

Oh, no you don't. You don't get to blame me  
for all of this . . .

ANNOTHOR hurls the handful of reindeer poop at his brother, hitting him square in the face. Before AGORDOR can retaliate, GROTHON blows on his whistle again. Three sharp bursts, followed by one long peal.

GROTHON

Enough! I'm not interested in who started this debacle. But you two need to learn to work together, & sort out your differences in a more productive manner . . .

As GROTHON continues to lecture ANNOTHOR & AGORDOR, the camera pans over to the crowd of ELVES watching the scolding. There's movement at the back of the crowd, as if it's parting to let someone through. The movement creeps up to the front of the crowd until we see ELBERETH emerge from the crowd. She's wiping stray tears from her eyes, but when she sees the spectacle before her, her arm falls to her side. She takes a few minutes to look at the scene before her, & then her mouth twitches upward a little bit. Then the mirth reaches her eyes, as her mouth jumps back & forth from a smile to shock. Within seconds, she's laughing loudly, & doubled over at the hilarity of the situation. Pretty soon, many of the other ELVES follow suit.

GROTHON stops his haranguing & looks back to see most of the ELVES laughing. He looks over & sees MRS. CLAUS trying to hide her own amusement at the situation by holding her hand over her mouth (only her cheeks, & the glee in her eyes gives her away). Then GROTHON sees ELBERETH calming down from her giggling fit, but in a clearly much better mood than earlier. This makes him feel good enough that he's no longer angry at the brothers. But he turns to them anyway.

We see the crowd of ELVES break up into various groups; some of them still outside in the wintry night, & others just inside of the big stable doors. A few stray ELVES walk over to the two brothers, who are each in their own area of the stable, beginning to clean up the mess they caused.