

## **'The Wrong Beach'**

*The date is the 25<sup>th</sup> of April, 1915. There are small rowing boats in tow by large vessels made up of mostly Australians and New Zealanders...*

**Soldier 1** (*sceptically*): 'You sure we got the right beach sir?'

**Captain**: 'Yes, of course, don't be absurd! Our navigational skills are exceptional, I know it may be dark out but I have total faith in us landing safely and discreetly...'

**Soldier 2**: 'Are you positive, sir?'

**Soldier 1** (*an uncertain look on his face*): 'It feels like we're going off course.'

**Captain**: 'Are you questioning me?'

**Soldiers 1 and 2** (*simultaneously*): 'No, sir.'

**Captain**: 'Good, I should think not...'

**Lieutenant** (*cutting the Captain off*): 'Captain, may I speak with you (*glances at the two soldiers looking rather confused with a glint of fear in their eyes*), privately...?'

*The Lieutenant and Captain walk away from the soldiers to a less crowded part of the vessel.*

**Lieutenant**: 'Captain, some of our troops have sighted the shore.'

**Captain**: 'Very good, inform the soldiers we shall be...' (*Lieutenant cuts him off again*)

**Lieutenant**: 'But it's Aru Burnes ... 1.6 kilometres off our intended destination ... And the rest of our allies are on Cape Helles ...'

**Soldier 3** (*overhearing the conversation*): 'You what? We're landing on the wrong beach?'

**Soldier 1**: 'What does that mean?'

**Soldier 2**: 'You said you had total faith in us landing safely? (*raising his voice*) I don't think this really qualifies!'

*A loud slur of panicked, angry voices echoes through the ship. The Captain tries to take control but fails miserably.*

**Soldier 4** (*violently, pointing his finger at a fellow soldier*): ‘This is your fault!’

**Soldier 5**: ‘My fault!?’

**Soldier 4**: ‘Yeah, you were the one that ...’

**Captain** (*shouting*): ‘ENOUGH!’ (*Every soldier freezes dead still, staring gormlessly at the floor in fright.*) ‘We need to work together, men! Forcing blame onto one another will not solve anything!’

**Lieutenant**: ‘Sir ... we have been spotted by the Turks ...’

**Captain**: ‘Right. Prepare yourselves. We’re going to fight and we’re going to give our best shot and not give up. Yes, they may have the higher ground which puts them in a better position ... (*he pauses*) ... but we can try. Am I right?’

*The soldiers exchange concerned expressions. Before anyone can speak up, the Captain speaks again.*

**Captain**: ‘Now get out there and win!’

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