

INT. BRITISH SUBMARINE - NIGHT

The deck is manned by NAVAL OFFICERS and a particularly stern looking CAPTAIN. It is dimly lit by green sonar consoles.

SONAR OFFICER
Captain, it's been 3 days, we can't
hold out much longer.

CAPTAIN
(quietly)
Silence! We must maintain stealth...

SIGNALS OFFICER
(quietly)
Captain I have something! I think you
need to hear this!

The officer disconnects his console's headphones.

SPEAKERS
O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, wie treu
sind deine Blatter...

SONAR OFFICER
It's a Christmas truce! Just like
during the great war of 1914!

CUT TO:

INT. GERMAN SUBMARINE

As the crew sing Christmas carols the GERMAN OFFICER begins waving frantically to the crew.

GERMAN OFFICER
It has worked! Ze British are singing
back to us! A truce!

The crew rise to their feet cheering. The captain produces a leather skinned football from under his desk as everyone heads towards an exit sign, grabbing their coats and hats.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE SEA - 1 HOUR LATER

Both crews are floating lifeless in the middle of the ocean, some wearing football kits and scarfs. Their submarines are slowly sinking behind them. The football has been crumpled by the pressure and is floating near the dead captains who are wearing Santa hats.

FADE OUT.