

GÜN GENÇER



AND THEY DIED

The Road to Gallipoli

(Çanakkale Savaşına Giden Yol)

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

*A Docu-drama with music
written in memory of the Gallipoli landing.*



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(A Docu-drama with music

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by Gün GENCER

*From a butterfly flapping its wings
in the Amazon
to the battle of Gallipoli*

Can not be performed without the written permission of the playwright

Any requests for permission to stage the play must be directed to the
playwright

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THE CAST

WINSTON CHURCHILL

OTTOMAN SULTAN ABDŪLHAMĪD II

GERMAN KAISER WILHELM II

ENVER PASHA

CEMAL PASHA

TALAT PASHA

AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER ANDREW FISHER

HENRY FORD

HENRY WICKHAM

CAPTAIN MURRAY

JULIO CESAR ARANA

FELICIDADE AND HER HUSBAND DEMETRIO

FELICIANA AND HER HUSBAND EZEQUIEL

BENEDITA AND HER HUSBAND FAUSTO

DOMITILA AND HER HUSBAND AUGUSTINHO

MANÁOS GOVERNOR EDUARDO GONÇALVES RIBEIRO

ARTHUR ALFRED LYNCH

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA

HALIL RIFAT PASHA

STROVOLO

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL

SOUTH AMERICAN NATIVE GIRLS

NATIVES IN CHAINS ARE "SMOKING" THE RUBBER

A GAGGLE OF BRITISH ARISTOCRATS

NEWCASTLE SHIPYARD WORKERS

FOREMAN

JOHNNY

1.WORKER

2.WORKER

3.WORKER

4.WORKER

5.WORKER

THE SWAGMAN

4 TROOPERS

CHURCHILL'S ATTENDANT

ENGLISH JUDGE

SALESMAN

DEMONSTRATING AUSTRALIAN WORKERS

ADVISOR TO ANDREW FISHER

BLF ORGANISER SAMUEL CHAMP

GROUP OF SHEARERS

JUGGLERS AND ACROBATS

A MESSENGER

TURKISH PEASANTS

AUSTRALIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL SIR RONALD MUNRO FERGUSON

TURKISH OFFICIAL

AUSTRALIAN OFFICER

A GROUP OF ENGLISH GENTLEMEN

A GROUP OF AUSTRALIAN WOMEN

TOMMY

JACK

ALFIE

3 ACADEMICS

(Any doubling shall be up to the director. However, it is strongly suggested that the doubling is not done across the ruler and ruled groups)

ACT ONE

(IN THE BACKGROUND, THE FIRST LINE OF "ÇANAKKALE TÜRKÜSÜ" PLAYED BY A SINGLE OBOE, VERY FAINTLY:



FADING AWAY)

SCENE 1

PORT OF SANTARÉM IN THE AMAZON

CIRCA 1876

(SOUTH AMERICAN NATIVE GIRLS ARE CARRYING SEEDS STACKED BETWEEN BANANA LEAVES IN BASKETS MADE OF SPLIT CANE. THE SHIP AMAZONAS IS IN THE BACKGROUND)

HENRY WICKHAM: *(TO THE GIRLS)* Hurry, hurry!

CAPTAIN MURRAY: I was almost going to give up on you Mr Wickham.

HENRY WICKHAM: I'm sure you were enjoying the beaches in Santarém, Captain.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: It's no laughing matter. My fucking crew stripped off my cargo. I hardly have enough food for the voyage.

HENRY WICKHAM: Almost done. You have no idea how long it took me to collect those seeds. Going up the river Tapajos in canoes is no joy ride, I can assure you.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: What is it about those bloody seeds anyway?

HENRY WICKHAM: Nothing of importance, really. *(JOKING)* I thought it would be a shame to have your ship return to Liverpool with no cargo.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: Are they for the Botanical Gardens in Kew?

HENRY WICKHAM: I have no idea what the good doctor Hooker intends to do with them. He just asked for as many seeds as I could collect.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: Hevea seeds?

HENRY WICKHAM: Yes, the rubber tree.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: For a good fee, I bet.

HENRY WICKHAM: Hardly enough for my expenses. With the Brazilians banning the export of these seeds, I had to bribe so many people... Banning free trade!

CAPTAIN MURRAY: The Government doesn't have any laws banning exports, as far as I know.

HENRY WICKHAM: You tell that to the petty officials here. They are the law. They seem to forget how they ended up growing coffee... Did you know that in 1727 Francisco de Melo Palheta smuggled coffee seeds into Brazil from Yemen. Now they try to stop the export of rubber tree seeds. What hypocrisy!

CAPTAIN MURRAY: It hasn't worked, though, has it? You seem to have a lot.

HENRY WICKHAM: *(LAUGHS)* When do you think you will arrive in Liverpool?

CAPTAIN MURRAY: I'm aiming for 10th June.

HENRY WICKHAM: *(TO HIMSELF)* History will remember the 10th June, 1876 with Henry Wickham.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: What was that?

HENRY WICKHAM: Nothing. I was saying 10th of June will be fine.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: How many did you manage to collect?

HENRY WICKHAM: My guess is about 70,000.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: Kew will be like the Amazonian jungle with that many rubber trees.

HENRY WICKHAM: They won't grow in that climate. They are tropical trees.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: The esteemed Dr Hooker must be out of his mind then.

HENRY WICKHAM: I'll have to declare our cargo as dead botanical material destined for the herbarium when we reach Belem.

(PAUSE)

HENRY WICKHAM: You have sailed to Manáos, haven't you?

CAPTAIN MURRAY: Yes. I have never seen such riches, such extravagance.

HENRY WICKHAM: So I've heard.

CAPTAIN MURRAY: *(LOOKS INTO THE CONTENTS OF A BASKET)* Why the banana leaves?

HENRY WICKHAM: To keep the seeds fresh. You're certain you can make it to Liverpool by the 10th June?

CAPTAIN MURRAY: You can never be certain at sea.

HENRY WICKHAM: *(SINGS)*

The riches in Manáos, all that extravagance
Those spoiled rubber barons deserving my vengeance
Sir Clements bloody Markham and his cinchona tree
Made all those miserable natives malaria-free
Quinine, my foot! Rubber is the new commodity
If only I could make the fucking Doctor Hooker see
That the empire is built not on healthy savages
But stuff like rubber as white men have known for ages

(CAPTAIN MURRAY, THE SHIP AND THE GIRLS FADE AWAY AS HENRY WICKHAM SINGS.)

SCENE 2

JUNGLE CLEARING

CIRCA 1897

(A CLEARING IN THE JUNGLE. THE NATIVES IN CHAINS ARE "SMOKING" THE RUBBER. A HELLISH SCENE WITH LOTS OF SMOKE. EACH WORKER IS HOLDING A POLE WITH UP TO 90 KGS OF RUBBER AT ITS END OVER SMOKING CLAY POTS.)

WORKERS CHORUS: *(IN RHYTHM)* We bleed the tree as we bleed

Holli is the blood we need
We work the white juice together
For the white masters for ever and ever
Cauchuc is what the masters want
Rubber they call it, to rub us out
Cauchuc is our master and owner
The white man, our master and rubber
We work the white juice together
For the white masters for ever and ever

(AS THE WORKERS CONTINUE THEIR WORK IN THE BACKGROUND, THEY BECOME JUST SHADOWS AND THEIR VOICES FADE. FLAMBOYANTLY DRESSED RUBBER BARONS PARADE WITH WOMEN DRESSED LIKE PEACOCKS DECKED WITH AN OVER-ABUNDANCE OF DIAMONDS. LOTTERY TICKET SELLERS BAWLING "GET RICH, GET RICH" UNDER A SIGN ON A HOARDING "VALE QUEM TEM". BOTTLE GREEN ELECTRIC STREETCARS CROSS. JACARANDA TREES AND POLES WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS LINE THE STREETS.)

JULIO CESAR ARANA: Yessir, the roofing tiles are imported from Alsace, the steel walls from Glasgow, Scotland and the Carrara marble for the stairs, statues and columns, from Italy. The dome is covered with 36,000 decorated ceramic tiles painted in the colours of our national flag of Brazil. The interior furnishing came from France in the Louis Quinze style. Domenico de Angelis painted the panels that decorate the ceilings of the auditorium and of the audience chamber. The curtain was painted in Paris by Crispim do Amaral.

The 198 chandeliers are imported from Italy, including 32 of Murano glass. Yessir, no expense is too much for the glory of Manáos. Welcome to Eldorado! Welcome to the grand opening of Teatro Amazonas!

(FELICIDADE & DEMETRIO, FELICIANA & EZEQUIEL, BENEDITA & FAUSTO, DOMITILA & AUGUSTINHO ACCOMPANY JULIO)

DOMITILA: Yet my laundry takes ages to arrive from Lisboa!

AUGUSTINHO: We have electric lighting in the theatre, don't we Julio?

DOMITILA: That's right. Ignore me. Your electric lighting is more important than my laundry.

JULIO: But of course. Manáos is the city of lights. Did you know that in Boston, in America they still have horse-drawn carriages and kerosene lamps in the streets?

AUGUSTINHO: I hear that they have started making irons that work with electricity?

FELICIDADE: You mean I have to do the ironing myself?

DEMETRIO: No, my precious, it means you can watch it better while the servants are doing it. *(A HOARSE LAUGH)*

DOMITILA: I still think they do it better in Lisboa. But it takes just too long to arrive here. *(TO AUGUSTINHO)* Can't you do something about it, *(MOCKINGLY)* man of the house?

(AUGUSTINHO GIVES DOMITILA A PASSIONATE KISS)

EZEQUIEL: What is the opera we are watching tonight?

JULIO: La Gioconda, by Amilcare Ponchielli!

BENEDITA: Is that the Mona Lisa? I didn't know she could sing.

FAUSTO: It won't be her on stage, my jewel, it will be an actress playing her.

BENEDITA: Do they have such a grand opera building in Lisboa?

JULIO: It cost us 15 million, but you'll see it's worth every penny.

DEMETRIO: You make that sort of money in a few months.

JULIO: I do, but you can't say you're poor, having bought that yacht...

DEMETRIO: Well, at least we can use it. It's not like buying a lion.

AUGUSTINHO: My lion is my pride and joy. And it's smart enough not to drink champagne.

DOMITILA: So cute!

FELICIANA: I love it when my stallions are drunk on champagne. It gives me goose pimples. It makes me feel... *(STARTS TO STRIP)*

EZEQUIEL: *(SHUTS HER UP)* Not in front of everyone, my pumpkin pie.

(THE LA GIOCONDA OVERTUREⁱ IS HEARD. THE CROWD MOVES TO THE THEATRE. LAUGHS, GIGGLING AND CACKLING)

SCENE 3

ISTANBUL

LAST DECADE OF XIX. CENTURY

(AS THE NOTES OF THE OVERTURE FADE, WE HEAR MISERERE FROM IL TROVATOREⁱⁱ. ANATOLIAN PEASANTS WORKING IN THE FIELDS IN THE BACKGROUND. SULTAN ABDÜLHAMİD IS SITTING WITH HALIL RIFAT PASHA ON HIS SIDE AND HIS ENTOURAGE AROUND HIM)

ABDÜLHAMİD: This is too depressing. Too many deaths, Signore Strovolo, too many deaths, too much misery!

STROVOLO *(IN COSTUME AS MANRICO):* Yes, your magnificence... *(GETS ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE SULTAN)*

ABDÜLHAMİD: Rewrite the ending if you can, Strovolo. I need cheering up.

STROVOLO: Yes, your magnificence... (*BACKS*) Jugglers!

(*A GROUP OF JUGGLERS AND ACROBATS COME IN AND START PERFORMING*)

ABDÜLHAMİD: I like jugglers. They are like me. I try to juggle the French and the Germans while the Russians breathe down my neck. I wish I could rewrite the endings like you can... (*A SELF-PITYING LAUGH. TO HALIL RIFAT PASHA*). The Greeks...

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: My advice would be to seize Athens. Edhem Pasha is on the outskirts already.

ABDÜLHAMİD: (*HANDS A PIECE OF PAPER TO HALIL RIFAT PASHA*) From the Tsar Nikolai the Second.

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: A telegram?

ABDÜLHAMİD: Yes.

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: Threatening?...

ABDÜLHAMİD: (*READS*) To his majesty, Sultan Abdülhamid... (*THROWS AWAY THE TELEGRAM*) Orthodox solidarity. We can not afford another war with Russia.

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: Your command?

ABDÜLHAMİD: Cease fire.

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: (*TRIES TO OBJECT*) Your magnificence...

ABDÜLHAMİD: Let's concentrate on the Baghdad railway.

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: The Germans are eager to build it as I understand.

ABDÜLHAMİD: How long will it take to finish?

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: Another 10 to 12 years, if everything...

ABDÜLHAMİD: Too long, too long... Too depressing...

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: Unless we allow some French capital...

ABDÜLHAMİD: The French! Know your history, Pasha. My ancestor, the Great Süleyman the Magnificent granted them privileges and we're still suffering from it.

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: I understand.

ABDÜLHAMİD: I've been to Austria, to France, to England, Pasha... With my uncle Abdülaziz... May he rest in peace. Railways are the key.

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: I understand.

ABDÜLHAMİD: And the navy! We can do very little while the English control the seas. They say the English have 1,000 ships at sea at any given time. I have seen the shipyard in Newcastle.

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: Hasan Rami Pasha advises...

ABDÜLHAMİD: He is a plotter! Don't ever mention his name in my presence. I trust you as my grand vizier and I trust my navy commander. Hasan Rami Pasha is trying to undermine him. And me! I am surrounded by plotters. (*FUMING AND FOAMING*) Here I am, trying to salvage whatever little is left from the mighty empire and they... they...

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: (*WAITS FOR THE SULTAN TO CALM DOWN*) The few ships we had could hardly leave Istanbul and were no use against the Greeks.

ABDÜLHAMİD: Let us be realistic. We can not compete with the English on the open seas, so let us concentrate on the Baghdad railway.

HALIL RIFAT PASHA: Yes, your magnificence.

SCENE 4

LONDON

LAST DECADE OF XIX. CENTURY

WINSTON CHURCHILL: (*SPEAKING IN PARLIAMENT*) Three regular corps! Three regular corps? One is quite enough to fight savages and three are not enough even to begin to fight Europeans. A European War cannot be anything but a cruel heart-rending struggle, which, if we are ever to enjoy the bitter fruits of victory, must demand, perhaps for several years, the whole manhood of the nation, the entire suspension of peacetime industries, and the concentration to one end of every vital energy of the community. The only weapon we can expect to cope with great nations is the Navy... And surely to adopt the double policy of equal effort both on Army and Navy, spending thirty million on each, is to combine the disadvantages and dangers of all courses, without the advantages or security of any, and to run the risk of crashing to the ground between two stools, with a Navy uselessly weak and an Army uselessly strong.

SCENE 5

NEW GUINEA

LAST DECADE OF XIX. CENTURY

HENRY WICKHAM: New Guinea is the new frontier. Well, I lived there in North Queensland close to 10 years now, grew tobacco. Some say it was a failure, but 10 years is a long time for someone like me.

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL: But you did well with rubber, did you not?

HENRY WICKHAM: Yes, I was paid what I was promised for my rubber. 700 pounds for 70,000 seeds and yes, about 4,000 of those seeds were the start of the rubber industry in Ceylon and Malaya but I can't rest on my laurels. Tobacco, perhaps, but Liberian coffee is not suited to the climate in Australia. I tried, the seeds from Kew

just did not do well even in North Queensland. Perhaps in New Guinea...

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL: It's a wild country here and the climate is not much different from North Queensland.

HENRY WICKHAM: I have nobody to take care of, no family. It's ironic that I lost my entire family to malaria, while I was joking about Sir Clement Markham's discovery of quinine. But life must go on. I could never get used to the uncouth colonials in Australia anyway. I think the savages in New Guinea are more to my liking. I am sure a distinguished English gentleman like yourself does not feel much different.

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL: Yes, I must say, trying to administer the colonials down under is a hard task for any Englishman.

HENRY WICKHAM: Perhaps the new century will be more appreciative of a man like myself. I hear the Americans took over the Phillipines, beating the Spanish. The twentieth century promises to be the American century.

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL: The Empire shall prevail. I have just received a poem by the great poet Rudyard Kipling. Even an imperialist like him is full of praise for the Americans. Would you like to hear it?

HENRY WICKHAM: The poet of the Empire, yes.

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL: Take up the White Man's burden

Send forth the best ye breed
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child.

HENRY WICKHAM: Yes, it is indeed a burden we must take up, and we do.

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL: Half-devil and half-child... I like that. Just like the New Guineans.

HENRY WICKHAM: Let me borrow that, so I can read it in its entirety.

(THE AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL GIVES HENRY WICKHAM THE POEM)

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL: News comes from America that a certain young man, Henry Ford has built a four wheel vehicle that runs on gasoline, called quadricycle. An automobile that experts proved was an impossibility.

HENRY WICKHAM: My kind of man. I like impossibilities. The twentieth century will be the century of the impossibles, of the automobile, running on rubber tyres. My rubber!

SCENE 6

MANÁOS

1907

(“O SOLE MIO” HEARD ON THE PIANOLA. THE GOVERNOR EDUARDO GONÇALVES RIBEIRO IS SITTING AT HIS OFFICE WITH ARANA SITTING OPPOSITE HIM, TWO ARMED GUARDS BY HIS SIDE)

JULIO CESAR ARANA: With due respect, Governor, we do not need warships. We, here in Manáos are a nation of traders.

EDUARDO GONÇALVES RIBEIRO: I appreciate the contribution made by the State of Amazonia to our great country, Brazil. You may be a very successful trader, my dear Julio, but I’m afraid international politics is not your strong point. Argentina is arming and so is Chile. Soon they will end up controlling the sea routes and our trade with the rest of the world will be endangered.

JULIO: They do not have the financial resources Brazil has.

EDUARDO: That may be true now, but if they succeed, Manáos, the State of Amazonia and of course Brazil will end up the poor relatives of Argentina and Chile.

JULIO: We make more than our fair share of contributions to the central government as you well know, Governor, as you make sure that we do.

EDUARDO: Of course. We are one nation. We are the Portuguese surrounded by the Spanish speakers.

JULIO: We pay 20 percent export tax to the State treasury for every kilo of rubber we export, sir and I believe we should have a say on how that money, the millions collected by the State is spent.

EDUARDO: But of course. And that is precisely the reason I am consulting you now. I would like you to appreciate the fact that without military protection, our trade, our wealth, our very existence shall be at stake.

JULIO: They dare not touch us.

EDUARDO: Not at the moment, you are right. But politics is the art of trying to predict what may be around the corner. We just can not afford to be complacent.

JULIO: Are you consulting other producers and traders as well?

EDUARDO: I will. But we both now the influence you have, sir and your powers of persuasion. That's why I took the liberty of inviting you here first.

JULIO: Let's be blunt, Governor. What do you want from me?

EDUARDO: You are an intelligent man, Senhor Arana. I want to make you see the need for this military expenditure.

JULIO: And if I don't?

EDUARDO: I'm hoping it will not come to that. But if it does, the State has the power...

JULIO (*INTERRUPTS AND POINTS WITH HIS THUMB*): Just two miles out of Manáos is the jungle, Governor and I own land bigger than a lot of European countries. These are my rivers. It is my men who produce my rubber. I have my protectors... (*THE TWO ARMED GUARDS TAKE HALF A STEP FORWARD*)

EDUARDO: (*COWED*) Confrontation with you is the last thing I want, Julio.

JULIO: I'll tell you what. I want the government to build two trading ships for my exclusive use in return for my support for warships.

EDUARDO: I'm confident that I can negotiate that with the central government, Julio. I'm certain they will see how sensible your proposal is.

JULIO: Good. (*SIGNALS TO HIS GUARDS TO MOVE BACK*) Now, tell me the details.

EDUARDO: Being such an informed man, I'm sure you know that the English rule the seas.

JULIO: They pose no hindrance to our trade as our exports are mostly to England.

EDUARDO: I know sir, but that wasn't my point.

JULIO: What's your point Governor? I'm a busy man. Please come to the point.

EDUARDO: The reason the English are able to do that is their advanced technology. No other country can build ships like England can.

JULIO: And?

EDUARDO: The Government is proposing that we order two dreadnaughts to be built at the best shipyards in the world, in Newcastle upon Tyne.

JULIO: Has this been put to the English?

EDUARDO: Yes and they are amenable. They see us securing the trade routes to be to their benefit.

JULIO: Go on.

EDUARDO: They even agreed that we only make a small down payment now and make the full payment once the ships arrive here.

(JULIO NODS APPROVINGLY)

EDUARDO: All we need now is the consent of the distinguished people like yourself to avoid any discord in the future.

JULIO: On condition that I get my two trading ships at the Government's expense.

EDUARDO: I promise to do my best.

JULIO: Fine, then. I expect you to inform me of the outcome.

EDUARDO: I certainly will. *(GETS UP AND SHAKES HANDS WITH THE RELUCTANT JULIO AS THE TWO GUARDS ARE ON ALERT)*. It's always a pleasure to do business with you Senhor Arana.

(JULIO DOES NOT RESPOND. HE AND THE GUARDS EXIT)

SCENE 7

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

EARLY XX. CENTURY

(A GAGGLE OF BRITISH ARISTOCRATS WALTZING AS WE SEE THE SHIPYARD WORKERS IN THE BACKGROUND AND HEAR A THUMP. JOHN LIES ON THE GROUND)

1.WORKER: He fell. Not one unbroken bone in his body.

2.WORKER: Give us a splint.

3.WORKER: It's no use. Johnny's dying.

4.WORKER: I told him to watch out.

1. WORKER: From the upper deck he fell.

3.WORKER: So high!

1.WORKER: Quick, do something! Someone!

(THE DANCING FADES AWAY)

4.WORKER: Go on, nothing you can do.

2.WORKER: Johnny's not even dead yet. You call yourselves his mate?
Y'all have families like poor Johnny here.

3.WORKER: That's why we put up with it.

4.WORKER: Every man for himself, mate.

2.WORKER: Help me put him up. *(1. WORKER HELPS HIM AND THE TWO OF THEM PROP JOHNNY UP)*

3.WORKER: He's in pain.

FOREMAN: *(ENTERS)* What the blazes is going on? Back to work, you loafers!

2.WORKER: Johnny fell from the upper deck.

FOREMAN: I told y'all, this isn't some small fishing boat you're building. I told y'all to be careful. Didn't I, eh? *(GOES AND LOOKS AT JOHNNY)* Back to work. I'll take care of this.

2.WORKER: *(DOESN'T LET GO)* Call a doctor, a nurse! Something! Someone!

(1. WORKER MOVES AWAY)

FOREMAN: Don't you bloody tell me what to do.

2.WORKER: He's gonna die.

FOREMAN: People die every day. Did anyone give you a guarantee that you wouldn't die? Is your mate here any more special than you or me? This is risky business. That's why you are betting higher wages.

1.WORKER: *(MUTTERS)* Yeah, sixpence more.

FOREMAN: You ought to be proud of the work you do. This is the best shipyard in the world and you are to do your best. We have a reputation. Accidents happen. Do you want the men in Barrow-in-Furness to beat you to it? They are building one there, too and I don't hear a peep from them.

(JOHNNY MOANS IN PAIN)

2.WORKER: If the company would...

FOREMAN: The company does not need your advice, matey. It's not with your advice that the company is the first in the whole wide world.

4.WORKER: (*RESTRAINS THE 2.WORKER AS HE WAS ABOUT TO ATTACK THE FOREMAN*) Come on, let's go.

FOREMAN: Newcastle-upon-Tyne is the prize of the Empire and you are privileged to be working here.

2.WORKER: And dying here...

FOREMAN: You ought to be proud...

2.WORKER: We have wives and children.

FOREMAN: Did you ask me to get married... or have children?

2.WORKER: You're a worker like the rest of us. We didn't ask you to boss us around, did we now?

FOREMAN: What's your name, loudmouth?

JOHNNY: (*SINGS*) Dear friends, boss, Captain, family and foe

This is it, kaput, unceremoniously I go

No more toil for pennies at the shipyard

No more putting up with life dull and hard

No more losing sleep over feeding the kids

No more putting up with the nagging missus

Where I go, there will be nothing for me

I may die in pain, that is but temporary

I shall not rest in peace, nay, but for me it'll be the best

I shall do nothing forever, for ever and ever I shall rest

(JOHNNY DIES AND THE WALTZ RESUMES AND MERGES INTO "WALTZING MATILDA IN THE NEXT SCENE)

SCENE 8

AUSTRALIA

EARLY XX. CENTURY

*(THE STORY OF WALTZING MATILDA IS ENACTED WITH THE TROOPERS
IN DISTINCTLY BRITISH UNIFORMS AS THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY
CONTINUE THEIR WALTZ)*

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolabah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag:
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me",
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag:
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred.
Down came the troopers, one, two, and three.
"Whose is that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me",

"Whose is that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong.

"You'll never take me alive!" said he

And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong:

"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me",

And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong:

"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"

SCENE 9

SOUTH AFRICA

1899

WINSTON CHURCHILL: (*WRITES*) My darling Mummy, I have managed to strike a deal with The Morning Post. I am to be paid 250 pounds a month for four months plus all expenses for my reporting on the war with the Boers here in South Africa. I believe if one's means does not match one's needs, the means are to be increased, not the needs reduced. I obtained sixty bottles of alcohol, claret at two shillings a bottle, the port three shillings and sixpence, the vermouth three shillings and Scotch whisky four. Oh, and a dozen of Rose's lime juice. That should do me for a while. You know how I feel about Joseph Chamberlain who is losing ground a good deal. I feel it instinctively. I am twenty-five now. I know I am right. I have got instinct in these things. Inherited probably. This life is very pleasant and I pass the time quickly and worthily- But I have no

right to dally in the pleasant valleys of amusement. What an awful thing it will be if I don't come off. It will break my heart for I have nothing else but ambition to cling to.

SCENE 10

ISTANBUL

1898

(KAISER WILHELM II AND SULTAN ABDÜLHAMİD II ARE DINING WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE RETINUES AROUND THEM. MUSICIANS IN THE BACKGROUND ARE PLAYING "YİNE BİR GÜLNIHAL" BY DEDE EFENDİ:

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a first ending bracketed with a '1' and a second ending bracketed with a '2'. The third staff shows a continuation of the melody with a first ending bracketed with a '1'. The fourth staff continues with a first ending bracketed with a '2'. The fifth staff features a first ending bracketed with a '1' and a second ending bracketed with a '2'. The sixth staff continues the melody with a first ending bracketed with a '1' and a second ending bracketed with a '2'. The seventh staff shows a continuation of the melody. The eighth staff concludes the piece with a first ending bracketed with a '1' and a second ending bracketed with a '2'. The score is written in a clear, legible font with standard musical notation.

KAISER WILHELM II: Beautiful music, your highness.

ABDÜLHAMİD: Dede Efendi. He is for us what Bach is for you.

WILHELM II: Superb.

ABDÜLHAMİD: I'm glad you enjoy it your excellency.

WILHELM II: Your hospitality is without compare. Thank you.

ABDÜLHAMİD: Thank you for honouring us with your visit to Istanbul. It's not every day that this city has the honour of hosting the modern representative of Caesar... Kaiser.

WILHELM II: You were saying... I'm sorry, I just got transported into a different realm with the music.

ABDÜLHAMİD: Triple entente, your excellency, triple entente, triple trouble. Their intentions leave no room for doubt.

WILHELM II: Triple... Oh yes, they are getting more and more aggressive openly, your excellency, I know.

ABDÜLHAMİD: As if having to deal with the Russian bear in the Balkans was not enough headache for me, now the French have occupied Tunisia and the British moved into Egypt, uninvited and unwanted. They have taken Crete away from me.

WILHELM II: We are always with our Ottoman friends, your excellency and I agree they must be stopped.

ABDÜLHAMİD: They have been fomenting unrest among my subjects.

WILHELM II: Hmmm!

ABDÜLHAMİD: It really saddens me that I had to put down a revolt by my subjects, the Armenians who have always been regarded as the most loyal community.

WILHELM II: There is a lot of anti-Ottoman propaganda in Europe about what happened to the Armenians, your excellency. 300,000 killed... As far as I am concerned...

ABDÜLHAMİD: What would you do? What would the so-called civilised British and the French do, if they were in my shoes, not to speak of the Russians... Jewish pogroms continue unabated in "civilised" Russia. And the Jews have never revolted against the Tsar. All my subjects are equal in my eyes, your excellency...

WILHELM II: ...as long as they don't revolt. Precisely.

ABDÜLHAMİD: Now that the Suez Canal is in British hands, they have an overwhelming advantage in trade. British warships are everywhere.

WILHELM II: The Reich is well aware of it, your excellency. We shall not abandon the high seas to the British. But that is in the long term, to be frank. What we need to do immediately is to have the alternative trade route operating as soon as we can. The old man, my Chancellor Bismarck said recently in the Congress of Berlin that "Europe today is a powder keg and the leaders are like men smoking in an arsenal. A single spark will set off an explosion that will consume us all. I cannot tell you when that explosion will occur, but I can tell you where. Some damned foolish thing in the Balkans will set it off". We must be ever vigilant.

ABDÜLHAMİD: Most certainly, sir. And the Berlin-Baghdad railway is one of the best precautions we can take...

WILHELM II: (*SMILES*) The Berlin-Istanbul-Baghdad railway! Which will not only link our two countries but give us access to the Middle East and beyond.

ABDÜLHAMİD: I fully appreciate that, Kaiser. But all the while I'm bleeding. There are fires everywhere. Once I put one out, there is another lit by the entente powers somewhere else.

WILHELM II: During all this time you have been on the throne, Sultan, I have been an admirer of your efforts to modernise the army. Your victory in Greece has not gone unnoticed.

ABDÜLHAMİD: I have almost exhausted my resources. I am despairing, I am tired. I have given up trying to catch up with the British on high seas.

WILHELM II: The Reich is ready and willing to give you all the support you need, all the expertise you require. A strong Ottoman military is also our guarantee against the imperialists.

ABDÜLHAMĪD: I know that, Kaiser and I appreciate it.

WILHELM II: It is also needed to provide the security for the Berlin-Baghdad railway. The railroad will go through some very troublesome country.

ABDÜLHAMĪD: If there is one thing I can reasonable boast about, it is my intelligence service, sir. I get reports, journals from hundreds of agents from all corners of my lands.

WILHELM II: (*SMILES*) They say no bird can fly in the empire without the Sultan knowing it. (*SERIOUSLY*) But they also say individual freedoms are seriously curtailed and nobody dares to speak out against you. The allies are using this propaganda all over the world.

ABDÜLHAMĪD: Without security, individual freedoms count for nought, Kaiser. Do you allow everyone to run around and do what they like when the ship is sinking?

WILHELM II: We shall keep the Ottoman ship afloat, your excellency, you and I.

ABDÜLHAMĪD: Insh-allah.

SCENE 11

SOUTH AFRICA

1900

WINSTON CHURCHILL: (*WRITES*) Reviewing the whole situation, it is foolish not to recognise that we are fighting a formidable and terrible adversary. The high qualities of the burghers increase their efficiency... We must face the facts. The individual Boer, mounted in suitable country is worth from three to five regular soldiers. A

generous forgiving policy must be followed even to the Boers in Natal, who had revolted, rather than declaring war. Peace and happiness can only come to South Africa through the fusion and concord of the Dutch and the British races, who must forever live side by side... *(STOPS, THINKS)* ...under the supremacy of Britain. *(SMILES SMUGLY AND SIPS HIS SCOTCH. CALLS OUT)* Wire this! *(AN ATTENDANT COMES AND TAKES THE PAPER HE HAS WRITTEN ON. HE STARTS WRITING ANOTHER LETTER)* I gave the High Commissioner Alfred Milner the benefit of my views and to his credit, I must say he listened rather attentively. Then I, he and the Duke of Westminster were engaged in a day's jackal-hunting. Not the savages here, real jackals. I shall be sailing home shortly. It appears that it is the same ship I sailed here, Dunnotar Castle. Goodbye, my own, with love I remain, Your son Winston S Churchill.

(FADEOUT ON CHURCHILL. ARTHUR ALFRED LYNCH AND GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA IN CONVERSATION)

ARTHUR ALFRED LYNCH: I hear that that smug upstart Winston is also here as a war correspondent. I would like to hear your views on the causes of war, General.

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA: Thank you Mr. Lynch. You come from a colony as well, do you not?

LYNCH: I left Australia after graduating as a civil engineer, sir, which I want to believe gives me a capacity to examine facts objectively, rather than being a blind follower of the Empire.

BOTHA: I am pleased to hear that, sir.

LYNCH: General Botha, I would appreciate it if you could please call me Arthur. This is the Australian way.

BOTHA: *(SMILES)* You can call me Louis, then.

LYNCH: Thank you General.

BOTHA: I am sure, as an informed man, you would be aware of the history of South Africa. We always had problems with the British since the days of the Batavian Republic. Only 18 years ago the imperialists tried to impose their will on us, but I am proud to say,

they were utterly humiliated and had to sign the Pretoria Convention, which granted the South African Republic self-government under nominal British suzerainty.

LYNCH: Yes. I thought as a young man, that should be the end of it.

BOTHA: Alas, sir... Arthur... We were lucky, or should I say damned that in 1886 gold was discovered in the Republic, and a large influx of British uitlanders flocked to the Republic.

LYNCH: Uitlanders?

BOTHA: British prospectors... They seemed to, or rather preferred to ignore that we are a self-governing republic. Under the pretext of negotiating uitlander rights, Britain sought to gain control over the gold and diamond mining industries, and demanded a franchising policy, which they knew would be unacceptable to us. When the negotiations failed, British foreign secretary [Joseph Chamberlain](#) issued an ultimatum to the South African Republic. Realising that war was inevitable, President [Paul Kruger](#) gave Britain a 48-hour deadline to withdraw its troops from our borders. Britain failed to comply, and we, the South African Republic, along with our allies, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State declared war on Britain.

LYNCH: All about gold and diamond, then...

BOTHA: Always cloaked in the rhetoric of individual rights and freedoms.

LYNCH: I know, sir. I am of Irish descent.

BOTHA: Now they are recruiting men from the colonies to fight us. I believe the Australian colonies are joining in to fight for the British.

LYNCH: That seems to be the case, unfortunately, sir... Louis.

BOTHA: So, that's it, in a nutshell. We are outnumbered by 20 to one. But we are fighting for our sovereignty.

LYNCH: And you have every right to do so. What can I do to help... Louis?

BOTHA: Just report objectively on the facts. That would be a great service to us.

LYNCH: That, I most certainly shall. Le Journal is a most respected French newspaper. But there must be more. The British imperialists must be defeated.

BOTHA: I don't know what else you can do.

LYNCH: I intend to form a brigade to fight on your side.

BOTHA: A brigade? Isn't that a trifle ambitious?

LYNCH: I shall call it a brigade, no matter how few I shall manage to recruit. The publicity that comes from spectacular gestures is worth a lot, Louis. The second Irish Brigade!

BOTHA: The first?

LYNCH: Non existent. Perhaps I should call it the ninth...

BOTHA: *(SMILES)* I see. But I must warn you of the great risk you will be taking. You are a British subject, are you not, being from Australia, a British colony?

LYNCH: I am.

BOTHA: No matter what the outcome of this conflict is, whether we win or not, you are liable to be charged with treason, fighting on our side.

LYNCH: I am aware of it, sir... Louis. But I believe one must take a stand for what one believes is right.

BOTHA: It carries the death penalty.

LYNCH: Yes.

BOTHA: You are an honourable man.

LYNCH: I can always migrate to Pretoria after our victory, can I not?

(THEY SHAKE HANDS HEARTILY)

SCENE 12

LONDON

1903

ENGLISH JUDGE: The jury have found you, Arthur Alfred Lynch, guilty of the crime of high treason, a crime happily so rare that in the present day a trial for treason seems to be almost an anachronism — a thing of the past. You joined the ranks of your country's foes. Born in Australia, a land which has nobly shown its devotion to its parent country, you have indeed taken a different course from that which was adopted by her sons. You have fought against your country, not with it. You have sought, as far as you could, to dethrone Great Britain from her place among the nations. He who has attempted to do his country such irreparable wrong must be prepared to submit to the sentence which it is now my duty to pronounce upon you... that you be taken hence to the place from which you came and from thence to a place of execution there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead.

(THE LAST LINES OF "WALTZING MATILDA" ARE HEARD IN A GHOSTLY WAY: "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?")

ACT TWO

TWENTIETH CENTURY

SCENE 1

USA

(IN THE BACKGROUND, THE FIRST TWO LINES OF "ÇANAKKALE TÜRKÜSÜ" PLAYED BY AN ALTO SAX, RATHER FAINTLY:



(A BLACK MODEL T FORD ROLLS IN)

SALESMAN: Hurry, hurry, hurry! The latest Model T Ford fresh from the factory in Michigan! Any colour you choose!

HENRY FORD: (ASIDE) As long as it's black!

SALESMAN: Only 1,000 dollars! With all the extras! Nothing more to pay! Hurry hurry hurry!

HENRY FORD: (ASIDE) Have I asked you what you wanted? No sir, I certainly have not. If I had asked people what they wanted, they would have said faster horses.

SALESMAN: A 20 horsepower engine. It's like having 20 horses pulling your cart. With genu-ine Firestone tyres! None of that funny British stuff! They drive on the wrong side of the road anyway! You don't want your tyres taking you to the wrong side of the road! Ha ha!

These are inflated, pneumatic genu-ine Firestone tyres! Running on air! No bumpy rides, no sir! Smooth as silk! Hurry, hurry, hurry!

HENRY FORD: Enough plug for my friend Harvey Firestone! Get on with the car, buddy!

SALESMAN: Freedom! Do for yourself what the Government can't do! Away from the hustle and bustle of city life! Buy your freedom!

HENRY FORD: (*ASIDE*) Any man who thinks he can be happy and prosperous by letting the government take care of him better take a closer look at the American Indian.

SALESMAN: This is freedom at 45 miles per hour. Get away from it all! Buy your freedom now! Take care of your family! Fly away! (*HEARS AN IMAGINED QUESTION*) Yes, with as little as 50 dollars down payment! The banks are racing to give you a loan (*LAUGHS*) at 50 miles an hour! They'll soon catch up with you!

HENRY FORD: (*ASIDE*) It is well enough that people of the nation do not understand our banking and monetary system, for if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning.

SALESMAN: What was that, sir?

HENRY FORD: Never mind. Go on with your pitch!

SALESMAN: This is a revolution! The American revolution! Go for a picnic, go for a drive! Go wherever your fancy takes you! It's freedom!

SALESMAN: (*SINGS "THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A MODEL T"*)

If I may, I'd like to give a demonstration
Of a car that has become the new sensation...

(*FADE OUT*)

SCENE 2

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

(WORKER 2 FROM ACT I IS MISSING)

1.WORKER: Where's Tommy?

FOREMAN: What's it to you?

3.WORKER: He left after Johnny passed away.

5.WORKER: Who is Tommy?

4.WORKER: Our mate. You are replacing him.

FOREMAN: *(ABOUT THE 5. WORKER)* Now, Shaun here is a good worker. Stop babbling and get back to work.

1.WORKER: He didn't leave. He was sacked.

FOREMAN: He had to leave for asking too many questions. And you will be next if you don't fucking shut up.

1.WORKER: We had a collection for Johnny's family. He had a wife and kids, y'know. It wasn't much but...

5.WORKER: Accidents happen. We must be careful.

FOREMAN: That's what I keep telling them. Bloody loafers! The ship is to be delivered all the way to Brazil in about three months' time.

1.WORKER: *(MUTTERS)* Maybe we ought to be delivered to Brazil as well.

FOREMAN: *(HAS HEARD THE 1.WORKER)* I heard that! You think they have it easy there, d'ya? Slave labour, slaves in chains, that's what they have there! In the bloody tropics! No freedom, no democracy! You think you'd fetch a pretty penny as a slave, matey? They're dying like flies over there!

1.WORKER: *(MUTTERS TO HIMSELF. SHAUN CAN HEAR HIM)* Just like here.

5.WORKER: I've seen worse.

FOREMAN: There's another one being built in Barrow-in-Furness. You don't want the Lancashire lads beating you to it, d'you now? I'm sure you want to show them what Newcastle men are made of.

4. WORKER: What does it matter who finishes first?

FOREMAN: We have a reputation to uphold. That's something you lot know nothing about. I want Newcastle to be the first in all of Britain... and the world.

3.WORKER: Do we get a raise?

FOREMAN: Is that all you can think about? Pride in the work you do, that's what I call good work ethics. That's what makes the Empire and the King proud!

3.WORKER: We don't get a raise.

FOREMAN: You don't do as you're told or you don't get a job. This shipyard is the best in the world and I'm going to do my damnest to make sure it stays that way. You know what will happen if we lose that top spot? You don't, do you?

1.WORKER: We'll be runner-ups.

FOREMAN: Yeah, you can joke about it, but it's no laughing matter. They will have the ships built by the bloody I-talians and the like and you won't have a job. Enough of that now. Think about what I have said. If you can think at all. Go on! Back to work!

(THE WORKERS RESUME WORK)

SCENE 3

ISTANBUL

ENVER PASHA: Our comrades in Manastir still seem to think that the English can rescue us from the mire we have been drawn in, when it is the very English who engineered the uprising.

CEMAL PASHA: We don't know that for certain.

TALAT PASHA: I am confident that our friends in the Union and Progress Party in Manastır have the best of the empire in mind, just as we do.

ENVER: That may well be so, but being oblivious to the machinations of the English counts as treachery.

CEMAL: I suspect the Sultan Abdülhamid was behind it. He has never really accepted the constitutional monarchy since it was first established in 1876. Not in his heart. And our revolution last year was the final straw for him.

ENVER: So, you think it was a coincidence that the uprising was led by that Dervish Vahdeti who happened to be from Cyprus, which happens to be under English rule?

TALAT: Abdülhamid is gone now. In a way, I think he was pleased to have been deposed. He was tired, exhausted, washed out and was getting more and more paranoid by the day. I'd say he was on the verge of going completely mad.

CEMAL: He would clutch at straws not to lose his grip. He was in no way of the same mind as those sharia-seeking fanatics, but he would not mind using them to his own end.

ENVER: To his own end is right. Sultan Reshad is at least sane enough to see sense and not trust the English.

CEMAL: He still talks to Gerald Fitzmaurice whenever the Englishman requests an audience.

ENVER: Is he not just a dragoman, translating for the British Embassy?

TALAT: Officially, yes. But it's common knowledge that he has a network and the embassy relies on him for everything.

ENVER: His own countrymen call him "cunning as a weasel and as savage". How often has he been to Cyprus before the uprising, nobody knows.

CEMAL: If we get him out of the picture, we may have a chance of a rapprochement with the English. That would also win back our comrades in Manastir.

ENVER: Without alienating the Kaiser. After all the Berlin to Baghdad railway still has the strategic importance.

TALAT: Abdülhamid was close to the Kaiser.

ENVER: I am assured that the Kaiser approves our move. He sent a telegram congratulating the Union and Progress Party for our move toward democracy.

TALAT: He is not exactly a harbinger of democracy himself, is he?

ENVER: But he is our friend (*PAUSE*) ...for now.

CEMAL: We still have Kamil Pasha close to the Sultan Reshad and we all know how close he is to the English.

ENVER: Another Cypriot and a Jew!

CEMAL: Jews have been an active part of the Party in Salonika Enver and you know that. They have supported us all along. Talat was even in love with a Jewish girl when he was young and worked at a Jewish school.

TALAT: (*SMILES*) We have 60 Arabs, 25 Albanians, 23 Greeks, 12 Armenians, 5 Jews, 4 Bulgars, 3 Serbs and 1 Vlach and just 142 Turks elected to the parliament in the 1908 elections last year. Let's not forget that. Bare majority.

ENVER: Yes, yes, I know, and most of them support the English. Now with nationalist sentiments on the rise all over the world, we can not afford to dilute our ranks, especially if they are on the wrong side..

CEMAL: The Ottomans...

ENVER: Ottomans are dead, Cemal. We are the Turks. All of Europe calls us the Young Turks. So, we'd better come to terms with it.

TALAT: I'm a Pomak. Do I call myself a Turk now?

ENVER: We are the "jeunes turcs", Talat, everyone calls us that. "Young Turks". Better get used to it.

CEMAL: I suggest that I keep our ties with the British, through Fitzmaurice and Kamil Pasha and you, Enver, nurture our relationship with the Kaiser.

ENVER: The Greeks are a thorn on our side. You know they are trying to rebuild their fleet and ordered a battleship from Italy. The big brother, the Russian bear is behind them as they were when they fought against us. We must find a way to counter that.

TALAT: The coffers are empty, Enver.

CEMAL: And although we may be able to match the Greeks' Averoff battleship, there's no way we can even begin to challenge the English superiority on high seas.

ENVER: We can at least give them a jolt. We are the Young Turks. We can do the impossible. Our ships were among the best at the time of Sultan Abdülaziz, but Abdülhamid just gave up on the navy and those wonderful ships were left to rust and rot.

TALAT: And how do you propose that we achieve the impossible, Enver, **(MOCKINGLY)** as the "jeunes turcs"?

ENVER: Go to the people! Isn't this what democracy is all about? We shall go to the people, explain our predicament and I am confident our people will give all they have for the motherland.

TALAT: They have very little.

ENVER: And we shall have the very little that they have.

SCENE 4

AUSTRALIA

EIGHT HOUR DAY MARCH

(WORKERS MARCHING WITH BANNERS "EIGHT HOURS LABOUR, EIGHT HOURS RECREATION, EIGHT HOURS REST" AND "888" FISHER IS IN HIS OFFICE, LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW AT THE DEMONSTRATORS, SPEAKING TO AN ADVISOR)

WORKERS: Whaddawe want?

An eight hour day

Whendawe want it?

Now!

PRIME MINISTER ANDREW FISHER: I am a coalminer. I went down to the mines when I was 10, working 12 hour shifts. I know what you want. I know what the working class of Australia deserves.

WORKERS: Whendawe want it?

Now!

ANDREW FISHER: And so do I, believe me!

ADVISOR: Are we to work on a bill, Prime Minister?

ANDREW FISHER: I wish it was as easy as that. We are a young country, with little union power. I am the very first Labour Prime Minister who has the majority in both houses of parliament, but I can not just legislate for it. Any man with any conscience or fairness would have to acknowledge the things I have achieved for the benefit of the working class but... we live in a capitalist society and legislation that can not be enforced is worse than no legislation. Politics is the art of the possible.

ADVISOR: Can I say the government is sympathetic to your demands and is working on it?

ANDREW FISHER: I am not going to lie to my fellow workers. *(PAUSE)*
No.

ADVISOR: The opposition...

ANDREW FISHER: Bigger the opposition! I shall have to convince my brothers that it is a gradual process and can only be achieved

through union power just like the Builders Labourers Federation has achieved, not through legislation. *(FADE OUT)*

A WORKER: Here's Samuel Champ, our champ, our man of the BLF!

(LOUD CHEERS BY WORKERS)

BLF ORGANISER SAMUEL CHAMP: Our liberties had not been won by mining magnates or stock exchange jobbers, but by genuine men of the working class movement who had died on the gallows and rotted in dungeons and were buried in nameless graves. These were the men to whom we owe the liberties we enjoy today. *(FADE OUT)*

ANDREW FISHER: The Labour movement is built on union power and union power is the bedrock of my Labour Party. My Party!

ADVISOR: They want to send a delegation to see you.

ANDREW FISHER: No, I shall go to them.

(FADE OUT.)

A GROUP OF SHEARERS: *(IN A SHEARING SHED SINGING "THE UNION MARCHING SONG" TO THE TUNE OF "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA")*

You union men of Buckingbung, just listen unto me
And I will sing a simple song, in praise of unity
For unity's a splendid thing and ever may it be
The boast of the Amalgamated Union
Hurrah, hurrah to the Union we'll adhere
Hurrah, hurrah we'll be stronger still next year
A pound a hundred / or the sheep and rations not too dear
Hurrah for the Amalgamated Union *(FADE OUT)*

WORKER I (GIVING A STUMP SPEECH): Now look here, when I was quite a young man I worked very hard indeed, so hard, in fact, that I have seen drops of perspiration dropping from my manly brow onto the pavement with a thud. Excuse me – yes, I say we shall not work at all! Then again, my wooden, brainless youths, answer me this: should men work between meals? No, certainly not; it's boisterous! *(FADE OUT)*

THE SHEARERS:

I know there are some union men found wanting when they're tried

Who for a squatter's paltry bribe against us would decide
But we're strong and powerful. We can't afford to let them slide
Hurrah for the Amalgamated Union (*FADE OUT*)

WORKER II (*GIVING A STUMP SPEECH*): Gentlemen, I stands before yer, as a candidate, to represent yer in the big talking shop, at the top of George Street. I'm a working man myself, as I've seved my time in a barber's shop, and have had the nose of the working man between my finger and thumb many times in the way of business, and hopes yer will let me lead yer by the nose now. The swell candidate goes in for what he calls "the rights of property". What have we to do with property seeing as we've got none? Blow property! I've got none myself. The first thing I'd go in for would be to tax all things the swells use, and we don't, such as pianners and tooth-brushes and soap and bathrooms; and I'd let terbaccers and grog come in free. I'm in favour of a six-hour movement, and no work on Saturdays or Sundays. For the gals as well as the chaps. Let the servant girls start work at nine o'clock, the same as the boss does, and let the missus cook the grub and knock about till the gal gets up, or else give her the tucker in bed. That's the say to way it. (*FADE OUT*)

THE SHEARERS: Click go the shears boys, click, click, click,
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick,
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow,
And curses the old snagger with the bare-bellied joe.

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere,
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen,
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.

Click go the shears boys, click, click, click,
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick,
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow,
And curses the old snagger with the bare-bellied joe. (*FADE OUT*)

SCENE 5**MANÁOS**

(JULIO, DEMETRIO, EZEQUIEL, FAUSTO, & DOMITILA IN THE OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR EDUARDO GONÇALVES RIBEIRO)

JULIO CESAR ARANA: You must do something, Governor. You can not just leave Manáos to go ruin. And if the government in Rio doesn't do anything about it, this is exactly what is going to happen.

DEMETRIO: I had to let go half my seringuerio, my workers.

EDUARDO GONÇALVES RIBEIRO: Your slaves, you mean? I hope you took off their chains.

JULIO: With due respect, Governor, this is no time to be pedantic.

EDUARDO: I am aware of the international situation, gentlemen... and lady. What do you want the Government to do? What can the Government do?

JULIO: Remember I told you we did not need warships. Spending all that money on those ships...

EDUARDO: We only had the pay a deposit, Julio.

EZEQUIEL: The English are ruining us. Us in Manáos, us in Brazil.

JULIO: Perhaps you should have diversified when the going was good, rather than putting all your eggs in one basket.

DOMITILA: I never do that. In my kitchen...

EDUARDO: Where's Augustinho?

DOMITILA: Under the duvet. He refuses to come out. *(RECOVERS FROM THE INTERRUPTION)* As I was saying...

FAUSTO: *(INTERRUPTS DOMITILLA)* It's easy to be smart in hindsight. What are you going to do now? What is our Government going to do?

DOMITILA: Am I to have my laundry done by the savages in the jungle now?

JULIO: Our biggest buyer used to be England. Dunlop. Then America, for their automobiles. Goodyear and Firestone. Harvey Firestone said "*without rubber, there are no tyres, without tyres, there is no automobile*". There are more and more automobiles being produced but less and less of our rubber is being bought.

EDUARDO: I am aware of that. The English have established plantations in Ceylon and in Malaya.

DEMETRIO: Not only have they stopped buying our rubber altogether, they are selling it to the Americans now.

EDUARDO: I know all that...

DOMITILA: It was fine when the Government was filling its coffers from the sweat of our brow. We have a right now to ask... no, to demand Government support.

EDUARDO: Your sweat? (*LAUGHS*)

DEMETRIO: We are the producers...

EDUARDO: Do you want to Government to subsidise your product?

EZEQUIEL: Whatever it takes!

EDUARDO: You know the Government did its best by building the Madeira-Mamoré Railroad.

JULIO: That wasn't very smart, was it? Same as ordering battleships!

FAUSTO: The Chileans and the bloody Argentinians beat you... us to it. Their railways are undermining ours.

EDUARDO: Well, we can always declare war on Chile and Argentina if we have those battleships.

DOMITILA: Good.

EDUARDO: I was only joking, Madam. The real problem is the English producing rubber much more cheaply in plantations. They don't have to scour the jungle to find wild rubber trees. Perhaps if you gentlemen were to be a little less extravagant in your expenses...

EZEQUIEL: Bloody English!

DOMITILA: Let's go to war with the English, then.

EDUARDO: With two battleships? Do you have any idea how many ships the English have? Do you remember when the Argentines tried to recover Islas Malvinas from the English? Do any of you remember how the mighty Argentina was trounced by the English?

JULIO: Nobody's advocating war, Governor. But there must be something the Government can do.

EDUARDO: We have cancelled the order. We are not going to have those ships, which will save us a lot of the money that would otherwise have gone to England. Hit them economically!

JULIO: That may be well and good, but it doesn't do anything to save Manáos, does it?

FAUSTO: Our production is down by half.

DEMETRIO: And it will keep going down at this rate.

EDUARDO: Perhaps you should consider switching to plantations like the English, to compete with them...

JULIO: In the jungle? That would take years anyway and in the meantime Manáos will be ruined.

EDUARDO:... or grow coffee instead.

EZEQUIEL: You can't be serious.

EDUARDO: Gentlemen, I believe it's time for you to reconsider your future as there is nothing Rio can do for you. It's the global markets and no Government has the power to change that. By the way, I have been recalled to Rio. A promotion, I expect. It was nice knowing you all.

DEMETRIO: So, we are to suffer a slow death. Is that it?

EDUARDO: *(DOES NOT RESPOND TO DEMETRIO)* Can I offer you some coffee before you leave?

DOMITILA: I hate coffee.

SCENE 6

ISTANBUL 1913

ENVER: The two ships we bought from our German friends are fine but Turgut Reis and Barbaros Hayreddin are no match for the modern dreadnaughts.

TALAT: The Society of National Assistance to the Ottoman Navy could only collect so much money, Enver. Even that was stretching it to the limit.

ENVER: How did bloody Abdülhamid collect all that money for the Hejaz railway?

TALAT: You must give it to him. He said it was to make the journey to Mecca for the Hajj easier and appealed to the religious feelings of Muslims.

ENVER: We must do the same.

TALAT: But we are. Our men, our imams are in North Africa now, in Egypt, in Sudan, India, even Russia, appealing to the Muslims there. Crimean Tatars have been contributing a lot.

ENVER: We fought the Italians valiantly in Tripolitania, but lost.

TALAT: Mustafa Kemal tried his best.

ENVER: But we lost. The Balkans are a mess. The Greeks occupied the Aegean Islands and now fighting over the Dodecanese with the Italians like vultures. The empire won't have anything left to defend if we do not hurry.

TALAT: Anatolia is poor.

ENVER: People will see the need and will sacrifice. *(TO CEMAL)* You're quiet, Cemal.

CEMAL: I'm too busy counting the liras in my head.

TALAT: We could borrow from the non-Muslim merchants.

ENVER: And end up owing them more and more concessions? No, thanks. We Turks are capable of looking after ourselves.

TALAT: It was only a suggestion.

ENVER: We shall go to the people.

CEMAL: I hear that there are two ships nearing completion in England. Built in the best shipyards in the world, in Newcastle and in Barrows. Two dreadnaughts, ordered by the Brazilians, and that the Brazilians decided not to go ahead with the purchase. We can make an offer to the English.

ENVER: Can you get their photographs? It's always easier to convince people if they see what their sacrifice is for.

CEMAL: I shall try.

ENVER: We should name one after Sultan Reshad. He is sure to like that.

TALAT: Reshadiyye! That's a good idea.

ENVER: And the other one Sultan Osman, to honour our forefather and remind people of the glory of the early days of the Ottomans.

CEMAL: We're already counting our chickens, are we?

ENVER: Have faith, Cemal, have faith. Faith in our people and most importantly faith in the "jeunes turcs".

CEMAL: You know the story of the man in a small boat crossing the Bosphorus... In the middle of the sea, they are hit by a violent storm. The small boat rocks like a withered leaf. The man panics, but the boatman keeps saying "Allah is great", "Allah is great". The man can't hold back anymore. He says "I know Allah is great but the boat is small". Having faith counts for very little if you don't have the money.

ENVER: We shall succeed.

CEMAL: We're in this together. You know I shall do my best to succeed. We are the only hope the Empire has.

TALAT: And hope shall triumph.

ENVER: The Germans are building up their navy, too. They smell war. And they are on our side. They want to end the English hegemony on the high seas.

CEMAL: But they never gave us a discount on Turgut Reis and Barbaros Hayreddin, did they?

ENVER: They gave us a good deal.

(PAUSE)

CEMAL: I'll try to get the pictures from my contacts in England. (*SINGS AND DANCES*)

If you must be hanged

Hang with an English rope

It don't matter you have no water, no soap

You must hang with English rope

When you have given up all hope

Better hang with good English rope

It don't matter you have no water, no soap

You must hang with English rope

SCENE 7

LONDON

(*CHORUS IN THE BACKGROUND*): Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!

Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

When Britain first, at heaven's command,

Arose from out the azure main,

This was the charter of the land,

And Guardian Angels sang this strain:

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!

Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: So, the Brazilians reneged on the deal. They, of course, have to forgo their down payment. There is to be no question about refunding the deposit. We did them a favour by not demanding full payment up front. That was because they are not as pig-headed as their upstart neighbours, the Argentines who had the temerity to demand the Falklands. But of course, there is no way we shall extend the same facility to the Turk. Full payment up front it will be and there is to be no negotiating on this issue.

CHORUS: The nations not so blest as thee

Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free:
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: I know there are those of you who think we should not deal with them. The Turks, that is... Let alone build ships for them, but Great Britain is a seafaring country. Great Britain is a trading country. Great Britain is a great country. We have willingly and joyfully taken on the white man's burden. We shall build the best ships for whoever wants them, we shall sell ships to whoever pays for them.

CHORUS: To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: Commerce is what we do. Building ships is what we do. Building civilisation is what we do. Proud Britons are at every shore, at every port. The sun never sets on the Empire and so it shall be forever and ever. The Russian bear beware! Froggies, beware! The Kraut beware! The Turk beware! Can't you see, you are at the end of your useful life, nay, you are simply at the end of your life! It is the end of your tyrants! Damn the Kaiser, damn the Tsar, damn the Sultan, Enver and his mob. We shall sell them our ships, (*GLEEFULLY*) then sink them with our might!

CHORUS: The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair.
Blest isle! With matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: (*JOINS IN THE CHORUS*) Rule, Britannia!
Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.ⁱⁱⁱ

SCENE 8

ANATOLIA

(*A CLEARING IN A VILLAGE IN ANATOLIA. HARVEST TIME. THE PEASANTS ARE USING A THRESHING SLED AND SINGING AND DANCING^{iv}*)

THE MESSENGER: May your harvest be plentiful, brothers.

1.WOMAN: Welcome Agha! Have some *ayran*! (*OFFERS HIM SOME YOGHURT DRINK IN A BRASS CUP*)

THE MESSENGER: Thank you, sister.

1.MAN: Have a rest. You must be tired.

2.MAN: Not many people come this way. It's six hours on mule-back.

3.MAN: You must have important news, agha.

2.WOMAN: Let the man catch his breath.

THE MESSENGER: You have no migrants from the Balkans here?

2.MAN: Nobody comes here except to ask for one our girls' hand in marriage.

(*THE WOMEN GIGGLE*)

3.WOMAN: Are there migrants from the Balkans?

THE MESSENGER: Haven't you heard? The Muslims are driven out from Serbia, Macedonia, Bulgaria...

3.WOMAN: What for?

THE MESSENGER: I'm only a messenger. I don't know about politics, but they say the situation there is dire.

2.WOMAN: Poor souls.

1.WOMAN: They'd be welcome here.

3.MAN: Is that why you're here? Our village is not rich, but I'm sure we can put up a few Muslim families.

THE MESSENGER: I know I can count on your hospitality but that's not the reason I'm here. I've been going from village to village.

2.MAN: What is it then?

1.WOMAN: You must be hungry. (*GIVES HIM SOME CHEESE WRAPPED IN A LAVASH*)

THE MESSENGER: Thank you, sister.

(*THEY WAIT FOR HIM TO TAKE A BITE*)

3.MAN: Be our guest tonight. Have a rest.

THE MESSENGER: I don't have much time. I still have a dozen villages to visit.

2.MAN: If it's not about the people from the Balkans... You're not after one of our girls to marry, are you?

(*THE WOMEN GIGGLE*)

THE MESSENGER: (*IN GOOD HUMOUR*) No.

(*THEY ALL LOOK AT HIM IN ANTICIPATION*)

THE MESSENGER: The news is not good.

(*THEY ALL LOOK AT HIM IN ANXIOUS ANTICIPATION*)

THE MESSENGER: It's not just the Balkans. The English, French and the Russians are getting ready for war.

2.WOMAN: May Allah keep that away from us.

1.WOMAN: Amen!

(*THEY ALL SAY AMEN*)

THE MESSENGER: To keep it away from us, we must be prepared.

3.WOMAN: We're always prepared.

3.MAN: With a good harvest, we can survive a winter or two.

THE MESSENGER: I'm sure you can. But the country must be prepared.

2.WOMAN: What? For war?

THE MESSENGER: Unfortunately. The English are the biggest threat. They've been circling us like vultures.

2.WOMAN: We're not hurting anyone.

THE MESSENGER: I know, but they want to swallow us bit by bit.

2.MAN: What can we do? We don't even know any English people.

THE MESSENGER: The Government has just bought two ships for our defence, but they aren't enough.

3.MAN: Are we to give up?

THE MESSENGER: We... the Government wants to buy two new ships. Two of the best. But the coffers are empty.

1.WOMAN: They must cost a lot.

THE MESSENGER: They do. That's why I'm going from village to village, asking them to give whatever they can, so we won't yield to them.

3.MAN: What does the Sultan say?

THE MESSENGER: He asks all his subjects to give until it hurts.

2.WOMAN: And the sheikh-ul-Islam?

THE MESSENGER: He's issued a fatwa saying this indeed is a good deed and will help you cross the bridge on the Day of Judgement.

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN. THROGS OF PEASANTS WITH PIECES OF GOLD, RINGS, EVEN SOCKS AND SHOES LINING UP TO GIVE WHAT THEY CAN AS THE WORKERS IN NEWCASTLE APPEAR AND SING THEIR SONG IN THE BACKGROUND. BRAZILIAN NATIVES FROM ACT I, SCENE 2 CROSS THE STAGE, DRAGGING THEIR CHAINS, HELPED BY THE GIRLS FROM ACT I, SCENE 1)

SCENE 9

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE & ANATOLIA

THE SHIPYARD WORKERS: We have fed you all for a thousand years'
And you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth
But marks the workers' dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest
And you lie on crimson wool.
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! We have paid it in full!
There is never a mine blown skyward now

But we're buried alive for you.
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red
And the factories where we spin.
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth,
Good God! We have paid it in!
We have fed you all a thousand years-
For that was our doom, you know,
From the days when you chained us in your fields
To the strike a week ago.
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,
And we're told it's your legal share,
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,
Good God! We bought it fair!^{vi}

FOREMAN: That's it, men. The strike is over. Back to work. There are hundreds at the gates hungry for the jobs you spurn. This is the last warning! Back to work! Now! The Turk is paying for the ships, paying for your wages and you know what the savage Turk can do if you don't keep your word. He'll impale you, he'll behead you, he'll eat your heart alive! Back to work now!

4.WOMAN: *(TAKES THE GOLD COIN FROM BETWEEN HER BREASTS AND GIVES IT TO THE MESSENGER)* That was my shroud money. *(THE HARVEST SONG RESUMES)*

ACT THREE

(IN THE BACKGROUND, THE FIRST THREE LINES OF "ÇANAKKALE
TÜRKÜSÜ" PLAYED BY A CELLO, RATHER FAINTLY:



FADING AWAY)

SCENE 1

28 JUNE, 1914

ENVER: You have tried, Cemal. I knew it would come to this but you wanted to try. They don't want us with them, they want to devour us, dismantle us, avenge the centuries of Turkish domination.

CEMAL: The answer was a blunt "no!"

ENVER: Do those Anglophile fools in Parliament know about this? That their admired England, land of freedoms and democracy turned us down?

CEMAL: I told them.

ENVER: Any reasons?

CEMAL: They knew, of course, about the German military mission. The English asked me what General Liman von Sanders was doing in Istanbul if we were sincere in wanting to be on the English side.

ENVER: It's none of their business. We're still a sovereign nation, not an English dominion.

TALAT: I would test our sincerity, too, if I were them.

ENVER: Sincerity! Don't speak to me about sincerity. They are as sincere as a wolf in sheep's clothing, supporting the Russians after we supported them against the Russians in Crimea. Don't talk to me about sincerity.

TALAT: Friendships and alliances change with circumstances, Enver. This is international politics. Friend one day, foe the next. But as the Interior Minister, I agree that we need to join one of the country groups so that we can organise our domestic administration, strengthen and maintain our commerce and industry, expand our railroads, in short to survive and preserve our existence.

ENVER: You know the Russians are waiting to take a bigger bite of our country since 1876. Artvin, Ardahan, Kars and Batumi were not enough for them.

CEMAL: Anyway, they asked us to remain neutral in the event of an armed conflict, which I must say, they see it as imminent.

ENVER: Neutral? As the Russians support all the Slavs in the Balkans, arming all our Christian minorities in the east and are lying in wait to gnaw at our eastern border?

TALAT: Why do they think a war is imminent, Cemal?

CEMAL: The Serbs are after a greater Serbia, which includes parts of Austria-Hungary.

ENVER: The Austrians are in the same predicament as us. And the only thing that stops the Serbs and their supporters, the Russians is the might of Germany. And that is where our support has to come from. Liman von Sanders is rapidly modernising the army. We can rely on the Germans. They never betrayed us like the English.

CEMAL: England will never allow Germany to dominate Europe.

(FADE OUT, FADE IN. THE THREE PASHAS AT THE TABLE LOOKING AT A MAP)

TALAT: This is it. This is the spark.

ENVER: Wasn't Ferdinand that insipid little clown who wanted to give concessions to the Serbs?

TALAT: And killed by the Serbs. Concessions would have hindered the Serbs from agitating within Austria.

ENVER: This ought to be a lesson for us. You never give concessions to the minorities. They don't want concessions; they want to see you dead.

TALAT: The Kaiser pledged Germany's support to Austria against the Serbs. That means taking on the Russians...

CEMAL: ...and the English.

ENVER: So be it.

CEMAL: Still... I think we should remain neutral. Ready and prepared, but neutral. We're not ready for a war.

TALAT: We can buy some time.

ENVER: I want Artvin, Ardahan, Kars and Batumi back. So if the Russians as little as stick their filthy pudgy fingers into our affairs, I shall hit them first. Then march on to Tblisi and join our Turkish brothers in the Caucasus...

CEMAL: One step at a time, Enver.

SCENE 2

LONDON

WINSTON CHURCHILL: They want their ships? Ha hah ha! All paid for? Stiff cheese! You let the Kraut into Constantinople and then claim to be neutral? Who do you think you're fooling, Enver? I am Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty and I shall not allow this. If Turkish crew get in either of these vessels, they

are to be taken out by force of arms. And that is an order. Yes, both ships! And they are to be re-named Agincourt and Erin. Hoist the glorious British flag. (*SINGS AND DANCES*)

The turkey's an irritant
Under the Russian bear's belly
A haemorrhoid, a wart
And just like any, just like any
Bleeding haemorrhoid
Just like an unsightly wart
It needs, nay begs excision
And I am the lancet
The precision lancet the continent needs
So the lumbering bear
May crush the bumbling Kraut
I'll only rest when I have the upstart Enver
spiked on the Bismarck helmet. (*LIGHTS UP A CIGAR*)

SCENE 3

5 AUGUST 1914

(TALAT AND CEMAL LOOK GLUM. ENVER IS FURIOUS, PACING UP AND DOWN IN HIS GERMAN MILITARY FASHION)

ENVER: How dare they? How dare they? It's all paid for. Six million pounds! One day after we made the final payment! The sweat of my people's brow. This is outrageous! It's downright piracy!

CEMAL: Unfortunately, Sultan Osman and Reshadiye are now Agincourt and Erin, two English warships. And England declared war on Germany the day after they seized our ships. They think we provoked that action by allowing the German military mission in.

ENVER: Tell what happened to those traitors in Parliament, Cemal.

CEMAL: I already did.

TALAT: Where's captain Rauf now?

CEMAL: Returning from Newcastle with his crew of 500.

ENVER: He should have gone on and hoisted our flag.

CEMAL: He was threatened with the use of force. After all he was in England.

ENVER: I shall tell this to my people. And to those... who still think we can be friends with England. Let them see how the English just expropriated the fruit of their sacrifices. Wasn't I right to sign that secret alliance?

CEMAL: Churchill must have known that.

TALAT: That was only against the Russians, though.

ENVER: No way the mother-fucker could have known it. Nobody except the three... (*LOOKS AT TALAT*) the two of us, the Grand Vizier Said Halim Pasha and Head of Parliament, Halil Bey...

CEMAL: I still think that was a dangerous move. I wish I'd known about it. I'd try to stop you. We should remain neutral. The Sultan shares my view and has not ratified the agreement.

ENVER: Sultan Reshad is no more than a figurehead now.

CEMAL: I still think we can strike a deal with the French.

ENVER: Like we did with the English? Forget it, Cemal. Know your enemy.

TALAT: So, who could have leaked it?

ENVER: ... of course the Germans knew it, too.

TALAT: Could it be that the Germans...

CEMAL: (*PAUSE*) ...to ensure we're on their side?

TALAT: The Germans are quite content with us remaining neutral. They have already declared war on Russia and France. It didn't take them long to invade Belgium.

ENVER: No use speculating now. We know now who the enemy is.

CEMAL: They offered compensation of a thousand pounds per day for so long as the war might last, provided we remained neutral.

ENVER: Fucking Winston can stick his pounds...

SCENE 4

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

GOVERNOR-GENERAL SIR RONALD MUNRO FERGUSON: Australia promises to be a great country, but it shall not be a country of bushrangers where the poor rob the rich. I, as the Governor General... we can not allow the riff raff to gain the upper hand. The settlers are the backbone of this country. What a young country needs to unite all social classes is a good war, where the rich and the poor unite under one flag. The Union Jack. They will soon forget it was the Union Jack that exiled them to this remote land. Take my word. A war galvanises a country. An enemy helps solidarity and what better enemy than the Kraut and the Turk. The Turk has been holding Europe to ransom for ages and they are not even Christians and we all know what everyone thinks of the Kraut.

PRIME MINISTER ANDREW FISHER: Let us not beat about the bush, Sir. I am not having conscription. I am not sending unwilling youth to war, to die.

SIR RONALD: Mr Fisher... *(COLLECTS HIMSELF)* I respect your humanism, Prime Minister. Much as I would prefer conscription, I respect your stance.

ANDREW FISHER: What is Mr Asquith's position on conscription, Sir?

SIR RONALD: Much as I dislike Asquith and his vulgar pushing mob, we are at one on this issue.

ANDREW FISHER: But he has not been able to pass the Military Service Act, has he?

SIR RONALD: You are well informed, Mr Fisher... Prime Minister. No, he hasn't. But he will, I can assure you.

ANDREW FISHER: That remains to be seen.

SIR RONALD: I promise you, once we start talking about the King and the country, once people see the Kraut and the Turk for the monsters that they are, I promise you young people will start flocking into the ranks of the army, to defend the principles of democracy and freedom.

ANDREW FISHER: They must have the freedom to choose.

SIR RONALD: And so they shall. Young men will make the choice we want.

ANDREW FISHER: Freedom to live is the most essential freedom, sir.

SIR RONALD: Yes, some will die. Willingly, mind you. But the survival of the nation, if Australia is to become a nation, calls for sacrifices. The war will wipe out the enmity the poor have against the rich, and this shall be a nation united, rich and poor against a common enemy. The enemy of humanity, the enemy of the empire, the enemy of this blessed country, however remote and insular.

ANDREW FISHER: I must remind you that we are no longer a colony, sir.

SIR RONALD: Of course, Prime Minister, but the mother country is still the mother country and I, as the Governor-General, am the commander-in-chief. If the riff raff of Britain and the hotheads of Ireland were sent here, that was a strict mother disciplining her children. And that is well in the past. Thank God for the amnesia of the masses. The King and country now resonates with all Australians, not counting those bandits, of course.

ANDREW FISHER: Inequalities in the society must be remedied. That was the reason I got into politics.

SIR RONALD: There shall be no inequalities on the battlefield. All men will be brothers under fire.

ANDREW FISHER: I did not mean the battlefield.

SIR RONALD: We all believe all men are equal in the eyes of God. Any God-fearing Christian believes that, but I am sure you agree that you can not allow lawlessness to ruin this country we are all trying to build. I am sure you would not approve of some highwayman robbing you of your possessions. And that is exactly what has been happening. Jack Donahue, Jack Duggan... And more recently, the Kelly gang! Bloody Irish scum!

ANDREW FISHER: No, we must have the rule of law.

SIR RONALD:... and English law has been the example the whole world has been looking up to since Magna Carta.

ANDREW FISHER: That is not so easily explained to the people who see themselves as disenfranchised, downtrodden and exploited.

SIR RONALD: I believe in the powers of persuasion, Prime Minister and I admire your powers of persuasion. After all, you could not have won the elections without it. After all, you have demonstrated and uttered, very elegantly I must say, your loyalty to the mother country. How did it go?...

ANDREW FISHER: I said "Australia will stand beside the mother country to help and defend her to the last man and the last shilling". And I stand by every word I have said.

SIR RONALD: That's the spirit, m'lad! We Scots understand each other.
*(POURS SOME SCOTCH ON ICE, OFFERS ONE TO FISHER AND
POURS ONE FOR HIMSELF)* Air do slàinte!

ANDREW FISHER: Slàinte agad-sa!

SCENE 5

A CLEARING

(IN THE BACKGROUND IS A MEN IN AUSTRALIAN UNIFORM RECRUITING VOLUNTEERS. THERE ARE THE 4 TROOPERS FROM ACT ONE, SCENE 7, STANDING BESIDE HIM, TWO ON EACH SIDE. THE WALL BEHIND THEM IS COVERED WITH. POSTERS.^{vii} YOUNG MEN HAVE LINED UP. SOME HORSE-PLAY AMONG THEM. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE VILLAGERS FROM ACT TWO, SCENE 8. THE WOMEN ARE SITTING ON THE GROUND, HUDDLED TOGETHER AROUND THE OLDER 4. WOMAN). "DAVUL^{viii}" AND "ZURNA^{ix}" PLAY A LIVELY TUNE. OLD MEN DANCE. YOUNG MEN, CARRYING SMALL BUNDLES WAIT TO BE CALLED BY THE OFFICIAL. AFTER EACH NAME IS CALLED, THEY KISS AND PUT TO THEIR FOREHEADS THE HANDS OF THE WOMEN AND AFTER EACH FAREWELL, THE WOMEN HUDDLE BACK TOGETHER. THE OLDER 4. WOMAN SWAYS IN GRIEF. THE MEN KEEP DANCING –PERHAPS A "HORON")

AUSTRALIAN OFFICER: Come on lads, join up, join up!

TURKISH OFFICIAL: Mehmet, son of Mehmet! *(A YOUNG MAN COMES FORWARD)* Mehmet, son of Hasan! *(ANOTHER YOUNG MAN COMES FORWARD)* Ahmet, son of Ibrahim!

AUSTRALIAN OFFICER: Enlist now for King and country!

TURKISH OFFICIAL: Mehmet, son of Ahmet! *(A YOUNG MAN COMES FORWARD)* Hasan, son of Suleyman! *(ANOTHER YOUNG MAN COMES FORWARD)*

(THE GHOST OF THE SWAGMAN^x FROM ACT ONE, SCENE 7 APPEARS – PERHAPS A HOLOGRAM- AND TRIES TO GO BETWEEN THE ENLISTING AUSTRALIAN MEN AND THE OFFICER. THE YOUNG MEN GO THROUGH HIM. ONLY THE TROOPERS CAN SEE HIM AND CHASE HIM AWAY)

AUSTRALIAN OFFICER: Hurry, hurry, hurry!

2. WOMAN (*TO THE TURKISH OFFICIAL*) Bring back my Mehmet, will you?

TURKISH OFFICIAL: All Mehments will come back in victory.

2. WOMAN: Promise me!

TURKISH OFFICIAL: We're not at war. This is just a precaution.

2. WOMAN: Give me your word! (*HER SON, MEHMET SAYS HIS FAREWELLS AND LEAVES. SHE GOES BACK AND SITS WITH THE OTHER WOMEN. THE OTHER WOMEN HUG HER*)

SCENE 6

A GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

LONDON

1914

(*A GROUP OF OLDER FOPPISH ENGLISH GENTLEMEN SIT IN COMFORTABLE CHAIRS, SIPPING THEIR DRINKS. THEY CHAT SILENTLY AMONG THEMSELVES AND NOD OCCASIONALLY AS WINSTON CHURCHILL SPEAKS*)

WINSTON CHURCHILL: (*HE SEEMS TO RESPOND TO IMAGINARY COMMENTS COMING FROM THE SEATED GENTLEMEN*) Yes, it is Kirkuk and Mosul that the Empire wants. That is what I want. But they are the frills, they are the embellishments. I, too want the riches of Kirkuk and Mosul. The bumbling Turk thinks it is just some black nuisance oozing out of Allah's desert soil. Leave them alone in their slumber. (*PAUSE*) The use of automobiles has doubled in the United States in the last few years thanks to Mr Henry Ford. What is needed for automobiles old chap? Petrol and rubber! With Malaya and Ceylon we have secured our rubber supplies. We are no longer

dependent on those savages in Brazil. But we must secure our oil supplies. The Kraut needs it as much as we do and they have been building a railway between Constantinople and Hejaz for the bloody Sultan! Hejaz! With the Empire controlling the Persian Gulf and India, they had to take the long way. *(PAUSE)* Yes, dear chap, we shall have Mosul and Kirkuk. I have no time for those ruffians, the Russians, but we are allies now and as long as the Russians have control of the Baku-Batumi railway, our investments in Azerbaijan are safe and our oil can be shipped from Batumi. *(PAUSE)* Yes, I want Mosul and Kirkuk as much as you do but you do not strike a wildebeest at its tail. I have seen many a wildebeest struck down. In South Africa they say you must strike at a wildebeest close to a tall tree, because if you don't strike it at its heart, you must be fast on your feet and a good climber. A wounded wildebeest is ten times as dangerous as a wounded lion. Mosul and Kirkuk shall be the rewards my honourable friend, the fruit we pick after the wildebeest is killed and the heart of the wildebeest is Constantinople. I shall strike at the heart of the wildebeest, the wildebeest that has been holding the continent to ransom since 1453. It's time we gave it a decent funeral. It will be a mercy killing. It is old and tired and sick.

(MURMURS OF APPROVAL FROM THE MEN AND PLENTY OF NODDING)

SCENE 7

ISTANBUL

CEMAL: The treaty says we should not have allowed German warships through the Dardanelles.

ENVER: And allow them to become easy prey for the English?

TALAT: This means war, Enver.

CEMAL: What if the English ships try to go through Dardanelles, chasing them?

ENVER: We already told them we shall fire on them. And the straits shall be closed to the Russians, too. Both the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Let them twiddle their thumbs in the Black Sea.

CEMAL: There must be a diplomatic solution.

ENVER: Yes, there was and it's done. Goeben and Breslau are now officially Yavuz and Midilli. They are Turkish ships now.

CEMAL: ...with German crews...

ENVER: ...and Turkish flags. Admiral Souchon is still in charge. I've also given the crew Turkish uniforms.

TALAT: The English should be relieved that those ships are no longer in the Mediterranean.

ENVER: Exactly.

CEMAL: Let us hope so.

ENVER: The Russians are losing on the western front. I think it's time for us to strike them from the south. I want Kars, Ardahan, Artvin and Batumi back.

CEMAL: The English...

ENVER: They will be too busy to try to save their Russian bothers' necks in the west.

(FADE OUT FADE IN. 29 OCTOBER 1914)

ENVER: People in the streets are cheering for the Germans. After being shafted by the English, everyone knows now who our real friends are. Gentlemen, we are officially at war with Russia. Our ships, Yavuz and Midilli raided Novorossiysk, Odessa and Sevastopol today. In Novorossiysk, 14 steamers in the harbour were sunk and

40 oil tanks were set on fire. I expect Russia will soon declare war on us and of course England and France will follow.

CEMAL: We are ill prepared.

ENVER: One must seize the moment. And there is no better moment than now, to hit the Russians. With Yavuz and Midilli in the Black Sea, the Russian ships are immobilised and the Russian army is too busy in the west. Our German friends will provide us with the supplies and the third army will be victorious.

TALAT: This was inevitable. We had already entered the slippery slide. We might as well make the most of it now.

ENVER: Do I have your concurrence for an all-out assault on Russia through the Caucasus?

TALAT: Yes.

CEMAL: (PAUSE) Yes.

SCENE 8

LONDON

(IN THE BACKGROUND RUHI SU'S RENDITION OF SARIKAMIŞ^{xi} IS HEARD. CHURCHILL SPEAKS ON TOP OF THE SECOND PART OF THE MUSIC, FOLLOWING THE SINGING)

WINSTON CHURCHILL: I have ambition, yes, I have always said so. But I, Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty also have intelligence and tact. I am the vanguard of the British lion in the twentieth century. The upstart Enver has ambition and nothing else. Sending troops to the mountains in mid-winter with no winter clothing and only dry bread and olives for rations was suicide. Will he resign now? Not on your Nellie. Parliamentary

democracy in Turkey? Bah! He'll blame God knows who. I am informed that of the 118,000 fighting men, the casualties numbered about 90,000. Cold and typhus took their toll. Most were frozen on the godforsaken Allahuekber Mountains, died of hypothermia. The wildebeest is mortally wounded now. It's time for us to visit Constantinople. If you could not do anything against the Russians with 118,000 men, it's anybody's guess, what you could do to defend Constantinople. I shall have the War Council authorise the Admiralty to prepare for a naval expedition in February to bombard and take the Gallipoli Peninsula, with Constantinople as its objective. Cheers! *(RAISES HIS WHISKY GLASS AS THE MUSIC FADES AWAY)*

SCENE 9

1915

BROKEN HILL

(A FUNERAL. AN OLDER WOMAN WITH THREE YOUNGER WOMEN IN MOURNING CLOTHES STAND IN A CORNER, ONE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN HOLDS A PICTURE OF THE SLAIN YOUNG GIRL, ALMA COWIE)

TOMMY: What did the Germans have to do with it?

JACK: So you think those two bloody half-wits acted on their own?

TOMMY: I don't know, but I can bet you anything our mate Hans had nothing to do with it.

JACK: *(POINTS TO THE PICTURE)* Poor Alma Cowie is dead. She was only 17.

ALFIE: Four people were killed for fuck's sake and you are defending the Krauts?

TOMMY: Look, I know Hans, he is one of us in the Union. We're at one with all the workers in Broken Hill.

JACK: What about the other Germans? You have no idea what happens at the German Club? They all speak German.

TOMMY: So you burn their club because they speak foreign?

ALFIE: For me, it's bloody simple. The Turks are fighting our troops with the Germans and those two bloody murderous Turks thought they could just shoot and kill innocent people.

TOMMY: We're not even sure Molla Abdullah ve Gül Muhammed were Turks.

ALFIE: They hoisted the Turkish flag, didn't they?

TOMMY: They were half-wits as Jack says. They were Muslim Afghans. Being Muslim, they thought they should side with the Turks. They were a couple of loonies and they got their just desserts.

JACK: They're all bloody the same. See what the Barrier Miner says (*TAKES OUT THE LOCAL PAPER AND READS*) "*Two coloured men, Afghans or Turks, armed with rifles, fired on a picnic train laden with men, women and children just outside the city route to Silverton. Killed and wounded several. The police when informed, went in pursuit of offenders, and took refuge on a rocky hill, and fired on the police and wounded Constable Mills. The two men were finally shot down one dead, the other wounded. Constable Mills, wounded, and wounded offender in the hospital. The identity of the Turks who were shot has been established by the police. Mulla Abdulla, who was killed outright, was a butcher. Some days ago he was convicted and fined for slaughtering sheep on premises not licensed for slaughtering. He had previously been before the court on a similar charge. He was an elderly man, by appearance about 60, and he was short and thick set. Gool Mahomed died on the way to the hospital. He is believed to have been an ice cream vendor*".

ALFIE: What about the letters they found on them. Apparently one of them said "I am a subject of the Sultan. I must kill you and give my life for my faith. Allahu Akbar".

TOMMY: Written in perfect English? (*LAUGHS*)

ALFIE: The other one said more or less the same.

TOMMY: I knew them both. They could hardly put together two words in English and you believe they wrote those letters? And they knew they'd be killed? Come on! If you believe that, you'll believe anything!

JACK: Are you suggesting...

TOMMY: Yes. This has all to do with the recruitment drive. To have us join up and get killed for the bloody King and his country.

ALFIE: Two coloured men...

TOMMY: We're all the same colour coming out of the mine, mate!

ALFIE: Anyways, I'm glad the Government decided to intern all enemy aliens.

JACK: Our mates are fighting the Hun and the Turk, dying in trenches and those bastards are still inside us. They say the Turks have dug ditches with spikes at the bottom to welcome our men.

TOMMY: Our mates are fighting an English war. It has nothing to do with us. It's not our bloody war.

JACK: You should see how they scattered when we raided the Afghan camp. We'd have them if it wasn't for the bloody camels.

TOMMY: Listen, those guys have done nothing to us. They're not the enemy. They're trying to eke out a living just like us.

ALFIE: They're not like me, thank you very much Tommy. They are coloured, they are Muslims, they're on the side of our enemy. That's the long and short of it.

TOMMY: We're Aussies and England's the enemy.

ALFIE: We're fighting for King and country.

TOMMY: And which country is that?

ALFIE: Mother country. England.

TOMMY: Keep doing that and we'll always be mummy's bloody lapdogs.

JACK: I think I'll join up.

ALFIE: Me, too

SCENE 10

ISTANBUL

ENVER: This must not leak. People must not know about our losses.

CEMAL: Almost every family has lost a son, Enver. How do we hide it?

ENVER: And each family will think it was only their son who died in Sarikamiş and was blessed as a martyr. (*REFERS TO TALAT*) The Interior Minister will take care of this. No news about this in the journals.

TALAT: I agree. People must not be demoralised. We have no idea how long this war will last.

ENVER: And the Armenians! The fucking bloody Armenians! I would have thrashed the Tsar's army if it weren't for those Armenian volunteer corps. This is what happens when we keep giving them concessions. Loyal bloody subjects, my foot! They see us as weak and ally with the enemy. And now that we had to pull out, they've starting burning Muslim villages and killing men, women and child. They must be got rid of. Immediately! Cleanse the country of this vermin! Start with the 12 Armenians in Parliament.

CEMAL: Hasan Izzet didn't agree with your strategy.

ENVER: That's why I dismissed him.

TALAT: The Armenians... what are you suggesting?

ENVER: I'd kill them all and seize all the wealth they have, if I could. They've been getting rich while the poor Turkish peasant can hardly find bread to eat. I had to give the troops dry bread and olives in Sarikamış.

TALAT: What are you saying?

ENVER: We are not savages. We are civilised people and they are all Ottoman subjects. We can't go and butcher them all. But they can certainly be re-located... within the Empire.

CEMAL: All those in the east?

ENVER: East, west, north or south. All of them. Start with the so-called intellectuals in Istanbul. They're all traitors. They are the ones giving ideas and instructions to those in the east. They must go first. That will be a lesson they will never forget.

TALAT: They are in their hundreds of thousands in the east. Transport...

ENVER: By any means! Trains, ox-carts, horse-carts, on mules, on donkeys, on foot.

TALAT: Where exactly?

ENVER: South! Let the filthy Arabs deal with them. Cemal, you are responsible for making the arrangements in Syria. And Talat, you prepare the lists.

CEMAL: Some are tradesmen and we need their skills for the army.

ENVER: Those indispensable for the army can stay as long as they do their trade and nothing else. Fucking back-stabbers!

SCENE 11

(ONE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS IN CHAINS FROM ACT ONE PLAYS "EL CONDOR PASA" ON A PAN FLUTE AND THE SECOND ONE SINGS/RECITES):

El condor pasa
The year is 1915
Another hungry condor
Donning the union jack
Is circling the Ottoman palace le porte

SCENE 12

LONDON

WINSTON CHURCHILL: I couldn't possibly have kept Prince Battenberg, you understand. He was a reliable old chap but speaking with a German accent...

JOHN FISHER: *(LAUGHS)* I understand.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: I have great respect for you. You have so many years of experience and I need good counsel.

JOHN FISHER: You have a reputation of never asking for counsel, Winston.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: I don't suffer fools gladly, or put up with their drivel, trying to convince me why something can not be done.

JOHN FISHER: I am to be flattered now, am I?

WINSTON CHURCHILL: We tested the Turkish defences late last year. They were weak. I'm sure we could just sail through the Dardanelles and have our tea in Constantinople the next day.

JOHN FISHER: You were talking about experience, Winston and experience tells me a naval operation without ground forces is bound to fail in the long term.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: The Turks have lost a lot of blood fighting the Russians. They're not in a position to put up any serious resistance.

JOHN FISHER: You asked for my counsel.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: So I did. (*CONSIDERS HIS POSITION*) How about this, then? We commence with a naval operation. The French have promised Gaulois, Charlemagne, Bouvet and Suffren. They are all good ships. We try to force our way through. Troops are currently being trained in Egypt for the occupation of Constantinople. I suggest we continue training the troops from the dominions, and in case we are not successful in forcing our way through, then we engage in a land battle using these troops, supported by the navy. The dominions have been very enthusiastic in their support for the mother country, God bless their souls, especially Australia and New Zealand. They are an uncouth larrikin mob, but I'm assured they are good fighters.

JOHN FISHER: That seems to be a reasonable proposition.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: I'm glad you agree.

JOHN FISHER: You do have a knack of convincing me.

SCENE 13

(THE THREE TURKISH WOMEN FROM ACT TWO, SCENE 8, ACT THREE, SCENE 5 ARE IN BLACK, HUDDLED IN A CORNER, CRYING. THE THREE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN FROM ACT THREE, SCENE 9 ARE STANDING IN ANOTHER CORNER, ALL IN BLACK, HUGGING EACH OTHER IN GRIEF. 3 ACADEMICS ARE HAVING A GALLIPOLI POST MORTEM. 1. ACADEMIC IS A WOMAN)

1.ACADEMIC: It was carnage.

2.ACADEMIC: Landing on the wrong beach...

3.ACADEMIC: The currents in the Dardanelles...

1.ACADEMIC: Not at Anzac Cove.

2.ACADEMIC: The sheer cliffs...

1.ACADEMIC: Ashmead Bartlett says in his letter...

3.ACADEMIC: He's no military strategist.

1.ACADEMIC: (*READS*) "*Our last great effort to achieve some definite success against the Turks was the most ghastly and costly fiasco in our history*".

3.ACADEMIC: "Ghastly and costly fiasco" Hardly academic language!

1.ACADEMIC: *(CONTINUES)* "The Staff seem to have carefully searched for the most difficult points and then threw away thousands of lives in trying to take them by frontal attacks."

3.ACADEMIC: Australia came to its own with this baptism of fire.

1.ACADEMIC: With 5000 casualties on day one?

3.ACADEMIC: 621 were killed on 25 April, 1915.

(THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN ARE WEEPING)

2.ACADEMIC: The total was 8708 Aussies and 2721 New Zealanders killed in the eight month battle.

3.ACADEMIC: Why exaggerate? Primary documents indicate 8141.

1.ACADEMIC: Total casualties, including the dead and injured: 26,000 Australians and 7500 New Zealanders.

3.ACADEMIC: Not such a big price to pay for gaining nationhood.

2.ACADEMIC: Australia's population was less than 5 million at the time.

3.ACADEMIC: And more than 400,000 volunteered.

(THE ARGUMENT HEATS UP)

1.ACADEMIC: They were conned.

2.ACADEMIC: Conned?

1.ACADEMIC: We were all conned.

3.ACADEMIC: They were brave men. They were heroes.

1.ACADEMIC: Sacrificed on the altar of Churchill's ambitions.

3.ACADEMIC: He had the best of the Empire in his heart. We would have won if it weren't for Mustafa Kemal.

2.ACADEMIC: Could it be that Churchill's arrogance...

3.ACADEMIC: His foresight...

1.ACADEMIC: Sending our young men to certain death while the British watched from the ships...

2.ACADEMIC: The incompetence of Ian Hamilton...

3.ACADEMIC: He had nothing to do with it. Our William Bridges had full control.

1.ACADEMIC: He never did.

3.ACADEMIC: Yes, he did.

1.ACADEMIC: Bridges couldn't say no to Hamilton and Hamilton could not say no to Churchill.

2.ACADEMIC: True.

1.ACADEMIC: We've seen the true face of the British.

3.ACADEMIC: The Irish volunteered, too.

1.ACADEMIC: The King and country narrative got to them, too.

3.ACADEMIC: Narrative? It's what united us, what still unites us. God save the King!

1.ACADEMIC: When will you grow up?

2.ACADEMIC: Please!

1.ACADEMIC: Still the obedient colonial lapdog, huh?

3.ACADEMIC: Watch your language.

1.ACADEMIC: What does language count for when 8000 are killed?

(THE SOBBING FROM THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN INTENSIFIES)

3.ACADEMIC: Seven times more Turks were killed.

1.ACADEMIC: Trying to defend their country.

2.ACADEMIC: Perhaps we were just expandable tools for Winston's imperial dreams.

1.ACADEMIC: You know what the ANZACS were singing on the way back? *(SINGS AS AN OLDER TURKISH WOMAN JOINS THE THREE TURKISH WOMEN)* Young Winston had an ego bigger than his belly
Fattened by his Yankee mum and his doting nanny
He was trumped and trounced by the Turks in Gallipoli
And turned into a drunkard and a whimpering piccaninny
He asked the returning Anzacs if they thought well of him
They said not bloody likely Winnie, not on your Nellie

2.ACADEMIC: He's called "The butcher of Gallipoli" now.

3.ACADEMIC: The Germans had to be stopped. And he stopped them.

1.ACADEMIC: By killing Turks?

3.ACADEMIC: They made the wrong bet.

2.ACADEMIC: We're talking about 57,000 Turks being killed in eight months.

(WAILING BY THE TURKISH WOMEN)

3.ACADEMIC: Such is war. Bloody Mustafa Kemal ordered 15 year old boys to die. And they died. 15 year olds! How could we possibly beat that? We would have won if he wasn't there.

2.ACADEMIC: Is it not possible we were duped?

3.ACADEMIC: We stopped the Germans all the same, didn't we? We won.

1.ACADEMIC: Won? Tell that to the mothers who lost.

(3. ACADEMIC APPROACHES THE GROUP OF AUSTRALIAN WOMEN. "ÜÇ KIZ BİR ANA" BY RUHİ SU IS HEARD. (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NsPkWbICnKQ>)

"Karaları giymişler

Üç kız bir ana

giymişler aman

THE SONG FADES OUT. THE WOMEN TURN THEIR BACKS TO HIM.)

JACK AND ALFIE: *(ENTER, SINGING):*

Click go triggers boys, click, click, click,
Long is its shot and his bayonet's quick,
The sergeant looks around and is beaten by a blow,
And curses the young recruit who sits in the hollow.

In the middle of the beach in his cane-bottomed chair
Sits the Pommie captain with his eyes everywhere,
Notes well each dead man as they come to be seen,
Paying strict attention that his Englishmen are clean.

(3.ACADEMIC TURNS TO THE GROUP OF TURKISH WOMEN. THE OLDER WOMAN HUGS THE OTHER THREE AND THEIR WAILING INCREASES AS THEY TURN THEIR BACKS TO HIM. 1.ACADEMIC GOES AND SITS WITH THEM. THEY WELCOME HER. THE SONG "ÜÇ KIZ BİR ANA" BY RUHİ SU RESUMES:

"Sokuldum yanlarına

Üç kız bir ana

Demezler bana

Ağlarlar yana yana”)

(WINSTON CHURCHILL AND ENVER PASHA ENTER AND START DANCING TO “DANCE MACABRE” BY SAINT-SAENS FOR SOLO VIOLIN: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XyOvKrNj7rE>. UPSTAGE, WE SEE GRAVESTONES WITH A MIX OF CROSSES AND CRESCENTS ON THEM. ABDÜLHAMİD AND THE KAISER JOIN WINSTON CHURCHILL AND ENVER PASHA. THEN HENRY WICKHAM AND JULIO CESAR ARANA, THEN TALAT, CEMAL, SIR RONALD, ANDREW FISHER AND THE RICH OF MANÁOS ALL JOIN THE DANCE. THE GHOST OF THE SWAGMAN HOVERS OVER THE GRAVES.)

THE END

Gundogdu Gencer
AND THEY DIED



ekitap.ayorum.com

ⁱ <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uKXaTrH-YRg>

ⁱⁱ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qj5VkoXAAAno>

Rule, Britannia!

DR. ARNE. 1740.

Maestoso.
PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major, 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

mp

1. When Bri - tain first,..... at Heav'n's com-mand, A -
 2. The na - tions not..... so blest as thee, Must

The first system shows the vocal line with two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The dynamic marking *mp* is present.

- rose..... from out the a - - zure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the
 in..... their turn to ty - rants fall, Must in their turn..... to

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe the 'A-rose' metaphor. The dynamic marking *mp* is present.

a - zure main, This was the char-ter, the char - ter of the land, And
 ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flour-ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The

The final system concludes the piece with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe the 'charter of the land'. The dynamic marking *mp* is present.

guardian an - - gels sung this strain: }
dread and en - - vy of them all. } "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

- tan - nia, rule the waves; Bri - tons ne - - ver will be slaves."

Chorus to be sung after each verse.
Soprano.

Alto.
Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri-tan-nia, rule the waves; Bri-tons ne - ver will be slaves.
Tenor.
Bass.
Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri-tan-nia, rule the waves; Bri-tons ne - ver will be slaves.

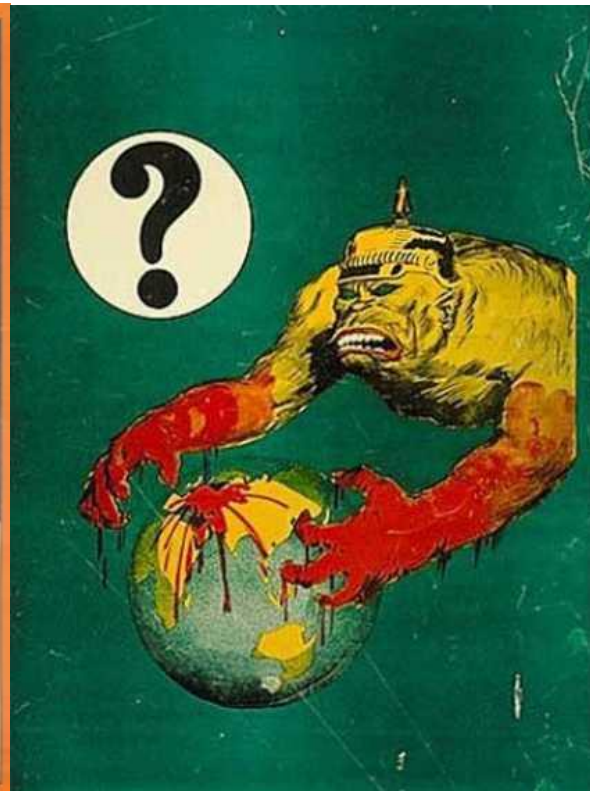
^{iv} HARMAN by ÇAĞDAŞ TÜRKÜ: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5JPRG5iWEd8>

^v We have fed you all for a thousand years:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pl6QzovB-38&index=9&list=PLF4uYz6HuuQ97uPu7kHt55yLLfRdHAV93>



vii



**Will you fight now
or wait for This**

**Would you stand by
while a bushfire raged?**

**GET BUSY,
and drive the
Germans back!**

BY THE GOVERNMENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

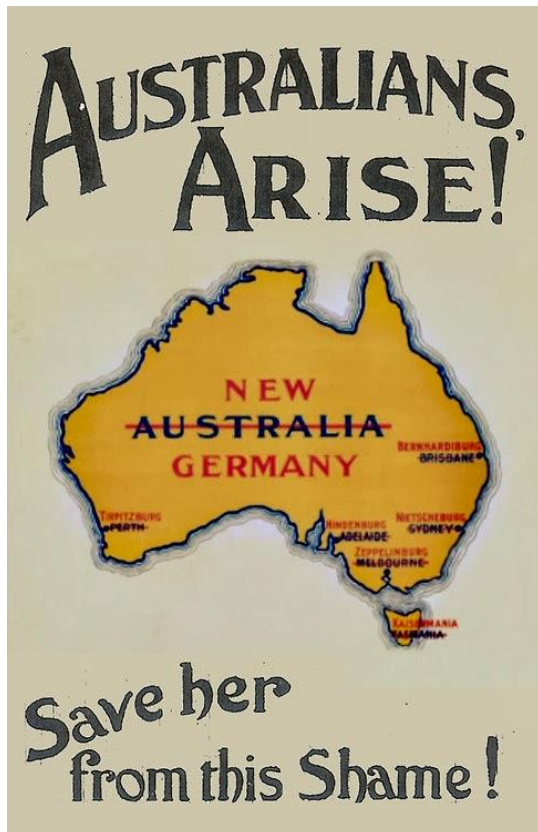
Australia has promised Britain

50,000

**MORE
MEN**

**WILL YOU
HELP US KEEP
THAT PROMISE**

© 1941



viii A bass drum slung over the shoulder

ix A primitive version of oboe with a shrill sound



x

^{xi}Ruhi Su Sarıkamış http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=89IfA_sikPO