

# Side #1 - Gandalf & Bilbo

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The Hobbit

Act I

Begin:

GANDALF (regarding the scene with relish, taking a deep breath of the sparkling air). Ah, the Shire! How delicious the morning is in this part of the world! The air is stuffed with comfort! It feels like nothing exciting has happened here for ages--all green and still---- (Crosses to BILBO, who is well into his third breakfast.) --rather like the inside of one of those fresh eggs you're eating--don't you think?

BILBO (looking up, startled). Oh! I wouldn't know. It's hard to look at a place from the outside when you live in the inside! But then you're a stranger here. Welcome! I still have a breakfast or two left if you'd care for some.

GANDALF. Thank you, I haven't the time--and I am not a stranger anywhere unless, of course, I choose to be.

~~(A HOBBIT with a green, pointed cap peeks down at them from a window flap in the curtain. Immediately, two more HOBBITS pop out from the two sides of the curtain.)~~

BILBO (confused). Oh, yes? Well, how do you do, sir---- (Offering his hand).

GANDALF (ignoring the gesture). Magnificently, of course! (Slowly and deliberately.) But at the moment, I am looking for someone to share a great adventure---- (Pauses to see Bilbo's reaction, which is sheer horror.) --a stupendous adventure that I'm arranging--and it's very difficult to find anyone---- ~~(The three HOBBITS who have been listening suddenly vanish. We hear sounds of doors and shutters slamming offstage.)~~ What was that?

BILBO (standing up, taking from his pocket a long wooden pipe and tapping it impatiently). That was neighbors slamming doors and shutters.

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Side #1 continued...

Act I

The Hobbit

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GANDALF (sadly). On adventure. Tch, tch.

BILBO. You, sir, are in the neighborhood of Hobbits.

GANDALF (feigning ignorance). Hobbit? Hobbit? What's a Hobbit?

BILBO. We're just plain folk--have no use for adventures. (Shudders.) Nasty, uncomfortable things! Adventures make you late for dinner! Can't think what anybody sees in them! (GANDALF continues to stare at BILBO with a strangely disturbing gleam in his eye. BILBO nervously crosses to the mailbox and removes some letters. He sits on the stoop and examines them.) Good morning, we don't want any adventures here. You might try across The Hill or over The Water. (BILBO devotes himself to his letters.)

GANDALF. You should be ashamed of yourself, Bilbo Baggins!

BILBO (sitting up alertly). That's my name! How did you know----

GANDALF (cutting in). You know mine, too, although you don't know that I belong to it. I am Gandalf, and Gandalf means me! To think that I should have lived to be good-morninged by Belladonna Took's son--as if I were selling buttons at the door!

BILBO (beside himself with excitement). Gandalf! Gandalf! Good gracious! Not the wandering wizard who used to tell such wonderful tales at parties about dragons and giants and goblins----

GANDALF (merely yawning). The same, dear boy.

BILBO. And about the rescue of princesses and the unexpected luck of widows' sons! And the fireworks! I remember those! Old Grandpa Took used to send them up on Midsummer's Eve. What a display!

GANDALF. Naturally.

End.

~~BILBO. Up they rose, like great lilies and snap-~~

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# Side #2 — Balin, Bilbo, Gandalf, Dwalin, Kili, Fili

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The Hobbit

Act I

~~DWALIN. Delighted! (Hangs his hood on a peg and  
seats himself expansively at table.)~~

~~BILBO (sitting down beside DWALIN). Well, now!  
(Laughs nervously.) Tell me---- (The door-  
bell rings again.) Oops, excuse me. (Goes to  
the door, saying while opening it.) I have no  
idea who it could---- Oh!~~

(There stands an elderly dwarf /BALIN/ with a white  
beard and scarlet hood.)

Begin:

BALIN (hobbling inside, gesturing at the coat rack  
with his cane). Ha! I see they have begun to  
arrive already! (Hangs his hood next to Dwalin's.)  
Balin, at your service! (It is difficult for him to  
execute a bow. He groans.)

BILBO. Thank you. Uh, you said "They have begun  
to arrive"?

GANDALF (calling). Groceries, Bilbo?

BILBO. Actually, no---- (Taking a deep breath,  
to BALIN.) Won't you join us for tea?

BALIN. A glass of buttermilk would suit me better,  
if it's all the same to you, my good sir. But I  
don't mind some cake--seed cake, if you have  
any. (Crosses to table.)

BILBO (automatically). Oh, lots! Excuse me.  
(Hurries off L to get the cake.)

DWALIN. No hurry. (To BALIN.) Fine lodgings  
here, eh, brother?

BALIN (seating himself). Ummm. These Hobbits  
have the cream. A big thing this is we're set-  
ting out for.

(Doorbell rings, bringing on BILBO from L with  
platter of cakes.)

DWALIN. But dangerous. Terribly dangerous!

BILBO. Not again!

side #2 continued...

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GANDALF (crossing to BILBO). Allow me to unburden you---- (Takes platter from BILBO and passes platter to others. DWALIN takes two cakes and downs them rapidly and is shortly back for more. BALIN takes one and nibbles at it and puts it down on small table. Later BALIN eats it unnoticed.)

(Bell rings again. BILBO rushes to the door and opens it. There stand two dwarves /KILI and FILI/, look-alikes with blue hoods, silver belts and yellow beards. Each carries a bag of tools and spades.)

KILI. Kili!

FILI. Fili! (Both sweep off their hoods and bow.)

KILI and FILI (together). At your service!

BILBO. Baggins, here---- (Weakly.) At yours . . . uh, and your families!

KILI. Dwalin and Balin here already, I see. Let us join the throng! (KILI and FILI hang up their hoods, cross to table and sit down.)

BILBO (horrified). Throng!

GANDALF. Why, Bilbo, I really am surprised! I didn't think that Hobbits mixed with dwarves.

BILBO. They don't!

GANDALF. No? That's odd, since you have so many dwarf friends.

BILBO (confidentially, to GANDALF). I've never laid eyes on them before! If my neighbors knew, they'd be scandalized! Dwarves here! At Bag-End! (Bell rings, and then there is the lively rat-a-tat of a stick on the door.)

DWALIN. That'll be Dori, Nori, Ori, Oin and Gloin!

BILBO (horrified, crossing to door). Who?

(Hurrying to the door as the rat-a-tat continues.)  
The nerve!

End.

(2)



# Side #3 — Thorin, Gandalf, Bilbo, Gloin

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THORIN. My good sir, the sign says: "Burglar wants good job, plenty of excitement and reasonable reward." Read it yourself. (Opens door and shows sign.)

BILBO. So! I've been deceived!

GANDALF (to THORIN). You asked me to find a fourteenth man for your expedition--and I chose Mr. Baggins here----

BILBO (incensed). Oh, you did, did you? Well, if you think that I-----

GANDALF. --but I'm afraid I've made a sad mistake. This can't be the chap! No, no, I was looking for a member of the famous Took family. Imagine! I mistook him for a Took! (Glowers at BILBO.)

BILBO (stung). But I am a Took!

GANDALF. Really? Tch, tch, the blood must have thinned then.

BILBO. Why, my greatuncle, Bull-Roarer Took----

GLOIN (cutting in). Yes, yes, but we're talking about you!

GANDALF (melodramatically). I said to myself, now here is a hobbit with desires beyond his next cup of tea--but alas, he's just an ordinary run-of-the-Shire hobbit. When adventure knocks, he locks his door and hides under the bed.

BILBO (highly insulted, standing up). Really, this is too much!

GANDALF (to DWARVES). Well, dwarves, you can go back to shoveling coal. The hobbit is afraid to go and you certainly can't set out with thirteen! That's too unlucky!

BILBO (with great dignity). Sir, I must tell you that to uphold the honor of the Took family, I would cross mountains and deserts and fight a hundred dragons! I would----

GANDALF (cutting in). Splendid! Mr. Baggins is with us! (Shakes Bilbo's hand.) Now,

Thorin----- (Crosses to THORIN.)

BILBO (mumbling to himself). Now why did I say that? Bilbo, you're a fool! Now you have put your foot in it!

THORIN (to GANDALF). But are you sure he'll do? You, yourself, said that he-----

GANDALF (interrupting). If I say he's a burglar, a burglar he is--or will be when the time comes. There's more to him than you guess or he has any idea of himself. You'll live to thank him, and to thank him that you live.

End:

THORIN. Let us hope so! (Turns to others.) Well, now to get on with the plans. It's late. (All walk over to the table and sit with THORIN at the head, BILBO at his right and BOMBUR next to BILBO.)

GANDALF (spreading a large map on the table before THORIN). Let's have some light on this. (BOMBUR adjusts the overhanging lamp. Lights come up. To THORIN.) This is a map of the Lonely Mountain. It was left by your grandfather, King Thrain.

THORIN. Ah, yes?

BILBO. What mountain?

BOMBUR (giving BILBO a friendly nudge). Where the treasure is! And the dragon. (Makes a gruesome face and hisses alarmingly at BILBO.)

THORIN (studying the map). I don't see that this will help much-----I remember the mountain well enough and the lands about it----- (Pointing them out.) Mirkwood--the Withered Heath-----

BOMBUR. That's where the great dragons breed! (Makes clawlike, threatening gestures and hisses at BILBO, who manages a sickly smile in spite of being terrified.)

THORIN. There's the dragon--marked in red. Well, we're not likely to miss him, are we! (Laughter from company. Bilbo's laughter



# Side #4 - Bilbo, Gandalf, Thorin, Bombur, Balin

Act I

The Hobbit

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Begin:

~~lingers on. DWARVES look at him curiously.)~~

BILBO (nervously). Oh ho ho ha! The----

(Stops, embarrassed.) Dragon! I'm not over-fond of dragons, but then I've never actually known any.

GANDALF (dismissing Bilbo's chatter). You will, you will. (To THORIN.) Look here, Thorin. This circle on the map marks the secret entrance in the mountain--here! (Points to spot on map.)

THORIN. Ha! But is it still secret? That's the question!

BALIN. By now the dragon must know these caves from top to bottom.

GANDALF. Not the secret entrance. It's so well hidden it looks exactly like the side of the mountain. And by the way, I've a key that goes with the map. Here it is. (Hands THORIN a key.) Keep it safe!

THORIN. Indeed I will! (Fastens it on a gold chain that hangs about his neck and speaks with great satisfaction.) Well, now, things begin to look more hopeful. A secret entrance! What luck!

BOMBUR (to BILBO). Arrrgh! Hear him roar? It's almost dinner time. The Dragon's hungry for some nice roasted burglar! (BILBO hides his face in his hands and moans. The other DWARVES chuckle and nudge each other.)

THORIN (turning to BILBO with mock politeness). Suppose we ask our burglar expert to give us his ideas and suggestions----

BILBO (confused and shaky). Well, first off I should like some information. I mean, about the dragon and the treasure and how it got there and who it belongs to, and so on----

THORIN (wearily). Oh, very well----

BILBO. And I'd also like to know about risks, out-of-pocket expenses, time required, wages, etc.

BALIN. He wants to know his chances of coming back alive and how much gold he'll get.

THORIN. His chances are as good as ours. The circumstances are briefly these: Long ago when my grandfather was king, the dwarves settled here-- (Points at map.) --under the Lonely Mountain, and they built the merry town of Dale. Those were the happy days! They made beautiful things just for the fun of it. Not to sell, as we do now. When they needed more gold or emeralds or rubies, they just dug them out of the mountain. There was no end to the supply. But that brought the dragon. Good times always bring dragons. History illustrates----

GANDALF (interrupting). Be brief, won't you?

THORIN (insulted). Very well. There was an especially wicked Dragon called Sm-sm-sm-- (Apologetically.) --his name seems to stick in my throat----

GANDALF (helpfully). Smaug!

THORIN. Yes, curse him! He flew from the east and burned the town. Only a few escaped, my father among them.

BILBO (thrilled). And then?

THORIN. The dragon ate all the dwarves and took their treasure. The fiend! (Pounds on the table.) So now we mean to get back what is rightfully ours, and bring our curses home to Sm-sm-sm----

GANDALF (helping). Smaug!

THORIN. Death to all dragons--especially Sm-sm-sm----

DWARVES (banging their mugs and roaring it out). Smaug!

BILBO (weakly). Hear, hear!

End. DWARVES. Hear what?

BILBO (flustered). Hear what I've got to say!

GANDALF. Go ahead. Say it!



# Side #5 - Bert, Tom, Essie, Bilbo

Act I

The Hobbit

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clever at quietly sneaking up----

BILBO (incredulously). You can't mean--the trolls?

You want me to burgle trolls?

THORIN (nodding). Exactly.

BILBO (desperately). But I--I thought I was only supposed to burgle the dragon!

THORIN. Later, later. Bring back as much mutton as you can carry. We're hungry, remember. If you run into any difficulty, hoot twice like a barn owl, and we'll come.

BILBO (exploding). What! Are you out of your mind?

THORIN (icily). I beg your pardon?

BILBO (indignantly). Hobbits never hoot! But, no matter. No matter. Forward, Bilbo! (He draws himself up to his full height and walks grandly off the platform.)

DWARVES. Careful, now! Don't come back empty-handed! Good luck!

BILBO (crawling stealthily toward the trolls; turning his head toward DWARVES). Hush! Stop the racket! You'll spoil everything. (Muttering to himself, he continues to crawl toward the trolls.) Dwarves!

(Lights dim on platform L and come up on Platform R as BILBO approaches the trolls' campfire.)

Begin:

BERT (disgusted). Ugh! I'm sick to death o' mutton, Essie! It's coming out me ears! Mutton yesterday, mutton today, and blimey, if it don't look like mutton again tomorrer! (Turns his back to the fire and tosses his mutton over his shoulder in Bilbo's direction.)

TOM. Never a blinking bit o' manflesh or a nice shoulder of dwarf have we had for a long time! (Faces front, also tossing his mutton over his shoulder.)

ESSIE. Aw, git off! Times been up our way when

yer'd have said "Thank yer, Essie," for a nice bit o'fat valley mutton like what this is.

BERT (taking a healthy pull at the jug). Ugh! No more'n a dribble o'drink left! (TOM grabs the jug.) What we was a-thinkin' of to come into these parts beats me! (TOM takes a pull at the jug. BERT gives him a jab in the ribs, causing TOM to choke.)

TOM (coughing). We ain't done badly. We've et a village and a half between us since we come.

BERT (whining). Them villages was barely bite-sized. (BILBO has made his way to the fire and is just about to make off with the discarded mutton when ESSIE spots him.)

ESSIE (wheeling around, catching BILBO by the scruff of his neck and holding fast). Blimey, boys, look what I've copped!

BERT (jumping up). 'Ere, wot's it?

TOM (eying BILBO). Lumme if I know. (To BILBO, prodding him in the belly.) What are yer? Man? (BILBO shakes his head wildly.) --dwarf? (BILBO shakes his head again.)

BILBO (stuttering). Ha--ha--ha--Hobbit!

TOM. A hahahahobbit? Can't say I tasted 'em. Can yer cook 'em, Essie?

ESSIE (pinching BILBO like a soup chicken). Yer can try. Won't make above a mouthful, though--not once he's skinned and boned. Now if there was four and twenty of 'em I might make a pie!

BERT. Hey, you! Any more o'your sort a-sneakin' in these here woods, yer nasty little rabbit!

BILBO (correcting him politely). Hobbit, not rabbit. Yes, lots--no--none at all!

BERT (scratching his head). What d'yer mean?

BILBO (collecting his scattered wits). What I say. (To ESSIE.) There's no need to pinch me, madam.

End.

~~ESSIE. Shut yer mouth! I can always serve you.~~



# Side #6 - Gollum + Bilbo

Act I

The Hobbit

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~~don't lose it myself. (Pockets ring. Lights come up a little.) I can see better now. (Stands and turns toward stage L.)~~

~~(An unobtrusive black rubber float is pulled on stage R. On it sits a slimy creature, dressed in black tights or a shiny rubber diving suit, touched up with vaseline to make it glisten, complete with cap, goggles painted a pale watery green. He sits with a leg dangling over each side of the raft, or with knees bent, and holds a short paddle as if rowing.)~~

Begin:

GOLLUM (making a swallowing sound as he is pulled on). Gollum! Gollum!

BILBO (whirling around). What's that!

GOLLUM. It's me--Gollum!

BILBO (peering nervously in Gollum's direction). Who's there?

GOLLUM (in full view now). Bless us and splash us, my preciousss! Here's something to eat! (Guttural.) Gollum!

BILBO (brandishing his blade, while shaking and backing off). Stay back!

GOLLUM (swaying his head from side to side as he talks). What's he got in his handses, hmmm?

BILBO (as fiercely as possible). A sword, an Elvish blade! It came out of Gondolin.

GOLLUM (taken aback, hissing). S-s-s-s-s What iss he, my preciousss? Hic! (More politely.) Whom have we the pleasure of meeting?

BILBO (rapidly). I am Mr. Bilbo Baggins, a Hobbit. I've lost the Dwarves and the Wizard and I don't know where I am--but then I don't want to know where I am. The only thing I want to know is how to get out of here!

GOLLUM (hissing). S-s-s-s-s s'pose we sits here

and chats with it a bitsy, my preciousss-----  
A Bagginssess! (Rubs his stomach.) It likes  
riddles, p'raps it does, does it? S-s-s-s-s.

BILBO. You mean me?

GOLLUM. Yessssss-----

BILBO. Well, I'd love to, but I'm expected some-  
where else----- (To himself.) I hope. (To  
GOLLUM.) So if you'd kindly direct me to the  
nearest exit-----

GOLLUM (cutting in). S-s-s-s-s stop. First a  
riddle, yesss?

BILBO (resigned). Very well, if you insissst!  
After you-----

GOLLUM. S-s-s-s-s say,  
What has roots as nobody sees,  
Is taller than trees,  
Up, up it goes,  
And yet never grows?

BILBO. Easy! Mountain. Now if you'll kindly-----

GOLLUM (cutting in). S-s-s-s-s so does it guess  
easy? It must have a competition with us, my  
preciousss. If we wins we eats if--it tastes  
better if we earns it. If it wins we shows it the  
way out. Yessss.

BILBO (resigned). Well--all right. Only, how  
many of them are you? Who's this "Precious"  
you keep talking to?

GOLLUM. Our Preciousss Self! We has to talk to  
someone, doesn't we? We are alone here--  
forever.

BILBO. So, I see. It's a dreadful place.

GOLLUM. We likes it! We generally passes the  
time feasting on fishesss and gobbling goblins.  
S-s-s.

BILBO. Goblins! Ick! I didn't think anyone ate  
them!

GOLLUM. We acquired the taste. Hic! S-s-s-s-s.  
(Impatient.) Your turn. Riddle! Riddle!

End.



Side #7 - Thorin, Gandalf, Ori, Dori, Oin, Gloin, Balin, Bilbo

Act I

The Hobbit

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(BALIN walks on R, followed by THORIN, GANDALF and the DWARVES.)

Begin:

THORIN. Confound the Hobbit! Still lost!

GANDALF. Keep looking. We can't go on without him. I feel responsible for him.

ORI. Pity you didn't pick someone with more sense!

THORIN. He's been more trouble than he's worth.  
(BILBO draws himself up, offended.)

OIN. Why couldn't he stick with us?

GLOIN (testily). That's right. I refuse to go back into those awful tunnels to look for the little blighter, drat him! (BILBO kicks his leg.)  
Ouch!

THORIN. What's the matter?

GLOIN. Dunno--felt as if someone kicked my leg!

GANDALF (to GLOIN). Serves you right if someone did. (Angrily, to all.) Now, either you help me look for him or I leave you here to get out of this mess as best you can. Why didn't you stay with him, Dori?

DORI. Good heavens! Can you ask? Goblins fighting and biting--everybody falling over bodies and hitting one another! You shouted "Follow me, everybody!"--I thought everybody had----

THORIN. And here we are, minus a burglar. Drat him! (BILBO steps down in the middle of them and slips off the ring. He is now visible.)

BILBO. And here's the Burglar!

DWARVES (jumping; ad lib). What! Bilbo!

Mr. Baggins! Where did you come from?

GANDALF. Bilbo, my boy! What a relief!

THORIN (to BALIN). A fine lookout you are, Balin!

BALIN. Well, it's the first time that even a mouse has crept by me. I take my hood off to you, Mr. Baggins! (He does, and bows.) You're a great burglar. Balin, at your service----

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BILBO (bowing). Your servant, Baggins.

DWARVES (ad lib). How'd you escape? What happened? Tell us!

GANDALF. He can tell us on the way. We must leave at once. (DWARVES groan.)

BILBO. But I'm so dreadfully hungry----

~~Ori-~~ FILLI. Me, too----

~~Dori-~~ KILI. And me----

~~Oin-~~ BOMBUR. Me most of all!

GANDALF. Forget it. Hundreds of goblins will be out after us as soon as it gets dark. So tighten your belts and let's go. Better no supper than be supper.

DWARVES. Hear, hear!

End. THORIN. But where are we going? (Takes out his map.)

GANDALF. Through Mirkwood Forest. (Groans from the dwarves.) It is dark and dangerous but it won't be too bad if you can only remember one thing: the path is clearly marked and you must stay on it. Don't let anything tempt you to leave it even for a moment.

THORIN. But aren't you coming with us?

GANDALF. Impossible. I have pressing business in the South.

THORIN. But you can't desert us now!

GANDALF. We may meet again before all is over and then again we may not. That depends on your luck and courage and good sense. But I am sending Mr. Baggins with you, and there's more to him than meets the eye. (BILBO groans.) Cheer up, Bilbo, don't look so glum. Cheer up, Thorin and Company. Think of the treasure at the end!

BILBO. Do we really have to go through Mirkwood! Isn't there some safer way 'round it?

GANDALF. There are no safe ways in this part of the world. You are over the Edge of the Wild



Side #8 - Thorin, Gandalf, Bilbo

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Act I

BILBO (bowing). Your servant, Baggins.

DWARVES (ad lib). How'd you escape? What happened? Tell us!

GANDALF. He can tell us on the way. We must leave at once. (DWARVES groan.)

BILBO. But I'm so dreadfully hungry----

FILI. Me, too----

KILI. And me----

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GANDALF. There are no safe ways in this part of the world. You are over the Edge of the Wild

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now and there's danger everywhere.

THORIN (studying map, irritably). You said something about a forest path----

GANDALF. Yes. Straight through the forest is your way now. Don't stray off the path. If you do, it's a thousand to one you'll never find it again and never get out of Mirkwood. And then, I suppose, you'll all be eaten by goblins and I shall never see you again!

THORIN (sourly). Very consoling you are, to be sure.

GANDALF. Come now, enough delay. These woods will soon be thick with goblins! (GANDALF exits R. His voice is heard faintly in the distance.) Don't leave the path! (The DWARVES and BILBO trudge glumly off L.)

CURTAIN



# Side #9 - Elven Queen & Thorin

Act II

The Hobbit

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start to go, leaving the path at an angle.) Come on, Bilbo.

BILBO (standing fast). Wait! A feast will be no good if we don't get back alive from it.

BOMBUR. Well, I'm going. We won't last much longer without food anyway.

BILBO. That's true--I guess.

BIFUR. Come on, Bilbo. (BILBO reluctantly follows the others off the path.)

(The ELVEN-QUEEN and several of her attendant LORDS and LADIES enter from L. The QUEEN wears a trimly fitted garment of forest green and a crown of oak leaves and berries. She carries a wand of carved oak. Her attendant LADIES carry bows and arrows.)

Begin:

ELVEN-QUEEN. Halt! (DWARVES and BILBO freeze in surprise.)

THORIN. By whose authority do you bid us halt?

ELVEN-QUEEN. I am the Elven-Queen. Who are you that trespass on my domain?

THORIN (stage whisper to BILBO). Quick, Bilbo, make yourself invisible. Put on your ring. (BILBO does so, and from then on he is ignored by all.)

ELVEN-QUEEN (imperiously). Speak.

THORIN (stepping forward proudly). I am Thorin Oakenshield, son of Thrain, son of Thrór, King under the Mountain!

ELVEN-QUEEN (disdainfully). A dwarf all the same. Why did you and your folk attack my people?

THORIN. We did not attack them, your majesty. We came to beg because we are starving.

ELVEN-QUEEN. What are you doing in Mirkwood?

THORIN. We are looking for food and drink.

ELVEN-QUEEN (impatiently). But why are you here

End:

at all? (THORIN remains silent.) Come now!  
(THORIN remains silent.) Very well! You  
shall all go to my dungeons where you shall  
remain until you tell me the truth--if it takes a  
thousand years! Seize them! (~~The Elf GUARDS~~  
~~grab THORIN and surround the others. To the~~  
~~GUARDS.)~~ How many are there?

GUARD. Thirteen, O Queen.

ELVEN-QUEEN. Away with them. (She exits  
L.)

FIRST GUARD. Step lively, dwarves!

SECOND GUARD. March! (The Elves march  
the dwarves off L.)

BILBO (taking off his ring and speaking to it.).  
Well, my friend, thanks to you I'm still free.  
We should have stayed on the path as Gandalf  
warned us. And now they'll all be shut up in  
a stone dungeon. That's a hard thing! Somehow  
I must get them out! (BILBO runs off L.)

BLACKOUT

(or CURTAIN)



# Side #10 - Guard 1, Guard 2, Thorin

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fulness, pulls out ring and puts it on.)

(The GUARDS enter from R. The FIRST GUARD has a large ring of keys fastened by a chain to her belt. The SECOND GUARD carries a tray with a bowl of soup and end of a loaf of bread. The FIRST GUARD takes up her stand by the door, guarding it. The SECOND GUARD brings the tray of food to THORIN.)

Begin: SECOND GUARD. Food for you, Thorin Oakenshield. Thanks to our gracious Queen. (BILBO, walking on tiptoe, begins to cross very cautiously toward the FIRST GUARD.)

THORIN (taking the tray). I thank the Elven-Queen and hope to return her hospitality when I have recaptured my castle. Its dungeons are deep.

FIRST GUARD. What's that he says?

SECOND GUARD. He threatens our Queen.

FIRST GUARD. That's treason! Write it down! Write down every word he says!

SECOND GUARD. I've nothing to write with.

FIRST GUARD (rushing forward and barely missing colliding with the tiptoeing BILBO, who leaps aside to avoid him). Here, take this. (Gives him a pencil.)

SECOND GUARD. Now, are you ready to answer the questions of our Elven-Queen?

THORIN. I refuse to answer questions under duress.

FIRST GUARD (leaning forward, excitedly). More treason. Write that down! (BILBO is now crouched by the side of the FIRST GUARD, ready to start removing keys from her keyring.)

SECOND GUARD (writing busily on pad). Prisoner defies our Elven-Queen.

THORIN. Now, Bilbo!

FIRST GUARD. What's that he's saying?

1.

SECOND GUARD. Sounded like he said Bilbo.

Dwarves are stupid. Let's get out of here.

(BILBO has begun removing the key ring. He is very cautious but his hands are shaking and the keys clink. The FIRST GUARD moves uneasily and BILBO freezes. The FIRST GUARD fumbles for her keys. Doesn't find them. She fumbles again. BILBO extends the keys so that she touches them. She is satisfied and returns her attention to SECOND GUARD.)

FIRST GUARD. He hasn't eaten yet and the others haven't had their food.

SECOND GUARD. Let them do without. (To THORIN.) The tray. Let me have it.

THORIN (throwing it at her feet). Gladly.

DWARVES (roaring approval). Thorin!

SECOND GUARD. If it weren't forbidden, I'd make you suffer for that! But wait and see how you like your dinner--when it comes! It'll be well salted. I promise you that.

FIRST GUARD. There's a big feast tonight and we'll be eating like kings! (The GUARDS stalk out with a clanking of the door.)

End.

THORIN (excitedly). Did you get the keys?

BILBO. I did. (He unlocks the cage door.)

THORIN. My word! Gandalf spoke true. You're a fine burglar when the time comes! We're all forever in your service! (THORIN steps out and bows as BILBO unlocks the door.)

DWARVES. Bravo! Mr. Baggins--(All bow.)--at your service!

BILBO. Thank you. At yours. (He bows.) But now what? We're still stuck here in the dungeon and if we go out the guards will grab us and put us right back in! (BILBO crosses despondently and sits on one of the barrels.)

DWARVES (ad lib, uneasily). That's true. He's got a point there, all right, etc.



# Side #11 - Thorin, Bilbo, Gloin, Bombur, Dwalin;

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~~teriously sealed." (Resumes writing silently.)~~

Begin:

THORIN (stopping before the door, shaking his fist passionately). Come out and get us then! I'd rather face ten thousand of you than stand here doing nothing.

BILBO (reading from journal again). "I don't say so but our predicament may be a blessing in disguise. I'm not looking forward to burgling old Smaug. No, actually, I prefer just sitting----" (Stops writing and hums pleasantly to himself.)

GLOIN. All that treasure in there! Just waiting to be burgled, and what is our burglar doing for us?

THORIN (approaching BILBO). Just what are you doing, Mr. Baggins?

BILBO (who has been humming happily). Hmmm? You said sitting on the doorstep and thinking would be my job, so I'm sitting and thinking. Come join me. This is certainly the warmest spot on the mountain.

THORIN (angry). Mr. Baggins!

BILBO. That certainly is a fine-looking key Gandalf gave you, Thorin.

THORIN. But there's no keyhole! (Flicks at the key about his neck.)

BILBO. Let's have another look at your map.

THORIN. Again! What for?

BILBO. I just thought maybe----

THORIN. Oh, very well. (Pulls out and opens map.

BILBO joins him in scanning it. Droning:)

The runes tell us to stand by the gray stone-- we've been doing that, all right! And the setting sun by the last light of Durin's Day will----

THORIN and BILBO (together). --shine upon the keyhole----

BILBO (cheerily). Well, perhaps today is Durin's Day.

BOMBUR. Wake me when something happens.

(Lies down.)

THORIN. Durin's Day! I never heard of it. I've lost track of time altogether . . .

DWALIN. Our beards will grow 'til they hang down the cliff into the valley before anything happens here! (Suddenly a red ray of sunset light falls upon the cave entrance.)

DWARVES. Look! The setting sun shines on the door!

BILBO. This must be the sign!

THORIN. Push! Hard! (The DWARVES push against the door.)

Gloin-NORI. It won't budge!

BILBO. The keyhole! Look for the keyhole! (Spots it.) Here it is! The key! Quick, Thorin, try your key while the light still shines on the keyhole.

THORIN (removing the key from around his neck and trying it). It fits! It fits! (Turns the key.) The door is unlocked.

DWARVES. Hooray!

THORIN (standing on the stoop and addressing company). And now is the time for our esteemed Mr. Baggins to perform the service for which he was included in our company. Now is the time for him to earn his reward--by being first to enter the secret door.

DWARVES. Hear! Hear! Bilbo first!

BILBO. Well, I don't think I'll refuse. Perhaps I've begun to trust my luck more than I used to.

GLOIN. Well, well, look at our burglar now! Is this the same safe fellow who was lost without his pocket hankie?

THORIN. Mr. Baggins, this is your opportunity.

BILBO. I have no doubt it's an opportunity, but who's coming in with me? (The DWARVES look the other way, embarrassed. They cough self-consciously and shuffle their feet. BILBO

End.

(2)



stands to one side.) Any volunteers?

THORIN. Now, that isn't quite fair of you, Mr. Baggins. You know we would go with you if it would do any good. But the moment the dragon sees us he will kill us. Since he can't see you, you'll be safe.

BILBO. I'll lend you the ring.

THORIN. But then you'd be seen. No, no, you better wear it. We'll stand by out here.

BILBO. Hmmmm! In that case, stand by the door. (Slips his ring on.)

THORIN. Good luck, Bilbo, my friend! (Reaches for Bilbo's hand but winds up shaking the air; tries again and misses.) Mr. Baggins?

BILBO (clasping Thorin's hand). Here I am, Thorin.

THORIN (laughing and shaking Bilbo's hand). Oh! Good luck!

(The ELVEN-QUEEN, accompanied by two attendants, rushes on from R. She is followed by a number of her ELVES armed with bows and arrows.)

Begin!

FIRST ATTENDANT. Halt! In the name of the Elven-Queen. (The DWARVES groan as the ELVES surround them.)

ELVEN-QUEEN (stepping forward). So, Thorin Oakenshield, we meet again! Of course I knew I would find you here. Where is the burglar?

THORIN. What burglar?

ELVEN-QUEEN. Don't try to deceive me. He may be invisible but the treasure isn't! Well, now that we are all here, we can discuss matters. How shall we divide the treasure?

THORIN. No elf has a claim to the treasure of my people! I will not parley with armed elves.

ELVEN-QUEEN. But the wealth of the elves is mingled in Smaug's hoard. Let us discuss that.

THORIN. We will give you nothing! Not a single gold coin. We look on you as foes and thieves!

ELVEN-QUEEN. So you claim treasure that is not really yours. Then how are you better than Smaug? Besides, you need my aid.

BILBO (stepping up to the ELVEN-QUEEN and removing his ring). Have you a better plan than ours, Your Majesty?

ELVEN-QUEEN (startled). Ah, the burglar has decided to show himself! But you're not a dwarf--what are you?

BILBO. A hobbit, ma'm. Allow me to introduce myself. Bilbo Baggins, Esquire, companion to Thorin Oakenshield. At your service. (Bows cordially.)

THORIN (furious). Mr. Baggins! Will you please not interfere-----

ELVEN-QUEEN. A hobbit? Then maybe you'll listen to reason. Certainly I have a better plan. Dragons have to be slain. Then we should share the treasure. Part of it belongs to us. The dragon stole it from us.

BILBO. Well, slaying dragons is not at all in my line. I was engaged as a burglar. But if part of the treasure belongs to you, I favor giving it to you.

THORIN. I will not share the treasure. I, myself, will slay the dragon.

ELVEN-QUEEN. With what?

THORIN. With this! (Draws his battered sword.)

ELVEN-QUEEN. You ruined that sword when you struck the troll, not knowing he had turned to stone. Behold the sword of the elves. (Claps her hands.)

End.

(Two ELVES enter carrying a gleaming sword on a purple pillow. They stand before the ELVEN-QUEEN.)



# Side #13 - Smaug & Bilbo

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of silver mail, jeweled goblets, shields, etc. SMAUG lies asleep on a vast pile of precious gems. Bubbling noises and vapors emanate from him. BILBO enters from R. He is dazzled by the light and glittering jewels and rubs his eyes. Suddenly he sees SMAUG and jumps.)

Begin: SMAUG (stirring, in a thundering voice). Thief! I know you're there. I smell you and I hear your breath. Thought you'd catch me napping, did you? (Vapors and bubbles increase.)

BILBO (summoning up all his courage). Oh, no, O Smaug. I did not come to rob you. I only wished to have a look at you and see if you were truly as great as tales say. I did not believe them----

SMAUG (somewhat flattered). Do you now?

BILBO. Truly, songs and tales fall far short of the reality! You are the greatest of calamities.

SMAUG. Nice manners for a thief and a liar. Come closer so I can eat--I mean, see you.

BILBO. I don't think that would be wise, O Smaug.

SMAUG. Hmmm, you seem familiar with my name, but I don't remember smelling you before. Who are you? Where do you come from?

BILBO (trying to sound formidable). I come from under the hill and over the hills. I am he that walks unseen. I am Barrel-rider and Ringbearer and Luckwearer and I am here to reclaim the rightful treasure of the King under the Mountain.

SMAUG (snorting and belching smoke). The King under the Mountain is dead, and I have eaten his people as a wolf eats sheep. I laid low the warriors of old, when I was young and tender. Now I am old and strong! Thief in the shadows!

BILBO. I am the clue finder, I am he that buries his friends alive and drowns them and draws them alive again from the water. I am Ring-

winner and Luckwearer and Barrel-rider!  
SMAUG (gloating). My armor is like tenfold shields, my teeth are swords, my claws spears, the shock of my tail is a thunderbolt, my wings are as a hurricane, and my breath is death!

BILBO (in a frightened squeak). I have always understood that dragons are softer underneath, especially in the region of the, er, chest, but that you are guarded by a diamond waistcoat, if those are real diamonds. I hear they are only fakes.

SMAUG (snapping). Your information is false and the jewels are real. Look at them, fool. My waistcoat is made entirely of diamonds which no blade can pierce! (SMAUG rears up and displays the glittering waistcoat. There is a black spot over the heart, bare of diamonds.)

BILBO (calling off). Now, Thorin!

End.

(THORIN rushes on from R and plunges his sword into Smaug's chest. SMAUG thrashes about wildly, emitting bubbling noises and thick smoke, then collapses and lies still.)

BILBO. Well done, Thorin, well done!

THORIN. What a treasure! (He looks at it and removes a magnificent golden coat from the wall.)

Mr. Baggins, here is the first payment of your reward! Cast off your old cloak and put on this! It was my grandfather's. (BILBO removes his cloak, and THORIN helps him into the gold coat.)

BILBO. Thank you! My, my, I feel magnificent! But I expect I look rather absurd. How they would laugh back home in the Shire. Still, I wish there was a looking-glass handy!

THORIN (surveying the treasure). Dividing all this will be a long task.

BILBO. I'll miss all that. I must be going home.

THORIN. But yours is a large share. Very large.