

**Scene: A group of soldiers are preparing to go to The Front and are worried.**

Soldier 1: We're getting the call to go over the top.

Soldier 2: We don't want to go.

Chaplain: If you go, I'll go with you too.

Soldier 1: But you're not armed.

**All go, and then return.**

Soldier 1: We made it back.

Soldier 2: We stuck with you.

Chaplain: I know why you kept close. You think I've got your pay in my belt and were afraid I would lose it!

**Scene: Tired soldiers returning from The Front.**

*Chaplain is welcoming back each soldier, handing out hot drinks, clapping shoulders.*

Chaplain: Welcome back. You're safe now. Have something hot to drink. Make you feel better.

**Scene: At The Front.**

**Soldiers keeping watch over a trench.**

*Chaplain crawls to each, give each a hot drink and a pat on the shoulder. All in silence.*

**Scene: In the trenches**

Soldier 1: No chocolate, no fruit, nothing to read, no chaplain. Where is he?

Soldier 2: Not seen him since he did breakfast yesterday.

**Chaplain arrives, carrying large bag**

Chaplain: Anyone want some chocolate? Oranges? A War Cry?

Soldier 1: Yes! Where'd you get it all?

Chaplain: Walked to the base and met a truck who took me to town.

Soldier 2: But that's hours away! Must have taken you all day and all night!

Chaplain: Yes. Now, who's for some breakfast?

**Scene: In the trenches**

Soldier 1: Nearly broke my neck last night!

Soldier 2: What happened?

Soldier 1: I was carrying a stretcher but the path is so steep and slippery.

Soldier 3: Not any more. Seen the chaplain cutting new steps in the hill last night. Took him all night too.

**Scene: In the trenches.**

Chaplain: Letter, everyone! Come and get your letters! What's wrong?

Soldier 1: No one left at home to write to me.

Chaplain: Don't worry. I've put an advert in the newspaper for letters for lonely soldiers. We'll call it Adopt a Soldier! I'm sure I'll get 100 letters!

Soldier 2: This bag is for you chaplain. Must be 1,000 letters in here!

Chaplain: Who wants a letter?

All Soldiers: Me!