

SERIES TWO



EPISODE

11

SPONSORSHIP AND  
MEDIA DISCONTENT

BROADCAST DATE  
28/08/00



*John is hosting a meeting of sponsors at the Games office.*

**JOHN** Well, I think it's been a very fruitful meeting and having heard what all you good people have had to say obviously we'll take that on board.

**SPONSOR ONE** Why is our ticket allocation only half of what we were promised five years ago?

**JOHN** Well, that's...

**SPONSOR TWO** Here is a list of the staff that I have to tell that they can't go to the Opening Ceremony. Perhaps you'd care to tell them.

**SPONSOR ONE** You promised us 2000 tickets. Now, according to this, we're only getting 650.

**JOHN** Yes, well obviously there...

**SPONSOR TWO** And from what I read in the papers I could have saved myself \$30 million and the trouble of dealing with clowns like you for the last five years...

**JOHN** Well...

**SPONSOR ONE** And just bought a bucketload of tickets on a credit card last week just like my major competition has...

**JOHN** Look, obviously there have been a few problems. But let me just finish on a positive note. I think, in general terms, you'd all agree that our support of your products has been of the very first order.

*Bryan and Leah from Loophole Insurance are sitting in Bryan's office.*

**BRYAN** Well, what about track and field?

**LEAH** You'd be surprised how much damage a shot putt can do to a human being.

*Nicholas barges into Bryan's office.*

**NICHOLAS** Bryan, I need to see John.

**BRYAN** Excuse me. Sorry, Leah, this is Nicholas Bell. Nicholas, this is Leah from Loophole Insurance.

**LEAH** How do you do?

**BRYAN** Leah's helping us assess our public liability exposure. Nicholas Bell.

**NICHOLAS** We don't need insurance.

**LEAH** Every one of your competitive sports is conducted in public locations and a lot of them do involve projectiles.

**NICHOLAS** Well, don't you worry about it, all right?

**BRYAN** Your Honour, my client pleads 'Don't worry about it'. Nicholas, I don't think that's going to work. Now listen...

**LEAH** And it's not just injuries, Mr Bell. A spectator who arrived late for an event at the last winter Olympics sued the organisers for damages for having an inefficient transport system.

**NICHOLAS** Wow! I assume that factoid is found really interesting at insurance conventions. Leah, was it?

**LEAH** Yes.

**NICHOLAS** Leah, would I also be right in assuming that time is important to you and that every second in your busy corporate life counts?

**LEAH** Yes.

**NICHOLAS** Good. Well, go away because you're wasting your time here.

**BRYAN** Nicholas, excuse me!

**NICHOLAS** Go, go, go!

**BRYAN** I'm terribly sorry.

**NICHOLAS** We do not need insurance. Thank you very much.

**LEAH** Right.

**BRYAN** Excuse my colleague.

*Leah leaves Bryan's office. Nicholas shuts the door behind her.*

**NICHOLAS** Bye, bye.

*Back in John's neck of the woods.*

**SPONSOR THREE** Our major competitor has actually got billboards right along the route of the triathlon. It's going to be seen in a billion households around the world.

**JOHN** Yes, well...

**SPONSOR FOUR** Also... and also... in your 'Olympics for Good Health' ad the fat bloke in the 'before' photo is actually eating one of our hamburgers.

**JOHN** Yes, well, I'm sure not every experience has been an unhappy one. I think probably Trudy from IBM, for example, could speak about the quality of our relationship with them. It's a relationship that's been going on for quite some time.

**TRUDY** Absolutely. I would have to agree with John there.

**JOHN** Yes.

**TRUDY** Our experience at the winter Olympic Games in Japan was not a happy one. But at IBM we are thrilled with the support we've received from John and the team, and the loyalty that they've shown to us and our product.

**JOHN** Yes, thank you, Trudy. And obviously there are further discussions yet to be had on this subject. And I suppose many of you are perhaps hoping that on the next occasion you meet about this you might be speaking to the Minister. I must say, I hope the very same thing.

*At this point a man in overalls interrupts the meeting.*

**JOHN** Yes, sorry, excuse me?

**DELIVERY MAN** I've just got that delivery of Macintosh computers for you.

**JOHN** I beg your pardon? I'm sorry, you're in the wrong building obviously. Tim, can you perhaps talk to our friend? You're obviously in the wrong building.

*Tim gets up from the meeting room and leaves with the man.*

**DELIVERY MAN** I've got a signed order form.

**JOHN** You're obviously the victim of an elaborate hoax. I'm terribly sorry. It's very sad for you, but...

*Back in Bryan's office.*

**BRYAN** So, if anyone is injured at any of our venues, there's no recourse to the courts at all.

**NICHOLAS** We've got a blanket exemption that covers all Games venues and all Olympic premises.

**BRYAN** And this is to prevent a lawyers' picnic?

**NICHOLAS** No, Bryan, it's to enable us to cut a few corners in venue management between now and October, therefore saving a great deal of money.

**BRYAN** By putting people's lives at risk?

**NICHOLAS** No-one ever made an omelette without breaking a few eggs.

**BRYAN** That's appalling.

**NICHOLAS** That's a-too-bad. I've got to see John.

Nicholas gets up and prepares to leave Bryan's office. He notices John is in a room with many people.

**BRYAN** Nicholas. By the way I got a phone call today from the head of the Olympic Media Alliance. They're threatening a media boycott unless they get the extra tickets that we promised them. We didn't promise them any more tickets. Nicholas, do you know anything about this?

*Nicholas hasn't been paying any attention to Bryan at all.*

**NICHOLAS** Who are those people in there?

**BRYAN** He was insistent that the media had been promised extra tickets. He sounded pretty stropic.

**NICHOLAS** Who's John talking to?

**BRYAN** Thank you for your help, Nicholas. I'll now address your query. John is in there meeting with a group of sponsors.

**NICHOLAS** (Shudders) Ugh!

**BRYAN** A meeting the Minister was supposed to attend but couldn't because it clashed with the funeral of someone in his electorate.

**NICHOLAS** Yes, yes, yes.

**BRYAN** We offered to change the time, but the Minister said it was a very large electorate, most of whom enjoy very poor health.

**NICHOLAS** Well, when he comes out tell him that Gina's rung and pulled out of the website launch tonight and he's got to take her place. She said he'd be fine about it.

**BRYAN** Why don't you pop in there and tell them?

**NICHOLAS** No, thank you.

**BRYAN** Go on, see how the sponsor meeting's going. I'm sure he won't mind.

**NICHOLAS** I'm sure they're fine.

**BRYAN** The sponsors would love to see you, Nicholas. A lot to discuss.

**NICHOLAS** I'm sure John can handle it, Bryan.

*Nicholas sneaks out.*

*Back in the lion's den, John is just summing up.*

**JOHN** So, thank you all for your attendance. If any of you do have any specific complaints, by all means give us a call at any time.

**TRUDY** John?

**JOHN** Just on the question of the computers, Trudy, that guy is obviously in completely the wrong building. He may be in the wrong suburb.

*John runs downstairs to the basement where the delivery man is taking the computers away.*

- JOHN** Excuse me, excuse me. No, no, look, I think probably the best idea with those is to bring them back and stick them in the dispatch area.
- DELIVERY MAN** You do want them?
- JOHN** Oh yes, we want them. Sorry.
- DELIVERY MAN** Make up your mind, for God's sake.
- JOHN** Sorry about the mix-up. Just put them in the dispatch area down here. Sorry about that. Room full of people, you know. Don't know what I was thinking. Sometimes I know what I'm doing, sometimes I don't know what I am doing. Up there I didn't know what I was doing. Down here I'm good. Aren't there supposed to be six of these?
- DELIVERY MAN** Four more in the van.
- JOHN** Oh, OK. Well, can you just leave them all here? You bring the others. This top one – that's mine.
- DELIVERY MAN** Just sign the delivery docket.
- JOHN** Oh OK, yes. I'll take the top one. You just bring the others and leave them here. I'm sorry about that mix-up upstairs. Sorry about that. Good on you.
- The delivery man reads the docket John has just signed.*
- DELIVERY MAN** Donald Duck?
- JOHN** Oh, Don, please. Don.
- As the delivery man goes off to get the rest of the computers, a man in a suit sneaks up on John. He was at the sponsors' meeting earlier, but had not said a thing.
- BIRMINGHAM** John? George Birmingham. Didn't get a chance to meet you one-on-one upstairs. I'm from the Coca-Cola organisation, host nation of the last Olympics. Head office caught a little of the flavour of what's been going on over here, so I'm out here to have a look at it sponsorship-wise to make sure we're getting value for money. Be crazy if we didn't is what I imagine you're thinking.
- JOHN** Well, exactly, yes. I mean, we value the sponsorship. Let me in fact take this opportunity...
- BIRMINGHAM** I've seen you at work up there, John, and you're very good. I can see why they hired you. No doubt about it. You're a smart guy with about as plausible a demeanour as anyone I've ever seen on the face of God's earth.
- JOHN** Why, thank you very much.
- BIRMINGHAM** Which is why I waited to stay behind to tell you that none of that works with me. I'm not being unfriendly, John. It's just that I am immune to charm. Now, I have your original correspondence from your marketing department from about four-and-a-half years back which is very specific about our ticket allocation.
- Our sponsorship package provides for us to be given 1500 premium stadium tickets. Not the 380 we are now being promised. Now, I am going back to the States tomorrow evening and unless all 1500 tickets are here in my briefcase by then, my organisation is out of here and out of the Games and you'll be dealing with our lawyers who, by the way, eat their young. Have a nice day, won't you?
- He hands John a business card, which John meekly accepts. John makes a silent grimace to the camera as Birmingham walks away.*
- Bryan is in Gina's office.*
- BRYAN** Did we promise the media extra tickets?
- GINA** We haven't got any extra tickets.

**BRYAN** I picked up the phone this morning and on the other end was the president of the Olympic Media Alliance demanding extra tickets.

**GINA** Wouldn't you know, the media would be the first ones scrounging around for extra tickets.

**BRYAN** Can we print some more tickets?

**GINA** Of course. Then we can print some more seats.

**BRYAN** Gina, help me here. What am I going to do?

**GINA** Can't you fit it in the too-hard basket? You know, if you jump up and down on it for a couple of minutes...

**BRYAN** Good, because that's sort of what I've done.

**GINA** How's that?

**BRYAN** Well, that media wallah's coming into town tomorrow and I've just booked him in for a meeting with John.

**GINA** And I've just flicked John the website launch. Are we being fair?

*From outside Gina's office, we hear and see a slightly out-of-breath John carrying a box.*

**JOHN** I thought we agreed that deliveries were going to be made to the basement, not up here. I may have dreamed that. I may have dreamed that we agreed that at a meeting at which no-one listened to a bloody thing I said.

**GINA** Pardon?

**JOHN** What's the rostered crisis of the hour up here?

**GINA** The media say they've been promised extra tickets.

**JOHN** I've just done fifteen rounds myself with the sponsors on the question of tickets. Did you know that?

**GINA** We were just discussing that if any extra tickets can be found who should get them?

**JOHN** Oh, I don't know... the public?

**GINA** I'm being serious, John.

**JOHN** I'm sorry, the old Sunday school training dies hard, doesn't it? Look, I don't know the answer and I haven't got time to work out the question. All I seem to do at the minute is go to meeting after meeting after meeting after meeting.

Are you doing a lot of that at the moment?

**GINA AND BRYAN** Oh, meeting after meeting after meeting after meeting.

**BRYAN** Whatever you decide, John, make it quick, because you've got a meeting with the journalists' organisation tomorrow.

**JOHN** The journalists have got an organisation? There's a surprise.

**BRYAN** The Olympic Media Alliance.

**JOHN** What's this person's name?

**BRYAN** Bernard Milne.

**JOHN** Not a name I know, I don't think, Bryan.

**BRYAN** Well, you've been a bit busy, John.

**JOHN** I don't think I've ever heard of this.

**GINA** Next you'll be telling me you've forgotten about the website launch tonight.

**JOHN** Website launch tonight? I don't know anything about a website launch tonight. Where?

**GINA** You'd better be going now.

**BRYAN** And you know you're also guest speaker at the old boys' dinner.

**JOHN** Old boys' dinner? Website launch? I don't know anything about these, do I?

*Gina gathers John's things and, with Bryan, ushers John towards the lifts.*

**GINA** Yes.

**JOHN** What do you mean old boys' dinner? What school?

**BRYAN** Hedgeburner's Grammar.

**JOHN** I didn't go to Hedgeburner's Grammar, Bryan.

**GINA** No, Bryan did.

**BRYAN** John, you really should start running a diary.

**GINA** You really should start running a diary, John.

**JOHN** What time's this website launch?

**GINA** Six-thirty for seven.

**JOHN** Oh, OK. What time's the dinner I'm supposed to be speaking at?

**BRYAN** Seven-thirty for eight.

**JOHN** Bryan, when did I agree to give a speech at your old boys' dinner?

**BRYAN** About a minute after I agreed to do one at yours.

**JOHN** You didn't agree to do one at mine, Bryan. I went to school in New Zealand. You know that. Read the interviews in the paper.

**GINA** You're not going to go like that, are you?

**JOHN** Of course I'm going to go like this.

**BRYAN** Make sure you iron your shirt.

**GINA** You're representing Australia, John. Spruce yourself up a bit.

*The lift arrives and John gets in, protesting about his workload.*

**JOHN** I don't remember agreeing to do either of these things. I don't remember agreeing to do either...

**GINA** Yes, you do.

*John addresses a complete stranger who is in the lift when the lift doors open.*

**JOHN** Oh, I beg your pardon. Millinery, thank you.

**BRYAN** Say hello to the chaps.

**JOHN** Bat on.

*At the website launch cocktail function.*

**NICHOLAS** I don't see the dilemma. You look after the media and everything else looks after itself.

**JOHN** You'd short-change our sponsors to please the media.

**NICHOLAS** I wouldn't get too teary-eyed about the sponsors, John. Did you see that young lady I just shook hands with?

**JOHN** Yes.

**NICHOLAS** Her company has just written off its entire expenditure on tickets as research and development and got a grant from the Federal Government to pay for it.

**JOHN** Of course the media are a better long-term investment for the Minister, aren't they?

**NICHOLAS** I'm afraid I don't follow you. Want a drink?

**JOHN** Yes, well, we paid for it, we might as well have a throat opener. What I mean by that is the Minister is going to be dealing with the media long after the sponsors have folded their tents and moved on, isn't he?

**NICHOLAS** You are just too Machiavellian for me, John. Truly you are. You're impossible to follow sometimes.

**JOHN** What are we actually doing here, Nicholas? I thought we'd already launched our website.

**NICHOLAS** Oh yes. This will be the fourth time we've launched our website.

**JOHN** I assume there's a reason for that, is there?

**NICHOLAS** Yes, if you're copping a bit of flak for something you relaunch your website. That makes you look like you're on top of everything.

**JOHN** How is our frequently launched website actually going?

**NICHOLAS** Who gives a stuff?

**JOHN** Well, how many people have visited it? How many smacks has it had?

**NICHOLAS** Millions, billions, trillions. What do you want me to say?

**JOHN** The actual number?

**NICHOLAS** I wouldn't have a clue. I don't bother counting them. What good's a website to us anyway? It hasn't sold us one extra ticket, got us one extra sponsor or made us one extra dollar. It is a complete waste of time.

**JOHN** In that case, why have we got one?

**NICHOLAS** It's compulsory to have a website, John. It's the law. Where would the markets be if we refused to have a website solely on the basis that they are by and large completely and utterly bloody useless?

**JOHN** Nicholas, I seem to be at a completely unnecessary function to celebrate a completely unnecessary utility. I think on balance I might clear off.

**NICHOLAS** Where are you going?

**JOHN** I've got to go and stick a penguin suit on. I've got to go and give a speech tonight. I'll see you later.

*John is in a penguin suit in a cab on the way to his second gig.*

**JOHN** How far away are we?

**DRIVER** Oh, I could say fifteen minutes or I could tell you the truth.

**JOHN** Either would do.

*At the old Hedgeburnians' dinner, John is speaking at the head of the table but there is little interest from the floor. Cigar smoke and conversation fill the room.*



**JOHN**

I've actually never known a job to throw up quite the challenges that the one we're doing at the moment has thrown up. The problem we had this week may serve as a good example. We had to take back part of the public ticket allocation this week and, of course, the question for us was who we give those tickets to. It's a very interesting question. I said, it's a very interesting question. Could we have a bit of shush?

*John taps his glass. The room quiets for a moment, then the old boys start to talk among themselves again.*

**JOHN**

For us the question obviously was, do we give the tickets to the leeches in the media or to the sponsors? One of whom we discovered this week is actually roting the Federal Government in order to pay for the tickets in the first place. So you can see the dilemma for us there.

*In another cab on the way home.*

**DRIVER**

How's your day been then?

**JOHN**

Oh, if you see a good sturdy tree on the way home you've got my permission.

**DRIVER**

Mind if I turn the radio on? Mind if I turn the radio on, mate?

*John has fallen asleep in the back seat. Radio news bulletin intro begins.*

**RADIO ANNOUNCER**

And now, the news headlines. Uproar in Parliament today as the Upper House passed legislation granting Games organisers immunity from legal suits of any type from now until the conclusion of the event. And the Olympics continues to make news with Games administrator, John Clarke, at the centre of a storm following remarks made at a dinner earlier tonight. Addressing a select inner-city audience, he described the Olympic media as 'leeches' and called Games sponsors 'rorters'. More at midnight.

*John opens his eyes in fright.*

*It is the next day. John walks out to the front porch to get his paper. He has eye shades on and is wearing his Straya pyjamas.*

**JOHN**

(Talking to self) Ah, newspaper. Where are you newspaper? 'Government puts ten billion dollars into huge fund to alleviate world poverty'.

Newspaper...

Monday it'd be in the pool, Tuesday it'd be in the tree, Wednesday it'd be at number twenty-seven. Thursday, it'll be in the pot plant. (Locates newspaper in pot plant and picks it up) Ah, correct weight. No more calls, thank you, we have a winner.

(To camera crew) Ah good morning. Now then... (Taking off his eye shades he reads the front page) Oh no. 'Gold Medal Loudmouth: Olympic supremo slams sponsors and media'. Oh no, is that in both papers? Oh God.

*The phone rings.*

**JOHN**

Hello?

*Nicholas is calling on his mobile phone from the hallway of a television studio.*

**NICHOLAS**

What the hell were you thinking, John? 'The media are leeches' — do you know who reports comments like 'the media are leeches'? The media report them, John!

**JOHN**

Nicholas, an old boys' dinner is off the record, surely.

**NICHOLAS**

Nothing's off the record if it's a good enough story. The only stuff that's off the record are the stories that nobody's interested in. Were you drunk?

**JOHN**

No, I was asked a question, Nicholas, and I answered it truthfully.

**NICHOLAS** Why would you do that?

**JOHN** I've always told the truth, Nicholas. I'm trying really hard, but it's a difficult habit to shake.

*Nicholas walking down corridor towards the studios.*

**NICHOLAS** John, John, you don't have to lie if you don't want to. If you are asked a question you don't want to answer you simply say 'I can't answer that – it would be a breach of confidentiality'.

**JOHN** Well, what if they don't accept that?

*Nicholas is shown into the studio by a floor manager.*

**NICHOLAS** John, these are Australian journalists.

**JOHN** I repeat, what if the confidentiality argument doesn't work?

*Nicholas sits in a chair. The floor manager puts a mike on and a make-up person touches him up.*

**NICHOLAS** Then you claim you are prevented from discussing it because of commercial confidentiality.

**JOHN** Well, what the hell does that mean?

**NICHOLAS** I haven't got a clue what it means but even journalists from the ABC nick off if you mention commercial confidentiality.

**JOHN** Yes, thank you, Nicholas. I'll try to remember that. That's very useful information. Now, Nicholas, you and I are going to have to sort out something else.

*At the studios, Nicholas puts his phone off-screen. It is still turned on.*

**FLOOR MANAGER** Right, we're ready to go. Five, four, three, two...

**NICHOLAS** Look, I wonder if I might just say this.

*John is still on the phone, thinking he's talking to Nicholas.*

**JOHN** No, let me finish...

**NICHOLAS** John Clarke...

**JOHN** Yes?

**NICHOLAS** John Clarke is a very, very...

*John suddenly realises that Nicholas is on television. He watches.*

**JOHN** Oh!

**NICHOLAS** (On-screen)... good employee and we have no intention of dispensing with his services.

**JOHN** Oh dear.

**INTERVIEWER** (Off-screen) There are reports that he was drunk.

**NICHOLAS** (On-screen) Well, that doesn't sound like the John Clarke I know.

**JOHN** I told you I wasn't drunk.

**INTERVIEWER** (Off-screen) We've had it suggested from a source in your organisation that he's been suspended from duty.

**JOHN** Suspended?

**NICHOLAS** (On-screen) No, that's untrue.

**JOHN** Completely untrue.

**NICHOLAS** (On-screen) The fact of the matter is that John's been hard at it for five years now and he feels it's time to take a break to recharge the batteries.

**JOHN** I don't like the sound of this.

**NICHOLAS** (On-screen) So he's decided to take a week off.

**JOHN** I beg your pardon?

**NICHOLAS** (On-screen) If that's what he wants, we're happy to grant it.

**JOHN** A week off. You're a bit of a bastard, aren't you?

*John turns off the television. His mobile phone rings.*

**JOHN** Hello?

**GINA** (On phone) John!

**JOHN** Gina, good morning. How are you?

**GINA** (On phone) Off on holidays? Thanks for your bloody help.

**JOHN** Actually I'm not on holidays. I'm sorry about that. That's the first I ever heard of this. I assume I'm being punished.

**GINA** (On phone) Punished for what?

**JOHN** Well, punished for repeating something he actually told me. He obviously had to work out whether he was going to walk the plank or I was, and he nobly suggested I did.

**GINA** (On phone) That's not fair.

**JOHN** No. Fair hasn't lived here for a while, Gina.

**GINA** (On phone) You should appeal. I know a lawyer.

**JOHN** No, no. Sorry. Not interested, Gina, I'm on holiday. I'm sorry, I can't help you.

**GINA** (On phone) Well, I can't do my job and your job, John.

**JOHN** He should have thought of that before he publicly suspended me for a week.

**GINA** (On phone) We can't run it without you.

**JOHN** Look Gina, I'd love to help but sadly I'm on holidays. I can feel the sand between my toes as I speak to you now. Incidentally, Gina, remember you've got that guy from the journalists' association coming in at two o'clock.

**GINA** (On phone) What guy? What are you talking about?

**JOHN** Don't you remember that, Gina? You really ought to keep a diary. You've got to start running a diary, Gina. Let me give you a hint. If you're going to run an organisation like that, run a diary. Good luck to you. Bye.

*He hangs up on Gina despite her protestations.*

*It is much later. Gina walks into John's office, expecting to talk to him.*

**GINA** Listen, John. John, do you know anything about...? John? Oh God!

*She remembers that John's on leave. Bryan walks in just as a courier does.*

**COURIER** Anyone home?

**GINA** John?

**COURIER** If it makes you happy. Delivery.

**BRYAN** Who for?

**COURIER** John Clarke. With an 'e'.

**GINA** He's on holidays with an 'h'. Bring it back in a few days with an 'f'.

**COURIER** No, it doesn't work like that, I'm afraid.

**GINA** But he's not here.

**COURIER** But you are.

**GINA** But it's not addressed to me.

**BRYAN** Gina, you're in charge. Just sign it.

*Bryan takes the parcel and signs on the courier's delivery form.*

**GINA** Well, who's it from?

**BRYAN** International Olympic Committee, Lausanne, Switzerland.

*Gina opens the letter and starts to read. She realises it's correspondence she doesn't want to deal with and runs after the courier.*

**GINA** No, no, no, no. Take this back. Take this back!

**COURIER** Doesn't work that way unfortunately. With an 'f o'.

**GINA** Bryan! By the power invested in me I insist you take this back. Bryan!

**BRYAN** Stop!

**GINA** We can beat him down to the ground floor. Come on.

**BRYAN** Gina, stop it! Listen, you're in charge now. Whatever it is you have to, deal with it. Just calm down and tell me what it's all about.

**GINA** Are you familiar with the name Coca-Cola?

**BRYAN** Major sponsor.

**GINA** Are you also familiar with the name Colleen Mills?

**BRYAN** World 100 and 200-metre champion undefeated since decimal currency.

**GINA** Incorrect. Colleen Mills is no longer the 100 and 200-metre champion.

**BRYAN** Someone's beaten her?

**GINA** No-one's beaten her. Colleen Mills just isn't her name any more.

**BRYAN** Am I following this?

**GINA** She's changed her name by deed poll.

**BRYAN** To what?

**GINA** Pepsi.

**BRYAN** No, thanks.

**GINA** No, no, no. Her name is now Pepsi.

**BRYAN** Pepsi what?

**GINA** Just Pepsi and it's her intention to run in the Sydney Olympics under her new name, Pepsi.

**BRYAN** Pepsi.

**GINA** Pepsi.

**BRYAN** But you can't do that. They're not an Olympic sponsor.

**GINA** Exactly, Bryan. Quite the reverse.

*Penny drops for Bryan. He takes the stairs to try to catch up to the courier. Gina cheers him on.*

**BRYAN** Quick! He might still be in the building.

**GINA** Go, Bryan, go!

**BRYAN** Go!

**GINA** Go, go, go, Bryan!

*Later, Gina in her office. Bryan walks in and closes the door behind him.*

**BRYAN** What will Coca-Cola say?

*Gina reads aloud from a fax.*

**GINA** They will withdraw sponsorship. They will sue for return of monies paid so far and for damages and for aggravated damages if Ms Pepsi is permitted to race.

**BRYAN** Well, Ms Pepsi must not be permitted to race.

*Gina picks up another fax and starts to read.*

**GINA** In which case the lawyers of Ms Pepsi indicate that they will sue for damages and lost opportunity.

**BRYAN** How much in all?

**GINA** Oh, I don't know, Bryan. Not much, probably about \$150 million.

**BRYAN** But that's how much we slaughtered on...

**GINA** Please don't remind me.

**BRYAN** The IOC are going to want to say something about this.

Gina produces yet another piece of correspondence after sifting through the pile of paper on her crowded desk.

**GINA** Oh, they already have, don't worry about that. They have thoughtfully passed it on to John and they want a full action plan by four o'clock this afternoon.

**BRYAN** But John's on holidays.

**GINA** Well spotted.

*Meanwhile John is still in his pyjamas at home. He is talking on the phone to Gina.*

**JOHN** Yes, so how's it all going? Oh no, I can see your predicament there. That doesn't sound like... No. Well, no, I don't imagine Coca-Cola will be very pleased. No, well... look, I would love to help, Gina, as you know, but I'm on holiday and frankly I'm not having a bad time. It's quite a nice day. You don't know whether I can buy any fish bait anywhere near here, do you? Oh, all right, well, bat on.

*John walks into the kitchen and does the washing up.*

**JOHN** Perhaps I should go in there...

*Later that afternoon, John is in the Games office. He is in board shorts and Hawaiian shirt.*

**GINA** The IOC want an action plan by four.

**JOHN** They should be dealing with this anyway.

**GINA** They say it's a Sydney matter.

**JOHN** That's because they don't want to deal with it.

**GINA** Couldn't we refer it to the Minister?

**JOHN** No, the Minister would duck it. Nicholas would make sure of that.

*Nicholas walks in, slamming John behind the door. John remains hidden behind the door.*

**BRYAN** Nicholas!

**GINA** Nicholas!

**NICHOLAS** I have called the office four times this morning. You have not returned a single call. The IOC would like to know why they haven't heard an action plan for this Pepsi matter yet.

**BRYAN** Yes, well...

**GINA** Well, what are the Minister's ideas? Perhaps we could compare and contrast.

**NICHOLAS** The Minister's a bit busy. His electorate isn't well. So come on. What's the plan?

**BRYAN** Um...

**GINA** They say John's very good at handling this sort of thing.

**NICHOLAS** John's taken a holiday.

**GINA** John was given a holiday.

**NICHOLAS** John's on holiday. What have you decided?

**GINA** Well, it's difficult to say...

**BRYAN** Very difficult to say.

**GINA** Extremely difficult.

**NICHOLAS** Do we, for example, have the power to stop Ms Pepsi entering the country?

**GINA** Oh, we were just addressing that issue and the answer is...

**BRYAN** Is...

*There is a knock from behind the door.*

**GINA** No, we don't.

*There are two knocks from behind the door.*

**GINA** Or yes, we do.

**NICHOLAS** For goodness sake!

**GINA** One means yes?

*There is a single knock from behind the door.*

**GINA** One means yes. One means yes, of course! One can't let her into one's country.

**NICHOLAS** So we can't not let her in?

*A double knock from behind the door.*

**GINA** Yes, we can't not let her in.

**BRYAN** No, we can't let her in.

**GINA** Could you keep the questions a little simpler?

*Knock.*

**BRYAN** Yes, could you?

**NICHOLAS** This is hopeless.

*Knock.*

**GINA** Yes, completely hopeless.

**NICHOLAS** Where's John? Just tell me, where's John? Is he reachable?

*Knock knock.*

**GINA** No, no, no, he's not.

**BRYAN** He's in Taree.

*Knock knock.*

**GINA** Molinos... Torremolinos.

**BRYAN** In Spain.

**GINA** Yes, Spain.

**NICHOLAS** Well, wherever. I think John's had a long enough holiday. You get him back here. You get him back here now. All right?

**GINA** I'll see what I can do, Nicholas.

*Nicholas leaves, closing the door as he does so and thereby revealing John.*

**GINA** Welcome back. How was your holiday? Lovely tan.

**JOHN** Not bad, thanks. Didn't you get my card? What time is that guy from the media alliance coming?

**GINA** I don't know.

**JOHN** You don't know? Gina, you've really got to start running a diary. I keep telling you.

**BRYAN** Two o'clock, I think.

**JOHN** Two o'clock. Ring this bloke and get him to be here at a quarter past.

**GINA** George Birmingham?

**JOHN** Yes.

**GINA** Who's George Birmingham?

**BRYAN** I don't know.

*John greets George Birmingham later that afternoon and ushers him into a meeting room, where Bernard Milne is waiting.*

**JOHN** Mr Birmingham.

**BIRMINGHAM** George.

**JOHN** Might I introduce Mr Bernard Milne from the Olympic Media Alliance?

**BIRMINGHAM** George.

**MILNE** Bernard.

**BRIMINGHAM** Sure.

**JOHN** Good.

*John, Birmingham and Milne can be seen through meeting room doors. Nicholas, walking in through reception, sees the men in the meeting room and moves to Gina's office.*

**NICHOLAS** Any news from the front?

**GINA** Like what?

**NICHOLAS** A sign.

**GINA** They're not electing a pope, Nicholas.

**BRYAN** Hey! Movement!

*Nicholas walks from Gina's office with Bryan towards the meeting room.*

**NICHOLAS** What's happening?

**BRYAN** They're shaking hands.

*John, Milne and Birmingham exit the meeting room. There are handshakes all around.*

**JOHN** Thank you both very much. Thank you, thank you. Well done. Good result.

*From the sidelines, Bryan, Gina and Nicholas watch.*

**BRYAN** It's gone really well. It's gone well.

**GINA** You think?

*John shows the men out and walks towards his office, with Bryan, Gina and Nicholas in hot pursuit.*

**BRYAN** Well?

**JOHN** Well what?

**BRYAN** Well?

**JOHN** In there, you mean?

**GINA** Yes.

**JOHN** What happened in there when I was supposed to be on a week's holiday?

**NICHOLAS** Christ, John!

**GINA** Yes.

**JOHN** Well, I suppose you are aware, are you not, that all of the journalists who are going to attend the Olympics have all got to be accredited members of the Olympic Media Alliance?

**NICHOLAS** Yes, we know that.

**GINA** Yes, yes.

**JOHN** Without being members of the Olympic Media Alliance they cannot have access to any venue, or to any event, or to any coach or to any athlete or to any official.



**NICHOLAS** John, we know all this, all right.

**BRYAN** Of course.

**GINA** Der.

**JOHN** The Olympic Media Alliance have agreed that none of its members will at any stage refer to the athlete concerned as Pepsi.

**GINA** Why?

**JOHN** In defence of the honour of the Olympics.

**BRYAN** And?

**JOHN** And in return for all of Coca-Cola's remaining ticketing allocation.

**NICHOLAS** Airtight?

*John brandishes a piece of paper.*

**JOHN** In writing, Nicholas.

**GINA** He's good.

**BRYAN** He's very good.

**NICHOLAS** He's brilliant.

*Nicholas turns to walk away but stumbles over a box just as John calls out his warning.*

**JOHN** Hey, mind the box! Hey Nicholas mind the... Oh goodness me.

**BRYAN** Nicholas!

**JOHN** Nicholas, you'd normally get about twenty-five grand for an injury like that...

**NICHOLAS** Oh, oh.

*John helps Nicholas get up.*

**JOHN** ...in the old days when you could sue for that sort of thing.

*Nicholas is moaning, is in pain and is not happy.*

**GINA** You look like you could use a drink, Nicholas.

**NICHOLAS** Der.

**JOHN** I'll take that as a yes.