

*Lights fade on office, rise on lectern to find Raisa's graduant son making a speech on Graduation Day.*

ANWAR *(Smiling and Aussie)* Yeah, cheers...thank you...thank you...okay now. One of the perks of being your valedictorian *and* your dux...*(Over: quack, quack, laughter)*...oh, yes...Aussie humour...I'm glad I even know the word has double meanings...anyway...the perk is that I get to say a few words of my own here. Which makes me wonder why more of you didn't try to be valedictorian and dux, right? Freedom of speech. Wow.

Anyway. When first I arrived in your midst, I was a cliché. Another freakin' D.M.E. Yeah, you know. D.M.E. A Dopey Moslem ESL kid. I learnt the English expression: and guess what? Two out of three ain't bad. You all eat meatloaf, right? So yes, you're right. I'm still dopey. But somewhere along the line I learnt the other D.M.E. of Aussie life. Downloads. Macca's. And beating bloody England at cricket. And I still say you were out, Boofy. No, really. You were asleep at the crease, man. I gotcha. Howzat, ay?

Hey, I'm standing here with the privilege of saying these few words because I learnt first-up that I'd have to work my fez off if I wanted to keep up with you guys. Yes, I am dopey. I'm kinda slow. You're shaking your heads. You know that, right? So yeah, I had to work my car tyre sandals off and play freakin' cricket. But I had a motivation you blokes didn't have. I wanted to impress Eileen Mathers. Oh, come on. Why else would I do all this weird stuff? Hey, babe...

But seriously... The reason Boofy is recording this speech right now is not just so Eileen can replay me every night. It's because we're gonna organise...somehow, not sure how yet...to get a copy of this to my Dad. As you all know... because I've annoyed you enough by lobbying about it...lobbying ...see, another Aussie privilege...you all know he's in a concentration camp. That's right. And right here in Australia. At Dugong Creek.

See, you get to live in the tropics, don't you, Dad? Ought to try winter in Canberra some time. Only you can't, can you? You're an alien, Dad. Some weird bloody *Star Wars* freak whooping it up in the bar at Mos Eisley. And I never knew. But maybe that's how you could do all those magic tricks to save us, to get us all here to this country. Well, guess what, Dad. This is your son. This is Anwar. And I'm graduating High School today. And guess what else. On account of this dux thing, I get a scholarship to A.N.U. next year. I'll be studying Engineering. Like you did, Dad. And I've got to keep working...and working...and working like buggery...to make up for these five years when you haven't been allowed to contribute to this country that has done all of this for me.

You're gonna come and live with us, Dad. I swear. If it's the last thing I do...you bloody alien... The Force was with you, Dad. No wonder they were too scared to let you out...! Ay? No wonder they were scared...*(Almost in tears by the time he gets to this.)*