

## Claire, Jim Hacker, Bernard

*Jim and Claire are enjoying drinks after dinner*

*It is now dark outside*

**Jim** Dinner went well, I thought. They liked my speech.

**Claire** And they really liked the goulash and dumplings.

*Jim gives her a sharp look*

They liked your speech too. I'm sure they did.

**Jim** What did you make of the Kumranistani Foreign Minister? You think he's really going to come up with this loan?

**Claire** With the Kurnranistanis, it's all about personal relationships.

Trust. Confidence. Respect. Plus, he really liked the goulash so that's a good start, so much better than the usual rubber chicken.

**Jim** After he's on board we'll just need a few endorsements.

**Claire** Endorsements?

**Jim** Yes, remember the World Economic Forum at Davos? That really worked because Bob Geldof came out in support of it.

**Claire** I know, we're working on that. And Annie Lennox, and Bono.

**Jim** *(he's a fan)* Bono. Oh, great!

*Bernard enters*

**Jim** Hello, Bernard. Enjoy dinner?

**Bernard** I wasn't there, I was busy with - other things.

**Jim** Pity, you'd have enjoyed my speech.

**Bernard** I'm sure, Prime Minister, but I heard the goulash was good.

*Now Jim gives Bernard a sharp look. He feels undermined but decides not to mention anything*

**Jim** New cook, apparently.

**Bernard** Yes and - urn - in connection with that, we have a situation. Unfortunately we've just discovered the cook here is in the UK illegally.

**Claire** *(instantly alert)* We have an illegal immigrant working at Chequers?

**Jim** How? What the hell is the Home Office doing?

**Bernard** I wonder if anyone will ever solve that perennial riddle.

**Jim** Plotting against me, I should imagine. The Home Secretary wants my job.

**Claire** They all do.

**Jim** I think I'll reshuffle her to the graveyard: the Ministry of Culture, Media and Sports. There's no coming back from there.

**Bernard** I've never understood the connection between those three.

**Jim** Culture, media and sports? None of them matter.

**Bernard** What do I do about this cook?

**Jim** Where's she from?

**Bernard** She wouldn't say, apparently, but she's got a false EU passport.

**Jim** Can't we just rush a visa through for her?

**Bernard** I'll try, but if you're right about the Home Office it'll take months. I think we have to let her go.

**Jim** Right. We can't risk the media finding out. "PRIME MINISTER HARBOURS ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT!"  
How did it come to light?

**Bernard** One of the waiters mentioned it at dinner.

**Jim** Somebody's probably phoned the BBC already.

*They all laugh. The phone rings. Bernard answers it and listens*

**Bernard** It's the BBC ... *Humphrey knocks and enters*