

SERIES TWO

**THE GAMES**

EPISODE

**07**

**IMMIGRATION**

BROADCAST DATE  
**31/07/00**



*John is sitting at his desk talking on the phone.*

**JOHN** Oh well, the GST stuff, yes. It's coming along. I've nearly finished the first one. Yes, I have got a couple of others to do, but I've nearly finished the first one. Well, I've nearly finished the first part of the first one. I've got a difficulty. Well, I might ring you back about that because I'll need some figures. Righto, thanks.

*Bryan comes in.*

**BRYAN** There's someone outside to see you.

**JOHN** Pardon?

**BRYAN** There's someone outside to see you.

**JOHN** (Pointing to his appointments book) He's not in the book.

**BRYAN** She's a woman.

**JOHN** She's not in the book.

**BRYAN** No, she's in the foyer. She's from Mulravia, John.

**JOHN** That's nice for her, Bryan.

**BRYAN** She's here to take up the job that was promised to her.

**JOHN** The job that was promised to her?

**BRYAN** Well, promised to her father actually.

**JOHN** We promised her father a job?

**BRYAN** No, we promised her father that his daughter would be given a job.

**JOHN** And who is Dad exactly?

**BRYAN** He's the head IOC delegate for the country of Mulravia. She's out here. Show her in?

*John does not respond. Bryan moves towards the door to usher in their guest.*

**BRYAN** Are you waiting for me or am I waiting for you?

**JOHN** Did Dad happen to mention why we'd offer the daughter a job?

**BRYAN** What do you mean?

**JOHN** Well, there's a behaviour pattern exhibited in various parts of the world often referred to as quid pro quo, in which somebody will do something for someone else and then build up in their mind the expectation that somebody else is going to do something for them. It's very common in those parts of the world, for example, inhabited by human beings.

**BRYAN** It appears that is her understanding, yes.

**JOHN** Did she happen to mention what the nice thing that Dad had done was?

**BRYAN** Apparently years ago, when the vote came up to decide which city was going to get the 2000 Olympics...

**JOHN** Oh no... no...

**BRYAN** He cast his vote for...

**JOHN** No, Your Honour, I withdraw the question. I would like the jury to disregard the witness's last remark.

**BRYAN** John...

- JOHN** Go and tell her immediately, Bryan, that I'm on very extended long-service leave. I'll see her in about a decade.
- BRYAN** John, she knows you're in.
- JOHN** How could she possibly know I was in?
- BRYAN** She saw you come in this morning.
- JOHN** I got here at about quarter past six this morning.
- BRYAN** She's been waiting out there since eleven o'clock last night.
- JOHN** Well, maybe we can help her. Have we got a vacancy for a stalker?
- BRYAN** John, she insists that her father was promised...
- John sticks his fingers in his ears and starts humming.*
- BRYAN** ...that she would get a job in return for him giving... John!
- John stops humming.*
- JOHN** That's a good idea, John. Mention that to Bryan. Yes, I will.
- Gina is in her office, watching the goings-on.*
- JOHN** Bryan, what we're going to need is something in writing from the Mulravian Olympic committee.
- BRYAN** In writing.
- JOHN** Until I have something in writing from those people I will not be able to make any assessment of this. I obviously cannot assess her written criteria until I get them in writing.
- Bryan presents John with an envelope.*
- JOHN** What's that?
- BRYAN** She brought that with her. It's a letter. In writing.
- As John picks up the envelope, it explodes, showering him with confetti.  
Gina comes in, brandishing a camera, overcome with the success of their prank.*
- GINA** That was a beauty!
- JOHN** (Pointing to Gina's camera) Can I have one with Bryan, please?
- BRYAN** Did you like that writing, John?
- JOHN** I'd really like one with Bryan, please.
- GINA** Tell her I'm on extended long-service leave...
- Laughter completely overcomes Bryan and Gina.  
Gina is in the car.*
- RADIO ANNOUNCER** And it's a very good morning from the eye in the sky and all major traffic routes into the city this morning are jam-packed. A bit of a traffic snarl-up out at Stanmore – cars are banked up about a mile to the north, and the main roads into that area are now closed to all traffic. Stay tuned for more updates on the traffic on the hour. And of course tomorrow's weather... occasional showers and on the weekend...
- GINA** (To herself) Oh dear, a truck must have tipped over.
- Gina is reading the paper in her office. An article catches her eye. She goes into John's office.*

- GINA** Have you seen the paper today?
- JOHN** No, I've given up reading the paper.
- GINA** It says...
- JOHN** Or hearing the paper.
- GINA** 'Bulgarian wrestler Todor Stoyanov is seeking asylum in Australia. In this country on a team-familiarisation visit, he made his application from a secret destination last week.'
- JOHN** Oh good. At last, something the Minister will have to deal with.
- John's phone rings.*
- JOHN** Excuse me. Nicholas, yes. Yes, I was just reading it. I was just...
- John motions for Gina to hand him the paper. Gina makes to do so, but just keeps it out of arm's reach.*
- JOHN** Yes, I was just reading it, Nicholas. (Grabs and misses) I was just reading the article. (Grabs and misses) I was just reading the article.
- GINA** (Softly) Say please. Remember you didn't want to know.
- JOHN** I was just reading the article. (Motions for Gina to hand him the paper. She whisks it back at the last minute) Yes, yes, the plucky Bulgarian. (Grabs and misses) Come over? How could I help by coming over? Got a fair bit on, Nicholas. Did you see the press conference on team accommodation? It's taken a little bit longer than we thought to get the blood off the walls. Yes, I'm aware of the issue. (Motions for Gina to hand him the paper. She whisks it back at the last minute) I'm... I just said. I'm aware of the issue, Nicholas. (Grabs and misses) I'm aware of the... And, no, thank you. No, I am aware of the issue, Nicholas. I am aware that the (Trying to read the article upside down from a fair way away) irrigation department is looking after this at the moment. Now? Oh, OK. Does the Minister have any other time-frame apart from now, Nicholas? All right. OK, thank you, bye.
- John hangs up the phone and gets up to go to the Minister's office.*
- JOHN** Normally I wouldn't bother but he's just got us another \$140 million out of the public allocation. Bat on, would you, Gina?
- John walks out. Gina follows and heads back to her office.*
- GINA** And then he was gone.
- To Tim on his way out.*
- JOHN** I'm just going over to the Minister's, Tim. I suppose he'll tell me what it's about when I get there.
- In Nicholas's office.*
- NICHOLAS** Thanks for coming over, John.
- JOHN** I think if you've ordered someone to do something you should probably resist the urge to thank them.
- NICHOLAS** I won't keep you long. Just sign that for me, would you?
- Nicholas puts a document in front of John.*
- JOHN** Oh yes, and why would I bother reading it? What am I doing here? Confessing to be the man on the grassy knoll?
- NICHOLAS** John.
- JOHN** I'll tell you what – I could leave you with an artist's impression of my signature, Nicholas, and you can drop it on any document you want.

**NICHOLAS** It's a statement in support of the application of asylum by our Bulgarian friend.

**JOHN** Mr Stoyanov?

**NICHOLAS** Yes, we've decided to support the application. The Federal Minister needs this by tomorrow morning so the application can go through. Just sign there.

**JOHN** No, hang on. I don't know anything about it.

**NICHOLAS** You did say you read the paper.

**JOHN** es, but that's all I know about it.

**NICHOLAS** What else is there to know? He's from Bulgaria. He belongs to a persecuted ethnic minority. He doesn't want to live in Bulgaria any more. He wants to live here. If he goes back to Bulgaria he'll be shot. Perhaps we could arrange for him to be shot here so as to avoid any possible inconvenience to you.

**JOHN** Why would I be supporting his application?

**NICHOLAS** Because we're the Olympics. It's the Olympics year. The Minister has indicated that he would very much value whatever you have to say on this unfortunate man's application.

**JOHN** What does he envisage my saying?

**NICHOLAS** It's all here. Look. (Points to a line in the letter) 'That Australia is the cynosure of all eyes in this, our Olympic year, and our failure to assist a persecuted member of the international brotherhood of athletes when his life was in such immediate danger would attract worldwide opprobrium, given our wide open spaces and our well-publicised commitment to multiculturalism.' There, just sign there...

**JOHN** The Federal Minister for Immigration is committed to multiculturalism?

**NICHOLAS** A life-long passion.

**JOHN** Yes, I've heard him expressing it through clenched teeth. The last thing I heard him say on this subject, Nicholas, was 'Why don't they all go back to where they came from, the bastards'.

**NICHOLAS** Yes, but that was at a different stage.

**JOHN** It was Thursday.

**NICHOLAS** Nevertheless...

*Gina is on the phone in her office.*

**GINA** Yes, I appreciate that. I just think having grief counsellors in here this week to help the staff deal with the let-down after the Games is a little counterproductive. We're a little bit busy. I'm going to have to say no. Oh, come on, don't be upset. We'll work through this next week. OK. Bye.

*Tim comes into Gina's office.*

**TIM** Jack Hughes is here to see you. He's waiting in the media room.

**GINA** Who?

**TIM** The journo. Went to school with Bryan.

**GINA** Did John see him on the way?

**TIM** John wasn't seeing anything on the way out.

*Gina starts looking through her files.*

**GINA** Good. They're doing a profile piece on John for the Sunday lift-out. You know, what's his favourite food, favourite film, favourite natural disaster. (Finds it) Aha!

(To Tim) For God's sake, don't tell John about this. You know, the only way to get that man to do any publicity is to do it without him knowing anything about it.

*Gina and Tim walk out of her office towards the media room. Tim goes back to his desk.*

**GINA** Hello?

**JACK HUGHES** Hello, Jack Hughes.

**GINA** Gina Riley. Here are John's answers to those questions. I've near written the thing for you.

**JACK HUGHES** What are you talking about?

**GINA** The profile piece on John for the Sunday lift-out.

**JACK HUGHES** Sorry, I don't know what you're talking about.

**GINA** The profile piece.

**JACK HUGHES** I wanted to discuss this press release that you sent out this morning about incoming passenger traffic at the airport during the Games.

**GINA** Well, the score's now one-all, because I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about.

**JACK HUGHES** (Reading from the press release) 'The Australian Customs Service says that during the Olympic Games it will process 95 per cent of people arriving through Customs within fifteen minutes of their arrival.'

**GINA** Fifteen minutes? Who wrote that crap?

**JACK HUGHES** You did.

**GINA** I beg your pardon? (Grabs paper from Jack)

**JACK HUGHES** The staff union says that due to budget cutbacks, most visitors won't be able to get through Customs in under two hours.

**GINA** I'm sorry, but I don't know anything about this.

**JACK HUGHES** It's got your name on it.

**GINA** I can see that, but I don't know anything about it.

**JACK HUGHES** It's all there in black and white.

**GINA** Must be a typographical error.

**JACK HUGHES** What? It ought to say Gina Roley?

**GINA** Something like that, I suppose.

**JACK HUGHES** Do you have a Gina Roley?

**GINA** Why are you writing this down? It's off the record.

**JACK HUGHES** No, it's not.

**GINA** I have no comment to make.

**JACK HUGHES** No further comment to make. All right. Thanks, Ms Riley, that was great. Cheers.

*Jack gets up and walks out of the room.*

**GINA** Your parents must be very proud. Bryan! (Gina storms out to reception area into Bryan's office and back to Tim.) Where's Bryan? Tim, did Bryan issue this press release?

**TIM** (Looks at the press release) No, you did.

**GINA** No, I didn't. That's not my fax number.

**TIM** No, it's the Minister's fax number.  
*Gina snatches press release from Tim.*

**GINA** If anyone wants me I'll be at Nicholas's.  
*At Nicholas's office, John is still a reluctant signatory.*

**JOHN** I'll sign this, Nicholas...

**NICHOLAS** Good.

**JOHN** ...when I've met Mr Stoyanov.

**NICHOLAS** But you don't need to meet him.

**JOHN** Well, you sign it.

**NICHOLAS** I'm just the Minister's functionary, John.

**JOHN** Well, get the Minister to sign it.

**NICHOLAS** Well... it seems like political interference.

**JOHN** Nevertheless.

**NICHOLAS** This has got to be done by tomorrow.

**JOHN** Well, get Mr Stoyanov to come and see me today, Nicholas. That's the simple answer to that.  
*John gets up to leave.*

**NICHOLAS** John, all I'm asking you to do is sign a letter.  
*He runs out after John. John passes Gina on the stairs.*

**JOHN** (To Gina) How do you do?

**GINA** How do you do.  
*Nicholas walks backwards to escape Gina. Gina follows, brandishing the press release.*

**GINA** Nicholas, what the hell is this?

**NICHOLAS** Morning, Gina. Yes, I'm very well, thank you.

**GINA** I repeat, what the hell is this?  
*Nicholas grabs the press release.*

**NICHOLAS** It looks like a press release.

**GINA** Who wrote it?

**NICHOLAS** You did.

**GINA** No, I didn't.

**NICHOLAS** That's what it says here.

**GINA** I know it says so, but I didn't and I want to know who did.  
*John has stopped going away and is on the stairs watching the argument.*

**GINA** Because it seems to have emerged from your office and I'm currently beating back half the city's media with a stick.

*Nicholas runs down the stairs. Gina follows. They stop where John is standing.*

**NICHOLAS** A bit of exposure never did anyone any harm.

**GINA** I didn't write it.

**NICHOLAS** All the better. Publicity for something you didn't even do. (Holds out letter and pen to John)  
John, please...

**JOHN** Good result, I'd have thought, Gina.

**GINA** I beg your pardon.

**JOHN** You're always at me to get publicity. It's good to see you getting your share.

**NICHOLAS** You don't do any publicity, John?

**JOHN** No, I don't. But Gina's very keen on it.

**GINA** What about that interview you've done for the paper this Sunday?

**JOHN** I beg your pardon?

**GINA** I thought you've done one of those 'favourite things' interviews for the Sunday lift-out.

**JOHN** No, I haven't, but should hell ever freeze over...

**GINA** Nicholas, make a note. John says he hasn't done an interview for the paper this Sunday.  
This will be completely wrong, you know?

**NICHOLAS** Why do you say that?

*John sneaks downstairs. Nicholas holds out a hand to stop him.*

**GINA** There will be tens of thousands of people descending on the airport within hours of each other.  
There is no way Customs can get them through in fifteen minutes.

**NICHOLAS** Well, who cares how long it takes them? I mean, they've already paid for their tickets.  
They've got their Olympic tickets in their hand. They're hardly going to turn around and go home.  
'Oh, we're a bit slow getting through Customs'. John will you please sign this?

**GINA** Still keeping the dream alive, Nicholas?

**JOHN** That has got your name on it, Gina.

**GINA** I have never seen it before in my life.

**JOHN** He's got me supporting an immigration application for the bolting Bulgarian. I've never even met him.

**GINA** I'm going to the airport to prove that this is a complete nonsense.

*Gina walks downstairs. Nicholas and John follow.*

**NICHOLAS** What is the point in doing that, Gina? Wouldn't you be better off doing something useful instead  
of going off on one of these frolics?

*Gina strides towards the door.*

**NICHOLAS** Gina, I'm ordering you not to go. Gina!

*Gina exits, slamming the door behind her.*

**JOHN** Look at that: one word from you and she does what she likes.

**NICHOLAS** John!

**JOHN** Show me the Bulgarian!

*John exits, and slams the door behind him too. Nicholas is still holding on to his pen and letter. Gina is at the Customs office. The Customs officer is reading the press release.*

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** She'll win a fiction award for this.

**GINA** Who will?

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** Gina Riley, the idiot who wrote this. We'll be lucky to get the people through in under two hours.

**GINA** Two hours?

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** We haven't got the staff.

**GINA** But you were given the staff.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** No.

**GINA** You were, you were. I've got it here somewhere. (Puts down her newspaper and opens up her files) 'In its last budget the Federal Government allocated Games organisers \$12 million to upgrade staff numbers to deal with the expected increased tourist numbers associated with the Olympics.'

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** I'm not saying that the Federal Government didn't allocate it. I'm just saying that they didn't spend it on us.

**GINA** Well, what was it spent on?

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** I wouldn't have a clue.

**GINA** How can you keep people waiting two hours to get through Customs?

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** You can't. There'll be riots out there. (She spies a photograph of Todor Stoyanov on the front page of the paper) Hang on, I saw this bloke come through last week.

**GINA** The wrestler?

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** Funny guy. What's he done?

**GINA** Defected.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** Defected? From Scotland?

**GINA** From Bulgaria.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER** Bulgaria?

*Gina is in the taxi talking on the mobile phone.*

**GINA** What do you mean John's not there? He's always there.

**TIM** He's on his way back to meet a Bulgarian.

**GINA** Is he really? Thank you.

*She makes another call.*

**GINA** Editorial floor, please.

**VOICE ON PHONE** Yes, who would you like to speak to?

**GINA** Jack Hughes... Jack, got a bit of a scoop for you.

*Nicholas and Todor walk past reception and into John's office.*



**NICHOLAS** This way, please. Follow me, thank you. (To camera) Afternoon.  
(To Todor) Follow me, Mr Stoyanov, thank you. John Clarke, Todor Stoyanov, delivered as requested.

*Nicholas and Todor sit at John's desk.*

**JOHN** Mr Stoyanov, welcome to our beautiful country. I wonder if I could ask you a couple of questions. I've yet to have the pleasure of visiting your beautiful country, Mr Stoyanov. I wonder if you'd care to outline some of the political concerns in your country that have occasioned your seeking asylum in our beautiful country.

(Silence from Todor) I understand, for example, that you're a member of a persecuted ethnic minority.

(Silence from Todor) Nicholas, Mr Stoyanov doesn't seem up for much of a chat today.

**NICHOLAS** No, he doesn't, John.

**JOHN** What to do. Here's a long shot. Does Mr Stoyanov actually speak English?

**NICHOLAS** I don't believe he does, John. No.

**JOHN** No.

**NICHOLAS** Do you speak Bulgarian, John?

**JOHN** Not as yet, Nicholas. No.

**NICHOLAS** No.

*Nicholas whips out the letter again.*

**NICHOLAS** Just next to the X.

**JOHN** Nicholas, I will struggle to support the application of a man I can't talk to.

**NICHOLAS** He's going to be shot whether he speaks English or not.

**JOHN** I'll need to speak to him.

**NICHOLAS** You're free to try.

**JOHN** I don't speak Bulgarian.

**NICHOLAS** His death does seem a high price to pay for your failure to learn a second language.

**JOHN** Did you, for example, consider the prospect of bringing an interpreter here today?

**NICHOLAS** No.

**JOHN** Wouldn't that have been a good idea?

**NICHOLAS** If you had wanted an interpreter, John, you should have asked for one.

**JOHN** I didn't know he couldn't speak English. I'm not a mind-reader.

**NICHOLAS** I didn't know you couldn't speak Bulgarian. I'm not a mind-reader.

*Gina walks in, brandishing the press release.*

**GINA** Nicholas, as I predicted, this was complete crap.

**NICHOLAS** Language, please. We've got a visitor.

**JOHN** What language, Nicholas? He doesn't speak English.

**GINA** Who's this then?

**NICHOLAS** Gina Riley, Todor Stoyanov.

**GINA** Oh, don't get up, Mr Stoyanov. Top of the morning to you. A lot of weather we're having at the moment.

**NICHOLAS** John.

**JOHN** He doesn't speak English, Gina.

**GINA** Never too late to learn.

**NICHOLAS** Well, that's no reason to be discourteous, all right?

**GINA** Excuse I, Tod. Nicholas, where it says here that 95 per cent of tourist traffic should get through Customs in about fifteen minutes. It should say that 95 per cent of people should get through in about two hours. Small matter, I know, but you know the way I am with detail.

**NICHOLAS** As I've already explained, who cares how long it takes them to get them through Customs.

**GINA** I do. (Points to the press release) That's my name.

**NICHOLAS** Yes, but if they're from Sweden or the States or Burkina Faso it makes no difference. They're a captive market.

**GINA** They'll be ropeable.

**NICHOLAS** The level of their anger will have no effect on our bottom line.

**GINA** Nicholas, what happened to the \$12 million you were given to beef up the Customs service?

**NICHOLAS** It's been spent.

**GINA** On the Customs service?

**NICHOLAS** Presumably.

**JOHN** Won't keep you a minute, Mr Stoyanov.

**GINA** You wantee drinkee, Mr Stoyanov?

**NICHOLAS** Do you mind?

**GINA** You're not sure what you spent \$12 million on?

**NICHOLAS** Look, it came and it went. That's why it's called cash flow. It flows in, it flows out. Our income stream is like a seamless cloth. And if you don't mind, we're ignoring our guest.

**GINA** He can wait. Can't you, Toddy?

**NICHOLAS** How many times do I have to tell you, he does not speak English. John, will you please sign this?

*Tim enters.*

**TIM** Excuse me, there's a Jack Hughes here to see Mr Stoyanov.

**NICHOLAS** Who to see who?

**GINA** Jack Hughes.

**JOHN** Journalist. Went to school with Bryan.

**NICHOLAS** To see who?

**TIM** Mr Stoyanov.

**NICHOLAS** No, no, no, no, no, no way. No! How did he know he was here?

**TIM** I'll ask him.

**GINA** I rang him and asked him to come over.

**NICHOLAS** You rang him?

**JOHN** And asked him to come over?

**GINA** I thought it might help his asylum application if he got a little publicity.

**JOHN** Do you think publicity's a food group?

**GINA** You know, get the public on side, give him a bit of a boost.

**NICHOLAS** Well, you can tell him unless he has brought an interpreter, he can go home.

**TIM** He said that Gina had an interpreter.

**JOHN** Fantastic!

**NICHOLAS** No, I'm sorry. It's simply not possible.

**GINA** I was only trying to help.

**NICHOLAS** Well, Gina hasn't brought an interpreter so you can tell the nice journalist he'll have to go home.

**GINA** Gina has organised an interpreter.

**NICHOLAS** Who?

**GINA** Me.

**NICHOLAS** You speak Bulgarian now, do you?

**GINA** Mr Stoyanov's dialect, yes. Fluently, as it happens.  
(To Tim) Show Mr Hughes in.  
*Tim leaves to get Jack.*

**NICHOLAS** No, don't show him in.

**JOHN** Are you all right there, Gina?  
*Tim walks out of John's office. Nicholas shuts the glass doors behind him.*

**GINA** John, if I might explain a little of Mr Stoyanov's background for you. I've done some research, Nicholas. Mr Stoyanov comes from a little-known part of Bulgaria called Glasgow. When he went through Customs last week, he did so under what I can only assume was his gypsy name of Euan McTavish.  
*John looks shocked. Todor/Euan grins, realising his game is up.*

**NICHOLAS** Oh God!

**GINA** Interestingly, as little as seven months ago, Euan McTavish represented Scotland in the Northern European skeet championships. He is undoubtedly the pre-eminent skeet shooter in the world and it's confidently expected, in September, he'll win three gold medals in his particular discipline.

**EUAN** Four if I've got me eye in.

**GINA** Ah, he speaks!

**NICHOLAS** Quiet!

**JOHN** Is this true, Nicholas? Question from a viewer, Nicholas. Why are you smuggling Scottish skeet shooters into this country disguised as Bulgarian wrestlers?

**GINA** Or should I show Mr Hughes in?  
*Euan, Gina and John are sitting on the couch.*

- NICHOLAS** OK, this is the way it is. Our budgetary situation is far worse than even you two could comprehend. We've been putting a brave face on it, but if the public finds out they are going to string us up by the heels in Martin Place.
- The only way they'll forgive us is if the Games are a huge success for Australia. And I am talking a truckload of gold medals. I mean, 20, 30, more.
- Then there'll be civic receptions, ticker-tape parades so we slide all the bad news out in the middle of this euphoria and before the truth has hit home, we're swinging our legs under a bar stool in the Mediterranean somewhere.
- JOHN** This is all based on lies, Nicholas.
- NICHOLAS** I have never lied.
- JOHN** What about the tartan Bulgarian here?
- NICHOLAS** I have never asserted that Mr McTavish was born with the name Stoyanov, nor have I asserted that he is Bulgarian.
- I have merely supported his application as a Bulgarian national, which as of ten minutes past two last Thursday afternoon, he is.
- JOHN** Can I ask a question?
- NICHOLAS** Yes.
- JOHN** Why?
- NICHOLAS** Because the only way we're going to get him into the country at short notice is if he's from some world trouble spot with the right circumstances and a following breeze will get him in on refugee status. Now, the government of Bulgaria have been very kind in granting him Bulgarian nationality. At very short notice, I might add.
- JOHN** Why would the Bulgarians do that?
- NICHOLAS** Because there were certain incentives from their point of view.
- By now, John is holding his head in his hands.*
- JOHN** Oh, you paid them, Nicholas. I can hear it in your voice.
- NICHOLAS** Our income stream is like a seamless cloth.
- GINA** You're mad.
- JOHN** You are. You're insane.
- GINA** And this is where the \$12 million intended for the Customs service has gone?
- NICHOLAS** Our income stream...
- GINA** Oh.
- JOHN** Nicholas.
- NICHOLAS** Look, on present form and ranking, Todor here...
- JOHN** Euan!
- NICHOLAS** Todor!
- JOHN** Euan!
- NICHOLAS** ...is going to win three gold medals.

**EUAN** Four if I've got me eye in.

**NICHOLAS** In a very low-profile sport which no-one will notice.

**JOHN** He's going to be a low-profile triple gold medallist is he, Nicholas?

**GINA** Oh, it will be a triumph for the Minister's long-held belief in multiculturalism.

**JOHN** They'll want to see photographs of his mother and father.

**GINA** Making Soviet tractor parts.

**JOHN** In Aberdeen.

**GINA** The public won't buy it.

**NICHOLAS** They don't care.

**GINA** It won't stand up to analysis.

**NICHOLAS** There won't be any analysis. It's the Australian media, Gina.

**JOHN** What's the point of all this?

**NICHOLAS** The point is that Todor's three gold medals are going to mean the difference between us finishing in the top six countries or finishing somewhere down by the printer's name on the bottom of the bloody eye chart.

**JOHN** No, it won't.

**GINA** Good point, John.

**JOHN** It seems like a hell of a lot of trouble to go to, Nicholas, for three gold medals.

**EUAN** Four if I've got me eye in.

**GINA** That's right. You'd need more than just Todor, won't you?

**JOHN** That's right. Aussie Todor McTavish's three gold medals might mean the difference between say, seven and ten. But that's not the huge welter of Aussie gold that you're trying to describe, is it?

**GINA** Another good point, John.

**NICHOLAS** It is not. You must stop with all this wild talk, Gina.

**GINA** Wild talk? I'll give you wild talk. Have a look in reception, Nicholas. There's Sydney journalist Jack Hughes. Also out there are two men I picked up on the way here after making further checks with my friends in Customs.

Nicholas takes a peek out into reception, where Jack Hughes is waiting.

**NICHOLAS** Oh God!

**GINA** They may seem familiar to you. They tell me they've met you. They are two young men from drought-stricken Somalia who tell me that they too are intending to claim status as economic refugees, the starvation rate in their country being what it so tragically is. You may not recognise them, however, as both of them now appear to weigh 22 stone, are white and, according to their passports, bear the Somalian names of Nikolai Grigoriev and Yuri Ivanov. You'd be comforted to know, though, Nicholas, that their superlative skills remain intact in the traditional African sport of the hammer throw.

**JOHN** How many more are there, Nicholas?

**GINA** Or should I show Mr Hughes in?

*Jack walks into the meeting room where the two very substantial men are waiting.*

**JACK HUGHES** Hey, where are you two gents from?

**NIKOLAI** Somalia.

**JACK HUGHES** Somalia?

**YURI** Please give us food. We are hungry.

*Back in John's office.*

**NICHOLAS** You haven't told him about Todor?

**GINA** No, I'm going to do that now.

**NICHOLAS** Unless?

**GINA** Unless you abandon this stupid scheme.

**JOHN** Send Jock back, Nicholas.

**NICHOLAS** Why?

**GINA** It won't work. It's insane.

**JOHN** It was never going to work, Nicholas. You were always going to get rumbled. The press would have an absolute field day with you.

**GINA** No, no, no, no. The press would have had a field day with you, John. You were going to be the one supporting his application.

**JOHN** You're a bit of a bastard aren't you, Nicholas?

**GINA** Nicholas?

**NICHOLAS** What?

**GINA** Sit down. One: you will abandon this scheme. Two: you will agree that no press releases will be allocated under our names without our express written permission and three, you'll make sure the people will clear Customs within thirty minutes. Agreed?

**JOHN** Good!

**GINA** I'll get rid of Hughes.

*Just as Gina heads for the door, Bryan comes in with Jack Hughes.*

**BRYAN** Come in, Jack. We can't have you sitting out there all that time. John, Jack tells me he's been waiting out here for ages. Where are your manners? Lift your game.

*Gina bolts for the door.*

**GINA** I'll leave you to it then.

**JOHN AND NICHOLAS** Gina!

**BRYAN** This will be Mr Stoyanov you were wanting to see.

*Euan peeks over his magazine.*

**JACK HUGHES** Oh right.

**BRYAN** I'll catch you for a coffee on your way out.

**JACK HUGHES** Righto, Bryan.

*Bryan leaves.*

- JACK HUGHES** Mr Stoyanov. OK, so which of you two is doing the translating?
- Nicholas and John look apprehensive.*
- JACK HUGHES** Todor Stoyanov. Welcome.
- JOHN** Mr Stoyanov. Vilkom.
- EUAN** Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie. O, what panic's in thy breastie, Thy needst not run away sae hastie. Wi bickering brattle I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, Wi' murd'ring prattle.
- JOHN** He thanks you very much. He is very grateful to be here in the company of an Australian journalist. He says Australian journalists are justly renowned throughout the known world for the high quality of both their writing and their research, and for their fierce independence from their billionaire owners who could otherwise terminate their employment (Snaps his fingers) like that.
- JACK HUGHES** How have you enjoyed your stay in our country so far?
- JOHN** I'll just ask. (To Euan) Valery, Borzov, Yuri Gagarin, Fydor Dostoyevsky defeated Anna Kournikova 6–1, 6–2.
- EUAN** And there's a hand, my trusty fiere, And gie's a hand o' thine, and we'll tak a right guid willie-waught, and I'll be your pint stowp, and surely you'll be thine; and we'll take a cup of kindness yet for auld lang syne.
- JOHN** He's very impressed overall with this country. He finds particularly impressive the enlightened mandatory sentencing provisions which appear to apply here and which in his estimation do away with the need for judges of any kind. He admires this and finds that it is familiar to him since it has operated in his country for what he describes as a fair spread of years.
- JACK HUGHES** I understand that you are wishing to stay in the country.
- JOHN** I'll just ask. Solzhenitsyn, Anna Pavlova, Lenin, Trotsky, very bad nuclear accident, Nicholas the first and indeed Nicholas the second.
- EUAN** My luve is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June. My luve is like a melody that's sweetly sung in tune. As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, so deep in luve am I. And will I luve thee my dear till a' the seas gang dry.
- JOHN** Not any more, unfortunately. Greatly impressed as he is by our broad sweeping beaches and our wide range of new indirect taxes, his Slavic blood boils to recognise that as a relative newcomer he stands at better protection in law than people who have been here for many thousands of years.
- JACK HUGHES** You mean to say that you are no longer seeking to stay in this country?
- JOHN** Yevgeny Kafelnikov?
- EUAN** Billy Connolly.
- JOHN** No.
- JACK HUGHES** You're absolutely sure?
- JOHN** Sigmund Freud?
- EUAN** Austrian.
- JOHN** Sorry, Joseph Stalin?
- EUAN** No worries, Robbie Burns.
- JOHN** Quite sure.
- JACK HUGHES** Mr Stoyanov, thank you very much for your time.

**EUAN** Pick a winda Jimmy, you're leavin'.

**JOHN** It is the best interview I am ever having.

**EUAN** Is that it?

**JOHN** Yes, shut up now.

*It is Sunday. Bryan is reading the paper. He dials a number on the mobile phone. John is sitting poolside with the papers. His phone rings.*

**JOHN** Hello?

**BRYAN** G'day. Happy with the paper?

**JOHN** Yes, which one? 'Bulgarian Rejects Lucky Country' or 'Up Yours, Ungrateful Commo'?

**BRYAN** No, no. Your interview in the lifestyle section.

**JOHN** I beg your pardon? Are you just back from a rave party of some kind are you, Bryan? (Locates the article) Oh my God! Thank you. Bye. (Reads as he punches the numbers on his mobile phone) 'Olympic Recluse Gives Rare Insight'. Gina!

*Gina is in a café reading the paper. Her phone rings.*

**JOHN** Gina, I'm furious!

**GINA** It is the best interview I am ever having.

**JOHN** Gina, what is all this rubbish? I didn't do this!

**GINA** Yes?

**JOHN** What is it with you and publicity? I can't leave you...

**GINA** Yes, shut up now.

*She hangs up on John.*