

# Y2K: Take 2

## Episode 4: Emma - age 35 - Cardiff - April 2012

### CHARACTERS

EMMA, scene 4.1 - 4.6

GRAY, scene 4.1 - 4.6

PRODUCER, scene 4.1, 4.2, 4.6

### Scene 4.0

KARIN

Hi everyone! Karin Heimdahl here, creator of Y2K. I wanted to take a moment here at the beginning of episode four to ask for your help. We are recording both a production Q and A where I will answer any and all questions about writing, creating and producing the show, AND several cast and crew interviews, and for both we would love your questions. So please send us anything you've been wondering about, either by tagging us or DMing us on social media @y2kpod, or e-mail y2kpod@gmail.com Thank you so much - and here's episode 4!

DIRECTOR

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

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

NARRATOR

Episode 4. Welcome to the year 2012. April. Cardiff, Wales. Emma is 35 years old.

### Scene 4.1

*(INT. Office building, morning. Outside door opens and EMMA walks in, opens another door, there is some bleed from her headphones, she's listening to something with an energetic beat. Opens final door, quiet office landscape, someone is on the phone in distance.)*

GRAY

Morning Emma!

EMMA

*(turns off music, takes off headphones)* What was that?

GRAY

*(teasing)* Where's my coffee?

EMMA

*(laughs)* Wherever you left it, Gray! *(takes off coat, hangs it, puts purse on desk)*

GRAY

*(mock sigh, goes to coffee maker, starts making coffee, smiles)* Oh well. Coffee service is shocking around here. *(coffee maker starts spluttering)* How was your week-end?

EMMA

Eh. *(makes a disgruntled noise)* Usual. Yours?

GRAY

All right. Me and Rhys went location scouting for the ceremony. Shockingly expensive places!

EMMA

I can imagine. They say anything with the word 'wedding' on is ten times as expensive. *(small sigh)* Not that \*I'll\* ever find out...

GRAY

*(sympathetic)* Didn't work out with the architect?

EMMA

No! We'd been texting for weeks and it was all flirty and exciting and then when we met she... I don't know. Guess I didn't live up to her expectations.

GRAY

But you're great. Must be something else.

EMMA

Yeah, well. She's not the first.

GRAY

Bad luck, that's all. Next time, yeah?

EMMA

*(sighs)* Maybe.

GRAY

Next time for sure.

EMMA

*(changes subject)* So, what are we on today?

GRAY

*(sighs)* Boss has 'an idea'.

EMMA

Oh no. No no no no.

GRAY  
Exactly.

EMMA  
Last time we were stuck in a basement looking through files for  
THREE months.

GRAY  
I know. And it all came to nothing.

EMMA  
Can we- what can we do?

GRAY  
Dunno. Scream?

EMMA  
*(laughs)* Cry?

GRAY  
*(makes sliding dance move)* Dance?

EMMA  
*(laughs)* We'd better! *(a few steps, grabs coffee mugs, pours coffee for both, hands mug to GRAY)* Here.

GRAY  
Thank you. *(small laugh)* Know it's dire when you pour my coffee!

EMMA  
*(smiles)* Oh, shush. *(sips coffee)*

*(PRODUCER opens door from inner office, walks out beaming)*

PRODUCER  
Emma! I've had a brilliant idea for Cold Hard Truth! And I want my two best researchers on it! *(enthusiastically thumps GRAY and EMMA on the back, they make less-than-enthusiastic agreements)* Let me tell you all about it. So. Imagine...

*(footsteps as all three move toward PRODUCER's office)*

*(Fade out)*

## **Scene 4.2**

*(INT. Basement archive. Afternoon. EMMA and GRAY are going through files.)*

EMMA

*(sets down box full of paper with a thump, frustrated)* More invoices! Ugh. We've been at this for three days now.

GRAY

*(resigned)* Something tells me we're only just starting. *(sets down file he's holding)* Coffee?

EMMA

Please!

GRAY

On it. There's some leftover Easter chocolate - it's over there.

EMMA

Perfect. *(takes a chocolate)* Mm.

*(EMMA opens a new file and starts to leaf through it, GRAY walks to coffee maker and pours two cups of coffee.)*

GRAY

So, what are you up to this week? Any fun plans? *(walks back, sets down mug in front of EMMA)*

EMMA

*(distracted)* Thanks.

*(GRAY sits down, sets down coffee, grabs file)*

EMMA

*(sips coffee)* What was that?

GRAY

Any fun plans? *(grabs file and starts leafing through it)*

EMMA

*(small smile)* Actually... I've been chatting with this bloke from Swansea, he's coming over for the Doctor Who Experience this Saturday, so we're meeting for coffee.

GRAY

Doctor Who geek, huh? You could do worse.

EMMA

I definitely could. *(sighs, puts down document)* \*You're\* in a relationship, Gray.

GRAY

Yeah?

EMMA

You are getting married, even.

GRAY

Well 'civil partnership', but yeah. Seems that way. If not, Rhys and I addressed 80 invitations last night for no reason. Do you know how much postage is for 80 cards? Too bloody much, if you ask me.

EMMA

My point is. You should know.

GRAY

Know what?

EMMA

How to get into a relationship.

GRAY

Hang on. You mean- Emma, have you never had a relationship?

EMMA

Only really brief ones. *(sighs)* I wasn't interested at first, well, until this year, really. I was just having fun, and I met all sorts of great folks, but... It seems now that I figured out \*I\* want a relationship, no-one wants to have one with me.

GRAY

*(concerned but not sure what to say)* Surely it must be bad luck.

EMMA

I suppose. *(small smile)* Who knows, maybe the geek will be my soulmate.

GRAY

It is definitely possible. And if not, at least you'll be having coffee.

EMMA

*(laughs)* True! All right. *(stretches)* Back to the invoices... *(Picks up file again)*

GRAY

*(sighs)* Very well. *(picks up file, sighs)* This job may be excruciatingly boring, but at least it's nice and quiet down here.

*(distant footsteps, basement door opens, PRODUCER walks in carrying heavy boxes, sets them down noisily on table)*

PRODUCER

*(booming voice, exuberant)* There! Saved you a trip! *(beat)* This is cosy, isn't it? You've got a good set-up here. And chocolate! Don't

mind if I do. *(pops piece of chocolate in mouth, following is muffled)* How's it going? Found anything?

EMMA

*(beat)* No. It's quite a lot to go through.

GRAY

I'm still stuck on 'cosy'. This is a basement. Pretty sure it's the definition of \*not\* cosy.

PRODUCER

*(loud laugh)* Funny, you are. Righto. Best get back. Work, work work, yes? *(laughs, starts walking toward door)*

*(Fade out)*

### **Scene 4.3**

*(INT. Basement archive. Early afternoon. EMMA and GRAY are looking through files.)*

GRAY

*(groans, puts file down)* I feel sick.

EMMA

*(a little distracted)* It's what happens when you have cake for lunch.

GRAY

Wasn't my fault! *(a little petulant)* It was Rhys' idea.

EMMA

Tasting wedding cakes in your lunch hour? Valid choice, I suppose, *(emphasis)* unless you need to eat some actual lunch.

GRAY

*(slight groan)* Oh stop lecturing. Distract me instead. How was your coffee date with the Doctor Who geek?

EMMA

*(resigned)* The date was quite good, I thought. Ghosted me afterwards though.

GRAY

Ugh. I'm sorry. Wanker.

EMMA

Yeah. That about sums it up. *(puts down her file)* I did sort of meet someone yesterday though.

GRAY  
Really?

EMMA  
I was at that photo exhibit at the Millennium Centre, and started talking to this woman... Turns out she's also into urban history, and we had a really good conversation... We talked for ages. And then she gave me her phone number.

GRAY  
That's promising! Did you text her?

EMMA  
Not yet. I meant to, last night, but... Completely nerve-wracking. Much worse than texting folks I've met online. Higher stakes, you know?

GRAY  
Get your phone.

EMMA  
No. Not sure if she's into me - or into women! There was a bit of a flirty thing going on. I think. I hope. Ugh. WHY is this so hard?

GRAY  
*(mock threatening)* Emma.

EMMA  
Fine. *(grabs phone from purse)*

GRAY  
Open text messages.

EMMA  
*(sighs, low phone beeps)* Now what?

GRAY  
Write.

EMMA  
But WHAT?

GRAY  
Words are what you're good at. Write.

EMMA  
*(unhappy sigh)* Fine. Um. *(as she's typing, all typing makes those annoying little phone keyboard beeps)* "great meeting you yesterday"  
*(beat, sighs)* I am shit at this sort of thing.

GRAY

No you're not. You're just stressed about it. How about "Let's live happily ever after and write historical fiction together"

EMMA

*(crumples paper into ball and throws at GRAY)* Be serious.

GRAY

*(laughs)* All right. Um. "want to meet for coffee sometime?"

EMMA

Gah. Isn't that very... aggressive?

GRAY

No. It's called communication.

EMMA

Right. "want to meet for coffee someday?" signed "Emma - Cardiff Before Cardiff exhibition" No that's silly. Just "Emma". But what if she doesn't remember me? Ugh. *(types)* Parenthesis "Cardiff Before Cardiff". Yeah. *(hands phone to GRAY)* Is that all right?

GRAY

Perfect. I'm sending it now?

EMMA

All right.

GRAY

*(beep)* Done! *(hands back phone)* My good deed for the day.

EMMA

Thanks. *(puts phone on table)* How are you feeling?

GRAY

Better! Energized by all this excitement. I'll put some more coffee on. *(walks to coffee maker and starts making coffee)*

EMMA

Thanks. *(small laugh)* Ruth was down here earlier, looking for the coffee maker. *(smiles)* I threw my jacket over it.

GRAY

*(stops what he's doing)* Phew! Good job! We deserve it - \*they\* don't have to sit in a dusty basement. *(resumes making coffee)*

EMMA

Yeah. *(sigh)* I'd better get back to these expense reports. *(grabs file)*

*(2012 text message sound)*

EMMA

*(continues)* Oh! *(picks up phone, smiles)* It's her! She wants to meet for coffee! *(laughs)* But she prefers tea, well I can live that...

GRAY

Aw. True love means making these sacrifices...

EMMA

*(happy)* Come help me write a reply!

GRAY

*(laughs)* All right.

*(Fade out)*

#### **Scene 4.4**

*(INT. Office building. Afternoon. EMMA and GRAY are in an elevator going down.)*

GRAY

Ugh. That was a horror show. Or, um, 'production meeting'. *(imitates PRODUCER)* "We need to book that interview and confront the mayor with some Cold Hard Truth"

EMMA

*(laughs, imitates PRODUCER)* "Evidence! We need evidence!"

GRAY

How about this one "Cold Hard Truth is our flagship production, spare no effort!" *(slight laugh)* It *\*is\** funny. If only it wasn't so frustrating.

*(Elevator dings and doors open. EMMA and GRAY walk down basement corridor.)*

EMMA

*(sighs)* At least he's never cross.

GRAY

There is that. Endless optimism.

*(Opens door to archive, BOTH walk in)*

EMMA

But he wants to schedule this for May, and that will never happen. We're simply drowning in receipts and invoices and contracts, even if there *\*are\** any corrupt council members - which I highly doubt, all of this paperwork is impeccable - even if there is something, we won't find it anytime soon.

GRAY

*(like a mantra)* Unless we're lucky, unless we're lucky, unless we are very very very lucky. *(to table with boxes of files)* If I stick my hand into *\*this\** box and randomly pick out *\*this\** file *(does so as he speaks)* and pick out *(sticks hand in file)* *\*this\** document, it will be exactly what we are looking for. *(mutters)* Exactly what we're looking for... it'll be... *(holds out document to EMMA)* I can't look, you do it.

EMMA

*(takes paper, beat, incredulous laugh)* This is an empty page!

GRAY

*(laugh-snort, flops down on chair)* We are truly doomed.

EMMA

*(sits down)* We really are. *(sighs)*

GRAY

Right, that's it. I'm going to work at Roath Lock instead.

EMMA

Um, yeah. I don't think they're hiring researchers, Gray. Or journalists, at all.

GRAY

Stop ruining my fantasy. I can picture it now. Having lunch with a Dalek, the Casualty crew rushing by with someone on a stretcher, and that hottie from that period drama they've got, walking up to me, holding a-

EMMA

*(laughs)* Thought you were supposed to be getting married. Monogamy, no?

GRAY

Shh, fantasy, remember? *(sits up)* Pretty sure Rhys would forgive me - we agree on that particular hottie. *(smiles)* Speaking of hotties, how are you getting on with history-woman?

EMMA

*(distressed)* Don't remind me.

GRAY

What? I thought things were going really well?

EMMA

It was. For about a week. *(deep sigh)* We had that talk last night. The "she's not looking for anything serious" talk. *(unhappy laugh)* Know that one by heart at this point. Code for "she's not looking for anything serious with *\*me\**". Fuck. I hate this.

GRAY

That's grim. I'm sorry.

EMMA

Thanks. Ugh. I'm not sure I can do this anymore, Gray. I am so tired. And this... being rejected again and again. How do people do it?

GRAY

Maybe they don't get as... invested as you do, so it doesn't hurt as much?

EMMA

Maybe. But I feel like... I have to open up, I have to get invested, how else will any relationship have a chance?

GRAY

I don't know. When I was single (*snort*) - like back in the 19<sup>th</sup> century - I wasn't looking for a relationship, I sort of fell into one, so...

EMMA

If you tell me to relax and take it as it comes I will stab you with a ballpoint pen.

GRAY

(*smiles*) I won't. (*serious*) But I do know that there is an element of luck involved. And timing. Hard to control that stuff.

EMMA

I know. I feel like I am doing all I can. 'Making myself available' and all that crap. On about 50 000 different dating sites at this point. I'm... What's wrong with me? (*near tears*) Why doesn't anyone want me?

GRAY

(*gently*) There is nothing wrong with you. \*You\* are great. People are shit and don't know what they want, that's all.

EMMA

(*sad smile*) Maybe. Thanks. (*deep sigh*) Suppose we'd better get back into it.

GRAY

Yeah. (*picks up stack of file, dumps on table, grabs one*) Ugh. How are you doing on those meeting notes?

EMMA

(*opens laptop, types in password*) Nothing so far. But at least they're digital. (*tries to be cheerful*) No paper cuts today.

GRAY  
That's the spirit. Coffee?

EMMA  
Please!

*(Fade out)*

### **Scene 4.5**

INT. Basement archive. Morning. EMMA is sitting at table.

EMMA  
*(sips coffee, picks up file of papers, sighs, mutters)* More invoices...

*(quick footsteps, door opens)*

GRAY  
*(high energy)* Good morning!

EMMA  
Morning. There's coffee in the pot.

GRAY  
*(unfastens bike helmet, unzips light jacket, dumps helmet, bag and jacket on chair)* You are a lifesaver! *(to coffee maker, pours cup, approaches EMMA)* Glorious day!

EMMA  
*(distracted)* Is it?

GRAY  
*(sets cup on table, sits down)* Yes! First time biking to work this year.

EMMA  
*(distracted)* That's nice.

GRAY  
Yes! I am all hyped up and ready to go! *(grabs stack of files, thump on table)* What delightful documents are we checking today?

EMMA  
Invoices. Got a new set of boxes this morning. *(beat, puts down file)* You are very happy today. Anything special?

GRAY  
Thank you so much for noticing. Sunshine, for one. Not exactly spoiled on that front.

EMMA

No, it's been an unusually rainy spring.

GRAY

Also.. (*sheepish*) Rhys is away for work so I have a few days off from wedding planning. Terrible, aren't I?

EMMA

(*laughs*) Yes. You are. But I get that. Getting close now, right?

GRAY

Three weeks. And two days. I swear, if I'd known how much stress this would be, I wouldn't have... (*smiles*) Nah, I would have agreed to it anyway. True love and all that jazz. But it *\*is\** exhausting.

EMMA

I can imagine.

GRAY

We spent all of last night talking about flowers. I mean, I like flowers. But the level of detail...

EMMA

What did you end up going for?

GRAY

I can't even remember. It's all a haze of carnations and orchids and baby's breath at this point. (*beat*) Purple. I think we decided on purple.

EMMA

(*laughs*) Purple is good.

GRAY

More importantly, *\*I\** have no plans for tonight, and *\*you\** need cheering up. How about we go down the pub after work, (*jokingly*) have a Guinness?

EMMA

(*smiles*) No to the Guinness, yes to the pub! (*beat*) Thanks. I need something fun.

GRAY

Good. It's settled. (*sips coffee*) No new prospects?

EMMA

Not really. No-one interesting. (*sighs*) Some online messages. From folks looking for their 'partner in crime' or a 'travel buddy' to join their supposedly adventurous yet down-to-earth lives. They

generically enjoy 'movies', or 'music', or 'walks in the park' or -  
personal favorite! - 'laughing'.

*(GRAY laughs, EMMA joins in a little)*

EMMA

*(continues)* I know it sounds funny, but it's depressing. Men who  
can't spell. Unsolicited dick pics.

GRAY

Hey. How come I never get dick pics?

EMMA

You are not on dating sites?

GRAY

True.

EMMA

*(sighs)* Anyway. I am not really trying too hard right now. Guess I  
need a break too.

GRAY

Solid plan. Today, at least, we are taking time off.

EMMA

*(smiles)* Yes. *(beat)* Not from the invoices, though.

GARY

Oh yes, the exciting invoices. *(sighs, picks up file, sighs, starts  
reading)*

EMMA

Mm. Exciting. *(sighs, picks up file, paper rustles)*

GRAY

*(pause, sips coffee, paper rustles, beat)* Hm... *(picks up another  
document)* This could... this could actually be something.

EMMA

*(distracted)* What could?

GRAY

Not to get your hopes up or anything, but... This could lead  
somewhere. *(hands documents to EMMA)* What do you think?

EMMA

*(reads, mumbles)* Councillor L. Jones... Planning Committee...  
invoice.... This \*is\* a bit odd. Why would there be an invoice here  
for this?

GRAY

Exactly. Now, if only we could trace this further. Who authorized this invoice? And why?

EMMA

*(opens laptop, types password, clicks, starts typing)* Meetings, planning committee... what date was it?

GRAY

*(paper rustling)* November 27, 2009.

EMMA

*(typing)* Right.

GRAY

I'll get on the rest of the invoices around that time. *(grabs stack of files from new box, starts leafing through one)* Who knows, we might be onto something here.

EMMA

*(typing)* Fingers crossed.

*(Fade out)*

#### **Scene 4.6**

*(INT. Basement archive. Late afternoon. EMMA and GRAY are still going through files.)*

GRAY

*(puts down file and stretches)* Aaah. *(beat)* Ow. Twenty days in a dusty basement makes me a *\*very\** dull boy. Neck and shoulders are completely rigid. *(keeps doing small stretches and making small pained exclamations)*

EMMA

*(tired)* Yeah. *(puts down file and tries stretching too)* Ugh. Thought we were onto something, but... Red herring I suppose.

GRAY

If only we could find the authorization document, it has to be here somewhere...

EMMA

We've been saying that for *\*days\**. Maybe it doesn't exist.

GRAY

*(gets up, starts walking and stretching)* Almost time to call it a day, I think. Or a week-end...

EMMA

What wedding preparation shenanigans are you up to now?

GRAY

Ugh, don't remind me. Seating plan. 80 of our nearest and dearest and half of them can't sit near at least one other person... Bit of a nightmare.

EMMA

Well, good luck with that. Sounds... like one of those impossible puzzles.

GRAY

Yes. And not the fun kind. You up to anything special? The Queen's in town today - you planning a coffee date maybe?

EMMA

*(laughs)* Oddly not. *(beat)* But... I've been thinking a lot about what you said in the pub the other night.

GRAY

I believe I said a lot of things. For some of them I was quite drunk.

EMMA

You did. And you were. But this... you said something about... not placing my... worth... in the balance. I laughed it off, but... You are right. The rejections really hurt, and they won't stop hurting, but... I am going to try and not let it... diminish me so much.

GRAY

*(smiles)* Good to know I say useful things every once in a while.

EMMA

*(smiles)* Every now and then.

GRAY

Right, one more coffee so we can tackle the final box of the week?

EMMA

Please.

GRAY

*(gets coffee pot, refills mugs on table)* There you go. *(replaces pot)*

EMMA

*(sits down, drags box toward her, grabs stack of files)* Thanks. *(sips coffee, takes one file, hands one to GRAY)*

GRAY

Thank youp. *(sic)* *(sits down, sips coffee, starts looking through file)* Right.

*(pause)*

EMMA

Wait... *(re-checks)* This... *(calls)* Gray! I think this is it!  
*(reads, paper rustles slightly)* Jones... That's the amount...  
date... This proves the whole thing!

GRAY

*(drops his papers and walks over quickly, reads)* Planning... 2009...  
You're right! *(relieved)* Thank fuck for that! I was going batty in  
here.

*(footsteps during previous, door opens, PRODUCER enters)*

PRODUCER

*(in great mood, booming voice)* You'll be happy to know I've decided  
to drop this project. Thank you both very much.

*(Emma and GRAY start laughing and can't stop)*

EMMA

*(few steps to manager, hands over document, in between giggles)*  
We... We just found it... Here...

*(Emma and Gray are still laughing but in that out-of-breath, not so  
noisy way)*

PRODUCER

Ah! *(beat)* Right. *(beaming)* I knew you could do it. Well done!  
*(beat)* Now, I have a new idea...

*(EMMA and GRAY groan)*

*(Fade out)*

## **Scene 4.7**

NARRATOR

Thank you for listening to Y2K: Take 2. This episode was written,  
and directed by Karin Heimdahl, with sound design by Emmett Moon.  
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 Nerys Howell as Emma, Nathan Blades as Gray  
and Ashley Hunt as the producer. The drama school director was Sarah  
Golding, and the narrator Emma Laslett. For more information, please  
go to Y2Kpod.com or find us on social media @Y2Kpod If you enjoy the  
show, please consider supporting us on Patreon.com/Y2Kpod Please  
join us again next month when we meet Kat[slash]Ina *(EE-na)* in 2011.

DIRECTOR

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

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