-  
Hm ! Haven't we met somewhere?

KIRSTEN

Hello! Maybe, I think I recognize-

DAGUR

You know each other? That's wonderful!

INGA-LISA

Not precisely... But I am sure we have met. I'm Inga-Lisa.

KIRSTEN

Kirsten. *(realizes)* At the bar - a few weeks ago - I fainted?

INGA-LISA

*(in Swedish)* Ja just det! *(to DAGUR)* Sorry Dagur! *(to Kirsten)*  
You all right now? I was a little bit worried about you.

KIRSTEN

Yes. I... Turns out I was pregnant.

INGA-LISA

Oh I had terrible dizzy spells when I was pregnant with Maria.  
*(warmly)* So we might have a baby in the house again? Oh, that  
would be just lovely.

KIRSTEN

*(touched)* You are all so kind.

DAGUR

I told, you, right? All a big family!

INGA-LISA

We are! *(sound of pot boiling over, in Swedish)* Helvete!  
Sorry, have to deal with this- *(pot moved, stove knob turned,*  
*in Swedish)* Aj!

DAGUR

Need help?

INGA-LISA

No, just have to- *(sloshing of water)*

DAGUR

Better give her some space. *(starts walking)*

INGA-LISA

*(calls)* Nice to meet you Kirsten!

KIRSTEN

*(as they are walking away, calls)* Nice to meet you too!

DAGUR

And here is the- *(exclamation, almost stumbles over cat, cat meows)* Oh, meet the cat. It's her house, really, we're all just lodgers.

KIRSTEN

*(happy)* Aw. Hi cat-

DAGUR

You like cats? *(does not wait for response)* I personally don't, but she doesn't really seem to care. Parks herself on my lap every night after dinner. She probably thinks I'm her sofa. *(laughs)* And here- *(door opens quickly, exclaims)* Oh! Careful with that door! This is Gunnar, he's- *(sound of rushed footsteps, surprised)* off somewhere, apparently. O-kay. He's probably late for his evening pottery class. Gunnar's my partner, well one of my partners, he's very nice when he's not stressed, I promise. You'll meet him later, I'm sure. And there's the telephone if you need to make calls, see, there's a little notebook beside it so we can all keep a log to split the bill. *(stops, KIRSTEN also stops)* And now, this, *(opens door)* this will be your room. What do you think?

KIRSTEN

*(a few steps into room, beat)* Yeah, this is... this is really nice. It's big! *(smiles, a little misty-eyed)* I think I could live here.

DAGUR

Wonderful! I should go make dinner - you want to explore the rest of the crib on your own?

KIRSTEN

All right. Oh! Can I use the phone? I need to make a call.  
Home. To Denmark. I'll log it, I promise.

DAGUR

Of course! Please make yourself at home. Welcome!

*(DAGUR walks away)*

KIRSTEN

*(calls)* Thank you so much.

DAGUR

*(calls from distance, falsely confident in Danish)* Det var så  
lidt!

KIRSTEN

*(laughs a little, then lets out breath, lets down shoulders, mutters, relieved)* Huh. *(beat)* All right. Here I go. Calling the parents. *(footsteps to corridor outside room, sits down by phone, lifts receiver, calls 12 numbers on rotary dialer, the first is 0045, waits a little, in Danish)* Mor! Det är Kirsten. Jag- Ja. Allt er godt. Du, jeg har noet jeg ska fortelle deg-

*(Fade out)*

## **Scene 1.5**

NARRATOR

Thank you for listening to Y2K: Take 2. This episode was written, produced and directed by Karin Heimdahl. Our intro and outro music is created and recorded by Jake Haws, listen to his podcast "Making Music with Jake Haws" to hear more.

This episode featured Charlotte Norup as Kirsten, Sravya Kidambi as Manika, Eypór Viðarsson as Dagur, Sabina Renck as Inga-Lisa and Silja Lamhauge as the waitress. The drama school director was Sarah Golding, and the narrator Emma Laslett. For more information, please go to [Y2Kpod.com](http://Y2Kpod.com) or find us on social media @Y2Kpod If you enjoy the show, please consider supporting us on [Patreon.com/Y2Kpod](http://Patreon.com/Y2Kpod) Please join us again next month when we meet Maia in 1995.

DIRECTOR

(claps hands) All right, thank you everyone. That's a wrap for  
today!

*(MUSIC "Welcome to the Year 2000" - instrumental)*