

The Enchanting Prelude to The "Other" Red Book of Westmarch

A Pythonesque retelling
of J.R.R. Tolkien's classic
tale known as The Hobbit

XENOCORP PRESENTS A JAMES HAINES PRODUCTION

MONTY PYTHON

THE HOBBIT or THERE AND BACK AGAIN, etc...

Narrator: In the lands west of the Brandywine in the gently rolling green hills and woods of what was once the proud Kingdom of Arnor is The Shire. A lone hobbit lass, buxom and in the flush of youth, pauses in her early morning trek on the ridge of a flower strewn hill to greet the rising sun with song.

Estella: (singing) Baggins. The one they called Bilbo.

He was born... born one summer morn--

He was born to be-- the one of destiny.

A hobbit called Bilbo--

A hobbit called Bilbo.

He had short arms... and short legs...

And quick hands... and furry feet,

This hobbit... whose name was Bilbo--

And its true... he grew up here, its true--

He grew up to be--

Yes, its quite true you see--

A Baggins called Bilbo--

A Baggins called Bilbo,

And he had brown curly hair.

Yes, saying he was a bit pudgy is fair.

And smoke rings he would blow,

In the setting sun's glow.

The original we all know,

He was certainly no--

No "klepto Kinder" named Bilbo,

Nor a "nerdy Gnome" named Bilbo.

Those rip-offs are cheap on ebay,

Compared to the one that started it all.

When on that fateful day,

At his door a wizard did call--

On a hobbit called Bilbo--

This hobbit called Baggins--

The hobbit they called Bilbo--

This hobbit called Bilbo Baggins!

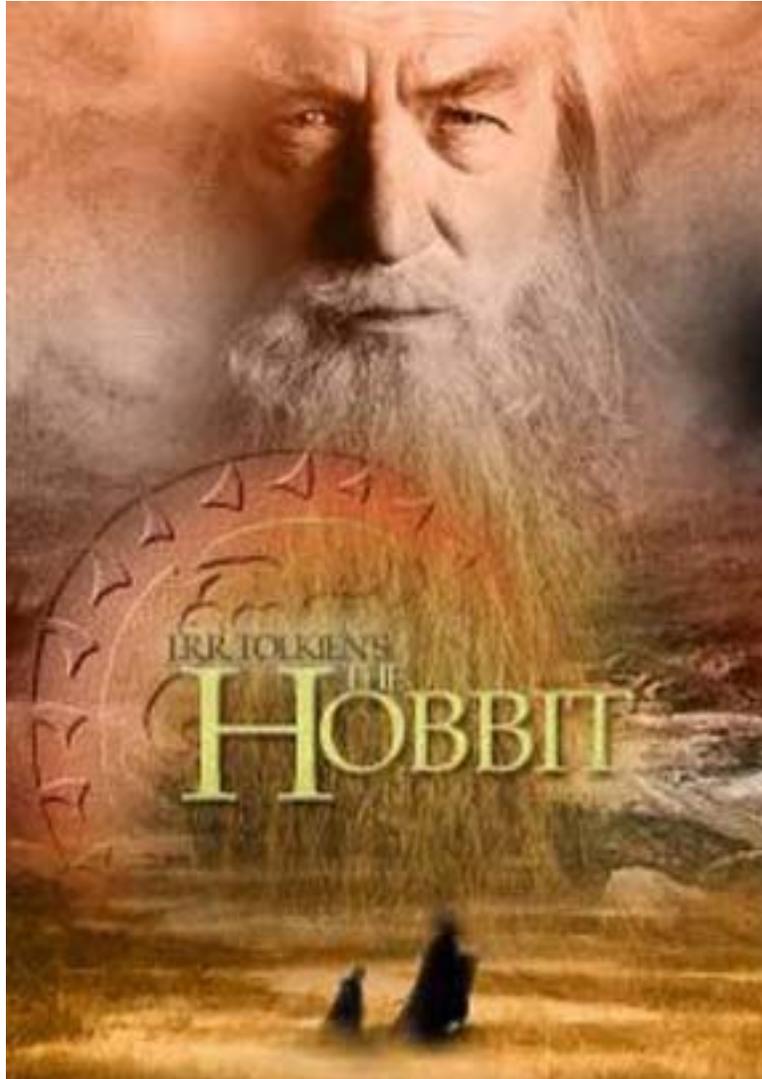
[CRASH]

[THUD]

Estella: Aiee!

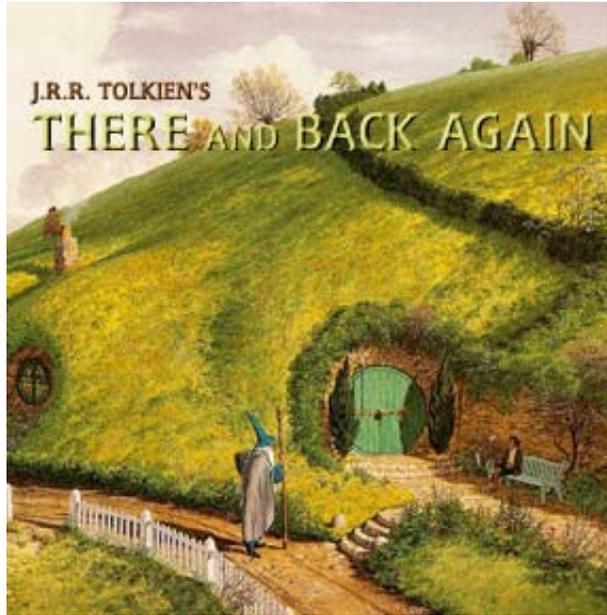
Hstaphath: Yes, its now time for the enchanting "prelude" to [Monty Python: Lord of the Rings](#) that you've all been waiting for!

XenoCorp (XC) Pictures
in association with Monty Python
presents



J.R.R. Tolkien's: Dën Høbitsån

or



J.R.R. Tølkiën's: Där un Och Igën

or (if you prefer)



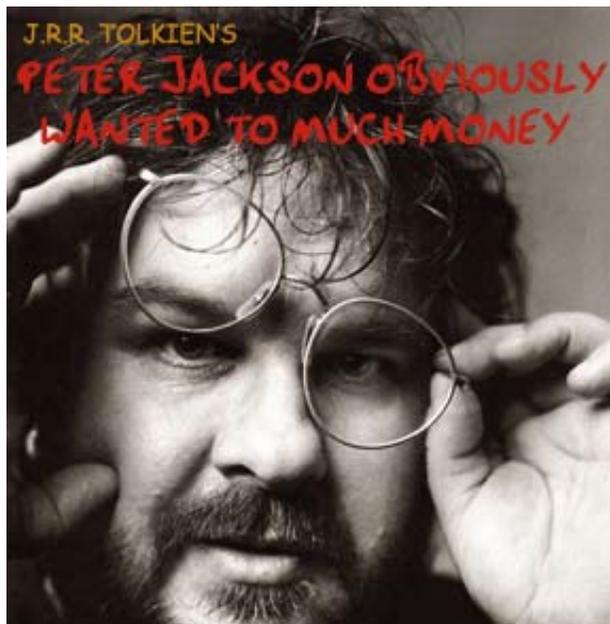
J.R.R. Tølkiën's: Dën Livet uv Bilbodån

or (as the old Hobbit himself was rather fond of)



J.R.R. Tølkiën's: En Høbitsånil Hølidäk

or (to be truly accurate, of course)



J.R.R. Tølkiën's: Nðu Linå Cinëmatik är Greidi Bästardskå

or (perhaps—

[SMACK]

[THUD]

[SLAM]

Hstaphath: Right! That will be quite enough of *that*. Now... let's get on with it, eh?

Written by:
James Haines
(aka: Hstaphath - The Official Bard of XenoCorp)
Røten nik Akten Di

Scene 1: A Sack Full of Baggins

Narrator: It is early morning in the lands known as the Shire. A mother hobbit works to start a fire to cook breakfast in a small hobbit hole that has certainly seen better days. Her newborn baby is slung close to her as she goes about her chores. Unexpectedly, company appears at the door.

Baby Lotho: (crying)

Thorin: Ahem.

Lobelia: Ohhh!

[WHUMP]

Lobelia: Who are you?

Thorin: We are three dwarves of Erebor, the Lonely Mountain.

Lobelia: What?!

Thorin: We are three dwarves.

Lobelia: Well, what are you doing creeping around hobbit holes at this hour of the morning?

Balin: We are adventurers.

Thorin: We have come from the East following the signs left to guide us in search of the hobbit named Baggins that lives here.

Lobelia: Is this some kind of joke?

Dwalin: We need to take him with us.

Balin: He is to be the lucky number!

Thorin: We have it on excellent authority from a most reknown wizard that his accompanying us is key to our reclaiming my lost kingdom.

Lobelia: Wizard? You're all drunk. It's disgusting. Out! The lot-- out!

Thorin: No--

Lobelia: Bursting in here with tales about magicians and lonely bears... Come on-- out!

Dwalin: No, no. We must take him.

Lobelia: Go and grab someone else's brat! Go on!

Dwalin: We--

Thorin: We were sent here by Gandalf the Grey.

Lobelia: Or led by a bottle, more like. Go on. Out!

Thorin: Well-- well, we must take him. We wish to give him a one fourteenth share of the treasure.

Lobelia: Out!

Dwalin: Gold. Silver. Mithril.

(pause)

Lobelia: Well, why didn't you say? Here he is. Sorry the place is a bit of a mess. Well... what is mithril, anyway?

Balin: It is an extremely rare alloy.

Lobelia: An alloy!? What are you giving him an alloy for? It might bite him.

Balin: What?

Lobelia: That's a dangerous animal, that is!

Thorin: No, it isn't.

Lobelia: Yes, it is. It's great, big-- ummm...

Balin: No, no, no. It is a type of metal.

Lobelia: Aww-- there is an animal called an alloy... or did I dream it? So, you're adventurers, are you? Well, what is he then?

Dwalin: Hmm?

Lobelia: What adventurer class is he?

Thorin: Uh, burglar.

Lobelia: Uhh, burglar, eh? What are they like?

Thorin: Ooh, well... he burgles things. Sneaks into places others might not be able to go.

Balin: A thief.

Lobelia: Ohh-- Thief class, is it?

Dwalin: Uh... no, actually. The class was changed to *rogue* with the start of the third edition rules--
errr... age. Third age.

Balin: Whatever. A rogue, then.

Lobelia: Ohh, I was going to say... rogue sounds much more respectable. Dashing, even!

[sniff]

Thorin: By what name are you calling him?

Lobelia: Uh, Lotho. Lotho Sackville-Baggins.

Thorin: Burglar Lotho, our terms are cash on delivery... up to and not exceeding one fourteenth of total profits, all travelling expenses guaranteed and funeral expenses to be defrayed by us or our representatives if the occasion arises and the matter is not otherwise--

Lobelia: Do you do a lot of this, then?

Thorin: What?

Lobelia: This hiring of infants.

Balin: No, no. No, no.

Lobelia: Well, ummm-- if you're dropping by again, do pop in. Heh... and he should get any silver spoons you come across in that treasure you mentioned. Errr... but don't worry too much about the mithril. All right? Heh. Thank you. Good-bye.

(the Dwarves leave with the baby Lotho)

Lobelia: Well, wasn't that nice? Hmmm. Out of their bloody minds, but still... they got that brat out of my hair at least.

(outside the Sackville-Baggins smial)

Gandalf: Thorin Oakenshield! What in blazes are you doing with that infant?!

Thorin: Wha-- but... I thought--

Gandalf: You've obviously gone in the exact *opposite* direction my last rune marker pointed!

Dwalin: Told you.

Balin: Oh, stuff it!

(the Dwarves rush back in and shove baby Lotho into Lobelia's arms)

Lobelia: Hey now! Hey! He is, he's-- he's going with you! What if I drop the spoons stipulation?! Oh--
come on!

[WHUMP]

Baby Lotho: (crying)

Lobelia: Shut up.

[SMACK]

Scene 2: The Ereborian Dwarven Popular Front of Erebor

Narrator: So it came to pass that 13 dwarves, a wizard, and a bewildered hobbit set out on an adventure. After many days of travel east, they passed beyond the civilized hills of the Shire and Bree-land. Running short on rations, they press onward through a rainy day and on into the night along the ancient overgrown road they travel.

Gandalf: I would think, Thorin, that any monarchal restoration group like yours should reflect such a divergence of interests and alliances within its power-base for best effect against that dreaded worm Smaug.

Thorin: Agreed. Dwalin?

Dwalin: Yeah, I think Gandalf's point of view is very valid, Thorin, provided we never forget that it is the inalienable right of every dwarf male--

Gloin: Or demi-dwarf.

Dwalin: Or demi-dwarf male--

Nori: Or non-dwarf.

Bilbo: Thanks!

Dwalin: Or non-dwarf male--

Bofur: Or female.

Dwalin: Or female... to rid himself--

Bofur: Or herself.

Dwalin: Or herself.

Balin: Agreed.

Dwalin: Thank you, brother.

Bofur: Or sister.

Dwalin: Or sister. Where was I?

Fili: I think you'd finished.

Dwalin: Oh... right.

Thorin: Furthermore, it is the birthright of every dwarven, demi-dwarven, and non-dwarven male--

Bofur: Or female.

Thorin: Why don't you shut up about females, Bofur. You're putting us off and we don't even have any ruddy females with us.

Bofur: Females have a perfect right to play a part in our group, Thorin.

Ori: Why are you always on about females, Bofur?

Bofur: I want to be one.

Thorin: What?

Bofur: I want to be female. From now on, I want you all to call me *Loretta*.

Thorin: What?!

Loretta: It's my right as a dwarf.

Kili: Or demi-dwarf.

Loretta: Or demi-dwarf.

Oin: Or non-dwarf.

Loretta: Or non-dwarf.

(it is at this point that Gandalf shrewdly decides it would be a good time to scout ahead along the road they travel)

Bombur: Well, why do you want to be called Loretta, Bofur?

Loretta: I want to have babies.

Dori: You want to have babies?!

Loretta: It's every dwarf's right to have babies if he wants them.

Thorin: But you-- you can't have babies.

Loretta: Don't you oppress me.

Thorin: I'm not oppressing you, Bofur. You haven't got a womb! Where's the fetus going to gestate?! You going to keep it in a sack?!

Loretta: (starts crying)

Dwalin: Here, now! I-- I've got an idea. Suppose you agree that he can't actually have babies, not having a womb... which is nobody's fault, of course, but that he can have the *right* to have babies.

Bifur: Good idea, Dwalin. We shall struggle forth for your right to have babies, brother... sister. Sorry.

Thorin: What's the point?

Dwalin: What?

Thorin: What's the point of arguing for his right to have babies when he can't have babies?!

Bifur: It is symbolic of our struggle against oppression and victimization.

Thorin: (muttering) Symbolic of his struggle against reality!

Bilbo: You know, the more I think on it... I believe I may have heard news of your group before. A band of displaced dwarves fighting to free their mountain home from a cruel invading dragon.

Dwalin: Honestly?

Thorin: It wouldn't surprise me if word of our deeds and tribulations had reached even your village of Hobbiton by now.

Bilbo: Yes... are you the Ereborian Dwarven Front?

Dori: Bugger off!

Bilbo: Wha-- what?

Thorin: Ereborian Dwarven Front... we're the Dwarven Front of Erebor! I am son of Thrain son of Thror and true heir of the King Under the Mountain! Ereborian Dwarven Front-- Cawk.

Oin: Wankers.

Bilbo: I am terribly sorry, I meant no offense!

Dwalin: Listen, we are the one group with not only a legitimate claim, but also the zeal to actually do something about that accursed worm slumbering in our mountain.

Bilbo: Well, even though I'm still at a loss as to how I became a part of this expedition, I very much understand your devotion to getting rid of that dragon. Awful creatures, they are.

Balin: Are you sure?

Bilbo: Oh, very sure. I detest dragons already.

Thorin: Listen, if you really wanted to be of service to the D.F.E., you'd have to *really* hate dragons.

Bilbo: I do!

Thorin: Oh, yeah? How much?

Bilbo: A lot!

Thorin: Right... listen. The only thing we hate more than dragons are those damnable Ereborian Dwarven Fronters.

Kili: Yeah...

Bombur: Splitters.

Dori: Splitters.

Dwalin: And the Ereborian Popular Dwarven Front.

Gloin: Yeah. Oh, yeah. Splitters...

Ori: Splitters.

Loretta: And the Dwarven Front of Erebor.

Fili: Yeah. Splitters...

Oin: Splitters.

Thorin: What?

Loretta: The Dwarven Front of Erebor. Splitters.

Thorin: We *are* the Dwarven Front of Erebor!

Loretta: Oh-- I thought we were the Popular Front.

Thorin: Dwarven Front! C-huh.

Balin: Whatever happened to the Popular Front, Thorin?

Thorin: That was Nain son of Gror... went to Khazad-dum and got himself killed.

Nori: Heh... splitter!

(the dwarves and hobbit come to a stop at the sight of a campfire off in the woods a good distance away from the dark road they travel... the smell of mutton cooking over a fire drifts over to them on the chill wind)

Thorin: What's your first name again, burglar Baggins?

Bilbo: Bilbo. Bilbo Baggins.

Thorin: We may have a little burgle job for you, Bilbo...

Narrator: Nearly an hour later, Bilbo has been captured by the owners of the campfire the dwarves sent him off to investigate. Three trolls (whom we shall call William, Tom, and Bert since their names in the crude trollish tongue sound even more ridiculous) are quite surprised by the sudden appearance of their "guest."

William: Blimey, look at this-- it was reaching into my pocket!

Tom: What is it?!

William: Bugger if I know... what are you?

Bilbo: Bil--Billbbbo--

Bert: Come on, out with it!

William: Will you be quiet?

Bilbo: B--Bilbo--

Tom: Don't pick your nose.

William: I wasn't picking my nose. I was scratching.

Tom: You was picking it, while you was talking to that little rabbit.

Bilbo: Bilbo Ba--Baggg--

William: I wasn't!

Tom: Leave it alone. Give it a rest.

Bert: Do you mind? I can't hear a word it's saying.

Tom: Don't you "do you mind" me. I was talking to Bill!

Bert: Well, go and talk to him somewhere else. I can't hear a bloody thing.

William: Why don't *you* go somewhere else?

Bert: I was only asking him to shut up, so I can hear what it's saying, Big Nose.

Tom: Don't you call Bill *Big Nose*!

Bert: Well, he has got a big nose.

William: Could you be quiet, please?

Bilbo: Bilbo Ba-Baggins, a--

William: What was that?

Bilbo: Bilbo Baggins, a bur-- a hobbit.

Bert: What did it say? I was too busy talking to Big Nose.

Tom: I think it was *burrahobbit*.

William: Ahh, what's a burrahobbit?

Tom: Well, obviously, it is some subspecies of burrowing mammal... like a beardless dwarf, eh?

Bert: See? If you hadn't been going on, we'd have heard that, Big Nose.

William: Hey-- say that once more and I'll smash your bloody face in.

Tom: Oh, lay off him.

Bert: Oh, you're not so bad yourself, Conk Face. You two should head down to Mordor and see if they need any more *Nose-guls*!

William: One more time, mate-- I'll take you to the bloody cleaners!

Bilbo: There are lots of us, you should let me go!

Tom: You hear that? There are more of them!

William: Yeah?

Bilbo: Ummm-- actually, there are none at all. Just me.

Bert: What do you mean by lots and then none?!

William: That's what I want to know and stay out of this, Bert!

Tom: And don't pick your nose.

William: I wasn't going to pick my nose. I was going to thump him!

Tom: You're not going to thump anybody.

William: I'll thump him if he calls me *Big Nose* again.

Bert: Oh, shut up, Big Nose.

William: Ah! All right... I warned you. I really will slug you so hard--

Bert: Listen, I'm only telling the truth. You have got a *very* big nose.

William: Hey, your nose is going to be three feet wide across your face by the time I've finished with you!

Bert: Well, who hit yours, then? A balrog?

William: Oh. Right. That's your last warning.

(a spectacular fight ensues between the trolls Bill and Bert while Tom whacks at them both with a stick)

Tom: Break it up-- oh... Oh!

Gandalf: Dawn take you all and be stoned!

Narrator: The first morning rays of sunlight strike the trolls, instantly turning all three to solid rock where they can still be found to this day. A nice fountain and picnic area has been added recently, by the way, so bring the kids and make a day of it.

Bilbo: Excellent, Gandalf! That was truly masterful the way you disguised your voice to keep them arguing so long.

Gandalf: What?

Bilbo: You disguised your voice to get them to fight, didn't you?

Gandalf: Ummm-- yes. Yes, I did... and we will be sticking to that version of the story from here on out.

Bilbo: The trolls dropped this key--

Gandalf: Good! We get first dibs on any loot we find.

Bilbo: I call the roast mutton!

Gandalf: Sure, then we will go find out where our companions have gotten off to.

Bilbo: Right... no rush.

Narrative Interlude: Revelations in Rivendell

Narrator: With the trolls and bad weather behind them, the fellowship-- errr... sorry, I was thinking of something else. Ummm-- yes, I meant obviously, the "15 companions" made their way to the hidden valley of Rivendell. Here, in the "last homely house east of the sea" amongst merry singing elves dwelt Elrond the half-elven bard who--

Elrond: How in Middle-earth did you just jump to the conclusion I was a *bard*? Where is that written anywhere?!

Narrator: Oh, come on! A half-elf with good combat feats *and* a high lore skill? All that ruddy singing going on at your place at all hours... really now. You're not fooling anyone, you know.

Elrond: It's a fair cop.

Elves: (singing in the trees)

The sound of ponies in the valley,
Good elves, hide your beer and bread.
Beware the bill you will tally,
When a Baggins named Bilbo is fed!

The hobbit! The hobbit!
He rides a diminutive steed.
The hobbit! The hobbit!
He'll clear your pantry, indeed.

Blue: his cloak of finest wool.
Blue: his blade of elven metal.
His companions take him for a fool.
His pot is as empty as his kettle!

The hobbit! The hobbit!
With nary a clue or plan.
The hobbit! The hobbit!
Outwit a dragon, if you can.

Narrator: After many days of rest and recovery, during which time Lord Elrond's food stores fell under tremendous sustained assault, a midsummer's eve dinner meeting is called to clear up a few matters and get the quest going again. After reading the "Made in Gondolin - Elven Metalworker's Union 537" tags on the 3 blades Bilbo, Gandalf, and Thorin recovered from the troll loot, Elrond makes a startling discovery while holding Thorin's map up to read it in the light of the crescent moon.

Elrond: There are moon letters here! See the runes along the left?

Gandalf: I just knew I shouldn't have given up reading by moonlight no matter how bad it is on my old eyes!

Thorin: What do these moon runes say?

Elrond: They read:

When it's Durin's Day,
See what you may.

When the thrush knocks,
By the grey rocks.
When the sun sinks low,
The keyhole will show.
Use the key quick to get in,
Or, damn you, you'll have to wait a whole bloody year to try it all again!

Thorin: Inconceivable!

Elrond: Indeed, he threw the whole metrical structure and cadence off with that last line.

Thorin: No, I mean about there being a secret passage.

Gandalf: I suppose a locked hidden door explains this key Thrain said went with the map.

Thorin: My father was able to hide a key for 5 long years while a prisoner in Dol Guldur?!

Gandalf: Yes, and the map. Trust me on this, you do *not* want to know any further details.

Balin: This is definitely better than our original plan of walking right in the front gate!

Loretta: Tha-- that was the plan?

Thorin: Well... we were going to send the burglar in first, mind you.

Loretta: Oh, right.

Bilbo: What?!

Gandalf: Never mind that now. We have many other deadly dangers to face before we even reach Erebor.

Thorin: Indeed, let us set our minds to those first.

Gandalf: The roads east have become dangerous, overgrown, and lost altogether in places.

Elrond: With that in mind, the finest cartographers in Rivendel have prepared a map of the area where you will be traveling.

(Elrond hands Gandalf a large piece of parchment)

Gandalf: There's nothing on it!

Elrond: Yes. Ummm... they'd be most grateful if you could fill it in as you go along.

Bilbo: I am so screwed, aren't I...

Narrator: Refreshed with high hopes of success (well, except for Bilbo, naturally) the companions once again set forth.

Balin: Haha!

Fili: Wahaha!

Ori: Hahaha!

Loretta: Ahahaha!

(Balin notices that Bilbo seems sad and distant)

Balin: Not joining us in the "haha's" Bilbo?

Bilbo: No... I'm thinking of the sweet valley of Rivendell and the beautiful elven girl I left behind. I shall never love any woman but her.

Gandalf: How extraordinary! Who is she?

Bilbo: Serailian Linnod'aduial, the "Eveningsong" she is called.

Gandalf: *The* Serailian Linnod'aduial?

Bilbo: Yes.

Gandalf: Serailian "bury me in a Y-shaped coffin" Linnod'aduial?

Bilbo: Errr-- I think there may be *two* Serailian Linnod'aduials...

Dwalin: Gloin, isn't she the one that you, Dori, Nori--

Gloin: Shhh!

Dwalin: Ori, Fili, Kili, and even Bombur all--

Gloin: Shush already!!!

Gandalf: Anyway, put her far from your mind... your chances of seeing her again are rather remote.

Bilbo: You don't think she will wait for me?

Gandalf: I was thinking more about your odds of surviving, but don't bet on that either.

Bilbo: Bugger.

Scene 3: A Simple Misunderstanding

Narrator: Making their way through a pass in the Misty Mountains, the companions find shelter in a cave for the night as a fierce storm rages. In short order, they are captured by goblins and Gandalf goes missing. "Goblin" is just another name for "orc," by the way, with the only apparent difference being that those called "goblins" are generally not as intelligent as those called "orcs." Given the mental capacity of the common orc, that's really saying something! So, it should come as no surprise to anyone that, unlike their southern Mordor-bred cousins, the goblins of the Misty Mountains do not speak the common tongue... and barely speak the orcish.

(the thirteen dwarves and one hobbit are dragged into a great torch-lit cavern filled with goblins and brought before the dread and fearsome looking head goblin who sits upon a large stone throne)

Thorin: Well, I suppose I should see if I can sort this out.

(Thorin steps forward as the head goblin begins reading haltingly from a phrase book)

Head Goblin: I will not buy this gourd, it is scratched.

Thorin: Sorry?

Head Goblin: I will not buy this gourd, it is scratched.

Thorin: Uh, no, no, no. We are travelers, not merchants.

Head Goblin: Ah! I will not buy this "merchants," it is scratched.

Thorin: No, no, no, no. Travelers... ummm... adventurers.

Head Goblin: Ya! Addy-ven-tour-ers-- Ya! Uh... my shrubbery is full of eels.

Thorin: What?!

Head Goblin: My shrubbery (pantomimes the shape of a mountain)... is full of eels (points to the dwarves).

Thorin: Ahhh, dwarves! You want to know why we are here?

Head Goblin: Ya! Ya! Ya! Ya! Do you waaaa-- do you waaaaant... to come back to my place, bouncy-bouncy?

(pause)

Thorin: I-- ummm... I don't believe you are using that thing correctly.

Head Goblin: You great punter.

Thorin: We just want safe passage through the mountains, please.

Head Goblin: If I said you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me? I-- I am no longer infected.

Thorin: Uh, may I?

(Thorin takes the phrase book and flips through it)

Thorin: Ummmm... safe passage... ah! Here we are--

(Thorin speaks the orcish words)

Head Goblin: Yeeaaarggh?!?!

(the Head Goblin jumps up from his throne and knocks Thorin away from him)

Narrator: It was at that moment that Gandalf suddenly appeared in the cavern right between the head goblin and Thorin.

Gandalf: What's going on here, then?

Head Goblin: Ah! You have beautiful thighs.

Gandalf: (looks down at himself) What?!

Thorin: (pointing at the head goblin) He hit me!

Head Goblin: (pointing at Thorin) Drop your panties, Sir Boromir, I can not wait 'til lunchtime!

Gandalf: RIGHT!!!

(Gandalf pulls out his sword and slices the head goblin nearly in half)

Head Goblin: (dying) My nipples explode with delight!

(Gandalf uses his staff to create a magical wind that blows the torches out and chaos ensues as sword, axe, and magic are used by the companions to make their escape-- when suddenly the scene abruptly switches to a courtroom in Rivendell)

Glorfindel: Call Jaeih t`Radaik!

(elven voices sing out the name several times)

Elrond: Oh, shut it!

Glorfindel: (to Jaeih) You are Jaeih t`Radaik?

Jaeih: (in a sing-song voice) Oh, I am.

Glorfindel: Skip the impersonations. You are Jaeih t`Radaik?

Jaeih: I am.

Glorfindel: You are hereby charged that on the 12th day of Nórui, 2931, you did willfully, unlawfully, and with malice of forethought, publish an alleged common-orcish phrase book with intent to cause a breach of the peace. How do you plead?

Jaeih: Not guilty.

Glorfindel: You live at 3080 Kestrel Way?

Jaeih: I do live at 3080 Kestrel Way.

Glorfindel: You are the owner of a publishing company?

Jaeih: I am the owner of a publishing company.

Glorfindel: Your company publishes phrase books?

Jaeih: My company does publish phrase books.

Glorfindel: You did say 3080 Kestrel Way, didn't you?

Jaeih: Yes--

Glorfindel: Ah-hah! Got you!

(all the elves laugh and applaud)

Elrond: Get on with it, get on with it.

Glorfindel: That's fine. On the 12th of Nórui, you published this phrase book.

Jaeih: I did.

Glorfindel: I quote on example... the orcish phrase meaning "Can you direct me to the nearest inn?" is translated by the common phrase, "Please fondle my twig and berries."

Jaeih: I wish to plead incompetence.

La'ra: (suddenly stands up from the jury) Please-- may I ask for an adjournment, m'lord Elrond?

Elrond: An adjournment? Certainly not!

(La'ra sits down again, emitting perhaps the longest and loudest release of bodily gas in the history of Middle-earth)

Elrond: By the sacred Valar, why didn't you say *WHY* you wanted an adjournment?!

La'ra: I didn't know an acceptable legal phrase, m'lord.

(cut to the [Ballad of Bilbo Baggins](#))

Elrond: (banging and swinging a gavel) If there's any more stock film of Leonard Nimoy singing, I'll clear this court!

Scene 4: Canned Meat in the Dark

Narrator: Separated from his companions and hopelessly lost in the maze of tunnels beneath the mountain, the hobbit Bilbo Baggins somehow manages to stumble across a golden ring. Bilbo continues following a dark downward passage, absently putting the trinket in his pocket, until the tunnel abruptly comes to an end at a vast underground lake. While resting and gathering his wits about him, the hobbit discovers he is not alone...

Bilbo: Oh-- hello there! I am Mr. Bilbo Baggins, of Hobbiton, and I'm looking for a way out of this mountain. Would you happen to be able to assist me?

Gollum: It musn't come down here with its posh talk, the nasty, stuck-up twit-- Gollum!

Bilbo: I beg your pardon?

Gollum: Praps it can sit and chat a bitsy, yess. Praps it likes riddles?

Bilbo: Yes, of course... I've lost the dwarves and I've lost the wizard so I might as well.

Gollum: Very kind, it is, the slimy trollop! What kind of a ponce iss it, my precious?

Bilbo: I'm sorry? Well... you ask a riddle first, then.

Gollum: Meat of a sort that's one of a kind.

Stab a chicken with a fork,

Add ham and pork,

Then they gives it all a grind.

Bilbo: Easy! Spam, I suppose.

Gollum: Does it guess eassy, the great poofy poonagger!?

Bilbo: What?

Gollum: It must have a competition with us... if precious asks and it doesn't answer, then we its eat. If it asks and we doesn't answer, then we shows it the way out, yes!

Bilbo: Oh, all right. It would appear I don't have much of a choice.

Gollum: "Oh, all right" ssays the great Baggins like a la-di-dah poofta-- Gollum!

Bilbo: I beg your pardon?

Gollum: We thanks it for agreeing and precious is ready for a riddle, yess.

Bilbo: Uh-- excuse me.

Gollum: What does it want now, the great sslow pillock?!

Bilbo: Well... I can't help noticing, Mr. Gollum, that you insult me and then you're polite to me alternately.

Gollum: Oh-- we are terribly sorry to hear the precious is being naughty.

Bilbo: That's all right. I suppose it doesn't really matter.

Gollum: Tough titty if it did, the nasty spotted prancer-- Gollum!

Bilbo: The eyes are open... the mouth moves... but Mr. Brain has long since departed, hasn't he?

Gollum: (blinking) It must ask us a riddle, my precious.

Bilbo: On a meal plan,

Its often fried.

Stuck in a can,

When the meat died.

Gollum: Chestnuts, chestnuts-- Spam, it is!

Bilbo: Correct.

Gollum: Meat on a platter, give it a shakesy.

First it wiggles,

Then it jiggles,
Then we partakesy.

Bilbo: Hmm... it could be deviled ham, naturally, yet nothing wiggles and jiggles like a fresh block of Spam.

Gollum: Yes, yess-- Gollum!

Bilbo: Meat on a hook saw meat in a cube,

"That meat is like to this meat,"

Said the first meat,

"The same way reading a book
is like watching the tube!"

(this was a much harder riddle for Gollum, who had to bring up memories from ages upon ages before, when he lived with his grandmother in a hole in a hill by a river... when she would read to him after a tasty dinner of--)

Gollum: Spam! Spam it means, it does.

Bilbo: Right again.

Gollum: Swine without breath,

Spiced after death,

Never oinking, never squeeling,

Clad in tin never clinking.

Bilbo: I believe I've heard that sort of thing before, Spam!

Gollum: (muttering) Yes, it guesseses again, my preciouss...

Bilbo: A can without soup, veggies, or fin.

Instead, meaty treasure is hid within.

(this proved a nasty poser for Gollum who hissed and spluttered to himself for some time)

Bilbo: Well, what is your answer? A kettle boiling over, by the sound of it.

Gollum: Spam! Not tuna, no, my preciouss... Spam it is!

Bilbo: Oh bother, I thought I might have had you with that one.

Gollum: This thing in many ways devoured,

Baked, broiled, grilled, floured.

On pizza, as a tasty sandwich,

In casseroles, or on sspinach.

No matter a lot or a smidgeon,

This would surely kill a vegan.

(Bilbo sat for quite some time thinking of all the wonderful meals he so loved to cook in his kitchen back in his cozy home of Bag End, now so very far away)

Gollum: Is it nice, my preciousss? Is it juicy yet scrumptiously crunchable-- Gollum!

Bilbo: Half a moment, I gave you plenty of time for your guesses!

Gollum: It must make haste, yesss, haste!

(suddenly, Bilbo got to thinking about what sort of meal he would fix for a houseguest such as Mr. Gollum)

Bilbo: Spam! Spam!!!

Gollum: Arrgh, yesss! Its got to ask uss a question, my preciouss, yes, yess, yesss... just one more question to guess, yes, yesss...

(unfortunately, Bilbo was beyond frazzled by this whole scene and, no matter how he slapped and pinched himself [dramatic pause as several hundred slash stories regarding Bilbo's sexual preferences suddenly begin being written simultaneously], he simply could not think of another riddle)

Bilbo: (putting his hands in his pockets) Hmm...

Gollum: Ask us, it musst ask usss-- Gollum-gollum!

Bilbo: What have I got in my pockets?

Gollum: Not fair! What sort of sstupid piss pot tossing question is that, my precious?!

Bilbo: Yes, what have I got in my pockets?

Gollum: Ssss... of all the... it *must* give uss three guesseses, my precious. Three guesseses, yess.

Bilbo: (taking his hands out of his pockets) Very well, guess away!

Gollum: Handses!

Bilbo: Ha-ha, nope!

Gollum: Knife?

Bilbo: Wrong! Last guess.

(now Gollum was in a worse state than Bilbo had just been in, rocking himself backwards and forwards, wriggling and squirming, but still not daring to waste his last guess)

Bilbo: Come on, I'm waiting.

Gollum: (muttering angrily to himself)

Bilbo: Time's up!

Gollum: Spam, or nothing!

Bilbo: Both wrong! So... the way out of here, if you please.

Gollum: Did we say so, my precious? Yes, yesss... show the nasty little Baggins the way out, yes. But what has it got in its pocketeses, eh? Not Spam, preciousss... but not *nothing*-- Gollum!

Bilbo: Never you mind! A promise is a promise, after all.

Gollum: Impatient it is, precious, and cross... but it musst wait a moment, yess it must. Gets us a few things to help us to go through the tunnels, yesss... we musst, yess.

(with surprising speed, Gollum flapped back to his boat and set off for his small island in the middle of the underground lake)

Bilbo: Well... all right, but please do hurry up.

(arriving back on his island, Gollum went straight to his special hiding place where he kept a few wretched oddments such as a shiny rock, an [old cup](#), and one very beautiful, wonderful... precious golden ring)

Gollum: My birthday-present! We wantss it, yes, we wantss it! The misserable Baggins won't see us, will it, my precious? No. It won't see us and its nasty little sword will be useless, yesss-- Gollum-gollum!

Bilbo: (shouting) What is taking so long?

(a ghastly screech rings out and Bilbo takes a moment to realize it is coming from Gollum)

Gollum: Where iss it?! WHERE ISSS IT?!!

Bilbo: Oh bother, what now?

Gollum: (wailing) Lost... LOST! Curse us and crush us, my precious is lost-- Gollum!

Bilbo: (shouting) What have you lost?

Gollum: It mustn't ask us, my precious... not its bussiness, no.

Bilbo: (shouting) Come along, whatever you have lost! You never answered my last question and I want to get unlost!

(a realization dawns on Gollum)

Gollum: What has it got in its pocketeses? Tell us-- Gollum-gollum-gollum!!!

Bilbo: Errr... answers were to be guessed, not given.

(Bilbo saw that the light in Gollum's large eyes was now a green flame... that was quickly growing larger as the creature came straight for him back across the lake)

Bilbo: Oh bugger.

Gollum: What has it got in its pocketeses, my precious?!!

(Bilbo sticks his hand in his pocket as he runs back up the tunnel away from the lake)

Bilbo: Why am I running-- I'm the one with the sword?!

(at that moment, Bilbo trips in the dark tunnel and falls flat with his sword under him)

[THUMP-SMACK]

Gollum: (running right past Bilbo) Curse it! Curse the Baggins! What has it got in its nasty pocketses? Oh we guess, my precious. It found it, the fessterring little tosser. Yesss, it must have... my birthday-present!

(Bilbo realizes that the ring must have slipped onto his finger in the fall and that he is now invisible)

Bilbo: (taking the ring back off for a moment) My goodness... what *have* I found?

(cut to a very quick series of still images - 3 rings for elves, 7 rings for dwarves, 9 rings for humans, and the one golden ring in Bilbo Baggins's hand)

(superimposed caption: **RINGS OF POWER**)

[documentary music]

(zoom to a presenter in a fancy comfy chair behind a desk)

Kieran Forester: Good evening and welcome to another edition of Rings of Power. On tonight's program, the Witch King of Angmar. Widely known as the tireless leader of ringwraiths who has recently built a base of dark power in Dol Guldur, the Witch King tells us exclusively about unlife with his ring of power.

(cut to the Witch King of Angmar holding up his black sword and waving)

[sudden dramatic chord]

(cut back to the presenter)

Kieran Forester: From the dragon infested Grey Mountains, Guv Ronjar reports on the dwarven rings of power there.

(cut to a dragon eating a hapless dwarf)

Kieran Forester: Much further south, in continuing ringwraith action, the first dramatic pictures of the mass ring of power usage underway in the siege of eastern Osgiliath. All this and more on Rings of Power!

(cut to a massive tunnel littered with heaps of smoking rubble)

[THUD THUD THUD THUD]

(a group of 20 dwarves run by followed by a large peevish dragon)

[THUD THUD THUD-- ROAR!]

(zoom over to a reporter standing amidst the carnage)

Guv Ronjar: This is the Grey Mountains. Behind me you can hear the thud of dragon feet and the high-pitched twang of dwarven crossbows firing as the battle for control of this volatile cave system shakes the foundations of this dwarven stronghold.

(slowly, the scene pulls back until we see a fairly long trestle table set out with pictures of the seven dwarven rings of power in front of Guv Ronjar)

Guv Ronjar: Whatever their clan political inclinations, dwarves have been keen users of rings of power.

[THUD THUD-- ROAR! THUD THUD THUD]

Guv Ronjar: Here the last of the dwarven rings of power has just been swallowed, along with its owner, by an immense green dragon and the dwarves here are rather motivated to get it back after having lost 3 of the other rings of power in the same manner over the ages.

[THUD THUD THUD THUD]

Guv Ronjar: With the other 3 dwarven rings of power having been reclaimed by Sauron directly, this last ring is the only remaining monument--

[ROAR!!!]

Guv Ronjar: ...now quite likely lost as well, to when the race of Khazad knew better times. Guv Ronjar, Rings of Power, reporting from the Grey Mountains.

(superimposed caption: **THE SCENE SO FAR**)

(cut back to the presenter sitting at his desk with the "Monty Python: The Hobbit" script)

Kieran Forester: Oh-- hello. The, errr... the scene so far. Well it started with a hobbit, one Bilbo Baggins, getting lost in some tunnels while trying to get away from some rather angry Goblins and then stumbling across a golden ring of power right before having a riddle contest with the ring's previous owner, Gollum, in which all the answers appear to have been "Spam" but Gollum seems to have had no intention of honoring his promise after losing yet we miss out entirely on Bilbo's subsequent dramatic escape from the mountain by following Gollum to the backdoor due to someone going on about Rings of Power before telling us what happened in the scene so far and then a great hammer unexpectedly came down and hit him on the head... wait, I don't remember tha--

(a big hammer hits the presenter on the head)

[WHUMP]

Kieran Forester: Owww!!!

(a close up of the big hammer's handle reveals the words "RUN-ON SENTENCES STOP HERE")

Scene 5: Goblins, Sheep, and Bears-- Oh My!

Narrator: Having escaped the goblin infested tunnels beneath the Misty Mountains, Bilbo Baggins had no trouble finding the well trampled trail left by his companions heading east. After several hours, he arrives at an immense homestead of wooden buildings with neatly fenced fields of horses, beehives, cows, and sheep. It is the home of old Beorn, chieftain of the Beornings, and a man of ursine strength, fiery temper, and an unquenchable hatred of goblins. The demoralized dwarves of Thorin's company have gathered in Beorn's main hall to discuss their current situation.

Bifur: The ponies?

Fili: Lost.

Loretta: All our baggage?

Oin: Gone.

Bombur: The food?

Nori: Lost.

Thorin: And the burglar?

Balin: Also lost.

Thorin: I now propose that our former fellow adventurer and compatriot be now entered in the quest minutes as a probationary martyr to the cause.

Loretta: I second that, Thorin.

Thorin: Thank you, Bof-- Loretta. On the nod!

[THUMP]

Dwalin: Let us not be downhearted. One total catastrophe like this is just the beginning! Bilbo's glorious death shall unite us all in a--

(Bilbo happily strolls into the room)

Kili: Look out!

Bilbo: Hello? Balin! Thorin!

Thorin: Go away!

Bilbo: Hmmm? Thorin, it's me... Bilbo!

Ori: Get off! Get off-- out of it!

Bilbo: Gloin!

Loretta: Piss off.

Gloin: Yeah, piss off!

Thorin: Bugger off.

Bilbo: Wha--

[BAM BAM BAM]

Dwarves: Ohh...

[BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM]

Dwarves: ...flûk!

[BAM]

Bilbo: Uhh...

Beorn: (yelling in the direction of the front door) Coming!

[BAM BAM BAM]

Beorn: Just a moment!

(Bilbo and the dwarves do a very bad job of hiding in plain sight)

[BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM]

Beorn: My eyes are dim. I cannot see.

Goblin Captain: (reading from a recently revised phrase book) You be Beorn the Bear Man?

Beorn: Yes.

Goblin Captain: We having reason believing you hide members of terrorist organization, Dwarven Front of Erebor.

Beorn: Me? No... I'm just a poor old man. I have no time for those sort. My legs are gray. My ears are gnarled. My eyes are old and bent.

Goblin Captain: Quiet! Silly human. Goblins! Search house.

[STOMP STOMP STOMP]

Goblin Captain: You knowing penalty for harbor criminals?

Beorn: No.

Goblin Captain: Eaten alive.

Beorn: Oh.

Goblin Captain: Nasty, eh?

Beorn: Humph. Could be worse.

Goblin Captain: What you meaning, could be worse?!

Beorn: Well, you could be stabbed.

Goblin Captain: (reads phrase book, but doesn't believe it) Stabbed?! Takes half second. Eaten could lasting hours! Slow horrible death!

Beorn: Well, at least nothing goes to waste.

Goblin Captain: You weird.

[STOMP STOMP STOMP]

Goblin Sergeant: We no finding anything.

Goblin Captain: Do not be worry! You not seeing last of us, weirdo.

Beorn: Big Nose.

Goblin Captain: Watch it!

(grumpily, the goblins leave)

Dwalin: Phew, that was lucky.

Bilbo: I'm sorry, Thorin.

Thorin: Ohhh-- it's all right, then. He's sorry... he's sorry he led an angry goblin horde straight to us. Well, that's all right then, Bilbo. Sit down... have some bread with honey and butter. Make yourself at home.

Bilbo: Thank you! Yes, that would be most wel--

Thorin: You klutz! You stupid, bumbling, useless--

[BAM BAM BAM]

(Bilbo and the dwarves do an even worse job of hiding in plain sight)

Beorn: My legs are old and bent. My ears are grizzled. Yes?

Goblin Captain: There being one place we not looking. Goblins!

Beorn: I'm just a poor old man.

[STOMP STOMP STOMP]

Beorn: My eyesight is bad. My legs are poor. My nose is knackered.

Goblin Captain: You ever *seeing* anyone being eat alive?

Beorn: Being eaten is a doddle.

Goblin Captain: Do not keeping say that.

[STOMP STOMP STOMP]

Goblin Sergeant: We find spoon.

(the goblin hands his leader a plain wooden spoon)

Goblin Captain: Well done! We being back, oddball.

(the Goblins leave again)

[BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM]

Goblin Captain: Open up door!

Beorn: You haven't given them time to hide!

[BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM]

Beorn: Out the back door, quick!

Thorin: Right, follow me!

[BAM BAM BAM]

Bilbo: What about Mr. Beorn?

Beorn: Oh-- thank you, but don't worry about me. Hehe... I'll hold them off for as long as I can.

[BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM]

(Bilbo and the dwarves rush out the back door of Beorn's hall)

Beorn: (slamming the back door shut) Right... now let me change into something a little more *comfortable*.

[BAM BAM BAM CRACK-CRACK]

Goblin Captain: Games be over, old man! You telling us where--

[GROOOAARRRR]

Goblins: Aaaaarrgh!!!

(meanwhile, in the back yard, the dwarves huddle to discuss what to do next while Bilbo discovers Gandalf staring at trees)

Bilbo: Gandalf!

Gandalf: Ah, Bilbo! I am very relieved to see you, though I somehow just knew you would show up. How are you?

Bilbo: Better than I was, truly, since I must say it is a joy to be out from under that wretched mountain! Ahhh... aside from what sounds like screaming goblins playing with an angry bear, it is a very lovely day isn't it?

Gandalf: Yes, it is that. I have been preparing for the next leg of our journey, but these 5 fir trees have held my attention for the last few hours.

Bilbo: Oh, really? Uhhh... those-- those *are* sheep aren't they?

[BAAA-baaa-BAA]

Gandalf: Indeed they are!

Bilbo: I rather thought they were. Only-- well, ummm... what are they doing up in the trees?

Gandalf: A fair question and one that has been much on my mind since we arrived here at Beorn's homestead. It is my considered opinion that they are, oddly enough, nesting.

Bilbo: Nesting?

Gandalf: Yes.

Bilbo: Like birds?

Gandalf: Exactly so. It is my belief that these sheep are laboring under the misconception that they are, in fact, birds. Just observe their behavior... how they have a tendency to hop about the field on their hind legs... or their attempts to fly from tree to tree.

[Baaa-BAAAAA]

[FLAP-FLAP-FLAP]

[THUD]

Gandalf: You will notice that they do not so much fly as... well, plummet.

Bilbo: Why on Middle-earth would they think they are birds?!

Gandalf: Another fair question. One thing we can be sure, of course, is that sheep are *not* creatures of the air. They have enormous difficulty in achieving even the comparatively simple act of perching, for example.

[BAAA-baaa-BAAAAAA]

[FLAP-FLAP]

[THUMP]

Gandalf: The trouble, however, is that sheep are very dim. Once they get an idea in their heads, there is simply no reasoning with them about it.

Bilbo: But where would they get such an idea from in the first place?

Gandalf: I must confirm this with Beorn, but I believe Wiley started all this-- that one right there. He is that most dangerous of creatures... a clever sheep. He must have realized at some point that a sheep's life consists of standing around for a few months, getting sheared, and then most likely being eaten. It must be quite a depressing prospect for an ambitious sheep.

Bilbo: Well, why don't we just do something about this Wiley one?

Gandalf: ...because of the enormous commercial possibilities of ovine aviation if he succeeds!

Dori: Gandalf! An army of goblins riding on wargs is nearly here!!!

Gandalf: Ah, yes. That would be the reinforcements arriving finally. I don't believe our valiant host will be able to hold off all of them, so our only hope is to fly out of here.

Bilbo: What? Fly... on the sheep?!

Gandalf: Don't be ridiculous! They are hardly ready for that sort of thing... really now. I was thinking of asking my giant northern eagle friends over there to help us out.

Bilbo: Oh.

[BA-baaaaa-BAAA]

[FLAP-FLAP-FLAP]

[THUD]

Narrative Interlude: Out of the Frying-Pan and into the Fire, Rinse and Repeat

Narrator: And so, with the timely aid provided by Manwe, Lord of the Great Eagles of the North, the 15 companions escaped from the vengeance crazed goblins of the Misty Mountains. Traveling as far east as they were willing to go, the eagles dropped the dwarves, hobbit, and wizard at the western edge of Mirkwood, formerly called the Greenwood, and even provided them with a few rabbits and sheep for food.

Dwarves: Yay!

Narrator: However, the spirits of the company were soon dashed again when Gandalf announced that he had business to the south to attend to and would be leaving them to go the rest of the way on their own.

Dwarves: Doh!

Narrator: Sending them off with the critical advice that all they needed to do was stick to the forest path, Gandalf bid them farewell and the, now 14, companions made rather good time traveling through the woods.

Dwarves: Yay!

Narrator: Until, due to hunger, they decided to leave the forest path and promptly become surrounded and taken by giant spiders who, coincidentally, were also in search of dinner.

Dwarves: Doh!

Narrator: Luckily, thanks to his magic ring and elven sword, Bilbo was able to drive the spiders away and rescue the dwarves.

Dwarves: Yay!

Narrator: But now the company was hopelessly lost, exhausted, and starving in the midst of the Mirkwood.

Dwarves: Doh!

Narrator: Until they chanced upon a group of wood elves having a feast in a forest clearing.

Dwarves: Yay!

Narrator: Elves that wanted nothing to do with strangers and kept disappearing every time they got close.

Dwarves: Doh!

Narrator: Persistence paid off, however, and the elves finally grew tired of being harrassed.

Dwarves: Yay!

Narrator: And easily took the dwarves captive.

Dwarves: Doh!

Narrator: Using his ring of power once more, Bilbo avoided capture and followed the dwarves and wood elves back to the palace cave of King Thranduil of the Greenwood... errr-- Mirkwood. It's really all about skillful marketing, you know.

Legolas: We must take these trespassers to my father for questioning, straight away.

Fangirls in Audience: (squeeling) OH MY GOD-- LEGOLAS! YAY!!!

Fanboys in Audience: Doh!

Scene 6: Kingdom of the Wood Elves

Narrator: Within the great cave palace of King Thranduil, preparations are well underway for the much anticipated harvest celebration of the wood elves. Quiet and invisible, Bilbo finds his way to the elven king.

Thranduil: ...make one lawge living awea--

Czar: Hail, King of the Greenwood!

Thranduil: Hail, Czaw Mohab.

Czar: Here is one of the captives your son Legolas brought in, my lord.

Thranduil: Ah, yes... thwow him to the floop.

Czar: What, sire?

Thranduil: Thwow him to the floop.

Czar: Right.

[WHUMP]

Thorin: Aaagh!

Thranduil: Hmmm... now, what is youw name?

Thorin: Thorin.

Thranduil: Thowin, eh?

Thorin: No, no. *Thorin*.

[SLAP]

Thorin: Aiee!

Thranduil: Hoo-hoo, hoo-ho. The little wascal has spiwit.

Czar: Has what?

Thranduil: Spiwit.

Czar: Yes, he did.

Thranduil: No, no-- spiwit. Ummm... bwavado. A touch of dewwing-do.

Czar: Oh. Ahhh... about eleven, my king.

Thranduil: So, you dawe to waid us.

Thorin: To what?

Thranduil: Stwike him, Czaw, vewy woughly!

[SMACK]

Thorin: Aaah!

Czar: Oh-- and, uhhh... throw him to the floor, sire?

Thranduil: What?

Czar: Thwow him to the floop again?

Thranduil: Oh, yes. Thwow him to the floop, please.

[WHUMP]

Thorin: Aaagh!

Thranduil: Now, duewgaw wapscallion.

Thorin: I'm not a duergar! I'm a dwarf.

Thranduil: A dwawf?

Thorin: No, no. *Dwarf*.

[SLAP]

Thorin: Aiee!

Thranduil: So, youw fathew was a dwawf. Who was he?

Thorin: He was a great and mighty leader, though a king in exile.

Thranduil: Weally? What was his name?

Thorin: Errr... Thain Thrain. The second.

Czar: Ahh, ha-ha!

Thranduil: Czaw, do we know of anyone of that name among the dwawven woyalty?

Czar: Well... no, sire.

Thranduil: You sound vevy suwe. Have you checked?

Czar: Well, no. Ummm... I think it's a joke. Like, uh... Nortiuith Maximuth, Klinkus Kadhus, or Biggesti Dickesti.

Elven Guard #4: (chuckling)

Thranduil: What's so... *funny* about Biggesti Dickesti?

Czar: Well... it's a joke name, my king.

Thranduil: I have a vevy gweat fwiend just awwived fwom Lothlowien named Biggesti Dickesti.

Elven Guard #4: (chuckling)

Thranduil: Silence! What is all this insolence? You will find yourself on bawwel wolling duty vevy quickly with wotten behaviouw like that!

Thorin: Can I go now?

[SLAP]

Thorin: Aiee!

Thranduil: Wait till Biggesti Dickesti heaws of this.

Elven Guard #3: (chuckling)

Thranduil: Wight! Seize the dwawf!

Czar: Oh, sire, he... he only--

Thranduil: No, no! I want him locked away with wabid, wild wodents in a dawk cell.

Czar: Of course, my king. Ummm... perhaps Biggesti Dickesti could--

Elven Guard #4: (laughing)

Thranduil: I will not have my fwiends widiculed by the common soldiewy! Anybody else feel like a little... giggle... when I mention my fwiend... Biggesti...

Elven Guard #1: (chuckling)

Thranduil: ...Dickesti?

Elven Guard #3: (chuckling)

Thranduil: What about you? Do you find it... wisible... when I say the name... Biggesti...

Elven Guard #2: (chuckle)

Thranduil: ...Dickesti?

Elven Guards: (chuckling)

Thranduil: He has a wife, you know. She's called... Sewailian. Sewailian Linnod'aduial.

Thorin: *The* Serailian Linnod'aduial?!

[SMACK]

Thorin: Aiee!

[WHUMP]

Thorin: Aarrgh!

Elven Guards: (laughing)

Thranduil: Stop! What is all this?!

Elven Guards: Ha, ha ha-ha, ho hoo-- ha ha...

Thranduil: I've had enough of this wowdy wude sniggewing behaviouw. Silence! Call yourselves my elite Sindawian guawds?!

(an elven messenger hurries into the king's throne room to whisper something to Czar Mohab)

Czar: I beg your pardon, my king, but I've just been informed that the crowd gathering outside for the harvest celebration is getting a bit restless. Permission to disperse them, please?

Thranduil: Dispersed them? But I haven't addressed them yet.

Czar: Ah, no... I know, sire, but--

Thranduil: My address is one of the high points of the harvest celebration. My friend, Biggesti Dickesti, has come all the way from Lothlórien just to hear it.

(Biggesti Dickesti enters the throne room)

Thranduil: Greetings Biggesti!

Biggesti: Greeting Thranduil!

Czar: You're not-- ah, you're not, uhhh... thinking of-- of giving it a miss this year, then?

Thranduil: Give it a miss?

Czar: Well, it's just that they're in a rather funny mood today.

Thranduil: Really, Czar? I'm surprised to hear a mighty warrior like you rattled by a wabble of wordy weewees.

Czar: A-- a bit thundery. They've already been at the good wine.

Thranduil: As for the dwarf, take him away.

Thorin: I am royalty! I-- I can prove it, honestly!

Thranduil: And put him in a very dark cell!

Czar: Ah, I-- I really wouldn't, sire.

Thranduil: Out of the way, Czar.

Biggesti: Let me come with you, Thranduil. I may be of some assistance if there is a sudden crisis.

Thranduil: Yes, an excellent suggestion!

(elven horns and harps play as Thranduil, Biggesti, Czar, and the king's guards make their way out of the palace)

Crowd: (cheering)

Thranduil: Elves of the Green Wood!

Crowd: (chuckling)

Thranduil: Nature is our generous friend.

Crowd: (laughing)

Thranduil: To prove our own generosity, it is customary at the harvest celebration to release a wongdoew from our prison.

Crowd: (laughing)

Elven Guard #3: (chuckling)

Thranduil: Whom would you have me release?

Young Elven Male: Release Ragnor!

Crowd: (laughing) Yes! Release Wagnow! Release Wagnow!

Thranduil: Very well. I shall release Wagnow!

Crowd: (cheering)

Czar: Sire, uhhh... we don't have a Ragnor.

Thranduil: What?

Czar: Uh, we don't have anyone of that name, my king.

Thranduil: Ah. We have no Wagnow!

Crowd: Ohhhhh!

Young Elven Male: Well, what about Radhrin, then?

Crowd: Yes! Release Wadhwin! Release Wadhwin!

Thranduil: Czar, why do they titter so?

Czar: Just some drunken joke, sire.

Thranduil: Awe they... wagging me?

Czar: Oh-- no, my lord!

Elven Guard #3: (chuckling)

Thranduil: Vewy well. I shall welease... Wadhwuin!

Crowd: (laughing)

Czar: Ummm... we don't have a Radhruin either.

Thranduil: No Wagnow? No Wadhwuin?

Czar: Sorry, sire.

Thranduil: Who is this Wadh--

Elven Guard #1: (chuckle)

Thranduil: Who is the Wadhwuin to whom you wefew?

Young Elven Male: He's a wobber!

Crowd: (laughing)

Elven Male: And a wapist!

Crowd: (laughing)

Elven Female: And a pickpocket!

Crowd: Yeah! Ahh, no! No! Shh! Shh...

Thranduil: He sounds like a notowious cwiminal.

Czar: We haven't got him.

Thranduil: Do we have *anyone* in ouw pwison at all?!

Czar: Oh, yes, of course. We've got, uhhh... Samadoc, sire.

Thranduil: Samadoc?

Czar: Samadoc the South Central Shire Strangler. Uh, Celebus the Celebdilian Assassin. Uh, seven singing dwarves from Disney. Uhhh... sixty-seven goblins from--

Biggesti: Let me thpeak to them, Thranduil!

Czar: Oh, no. Oh--

Thranduil: Ah-- good idea, Biggesti!

Biggesti: Thitizenth of the Green wood! We have Thamadoc the Thouth Thentral Thire Thtrangler, Thelebuth...

Crowd: (laughing)

Biggesti: ...the Thelebdilian Athhathhin, theven thinging dwarvth from Dithney and...

Crowd: (laughing hysterically)

Biggesti: Wath it thomething I thaid?

Crowd: (laughing)

Thranduil: Silence!

Elven Female: Huh huh huh huh huh!

Thranduil: This good and noble elf leads a cwack awchewy division!

Crowd: (laughing)

Thranduil: He wanks as high as any in Lothlowien!

Crowd: (laughing hysterically)

(Bilbo, wearing his magic ring, slips unseen into the raucous drunken crowd of wood elves as this exchange goes on for awhile)

Thranduil: All wight... I will give you one mowe chance. This time, I want to heaw no Wadagast's, no Wanugad's of Wohan, no Awagown the Wangew fwom Wivendell--

Biggesti: No Tharuman the Thage'th!

Thranduil: ...ow we shall welease no one!

Bilbo: (invisible) Release Thorin!

Elven Male: Oh, yeah. That's a good one.

Elven Female: Yeah.

Young Elven Male: Release Thorin!

Crowd: (laughing) Welease Thowin! Welease Thowin!

Thranduil: Vewy well. That's it.

Czar: We, uhhh... we have a Thorin, sire.

Thranduil: What?

Czar: You just sent him down to our deepest, darkest cell.

Thranduil: Uhhh... Wait! Ah-- wait! We do have a Thowin! Well, go and wepwieve him, stwaight away.

Czar: Yes, my king.

Thranduil: Vewy well! I shall... welease... Thowin!

Scene 7: Barrels Out of Bondage

Narrator: While the harvest festival of the wood elves continues outside the palace of King Thranduil, a few unlucky elves on prison duty process the recent rush of captives.

Galion: Next.

Balin: Balin son of Fundin.

Galion: Imprisonment?

Balin: Yes.

Galion: Good. Out of the door. Hall on the left. One cell each. Next.

Loretta: Loretta.

Galion: Imprisonment?

Loretta: Yes.

Galion: Good. Out of the door. Hall on the left. One cell each. Next.

Kadh: Kadh Qohelethson.

Galion: Imprisonment?

Kadh: Humph, no. Freedom.

Jailer: Hmm?

Galion: What?

Kadh: Freedom for me. They said I was entirely justified in pillaging that village, so I could go free and join the corsairs of Umbar or something.

Galion: Oh-- oh, that's good news. Well... off you go, then.

Kadh: Naaah, you pointy-eared *k'pekt*, I'm only pulling your leg! It's imprisonment, really.

Galion: Oh, ho-ho.

Kadh: Heh heh.

Galion: I see. Uhhh... very good, very good. Well, out of the door. One--

Kadh: Yeah. I know the way. Out of the door.

Galion: Hall on--

Kadh: One cell each. Hall on the left.

Galion: Hall on the left.

Kadh: Heh heh.

Galion: Yes. Thank you. Next.

Fili: Fili son of Dis.

Galion: Imprisonment?

Fili: Yes.

Galion: Good. Out of the door. Hall on the left. One cell each. Jailer?

Thorin: Excuse me. There's been some sort of mistake.

Galion: Just a moment, would you? Jailer, how many have come through?

Jailer: What?

Galion: Uh, how many have come through?

Jailer: What?

Jailer's Assistant: Uh, y-- y-- y-- you'll have to s-- speak-- s-- spe-- s-- p-- peak-- speak up a bit. He's-- he's d-- he's d-- he's d-- he's d--

Galion: Ahhh...

Jailer's Assistant: Oh, he's-- he's--

[WHAP]

Jailer's Assistant: He's deaf as-- dea-- deaf as a p-- p-- post.

Galion: (shouting) Uhh-- how many have come through?!

Jailer: Hee-hee hee hee-hee hee-hee hee hee.

Galion: Oh, confound it.

Jailer: Hee-huh.

Jailer's Assistant: I make it twenty-fff--

Galion: Ah.

Jailer's Assistant: twenty-fff-- twenty-ffff-- twenty-six.

Galion: Oh. It's such a senseless waste of storage space, isn't it?

Jailer's Assistant: N-- n-- n-- n-- no. N-- not-- not with the harvest celebration clearing out the larders. Lot's of room n-- n-- now. Imprisonment is too good for this lot, though... you ask me.

Galion: I don't think you can say it's too *good* for them. It's-- it's very distressing.

Jailer's Assistant: Well, it's not as d-- d-- di-- d-- dis-- n-- no-- no-- not as d-- distressing as something I just thought up.

Galion: No?

Bilbo: (invisible) Like sticking them in barrels.

Jailer: Hmmm?

Galion: Now, ummm-- imprisonment.

Thorin: Is there someone I can speak to?

Galion: Well--

Jailer: I know where to get them, if you want them.

Galion: What?

Bilbo: (invisible) Barrels.

Jailer's Assistant: Uh, d-- don-- don't worry about hi-- him. He's de-- he's de--
[WHAP]

Jailer's Assistant: He's de-- de-- de-- he's deaf and m-- ma-- m-- mad.

Galion: How did he get the job?

Jailer's Assistant: He's ruddy Thranduil's pet, I suppose.

Jailer: Heh heh.

Kadh: Get a move on, dwarves! There are people waiting to be imprisoned here. Ha-ha ha ha-hah!

Thorin: Could I see a lawyer or someone?

Galion: Ummm... do-- do you have a lawyer?

Thorin: No, but I am dwarven royalty.

Kadh: How about a re-trial? We've got nothing but time.

Thorin: Shut up, you!

Kadh: Miserable, cranky dwarven *ko'tal*. No sense of humor.

Galion: I'm sorry, but we are in a bit of a hurry. Can you go straight out? Hall on the left. One cell each. (King Thranduil's son, Legolas, approaches to find out what is causing the delay in processing the prisoners)

Legolas: Get a move on, there!

Kadh: Or what?

Legolas: Or you will answer for your lack of cooperation.

Kadh: You mean I might have to give up being locked away for life? You tree-hugging *p'tahk* don't believe in killing your captives.

Legolas: Be silent!

Kadh: That would be a blow, wouldn't it? I might get fat if I go and give up my bread and water diet. (Legolas shuts the small heavy oak door himself as Kadh, the last of the day's prisoners, is put in his cell)

Czar: (hurrying into the prison block) Where have they gone?!

Jailer: We've-- we've got loads of barrels down by the water gate.

Czar: What?

Jailer's Assistant: Oh, don't worry about him. He's ma-- he's m-- he's ma-- he-- he-- he's m-- m-- m-- he's m-- he's m--

[CLOP]

Jailer's Assistant: He's mad.

Czar: Have they been locked away?!

Jailer's Assistant: Oh, ye-- nnnnn-- Ay, n-- na--

Jailer: Heh heh heh heh heh heh heh.

Jailer's Assistant: Na-- na--

Jailer: Heh-hehh. Heh heh...

Jailer's Assistant: Na-- na-- na-- na-- n--

Czar: Oh, come on!

Jailer's Assistant: N-- nnyes.

(frustrated, Czar goes over to where Legolas has wandered to on the other side of the block of cells)

Jailer's Assistant: Eh, huh. Anyway, get on with the story.

Jailer: Well... I knew she never really liked Biggesti, so we started to kiss--

Dwalin: Bloody elves!

Czar: Watch it! There are cells lower down than these that we can put you in.

Legolas: Hail, Czar Mohab!

Czar: Hail, Legolas Greenleaf!

Legolas: What brings you to this dreary place?

Czar: The king's orders, my prince.

Legolas: What are my noble father's wishes?

Kadh: Hey! Whiny dwarf that is stuck in the cell next to mine. Not so bad for a prison, eh? You being rescued soon, by any chance?

Thorin: It's a bit late for that now, isn't it?

Kadh: Oh-- now, now. We've got nothing but time down here. Plenty of chances to escape. Lots of people get rescued from this place.

Thorin: Ohh?

Kadh: Oh, yeah. My blood brother La'ra usually rescues me... if he can keep off the tail for more than twenty minutes. Huh.

Thorin: Ahhh?

Kadh: Randy bugger... up and down like the fortunes of Gondor. Heh heh heh--

Bilbo: (invisible) Psst-- Thorin!

Thorin: Burglar Bilbo-- Thank Aule's hammer you've come!

Bilbo: (invisible) Ahh, yes. I believe I have a plan for getting you all out of here. There are several empty barrels near a lightly guarded water gate.

Thorin: What?

Bilbo: (invisible) The idea is to get all of you in the barrels and then float our way to freedom once all these elves are good and drunk on their autumn wine.

(pause)

Kadh: Sounds reasonable to me.

Thorin: Are you out of your pipeweed-addled mind?!

Bilbo: (invisible) Uhhh--

Thorin: Why don't you just drown us in our water bowls and make a quicker end of it?!

Czar: We are to release Thorin son of Thrain in accordance with our harvest celebration tradition.

Legolas: As my father commands, so it shall be done. I shall see to it personally!

Czar: Thank you, my prince. I shall return to the celebration to attend your father, then.

Thorin: You dolt! You brainless halfling!

Legolas: (shouting) Where is Thorin son of Thrain?!

Thorin: You would have us bruised and battered to pieces--

Legolas: I have an order for his welease-- I mean, release!

Thorin: Just to drown us in the end for our troubles!

Kadh: Uhhh... I'm Thorin son of Thrain.

Thorin: What?!

Kadh: Yeah, I-- I'm Thorin son of Thrain.

Legolas: Release him!

Thorin: I am Thorin son of Thrain!

Celebus: Eh, I'm Thorin!

Gloin: I'm Thorin!

Samadoc: Look, I'm Thorin!

Thorin: I am *the* Thorin!

Prisoners: (shouting) I'm Thorin!

Kili: I'm Thorin, and so is my brother!

Prisoners: (shouting) I'm Thorin! I'm Thorin!

Thorin: I am Thorin son of Thrain!

Legolas: All right. Take that one away and release him.

Kadh: (being dragged out) No, I'm only joking. I'm not *really* Thorin. No, I'm not Thorin. Do I even look like a dwarf?! I was only--

Jailer's Assistant: C-- c-- come along now, eh?!

Kadh: (still being dragged) Stupid *baktags*, it was a joke. I'm only pulling your leg! It's a joke! I'm not him! *Qu'vath guy'cha v'aka*-- put me back! Blasted wood elves-- can't take a joke!

(the excitement in the prison eventually dies down)

Thorin: So... barrels out of bondage, you say?

Bilbo: (invisible) Yes. Barrels.

Scene 8: Lake-town, Lake-town, Lake-town

Narrator: Flowing east from the kingdom of the wood elves, the forest river rushes in great sweeps until it empties into the great inland sea called the Long Lake. Being an advanced and environmentally conscious race who live in harmony with Middle-earth, the elves dump their leftover beverage and foodstuff containers into the river.

Legolas: It is a recycling program-- honestly!

Narrator: The barrels that make it intact from the palace of King Thranduil all the way to the Long Lake are eventually gathered up at the strange town built right out on the surface of the water on huge piles of forest trees. Curiously, some of the barrels seem to move against the swirl of the current as they gather.

Bilbo: (invisible) Confound these heavy barrels-- Ooof!

Narrator: Once called Esgaroth, before the coming of the dragon, this busy wooden city on the water is now simply called Lake-town by those who live and trade there. At the moment, oblivious to the barrels, the citizens of Lake-town gather up fish from the morning catch.

People of Lake-town: (suddenly bursting out in song and slapping each other with fish)

Lake-town, Lake-town, Lake-town...

That's the trysting place for me!

(music begins playing that combines with the various animal noises of everyday commerce)

Master of Town: (singing) Lake-town is the village where we dance,

Lake-town is the island where we play.

Here in Lake-town, boys and girls can find true romance,

In the traditional valley of Dale way!

People of Lake-town: (singing) Schlip! Schlap!

Master of Town: (singing) Schlip-a-schlap-a-vay.

People of Lake-town: (singing) Schlip! Schlap!

Master of Town: (singing) Schlap away all day.

People of Lake-town: (singing) Schlip! Schlap!

Master of Town: (singing) You simply can't go wrong,

With the traditional fish-schlapping song!

People of Lake-town: (singing) Lake-town, Lake-town, Lake-town...

Men of Lake-town: (singing) The place where I quite want to be.

Bärd the Bowman: (singing) Barrel rolling--

Andrømedå: (singing) Or camping--

Sorëys the Boatman: Or just going fishing!

People of Lake-town: (singing) Lake-town, Lake-town, Lake-town...

That's the trysting place for me!

(one of the recently arrived barrels suddenly breaks open)

Thorin: (standing on very shaky legs) I am Thorin son of Thrain son of Thrór... King under the Mountain! (swaying) I return!

[THUD]

Bilbo: Oh bother.

Master of Town: Where is Bärd?

Bärd the Bowman: I am here, master.

Master of Town: Take our unexpected guests here to get cleaned up and fed.

Bärd the Bowman: But, master, I was--

Master of Town: How many times do I have to tell you to stop calling me butt-master?!

Bärd the Bowman: I didn't--

Master of Town: And, while you are at it, stop schlip-a-schlapping my daughter Andrømedå!

Andrømedå: But, father--

Master of Town: Oh-- don't *you* start that!

Bärd the Bowman: Rømmë and I were only--

Master of Town: Enough! Just go and attend to the dwarves as you were ordered.

Bärd the Bowman: Yes, master.

(Bard gathers up the drenched hobbit and 13 waterlogged dwarves, gets them cleaned up, and then takes them to the best restaurant in Lake-town... which, unfortunately, isn't saying much)

Thorin: Alright, then. Everyone get seated so we can eat.

Dwarves: Right-- okay.

Bombur: I'm ravenous!

Balin: When are you not?!

Bilbo: (to waitress) Good morning!

Waitress: Morning!

Thorin: What have you got ready to feed a famished party of 14?

Waitress: Well... there's egg and bacon, egg sausage and bacon, egg and cram, egg bacon and cram, egg bacon sausage and cram, cram bacon sausage and cram, cram egg cram cram bacon and cram, cram sausage cram cram bacon cram tomato and cram--

Guards: (chanting) Cram cram cram cram...

Waitress: ...cram cram cram egg and cram, cram cram cram cram cram cram baked beans cram cram cram--

Guards: (singing) Cram! Splendid cram! Marvelous cram!

Waitress: ...or Trout Girion au Dale with a westernesse sauce served in an Esgarothian manner with almonds and carrots garnished with a truffle pate, fire brandy, with a fried egg on top... and cram.

Thorin: Have you got anything without cram?

Waitress: Well, there's cram egg sausage and cram... that's not got much cram in it.

Thorin: What if I don't want *any* cram?!

Bilbo: (looking at the menu) Why can't he have egg bacon cram and sausage?

Thorin: That's got cram in it!

Bilbo: It doesn't have as much cram in it as cram egg sausage and cram, has it?

Guards: (chanting) Cram cram cram cram...

Thorin: Could you do the egg bacon cram and sausage without the cram?

Waitress: Urgghh!

Thorin: What do you mean *urgghh*?! I don't want cram!

Guards: (singing) Splendid cram! Marvelous cram!

Waitress: Shut up!

Guards: (singing) Glorious cram! Wonderful cram!

Waitress: Shut up!

(the cluster of Lake-town guards stop singing)

Waitress: Bloody guards! You can't have egg bacon cram and sausage without the cram.

Thorin: (shouting) I don't like cram!

Bombur: Now Thorin, please don't cause a fuss... I'll have your cram. I'd eat it even if I wasn't starving. I think I'll have cram cram cram cram cram cram cram baked beans cram cram cram and cram!

Guards: (singing) Cram cram cram cram. Marvelous cram! Glorious cram!

Waitress: Shut up already!!! Baked beans are off.

Bombur: Well... could I have his cram instead of the baked beans then?

Waitress: You mean cram cram cram cram cram cram--

Guards: (singing forcefully) Cram, cram, cram, cram. Splendid cram! Marvelous craaam! Glorious cram! Wonderful cram. Cra-a-a-a-a-a-am! Cra-a-a-a-a-a-am! Cra-a-a-a-a-a-am! Cra-a-a-a-a-a-am! Marvelous cram! (Marvelous cram!) Glorious cram! (Glorious cram!) Wonderful craaam! Cram, cram, cram, craaaaam!

Thorin: (sighing) Whatever you have, we'll take it to go.

Bilbo: This *is* a rather silly place, isn't it?

Bärd the Bowman: Don't get me started... I'm going so mad living here that I'm starting to think the ruddy birds are trying to talk to me!

Scene 9: Rings of Power - Special Edition

[special documentary music]

(zoom to a presenter in a fancy comfy chair behind a desk located on the side of a mountain)

Kieran Forester: Hello and welcome to this special edition of Rings of Power. We are coming to you today from the west face of the lonely mountain, Erebor, where thirteen dwarves and a hobbit have turned up to assail a dragon's lair on this very pleasant autumn day. Four days journey north from the Lake-town of Esgaroth have brought them here to establish a base camp between the western spurs of the mountain and-- here they come! From here we can see the companions scouting the west face of Erebor with Bilbo and Balin in the lead. Bilbo looks confident... he looks relaxed, very much the hobbit in form as he consults Thorin's map. Yes, it looks like he has found traces of a narrow track, often lost... often rediscovered, and he's off! There they go in single file now, the narrow ledges are indeed a bit treacherous there, and finally they have come to it. It appears to be a small steep-walled open grassy bay with a perfectly smooth flat wall at it's inner end. Yes, the excitement is obvious as they know they have found the secret entrance! The dwarves are thrusting and pushing at the wall-- the picks have come out and they are really giving it a beating... apparently to no effect. A quick huddle there, and now they are using every spell of opening they can think of. Oh dear, what a disappointing turn of events as they have been reduced to begging and pleading with the mountain to let them in! But Bilbo is in motion again, he appears to have a plan... ummm, yes-- he is sitting down and staring off into the west... perhaps even daydreaming of his cozy hobbit hole on the other side of the Misty Mountains so very far away, Guv Ronjar.

Guv Ronjar: Well, this is true to form with secret dwarven doors, so no surprises there. Even a well marked and obvious door of this type can thwart the mightiest of wizards without the proper key or passphrase. With these sorts of precautions, it must be no small frustration to dwarves that, regardless, their cities and strongholds somehow continue to be invaded by orcs, dragons, and, rumor has it, pamphlet pushing religious zealots... like the ones that wake me up by banging on my ruddy door every bloody morning when I think I might actually get a chance to sleep in, but noooooo... those evil mean bast--

Kieran Forester: Whoa! I'm sorry to interrupt you there, Ronjar, but we have some activity in progress at the dwarven base camp. Bombur appears to be about to get up from a nap he has been having and *finally* play a decisive role in this quest! He is definitely stirring-- rolling over now. Yes, this could be it! Oh dear... he has started snoring again.

Guv Ronjar: It's like reading the Silmarillion all over--

Kieran Forester: But, back on the doorstep, it appears the hobbit may have an idea... could he be about to use his magic ring, unbeknownst to him but certainly "knownst" to us as the [One Ring](#), to somehow gain access to Erebor?!

Guv Ronjar: Ring of Power usage *is* why we are here on the west face of the lonely mountain reporting these updates!

Kieran Forester: No, I'm sorry. He is just absently watching snails crawl on a large grey rock.

Guv Ronjar: I can understand that a healthy dose of caution on the part of the companions is more than warranted--

Kieran Forester: They wouldn't want a repeat of the sort of events that led to the devastating dwarven "victory" at the Battle of Azanulbizar by going in the front door, for instance.

Guv Ronjar: ...yet this is enough to make a drowsy ent seem like a sugar-high caffeinated [ferret](#) by comparison!

Kieran Forester: Wait a moment... Bilbo has been watching a bird, it appears to be an extraordinarily large thrush, cracking snails against the rock I just mentioned. Yes, the wheels are definitely turning by

the look on this hobbit's face and now he has pulled out a copy of Poor Radagast's Almanac, Wilderland Edition. Hold on-- he is up on his furry feet now! Bilbo is looking at the bird... looking at the setting sun... looking at the area where the secret door should be... back at the setting sun... checking the almanac... counting on his fingers now... YES! He is yelling for the dwarves! The nearby dwarves are going wild now and the search is on for Thorin who still has the key-- they found him!

Guv Ronjar: Rotten timing for Thorin, there, as he picked the worst possible moment to answer a call of nature!

Kieran Forester: Just as the final glimpse of retreating sunlight on this lovely first day of the last new moon of autumn falls across the grey rock and illuminates the keyhole in the secret door, Thorin has arrived with his key-- THEY HAVE THE DOOR OPEN! We can only hope that someone goes back to retrieve Thorin's pants later, but for now the companions are giddy with accomplishment as they push their way into the tunnel.

Guv Ronjar: Meanwhile, back at base camp, I can confidently report that Bombur is still snoring.

Kieran Forester: The dwarves have gathered to plan the next phase of the quest now that they are finally in the secret tunnel and have Smaug at the other end to contend directly with. It seems that Bilbo has been elected to scout ahead... he really should have seen *that* one coming. The hobbit now has the [One Ring](#) out of his pocket as he heads down into the darkness... we now have confirmed use of a Ring of Power here at the lonely mountain as Bilbo Baggins becomes invisible to the mortal world! We take you now to join in the action currently in progress.

Thorin: Right. Now, uh-- item four. Attainment of Middle-earth supremacy within the next five years. Ummm... Dwalin, you've been doing some work on this.

Dwalin: Yes. Thank you, Thorin. Well, quite frankly, I think five years is optimistic... unless we can slay Smaug within the next twelve minutes.

Thorin: Twelve minutes?!

Dwalin: Yes, twelve minutes. And, let's face it... as dragons go, he is the big one. So, we've got to get up off our dwarven arses and stop just talking about it!

Dwarves: Hear! Hear!

Loretta: I agree. It's action that counts, not words, and we need action now.

Dwarves: Hear! Hear!

Thorin: You are right, of course. We could sit around all day talking, passing resolutions, and making clever speeches. It's not going to shift one gold coin out from under his dastardly reptilian behind!

Dwalin: So, let's just stop gabbing on about it. It's completely pointless and it's getting us nowhere!

Dwarves: Right!

Loretta: I agree. This is a complete waste of time.

(Bilbo returns with a gold cup from a quick scouting mission down the secret tunnel)

Bilbo: The dragon sleeps!

Thorin: What?

Dwarves: What?

Bilbo: Smaug is sound asleep! Plus, he has a large unprotected patch in the hollow of his left breast as bare as a snail out of its shell... you could take him by surprise and finish him off right now!

Thorin: Right! This calls for immediate discussion!

Dori: Yes.

Bilbo: What?!

Gloin: Immediate.

Fili: Right.

Loretta: New motion?

Thorin: Completely new motion. That, ah-- that there be, ummm... immediate action--

Dwalin: Once the vote has been taken.

Thorin: Well, obviously once the vote's been taken. You can't act another resolution till you've voted on it...

Bilbo: Thorin-- for goodness sake, GO NOW!

Thorin: Yes, yes.

Bilbo: Honestly!

Thorin: Right, right.

Dwalin: Fine.

Thorin: In the-- in the light of fresh information from, ahhh... burglar Baggins--

Loretta: Ah-- not so fast, the previous resolution still--

Bilbo: Thorin! This is perfectly simple... all you lot have got to do is to go down this tunnel right now, grab your choice of the hundreds of weapons laying around down there, and stab the ruddy huge slumbering worm in it's one weak spot. Revenge is yours for the taking, Thorin. Right here and right now you can liberate your kingdom and avenge your grandfather!

Thorin: Hmmm... hmmm...

Bilbo: Can't you understand?! Ohhh!

(Bilbo stomps off in disgust back down the tunnel)

Dwalin: Oh, my.

Thorin: I don't want to mention any names, but someone who's name is 5 letters long and starts with a "B" has been getting rather *uppity* of late!

Balin: What?

Bifur: What?!

Dwalin: (whistling)

Thorin: Oh-- sorry... Bifur, Balin, and Bofur--

Loretta: Loretta.

Thorin: Ahhh... right. Read that back, would you?

Kieran Forester: We interrupt this scene to take you straight to the Great Hall of Thror for the latest news regarding the Ring of Power in use here at the lonely mountain.

[ROAR!]

Guv Ronjar: Well... the deafening noise you hear is courtesy of the now wide awake and very irate dragon in residence, Smaug the Golden. Though using the [One Ring](#) clearly is the only reason Bilbo Baggins is still alive at this very moment, he did come off rather on the worse end of a riddle-speak match with the wily worm. You can rest assured that this is one hobbit who will never again laugh at a live dragon!

(a large thrush in the background flies past Guv Ronjar)

Guv Ronjar: With the hobbit and dwarves trapped in the secret tunnel, yet just tantalizingly out of Smaug's vengeful reach, we can only guess where the dragon--

[ROAR!!!]

Guv Ronjar: ...will seek to vent his formidable anger. Guv Ronjar, Rings of Power special edition, reporting from Erebor.

Scene 10: Fire and Water - An Opera

Narrator: Meanwhile, the people of Lake-town are mostly indoors as a sudden cold breeze has made for a chilly evening. Only one of the few token guards on duty is truly vigilant.

[\[Opera Music Starts\]](#)

Bärd the Bowman: Be very quiet... I'm watching for the dragon.

(a red glow appears to the north near the lonely mountain and begins growing larger as it heads south)

[\[Dramatic Music\]](#)

Bärd the Bowman: The dragon comes!!!

(surprised faces appear in a few windows to see what the fuss is about)

Bärd the Bowman: Cut the bridges, cut the bridges, cut the bridges!

(scrambling, the guards run for their posts)

Bärd the Bowman: Yo ho-- to arms! Yo ho-- to arms! Yo ho--

[\[Warning Horns Sound\]](#)

Andrømedå: O' mighty warrior from the royal line of Dale. Might I enquire to ask, ummm... what the hell?!

Bärd the Bowman: I'm going to kill the dragon!

[\[Battle Music\]](#)

Andrømedå: O' mighty warrior, it will be quite a task. How will you slay him, might I enquire to ask?

[\[Warning Horns Sound Again\]](#)

Bärd the Bowman: I will do it with my bow and magic arrow!

Andrømedå: Your bow and magic arrow?

Bärd the Bowman: Bow and magic arrow!

Andrømedå: Magic arrow?

Bärd the Bowman: Magic arrow!

Andrømedå: (looking at the tag on the black arrow) Magic "+6 vs dragon" arrow?!

Bärd the Bowman: Yes, *magic arrow*... and I have always recovered it!

(roaring his frustration in failing to take the town by surprise, Smaug passes in rage overhead)

Andrømedå: I will go get dressed to be of aid you!

Bärd the Bowman: No-- you must get to safety!

(fire fills the sky as the dragon attacks, diving and circling in furious anger)

Bärd the Bowman: Stand your ground and fire to the last arrow, men!

(arrows and darts bounce off Smaug with little effect other than to further enrage the great worm)

Bärd the Bowman: (shouting) Andrømedå?!

(Andrømedå suddenly reappears dressed in a +3 chainmail bikini... and little else!)

[\[Romance Music\]](#)

Bärd the Bowman: Oh-- Andrømedå, you're so lovely!

Andrømedå: Yes, I know it... I can't help it.

Bärd the Bowman: Oh-- Rømmë, be my love!

[\[Ballet Music\]](#)

(Bärd and Andrømedå dance obliviously as Smaug continues to attack all around them)

[\[Romance Music \(Reprise\)\]](#)

Bärd the Bowman: Schlip-a-schlap, my love... a longing burns deep inside me.

Andrømedå: Schlip-a-schlap, my love... I want you always beside me.

Bärd the Bowman: A love like ours must be--

Andrømedå: To schlap you and schlip me.

Bärd and Andrømedå: Schlip-a-schlap... won't you Schlip-a-schlap-a-vay, for my love is yours!
(a low pass by the dragon interrupts this tender moment as a house bursts into flame and part of a collapsing wall knocks Andrømedå unconscious)

[[Battle Music \(Reprise\)](#)]

Bärd the Bowman: (enraged) I will *KILL* the dragon!!!
(climbing voraciously to gain altitude, the dragon whirls around for another assault)

Bärd the Bowman: Arise men!
(the scattered archers of Lake-town rally around Bärd)

Bärd the Bowman: North division fire! South division fire!
(a storm of projectiles arc into the sky)

Bärd the Bowman: Spears, arrows, darts for-- [SMAUG!](#)
(a large thrush lands on Bärd's shoulder... after a moment, Bärd nods in understanding and the bird flies away)

[TWANG]

(fiercely, the arrow leaps from Bärd's great bow of yew)

Bärd the Bowman: Fly black arrow! Strike the dragon!
(straight and true flies Smaug's doom as the arrow strikes his one unprotected spot)

Smaug: (roaring) Ack-- mein lieben!!!

[CRASH]

[SLAM]

[THUD]

[WHAM]

(landing fully on the town in his death throws, the mighty Smaug the Golden and the silly fish schlapping place once called Esgaroth are no more)

[[Sad Romance Music](#)]

(Bärd pulls Andrømedå from the wreckage of the ruined and burning Lake-town)

Bärd the Bowman: What have I done?! I have killed the dragon and lost my love...

[[Sad Romance Music \(Reprise\)](#)]

Bärd the Bowman: Poor sweet Rømmë, poor sweet Rømmë...

(Bärd carries Andrømedå to the lake shore in his arms)

Andrømedå: (groggily) Well, perhaps a chainmail bikini isn't as practical as one would think...

Narrative Interlude: How to Recognize Different Types of Tree From Quite a Long Way Away

Narrator: Episode 10A, how to recognize different types of tree from quite a long way away. Number 1... the ent.



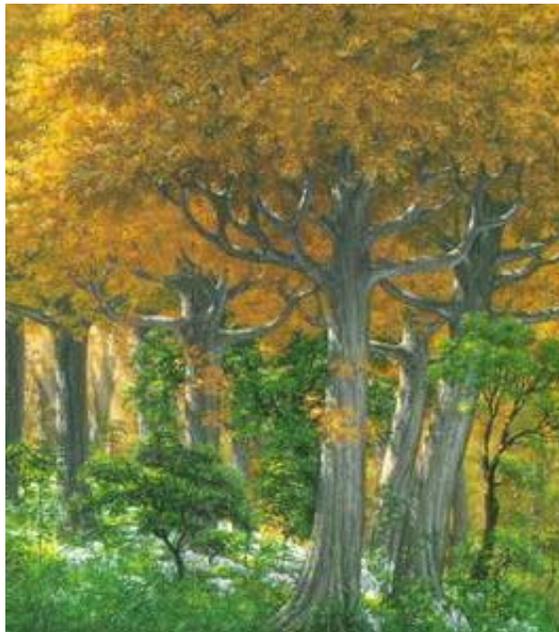
(superimposed caption: **THE ENT**)

Narrator: The ent. The ent. And now, number 3... the ent.



(superimposed caption: **THE ENT**)

Narrator: The ent. Number 1... the ent. And now... the mallorn.



(superimposed caption: **THE MALLORN**)

Narrator: And now... number 3, the ent. The ent. And now... the ent.



(superimposed caption: **THE ENT**)

Narrator: And now-- ULK!!!

(the narrator falls forward to reveal several arrows, a sword, 3 daggers, and a battle axe embedded in his back)

[THUD]

Scene 11: Off to Erebor!

Narrator: The master of the ruined Lake-town sits cold and wet on the shore of the dark lake looking over the devastation of Smaug the Golden's final resting place. His grand house... his wealth... all that he had built... gone.

Master of Town: All is lost. Our town... is dead.

Bärd the Bowman: (stepping out of the shadows carrying Andrømedå) No it isn't.

Andrømedå: Put me down already-- I'm not dead!

Bärd the Bowman: As long as we draw breath, our town lives on.

Master of Town: No it doesn't!

Bärd the Bowman: (looking around at the huddled survivors) We must set out for Dale immediately and reclaim the treasure from the mountain. Doubtless, those bumbling dwarves perished first in fire before the dragon attacked us.

Master of Town: Fantasy! Leading and inspiring the masses for such a task is beyond the talents of one as solemn and grim as you.

Bärd the Bowman: (smiling at Rømmë as he finally puts her down) Actually, I feel happy. I feel *happy!*

(music suddenly begins playing nearby)

Master of Town: Not again-- stop that!

Bärd the Bowman: (singing) We are not dead yet,

We can dance and we can sing.

We are not dead yet,

We can have a schlapping fling.

We are not dead yet,

No need to see red,

No need to call it quits,

'Cause the dragon is dead!

Lake-town Survivors: (singing) We are not yet dead,

That's what the bowman said.

No, we're not yet dead,

The Master is off his head.

We are not yet dead,

And since we need led,

Let's go north 'cause we're not yet dead!

(with the exception of the inconsolable Master of Town, everyone gathers around Bärd and heads toward the lonely mountain)

Lake-town Survivors: (singing) Well, the dragon is dead,

Through the air the arrow sped.

Sure, now it's dead,

Buried in the lake bed.

You are such a king,

To slay that brutish thing,

That homicidal worm, now Smaug's really dead!

Who is this man, who *is* this man, unafraid of danger,

Who saved us from the dragon's anger?

Bärd the Bowman: (singing) My name is Bärd of Dale.
From the line of Girion, I hail.

Restore a kingdom with me,
And as Bärdings you'll never fail!

Andrømedå: (singing) I want to stay with you,
But I love my father too.
I'm rather afraid he may,
Send me far away...

Bärd the Bowman: (singing) I'm in love with you,
Rømmë, through and through and through
So marry me and our dreams will all come true!

Andrømedå: (singing) We'll be as one,
Though the coming days will be hard.

Bärd and Andrømedå: (singing) We'll be joined in wedded bliss,

Andrømedå: (singing) As Queen Rømmë,

Bärd the Bowman: (singing) And King Bärd!

Lake-town Survivors: (singing) Oh, we're off to Erebor,
Because we're not yet dead.

We will all enlist,
As the Bärdings that Bärd led.
(an army of wood elves joins in with the mass of humans)

Thranduil: (singing) We awe coming too,

My elves will not be misled.

We awe youw best fwiends,
Now that the dwagon is dead!

Army of Elves and Humans: (singing) Oh, we're not yet dead,
To the mountain we go.

We'll eat elven bread,
And try and earn some dough.
So although...

We wish we could have stayed in bed,
We're going off to Erebor,
Because we're not yet dead!

Bärd the Bowman: (singing) With skill,
And will,
Rebuilding Dale is such a thrill!

Andrømedå: (singing) To have Bärd,
A palace with a yard,
And appoint our royal guard!

Army of Elves and Humans: (singing) We're going off to Erebor,
Gold will be the latest fashion--

Legolas: (singing) We'll be filmed by Peter Jackson!

Army of Elves and Humans: (singing) Because we're not... yet... dead!

(the music comes to a sudden stop as the armies of men and elves reach the recently rebuilt front door of the lonely mountain)

Thorin: Bugger off!!! This is our mountain and treasure 'cause we dwarves are not yet dead!
Bård the Bowman: Nuts.

Scene 12: War, Sir, is Raw

Narrator: After a tense exchange of words at the now fortified entrance of Erebor, Thorin breaks the latest news to the rest of his companions.

Thorin: It is war. I have presented King Thranduil and King Bård our perfectly reasonable demands that the elves depart immediately from our front door and that the humans put away their weapons if they have business with us. They, in turn, relayed their demands and there is absolutely no hope of reaching an accord. Any questions?

Gloin: What exactly are their demands?

Thorin: They want one twelfth portion of the treasure in compensation for slaying the dragon as well as for damages caused by Smaug and, now, a written apology from me for implying that there is something wrong with the way the king of the wood elves speaks. Until that is delivered, we are to consider ourselves besieged.

Bilbo: Besieged?

Balin: Cut off from the rest of the world and left to starve.

Thorin: Little do they realize that I have sent messenger ravens to our kin in the mountains of the north. A dwarven army led by my cousin Dain Ironfoot should arrive at any time now from the Iron Hills.

Dwalin: Of course, we must point out that they bear full responsibility when Dain's forces attack them.

Thorin: I told them that they must do exactly as we say or else. We shall not submit to blackmail!

Dwarves: No blackmail!

Bilbo: Can't I just give them my share to avoid any complications?

Thorin: You don't understand the principle of the matter. This is war!

Bilbo: There simply *must* be a way we can work this out--

Thorin: The humans wanting a share I can nearly understand, but why the elves feel entitled is beyond me! They would bleed us white. They would take what we have recovered after many grievous hardships... that which we have inherited by right from our fathers and from our fathers' fathers.

Loretta: And from our fathers' fathers' fathers.

Thorin: Yes.

Loretta: And from our fathers' fathers' fathers' fathers!

Thorin: Yes-- all right, Loretta, don't labor the point... and what have the elves ever given us?!

Gloin: Medicine?

Thorin: What?

Gloin: You know... medical lore.

Thorin: Oh. Yes, okay... they did give us that. Uh-- that's true. Yes.

Nori: And the runic alphabet.

Loretta: Oh, yeah, the runic alphabet, Thorin. Remember what they say Khuzdul used to be like before the runic alphabet?

Thorin: Yes. All right. I'll grant you that medicine and the runic alphabet are two things that the elves have done.

Bifur: And ringcraft.

Thorin: Well, yes... obviously ringcraft. I'm sure the verdict is still out on whether that counts *for* or *against* them, though.

Bifur: Would *you* give up a Ring of Power if you had one?

Thorin: True enough. But, apart from medical lore, the runic alphabet, and ringcraft--

Fili: Botany and ecology.

Gloin: Archery.

Dwarves: Huh? Heh? Huh...

Balin: Epic poetry.

Dwarves: Ohh...

Thorin: Yes, yes. All right. Fair enough.

Bombur: And wine.

Dwarves: Oh, yes. Yeah...

Dwalin: Yeah, that's something we'd really miss, Thorin, if there hadn't been elves.

Bombur: Particularly a nice Chardonnay when having fish.

Oin: Or lembas.

Kili: And the elves are the only reason it is safe to venture in many parts of Middle-earth these days.

Dwalin: Yeah, they certainly know how to kill orcs and goblins.

Thorin: All right... but, apart from the runic alphabet, medicine, poetry, wine, archery, ringcraft, botany, ecology, and the killing of our common foes, what have the elves ever done for us?!

Dwarves: Yeah!

Narrator: With the sounding of horns and the beating of drums the dwarven army arrives and prepares to force their way through the armies of men and elves to reach the mountain. Just as the first arrows are being fired, Gandalf the Grey suddenly appears in the middle of the battlefield and, in a voice that echoes through the vale, summons the leaders of the soon to be combatant armies to meet him to parlay.

Gandalf: Thank you all for coming. Today is indeed a unique occasion in the history of Middle-earth and we need to go about this properly. I feel very privileged and deeply honored to introduce such famed personages. Let me start with Dain Ironfoot, King of the Iron Hills, and cousin of Thorin. (Dain, suspicious, nods slightly to the other leaders)

Gandalf: Thranduil, known to all as the King of Northern Mirkwood-- or of the Greenwood, if you prefer.

(Thranduil nods with a smile)

Gandalf: Bård the Bowman, King of Dale, soon to be restored.

(Bård gives a half bow to the others as Thorin arrives nearly out of breath)

Thorin: What is all this then?!

Gandalf: Excellent timing-- And this, of course, is Thorin Oakenshield, King Under the Mountain.

(Thorin impatiently nods to the others as Gandalf pulls a card from out of his robes)

Gandalf: And the first question is for you, Dain. The Hammers... the Hammers is the nickname of what hobbit football team? The Hammers?

(Dain is completely bewildered by this question and obviously doesn't have a clue)

Gandalf: No? Well... bad luck there, Dain. It is the nickname of the Hobbiton team. So we'll go on to you, Thranduil. Bywater last won the Shire Cup in what year?

(Thranduil looks as dumbfounded as Dain)

Gandalf: No? I'll throw it open. Bywater last won the Shire Cup in what year?

(they all look blankly at the possibly insane wizard)

Gandalf: Well, I'm not surprised you didn't get that. It was, in fact, a trick question. Bywater has *never* won the Shire Cup. So, with the scores all equal, now we go on to our second round. Bård, it's your starter for ten.

Bård: Okay...

Gandalf: Arwen Evenstar won the Rivendell Song Contest in 2857. What was the name of the song? Arwen Evenstar's song in the 2857 Rivendell Song Contest? Anybody?

(King Thranduil hesitantly raises his hand)

Gandalf: Yes, Thranduil?

Thranduil: I'm bringing sexy back?

Gandalf: Yes-- it was indeed! Well challenged.

(smattering of applause)

Gandalf: Well, now we come to our special lightning round. The contestant is Thorin Oakenshield and the prize is the Arkenstone of Thrain which was recently recovered from his treasure horde by that most esteemed of hobbits, Bilbo Baggins.

Thorin: What?! That miserable blasted burglar-- that is mine!

(Gandalf throws open a wooden chest revealing a large marvelous stone... it looks as if a diamond globe has been filled with moonlight and the frosty glints of distant stars)

Gandalf: Now Thorin, to reclaim this most prized possession of your family fortune, you must answer the following three questions correctly. Are you nervous?

(Thorin, still stunned by this turn of events, barely nods)

Gandalf: How large are the armies of men and elves arrayed against you?

Thorin: Ummm... the humans have just over 1000 troops since being reinforced by at least two clans of allied northerners with about 250 armed with long bows, 250 with spears, and 500 with swords. The elves seem to have brought about 1500 warriors who are nearly evenly divided between arrow chuckers and spears.

Gandalf: Excellent, yes... that is entirely correct. You're on your way to reclaiming the Arkenstone. Question number two. How large are the dwarven forces that you and Dain command? How large?

Thorin: Over 500 veteran heavy infantry with warhammers and swords.

Gandalf: Yes, yes! One final question and the wonderous Arkenstone will be yours... are you going to have a go?

(Thorin nods that he is ready)

Gandalf: Thorin, your final question... who won the Shire Cup in 2849?

Thorin: Wha-- I don't know *that!*

Gandalf: A pity... it was, in fact, the Buckland Blackbirds who beat Nobottle 3-1.

Thorin: This is outrageous--

Gandalf: Not to fret, because I have one final bonus question that will resolve everything.

Thorin: Then, by all means, please ask it!

Gandalf: Okay, the final *winner takes all* question. Since I have successfully managed to stall you idiots from fighting each other just long enough... exactly what are the chances of your combined force of three thousand holding out against the over seven thousand goblins, wolves, and wargs that are just now coming around the bend of the Running River to kill you all?

(dramatic pause)

Dain: My brothers... we are *so* flûk'd.

Gandalf: Quite right.

Scene 13: Battle of Five Armies - Sports Edition

Kieran Forester: Good afternoon, and welcome to a packed valley of Dale, southern vale of the lonely mountain, Erebor.

(superimposed caption: [BATTLE OF FIVE ARMIES \[Rings of Power Sports Edition\]](#))

Guv Ronjar: Packed is definitely the word for it, Kieran, as this battle has drawn quite an unusual multi-cultural mix to today's match-up. Dwarves, elves, humans, goblins, and wargs... exciting things are bound to happen here.

(superimposed caption: [BATALJ UV FEM ARMEN \[Råingse uv Pöveråga Sqøurtësi Edänsod\]](#))

Kieran Forester: We are all set to begin--

(with cries and howls, the goblins and wargs pour into the valley between the southern and eastern spurs of the lonely mountain)

Kieran Forester: And here comes the visiting team now... led by their skipper, "Boggy" Bolg. They must surely start favorites this afternoon. With clear advantages in strength, ruthlessness, and simplified command structure, they would appear unstoppable... and let's now see their line-up.

Goblin and Warg Armies [[Visitors](#)]

1. Bolg (Team Captain and Head Goblin)
2. Amog
3. Gorg
4. Azob
5. Moog
6. Bozb
7. Arog
8. Gondgaur (Head Warg)
9. Rhiakath
10. Mordraug
11. Annwnor

Guv Ronjar: The goblins and wargs are starting out in a 4-2-4 formation. Arog in goal... back four are Gorg, Bolg, Azob, and Moog... front-runners Gondgaur, Rhiakath, Mordraug, and Annwnor. The mid-field duo of Amog and Bozb in position. Amog perhaps a bit of a gamble there.

(hurrying frantically, the dwarves, elves, and men get into position)

Kieran Forester: And now the home squad, led by their veteran centre-half, Gandalf the Grey.

Dwarf, Elf, and Human Armies [[Home](#)]

1. Gandalf the Grey (Team Captain)
2. Thorin Oakenshield (Head Dwarf)
3. Dain Ironfoot
4. Balin son of Fundin
5. Thranduil (Head Elf)
6. Legolas Greenleaf
7. Czar Mohab
8. Bård the Bowman (Head Human)
9. Kadh Qohelethson
10. La'ra Disruptorstun
11. Bilbo Baggins

Guv Ronjar: Let's look at their team. As you'd expect, it's a much more defensive line-up. Balin's in goal, Kadh a front-runner there, Dain the midfield anchor, and Legolas as sweeper... Legolas very much the elf in form. One big surprise, obviously, is the inclusion of Bilbo. I don't think anyone could have imagined that.

Kieran Forester: Indeed not! As Sauron discovered during his bitter lose at the Dagorlad Finals of 3434, second age, even the [One Ring](#) is of limited use in this sort of contest.

Guv Ronjar: Right you are, Kieran... Isildur came away the trophy winner from that colossal matchup, of course. When you reach this level, you honestly win or lose on the strengths and weaknesses of your teammates that brought you.

(Bilbo puts on his magic ring and promptly disappears from the battle)

Kieran Forester: Well, here comes the wargs on the opening play... Gandalf quickly moving Biggesti Dickest in to substitute for the missing hobbit.

Guv Ronjar: With the proposed three substitutions per game limit rule having been voted down in last year's hotly debated white council meeting, replacement players will continue to be a huge factor to success.

Kieran Forester: Kadh and La'ra moving to resist the vanguard... and as the two sides come together, we're ready for the start of what promises to be a real *battle royale*.

(the homicidally brave men of the resistance line hold off the wargs just long enough to bunch up and disorganize the following goblin assault)

Guv Ronjar: They're through!

Kieran Forester: Amog and Bozb there. Rhiakath, number 9, on the outside... Mordraug there with him. There's Bolg. Moog's in there, Gorg covering. Azob, in reserve, holding back. The goblins and wargs are moving far down the field in force.

(charging forward, the elves flank the goblin formation)

Guv Ronjar: And now it's the elves on the attack! Biggesti... Czar Mohab, number 7. Thranduil leading. Czar and Biggesti staying with him. There's Thranduil. Legolas... there he is, Legolas. Legolas there, threading it through.

(as they begin to hold back the elves, the goblins are suddenly surprised from behind)

Kieran Forester: There's the dwarves! Coming in from the opposite flank... Dain there along with Bård in support. Dain, number 3, making his presence felt.

Guv Ronjar: Azob moving up on the outside. Gondgaur's on the left, the visitors are holding off the home team now and beginning to move forward again.

(the crush of the goblin and warg hordes pushes the dwarves, elves, and men back up the spurs of the mountain)

HOME = 0 --- VISITORS = 0

Kieran Forester: Well, there may be no score, but there's certainly no lack of excitement here! As you can see, Bolg has just disemboweled Gorg for arguing with him. Gorg apparently accused Bolg of having no coherent strategic plan and Bolg say, "spleen go in box!" This is Bolg's third disembowelment of defensive fullbacks in four matchups. Molb now in as wingback for the goblins and wargs.

Guv Ronjar: Molb is coming in behind the elves... Bozb joining him on the breakaway-- The home team's zone defense is coming apart!

Kieran Forester: 2-on-1 break... only Balin stands between them and destiny. Balin, there-- trying to cut down the angle.

Balin: [CENSORED]!!!

(a great shout arises from the dwarves as a trumpet loudly calls out from the front gate of Erebor)

Guv Ronjar: What's this?

Kieran Forester: It's Thorin Oakenshield!

Guv Ronjar: Thorin is rallying the dwarves, elves, and men to him... obstructing the goblin's best scoring opportunity so far.

Kieran Forester: It looks to be a flying pyramid attack up the middle third heading straight into the goblin formation's center. The visitors are going goblin-to-dwarf in response.

(Thorin charges forward... resplendent in shining armor)

Thorin: To me! RALLY TO ME!

Guv Ronjar: Obviously, Gandalf has decided on an all-out attack, as indeed he must with so little time in the match to go.

Gandalf: NO-- You fools!

Kieran Forester: The big question is, who is left to support this drive... who do the dwarves, elves, and men have left to sub in?

Guv Ronjar: The casualty list is becoming more of a problem for the home team as the goblins and wargs seem to have a near endless bench depth. Bilbo is missing in action, Czar is on the 15 day disabled list... Kadh's status is day-to-day, while La'ra is barely managing to stay in with a lateral ankle sprain and knee problems. The biggest loss for the home squad, naturally, has been the death of Biggesti Dickesti.

Kieran Forester: Yes, Biggesti... who saw his reportedly very *talented* wife only last week--

Guv Ronjar: And here's Fili and Kili on the field covering for Thorin!

(gathering dwarves, elves, and men to him, Thorin rushes forward in fury)

Kieran Forester: Let's see if Thorin can put some life into this bold attack.

(piercing deep through the lines of goblins and wargs, Thorin's force crashes into the bodyguards of Bolg... and is brutally thrown back)

Guv Ronjar: Evidently not.

Kieran Forester: A diving header to no avail, there. With time running out on regulation play, a replay review looks absolutely vital.

Guv Ronjar: And now there is some shouting from the sidelines--

Bilbo: The eagles! The eagles are coming!

(invisible though he may be, a rock strikes Bilbo on the head and he is immediately knocked out)

Meneldor the Eagle: What-ho, squadron leader?

Landroval the Eagle: Top hole, Mellie. Looks like screamin' Boggy pranged his ten-penny ones right in the how's your father. Bally the blighters... we need to dicky-birdy the custard, feather back on their Sammy, take a waspy, and chuck his cans up the blue end.

Meneldor the Eagle: Roger that-- Bunch of monkeys on the Bertie, sir! Better grab their egg and fours and get the bacon delivered.

Landroval the Eagle: Jolly good... plug the squiffy!

(in a great rush of wind, the giant northern eagles arrive)

Guv Ronjar: Coming in for the home team, with not a moment to spare... are forward aces Landroval and Meneldor!

(superimposed caption: [BATALJ UV SEKS ARMEN \[Uppdåtera\]](#))

Kieran Forester: Meneldor out to Landroval, Landroval back to Meneldor, good give and go here-- Meneldor facing off with Molb... Molb is easily beaten.

(the goblins who are lucky enough not to be cast off the sides of the mountain flee shrieking and bewildered from the eagles)

Guv Ronjar: Wait-- we have another surprise substitution here as Beorn, a truly massive bear, comes in for the mortally wounded Thorin... and he is simply tearing through the visiting team!

(superimposed caption: **BATALJ UV SJUVEN ARMEN** [Uppdåtëra])

Kieran Forester: Gandalf signals the go-ahead and it's Beorn deep in the goblin defense... here he comes on the far post, tramples Arog, Bolg is there to block-- Beorn smacks Bolg's head right off! It's--

Guv Ronjar: GOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLL!!!

Kieran Forester: Beorn *heads* it in with a top-drawer strike! Yes, Beorn has scored as the clock runs out!

Guv Ronjar: The elves are going mad! The dwarves and humans are going mad!

HOME = 1 --- VISITORS = 0

Kieran Forester: Beorn scores against the run of play, got a beautiful cross slash on Bolg there who attempted a flick header.

Guv Ronjar: What irony!

Kieran Forester: The goblins are disputing it. The surviving wargs and wolves have gone into a frenzy, though, and are turning on the goblins. I believe Moog was claiming Beorn was offside before being ripped apart, there... but the rejuvenated dwarves, elves, men, and eagles are having none of it as they surge across the field behind Beorn.

Guv Ronjar: It's all over-- this one is in the books!

Kieran Forester: The goblins and wargs, heavily favored coming into this competition, have been beaten by the odd goal... and let's see it again.

(the replay, viewed from behind Bolg in slow motion, shows Beorn smashing Arog out of the way as he bounds up... Bolg's head flying off... the frame freezes for a moment on the startled look on Bolg's face)

Kieran Forester: There you have it... Beorn, yes... Beorn went right through Arog, and Bolg didn't have a chance--

Guv Ronjar: And just look at this delighted home squad as they drive the shattered visitors off the pitch and into the Running River!

(the goblins and wargs, fleeing in all directions, are pursued closely by the righteously vengeful dwarves, elves, men, eagles, and Beorn)

Kieran Forester: There they are... Dain "Chopper" Ironfoot, Gandalf the Grey, Bård "The Answer" Bowman, La'ra "Buffalo Wrestler" Disruptorstun, Legolas "Bottomless Quiver" Greenleaf--

Guv Ronjar: What a game he had today!

Kieran Forester: And Landroval is there with Meneldor.

Guv Ronjar: And, of course, "The Bear" Beorn... the surprise pull from the bench who has scored what is probably the most important goal of his career.

Scene 14: The End of the Beginning

Narrator: With the dragon Smaug dead and the goblin horde defeated, all that remained for the survivors to do was bury the dead and clean up the mess. As the towns of Dale and Esgaroth began the first stages of reconstruction, the dwarves had a particularly hard time of it clearing Erebor of the worm's foul reek--

Gandalf: No one *ever* bothers to write about that part of story, so skip ahead a bit.

Narrator: Right. Well, after a brief time of rest and a few meals of something other than cram to eat--

Men of Dale: (chanting) Cram cram cram cram...

Narrator: Stop that! Really, now-- as I was saying... eventually Bilbo Baggins, accompanied by Gandalf the Grey, started the long journey back into the west towards the Shire.

(the lonely mountain behind them, Gandalf rides on a large white horse while Bilbo rides beside him on a small dappled pony)

Gandalf: Now, my dear friend and luck-blessed hobbit, we just need to figure out a way to end this glorious tale.

Bilbo: Splendid! What ending options have we got?

Gandalf: Well... there's the standard long slow pull-out, you know...

(as Gandalf speaks, the scene pulls out and passes through the nearby forests and mountains... past a great northern eagle gliding on an updraft... we mix through to an even wider zoom over the Shire before eventually ending up with a suborbital view of Middle-earth that slowly coalesces into an old hand-drawn map in the Red Book of Westmarch-- abruptly we cut back to Gandalf and Bilbo)

Bilbo: (shaking his head) No. Have we got anything more, I don't know... exciting?

Gandalf: How about a chase?

(the creature Gollum suddenly jumps out from the bushes near the road)

Gollum: Thief! The precious-- we *wantss* it!!! Thief, Baggins!

[exciting chase music]

(Bilbo's pony goes into a panicked sprint as Gollum chases after him-- suddenly cut back to Gandalf and Bilbo calmly riding along again)

Bilbo: Oh-- no... no, no!

Gandalf: Riding off into the sunset?

Bilbo: What's that one like?

(dramatic view of the sun going down behind the Misty Mountains... we can just see the backs of Gandalf and Bilbo as they ride together towards the setting sun)

Gandalf: You know... two lone figures silhouetted against the last lingering rays in the evening sky... the quest complete, the mood music swells... you've got a lump in your throat and a tear in your eye-- (cut back to Gandalf and Bilbo still riding along at midday)

Bilbo: No, that won't do either.

Gandalf: Oh, pity... I rather liked that one.

Bilbo: They all seem a bit off for ending this epic adventure.

Gandalf: Well, there is one that involves you arriving home to find all your worldly possessions being auctioned off.

Bilbo: What?!

Gandalf: I daresay your cousins, the Sackville-Bagginses, are making arrangements to move into Bag End at this very moment.

Bilbo: Bugger! Those bloody wanking-- Okay, look... I would very much like to skip all of *that* if possible.

Gandalf: So will the studio, producers, director... and anyone else that has never bothered to actually read the book, I wager. All right... how about a happy ending?

(an elven lady of enchantingly seductive beauty rushes up to Bilbo and throws her arms around him)

Serailian: Oh, Bilbo-- thank the Valar you're safe!

Gandalf: No, I'm sorry. You wouldn't want that.

(Serailian Linnod'aduial disappears)

Bilbo: Wha-- Why *wouldn't* I want that?!

Gandalf: It will confuse all your fans that have long assumed you to be gay.

(long pause)

Bilbo: You-- Ummm... you mean *happy*, right?

Gandalf: Nevermind... what about summing up from the panel? That's always good. You know, have a couple of expert commentators--

(cut to Kieran Forester and Guv Ronjar sitting at a large desk on the side of Erebor... a large painting depicting a jubilant team of dwarves, elves, and humans holding up a football trophy with Bolg's head mounted on it is in the background)

Kieran Forester: Yes, it was rather a good story... quite thrilling. Though I think that the musical numbers *may* have been a little overdone.

Guv Ronjar: I don't agree with that at all, Kieran! Quite frankly, the only bits I liked were the ones with me in them.

(cut back to Gandalf and Bilbo)

Bilbo: Absolutely not!

Gandalf: No? Slow fade?

(the scene begins to fade out)

Bilbo: Nnnn... no.

(the scene snaps back into bright focus)

Gandalf: Well, how about a sudden ending?

Bilbo: A what?

Narrative Conclusion: Bardic Epilogue

Narrator: Within his favorite open air concert hall, Elrond gathers the best musicians in Rivendell together. Their honored task is to memorialize in song the surprising tale of Bilbo Baggins. Harps, mandolins, horns, and elven drums at the ready... Lord Elrond beckons them to begin.

[music]

(to the tune of "It's the End of the World as We Know It" by R.E.M.)

Elrond: (singing)

That's great, it starts with some tea and cake,
A dwarf quest, music played, a hobbit thief is not afraid.
Rain soaked to the bone, morning turns trolls to stone,
Trespass to goblins taken, Gollum's magic ring forsaken,
Riddles will escape bring, answer, pockets, no string.
The dwarves start to clatter with fear of height, moonlight,
Wargs circle fiery breeze surrounding five burning trees,
A wizard chucking pinecones gives them a funny fright.
Eagles are a coming in a hurry with the goblins in a fury,
Screaming for their necks.
Two by two report to Beorn, on bread and honey fed,
Gandalf leaves to head south, fight dread.
Oh no-- in the stream Bombur goes, enchanted doze,
Saved from spider bites, chase the elven lights.
Thranduil serves his own need, lock away the dwarf greed,
Rescue barrels watertight, downriver, Lake-town on the right, right.
Rest and food, on the mend, finally back on track again,
Feeling pretty psyched.

(chorus)

It's the end of Middle-earth as we know it (it's time we had some time alone),
It's the end of Middle-earth as we know it (chicks in chainmail set the tone),
It's the end of Middle-earth as we know it (get Peter Jackson on the phone),
And I feel fine...

Secret door, secret name, dragon wins at guessing game,
Weakness learn, return, Baggins with a golden urn.
Worm raging, men blaming, fire burning, bowman shooting,
Black arrow of fate, Smaug and town incinerate.
Head to mountain, elves join in, look around, look around,
Wall the front door block, blocked, uh-oh!
For compensation men appeal, Thorin says NO DEAL.
A burglar, a burglar, the Arkenstone will find,
Offer dwarves solutions and offer them alternatives,
But they decline.

(chorus x2)

The goblins and wargs arrive, battle armies number five,
Mountain getting overran, eagles spoil Bolg's plan!
Beorn the Bear doesn't fail, Ironfoot and Bård of Dale,
Victory party, gold for all, cram and beans, BOOM!
Your Tolkienotic, ring-neurotic, slam-dunk end, right? Right!

(chorus x4)
And I feel fine...
I feel fine...

Lobelia: (bursts in) Stop this infernal racket and sod off! I've got a baby trying to sleep here, eh?!
Bloody half-elven bards...

Baby Lotho: (crying)

Lobelia: Shut up already.
[SMACK]

To be continued (80 years later) in...

Monty Python: Fellowship of the Ring

I would also highly recommend that you watch [Monty Python meets Lord of the Rings](#)