



The "Other" Red Book of Westmarch

A Pythonesque retelling
of J.R.R. Tolkien's classic
Lord of the Rings trilogy

XENOCORP PRESENTS A JAMES HAINES PRODUCTION

MONTY PYTHON

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

"In the lands of Middle-earth, legend tells of the dark Lord Sauron,"



"and the Ring that would give him the power to enslave the world."



"Lost for centuries..."



"...it has been sought by many,"



"and has now found its way into the hands of the most unlikely person imaginable..."



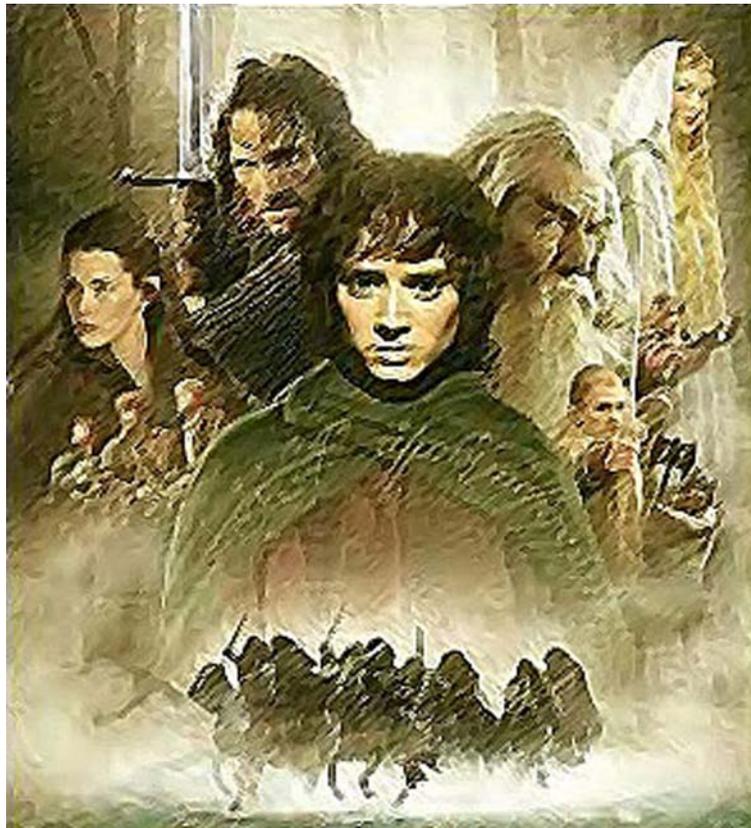
"No, no, no! Not him! No-- the other bugger over there!"



"Right. That's the one. Yeah... he's screwed."

XenoCorp (XC) Pictures
in association with Monty Python
presents

J.R.R. Tolkien's: Fellowship of the Ring



J.R.R. Tølkiën's: Fëløwshihti uv den Råingen

Written by:

James Haines

(aka: Hstaphath - The Official Bard of XenoCorp)

Røten nik Akten Di

With:

Aragorn, Boromir, Frodo, Gandalf, Gimli, Legolas, Meriadoc, Peregrin, and Samwise.

Wik

Also appearing:

Tom Bombadil, Barliman Butterbur, Celeborn, Elrond, Bill Ferny, Firiël/Mercé, Galadriel, Haldir, Harry, Lobelia, Lotho, Saruman, Ferdibrand Took, and the Evil Dark Lord Sauron.

Alsø wik

Also also appearing:

The Balrog of Moria, the Nazgul Who Say "Ni," the Uruk-Cows, the Anorien People's Front (or is that the People's Front of Anor?), and the lovely and talented harem ghosts of Arthedain.

Alsø alsø wik

Wi nõt trei a høoliday in Røhän dis yër?
See äll de løveli hørses
De wøndërful gølden häll uv Edørås - Medusæld
Und mäni interëstink Røhirrim who tälk aløt lik dis (und vøld møst likli trëi und kill yøu)

With special extra thanks to:
The XenoCorp Crew for putting me up to this in the first place, the SFC Dynaverse Fan-Fic Writer's
Group for helping me make it through to the end, to J.R.R. Tolkien's estate for not taking legal
action (yet?), and to Monty Python for reasons obvious.

Includink de majestik cøw

My sistër once stëpped in cøw pøøp...

No realli! She was karving her initials øn de cøw wik de sharpened end uv ån øld tøøthbrush given
her bëi Mablung (her broder-in-law) - ån Osgiliäth dëntist und star uv mäni Gøndoriån møvies: "De
Høt Händs uv ån Ithiliën Dëntist, Fillings uv Passiøn, De Huge Mølars uv Børomir..."

We apologize for the fault in the subtitles. Those responsible have been sacked.

The characters and incidents portrayed and the names used in this parody are fictitious and any
similarity to the names, characters, or history of any person is entirely accidental and unintentional.
Honest. And I did *NOT* have sexual relations with that blasted cow!

Signed: **SARUMAN THE WHITE**

Mynd yøu, flämink cøw pøøp kån bë prettëi nästi...

We apologize again for the fault in the subtitles.

Those responsible for sacking the people who have just been sacked, have been sacked.

Cøw Trained by: **STEPHEN "SIRGOD" SMITH**

Special Cøw Effects: **FREY "THE ADMIRAL" PETERMEIER**

Cøw Praying-Mantis Karate Style by: **PAUL "BATTLECRY" DUGGAN**

Miss Liv Tyler's Cøw by: **MATT "KADH" CARR** (pending a restraining order)

Cøw Costumes: **STEF "ESTELLA" NEWSOME**

Cøw choreographed by: **YATTA!**

Cøw trained to drink heavily by: **MATT "762" HAHNKE**

Cøw taught to spam and use poor grammar by: **DON "DOUBLE D" DAWSON**

Cøw's horns sharpened by: **JEN "WABBIT WUVVER" GARDNER AND KELI "GEEKGIRRL"
MCTAGGART**

Large Cøw on the left hand side of the screen in the third scene from the end, given a thorough
grounding in Quenya, Sindarin, Fëanorian Tengwar, and "O" Level Middle-Earth Geography by:
MERCY "TRY IT AGAIN" DANNENBERG

Suggestive poses for the Cøw suggested by: **KIMMI "VANIMA LINA" BOMMER**

Udder-care by: **FELICITY "FLISS" O'TOOLE**

The directors of the firm hired to continue the credits after the other people had been sacked,
wish it to be known that they have just been sacked.

The credits have been completed in an entirely different style at great expense and at the last minute.

Executive Producer:

"Bobo" The Wonder Dwarf

Producer:

Steve "Spank My Dwarf" Ferret

Assisted By:

Fundin J. Dwarf

Ori Q. Dwarf III

Gloini L. Dwarf Jr.

Borin C. Dwarf IX

Directed By:

40 Specially Trained Lonely Mountain Dwarves

7 Disney Dwarves

142 Iron Hills Whooping Dwarves

14 Northern Eriador Gnomes

(possibly related to Dwarves, though everyone denies it)

GIMLI - DWARF OF THE FELLOWSHIP

And, lastly, 76,324 Lawn and Garden Dwarves

From "Dwarves-R-Us" Ltd. in Erebor

Scene 1: Bloody Sackville-Baggins!

Narrator: A party of special magnificence celebrating the eleventy-first birthday of the peculiar and illustrious Mr. Bilbo Baggins is in full swing.
(the cheerful music and boisterous conversations taper off as Bilbo gets ready to make the expected customary birthday speech)

Frodo: Old woman!

Lotho: Man!

Frodo: Man, sorry. Have you seen Bilbo Baggins anywhere about?

Lotho: I'm thirty four.

Frodo: What?

Lotho: I'm thirty four in shire-reckoning-- I'm not old!

Frodo: Well, I couldn't just say "hey you."

Lotho: You could say "Lotho."

Frodo: Well, I didn't see who you were.

Lotho: You didn't bother to find out, did you?

Frodo: I did say sorry about the "old woman," but it's getting dark and from the behind you looked--

Lotho: What I object to is that you automatically treat me like an inferior!

Frodo: Well, today *is* my coming of age birthday as well as Bilbo's eleven--

Lotho: Oh your birthday, eh, very nice. An' how'd you afford this party, eh? By exploitin' the average everyday working hobbit... by hangin' on to outdated imperialist dogma which perpetuates the economic an' social differences rampant throughout the 5 shires! If there's ever going to be any progress--

Lobelia: Lotho, there's some lovely food laid out over here and look at these pretty silver spoons! Oh... what do you want?!?

Frodo: How do you do, ma'am. I'm just looking for Bilbo. Have you seen him?

Lobelia: Why should I have seen him?

Frodo: Well, this is his birthday party and all...

Lobelia: This is *his* ruddy party?!

Frodo: Well... yes. Bilbo's and mine. We happen to have our birthdays on the same day and today is his eleventy-first birthday.

Lobelia: I don't recall getting an invitation to any birthday party, so I don't know what all this nonsense is about. I thought we were all just gathering together for some free food.

Lotho: You're fooling yourself mother. We're living in a feudal society... a self-perpetuating autocracy in which the well-off Brandybucks and Took--

Lobelia: Oh there you go, bringing Took--

Lotho: That's what it's all about, mum, if only sensible hobbits would--

Frodo: Please, please dear hobbits. I am in haste. Do you not know where Bilbo can be found?

Lobelia: He up and disappeared just a bit ago.

Frodo: Ummm... Disappeared?

Lobelia: That's what I said, you dense little inheritance stealer!

Frodo: Disappeared... oh no!

Lotho: I'm telling you, Frodo, we've just *got* to form Hobbiton into an anarcho-syndicalist commune shire. We could take it in turns to act as a sort of executive officer for the week.

Frodo: What's this? Rather than have a Mayor or Thain?!

Lotho: Yes, but all the decisions of that officer would have to be ratified at a special bi-weekly meeting.

Frodo: Well, yes, I see what you mean, but...



Lotho: A simple majority vote in the case of purely internal affairs--

Frodo: Confound it Lotho-- be quiet!

Lotho: ...or by a two-thirds majority in the case of more--

Frodo: Be quiet! I order you to be quiet!

Lobelia: Order, eh-- who does he think he is?

Frodo: I'm Frodo Baggins and today is my birthday!

Lobelia: Well, I didn't give birth to you.

Frodo: Something we are both profoundly glad of, I'm sure.

Lobelia: Why do you think it should be such a big deal that it is your ruddy birthday?

Frodo: Because this is our party... because Bilbo and I have paid for all this food and drink and for it to be prepared and served. We arranged and paid for the best music, the grandest party tent, and even some glorious fireworks. So here you are, invited or not, taking part in *our* party. That is why it is special that today is my birthday.

Lotho: Listen... giving out food, drink, and entertainment is no basis for a system of authority and respect. Position and status derives from a mandate from the masses-- not from some farcical annual ceremony.

Frodo: Be quiet!

Lotho: Well you can't expect to be elevated to a level of prominence and power just 'cause you threw a piece of stale cake at me.

Frodo: Shut up!

Lotho: I mean... if I went around acting like I was the King of Arnor, just because I bought everyone in Bree a honey bun, they'd put me away!

Frodo: Shut up! Will you shut up!?

Lotho: Ah, now we see the violence inherent in the system.

Frodo: Shut up!

Lotho: Oh! Come and see the violence inherent in the system! Help, help!!! I'm being repressed!

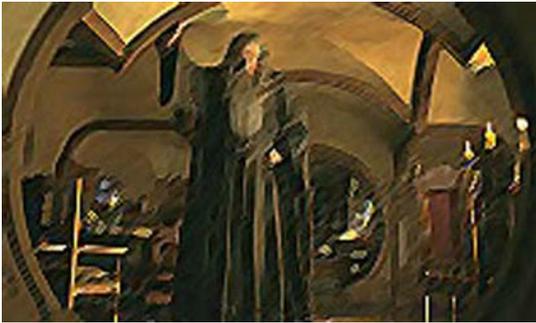
Frodo: Bloody Sackville-Baggins!

Lotho: Oh, what a give away-- did you hear that? Did you hear that, eh? That's what I'm on about... did you see him repressing me? You saw it, didn't you?

Scene 2: Orodruin Jewelers

Narrator: Returning to the hobbit manor-hole known famously throughout the Shire as Bag End, Frodo searches with great worry and concern for his missing uncle.

Frodo: Hello... Bilbo?



Gandalf: He has gone.

Frodo: What?!? Gone?

Gandalf: Yes, and he has left you his ring.

Frodo: Bilbo left me his ring? His most precious possession?

Gandalf: Yes, indeed. I had to whack his arse with a boat paddle, but he finally agreed to leave it. It is over there... conveniently laying in the middle of the floor for you.

(Frodo picks up the ring)

Frodo: It is but a plain gold band.

Gandalf: Hmmmphh. Is it now...

(Gandalf knocks the ring out of Frodo's hand, sending it tumbling into the fireplace)

Frodo: What the-- hey!

Gandalf: Fear not. The ring is unharmed.

Frodo: I'm not worried about the ruddy thing, you hit my hand you loony wizard!

Gandalf: Enough! Let us gaze upon the ring.

Frodo: Odd, the ring is cool though it has been touched by the flames... and strangely heavier.

Gandalf: Look for writing, Frodo... do you see any?

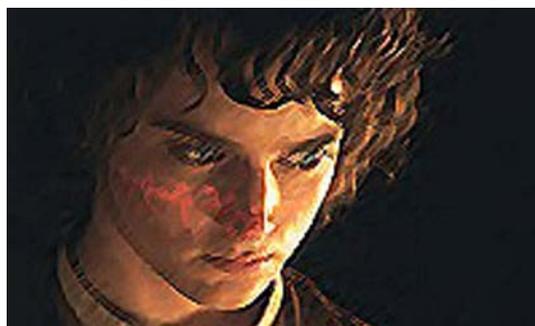
Frodo: Yes! Here... along the inside. It says "Orodruin Jewelers 10-Karat."

Gandalf: The tight-pocketed fiend! He could have at least made the forsaken thing out of 14 or 18-Karat gold.

Frodo: Who?

Gandalf: Never mind for the moment, Frodo. Read on... is there not more?

Frodo: It appears so. There's something written along the outside. Fiery letters of a strange elven script... I cannot read them.



Gandalf: No, but I can. The letters are elvish, of an ancient mode, but the language is that of Mordor and I will not utter it here.

Frodo: What?!

Gandalf: In the common tongue it says, close enough, "[One Ring](#) to rule them all, One Ring to find them, One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them."

Frodo: What does it all mean, Gandalf?

Gandalf: It means that this is no ordinary rare magic ring... it is the Master-ring. The [One Ring](#) to Rule Them All!

Frodo: Oh! There is something else here... along the inside near the jeweler's stamp.

Gandalf: What's this?!? Quick! What does it say?

Frodo: It reads, "Warning - Violets are blue, Roses are red. If you wear this ring, you'll become undead."

Gandalf: Oh, that... that is just the Surgeon General's warning.

Frodo: Undead? That's horrible!

Gandalf: You said it... that's some of the worst tripe to pass for poetry, even for the likes of Sauron!

Frodo: No, no! The becoming undead part is horrible!

Gandalf: Oh. Yes, well... just don't put the cursed thing on.

Frodo: What shall I do with it then?

Gandalf: Tell you what, why don't I jot off now and go venture into an obvious ambush with a fellow wizard who has been blatantly lying to me for years while you just put the ring on a chain and hang out here?

Frodo: Yes, alright... that seems sensible enough.

Gandalf: If anyone, or any "thing" for that matter, shows up looking for it then just head straight for Bree. It's the most obvious place for you to go, so it will be easy for me to find you there.

Frodo: Good idea! It's as good as done, Gandalf. Have a safe journey!

Narrative Interlude: The Book of the Film

Narrator: And so it came to pass that the Nazgul, the 9 black riders of Mordor, came north into Hobbiton and virtually caught Frodo Baggins unawares.



Narrator: Running as if his very immortal soul were in peril (because, quite frankly, it actually *was*), Frodo was joined in his sudden flight by a few other loyal and steadfast hobbit companions.



Narrator: Though Samwise Gamgee, called Sam, was the first to tag along, two other illustrious names of hobbit lore were soon to follow. Meriadoc Brandybuck, called Merry, and Peregrin Took, called Pippin... as well as several *other* names given him by Master Gandalf that are not suitable for printing in this tale in order to maintain our PG-13 rating.

Pippin: Hoy, now, you don't need to go into all *that*!

Narrator: Together they formed a hardy band of compatriots whose names and deeds were to be recorded in the Red Book of Westmarch and retold throughout the centuries! Of course, obviously, the fact that Frodo and Sam helped write the Red Book of Westmarch might have had a lot to do with that...

Merry: Heh... it sure didn't hurt!

Narrator: But, for now, they just plain got lucky the way comic relief in any good epic story does. Taking a detour to purloin some mushrooms, they blundered along an unexpected round-a-bout way through green-hill country, Buckland, and then into the Old Forest in virtually every direction *except* Bree.

Pippin: Just trying to confuse those black riders, is all. Honest!

Narrator: It was in this manner that they came upon "the Master of wood, water, and hill" known even to the Eldar in the first age as "Iarwain Ben-adar." None other than the eldest of all living creatures in Middle Earth... *Tom Bombadil!*

Scene 3: Bombadil's House

Narrator: Lost within the confines of the Old Forest that covers the land between the river Baranduin and the ancient Barrow-downs, our four intrepid hobbits trudge along in search of a landmark to navigate by.

Sam: ...and then you sort of mash the mixture of cow droppings and hay into the tilled soil before planting. It really increases the harvest yield!

Frodo: This new learning amazes me, Sam. Explain again about that process you call "mulching."

Sam: Oh, gladly Mr. Frodo. In late Autumn you--

Merry: Look!

(a dark river of brown water, bordered and arched with ancient willows, and flecked with thousands of faded willow-leaves stretches lazily before them)

Frodo: Withywindle!

Sam: Withywindle!

Merry: Withywindle!

Pippin: It's only a river.

Frodo: Shh! My dear friends... I bid us make haste to the home of he who was known to the men of Arnor as *Orald*, he whom the dwarves call *Forn*, and who is known to hobbits as *Tom Bombadil*! Let us hasten... to... Bombadil's House!

Tom Bombadil: (singing as he quickly walks into view along the river)

I'm Tom Bombadil, Oh, Bombadillo!

By the water, reed, and willow.

Hear me sing, water-lilies bring,

For my Goldberry's pillow.

Come merry dol! Hey, by the water,

To see the River-woman's daughter.

(dancing)

I'm Bombadil, a merry fellow;

Blue jacket and boots of yellow.

On many days I'm in a craze,

With my songs I love to bellow.

For none have caught the master,

Tom's songs and feet are faster.

(in Bombadil's house)

Goldberry: [clap, clap, clap, clap]

(back at the river)

Tom Bombadil: (tap-dancing)

Hey now! Hear me singing?

With your ears a'ringing.

Spend the day and prance away,

my songs I'll keep on winging.

'Cause I can't let my rhymes get lax,

Goldberry: (fingers in ears) I have to stuff my ears with wax!

(back overlooking the river)

Frodo: Well, on second thought... let's not go to Bombadil's. It is a silly place.

Sam: Right.

Merry: Right.

Pippin: Right.



Scene 4: The Barrow-Anthrax

Narrator: Finally reaching the eastern edge of the Old Forest, our stalwart band from the Shire has entered an ancient and haunted region of burial mounds known as "The Barrow-Downs." Having missed the chance to pass through the downs during daylight due to a poorly timed afternoon nap, an eerie cold fog now rolls in across the downs. One by one... the hobbits become separated in the silent, heavy mists.

Frodo: Sam! Pippin! Merry! Come along! Why don't you keep up?!

(from some place far way off to the east, so it seems... there is a distant cry, "Hoy! Frodo! Hoy!")

Frodo: Sam! Where are you?! Pippin! Merry?! Come along!

Narrator: Climbing up a hill-top, Frodo sees a great barrow looming open before him. Near the entrance is the dark cloaked figure of what appears to be a young elf maiden... her ears distinct even in the gloom. Turning to Frodo, her eyes are very cold as though lit with a pale light that seems to come from some remote distance.

Frodo: Hello? Can you help me? I've lost my friends and--

Narrator: Her beautiful ghostly face smiles as a strong soul-chilling grip seizes Frodo. The icy touch freezes him right down to his "Fruit-of-Thy-Looms" and he remembers no more.

Frodo: (weakly) Hello? Where am I?

Mercé: Welcome, gentle halfling. Welcome to the Barrow Anthrax.

Frodo: The Barrow Anthrax?

Mercé: Yes, it's not a very good name, is it? Oh, but we are nice and we will attend to your every, every need!

Frodo: You are an underground colony of elves?

Mercé: We are a what?

Frodo: Elves. One led me here.

Mercé: Oh, but you are tired and you must rest awhile. Jen! Kel!

Jen and Kel: (appearing as if out of thin air) Yes, O' Mercé?

Mercé: Prepare a pyre for our guest.

Jen and Kel: Oh, thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

Mercé: Away! Away, varletesses. The beds here are cold and hard and very, very lonely, I'm afraid.

Frodo: Well, look, I-- I, uh--

Mercé: What is your name, handsome sir?

Frodo: Frodo Baggins... of the Shire.

Mercé: Mine is Mercé. Just Mercé. No other names are necessary anymore... oh, but come.

Frodo: Look, please! In all seriousness, where is the elf who led me here?

Mercé: Oh, you have suffered much. You are delirious.

Frodo: No, look. I saw her! She is here in this--

Mercé: Mr. Frodo! You would not be so ungallant as to refuse our hospitality.

Frodo: Well, I-- I, uh--

Mercé: Oh, I am afraid our existence must seem very dull and dead compared to yours. We were but eight score young blondes and brunettes, all between sixteen and twentynine-and-a-half, cut down and laid to rest in this barrow with no one to protect us. We here in this grand and stately barrow are the wives and harem of the King of Arthedain. Unfortunately, that poor sod Arvedui not only messed up his rights of succession, but went and got himself killed somewhere up north with the snow-dwellers of Forochel... leaving us with not even a male guardsman for company! Oooh, it is a lonely state of being and now you and your three companions are here and we are just not used



to having such handsome males to tend to... or *any* males for that matter. Nay, nay. Come, come. You may lie here. Oh, but you are exhausted!

Frodo: No, no. Well, I guess I do feel a bit worn.

Mercé: Oh, you must see the embalm... errr... *healers* immediately! No, no, please! Lie down.
[clap clap]

Mira: (two more girls appear as if from nowhere) Well, what seems to be the trouble?

Frodo: They're healers?!

Mercé: Uh, they... have a basic medical training, yes.

Frodo: B-- but--

Mercé: Oh, come. Come. You must try to rest. Mira! Fliss! Practice your art.

Fliss: Try to relax.

Frodo: Are you sure that's absolutely necessary?

Mira: We must examine you and get you into this nice white robe.

Frodo: Hey! Watch where you're... there's nothing wrong with that!

Mira: Please. We were professionals.

Frodo: Look! This cannot be. I at least need to find Sam, Merry, and Pippin!

Mira: Lay back down! At once!

Frodo: Torment me no longer. I must find my friends and I *must* find the elf that guided me here!

Mira: There's no elves here.

Frodo: I have seen her! I have, I have seen one!

[clank]

Frodo: I saw her at--

Girls: Hello.

Frodo: Oh.

Girls: Hello. Hello.

Frodo: Whoooo! It was *good* to be the King!

Narrator: Amid the spirits of some of the most beautiful female beings Frodo has ever beheld, he spots his relaxed and helpless companions.

Frodo: Sam! Merry! Pippin!

Sam: Hoy Mr. Frodo, sir! Miss Mercé said you were getting a massage... oh, these girls are lovely...

Merry: Hey Frodo, the girls say they are going to teach us something called "tapping!"

Pippin: I have no idea what that is, but I *really* think I'm going to like it! You don't mind if we stay a bit, do you?

Frodo: Mercé!

Firiël: No, I am the spirit of Mercé's identical twin sister and the head wife, Queen Firiël.

Frodo: Oh, well, excuse me, I--

Firiël: Where are you going?

Frodo: I must find the elf maiden! I have seen her... here at the entrance to this barrow!

Firiël: Oh, no. Oh, no! Bad, bad Mercé!

Frodo: Well, what is it?

Firiël: Oh, wicked, bad, naughty Mercé! She has been dressing up in her science fiction costume again which, I have just remembered, makes her ears elf-shaped. It's not the first time we've had this sort of problem with her. She carries on about being a *Romulan*, or *Vulcan*, or some other such rot.

Frodo: That was Mercé?! It wasn't a real elf?



Firiel: Oh, wicked, bad, naughty, evil Mercé! She is a bad disembodied entity and must pay the penalty and, here in the nether world, we have but one punishment for genre cross-dressing... you must tie her down over a crypt and spank her.

Girls: A spanking! A spanking!

Frodo: You can spank a ghost? Let alone tie one down?!

Firiel: Oh, my dear sweet innocent Frodo, not only is the answer to both questions very much "yes," well... let's just say we take things to a whole different level!

Frodo: (blinks a few times while his mouth is hanging open) Uhhh...

Firiel: So, you must spank her well and, after you have spanked her, you may deal with her as you like... and then spank me.

Stefi: And spank me.

Aylee: And me.

Kimmi: And me.

Firiel: Yes. Yes, you must give us *all* a good spanking!

Girls: A spanking! A spanking! There is going to be a spanking in the old barrow tonight!

Firiel: And after the spanking... the oral sex.

Girls: The oral sex! The oral sex!

Frodo: Well, after what an utter disappointment Tom Bombadil's turned out to be, I'm sure we could stay a bit long--

Tom Bombadil: Frodo Baggins!

Frodo: Oh, hello.

Tom Bombadil: Quick!

Merry: What?

Tom Bombadil: Quick!

Pippin: Hunh?

Tom Bombadil: Frodo called my name and I am here to rescue you. You are all in great peril!

Firiel: No, they aren't.

Tom Bombadil: Silence-- foul deceased temptress of the unwary!

Pippin: You know, she's got a point.

Tom Bombadil: Come on, I will sing the verses that will cover your escape!

Frodo: Look, we're fine... just a bit pale is all. I really didn't mean to call for you, I was just saying it out of hand, sort of, and--

Tom Bombadil: *Shrivel like the cold mist in the morning sunlight! Warm the heart and the stone, bane of the barrow wight!*

Girls: No, please!

Merry: Now look, I can tackle this lot single-handed!

Firiel: Yes! Let him tackle us single-handed!

Girls: Yes! Let him tackle us single-handed!

Tom Bombadil: No, Merry, come on!

Pippin: No! Really! Honestly, I can cope. I bet I can handle this lot easily.

Firiel: Oh, yes! Let him handle us easily.

Girls: Yes, let him handle us easily!

Tom Bombadil: *Out among the living lands, Go far beyond the burning sands...*

Frodo: Please! I can overcome them! There's only a hundred-and-fifty of them!

Firiel: Yes! Yes, he will beat us easily! We haven't a chance.

Girls: We haven't a chance. He will beat us easily--

Tom Bombadil: *Feel the shining golden rays, warm, true, and bright!*

[BOOM]

Firiel: Oh, shit.

Tom Bombadil: (singing the limerick all-together now)
Shrivel like the cold mist in the morning sunlight!
Warm the heart and the stone, bane of the barrow wight!
Out among the living lands,
Go far beyond the burning sands,
Feel the shining golden rays, warm, true, and bright!

Narrator: With an earth shattering rumble, the great barrow mound splits open to the full onslaught of a noon-day sun. The enchanting ghostly maidens of Arthedain disappear as but cool wisps of mist on a hot sunny day.

Tom Bombadil: You called for me just in the nick of time. You were in great peril.

Frodo: Well, I don't think I was.

Tom Bombadil: Yes, you were. You were all in terrible peril.

Frodo: Look... let us go back in there and face the peril.

Tom Bombadil: No, it's too perilous.

Merry: It's my honor as a Brandybuck to sample as much peril as I can.

Tom Bombadil: No, you've got to get to Bree. Come on!

Pippin: Oh, let us have just a little bit of peril?

Tom Bombadil: No. It's unhealthy.

Frodo: I bet you're gay.

Tom Bombadil: Ummm... no I'm not!

Scene 5: The Wizard's Insult Duel

Narrator: Meanwhile, Gandalf has reached the mighty fortification of Angrenost, known as "Isengard" in the tongue of the Rohirrim, within the valley of Nan Curunir. Rising up from the midst of Angrenost's ring of stone is the impregnable Tower of Orthanc. Here within dwells Saruman... Chief of the five Istari and Head of the White Council.



Narrator: Gandalf's arrival has not gone unnoticed.

Saruman: (shoving and prodding orcs into a broom closet) Shhhh! Shhhhh! Get in zere-- in zere! No talking... *no talking!*

[knock-knock]

Saruman: Allo! Who is eet?

Gandalf: It is I, Gandalf the Grey. I have come seeking your counsel on a most urgent matter.

Saruman: Well-a, okay. Come right in zen.

Gandalf: By all that is sacred, that is one bloody damnable climb up those stairs!

Saruman: Ah, Mithrandir my friend-a. You are doing to much-a zat weed smoking, I'm-a thinking. Come sit and-a rest awhile.

Gandalf: No time for rest... events are moving at a fast pace and we have no time to be idle.

Saruman: Yes, indeed-e, you are right about zat-a. Zis is why you must tell me where ze Ring can-a be found!

Gandalf: Ah, the One Ring of the Dark Lord Sauron? The [One Ring](#) to Rule Them All that you told us at council had been carried out to sea, as I recall?

Saruman: Yes, you sniveling cur of a pig-dog! I know zat you know where it is-a! And I know zat you know zat I know zat you know zat-a too, so stop it with ze playing as if-a your head is stuck up your bottom side-a!

Orcs: (chuckling and giggling in closet) Heehee-- shhhhh! Shhh!

Gandalf: Ha! So you have unmasked your own evil desire for the Ring at last, have you?! I would not tell you of it any sooner than I would tell the Dark Lord himself!

Saruman: Of course I have-a turned to evil, you empty-headed animal food trough wiper! What choice did I have-a with zis *outrageous* accent! So, you thought you could out-clever me with your silly knees-bent running about in dancing behavior! You have given me no choice-a but to insult you into submission!

Gandalf: No! No, you frog-ish fiend! Not a wizard's insult duel?!

Saruman: Yes-indeed-e, oh boy! So take your best shot you son of a window-dresser! You tiny-brained wiper of ozer people's bottoms!

Gandalf: Thpppppt! Do your worst!

Saruman: Ah, you illegitimate faced buggertype-a! I fart in your general direction! Your mother was a midget-dwarf and your father smelt of pipe-weed!

Narrator: The wizard's duel was deadly and dramatic. In the end, Saruman prevailed through sheer ferocity and the ridiculousness of his accent.

Saruman: At last-a, you are beaten you silly pimple burster! I one more time-a unclog my nose in your direction! Now I shall put you on the top of my tower as a prisoner until ze end-a!

Gandalf: (struggling weakly to raise himself) Until the end of what?

Saruman: Mind your own business!

Narrator: With a wave of his staff, Saruman hurls the beaten and helpless Gandalf to the very roof of Orthanc.

Saruman: Yes, away with you... and no more with your meddling or I shall taunt you a second time-a and make castanets out of your testicles already! Ha ha!



Scene 6: Bring Out Your Baggins!

Narrator: The village of Bree, chief village of the Bree-land. It is a day much like any other here in this quiet peaceful country except for--

[clang]

[thud]

Bill Ferny: (pushing a cart topped with several hobbits bundled with ropes) Bring out your Baggins!

[clang]

Bill Ferny: Bring out your Baggins!

[clang]

Bill Ferny: Bring out your Baggins!

[clang]

Bill Ferny: Bring out your Baggins!

Harry: (dragging a tied up hobbit) Here's one!

Bill Ferny: Right! He's worth nine silver pennies, that one is!

Ferdibrand: I'm not a Baggins!

Bill Ferny: What?

Harry: Nothing. Where's my silver pennies?

Ferdibrand: I'm not a Baggins!

Bill Ferny: What?!

Harry: Nothing. Where's my silver pennies?

Ferdibrand: I'm not a Baggins!

Bill Ferny: 'Ere. He says he's not a Baggins!

Harry: Yes he is.

Ferdibrand: I'm not!

Bill Ferny: He isn't?

Harry: Well, he's related to one. His uncle's cousin's sister's nephew's brother's ex-roommate is a Baggins.

Ferdibrand: I don't have an uncle!

Harry: Yes you do. You're looking more like a Baggins by the minute, you are.

Bill Ferny: Oh, I can't take him if he's not. It's against Sharkey's regulations.

Ferdibrand: I don't want to go to Isengard!

Harry: Oh, don't be such a baby.

Bill Ferny: I can't take him.

Ferdibrand: I don't even know any Bagginses!

Harry: Well, do us a favor.

Bill Ferny: I can't.

Harry: Well, can you hang around a bit? Maybe I can get him to confess.

Bill Ferny: No, I've got to go out to Archet. They've found nine today.

Harry: Well, when's your next round?

Bill Ferny: Thursday.

Ferdibrand: And my uncle's cousin doesn't even have a sister!

Harry: You're not fooling anyone you know. Look, I've got an idea...

Ferdibrand: (singing) I feel pretty... oh, so pretty--

(Ferdibrand is quickly gagged and a sticker is slapped on his jacket reading "Hi, my name is:" with the name "Baggins" crudely written on it)

Harry: 'ere you are, thanks very much.



Bill Ferny: Not at all. See you on Thursday.

Harry: Right. All right.

[howl]

[clop clop clop]

Harry: Who's that, then?

Bill Ferny: I dunno... one of 'em must be the real Baggins everyone is looking for, though.

Harry: Why?

Bill Ferny: Well, those hobbits are the only ones being chased by undead ring-wraiths.



Scene 7: The Prancing Pony

Narrator: Frodo, Sam, Pippin, and Merry arrive in Bree and manage to make their way to the Inn of the Prancing Pony.

Barliman: Hobbits? Hobbits from the Shire?! That really should remind me of something. Hmm... oh well, probably nothing important then. Come on in and make yourselves comfortable!

Frodo: Thank you, Mr. Butterbur.

Sam: (looking suspiciously around the large crowded parlor) I don't like the looks of some of these fell--

Pippin: Food!

Merry: Beer!

Frodo: Right you are, my friends. We need food and drink, but we must be on our guard. Merry, Pippin! Make sure you stay here and don't mention my real name or anything about my ring either.

Pippin: Stay here and mention your real name and the ring.

Merry: Hic!

Frodo: No, no. Don't mention my real name or anything about the ring.

Pippin: Don't mention your real name or the ring, so don't stay here.

Frodo: No, no, no. You stay here and get some food and drink.

Pippin: And don't mention your real name or the ring.

Merry: Hic!

Frodo: Right.

Pippin: We don't need to do anything, apart from mentioning your real name.

Frodo: No, no. Don't mention my real name.

Pippin: Or about the ring, yes.

Frodo: All right?

Pippin: Right. Oh, if-if-if, uh, if-if-if, uh, if-if-if we...

Frodo: Yes, what is it?

Pippin: Oh, if-if, oh--

Frodo: Look, it's quite simple.

Pippin: Uh...

Frodo: You just stay here and don't mention my real name or anything about the ring. All right?

Merry: Hic!

Frodo: Right.

Pippin: Oh, I remember. Uh, can we leave the room if we take Sam with us?

Frodo: N-- No, no, no. You just stay in here, and make sure--

Pippin: Oh, yes, we'll stay in here, obviously. But if we had to leave and we took Sam with us--

Frodo: No, no, just stay in here--

Pippin: Get some food, drink, and mention your name--

Frodo: No, don't mention my real name--

Pippin: Don't mention your name.

Merry: Hic!

Frodo: ... or the ring.

Pippin: Or the ring.

Frodo: Right?

Pippin: Right, we'll stay here and get some food and drink.

Frodo: And, uh, make sure you don't mention my name.



Pippin: What?

Frodo: Make sure you don't mention my name.

Pippin: Frodo Baggins?

Frodo: Yes, make sure you don't mention it.

Pippin: Oh, yes, of course. I thought you meant Merry. Y'know, it seemed a bit daft, me not mentioning it to him when he already knows it too.

Frodo: Is that clear?

Merry: Hic!

Pippin: Oh, quite clear, no problems.

Frodo: Right. (starts to leave) Where are you going?

Pippin: We're coming with you.

Frodo: No no, I want you to stay here and get some food and drink.

Pippin: Oh, I see. Right.

Aragorn: Hello, I'm looking for a Mr. Baggins from the Shire. My name is Ara-- errr... Strider. Just call me Strider.

Pippin: Aren't you in luck, Mr. Arerstrider! We brought one with us, show him your ring Frodo!

Sam: (smacking forehead) Hoy, we are so screwed!

Frodo: Shut your noise hole, Pippin! I'm "Mr. Underhill," you dolt!

Merry: Hic!

Frodo: Oh, Merry, go get a glass of water already.

Strider: Good thing for you that I am a friend of Gandalf's and am here to protect you. Your arrival has been observed and it isn't safe here. We will have to make a run for it first thing in the morning.

Frodo: Any chance we can *accidentally* leave Pippin and Merry here?

Pippin: Ha, ha, what a kidder! (loudly) Hey everyone, come and meet "Mr. Underhill" with his plain, old, ordinary gold ri--

[SMACK]



Narrative Interlude: Weathertop

Narrator: After a narrow escape in Bree, Aragorn and the Hobbits flee eastward toward Rivendell. With the light of the setting sun fading quickly, they make camp for the night at the ruins of Amon Sul. Known simply as "Weathertop," it is the tallest and most southerly of the weather Hills.



Pippin: Hey Merry, let's start a fire!

Merry: Too right, we'll get dinner going and surprise the others.

Narrator: It is here that 5 of the black riders of Mordor, the dread Nazgul, catch up to them.

Head Nazgul: Ni!

Nazgul Who Say Ni: Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni!

Frodo: Who are you?!

Head Nazgul: We are the ring-wraiths, the Nazgul Who Say... "Ni!"

Random Ni!

Frodo: No! Not the Nazgul Who Say "Ni!"

Head Nazgul: The same!

Merry: Who are they?

Head Nazgul: We are the cursed undead servants of Mordor, keepers of the sacred words: Ni, Peng, and Neee-wom!

Nazgul #4: Neee-wom!

Frodo: Those who hear them seldom live to tell the tale.

Head Nazgul: The Nazgul Who Say "Ni" demand a sacrifice.

Frodo: Nazgul of Ni, we are but poor traveling hobbit salesmen who--

Head Nazgul: Ni!

Nazgul Who Say Ni: Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni!...

Frodo: (viciously wounded) Ow! Ow! Ow! Agh!

Head Nazgul: We shall say "Ni" again to you if you do not appease us.

Frodo: (struggling against the pain) Well, what do you want of us?

Head Nazgul: We want... the Ring!

[dramatic chord]

Frodo: Noooo!!!

Nazgul Who Say Ni: Ni! Ni! Ni! Ni!

Frodo: Ow! Oh!

Pippin: Ow! Ow! Agh!

Merry: Ow! Oh! Ow!

Narrator: Just when all seemed lost, Aragorn jumps into the scene brandishing a torch.

Aragorn: (waving the torch menacingly at the Nazgul) Pippin! Merry! Quickly now, drag Frodo behind these bushes!

Pippin: Sure, why not.

Merry: Right, okay.

Head Nazgul: Resistance is of no use. We outnumber you 5 to 1, mortal!

Aragorn: (jumping behind the bushes with the hobbits) Ah ha, foul fiends! Do you not recognize what this is?!

Head Nazgul: No! This can not be!

Aragorn: Yes!

Nazgul Who Say Ni: A shrubbery!

Head Nazgul: A nice looking one, at that... but obviously not too expensive.

Aragorn: Yes, a shrubbery!

Head Nazgul: You may have gained the upper hand this time, but we shall meet again!

Aragorn: Ha! Now... go!

Narrator: Aragorn had narrowly saved the hobbits from the foul ring-wraiths, but Frodo was seriously wounded. Sam, who had fallen asleep earlier behind the shrubbery, missed the whole ruddy thing. Luckily, an elf from the home of Elrond chanced upon them and bore the unconscious Frodo to the "Last Homely House." Rivendell.



Scene 8: A Mission From Elrond

Narrator: Rivendell... Imladris... the house of Elrond. Frodo finds himself wandering alone within the long halls and vast rooms of this wondrous haven known as the "last homely house east of the sea."



Narrator: Hearing voices, he creeps quietly up to a doorway and carefully peers in. Inside the small dimly lit room is a man sitting in a chair. He is oddly clothed even for an Easterling or, perhaps, a man of the Haradrim. Standing around him are three tall imposing elves. Frodo strains to hear as one of the elves leans in close to the seated man.

Elrond: Welcome to Rivendell... *Mister Aragorn.*

Frodo: What the--

Elrond: You know the thing I hate most about humans? It's the *smell.*

Frodo: (backing away from the door) No! This can not be!

Elrond: I feel *saturated* by it...

Gandalf: Frodo! Frodo Baggins!

Frodo: Auuugh!

Gandalf: Frodo! Wake up!

Frodo: No! Not the red medicine-- take the blue one! NOOOO!!!

Gandalf: Wake up, Frodo! Confound it, wake up I say!

Frodo: Ga-- Gandalf?! Oh, thank all that is sacred! It was all a dream...

Gandalf: Yes. You were deeply wounded by the foul Nazgul, but Elrond has tended to you and you have been restored to us. Now, provided you are feeling well enough, we have been summoned to a council of the most grave importance.

Frodo: Yes, ah, well... give me half a moment to change my undergarments and I'll be right out.

Narrator: With the ringing of a single clear bell, the council of Elrond was summoned. Bilbo Baggins was there, as were Gloin the dwarf and his son Gimli. Glorfindel and Erestor, elves of Elrond's house, as well as Galdor of the Grey Havens and Legolas son of Thranduil the King of the Sindarin elves of Northern Mirkwood were all sitting one after another. Aragorn was also there, though now revealed as the last Heir of Isildur, as was another tall man of similar features called Boromir son of Denethor the Steward of Gondor. Got all that? You'd better, there will be a quiz later!

Elrond: Frodo! Frodo Baggins, hobbit and ring bearer!

(flashing back to his disturbing dream, Frodo hits the floor)

Elrond: Oh, don't grovel! One thing I can't stand, it's people groveling.

Frodo: Sorry.

(Frodo gets up and sits in a nearby chair)

Elrond: And don't apologize. Every time I try to talk to someone it's "sorry this" and "forgive me that" and "I didn't know she was *your* daughter."

(Frodo bows his head while Aragorn suddenly looks very uncomfortable)

Elrond: What are you doing now?!

Frodo: I'm averting my eyes, Master Elrond.

Elrond: Well, don't. It's like reading the Silmarillion... it's so depressing. Now, knock it off!

Frodo: Yes, sir.

Elrond: Right! Frodo, Baggins and hobbit of the first order, the ring you bear must be cast into the fires of Mount Doom and destroyed!

Gandalf: Good idea, Elrond!

Elrond: Of course it's a good idea, listen! As long as this ring exists, Sauron's power can never be vanquished. The [One Ring](#) *must* be destroyed!

Frodo: Alright then, but I can not do it alone.

Gandalf: Well, don't fret about that, I'll go with you.

Aragorn: And you shall have my sword!

Legolas: And my bow!

Gimli: And my ax!

Pippin and Merry: Count us in!

Sam: Ummm... can I pack a lunch?

Boromir: My schedule appears free, so I'll tag along. No larceny on my mind, nope... none at all.

Elrond: Excellent. For the nine riders, the cursed Nazgul Who Say "Ni," that he has sent against us... so shall we send a fellowship of nine against him. This is your quest... you must put an end to Sauron and his evil once and for all. The quest of the Fellowship of the Ring!

[dramatic music score]

Frodo: Yes, okay-- good. Thank you, thank you all! Oh, I am *so* screwed...



Scene 9: The Three Misty Mountains

Narrator: The Fellowship had journeyed a fortnight when the weather turned bitter and cold. They had come to the three greatest peaks of the Misty Mountains, under which the dwarves of old had delved deep; Caradhras the Redhorn, Celebdil the Silver-tine, and Fanuidhol the Cloudyhead. Toward the Dimrill Dale to the Redhorn Gate, under the far side of Caradhras, Gandalf guides them while Legolas cheers his companions with song.

Legolas: (singing)

Oh, what are we doing and where are we going?
Death we are wooing! Toward the dark power growing!
Oh, tra-la-la-lally we go through the valley! ha-ha!
Oh, it's Frodo they're seeking, and if he is taken,
By orcs that are reeking, his rear will be bakin'!
Oh, tril-lil-lil-lolly the quest is jolly, ha-ha!
Oh, hobbits are true and our Frodo isn't afraid!
To die and turn blue or be diced with a blade!
And Pippin and Merry cooked with gooseberry, ha-ha!
Oh, they are not scared, or frightened away!
To be skewered, pared, served as a goblin entree!
Oh, Frodo's eyes gouged out, his bowels unplugged!
To be hung by the snout, he's not the least bugged!
Oh, his skin slowly peeled, his brains turned to muck,
His blood all congealed, his skull they will--

Frodo: Whoa!!! That-- that's... uh-- that's enough music for now, Legolas! Heh. Looks like the snow is really coming down.

Legolas: But Bilbo said you really enjoyed elvish singing, Frodo...

CARADHRAS: [Halt! Who art thou?]

CELEBDIL: [Caradhras, you idiot! We are mountains, they can't hear us!]

FANUIDHOL: [What? We've got company?]

Frodo: Well, it was rather... ah-- it was lovely and all, but the snow is getting quite difficult now.

Gimli: I'm telling you, we should go through Khazad-dum! My cousin Balin will be more than--

Gandalf: Oh, shut up already, Gimli! We've heard enough from you about it every day for the last two weeks. We need to get through the Redhorn Gate if we can!

CARADHRAS: [Ack! A Dwarf! I shall have to kill them.]

Boromir: The snow is getting so blinding and deep that it's becoming impossible to go forward!

CELEBDIL: [Shall I cause a snow slide?]

Pippin: Hoy, who would have guessed all the white stuff on top of mountains was snow, anyway?

FANUIDHOL: [Oh, I don't think so.]

Legolas: It's not bothering me at all. See, I can walk right over it.

CARADHRAS: [Well, what do I think?]

Aragorn: Shouldn't that be physically impossible, Legolas?

Legolas: Not at all, Aragorn! See these mesh frame things? They are called "snowshoes" in the old tongue.

CELEBDIL: [I think bury them.]

FANUIDHOL: [Oh, let's be nice to them.]

CELEBDIL: [Oh, shut up.]



CARADHRAS: [And you. Oh, quick! I want to bury them in an avalanche!]

FANUIDHOL: [Oh, go bury yourself!]

CELEBDIL: [Yes, do us all a favor!]

CARADHRAS: [What?]

FANUIDHOL: [Quaking all the time.]

Gandalf: The way has become to perilous! There must be a foul influence at work here!

CELEBDIL: [You're lucky. You're not next to him.]

CARADHRAS: [What do you mean?]

CELEBDIL: [You rumble!]

CARADHRAS: [Oh, I don't. Anyway, you're tottering.]

CELEBDIL: [Well, it's only because you are crushing up against me.]

FANUIDHOL: [Oh, stop complaining and let's go back to sleep.]

CARADHRAS: [Oh, all right. All right. All right. We'll bury them in snow first and then back to sleep and rumbling.]

CELEBDIL: [Yes.]

FANUIDHOL: [Oh, not rumbling.]

CARADHRAS: [All right. All right, no rumbling, but let's bury them anyway.]

ALL THREE MOUNTAINS: [Right!]



CELEBDIL: [They've buggered off.]

FANUIDHOL: [So they have. They've scarpered.]

(on their way back down)

Gandalf: Legolas, couldn't you have brought enough of those shoes for everybody?!

Legolas: Look, I'm sorry, but I simply didn't get the memo--

Gimli: I said all along we should go through Khazad-dum! My cousin Balin will be more than--

Everyone: Shut up, Gimli!

Scene 10: The Doors of Kazad-dum

Narrator: Following the nearly disastrous attempt to cross through the Redhorn Gate, the Fellowship has made it's way to the Hollin gate of Kazad-dum. By a large lake, dark and menacingly still, the skillfully crafted doors are between two ancient and immense trees.

Pippin: Hoy! Nice doors!

Gimli: They are marked with the emblems of Durin!

Legolas: And with the tree symbol of the Noldoran elves!

Gandalf: And the star of the House of Feanor set by the hand of Celebrimbor himself.

Frodo: What does the writing say? I thought I knew the elf-letters, but I cannot read these.

Gandalf: The words are in the elven-tongue of the West of Middle-earth in the Elder Days, but they do not say anything of importance to us.

Sam: All the same, I'd like to hear what they say.

Gandalf: Well, over here is a series of names that have been crossed out and over-written. Durin's Kazad-dum... Hotel Khalifornia... Mines of Moria, under new management - signed Balin.

Gimli: Balin!

Boromir: That's all well and good, but how do we get in?

Gandalf: Over here it says "Speak, friend, and enter."

Merry: What does it mean by that?

Gimli: That is plain enough, if you are a friend, speak the password and the doors will open.

Gandalf: What that word is, however, has long since passed out of recorded memory.

Boromir: You don't know the password?!

Gandalf: No.

Boromir: Oh, we are screwed!

(Boromir casts a large stone he had picked up far out into the water)

Frodo: Don't disturb this foul pool!

Boromir: Sorry, I thought I saw something moving out there--

Pippin: I've got it! Why don't we say the word "friend" in every language we can think of!

Gandalf: Oh, fool of a Took! Don't be ridiculous!

Legolas: What a loon!

Gimli: Silly hobbit, it wouldn't be *that* simple!

Pippin: Heh. I guess it does sound rather moronic.

Gandalf: I know, why don't we use the Holy Hand Grenade of Elendil!

Frodo: The what?

Gandalf: The Holy Hand Grenade of Elendil. It's one of the several dozen relics of Isildur that Aragorn lugs around with him.

Legolas: Yes, of course.

Gandalf: (shouting) Aragorn, get out the Holy Hand Grenade!

Frodo: How does it, um... how does it work?

Gandalf: Well, I don't know.

Aragorn: Hold on, I think I've got an instruction manual in here somewhere... right! The Noldor Book of Armaments!



Gandalf: Let us turn to the Noldor Book of Weapons and Armaments... chapter 143, verses nine to twenty-one.

It came to pass that Celebrimbor did cast his gaze upon the wickedness of Sauron and became quite hacked at him for his treachery. And Celebrimbor raised the Hand Grenade up on high, saying, "O Sacred Valar, bless this Thy Holy Hand Grenade that, with it, Thou mayest blow Thine dark and mischievous enemies to tiny bits in Thy mercy." And the Eldar did grin, and the Numenoreans did feast upon the lambs and sloths and carp and anchovies and orangutans and breakfast cereals and fruit bats and and large chu--

Aragorn: Skip a bit, Gandalf! It looks like something large and monstrous in the lake is moving towards us!

Gandalf: Ummm... right!

And Celebrimbor spake, saying, "First shalt thou pull thy pin from the top of thine Holy Hand Grenade. Then, shalt thou count to three. No more. No less. Three shalt be the number of thy count, and the number of thy count shall be three. Four shalt not the count be, nor either two, excepting that thou then proceed to three. Five is right out. Once thy count is three, being the third number, be reached, then, lobbest thou thy Holy Hand Grenade towards thy foe, who, being naughty in My sight, shall snuff it."

Aragorn: Right! One... two... five!

Frodo: Three, Aragorn!

Aragorn: Three!

[BOOOMMM]

Scene 11: The Balrooggggg of Moria

Narrator: Frodo and the Fellowship have become lost and trapped within the old dwarven mines of Khazad-dum. For some odd reason, no matter how hard he tries not to, Pippin manages to make an obscene amount of noise knocking things over every time the group stops to rest.

Frodo: Over there... it's a bloodied book!

Aragorn: What does it say?

Sam: What language is that?

Frodo: Master Gandalf! You are a wizard, do you know these markings?

Gandalf: Khuzdul... dwarvish... it's from Balin!

Gimli: Of course Balin the dwarf would write in Khuzdul, you silly gits!

Merry: 'Course!

Frodo: What does it say?

Gandalf: It reads, "Here may be found the last words of Balin son of Fundin. We are trapped. There is no way to get out. If you are reading this, you're screwed. Beware Durin's Bane! Beware the Balroogggggg..."

Frodo: What?

Gandalf: "The Balroogggggg..."

Borimir: What is that?

Gandalf: Maybe they were playing a pick-up game of basketball with the orcs and he meant ball-hog.

Frodo: Oh, come on!

Gandalf: Well... he could have.

Gimli: Look, if he was playing basketball, he wouldn't bother to write complaining about a ball-hog since he'd just whack him with his axe!

Gandalf: Well, that's what's recorded in the book!

Pippin: Perhaps he was goal tending.

Frodo: Quiet now, Pippin, you still aren't allowed to make any more noise. Well, does it say anything else?

Gandalf: No. Just, "Balroogggggg."

Aragorn: Balroogggggg.

Frodo: Balroogggggg.

Merry: Do you suppose he meant Balrooghamy?

Aragorn: Where's that?

Frodo: In the Dunland, I think.

Legolas: Don't the Harad have a Balrogodog?

Aragorn: No, that's Dalrogadog.

Borimir: Oh, yes. Dalrogadog.

Everyone: Dalrogadog.

Sam: Dear God!

Aragorn: No, no. "Dalrogadog," like in that song by the Jackson-Rhun 5. Dalrogadog.

Sam: N-- no. No, no, no, no. "Dear God," in surprise and alarm.

Aragorn: Oh, you mean sort of a "Dear Me?"

Sam: Yes, but I-- aaaaaah!

Frodo: Oooh!

Aragorn: By the light of Earendil's star!

[dramatic chord]



[roar]

Gandalf: It's the Bane of Durin! A Balrog!!!

(the incredibly large, flaming, monstrous Balrog rambles toward the Fellowship brandishing a fiery sword and whip)

Sam: That's it, that's it!

Frodo: Run away!

Everyone: Run away!

[roar]

Everyone: Run away! Run awaaaay! Run awaaaaay!

[roar]

Gandalf: Keep running!

(more flames and pandemonium)

[roar]

Everyone: Shh! Shh! Shh! Shh! Shh! Shh! Shh! Shh...

Aragorn: We've lost him.

[roar]

Everyone: Aagh! Keep running!

Gandalf: We are... [huff] so... [puff] screwed.

Boromir: We just have to keep running.

Gandalf: (falling behind huffing and puffing - he's a smoker) It... [huff] matters not! [huff-puff] You cannot... [cough] outrun the... [huff-puff] Balrog! [cough-hack]

Merry: We don't have to...

Pippin: ...we just have to outrun YOU!

Narrator: As the murderous Balrog lunged forward, escape for the Fellowship seemed hopeless. Then, suddenly, Gandalf turned and used his staff to smash the stone bridge he had just crossed in a desperate bid to save his out-of-breathe wheezing arse. The Balrog fell, but unfortunately took Gandalf with him.

Gandalf: [cough-hack] Ulk!

Narrator: The "Bane of Durin" peril was no more. The quest of the Fellowship of the Ring could continue.



Scene 12: An Eagle Carrying A Wizard?

Narrator: The Fellowship, having escaped from Moria, have journeyed on until reaching the outskirts of the beautiful and tranquil woods of Lothlorien.

Frodo: Hello there!

Orophin: Halt! Who goes there?

Frodo: I am Frodo Baggins of the Shire, member of the Fellowship of the Ring, bearer of the diabolical Ruling Ring of Sauron, and am charged with a quest by Elrond of Rivendell to save all Middle Earth!

Orophin: Pull the other one.

Frodo: And these are my trusted travelling companions. We have journeyed the length and breadth of the land in search of those who will aid us in our quest against the evil of Mordor. I must speak with the Lord and Lady of the Galadhrim!

Orophin: Weren't you supposed to be traveling with a wizard?

Frodo: Why, yes!

Orophin: Well, where is he?

Frodo: He has fallen in a horrible and epic battle with the foul Balrog of Moria.

Orophin: How did he manage to escape from Isengard to begin with?

Frodo: What does it matter now? We have traveled since the snows of fury covered the mountains, through the mines of Moria, through--

Orophin: Where'd he catch up with you?

Frodo: In Rivendell.

Orophin: At Elrond's? In Rivendell? All the way from Isengard?!?

Frodo: What do you mean?

Orophin: Well, it was simply too far to travel in so short of time!

Frodo: The eagles may fly south with the sun or the geese or the ravens may seek warmer climes in winter, yet they are not strangers to these lands.

Orophin: Are you suggesting wizards fly like eagles, that they migrate?

Frodo: Not at all, they could be carried.

Orophin: What-- an eagle carrying a wizard?

Frodo: It could grip him by the arms!

Orophin: It's not a question of where it grips him, it's a simple question of weight ratios! A hundred pound eagle cannot carry a hundred and eighty pound wizard.

Frodo: Well, it doesn't matter. Will you go and tell Lord Celeborn and Lady Galadriel that Frodo Baggins of the Shire is here?

Orophin: Listen, in order to maintain air-speed velocity, an eagle needs to beat its wings thirty-two times every minute, right?

Frodo: Please!

Orophin: Am I right?

Frodo: I'm not interested!

Rumil: It could be a northern eagle.

Orophin: Oh, yeah. A northern eagle maybe, but not a regular southern eagle. That's my point.

Rumil: Oh, yeah, I agree with that--

Frodo: Will you *please* ask your Lord and Lady if they will aid us in our quest?!

Orophin: But then, of course, northern eagles don't normally go far from their eyries.

Rumil: Oh, yeah...



Orophin: So one wouldn't have gone all the way to Isengard anyway.

(Frodo and the other members of the Fellowship impatiently walk past the two arguing elves and proceed on)

Rumil: Wait a minute... supposing two eagles carried a wizard together?

Orophin: No, they'd have to have it on a line of some type.

Rumil: Well, simple! They'd just use a strand of creeper.

Orophin: What-- held under the dorsal guiding feathers?

Rumil: Well, why not?

Scene 13: Lord and Lady of the Galadhrim

Celeborn: Welcome! Welcome to Caras Galadhon.

Frodo: Thank you. You are most generous to offer us shelter and rest from our burdens.

Galadriel: But there are only eight of you. We were warned-- er... *informed* that the Fellowship was of nine.

Aragorn: Alas! Gandalf the Grey has fallen into shadow. He remained in Moria and did not escape.

Celeborn: These are evil tidings... the most evil spoken here in long years full of grievous deeds.

Frodo: Yes, our grief is great and our loss cannot be mended.

Galadriel: Put aside your despair for a time, dear Frodo, because you are about to be the next contestant on... "Who wants to be an elven-heir?!"

Frodo: What?!? Me?!

Galadriel: Yes! Haldir, tell our contestant what he'll be playing for today.

Haldir: Certainly m'lady, Frodo you'll be competing for the grand prize of a free luxury comfort trip to far away Mount Doom to fulfill your quest with ease... complete with an escort of all the armed might of the remaining elven kingdoms of Middle-Earth! Fail, and you'll get some lovely parting gifts and have to walk there by yourselves while we hightail it west.

Galadriel: Are you ready for the first question?

Frodo: (visibly breaking out in a sweat) Yes, okay, sure...

Celeborn: For our first question, what is the creature Gollum's true name?

Frodo: Oh, that's an easy one! Gandalf told me it was Smeagol!

Galadriel: Correct!

Haldir: Excellent answer, you and your party have just won these lovely elven hooded travelling cloaks with beautiful leaf-shaped brooches made with authentic green enamel and genuine silver plating! Each is lovingly embroidered with our "Who wants to be an elven-heir?!" logo.

Pippin: Oooooohhh!

Merry: Ahhhhhh!

Celeborn: Next question, by what type of weapon was the dragon Smaug the Golden slain?

Legolas: Oh! Oh! I know this one!

Galadriel: Shhh! No helping unless Frodo uses one of his three "lifelines."

Frodo: Ummm... it was a fellow called Bard the Bowman of Esgaroth that shot him with... an arrow, I believe.

Celeborn: Is that your final answer?

Frodo: Y-yes... arrow is my final answer.

Celeborn: Well, I'm afraid that is absolutely... correct!

Haldir: Yes, Frodo, you have just won a full month's supply of Lembas! Yes, Lembas, that wonderful tasty treat passed down to us from the legendary elves of Keebler!

Sam: Whoohoooo!

Pippin and Merry: Score!

Celeborn: For our next question, in order to maintain air-speed velocity, how many times does a southern eagle need to beat its wings a minute?

Frodo: Hoy, I don't know that. Let me use one of my lifelines, please!

Galadriel: Alright Frodo, do you want to a) ask the other members of your party, b) choose between two possible answers, or c) contact someone.

Frodo: I would like to contact Radagast the Brown, please.



(Galadriel takes a silver pitcher and pours water from her fountain into a basin)

Galadriel: Gaze into my mirror.

(Frodo looks into the blue water. After a moment, a pale white triangular sign floats to the surface. It reads... "Try Again Later")

Galadriel: Ack! Ruddy mirror!

(Galadriel gives the basin a shake and the message swirls out of sight)

Radagast: Hello?

Celeborn: Greetings Radagast, this is Celeborn calling from "Who wants to be an elven-heir?!"

Radagast: Oh, splendid! How may I be of service?

Frodo: Salutations sir, I need to know how many times a southern eagle needs to beat its wings a minute to maintain air-speed velocity?

Radagast: Hmm... indeed. A southern eagle, you say? Not a northern one?

Frodo: Yes, a southern eagle, Master Radagast.

Radagast: 42! Wait... no, no! That's the answer to something else.

Galadriel: Your time limit is running out.

Radagast: Oh yes, of course, it's thir--

Celeborn: Alas! The connection ran out of time. Are you ready with your answer, Frodo?

Frodo: I think I'd like to use another lifeline, if I may!

Galadriel: Alright, would you like to a) ask the other members of your party or b) choose between two possible answers?

(Frodo casts a glance at the faces of his nervous and clueless companions)

Frodo: I'd like to choose between two answers, please.

Galadriel: Your two possible answers are... 32 and 35.

(Frodo smacks his forehead with his hand)

Frodo: Oh, I'm screwed!

Celeborn: Your answer is?

Frodo: 35. I'm going to go with 35.

Celeborn: Is that your final answer?

Frodo: Yes, 35.

Celeborn: Are you sure?

Frodo: Ruddy hell, yes, already!

Celeborn: Well Frodo, it just so happens that 35 is completely... incorrect!

Everyone: Doh!

Galadriel: Oh, so sorry! Haldir, tell our guest what they will be receiving today for being on our show.

Haldir: Certainly, Lady Galadriel! Starting with our contestant Frodo, we have a nifty glow-in-the-dark crystal vial of water from Galadriel's fountain!

Frodo: Ummm... that water is from the same fountain we were drinking out of earlier? I suddenly feel a bit queasy...

Haldir: For Aragorn, our parting gift today is a lovely sheath for your sword!

Aragorn: Thank you most sincerely! It's been a real pain carrying this thing around without one.

Haldir: And, for Boromir, we have this handsome gold colored belt!

Boromir: Nice. Not wonderful, but nice.

Haldir: For our cousin from the north, Legolas, we have this bow and quiver of arrows!

Legolas: Spiffy!

Haldir: Merry and Pippin of the Shire, for you we have these rugged and fashionable silver colored belts!

Merry: Ohhh!

Pippin: Shiny!

Haldir: We started running low on gifts, but for master Samwise we were able to come up with this fabulous... box of soil!

Sam: Gee, thanks. Is there anything special about the dirt?

Celeborn: Why yes, we scooped it up from right over there.

Sam: Okay...

Haldir: And now last, but certainly not least, for Gimli we have... a wish!

Gimli: A wish?

Galadriel: Yes, my dear dwarf, a wish! After we finished cleaning out my closet-- er... I mean... clearing out our supply of gifts, we realized that we were one short. So, you are therefore granted one wish provided it is within our power to provide it for you.

Pippin: Whoa! All I got was a lousy belt!

Gimli: If I may, m'lady, I would but ask for a single strand of your golden hair to make into an heirloom for my family in remembrance of your kindness and unsurpassed beauty.

Galadriel: I shall give you three strands, my bashful flatterer! Now please load up in these boats and be on your way.

Celeborn: Right. Nice having you here and all, let us know how it turns out!

(the Fellowship gets into the elven boats and quickly travel along the waters of the Silverlode)

Gimli: I shall treasure the wonder of Lothlorien forever... and the beauty of it's Lady--

Pippin: Oh, Gimli, you are such a wanker!

Gimli: What?!

Merry: You could have asked her for just about *anything*!

Pippin: Yeah, maybe even something involving... nudity.

Gimli: Doh!!!



Narrative Interlude: Meanwhile, Back in Isengard

Narrator: Frodo had indeed won several fabulous prizes and some nice parting gifts from the Lord and Lady of the Galadhrim, but the members of the Fellowship were still deeply disheartened by the loss of Gandalf.

Pippin: Hey guys, look at all the cool towels and bath soaps Merry and I got from the Galadhon Inn!

Narrator: Meanwhile, the corrupt wizard Saruman, not more than a eagle's flight away in Isengard, was about to unleash his ultimate weapon upon the Fellowship. Oh, that's a northern eagle's flight, obviously. I mean, they were more than two southern eagles' flights away... four, really, if they had a wizard on a line between them. I mean, perhaps if the eagles were walking and dragging--

Crowd of Hobbits: Get on with it!

Narrator: Oh, anyway. On to scene fourteen, which is a smashing scene with some lovely acting, in which Frodo discovers a vital secret about Boromir, and in which there aren't *any* eagles, although I think you can hear a starling--

[WHACK]

Narrator: Owww! Well, alright then... where was I? Right-- meanwhile, back in Isengard...

Saruman: Yes, indeed-e, oh boy! And now-a I unleash... "La Vache de Guerre!" Ze fighting Uruk-Cow-a!!!



Uruk-Cow: MooOOOooooOOOOO!

Saruman: Now go, my unbeatable-type hordes, and bring me Hobbits-a!!!

Orcs: Grrraghhahh!!! Get Hobbits!

Uruk-Cow: Moo moo moo!!!

Scene 14: The Falls of Rauros

Narrator: Following the river Anduin, the Fellowship passes the "Argonath," towering and ancient Pillars of the Kings.

Aragorn: Long have I desired to look upon the likenesses of Isildur and Anarion, my sires of old. Under their protective shadow, Elessar, the Elfstone son of Arathron of the House of Valandil Isildur's son and heir of Elendil has not to dread! WhoOOooOOAA!!!

[SPLASH]

Pippin: Really now-- you would think that Ara-what-ever-his-name-is-now-Elessar there would know better than to stand up in the ruddy boat!

Haldir: Hmmm... It's a good thing Lady Galadriel told me to accompany you lot to the Falls of Rauros.

Narrator: At long last the Fellowship can go no further along the river with the elven boats given them by the Lord and Lady of the Galadhrim. Now they must face the Bridge at the Falls of Rauros.

Legolas: There it is!

Aragorn: The Bridge at the Falls of Rauros!

Boromir: Oh, great.

Frodo: Look! There's the old man that was hanging out at the Prancing Pony in scene 7!

Sam: What is he doing here?

Aragorn: He is the keeper of the Bridge at the Falls of Rauros. He asks each traveler five questions--

Legolas: Three questions.

Aragorn: Three questions. He who answers the five questions--

Legolas: Three questions.

Aragorn: Three questions may cross in safety.

Merry: What if you get a question wrong?

Aragorn: Then you are cast beyond the Falls of Rauros into the *Eternal Gorge Of Cut Film Footage That Won't Even Make It Into The Extended Edition*.

Pippin: Oh, I won't go.

Gimli: Who's going to answer the questions?

Aragorn: Boromir!

Boromir: Yes?

Aragorn: My brave kinsman, Boromir of Gondor, you go.

Boromir: Hey! I've got a great idea. Why doesn't Frodo go? I'll even hold his ring for him--

Frodo: Yes, let me go. I will put on the [One Ring](#) and take him single-handed. I shall make a feint to the north-east that should--

Aragorn: No, no. No. Hang on, Hang on! Just answer the five questions--

Legolas: Three questions.

Aragorn: Three questions as best you can, and we shall watch... and pray to the Valar for guidance.

Frodo: I understand, no problem.

Aragorn: Good luck, brave Frodo of the Shire. May the blessings of Elbereth be with you.

Bridgekeeper: Stop! Who would cross the Falls of Rauros Bridge must answer me these questions three, 'ere the other side he see.

Frodo: Ask me your questions, bridgekeeper.

Bridgekeeper: What... is your name?

Frodo: My name is Frodo Baggins.



Bridgekeeper: What... is your quest?

Frodo: To cast the [One Ring](#) of Sauron into the fires of Mount Doom.

Bridgekeeper: What... is your favorite color?

Frodo: Blue.

Bridgekeeper: Right. Off you go.

Frodo: Oh, thank you. Thank you very much.

Boromir: That's easy!

Bridgekeeper: Stop! Who approacheth the Falls of Rauros Bridge must answer me these questions three, 'ere the other side he see.

Boromir: Ask me the questions, bridgekeeper. I'm not afraid.

Bridgekeeper: What... is your name?

Boromir: Boromir, son of the Ruling Steward Denethor the second.

Bridgekeeper: What... is your quest?

Boromir: To destroy the power of Sauron.

Bridgekeeper: What... was the first capital of Arthedain?
(pause)

Boromir: I don't know that! Auuuuuuuugh!

Bridgekeeper: Stop! What... is your name?

Haldir: Haldir of Lothlorien.

Bridgekeeper: What... is your quest?

Haldir: To get these silly gits across this bridge.

Bridgekeeper: What... is your favorite color?

Haldir: Blue. No, yel-- auuuuuuuugh!

Bridgekeeper: Hee hee heh. Stop! What... is your name?

Aragorn: It is Aragorn, the Elessar, the Elfstone son of Arathron of the House of Vandalil Isildur's son and heir of Elendil!

Bridgekeeper: What... is your quest?

Aragorn: To destroy the [One Ring](#) of Sauron.

Bridgekeeper: What... is the air-speed velocity of an unladen eagle?

Aragorn: What do you mean? A southern or northern eagle?

Bridgekeeper: Huh? I-- I don't know that. Auuuuuuuugh!

Legolas: How do you know so much about eagles?

Aragorn: Well, you have to know these things if you are going to be a King someday, you know.



Scene 15: Breaking of the Fellowship

Narrator: Just as Aragorn, the Elessar, the Elfstone son of Arathron of the House of-- oh, dash it all, you know who I'm talking about already! Anyway, just as he was about to cross the infamous Bridge at the Falls of Rauros, the horde of Saruman attacked.

Orcs: Aaaaarrghhhahh!

Uruk-Cow: MooOOOooooOOOOOOO!!!

Narrator: Seeing that they were heavily outnumbered, Aragorn uses his sword to hastily cut the lines of the bridge to protect the ringbearer, Frodo, who has already crossed.

Merry: Hoy!

Pippin: What a wanker!

Narrator: As Gimli, Legolas, Merry and Pippin fight off the horde of orcs, Aragorn squares off against the fierce uruk-cow...

Aragorn: You fight with the strength of many men and orcs, uruk-cow.

(pause)

Aragorn: I am Aragorn, heir of Elendil.

(pause)

Aragorn: I beseech you to cast aside the tainted influence of Saruman and join in our struggle against the evil forces that threaten men and bovine alike.

(pause)

Aragorn: You have proved yourself worthy. Will you not join us?

[snort]

Aragorn: You make me sad. So be it.

Uruk-Cow: Moo moo moo.

Aragorn: What?

Uruk-Cow: Moo moo moo.

Aragorn: I have no quarrel with you, good cow, but I must aid my companions.

Uruk-Cow: MooOOOooo moooo moo.

Aragorn: I command you, as the heir of Elendil, to stand aside!

[SNORT]

Uruk-Cow: MoooOOooooOOO.

Aragorn: So be it-- Aaaha!

Uruk-Cow: moo!

Aragorn: hiyaah!

Uruk-Cow: moOOOoo!

(Aragorn chops the uruk-cow's left front leg off)

Aragorn: Now stand aside, worthy adversary.

Uruk-Cow: Moo mooooOOOoo moooooo.

Aragorn: A scratch? Your leg's off!

Uruk-Cow: Moo, mooooMOOooo.

Aragorn: Well, what's that then? A ruddy porterhouse!?

Uruk-Cow: Moo moo moo.

Aragorn: You've had worse?! You liar!

Uruk-Cow: MoooOOOooooOOoo!

[clang]

Aragorn: Huyah!



(on the other side of the river)

Frodo: Looks like it is just you and I, Sam. The others shall have to fend for themselves.

Sam: Yeah, what a bunch of wankers. It's just us now against the awesome might and overwhelming power of Mordor and the furious evil of Sauron!

Frodo: (sighing) I am soooo screwed.

To be continued in...

Monty Python: The Two Towers

Gimli: Say, before you go... does anyone have a good recipe for barbecue sauce?

