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The Best of Enemies

FX: DISTANT WAR SOUNDS

CARUTHERS: Righto Jenkins, have you done your rounds?

JENKINS: Just on my way now, sir.

CARUTHERS: Jolly good. Quicker you get back, quicker we can get on with the Christmas Eve celebrations.

JENKINS: Absolutely, Sir.

FX: RUSTLING/NOISE OF SOMEONE APPROACHING

CARUTHERS: Halt! Who goes there? Show yourself.

JENKINS: Good God, it's a German, sir.

FX: GUN COCKING

GERHARDT: (German accent) Please, do not shoot. I wish to relay a message.

CARUTHERS: Show me your hands.

GERHARDT: (German accent) I am not Hans, I am Gerhardt.

CARUTHERS: Hands! Hands!

GERHARDT: (German accent) No, no, not Hans, (Slowly) Ger-hardt.

CARUTHERS: Shoot him, Jenkins.

GERHARDT: (German accent) Please, do not shoot. I have a message from my superiors.

CARUTHERS: Well hurry up, but keep those *HANDS*, in the air.

GERHARDT: (German accent) Yes, sir. 25-years ago, a truce was called for Christmas and the commanding officers wondered if this is something you would consider?

CARUTHERS: A truce, eh?

GERHARDT: (German accent) Ja. From 10pm tonight until 10pm on Boxing Day. That way all of the good telly will have finished.

CARUTHERS: Yes, good point. What do you think, Jenkins?

JENKINS: We do all love Christmas, so it would be quite nice to get to enjoy it, sir.

CARUTHERS: Wait a minute, how do we know this isn't just a ruse to get us to stop fighting?

GERHARDT: (German accent) I assure you we are men of our word, and we too would like to enjoy Christmas.

JENKINS: Maybe we could play a game of football, sir. Like they did in 1914.

CARUTHERS: Oh yeah, that would be good. Don't suppose your boys have any do you, Gerhardt?

GERHARDT: Unfortunately, there is only a single one within the German Army, and the fuhrer has it.

CARUTHERS: Aha! So the rumours are true then! He has only got one ball.

END