

J.R.R. Tolkien's
The Hobbit
An Opera libretto by Dean Burry

Characters

Bilbo Baggins, *a hobbit*

Gandalf, *a wizard (adult, also voice of Smaug the Dragon)*

Thorin, *a dwarf*

Elf-maidens:

Gwelulind

Naurilind

Lanthirlind

Lasslind

Amarlind

Gallind

Elrond, *an elf-lord*

Thranduil *the King of the Wood Elves*

Azog, *the Great Goblin*

Master of Laketown

Bard the Bowman

Dwarves:

Dwalin

Balin

Fili

Kili

Ori

Nori

Dori

Oin

Gloin

Bifur

Bofur

Bombur

Elves:

Lalaith

Hwiniol

Goblins:

Bolg

Golg

(also hobbits, elves, goblins, wargs(wolves), spiders and men)

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PROLOGUE

(A meeting hall in the Elvish town of Rivendell. A performer, possibly an adult, portraying the real Bilbo Baggins, a hobbit, enters. He addresses the audience directly.)

Old Bilbo: Good evening, good evening to all. I do wish that it were happier business that has drawn us all together, but things being what they are...welcome to Rivendell. I am Bilbo Baggins, a hobbit, some would say THE hobbit, but I think that title is hardly deserved. I had a great-great-great-grand uncle Bullroarer who charged the ranks of the goblins of Mount Gram in the Battle of Green Fields, and knocked their king Golfimbul's head clean off with a wooden club. It sailed a hundred yards through the air and went down a rabbit-hole. He won the battle and invented the game of golf in the same moment.

(He chortles to himself.)

You will forgive me if I try to find some cheer in these dark times. It is extraordinary circumstances that have brought you all, Men, Dwarves, Elves and Hobbits into this theatre. Tomorrow some of you will be gathering to discuss what will be done with a ring, no, not just *a* ring...*the* Ring.

Our host, Elrond has asked me to create this small music drama based on my memoirs to illuminate my small involvement in this most immense situation. May it give you lightness of heart. May it give you some glimmering hope. May it help chart a course to salvation. This is it. This is my story. May the stars shine upon the hour of our meeting.

(As Bilbo exits, six Elf-maidens ceremoniously enter. Each carries a staff topped with a glowing orb.)

Elf-maidens: Neledh Gorvath 'nin Ellerein no i menel,
Odo'ni Nauhíráth ne rynd gonui ín,
Neder'ni Fír Fírrib beraid fired,
Êr am Morchír ned morn-orchamm dîn
Ne Dor e-Mordor ias i-Ndúath caedar.
Er-chorf hain torthad bain, Er-chorf hain hired,
Er-chorf hain toged bain a din fuin hain nuded
Ne Dor e-Mordor ias i-Ndúath caedar.

*(trans: Three Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky,
Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,
Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die,
One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.
One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them.
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.)*

(During the Elf-maidens song, members of the Chorus slowly move on and freeze in a tableau of Hobbiton. At the end of the Ring verse, the Elf-maidens hold up their staves and the lights snap on. The scene comes alive with activity and the Elf-maidens stand or sit watching, at the sides of the stage.)

Scene One

(A lovely, bright morning in the quaint country village of Hobbiton. Hobbits of all ages enter and go about their daily chores: fetching water, chopping wood, tending gardens, and selling vegetables - typical country life.

An elvish performer playing Bilbo Baggins enters and walks among the crowd. Some young hobbits begin a little game of 'blind-man's bluff and the others gather around Gandalf secretly enters and sit, unseen, within the crowd..)

Hobbit Children: Old fat spider, spinning in a tree!
Old fat spider can't see me!
Attercop! Attercop!
Won't you stop,
stop your spinning and look for me?

(The older hobbits cheer and applaud as the game ends. Gandalf stands applauding and laughing with great warmth and affection. With a start, the hobbits all move away from him, getting back to work but also sheltering their children. Bilbo, not having seen Gandalf, strolls idly back to the circular door of his hobbit-hole, smoking his long pipe. Seeing Bilbo, Gandalf follows. Bilbo sits leisurely on a stool, calmly noticing Gandalf.)

Bilbo: Good morning.

Gandalf: What do you mean?
Do you wish me a good morning
or mean that it is good whether I want it or not
or that you feel good this morning
or that it is a morning to be good on?

Bilbo: All of them at once.
Please, stranger, sit down and have a fill of my pipe.

Gandalf: Thank you,
but I have no time to blow smoke rings this morning.
I am looking for someone to share in an adventure.

(The hobbits all listen, somewhat horrified.)

Gandalf: It is difficult to find anyone.

Bilbo: I should think so-
in these parts!

Bilbo & Hobbits: We are plain, quiet folk
with no use for adventures
nasty, disturbing, uncomfortable things.
Make you late for dinner.

Bilbo: Well we don't want any adventures here.
Good morning!

Gandalf: What a lot of things you use "good morning" for.
Now it won't be good till I move off!

Bilbo: *(slightly embarrassed)* No, not at all, my dear Mr...Mr...
I don't believe I know your name.

Gandalf: Oh, yes you do,
and I know yours...Bilbo Baggins.
I am Gandalf.

Bilbo & Hobbits: Gandalf! Gandalf!
Good gracious me.

Not the fellow who told such wonderful tales
of dragons and goblins and giants,
the rescue of princesses
and the unexpected luck of widows' sons?

Not the Gandalf responsible for making so many lads and lasses
go off into the Blue for mad adventure,
Climbing trees
or visiting elves
or sailing in ships to other shores?

Bilbo: You used to upset things quite a bit in these parts.

Gandalf: I am glad that you remember me kindly.
I believe I will send...YOU on this adventure, Mr. Baggins.

Bilbo: *(flustered)* Sorry, I don't want any adventures,
Thank you.
Not today, good morning!

(He frantically tries to get out of this uncomfortable situation.)

But please come to tea-
any time you like!
Why not come tomorrow, come tomorrow!
Good morning!

(He enters his hole and quickly slams the door. Gandalf chuckles to himself as he scratches a symbol into Bilbo's door with his staff. The hobbits move out of his way as he exits. The hobbits exit as the Elf-maidens change the scene to the interior of Bilbo's hobbit-hole, the centrepiece being a large round door.)

Elf-maidens: Odo'ni Nauhíráth ne rynd gonui ín
(trans: Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone.)

Scene Two

(A bell rings; Bilbo rushes over with a plate of seed-cakes in hand.)

Bilbo: Dear me, I have forgotten of tea with the wizard.
I am so sorry to keep you waiting *(he opens the door)*...Gandalf?

(Dwalin the dwarf stands in the doorway.)

Dwalin: *(bowing low)* Dwalin, at your service!

Bilbo: Ah, well, Bilbo Baggins at yours!

(Bilbo closes the door and Dwalin takes a cake and walks to the table. Bilbo is about to say something when the bell rings again.)

Bilbo: So you are here, at last, Gandalf.

(He opens the door to see Balin, who also bows low.)

Balin: Balin, at your service!

Bilbo: Another dwarf? But where is...

Dwalin: Good to see you, brother!

Dwalin & Balin: What a funny little place,
what a funny little face!

(They laugh. The bell rings again.)

Bilbo: Ah, Gandalf, for certain.

(He opens the door and Fili and Kili enter.)

Fili & Kili: Fili and Kili...

Bilbo: At my service,
yes, come in.
If you have two dwarves, why not four?

(Bilbo attempts to set out more food and drink, becoming somewhat frantic at the arrival of these unexpected guests.)

Bilbo: Oh confusticate and bebother these dwarves.
Why don't they lend a hand?

Dwarves: What?! Our little master is upset?

Chip the glass and crack the plates!
Blunt the knives and bend the forks!
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates-
Smash the bottles and burn the corks!

(The dwarves throw about cutlery and dishes, obviously preparing for a crowd. The bell rings again and Bilbo goes to the door. Dori, Nori, Ori, Oin and Gloin enter.)

Dwarves: Cut the cloth and tread on the fat!
Pour the milk on the pantry floor!
Leave the bones on the bedroom mat!
Splash the wine on every door!

Dump the crocks in a boiling bowl;
Pound them up with a thumping pole;

And when you've finished, if any are whole,
send them down the hall to roll!

That's what Bilbo Baggins hates!
So carefully, carefully with the plates!

(On the last note, the door bursts open and the last four dwarves; Bifur, Bofur, Bombur and Thorin fall in a heap on the floor. Gandalf stands behind them, laughing.)

Gandalf: *(entering)* Greetings Bilbo, I see you've met the company.

Bilbo: Well, not exactly...

Dwalin: Dwalin!

Balin: Balin!

Fili: Fili!

Kili: Kili!

Ori: Ori!

Nori: Nori!

Dori: Dori!

Oin: Oin!

Gloin: Gloin!

Bifur: Bifur!

Bofur: Bofur!

Bombur: Bombur!

All except Thorin: At your service, at you service!

Gandalf: And this is the noble Thorin Oakenshield,
Son of Thrain,
Grandson of Thrór,
He who was King Under the Mountain.

Bilbo: So very sorry, sir...

(Thorin holds up his hand to silence him. The other dwarves and Gandalf all sit. Bilbo stands beside the wizard looking quite confused.)

Thorin: Gandalf, dwarves and Mr. Baggins. We are met together in this house to discuss the details of our journey and to welcome this most audacious hobbit, may the hair on his toes never fall out, to our company.

(There is a round of applause.)

Bilbo: Well, thank you very much, but what do you mean “journey”?

Thorin: The adventure.

Bilbo: Adventure?

Thorin: Our glorious endeavour.

Bilbo: Endeavour?

(Thorin looks at Gandalf, frustrated. Gandalf encourages Thorin to continue.)

Thorin: Very well, perhaps an explanation is required.

(Some of the dwarves produce instruments from sacks and arrange themselves for a performance. Some of the dwarves mime the actions of the song.)

Dwarves: Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To seek the pale enchanted gold.

The dwarves of yore made mighty spells,
While hammers fell like ringing bells
In places deep, where dark things sleep,
In hollow halls beneath the fells.

For ancient king and elvish lord
There many a gleaming golden hoard
They shaped and wrought, and light they caught
To hide in gems on hilt of sword.

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To claim our long-forgotten gold.

The bells were ringing in the dale
And men looked up with faces pale;
The dragon’s ire, more fierce than fire
Laid low their towers and houses frail.

The mountain smoked beneath the moon;
The dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom.
They fled their hall to dying fall

Beneath his feet, beneath the moon.

Far over the misty mountains grim
To dungeons deep and caverns dim
We must away, ere break of day,
To win our harps and gold from him.

(During the song, Bilbo becomes somewhat inspired by the fantasy of it all. He gazes off dreamily and even practises a few sword moves himself.)

Balin: We go to claim our lost gold!

(Bilbo returns to reality.)

Kili: You will be our burglar and travel to the Lonely Mountain with us.

(Bilbo now looks quite fearful.)

Fili: And help us slay Smaug the Magnificent.

Bilbo: *(Really not wanting to ask.)* Smaug the Magnificent?

Dwarves: The dragon!

(Bilbo lets out a blood-curdling scream and falls, whimpering, to the floor. The dwarves look sternly at Gandalf.)

Gandalf: Excitable little fellow
but I assure you he is one of the best-
fierce as a dragon in a pinch.

Gloin: Ha! It is very well of Gandalf to say this hobbit's fierce.

Oin: But one shriek like that in the dragon's den...

Both: Will kill the lot of us.

Bilbo: *(feeling a trifle insulted)* Hold on there, good fellow...

Dori: *(interrupting)* I had my doubts the moment I saw him.

Nori: I thought we'd come to the wrong house.

Ori: He looks more like a grocer than a burglar.

Bilbo: *(Standing up, indignant)* Pardon me! I believe that I have been more than generous in welcoming you into my hole. I don't pretend to understand what you are talking about, but I do believe that you think I'm no good. Tell me what you want done and I will try to do it - I had a great-great-grand uncle once, who was a mighty...

Dwarves: Yes, but that was long ago
and we were talking about you.

Thorin: *(to Gandalf)* Old man, you have made a mistake. This hobbit will not do.

Gandalf: *(Standing up angrily.)* You have asked me to find the burglar for your expedition I have chosen him.

Just let one say that I chose the wrong man
or the wrong house and you can stop at thirteen
and have all the bad luck you like.

There is more to a bee than his sting
There is more to a hen than her cluck.
There is more to a bat than his wing
There is more to a cat than her luck.

Look above, look below,
turn around, close your eyes,
feel your way, hear a heartbeat.
There is more to a king than his throne,
there is more to a crypt than the stone.

There is more to a mountain than the peaks of gleaming white,
There is more to a forest than the trees of shimmering green.
More to see, more to say,
more to leave, more to learn.
There is more.

There is a lot more in him than you guess,
and a deal more than he has any idea himself.
You may all live to thank me.

Thorin: Very well, Gandalf, the hobbit will be our burglar. It seems that you have given us no other choice. *(Grudgingly accepting the situation, to Bilbo.)* We leave in the morning, halfling.

(The dwarves pick up their belongings and exit. Bilbo steps outside and looks off to the east.)

Dwarves: *(off-stage)* Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To claim our long-forgotten gold.

Bilbo: I do hope I live to regret this.

(He returns to his hobbit-hole, turns out a lamp and exits. The Elf-maidens change the scene.)

Elf-maidens: Neledh Gorvath 'nin Ellerrain no i menel.
(*trans: Three rings for the Elven-kings under the sky.*)

Scene Three

(It is three weeks later and the company is wandering through the wilderness near the Elvish sanctuary of Rivendell on the edge of the Misty Mountains. The company trudges on. Gandalf carries two swords and a long knife wrapped in a sack.)

Bilbo: Is that THE Mountain?
Our adventure at its end?

Dwarves: The Misty Mountains,
the Misty Mountains.

Balin: Of course, it is not,
We must pass over...

Kili: or under...

Fili: or through.

Dwarves: The Misty Mountains.

Dwalin: And then it is still a great distance through the Wilds
to where Smaug sits on our treasure.

Dwarves: The Lonely Mountain,
the Lonely Mountain.

Bilbo: Bother travel and everything to do with it.
I wish I was at home
in my nice little hole,
the kettle just beginning to sing.
I guess there is more to adventures than strolling in May-sunshine.

Dwalin: Stop your complaining, Baggins,
Three weeks now we have travelled from your hole,
and you've done nothing but slow us down.

Balin: And please think twice the next time you try to pick a troll's pocket!
If not for Gandalf, your "buglary" skills would have left us in their stew!

Bilbo: I have said that I am sorry a thousand times. We did get their treasure
and those wonderful swords in the end, didn't we?

Dwarves: No thanks to you!

Gandalf: Cheer up, Sons of Durin.
We are soon to arrive at the home of my friend,

in the fair valley of Rivendell.
We will ask Elrond about the swords we took
from the troll's cave.

Dwarves: We are going to stay with the elves?
Ugh! The foolishly, silly elves?

Gandalf: That's right.
And I warn you to mind your manners.

Dwarves: Very well, but don't expect us to like it.

(They take a few more steps when a peel of voices erupts from all around them.)

Elves: O! What are you doing,
And where are you going?
Your ponies need shoeing!
The river is flowing!
O! tra-la-la-lally
here down in the valley!

O! What are you seeking,
And where are you making?
The faggots are reeking,
The bannocks are baking!
O! tril-lil-lil-lolly
the valley is jolly,
ha! ha!

O! Where are you going
With beards all a-wagging?
No knowing, no knowing
What brings Mister Baggins
And Balin and Dwalin
down into the valley
in June
ha! ha!

O! Will you be staying,
Or will you be flying?
Your ponies are straying!
The daylight is dying!
To fly would be folly,
To stay would be jolly
And listen and hark
Till the end of the dark
to our tune
ha! ha!

(In the middle of the song, the elves enter and dance merrily around the surprised, yet unimpressed dwarves. Bilbo is perfectly giddy and dances with himself, a grin from ear-to-ear. Gandalf smiles as well. One of the Elf-maidens takes the sack from Gandalf.)

Elf 1: Come Gandalf,
 Elrond awaits you and your fuzzy friends just across the river.

(The company begins to walk forward.)

Elf 2: Careful fathers, don't dip your beards in the river.
 They are long enough without watering them!

(The elves all giggle while the dwarves continue to grumble. Elrond enters and embraces Gandalf.)

Elrond: Welcome, my friends, welcome to Rivendell.
 Stay as long as you like,
 eat what you will,
 and know not a safer place exists for your weariness.

Bombur: Did he say something about food?

Elrond: The feast awaits, Bombur.
 Just follow the singing.

(The elves all skip off followed by the hungry dwarves. Thorin, Gandalf and Elrond stay behind as Bilbo watches from a distance. His desire for food outweighed by his curiosity about the charismatic elf-lord. The Elf-maidens form a semi-circle around Elrond and one walks forward with two swords and a long knife cradled in her arms.)

Elrond: Do you know what these are?

Bilbo: Swords?

Elrond: No, Bilbo, there is more to these blades than iron,
 and they most certainly were not made by trolls.

 The love of the maker,
 the tears of the Eldar,
 the hope and the valour
 of kingdoms long passed.

 The iron that was hardened,
 the stone that then sharpened,
 at Gondolin fought,
 at Gondolin died,
 at Gondolin was lost
 but here are found.

Orcrist, the Goblin-cleaver (*He gives the sword to Thorin*)
Glamdring, Foe-hammer (*gives the sword to Gandalf*)
that the king himself once wore.

The love of the maker,
the tears of the Eldar.

And here, Master Baggins, is a knife for you. The blades will glow blue
when goblins are near.

(He gives Bilbo a long knife.)

Bilbo: Thank you, it is a most handsome weapon.
Maybe a knife for you,
But to me...a valiant sword!

Thorin: I will keep this sword in honour.
May it soon cleave goblins again!

Elrond: A wish that is likely to be granted soon enough in the mountains.

Scene Four

(Scene changes to a barren mountainside. A storm is brewing. Elrond exits and the dwarves enter.)

All: The Misty Mountains.
The Misty Mountains.

Dwarves: Let it come,
the rain,
the wind
for mountains will not stop these dwarves.
In the depths we sing our songs
and mine the sacred earth.

Gandalf: Mind yourselves.
Dwarves have not passed this way for many a year,
but I have.
They know not the evil that has grown in the Wilds,
but I do.
Dragons have driven the men from the land
and goblins have spread since the battle of the Mines of Moria.
The best of plans can fall to ruin
where no king rules on the Edge of the Wild.

(During the previous section, the dwarves hunker down in the rain while Thorin sends Fili and Kili off in search for shelter. At the end of the aria, there is a roll of thunder and a flash of lightning. A wicked thunderstorm begins. Sound effect of wind and rain. Fili and Kili return.)

Fili & Kili: We have found a dry cave
not far around the next corner.

Gandalf: You just left! Have you thoroughly explored it? Every darkened corner?

Fili & Kili: Yes, yes, yes. It isn't that big.

(They all move to a cave where the sound of the storm lessens. The dwarves settle down to sleep while Bilbo sits with Gandalf.)

Bilbo: I do not feel safe, Gandalf.

Gandalf: Only a fool would, Bilbo,
in such a place.

(Gandalf lies down to sleep.)

Bilbo: Bother burgling and everything to do with it.
I wish I was home
in my nice little hole,
the kettle just beginning to sing.
I guess there is more to adventures
than singing with elves.

(Ominous music continues and Bilbo looks nervously forward, unable to sleep. Finally, he holds his head in his hands, still sitting up. From the rear of the cave a large group of evil looking goblins creep amongst the sleeping dwarves. They swarm over the dwarves, gagging and pulling them off through the rear of the cave. Two goblins grab Bilbo.)

Bilbo: *(Screaming as he is being dragged off.)* Gandalf! Gandalf!

(Gandalf jumps up with his staff held ready, a group of goblins advances on him.)

Gandalf: Goblins!

(Gandalf backs off the stage stalked by the goblins. As he does, the lights shift to a dim cave tunnel. The dwarves and Bilbo trudge on in chains followed by a large group of cheering and laughing goblins with whips, axes and swords.)

Goblins: Clap! Snap! the black crack!
Grip, grab! Pinch,nab!
And down down to Goblin-town
You go, my lad!

Clash,crash! Crush, smash!
Hammer and tongs! Knocker and gongs!
Pound, pound, far underground!
Ho, ho! my lad!

Swish, smack! Whip crack!
Batter and beat! Yammer and bleat!

Work, work! Now dare to shirk,
While goblins quaff, and goblins laugh,
Round and round, far underground
Below, my lad.

(By the end of the song, the dwarves are led into an underground cavern. Sitting on a throne at the centre is Azog, the Great Goblin, with other goblins standing all around. The dwarves are forced to kneel.)

Azog: Who are these miserable persons?

Bolg: Dwarves and this. *(He pushes Bilbo forward.)*
We found them sheltering on our front porch.

Azog: What do you mean by it?
Up to no good, I'll warrant,
spying on the private business of my people.
Thieves, murderers and the friends of ELVES, I'm sure.
What have you got to say?

(Thorin stands.)

Thorin: Thorin the dwarf, at your service.
We meant no inconvenience to goblins at all,

Azog: So you say.
But might I ask what you are doing in these mountains at all,
Thorin Oakenshield?

(The dwarves look surprised that he knows Thorin's name.)

Azog: That is right, I know too much of your folk already, and I will never forget what they did to our people in the Mines of Moria. So speak and tell the truth or I will prepare something particularly horrible for you.

Thorin: *(thinking)* Well, uh... We are going to visit our relatives on the other side of these truly hospitable mountains.

Golg: He's a liar, O Tremendous One.
We found this.

(He holds up Thorin's sword, Orcrist, which is now shining bright blue. The rest of the goblins fall to the ground with their hands over their heads, grasping and muttering.)

Great Goblin: *(furious)* Orcrist! The Goblin-cleaver!
It has killed hundreds!
Murderers and elf-friends!

Goblins: Slash them!
Beat them!
Bite them!

Gnash them!

(The goblins have worked themselves into a frenzy and begin advancing on the dwarves. Suddenly Gandalf enters with his staff held high.)

Gandalf: In the name of Gondolin!

(There is a flash from his staff and the lights go dim. Many goblins fall to the floor as Thorin grabs Orcrist and slays the Great Goblin.)

Gandalf: Follow me quick! Bombur, carry Bilbo.

(Bilbo climbs on Bombur's back.)

Bilbo: Why, O why did I ever leave my hobbit-hole?

Bombur: Why, O why did we ever bring a wretched hobbit on a treasure hunt?

(The group jumps up and hurries out of the cavern followed by the goblins. After a moment the Gandalf and the dwarves returns to centrestage. Bilbo is not with them. They are all breathing hard and the sounds of goblins can be heard in the distance.)

Gandalf: Are we all here?
Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, thirteen?
Where is Mr. Baggins,
where is the hobbit?!

Bombur: He was just behind me?

Gandalf: Confound you, Bilbo. There is no time.
Thorin, draw your sword!

(Gandalf and Thorin draw their swords which both glow blue. They wait a moment to see the horde that has followed them.)

Gandalf: Run!

(Gandalf and the dwarves runs off.)

Thorin & Gandalf: Bilbo! Bilbo!

(The horde of screaming goblins runs across the stage in hot pursuit. Blackout.)

Scene Five

(In blackness, we hear the sound of water dripping into a large subterranean lake. A pale purple spot rises on Bilbo who is lying face down and motionless. After a few moments, he stirs, looks about and stands up holding his head and peering into the blackness.)

Bilbo: *(whispering)* Gandalf? Thorin?

A fine mess this is.
I wish I was back in my nice little hole.
The kettle just beginning to sing.

(He is interrupted by a hissing noise and steps backwards in terror.)

Bilbo: Hello? Gandalf?

(As he walk backwards he stumbles, his hand falling on a cold metal ring which he holds up.)

Eh? What's that? A ring?

Elf-Maidens: Er-chorf hain torthad bain, Er-chorf hain hired,
Er-chorf hain toged bain a din fuin hain nuded.
*(trans: One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them.)*

Bilbo: Of all the things to find in a place like this. *(He puts it in his pocket.)*
We'll save you for later.

(Again, there is a hissing noise that startles Bilbo. He stands up, remembers his knife and pulls it out. It faintly glows blue.)

Bilbo: So it is an elvish blade, indeed,
and goblins are not very near,
yet not far enough.

(He sits down with his head in his hands. Two gleaming eyes peer at him from a distance and approach slowly and silently. This is Gollum.)

Gollum: *(quite loudly and scaring Bilbo)* Bless us and splash us, my preciousss! I guess it's a choice feast, at least a tasty morsel it'd make us. Gollum!

Bilbo: *(leaping back, his sword held before him.)* Who are you?

Gollum: What is he, my precious?

Bilbo: I am Mr. Bilbo Baggins. I have lost the dwarves, and I have lost the wizard and I don't know where I am and I don't want to know, if I can only get away.

Gollum: What's he got in his handses?

Bilbo: A sword.

Gollum: Ssss. Praps we sits here and chats with it a bitsy, my precious,
It like riddles, praps it does, does it?

Bilbo: *(uneasily)* Very well.

(Gollum gets excited)

Gollum: Ssss. It must have a competition with us, my preciousss!
If precious asks and it doesn't answer, we eats it. *(Bilbo flinches)*
If it asks us, and we doesn't answer, then we shows it the way out, yes!

Bilbo: Very well.

Gollum: Alive without breath,
As cold as death;
Never thirsty, ever drinking,
All in mail, never clinking.

Bilbo: *(quite confused)* Oh?

(Bilbo "hems and ha's" for a few moments as Gollum gets impatient.)

Gollum: Is it nice, my precious? Is it juicy? Is it scrumptiously crunchable?

Bilbo: Half a moment. I gave you a good long chance, just now.

(Gollum "harumphs" and pulls out a fish to munch on.)

Bilbo: Ugh! *(He gets it.)* Fish, fish. It's a fish!

(Gollum throws the fish away disgruntled.)

Bilbo: *(aside)* This'll puzzle the nasty little creature.
An eye in a blue face
saw an eye in a green face.
"That eye is like to this eye"
said the first eye,
"But in low place
not in high place."

Gollum: *(straining)* Sss, ss,ss. We has been in the dark soo long, we has...

Bilbo: Well what is it? The answer is not a kettle boiling over as you seem to think by the noise that you are making! *(Bilbo begins to look hopeful.)*

Gollum: Sss, give us a chance. *(Recalling the memory of a sunny day.)* Sun on daisies it means, it does.

(Gollum squirms and taps on his head to think of a new riddle. A fiendish smile creeps across his face.)

Gollum: This thing all things devours:
Birds, beasts, trees, flowers;
Gnaws iron, bites steel;
Grinds hard stones to meal;
Slays king, ruins town,

And beats high mountain down.

(Gollum begins to creep behind Bilbo, hissing.)

Bilbo: *(to himself)* I must know this. I need more time, more time.

(Gollum hisses louder.)

Bilbo: *(turning around but not really knowing the answer.)* Time, time!

Gollum: *(completely frustrated)* Argh!

Bilbo: *(smiling)* Time, that's it. Time.

(Gollum is now getting tired of the game and is crawling back and forth anxiously hissing. Bilbo thinks of his next riddle.)

Gollum: Just one more question, yes, yess, my precious, then we eats it.

(Bilbo cannot think of anything.)

Gollum: Ask us, ask us!

(Bilbo reaches into his pocket and feels the ring.)

Bilbo: What have I got in my pocket?

Gollum: Not fair! It isn't fair, my precious, is it to ask what it's got in its nasty little pocketsets.

Bilbo: What have I got in my pocket?

Gollum: Sss. It must give us three guesses, my precious, three guesses.

Bilbo: Very well. *(He takes his hands out of his pockets.)*

Gollum: Handses!

Bilbo: Wrong! Guess again.

Gollum: *(hissing as he thinks)* Knife!

Bilbo: Wrong! Last guess.

(Gollum is now in an extremely anxious state, rubbing his hands, pulling his hair.)

Bilbo: Come on. Time's up!

Gollum: *(quickly)* String or nothing!

Bilbo: Both wrong! Now show me the way out as you promised.

(Gollum looks ready to pounce on Bilbo and eat him alive, but he eyes the sword.)

Gollum: Did we say so, precious? Show the nasty little Baggins the way out, yes, yes. *(Gollum gets and idea)* But it must wait, yes, it must. We must go and get something first, to help us.

(Gollum turns and creeps back to where he has created a small nest.)

Bilbo: Well hurry up.

Gollum: *(muttering)* My birthday present. That's what we wants now, yes, we wants it. Quite safe, yes. It won't see us; will it my precious. Its sword will be useless and we'll kill the nasty little Baggins. *(Gollum shrieks as he realises his ring is gone.)* Where is it? Where is it?

Bilbo: What's the matter? What have you lost?

Gollum: It musn't ask us, gollum! Curse us and crush us, my precious is lost. Lost!

Bilbo: Come along. You never guessed my last question.

Gollum: Never guessed! *(Gollum stops suddenly and peers intently at Bilbo).* What has it got in its pocketeses?

Bilbo: What have you lost?

Gollum: *(rushing at him)* What has it got in its pocketeses?

(Bilbo falls to the ground. Gollum leaps over him and squats a short distance away, facing in the opposite direction.)

Gollum: Curse it! Curse the Baggins! It's gone. He's found it, yes, he must have my birthday present. *(He sits down weeping)*

(Bilbo stands up, staring at the ring which is now on his finger.)

Bilbo: My word. It seems to be a magic ring. It has made me invisible.

Gollum: *(having a conversation with himself.)* How did we lose it? It's gone, gollum. And the nasty Baggins has it in its pocketeses. But it doesn't know what it can do, does it? It doesn't know that this is the way out.

Bilbo: The way out!

Gollum: The goblins will catch it and that will be the end. But if the goblins catch it they will get our precious present. We shan't ever be safe again and one of the goblins will come creepsy and tricky and catch us, gollum, gollum! We'll wait here and catch it on the way out.

(Gollum sits swaying with his head between his knees. Bilbo steps forward holding his sword ready to strike Gollum but then feels pity for the sorry creature. He sheathes his sword and begins to creep by.)

Gollum: *(sniffing the air)* We smells it, though, my precious. Come closer as we eats it.

Bilbo: I believe it is time to go.

(Bilbo makes a dash as Gollum grabs the air with a snarl. Bilbo runs off-stage as Gollum flails around, beginning to cry.)

Gollum: Thief! Thief! Thief! Baggins! We hates it, we hates it, we hates it forever!

(He runs back to his nest and disappears.)

Scene Six

(The dwarves and Gandalf sit in a clearing near some trees, looking glum. They have passed through the mountains. Balin stands as a lookout a short distance away.)

Gandalf: Was it so much trouble to keep an eye on one little hobbit?

Dori: I should think it would have been easier for him to have kept an eye on us!

Gandalf: Even so, he is my friend and I feel responsible for him.

Oin: Bah! He has been more trouble than use so far.

Gloin: If we have to go back now into those abominable tunnels to look for him, then drat him, I say.

Gandalf: Well, I brought him and I don't bring things that are of no use.

(Bilbo enters unnoticed by the dwarves. He slips on the ring and "disappears")

Gandalf: Well you can either help me look for him or you can go on and get through this mess on your own. Whatever did you go and drop him for, Bombur?

Bombur: You would have dropped him, too, goblins at your ankles...you and Thorin swinging your swords. I nearly got my head chopped off...and the fire and here we are without the confounded burglar!

(Bilbo steps into the clearing and "appears")

Bilbo: And here's the burglar!

(The company lets out a startled shriek.)

Thorin: What?

Dwalin: How?

Bilbo: Ah, it was nothing. *(He pockets the ring)*

Balin: Well, Mr. Baggins, it is the first time that ever a mouse has crept unseen under my beard. Perhaps you are a fine burglar after all. I am at your service.

Dwarves: At your service, at your service!

(Bilbo proudly bows his head.)

Dwalin: How on earth did you escape the goblins?

Bilbo: *(boastful)* Well it was a simple matter, really. I met this horrible little creature and then slipped through the goblin's back gate. I'm sure that you feel foolish that you ever thought me a coward.

(A wolf howls in the distance and Bilbo falls to the ground with a hideous shriek. The dwarves laugh.)

Ori: Ah, it is Mr. Baggins.

Nori: I was beginning to think that this was not our hobbit at all.

Gandalf: Quiet, you fools.

(Another howl is heard, this time much closer.)

Gandalf: The wolves in these parts are evil and cunning. They are called Wargs and are allied with the goblins. We must move.

(They make ready to leave when a pack of Wargs appear at either end of the stage.)

Thorin: It is too late. Everyone in the trees!

(The whole group clamours into the trees as the Wargs advance. Bilbo runs back and forth trying to jump up and is finally helped by the dwarves just as the Wargs close in. The Wargs gather around the trees, howling.)

Bilbo: We are lucky that wolves cannot climb trees.

(A band of goblins enters.)

Bolg: Yes, but unlucky that goblins can!

(The goblins laugh as they proceed to build a fire around the base of the trees.)

Goblins: Fifteen birds in five fir-trees,
their feathers were fanned in a fiery breeze!
But, funny little birds, they had no wings!
O what shall we do with the funny little things?
Roast 'em alive, or stew them in a pot;
fry them, boil them and eat them hot?

Golg: *(jeering)* Fly away, little birds, fly away!

Goblins: Sing little birds. Why don't you sing?

Gandalf: Naughty little boys that play with fire will get punished!

Goblins: Burn, burn, tree and fern!
Shrivel and scorch! A fizzling torch
To light the night for our delight,
Ya hey!

Bake and toast 'em, fry and roast 'em!
till beards blaze, and eyes glaze;
till hair smells and skins crack,
fat melts, and bones black
in cinders lie,
beneath the sky!
So dwarves shall die,
and light the night for our delight,
Ya hey!
Ya-harri-hey!
Ya hoy!

(At the end of the song the Elf-maidens appear with eagle.)

Eagle-lieutenant: Exalted Windlord, it appears that the foul goblins are at their mischief again.

Eagle-lord: Yes, I see that my friend Gandalf is in need of assistance and I so love to deny the hideous goblins their prize. Eagles! With me!

(The Eagles swoop down. The Elf-maidens give the eagles to the company who are pulled from the trees. The goblins screech and the wolves howl, moving off-stage a pulling the trees with them. The backdrop becomes a blue sky as the group flies off.)

Scene Seven

(The Eagles carry the company to the edge of a very dark and mysterious forest; the dark realm of Mirkwood.)

Eagles: Mind yourselves in the forest, seekers of fortune.
Eyes wide open all the time.

Eat no game unwholesome,
drink no water unclean
and never stray from the path.
Never stray.

(The dwarves, Bilbo and Gandalf wave as the Elf-maidens move off with the Eagle puppets. The company turns towards the forest.)

Gandalf: Well, here is Mirkwood the Great,
I do hope you like the look of it,
for now it is time that I take my leave of you.

Dwarves: What, Gandalf? You're not leaving us?!

Gandalf: Now, we have had this out before. I have pressing business to the south,
as I have told you. We may meet again before all this is over, and then
again, of course we may not. That depends on your luck, courage and
sense. I am sending Mr. Baggins with you. I have told you before that
there is more about him than you guess, and you will find out before
long. So cheer up, Bilbo and don't look so glum. Cheer up Thorin and
Company. This is your expedition, after all. Think of the treasure at the
end, and forget the forest and dragon.

Bilbo: Gandalf, I can't do it without you.

Gandalf: There is more to a forest than the trees of shimmering green,
There is more to a bee than his sting.

(Gandalf pats Bilbo on the shoulder and begins to exit.)

Gandalf: Good-bye! Be good, take care of yourselves –
And DON'T LEAVE THE PATH!

(He exits.)

Thorin: Well, I suppose we best be going.
The forest of Mirkwood is vast.

(The party gets up and trudges forward. It becomes progressively darker.)

Dwarves: Far over the Misty Mountains cold...

Bombur: I'm starving!

Dwarves: to dungeons deep and caverns old.

Fili & Kili: Sleep! We need sleep!

Dwarves: We must away...

Bifur: The trees block out the sky.

Dwarves: Ere break of day,

Bofur: I am suffocating.

Dwarves: To seek...

Thorin: Does this infernal forest go on forever?!

Bombur: *(gazing off)* Look, I see a fire. There's a feast... people dancing and singing and good strong ale.

(The dwarves all rush to where Bombur has pointed.)

Bilbo: No! The eagles said to stay on the path!

(The dwarves freeze as they realize what they have done. Silence.)

Bilbo: Oh, why can't you just do as you are told?

(SPIDER BALLET. A group of spiders dash amongst the frozen dwarves, wrapping them in a gauzy web. A spider moves towards Bilbo but he jumps up, draws his sword and slays the creature. A sudden change comes over him, much fiercer and bolder.)

Bilbo: *(to his sword)* I will give you a name, and I shall call you Sting.

(He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the ring.)

Bilbo: Here, little ring, now it is your turn!
Even spiders can't see what can't be seen!

(He puts on the ring and turns towards the mass of webbed-up dwarves surrounded by spiders.)

Bilbo: Old fat spider spinning in a tree!
Old fat spider can't see me!
Attercop! Attercop!
Won't you stop.
Stop your spinning and look for me!

(Most of the spiders move towards the sound of Bilbo's voice. In a stylized movement piece, Bilbo leads the spiders away from the dwarves, occasionally stabbing them until they are thoroughly confused and at some distance from the dwarves. Bilbo rushes back to the sticky clump.)

Bilbo: My friends, are you alright?

Dwarves: Baggins?!

Bilbo: Don't worry.

I have a magic ring that makes me invisible.
You must free yourselves.

(He slashes the webs and the dwarves begin to free themselves. The spiders return so Bilbo dashes off again. He is enjoying himself and his new found heroism and dashes off to resume his diversion..)

Bilbo: Lazy Lob and crazy Cob
Are weaving webs to wind me.
I am far more sweet than other meat,
But still they cannot find me!

Here I am, naughty little fly;
you are fat and lazy.
You cannot trap me, though you try,
in your cobwebs crazy.

(The dwarves free themselves and begin picking up stones to hurl at the spiders, who eventually flee. Bilbo takes off the ring to appear before the dwarves.)

Dwarves: Bilbo Baggins!

Dwalin: Well I'm blest!

Balin: A magic ring! So that's how you escaped old Gollum.

Oin: And the goblins!

Gloin: Who would have believed it? Bilbo!

Dwarves: Bilbo! Bilbo! Bilbo!

Bilbo: Shhh! We are not safe yet.

Dwalin: Nonsense, the spiders are far away.

(A hunting horn is sounded off-stage.)

Bilbo: Well, what was that?

Balin: Nothing at all. I'm certain we are quite alone.

(They are suddenly surrounded by Wood-elves pointing bows and spears at them.)

Thorin: Perfectly alone.

(The Elf-king, Thranduil, enters.)

Thranduil: I am Thranduil, King of the Wood-elves of Mirkwood. Why did you try to attack my people at their merrymaking?

Thorin: We did not attack them.
We were lost and starving.

Thranduil: What were you doing in the forest?

Thorin: Looking for food and drink, we were...

Thranduil: Starving, yes, but what brought you into the forest at all?

(Thorin says nothing and the Elf-king becomes impatient.)

Thranduil: Very well, take them away and keep them safe, until they feel inclined to tell the truth, even if they wait a hundred years!

(The Wood-elves begin to lead the dwarves off. Bilbo, hidden within the crowd of dwarves, puts on the magic ring and walks up to the last remaining guard. He plucks a large key ring from the wood-elf's belt. The guard looks around a moment, shake his head, and exits. Bilbo follows.)

Scene Eight

(The Elf-maidens change the scene to a dark forest river emptying into a lake. Stars can be seen and in the distance, the lights of Lake-town twinkle. Bilbo floats in, clinging to the top of a barrel that is floating down the river. A few other barrels float by him.)

Elf-maidens: Dad i lag durnen lodan
ad o talath ned boren,
Gwannen i tham a nurgath,
Gwannen i forodren orodrim baradth,
Ennas i tawar land an dum
dar neduath mithren an um.

*(trans: Down the swift dark stream you go,
back to lands you once did know!
Leaves the halls and caverns deep,
Leave the northern mountains steep,
Where the forest wide and dim
stoops in shadow, grey and grim.)*

Bilbo: *(to himself)* I hope I put the lids on tight enough. Is everyone well? I'm sorry, but it is the only way I could think of to escape the elf-king. I overheard the wood-elves talking of a town on a lake. Not of elves or dwarves or hobbits, but of Men. I'm sure they'll help us. Oh, I hope they'll help us.

Bother water and everything to do with it.
I wish I was at home
in my nice little hole,
the kettle just beginning to sing.
I guess there is more to adventures than soaring with eagles.

(He sees the town.)

Bilbo: There it is...Lake-town!*(he bangs on the barrel)* Hang on Thorin and Company. The hobbit might just see us through yet!

(The Elf-maidens lead the barrels off-stage.)

Scene Nine

(A group of well-dressed merchants enters. They carry goblets and are talking loudly as if at a feast. A short distance away stands Bard, the Master-At-Arms.)

Men: Here, here, let us raise cheer
 for business is good
 in the town on the lake.

 Long has it been since the dragon roared
 and business is good
 in Esgaroth, the town upon the lake.

(The bedraggled company enters and walks to Bard. The merchants and the Master watch.)

Bard: Stop where you are.
 I am Bard, the Bowman, chief protector of Laketown.
 Who are you and what do you want?

Dwalin: We wish to see your Master.

Bard: Who are you?

Balin: Please, we are half drowned.

Bard: Yes, but who are you?

Thorin: *(stepping up)* I am Thorin, son of Thrain, son of Thror King Under the Mountain. I return to claim my throne!

(Suddenly the merchants rush over.)

Master: Is this true?
 Thorin son of Thrain, son of Thror,
 come to reclaim his throne?

(to merchants) Laketown was rich while Thror was king.
That time may come again for business is good, but not yet grand.
(to company) We honour and welcome your company, Thorin
Oakenshield.

All we have to give is yours.

Men: The King beneath the mountains,
The king of carven stone,
The lord of silver fountains
shall come into his own!

His crown shall be upholden,
His harp shall be re-strung,
His halls shall echo golden
To songs of yore re-sung.

The woods shall wave on mountains
And grass beneath the sun;
His wealth shall flow in fountains
And rivers golden run.

The streams shall run in gladness,
The lakes shall shine and burn,
All sorrow fail and sadness
At the Mountain King's return!

(During the song, new cloaks and provisions are brought in for the dwarves and Bilbo. They are treated royally. As the song ends, the men exit, waving. The group, now filled with new hope, turns around to gaze at an image of their destination: The Lonely Mountain.)

Scene Ten

(The dwarves approach a rocky wall, a pull back a stone door. Smoke seeps forth and a low ominous snoring sound can be heard.)

Fili: Well, it appears that the dragon is still alive.

Thorin: Now is the time for our esteemed Mr Baggins who has proved himself a good companion on our long road, and a hobbit full of courage and resource far exceeding his size, and if I may say so possessed of good luck far exceeding the usual allowance - now is the time for him to earn his reward.

Bilbo: *(a trifle insulted)* I have got you out of two messes that were not in the original bargain so far and I think I am already owed some reward. But 'third pays for all' as my father used to say. I have begun to trust my luck a great deal more than I used to in the old days. Who's coming with me?

(The dwarves look at their feet.)

Bilbo: Well, then, I will go and have a peep and get it over with.

(Bilbo enters the door and the dwarves exit, He walks through the dim light as the dragon set is brought into place. Smaug is a puppet operated by the Elf-maidens sung by the same performer as Gandalf. The deep snoring continues.)

Bilbo: You are in for it now, Bilbo Baggins.
Put your foot in your mouth the night of that party,
and now you must pay for it.
What a fool I am.

 Bother burgling and everything to do with it.
I wish I was home
in my nice little hole,
the kettle just beginning to sing.
I guess there is more to adventure than feasting with men.

(A loud growling snore is heard and Bilbo begins to shriek but claps his hands over his mouth.)

Bilbo: Thank goodness for my magic ring.

(He puts on the ring and continues walking.)

Bilbo: *(seeing the dragon)* The...the...dragon!
And more wealth than is found in ten kingdoms.
Teeth, and claws and covered all over in jeweled armour.
But look...the hollow of his left breast is as bare as a snail out of its shell.
(He begins to draw Sting) Perhaps I could...

(Smaug wakes up.)

Smaug: Well, thief!
I smell you,
I feel your air,
I hear your breath.
Come and help yourself,
there is plenty to share.

Bilbo: No, thank you, O Smaug the Tremendous.

Smaug: You have nice manners for a thief,
You seem familiar with my name,
but I don't seem to remember smelling you before.

Bilbo: I come from under the hill and over the hills my paths led.
And through the air.
I am the Clue-finder, the Web-cutter, the Stinging Fly,
Chosen for the lucky number.
I am the guest of eagles,
Ring-winner and Luckwearer.
I am Barrel-rider.

Smaug: Very good title, but don't let your imagination run away with you, Barrel-rider. Perhaps Barrel was your pony's name, but more likely you had help from those tub-trading Lake-Men. I have allowed them to live at the edge of my realm for too long. Now let me give you some advice, Ringwinner: Don't have more to do with dwarves than you can help.

Bilbo: Dwarves?

Smaug: Don't talk to me!
I know the smell of dwarves...thirteen I would guess, Mr Lucky Number. I suppose they are making you do all the dangerous work?

Bilbo: *(becoming confused)* Yes, well...

Smaug: And do you believe you will get your fair share?
A fourteenths worth of my treasure will be quite heavy.
How do you intend to get it over the forests and mountains and rivers?

Bilbo: I hadn't thought of that.

Smaug: No, but I'll warrant your bearded "friends" have.
You have been taken for a fool.

Bilbo: *(shaking off the dragon spell.)* Well, we came for more than gold, O Smaug, we came for revenge!

Smaug: Revenge! *(Smaug laughs loudly and Bilbo becomes more frightened.)*

Revenge? The King Under the Mountain is no more
and where are his kin that dare to seek revenge?
Thrain is dead and I have eaten his people like a wolf among sheep.
I kill where I wish and none dare resist.
I laid low the warriors of old.
Then I was young and tender,
but now I am old and strong, strong, strong!

Thief in the shadows!
My armour is like tenfold shields,
my teeth are like swords,
my claws spears,
the shock of my tail a thunderbolt,
my wings a hurricane
and my breath death!

I will show the Men of Lake-town what revenge is.
Then I will return to eat you and the foolish dwarves.

(Smaug flies up and off, roaring horribly. Bilbo returns to the dwarves. An Elf-maiden with a thrush puppet circles nearby.)

Bilbo: The dragon! The dragon is quite...upset!

Thorin: What have you seen?

Bilbo: There are mountains of treasure.

Dwalin: Quiet, Bilbo, I fear that bird is listening to us.

Bilbo: Gold! Jewels like the stars!

(The dwarves cheer.)

Bilbo: But we must flee or hide! Smaug will return for us. He has a weakness... a bare patch on his chest, but what good will that do us? His anger is like a storm. We are doomed!

(There is a loud roar and the dwarves rush into the door. Smaug flies across the stage, roaring.)

Scene Eleven

(Laketown ablaze. Bard, holding a bow, and a group of armed men rush on.)

Bard: To arms! To arms! The dragon is upon us!

(Smaug flies on and the men cower before him. Bard alone stands sending arrow after arrow towards the swirling beast.)

Bard: It is useless. Smaug's armour is impenetrable.

(Smaug continues to fly around the stage. The small thrush, an elf-maiden with a puppet, enters and comes to Bard's shoulder.)

Thrush (Elf-maiden): Wait! Wait! The moon is rising.
Look for the hollow of the left breast as he passes!

(Bard peers and and fixes his last arrow to his bow-string.)

Bard: Arrow! Black Arrow!
I have saved you to the last.
Go now and speed well!

(He fires his last arrow, which finds its mark. Smaug cries in pain and flips through the air, crashing to the ground in a thunderous roar.)

Bard: The dwarves have brought this curse upon us.
Lake-town is destroyed.

Men: Quickly, to the Lonely Mountain.
We will claim our due from this so-called Mountain King!

(The men rush off dragging Smaug's corpse. The thrush continues to whirl around the stage. The lights change to a forest setting. Thranduil and two Elf warriors enter.)

Thrush: The dragon is dead! Smaug is dead!
 Lake-town in ruin lies!
 Thorin is King! Thorin is King!
 The King Under the Mountain!

Thranduil: King indeed.
 We will see what Thorin Oakenshield has done!
 Erebor is calling. To the Lonely Mountain!

(They exit determinedly. The thrush continues to wheel as the dwarves enter. They are now wearing armour and carry axes and swords.)

Thorin: At last, our treasure lies before us.

Bilbo: Thorin, wait. The dragon will return any moment. If we are found, we will be killed!

Thorin: Nonsense, Bilbo. Let me enjoy this moment.

Bilbo: But the dragon....

(The thrush flies on.)

Thrush: The dragon is dead! Smaug is dead!
 Lake-town in ruin lies!
 Thorin is King! Thorin is King!
 The King Under the Mountain!

Dwarves: Smaug is dead? *(They cheer.)*

Dwalin: There Bilbo, there is nothing to worry about.
 The treasure is ours!

Thrush: Smaug is dead, indeed,
 but safe you are not.
 The armies of Elves and Men approach,
 looking for their due!

Thorin: Looking for their due, are they?
 Well they shall have not one of my gold coins.
 Now, my brothers,
 we will fortify the gate and be ready for these Elves and Men.

Bilbo: Thorin, perhaps we should listen to them.

Thorin: Silence, hobbit. You have been of great assistance, but do not test my patience.

(The dwarves move back to a raised wall up-stage center. This becomes the fortified gate of the mountain. An army of Men enters flying a blue banner. An army of Elves enters flying a green banner. They stand firm on either side of the gate.)

Thorin: Who are you that come armed for war to the gates of Thorin, King Under the Mountain?

Bard: Hail, Thorin, King Under the Mountain. I am Bard of Lake-town. I have slain your dragon but we have lost everything. I come to claim our due share of the treasure, much of which Smaug stole from us.

Thranduil: The Elves are friends of Lake-town. Your meddling has left them destitute. We come to see that justice is done.

Thorin: I will not speak to armed men at my gate, nor this elf-king whom I remember with small kindness.

Bilbo: Thorin, I think they deserve to be heard. You are not setting a very splendid example as King Under the Mountain.

Thorin: Your usefulness here has ended, Baggins. Help us prepare or take your share and be gone from my sight.

(The dwarves turn their backs on the two armies. The thrush flies in amongst the warriors.)

Thrush: To arms! Elf and Man and Dwarf!
Dread has come upon us.
A goblin army from the north is upon us seeking the riches of the mountain!
They ride upon wolves and Wargs are in their train!

(The Men and Elves move into formation. As the drums grow louder, the army of Goblins and Wargs moves onto the stage. They fly a black and red banner and stand glaring at their enemy.)

All: In strength,
the power to overcome.
Fly, fly to victory!

Men: The waters of justice
will wash away the dark.

Elves: Leaf and root,
reach high and low and glorious.

Goblins/Wargs: Burn and break, the fires of hate,
the fires of hate!

All: In strength,
 the power to overcome.
 Fly, fly to victory!

(The stage erupts into a massive choreographed war: The Battle of Five Armies. The Men and Elves fight the Goblins and Wargs. Bilbo is lost in the confusion. It looks as though the Goblins will win when the Elf-maidens enter with the Eagles. The Goblins are driven back for a moment but then return. All looks lost when Thorin and the dwarves appear at the gate. They bellow a battle cry and join the fray. The chaos continues until, with a flourish, the stage goes black. All is silent.)

Scene Twelve

(The light slowly rises upon a scene of utter destruction. Some Men and Elves lie dead and dying on the ground. All the Goblins and Wargs have been slain and lie scattered about. A few Men and Elves walk about solemnly looking for survivors. Some tend to the wounded. No one speaks and there is an air of grief. Slowly, the wizard Gandalf makes his way through the battlefield, looking for Bilbo. He spots the hobbit lying behind a pile of goblins. With solemn despair on his face, he lifts the motionless body of Bilbo and begins to walk off-stage.)

Bilbo: *(waking up and flailing about.)* Put me down, put me down, nasty goblin!

(Gandalf puts him down.)

Gandalf: Baggins!
 Well I never - alive after all!
 I am glad.

Bilbo: Gandalf? Where did you...
 When did you...

(He throws his arms around the wizard who chuckles.)

Gandalf: Come Bilbo, you are called for.

(Gandalf leads Bilbo to the dwarves. They stand aside to reveal Thorin, mortally wounded and lying on a cot. The other dwarves stand around him. Bilbo kneels silently at his side.)

Thorin: Farewell, good thief.
 I go now to the halls of waiting to sit beside my fathers,
 until the world is renewed.
 Since I go to where gold and silver are of no worth
 I wish to part in friendship from you,
 and take back my words and deeds at the Gate.

Bilbo: Farewell, King Under the Mountain.
 This is a bitter adventure if it must end so,
 yet I am glad that I have shared in your perils -

that is more than any Baggins deserves.

Thorin: No! There is more good in you than you know,
and less in me than I once believed,
Child of the kindly West.
If more of us valued food and cheer and song
above hoarded gold, it would be a merrier world.
But merry or sad, I must leave it now.
Farewell.

(Thorin dies. Bilbo looks up to Gandalf.)

Bilbo: I suppose I shall be going home soon?

Gandalf: As soon as you like.

Bilbo: Farewell, Sons of Durin,
may your beards never grow thin.

Dwarves: *(bowing slowly)* At your service.

(Bilbo stands and walks forward with Gandalf. As they reach the front of the stage, the lights dim and the dead slowly rise and walk off-stage. All exit as Bilbo and Gandalf begin the journey home.)

Bilbo: Roads go ever ever on,
Over rock and under tree,
By caves where sun has never shone,
By streams that never find the sea;
Over snow by winter sown,
And through the merry flowers of June,
Over grass and over stone,
And under mountain's in the moon.

Gandalf: My dear Bilbo, something is the matter with you.
You are not the hobbit that you were.

(Bilbo smiles back)

Gandalf & Bilbo: Roads go ever ever on
Under cloud and under star,
Yet feet that wandering have gone
Turn at last to home afar.
Eyes that fire and sword have seen
And horror in the halls of stone
Look at last on meadows green
And trees and hills they long have known.

(Bilbo pulls out his ring looking at it.)

Bilbo: Gandalf, there is one thing.

Gandalf: Yes?

Bilbo: Well, I found something.
It's a...I don't exactly know...

Elves: *(off-stage)* The dragon is withered,
His bones are now crumbled;
His armour is shivered,
His splendour is humbled!

(Bilbo is distracted from the ring and puts it back in his pocket as the entire chorus enters.)

Elves: Here grass is still growing,
And leaves are yet swinging,
The white water is flowing,
And elves are yet singing
Come! Tra-la-la-lally!
Come back to the Valley!

Bilbo: I wish I was back in my nice little hole,
the kettle just beginning to sing,
but perhaps there is more to life than nice little holes and singing kettles.
Can we stay here in Rivendell a while?

Gandalf: At your service, Bilbo Baggins.

(A celebration begins.)

All: Sing all ye joyful, now sing all together!
The wind's in the tree top, the wind's in the heather;
The stars are in blossom, the moon is in flower,
And bright are the windows of Night in her Tower.

Dance all ye joyful, now dance all together!
Soft is the grass, and let foot be like feather!
The river is silver, the shadows are fleeting;
Merry is May-time and merry our meeting.
Merry is May-time and merry our meeting.

(The Elf-maidens circle the chorus and with their staves, lower the lights to darkness.)

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