

Episode 50: December 11-17, 2000

CONTENT WARNING

Hello, Olivia here with a content warning. The voicemails this week contain descriptions of a loved one dying, and of racism. We have a resource page on the website, where we have tried to list as many hotlines, info-pages and support things we could find. So if you feel you need any resources like that, go to [y2kpod.com\[/resources\]](http://y2kpod.com/resources) and hopefully you will find it there. Please take care of yourself, and if you need to, don't be afraid to reach out and ask for help.

(INTRO MUSIC)

Scene 50.1

(Living room ambience, window open, summer, some birdsong, a few barking dogs)

OLIVIA

(*nervous*) Hello and welcome to the Y2K podcast - we are in the Dandenongs, just outside Melbourne, Australia! Tammi and I arrived this morning and we are at Mike and Scott's house - hello!

MIKE

Hello!

SCOTT

Hello!

OLIVIA

And Tammi is here, as well, of course. (*pause*) Say hello, Tammi!

TAMMI

(a little distant, distracted) Sorry - hi!

OLIVIA

Everything OK, Tammi?

TAMMI

(a little distant) Yes! Go ahead.

OLIVIA

Thanks. (*more nervous*) Right. Mike, it's you I've come to meet. Mainly.

MIKE

(*warmly*) Glad to meet you, Olivia.

OLIVIA

You can- you can call me Liv, if you want. That's what my... family calls me.

MIKE

(smiles) All right. Liv. That's nice.

OLIVIA

(nervous, polite) You have a beautiful home. How long have you lived here?

SCOTT

Um, about three years.

MIKE

Yeah, about time to move on, I suppose.

OLIVIA

Why? Aren't you happy here?

SCOTT

Rental lease is up soon. Oh, it's such a headache.

MIKE

We'll figure it out.

OLIVIA

(slightly confused, still nervous) All right. *(beat)* So... Just so I know what you know. Have either of you listened to the podcast?

MIKE

(apologetically) I started, but I have a hard time focusing on podcasts, any podcast, not just yours, and the radio too... I haven't gotten very far I'm afraid.

SCOTT

(affectionately) He's hopeless. I've listened up to somewhere in July. And I think I filled Mike in on the basics.

TAMMI

(a little distant) Mike, try doing something with your hands, like, play a game on your phone or something.

MIKE

(smiles) Thanks! I'll have to try something like that.

OLIVIA

All right. (long pause)

SCOTT

Why don't I let you two talk. (to TAMMI) You need to stay Tammi, or you want to come meet the dogs? (gets up)

TAMMI
Oh, this should be all right. I love dogs! (gets up, to OLIVIA)
Don't touch anything.

OLIVIA
(smiles) I won't.

SCOTT
Yeah yeah yeah, watch that step.

(footsteps, doors to yard slide open, closed again, intermittent happy barking, TAMMI and SCOTT laughing during following)

SCOTT
(distant) Here's my boys, Hello Charlie, Hello Gus...

OLIVIA
(nervous again) Right.

MIKE
(gently) Do you have your list, maybe?

OLIVIA
(near tears) You know I... I lost it somehow. Couldn't find it when I was packing, I looked everywhere.

MIKE
S'all right. We'll make do.

OLIVIA
Not like me to just misplace things. Suppose I am a little stressed.

MIKE
All right.

OLIVIA
Oh, it's a lot. You know. But I am happy to meet you.

MIKE
(smiles) Happy you came. (beat) So... You want me to tell you how I met Rachel?

OLIVIA
Yes. I mean, I know some of it, but, yes. Please.

MIKE
It's not a long story, really. We were at that conference - I was working as a library assistant at the time, hadn't figured out what

I wanted to do with my life. I must have been... 20 - that's your age, right?

OLIVIA
Yes. Almost 20.

MIKE
I was a bit of a mess. I was fresh out of school, I didn't see the point of uni, I just wanted to float around and do nothing... My parents weren't having any of that, though. My dad was a librarian, he got me that job. Nepotism, right? Yeah. I was surprised how much I enjoyed the work, actually... Anyway. I wasn't supposed to go to that conference, my dad was. But he got sick right before, and no-one else wanted to go, so I said 'Sure' - I'd never been to Wellington, so it was pretty exciting. And then I met Rachel at the bar that first night - she was so beautiful. *(beat)* I'm sure she still is. *(beat)* You look a bit like her - different hair color though.

OLIVIA
(smiles) Yes. I've always wanted red hair.

MIKE
Yours is beautiful too. *(realizes)* Suppose you got the brown from me... *(a little overwhelmed)* Yeah. Anyway. Rachel was so easy to talk to, and, you know, older than me. I thought she was really glamorous. I was stunned she wanted to hang out with me, even for a night. *(beat)* And then, the next morning, I got a call from my mum. *(emotion creeps in)* My dad was sick - it wasn't just flu like we'd thought - it was really serious. So I rebooked my ticket and I came home that day. *(a little teary)* Sorry. This is really hard to talk about, even though it's so long ago.

OLIVIA
I'm sorry.

MIKE
It's all right. *(deep breath)* I quit my job to help take care of him. Suppose that's when I grew up, really. He... he died in August that year. Still miss him. *(teary smile)* Sorry. Didn't expect to be this emotional.

OLIVIA
It's fine. I am very sorry to hear that.

MIKE
Thanks. *(deep breath)* After that I decided what I wanted to do was help people. I started uni for social work that following autumn. Got my life together, I suppose.

OLIVIA

Do you have any siblings?

MIKE

No. Just me. *(beat)* There's my mum, though. Haven't told her about you - yet - but I bet she'd love to meet you some time. If you want.

OLIVIA

Um. Of course. Maybe not right away, though.

MIKE

Yeah. Get used to this first, maybe. *(gently)* So, last we talked you asked if I was happy. Are **you** happy?

OLIVIA

(taken aback) Yes. No... Sometimes?

MIKE

We don't have to talk about it.

OLIVIA

No, I.. I want to. I suppose Scott has told you my parents are *(beat)* divorcing?

MIKE

Yeah, he mentioned it. There was so much else to take in, though... Must be hard on you.

OLIVIA

Yeah.

MIKE

They fighting?

OLIVIA

No. They are being very... I don't know. *(emotional)* I don't even understand why they don't want to be together anymore.

MIKE

Suppose you never can, from the outside.

OLIVIA

(vaguely disappointed) No... But you and Scott are happy together, right?

MIKE

We are. But... *(thinks)* There are no guarantees in life, O-, *(smiles)* Liv. Just because we make each other happy today doesn't mean we will make each other happy tomorrow w. We want to, which means we hopefully will, but... people change. And sometimes they change in ways that means they are happier apart.

OLIVIA

(still vaguely disappointed, a little hesitantly) My aunt Ina (*EE-na*) says just because love ends doesn't mean it wasn't great. I've been thinking about that.

MIKE

Your aunt Ina (*EE-na*) sounds very wise.

OLIVIA

Yes. I just... don't want it to end *(small sob escapes)*.

MIKE

Of course you don't. I am so sorry.

OLIVIA

Thanks. I... *(doesn't know how to continue, sighs)*

MIKE

Listen, Liv. You have your parents, and you have to sort through these feelings with them, I think. *(pause)* I... I'm sad I wasn't there when you were growing up. But it seems you had a happy childhood.

OLIVIA

(teary smile) I did.

MIKE

I'm glad. I can't give you advice really, we don't know each other properly. But I'm happy to listen, if you like. And I would like to get to know you, if you'll let me.

OLIVIA

(small sniffle) I'd like that.

MIKE

(smiles) Good. Me too.

SCOTT

(distant) Come on Charlie, come here Gus, who's a good dog, yes you are. *(dogs bark, TAMMI laughs)*

(door from yard slides open, SCOTT, TAMMI and two excited dogs enter. Door closes. Happy barking)

MIKE

Aw, hello boys, hello, how you doin? Oh who's a good boy, who's a good boy, yeah, good boys!

SCOTT
You two about ready for lunch?

OLIVIA
I think so.

SCOTT
Hope you like tofu!

TAMMI
(*slightly out of breath*) Yeah, we do!

MIKE
(*to dogs*) All right, all right, off you go, go on!

(SCOTT to kitchen, dogs follow)

MIKE
We can talk more later if you want?

OLIVIA
Yes. I think... Tammi, can we listen to the voicemails and record the outro chat from the hostel tonight?

TAMMI
Absolutely.

MIKE
Right. I'll go help Scott. (gets up, footsteps)

OLIVIA
(*calls after MIKE*) We'll be right there... OK. Um. What did they do last week, Tammi?

TAMMI
(slightly distant) Um. Right... (paper rustling) Last week Johnno broke up with Kat and Jess handed in her dissertation. You want me to say it?

OLIVIA
Thanks.

TAMMI
(slightly distant) Welcome to the year 2000!

(dogs barking, cut off)

Scene 50.2

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

KAT

(drained, has been crying for days) Hi Jess. I'm at the flat. In Shirin's room. Thanks for all the e-mails. *(sniffle)* Shirin sent me a lovely long one too, trying to distract me with tales of her exciting New York life. And my mother's been calling and texting and e-mailing every day... Everyone's been so kind. Emma and Lee and even Claire have been amazing, making sure I eat, and listening, when I'm up for talking. I've mostly been curled up in bed, crying, though. Called in sick at work. Don't think I've ever cried this much... Can't believe he... gave up on us. *(small sob)* Haven't heard from him since... you know. Keep thinking I should text, but... What would I say? He was very clear. Suppose I have to go get the rest of my things at some point... *(cries)* Oh Jess. I can't believe this is happening. I thought... I meant to be with him forever. I... tried so hard. *(cries)* We were supposed to go to Barcelona tomorrow. Wait, that means today is Lucia. *(bitterly)* A martyr with hair in flames and blood dripping down her dress, that seems about right... *(sniffle)* We were going to go to the Lucia morning at the Swedish Church. I was going to show him some more 'wacky Swedish traditions'. Don't know why I thought that would be a good idea... 'Cause Midsummer was such a roaring success. *(unhappy laugh, then sob)* Don't know what I'll do for Christmas now. Maybe lie here, stare at the ceiling and cry. It's what I do now, I suppose. Oh, fuck. Why does it have to hurt so fucking much? It's like you were saying when Rachel was in the hospital - loving so much really opens up for getting hurt, right? And here we go. Boom. Torn to shreds. Just like that. *(sighs)* I'll stop. I have nothing new to say. Already boring myself with all this misery. Distract me. Please. Anything. *(sad smile)* I love you.

(clicks)

Scene 50.3

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

JESS

My dearest Kat. You are not boring to me. Never could be. You are just very, very sad, and hurting. And how could you not be. I can't promise you when, but I can tell you that the pain will ease. You will feel better. I know it's not much comfort right now, but you will be happy again. I know you will. *(beat)* All right. Distraction time. *(beat)* I had a final session with my supervisor about my dissertation yesterday. It went well, I think. They said some good things about it, so, fingers crossed I pass! I'll find out my grade next week. And - I haven't told you about going to see Maia's sculpture, have I? It was a whole ceremony - they called it an unveiling but of course it was way too big and too high up to cover, so they turned on this big spotlight - it was at night - and of course it sparkled and shone - it was incredible! Bri *(Bree)* took tons of photos, I'll get some double printed and send you. And

there's a plaque in Town Hall with Maia's name on it and everything.

It was like a cocktail party, with all these Town Hall officials, and Maia and Tia and Bri (*Bree*) and I not quite fitting that mold, but bringing some variety, I guess. It was fun! Also, I'm going to have to get some sort of day job in January, my scholarship will be up, and it's not like I can expect the creative writing to start paying right away. If ever, but you know. I have to believe it will happen at some point. I've been worried about it, but Rachel may have found a solution. They're going to be short staffed at the library while Rachel is on parental leave, so maybe I can be an assistant there for a while. Would be great if it worked out. I've sent out all sorts of feelers for different writing jobs, and hopefully some of them will come to something, but would be really good to have some form of reliable income. And I love libraries! Always have. Especially this one - it's where I met Rachel! All right, my dear, I should go sleep, it's late. I will keep sending you daily distraction e-mails for as long as you like. Let me know if there's anything else I can do. I love you so much. Oceans of hugs.

(clicks)

Scene 50.4

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

SHIRIN

Jess! Shirin here. Everything good? Seems Kat is settled into my room. So glad she is rid of that horrible boyfriend. I'm coming home next week, but I'm sure we will work it out. There's always the sofa. Everything is going brilliantly here - I am learning so much and everyone I work with is so energetic and creative. It is amazing. (*beat*) I found out something awful today. Awful but oddly satisfying. Remember my old manager? How I never felt like I was given any challenges, and others seemed to? I could never quite put my finger on it, but I always felt like I was being held back. Well, today I got an e-mail from my old colleague Jamilah. Think you met her - she came to the flat a few times, oh yeah, you met her at New Years. Anyway. She'd been feeling the same way as me, we talked about it sometimes, she just wasn't lucky enough to get out like I did. Well, she had stayed late to finish something one night last week, with another colleague, and they overheard our manager on the phone - he must have thought he was alone - and he was saying all this racist bullshit - I am not going to repeat all the hateful words. The gist of it was he was very proud to have kept us all down, while promoting and encouraging all the white men. 'Cause, yeah, he's sexist too. Disgusting man. But the beautiful thing is that Jamilah had one of those old tape recorders, so she managed to record most of it, and now he is facing a disciplinary hearing at work, and they are looking at a possible lawsuit! So pleased that that creep finally gets what he deserves. (*beat, surprised*) I'm

happy, Jess. Not only about this, but in general. I finally feel like I am getting to do what I want to do, and I am learning, and being challenged, every day. I miss my family, of course, and my friends, but I am meeting so many great people and I have this very deep feeling that **this** is where I should be. It's hard to explain. But I have a feeling you probably get it. *(smiles)* Hope everything's good! Big hugs!

(clicks)

Scene 50.5

(Modem dial-up tone) (click)

KAT

Hello Jess. Still not doing much. I... can't. Got a call from an unknown number today, wouldn't have answered but it kept ringing and... Remember I asked for a therapist on the NHS a while back?

That was her. Pretty good timing for once... I cried at her a little, couldn't help myself. But she seemed to take it well, so she might actually work out. I'll see her beginning of January - there was no way to fit it in earlier with all the holidays. I am flying home to Sweden on Tuesday - my mother's planned it all. I am really looking forward to seeing her. But it scares me, too. She has this way of making me really think about things and everything is just so painful that I don't want to think about any of it... Suppose I'll have to at some point-

(footsteps during previous, knock on door)

EMMA

(muffled) Kat? It's just me and Claire. We have ice cream!

KAT

(sad smile) Come in.

(door opens, EMMA and CLAIRE come in)

CLAIRE

(hands KAT ice cream bowl and spoon, EMMA sits on bed, CLAIRE on chair, ice cream eating during following) Here, thought you needed some Festivus.

KAT

(doubtful) Festivus? (tastes) Mmmm.

EMMA

(smiles) From that Seinfeld episode, I suppose.

CLAIRE

It's really nice.

EMMA

Yeah. Not that into ginger, but the cinnamon is good.

KAT

(almost crying) Thanks. I- *(small sob)*

EMMA

Hey. Come here. (KAT moves to bed, they hug) Don't want you crying
in your ice cream, now do we?

KAT

(shaky smile) Thanks, Emma. That would be a shame. (eats) Oh yeah,
say hi to Jess.

EMMA

Hi Jess! Hope everything's good!

CLAIRE

(uncomfortable) Hey Jess.

KAT

Distract me. Please. What's going on with you two.

EMMA

Claire's got some news.

CLAIRE

Yeah. *(pretty excited)* I've joined this improv comedy group -
they're really good.

EMMA

They were at Edinburgh Fringe last year - and they're fantastic!

KAT

(happy through sadness) That's great, Claire.

CLAIRE

Thanks. Love improv. Not leaving my day job quite yet, though. Still
years of snotty noses and potty training, I think.

EMMA

You never know - you really are good. Maybe the improv will take
off?

CLAIRE

Maybe...

EMMA

So Kat, did you decide when you are going to Sweden?

KAT

Tuesday. Shirin'll be here Monday, so I'll be on the couch for one night. Not sure where to go when I come back though - I really have to get back to work on the 27th.

EMMA

You're coming back here, of course. Shirin wouldn't have it any other way.

CLAIRE

Lee's room will be empty.

EMMA

Really?

CLAIRE

He's going away over the holidays, he'll be back in January.

EMMA

Well there you go. Ask Lee if you can stay in his room.

KAT

(cries a little) You are all being so kind.

CLAIRE

We can stop if you like. *(smiles)* Start saying nasty things to you.

KAT

(shaky laugh) Thanks Claire. Knew I could count on you.

CLAIRE

Anytime.

EMMA

So... Have you heard from him?

KAT

No. *(starts crying)*

CLAIRE

Hey. Your eyes are red.

KAT

(shaky laugh) They are. *(smiles)* I'm a monster, really. *(growls)*

(EMMA and CLAIRE laugh a little)

EMMA

Let us know if you need help getting your things, all right? We could go over there and Claire could scowl at him while I fetch your stuff.

CLAIRE

Been practicing my scowl.

KAT

Thanks. It can wait. I have all the clothes I need, so... Later?

EMMA

All right. Let us know. (takes KAT's empty ice cream bowl and spoon, gets up) We'll leave you to your voicemail.

CLAIRE

(gets up) Yeah. There's more ice cream in the freezer.

KAT

(*emotional*) Thank you.

EMMA

Bye Jess!

CLAIRE

Yeah, bye.

KAT

Bye. And thanks. (footsteps, door closes, to JESS) Hey, Jess. They've been so great. Even Claire. I think now she is dealing with whatever was going on with her, she has more... energy to be kind, you know? (*sighs*) Feel better after some ice cream. Still. (*pause*) You know. Think I'll go see what's on TV. So happy everything's going well with your dissertation. You deserve every good thing. I love you.

(clicks)

Scene 50.6

OLIVIA

(*exhausted*) Hello. We are back in our hostel after a very long day. Say hello, Tammi.

TAMMI

(*yawns*) Yeah, hi.

OLIVIA

Mike and Scott ended up giving us dinner as well as lunch. We've... What have we been today doing, Tammi?

TAMMI

All of us took the dogs for a really long walk.

OLIVIA

Yes! That was great! Got to see some of the surrounding woodland.

TAMMI

Bush.

OLIVIA

Yes. Bush. Bushland?

TAMMI

And you and Mike talked some more, while Scott made dinner. He wouldn't let me help, just told me to, like, entertain him while he worked. *(beat)* I like him.

OLIVIA

Yeah. I like them both.

TAMMI

Yeah. So... How do you feel after today?

OLIVIA

I... I don't know. Very tired.

TAMMI

Fair enough.

OLIVIA

It... wasn't like I thought it would be. He wasn't... like I thought he would be... and I need to think about this when I have slept for a very long time *(yawns)*.

TAMMI

All right. We should go and sleep soon. Early start tomorrow.

OLIVIA

Ugh. Yes. We're flying to Frankfurt in (checks) seven hours, and then we have separate flights from there.

TAMMI

Plenty of time to talk on the plane, though.

OLIVIA

Yes. Or sleep.

TAMMI

(laughs) You can sleep. I'm watching all the movies - I hope there are some good ones!

OLIVIA

(smiles) OK. So this is it from Melbourne - next week will be from my parents' house, I suppose.

TAMMI

Without me!

OLIVIA

Yes. Though I can call you in if you like?

TAMMI

We might do that. Right. Done for today?

OLIVIA

Yes. Completely done. Bye! (yawns)

TAMMI

Bye!

OLIVIA

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)