

INT. SAINT NICK'S WORKSHOP - ASSEMBLY LINE - NIGHT

THE VERY LAST PRESENT makes its way down a conveyor belt, being wrapped and ribboned by ELF HANDS. As it reaches the end of the belt, it dumps into a large bag filled with presents.

A WHISTLE BLOWS. An old timer, WILLOUGHBY, yells out.

WILLOUGHBY
Closing time!

WORKER ELVES, some covered in soot, some with injured hands and makeshift crutches, all looking in various states of exhaustion, hop to their feet, excited to be heading home.

As they do... they start to SING a **CHRISTMAS EVE SONG...**

ALL
THAT CHRISTMAS EVE WHISTLE IS
BLOWIN' /
THE SNOW OUTSIDE IS A-SNOWIN' /
THE TOYS HAVE BEEN MADE /
THE PRESENTS BEEN WRAPPED /
AND THE ELVES CAN FINALLY GET
PAAAAID! /

Meanwhile... THEOBALD, balding, stodgy, almost perfectly round stands by the enormous industrial doors out of the factory, looking imperious. He's the workshop foreman, a hard job he's fought hard to get. No nonsense.

THEOBALD
Torstein?

He looks to TORSTEIN, a big strong viking of an elf, who swings the factory doors wide open. Snow begins blowing in.

EXT. SAINT NICK'S WORKSHOP - COURTYARD - NIGHT

ELVES pour out of the workshop into a courtyard where a bronze statue of SAINT NICK (you may know him as Santa Claus) stands, larger than life. He looks jolly and noble, the statue posed as though handing out gifts to some eager children.

ALL
WHICH MEANS THAT /
CHRISTMAS EVE IS FINALLY HERE /
IT'S THE GREATEST NIGHT OF THE
YEAR /