



## 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 RETURN OF THE KING †

**Narrator:** From atop his tower of Orthanc, Saruman surveys the flooded and broken ruin of what was once his formidable domain of Angrenost.

[music]

**Saruman:** (singing)

Why are we here? What's zis all about?  
Is Aragorn ze heir, or is zere some doubt?  
Well, tonight, we're going to sort it all out,  
For, tonight, it's ze Return of ze King.  
In zis tale, what is my fate?  
Are zese ents really annoyed-a? May I debate?  
Do I ever get ze [One Ring](#), or is it too late?  
Well, tonight, here's ze Return of ze King.  
In zis game of power I'm trapped on ze board,  
Leaving me stuck here wizout much of a say.  
While-a Rohan had fun with ze dimwitted horde,  
Of my uruk-cows to slay. Slay, slay, slay, slay, slay, slay.  
What's ze point of all zese jokes?  
Why does James do zis a third time? What if he chokes?  
Well, perhaps, it's all 'cause we kidnapped his folks.  
Yes, ca c'est le Return of ze King.



For thousands, zis tale is a lifelong dream,  
It's true zis epic work is certainly here to stay.  
Though ze purists and fanboys will all yell out a scream,  
When asked, "are Frodo and Samwise gay?" Gay, gay, gay, gay, gay, gay!?!  
So, is ze Ring-- ze Ring, is it near?  
And just what-- what-- what-- does-a Sauron fear?  
Well, ce soir, for a change, it will all be made clear,  
For zis is ze Return of ze King. C'est le Retour du Roi.  
Zis is ze Return of ze King!

[and now, without any further gilding of the lily, we present our main feature]

XenoCorp (XC) Pictures  
in association with Monty Python  
presents

## J.R.R. Tolkien's: Return of the King



J.R.R. Tølkiën's: Rétursøn uv den Kungån

Written by:  
**James Haines**  
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Røten nik Akten Di

## Scene 1: A Journey to Remember

**Narrator:** Frodo Baggins and Samwise Gamgee continue their arduous journey, their encounter with Faramir long behind them. Tempers and wits start to fray as the water and food supply becomes critically low. With each step, the creature Gollum, once known long ago as Smeagol, leads them closer to Mordor... and into a deadly trap.

**Sam:** I hate to complain, Mr. Frodo, but Gollum's singing to himself is pushing me past my breaking point.

**Frodo:** What's that Sam? I hardly even notice now. Is he still singing about [bling-bling](#) or whatever?

**Sam:** I haven't heard that one since yesterday morning. No, actually, he's back to singing the [blues](#) again.

**Frodo:** Oy! Sorry, Sam, you'll just have to bear with it.

**Narrator:** Hiding under a dense cover of trees and brush, Frodo, Sam, and Gollum cower as a foul winged horror flies overhead bearing a dread ring-wraith. The screeching of the flying beast and the Nazgul's cries of "Ni!" eventually fade in the distance.

**Gollum:** Come on, master. The nasssty flying one is gone-- Gollum-gollum! We must move fast, yesss, we must!

**Frodo:** These encounters with winged riders slow our progress and bode ill for our mission.

**Sam:** Well, those beasties the black riders are flying now have had me thinking, Mr. Frodo.

**Frodo:** Oh? What about, Sam?

**Sam:** I think Gandalf could have saved us all this trouble by destroying the ring in scene 8 of "Fellowship."

**Frodo:** Say what?

**Audience Members:** What?!

**Tolkien:** WHAT?!?

**Sam:** Hear me out now... you might not remember much about Gandalf arriving at Elrond's place after he escaped from Saruman.

**Frodo:** (wincing in pain at the memory) Indeed, I was delirious from being wounded at Weathertop.

**Sam:** Right, well, he arrived on this huge eagle (a northern one, mind you!) by the name of Gwaihir the Winglord or some such.

**Frodo:** Yes, yes, we have heard plenty enough about eagles during our journey. What has that got to--

**Sam:** I'm getting to it, I'm getting to it! Anyway, as I reckon it, the ring-wraiths were still using black horses at the time. They don't seem to have gotten themselves these flying beasties until recently--

**Frodo:** Yes... and?

**Sam:** ...and that means Gandalf could have had this eagle friend of his fly you and him straight to Mordor, chucked the ring into the fires of Mount Doom, and been out of there before Sauron knew what had even happened.

**Frodo:** No way!

**Audience Members:** WHAT?!?!?!?

**Tolkien:** DOH!!!

**Sam:** Look at the facts, Mr. Frodo. With the ring-wraiths on horses, Sauron still relatively weak, and Mordor sadly lacking in anti-eagle defenses, it would have been a piece of cake for Gandalf.

**Frodo:** But... but...



**Tolkien:** [thunk]

**Sam:** A piece of cake, I'm telling ya'.

**Frodo:** But... what if, say, the eagles couldn't fly all the way to Mordor, Sam? Northern ones don't migrate, you know.

**Tolkien:** [slam]

**Sam:** I thought of that, but I overheard Gwaihir promise Gandalf that he and his fellows would be at the upcoming battle with Sauron. Seeing as how that looks to be happening down here around Gondor or Mordor anyway, he must have known he would be coming here eventually.

**Frodo:** Right... so why didn't he just go ahead and get it over with. I see your point, Sam.

**Tolkien:** [crash]

**Sam:** You do?



**Frodo:** Yes. And, henceforth, you are not allowed to talk to me for the rest of the trip.

**Sam:** Oh.

**Tolkien:** [THUD]

## Scene 2: Pippin and the Palantir

**Narrator:** Dark shapes move in the night. Two slight figures, barely perceptible amongst the darkness of the moon cast shadows, make their way through a sleeping camp of Rohirrim towards some secret goal.

**Muffled Voice:** Hehe--

**Muffled Voice:** Shhh, shhh!

**Narrator:** Having attained their prize, the two furry footed pranksters plot their next course of action.

**Pippin:** Oh, I know! Let's call for *Mr. I. P. Freely* this time.

**Merry:** Nah, too obvious... how 'bout *Heywood U. Cuddleme*?

**Pippin:** Heh... good one! Or what about having Sauron ask if anyone is *Homer Sexual*?!

**Merry:** Ha ha-- yes! That should be even better than when you got him to ask if anyone had seen *Mike Rotch* last night!

**Pippin:** Hehe, oh yeah! I'll bet his flamin' red eye is still smoldering over that--

**Gandalf:** ALRIGHT, WHAT'S ALL THIS THEN?!?

**Merry and Pippin:** Nothin'!

**Gandalf:** Reeceaaally?! That wouldn't happen to be my bag containing a certain Palantir that you are hiding behind you, would it?

**Pippin:** N--nooo, of course not!

**Gandalf:** A seeing-stone of Eldamar is not a toy, using it would be disastrous!

**Merry:** Using it... would... oh no--

**Pippin:** Easy now Merry! Heh. So let's just suppose, Gandalf, say, that someone *did* use it...

**Merry:** Yes... just suppose, by accident, maybe--

**Pippin:** Yeah, right, by *accident*, of course!

**Gandalf:** Then I should say one would have to suppose that they have alerted the most powerful evil presence on Middle Earth to exactly where they are and what they are doing.

**Merry:** Oh.

**Pippin:** Oh...

**Gandalf:** And, let's just suppose, that this certain someone has in any way *annoyed* a dark lord capable of sending a horde of several hundred thousand orcs after them... well, that's just "supposing" of course.

**Merry:** Right, just supposing...

**Gandalf:** We should also suppose that if Sauron made, even as unlikely as it is, any "threats" to the poor unfortunate individual who "accidentally" annoyed him... let's just say that wretched pitiful fool can count on each and every one of them to be carried out in excruciating detail.

**Pippin:** Ummm... ya' know... I'm really not feeling so well all the sudden...

**Merry:** What a coincidence, Gandalf, that you found us! We had just discovered this bag that looks like yours... and-- and we were going to take it straight to you.

**Pippin:** Oh! Yes, yes, of course we were! We thought you might get some silly idea that we had somehow had something to do with having it appear over here, though, and--

**Merry:** Yes, naturally, and we were just discussing how the best way to return it to you would be when you walked up--

**Pippin:** Right!

**Merry:** Right!

**Gandalf:** Oh, really?



**Merry and Pippin:** Oh yeah, of course!

**Gandalf:** Splendid! And here I had gone and gotten worried for nothing.

**Pippin:** Don't be silly, here let me just get it for-- AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!!!

(Pippin's hand comes into contact with the crystal surface of the Palantir)



**Sauron:** Ah-hah! Now I've got you!

**Pippin:** AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!!!

**Sauron:** Yes, you little git now I'm going to-- Holy Hell's Grannies!!!

**Pippin:** AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!!!

**Sauron:** You're a ruddy-- a ruddy HOBBIT! And you're with that meddler Mithrandir!?!?

**Pippin:** AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!!!

**Sauron:** Then you must be-- must have-- WHERE IS MY RING?!?!?

**Pippin:** AAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHH!!!

**Sauron:** Tell me where it is! Say it!!!

**Pippin:** AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!!!

**Sauron:** Tell me or--

[thud]

**Narrator:** Thinking quickly, Gandalf knocks Pippin away from the seeing-stone. Slowly, the fire from within the Palantir fades to an impenetrable black once more. A crowd of anxious Rohirrim, roused from uneasy slumber by Pippin's screams, has gathered around the scene of the commotion.

**Merry:** Pippin!!!

**Pippin:** AARGH-- [AAALBATROSS!](#)

**Gandalf:** What?

**Merry:** Pippin, speak to me!

**Pippin:** [Albatross!](#)

(Gandalf looks closely into Pippin's eyes)

**Gandalf:** It's too late... Sauron has fried his brain.

**Pippin:** [Albatross!](#)

**Merry:** Noooooooooo!!!

**Gandalf:** I'm afraid so.

**Pippin:** [Albatross!](#)

**Gandalf:** All that is left of our dear friend and companion is but an empty shell--

**Pippin:** [Albatross!](#)

**Gandalf:** An empty shell with a fixation most fowl, it would seem.

**Merry:** Pippin, please! Talk to me!

**Pippin:** [Albatross!](#)

**Merry:** Do you not recognize me? It's me, Pip... It's your ol' pal Merry. Remember the good times... remember back when we used to go get iced milk with [Estella](#) and Diamond on a hot summer's day?

**Pippin:** [Albatross!](#)

**Gandalf:** It's no use, Merry...

**Merry:** Please, Pip! You would always tease Estella for eating your little wafers that we would get with the iced milk--

**Pippin:** Albatross-- you don't get bloody wafers with it, it's a ruddy sea bird! [Albatross!](#)  
(a dark shadow seems to pass from Pippin's eyes)

**Merry:** Pippin! Yes! Come back to us!

**Pippin:** Wha-- why am I screaming "albatross?"

**Gandalf:** How can this be?!

**Merry:** Something happened when you touched the stone ball, Pip.

**Pippin:** Give me half a moment... I think I'll be okay.

**Gandalf:** Peregrin Took, how could you have survived having every cell in your mind imploded?!

**Pippin:** But I didn't, I somehow got away at the last minute.

**Gandalf:** How?!

**Pippin:** Well, I'll tell you.

[music]

**Gandalf:** Not like that! Not like that! No! Stop it!

**Rohirrim:** (singing) He's going to tell! He's going to tell!

**Gandalf:** Shut up!

**Rohirrim:** (singing) He's going to tell!

**Gandalf:** Not like that!

**Rohirrim:** (singing) He's going to tell! He's going to tell! He's going to tell! He's going to tell!

**Gandalf:** Stop it!

**Rohirrim:** (singing) He's going to tell!

**Gandalf:** SHUT UP!

**Rohirrim:** (singing) He's going to tell about his great escape.

**Gandalf:** Not like that! No!

**Rohirrim:** (singing) Oh, how Sauron had him by the nape.

**Gandalf:** Now shut up I say! Not like that! No! Stop it!

[crash]

**Gandalf:** Right. That's just too silly. Besides, Pippin's vocal number isn't until scene 6!

**Rohirrim:** (whining) Awwww...

**Merry:** What do we do now, Gandalf?

**Gandalf:** Well, suffice to say that Sauron is sending everything he's got after Pippin. Orcs, Nazgul, telemarketers... the whole lot.

**Pippin:** Ugh! Why does my mouth taste like... albatross?

**Gandalf:** I am therefore going to take Pippin and the Palantir with me on Shadowfax and ride like all heck to Gondor. Perhaps, the Valar willing, behind the stout walls of Minas Tirith I can keep our infamous Took out of trouble for more than 5 measly minutes!

**Merry:** Don't worry, Pip. I promise you that you *will* see the Shire again some day!

**Pippin:** No worries, Merry, except maybe for the fact that I've never *had* albatross. You wouldn't happen to have a breath mint, would you?

**Merry:** You know, maybe it's just that you didn't have any brains for Sauron to cook.

**Gandalf:** Enough! Farewell and follow fast-- Away Shadowfax!





### Scene 3: The Muster of Røhän

**Narrator:** The rapid departure of Gandalf further amplifies the anxiety of the Rohirrim mustering at Dunharrow. The great epic battle of this age draws near at hand and Theoden King vows to equip and train every man of Rohan capable of holding a spear or sword.

**Theoden:** Our time to prepare grows short, Gamling. When the time comes to depart, we will not be waiting for any stragglers.

**Gamling:** Yes, sire, of course.

**Theoden:** Well, don't just stand there, let's get our inspection tour over with and get some tea.

**Gamling:** Right! Make way for Theoden King!

(Theoden passes by a group of young Rohirrim training for battle)

**Theoden:** Get some discipline into those chaps, Eothain!

**Eothain:** Right sire! Good morning, men.

**Rohirrim:** (mumbling) Good morning.

**Eothain:** Where's all the others, then?

**Rohirrim:** They're not here.

**Eothain:** I can see that. What's the matter with them?

**Rohirrim:** Dunno.

**Eomond:** Perhaps they've got 'flu.

**Eothain:** Huh! 'Flu, eh? They should eat more fresh fruit. Ha-- right. Now, self-defense. Today I shall be carrying on from where we got to yesterday when I was showing you how to defend yourselves against anyone who attacks you armed with a piece of fresh fruit.

(the group of young Rohirrim all start grumbling)

**Framund:** Oh, you promised you wouldn't do fruit today.

**Eothain:** What do you mean?

**Galmud:** We've done fruit the last nine days.

**Eothain:** What's wrong with fruit? You think you know it all, eh?

**Framund:** Can't we do something else?

**Erither:** Like, what if an orc attacks you with a pointed stick?

**Eothain:** Pointed stick? Oh, oh, oh... we want to learn how to defend ourselves against pointed sticks, do we? Getting all high and mighty, eh? Fresh fruit not good enough for you, eh? Well I'll tell you something, my lad. When you're walking back to your tent tonight and some great homicidal Haradrim comes after you with a bunch of loganberries, don't come crying to me! Now, the passion fruit. When your foe lunges at you with a passion fruit--

**Rohirrim:** We done the passion fruit.

**Eothain:** What?

**Eomond:** We done the passion fruit.

**Framund:** We done oranges, apples, grapefruit...

**Galmud:** Whole and segments.

**Framund:** Pomegranates, greengages...

**Eomond:** Grapes, passion fruit...

**Framund:** Lemons...

**Galmud:** Plums...

**Eomond:** Mangoes in syrup...

**Eothain:** How about cherries?

**Rohirrim:** We did them.

**Eothain:** Red *and* black?



**Rohirrim:** Yes!

**Eothain:** All right, bananas.



(all of the Rohirrim sigh loudly)

**Eothain:** We haven't done them, have we? Right. Bananas. How to defend yourself against an orc armed with a banana. Now you, come at me with this banana. Catch! Now, it's quite simple to defend yourself against an orc armed with a banana. First of all, you force him to drop the banana. Then, second, you eat the banana, thus disarming him. You have now rendered him 'elpless.

**Framund:** Suppose he's got a bunch.

**Eothain:** Shut up.

**Erither:** Suppose he's got a pointed stick.

**Eothain:** Shut up! Right, now you, Mr. Apricot.

**Eomond:** Eomond.

**Eothain:** Sorry, Mr. Eomond. Come at me with that banana. Hold it like that, that's it. Now attack me with it. Come on! Come on, come at me! Come at me then!

(Eothain pulls out a crossbow and shoots Eomond)

**Eomond:** (dies) Aaagh!

**Eothain:** Now, I eat the banana.

**Framund:** You shot him!

**Galmud:** He's dead!

**Erither:** He's completely dead!

**Eothain:** I have now eaten the banana. The deceased, Mr. Apricot, is now 'elpless.

**Framund:** You shot him. You shot him dead.

**Eothain:** Well, he was attacking me with a banana.

**Galmud:** But you told him to.

**Eothain:** Look, I'm only doing me job. I have to show you how to defend yourselves against fresh fruit.

**Erither:** And pointed sticks.

**Eothain:** Shut up.

**Framund:** Suppose I'm attacked by an orc with a banana and I haven't got a crossbow?

**Eothain:** Run for it.

**Galmud:** You could stand and scream for help.

**Eothain:** Yeah, you try that with a pineapple down your windpipe.

**Galmud:** A pineapple?

**Eothain:** Where? Where?!

**Galmud:** No, no... I just said "a pineapple."

**Eothain:** Oh. Phew... I thought my number was on that one.

**Galmud:** What, on the pineapple?

**Eothain:** Where? Where?!

**Galmud:** No, I was just repeating it.

**Eothain:** Oh. Oh, I see. Phew, right, that's bananas then. Now the raspberry. There we are... harmless looking thing, isn't it? Now you, Mr. Golden Delicious.

**Galmud:** Galmud.

**Eothain:** Galmud. Come at me with that raspberry. Come on. Be as vicious as you like with it.

**Galmud:** No.

**Eothain:** Why not?

**Galmud:** You'll shoot me.

**Eothain:** I won't.

**Galmud:** You shot Eomond.

**Eothain:** That was self-defense. Now come on. I promise I won't shoot you.

**Erither:** You promised you'd tell us about pointed sticks.

**Eothain:** Shut up. Come on, brandish that raspberry. Come at me with it. Give me Hell.

**Galmud:** Throw the crossbow away.

**Eothain:** I haven't got a crossbow.

**Galmud:** You have.

**Eothain:** Haven't.

**Galmud:** You shot Eomond with it.

**Eothain:** Oh, *that* crossbow.

**Galmud:** Throw it away.

**Eothain:** Oh, all right then. How to defend yourself against a raspberry... without a crossbow.

**Galmud:** You were going to shoot me!

**Eothain:** I wasn't.

**Galmud:** You were!

**Eothain:** No, I wasn't. I wasn't. Come on then, come at me. Come on you weed! You weed, do your worst! Come on, you puny little man. You weed...

(Eothain pulls a lever on a nearby post causing a 16-ton weight to fall on Galmud)

[CRASH]

**Galmud:** (dies) Aaagh--

**Eothain:** If anyone ever attacks you with a raspberry, just pull the lever and the 16-ton weight will fall on top of him.

**Framund:** Suppose there isn't a 16-ton weight?

**Eothain:** Well that's planning, isn't it? Forethought.

**Framund:** How many 16-ton weights are there?

**Eothain:** Look, look, look, Mr. Know-it-all. The 16-ton weight is just *one way* of dealing with a raspberry killer. There are millions of others!

**Erither:** Like what?

**Eothain:** Putting a crossbow bolt through him?

**Framund:** What if you haven't got a crossbow or a 16-ton weight?

**Eothain:** Look, look... alright, smarty-pants. You two, yes... you two. Come at me then with red currants. Come on, both of you. Whole basket each.

**Framund:** No crossbows?

**Eothain:** No.

**Framund:** No 16-ton weights?

**Eothain:** No.

**Erither:** No pointed sticks?

**Eothain:** Shut up.

**Framund:** No avalanche of rocks?

**Eothain:** No.

**Framund:** And you won't kill us?

**Eothain:** I won't.

**Framund:** Promise?

**Eothain:** I promise I won't kill you. Now, are you going to attack me?

**Framund and Erither:** Oh, all right.

**Eothain:** Right, now don't rush me this time. Stalk me. Do it properly. Stalk me. I'll turn my back. Stalk up behind me-- close behind me... then in with the red currants! Right? Okay, start moving. Now the first thing to do when you're being stalked by bloodthirsty invaders with red currants is to--  
*release the tiger!*

[Ggggrrroooooaaawwwlll]

**Rohirrim:** Run AWAY!

**Eothain:** The great advantage of the tiger in unarmed combat is that he eats not only the fruit-laden foe, but also the red currants. Tigers, however, do NOT relish the peach. The peach assailant should be attacked with a crocodile. Right! Now, the rest of you. Where are you? I know you're hiding somewhere with your damsons and prunes. Well, come on... I'm ready for you!  
(the tiger runs right past Theoden and Gamling)

**Gamling:** What in blazes was that?

**Theoden:** A tiger!

**Gamling:** What? A tiger... in Rohan?!

**Theoden:** Hm?

**Gamling:** A tiger in Rohan?!?

**Theoden:** No, no, NO! We are not going through *that* bit again!

**Merry:** Greetings, Theoden King.

**Theoden:** Well, hello there Master Meriadoc!

**Merry:** Sire, I wish to pledge my sword to you for the coming battle.

**Theoden:** That's very kind of you, dear little Holbytlan, but wouldn't that... leave you rather unprotected?

**Merry:** Errr... well, sire, I was hopin' to be using it myself in your service.

**Theoden:** Oh-- honestly?

**Gamling:** Well, he would be good at catching any knee level dangers that may come our way.

**Theoden:** I suppose, but... ah-hah! Here is a capital idea... since Eowyn will be in charge of the paltry few civilians we are leaving behind, I need someone I can trust not to get into any mischief to be her babysi-- errr... what I meant to say, of course, was to be her "bodyguard."

**Gamling:** Right!

**Merry:** With Pippin gone, your lordship, I think I can say I've got at least a 50-50 shot at staying out of trouble.

**Theoden:** Splendid, it is settled then!

**Gamling:** Let's go get you some armor, King's Esquire Meriadoc, and tell Eowyn the good news.

[distant screams]

(the tiger runs past going the other direction)

**Merry:** (mumbling as he watches the tiger go by) So, I'm to be stuck on the boring sidelines... Pippin is such a lucky wanker!



## Scene 4: Mordor Unleashed

**Narrator:** On the east side of the river Anduin, in the blasted misshapen ruins of once proud Osgiliath, Sauron marshals his forces for the assault on the world of men.

**Orcs:** (talking and mumbling)

**Nagrat:** Now, whose turn is it to go on patrol?

**All Orcs:** Not mine!

**Nagrat:** Come on, now. It's not like we're sending you all out to get slaughtered at once. Now, uh, Mazhug, Horkhuth, Oghared, Brogagh, Raguk, Alog, Kertug, Wogiug, Sgok, Quomaugh, Mugarod, Eгнаurd, Argha, Dalthu, and Sunadagh, it's your duty rotation.

**Selected Orcs:** Aww, Nagrat!

**Nagrat:** Now, don't argue! Lauhgog, Arpigig, Naugraf, Ulmaga, Surbag, Nornuogh--

**Guthakug:** Wait! I've got something to tell the whole clan.

**Nagrat:** Oh, quick. Go bring the others in, Karguk.

**Orcs:** What could it be, eh? Shhh...

**Guthakug:** The command is given! There's no way out of it. We attack.

**Orcs:** (talking frantically)

**Guthakug:** Come on, gather 'round. I've got no option but to lead you all in desperate battle.

**Orcs:** (whining)

**Guthakug:** No, no. That's the way it is, my ugly ones. Blame the dark lord for not letting me get us assigned to the national guard. Oh, he's done some wonderful things in his time. Sauron preserved the malfeasance and depravity, the power of diabolical evil in Middle Earth, and the inequitableness of might makes right, but if he'd have let me get us posted at a cushy guard tower on the far east side of Mordor, we wouldn't be in the mess we are now.

**Karguk:** But we barely outnumber Gondor 10 to 1... we're going to get massacred!

**Raguk:** Couldn't you have just put us all on sick-call?

**Guthakug:** The Eye knows all, Raguk. He would see through such a cheap trick!

**Nagrat:** Ehhh, he's right. We just have to play the part we've been cast, lads.

**Guthakug:** You see, in this genre--

[piano music]

**Guthakug:** Well, let me put it like this.

(singing)

There is evil in Middle Earth.

There are ogres.

There are dragons and trolls, and then...

There are uruk-cows that follow Saruman, but--

I've never seen one of them.

[music]

**Guthakug:** I'm an orc of Mordor,

And have been since the day I was hatched,

And the one thing the Big Eye tells me is:

We've got ourselves a ring needing snatched!

You don't have to dress fancy.

You don't have to have any style.

You don't have to ever take a bath, no, you're...

An orc that puts the "ill" in "vile!"



Because,  
Every orc is revolting.  
Our smell will nauseate.  
When orcs die like lemming',  
The Eye gets quite irate.  
**All Orcs:** We are all revolting.  
We can't dodge our fate.  
And when we die like lemming',  
The Eye gets quite irate.  
**Dismembered Orc:** So elves and men may kill us,  
On the battleground...  
Sauron shall make them pay when,  
His precious ring is found.  
**Young Orcs:** Every orc is required.  
Every orc and clan.  
Every orc is needed,  
In our dark lord's plan.  
**Nagrat:** Our quality control,  
Shows something just ain't right,  
When it takes a bloody two dozen orcs,  
Just to kill one knight!  
**Male Orcs:** Every orc is revolting.  
[clunk]  
**Male Orcs:** Our smell will nauseate.  
**Female Orcs:** When orcs die like lemming'...  
**Young Orcs:** ...the Eye gets quite irate.  
**Guthakug:** Every orc is wretched.  
**Karguk and Raguk:** Every orc and clan.  
**Nazgul:** Every orc is needed...  
**Sauron:** ...IN MY BATTLE PLAN!



**Young Orcs:** Every orc is hideous.  
Every orc's filthy.  
**Guthakug:** But Sauron needs every one of us.  
**Karguk:** Me!  
**Raguk:** And me!  
**Dismembered Orc:** And me!  
(orc tap dancing)  
**Nagrat:** Let the Witch-King send us,  
O'er mountain, hill, and plain.

**Cave Trolls:** The Big Eye shall twist his balls for,  
Each orc that's killed in vain.

**All of Mordor:** Every orc is required.  
Every orc and clan.

Every orc is needed,  
In our dark lord's plan.

(Mount Doom erupts in fire)

Every orc is revolting.

Their smell will nauseate.

When orcs die like lemming',

The Eye... gets... quite... iraaaaate!

**Narrator:** Arriving at Minas Tirith, Gandalf and Pippin notice the fires on the eastern horizon raging up from Orodruin. Seeing the billowing clouds of dark smoke pouring forth into the sky and spreading towards them, they pause for a moment to contemplate just what this dread omen foretells.

**Gandalf:** It would appear we have arrived just in time.

**Pippin:** Yes, wonderful. The whole host of Mordor should be here soon after our hides. At least Merry will get to live through this... the lucky wanker.

## Narrative Interlude: Eldar Na Rata Abad!

**Narrator:** With the coming of the dawn, word spreads of another addition to the Rohirrim encampment at Dunharrow. A contingent of elves has arrived from Rivendell with urgent business concerning Aragorn.

**Elrond:** We have brought you your sword.



**Audience Members Who Read The Books:** It's about ruddy damn time, isn't it?!

**Aragorn:** The shards of Narsil have been reforged!

**Elrond:** Yes, Aragorn, become who you were born to be.

**Aragorn:** A new name it shall have... Andúril, Flame of the West!

**Elrond:** Whatever, I'm just glad to finally have Arwen stop nagging me, "give him the sword of the King, father... what about now, your smith's aren't even *doing* anything... can you give him the sword now... he needs the sword... can you have the sword reforged and given to him... if he is ever going to be King, he needs the sword... can he have the sword yet... what about now, can you have the sword reforged *now*?!"

**Aragorn:** ...why did I just have a horrifying foreshadowing of what to expect from being married?

**Elrond:** Oh, I wouldn't fret about it overmuch. You still have several perfectly good opportunities to get yourself killed, so there is still the off chance you could get out of it.

**Narrator:** Meanwhile, Glorfindel finally finds a way to get into this tale when he ends up leading an elven security patrol around the perimeter of Elrond's large meeting tent. Rounding a corner, Glorfindel catches the dwarf Gimli painting "ELDAR NA RATA ABAD!" on one of the thick external walls of Elrond's luxurious tent.

**Glorfindel:** What's this, then? Eldar na rata adab? "People-of-the-Stars towards their path the building?"

**Gimli:** It-- it says, "Elves go home."

**Glorfindel:** No, it doesn't. First off, "Eldar" is an antiquated noun for the "elven people" in Quenya while the rest of the sentence is in Sindarin. One simply does NOT mix high-elven with grey-elven in this way... it just isn't done! What's Sindarin for "elf?"

**Gimli:** Ummm.

**Glorfindel:** Come on!

**Gimli:** E-edhel?

**Glorfindel:** Tengwar mode...

**Gimli:** Uh, uh-- "ljr?"

**Glorfindel:** Vocative plural of "edhel" is...

**Gimli:** Eh... edhil?





**Glorfindel:** Edhil. Rata? What is "rata?"

**Gimli:** Follow path. You know, to--

**Glorfindel:** Really now, what is the Sindarin verb "to go?"

**Gimli:** I-is it Bedi?

**Glorfindel:** That's the infinitive. What you need here is the imperative. Come on, what's the imperative?!

**Gimli:** Eh... bedir?

**Glorfindel:** No! That's the present tense! Bloody hell, Gimli, if you aren't even going to think it through, you might as well have written this in Khuzdul!

**Gimli:** Errr, well...

**Glorfindel:** Try again. The imperative...

**Gimli:** Uh-- bado! It's bado!

**Glorfindel:** Now, then... abad. Bâr is the word for "home," you dwarvish git. Using "abad" is all wrong.

**Gimli:** Oh.

**Glorfindel:** What is the original stem word for home then?

**Gimli:** Ah. Ah, mbâr!

**Glorfindel:** And... after the preposition "na" you would expect...

**Gimli:** The... uh-- the "b" of the object to change to a "v?"

**Glorfindel:** Unless...

**Gimli:** Unless th-- the stem of the object begins with "mb."

**Glorfindel:** In which case...

**Gimli:** I-it changes into, into--

**Glorfindel:** Yes?

**Gimli:** Into, ummm-- into... "mâr?"

**Glorfindel:** Mâr.

**Gimli:** Aaah! Ah.

**Glorfindel:** Understand it all now?

**Gimli:** Yes, yes-- "Edhil bado na mâr!"

**Glorfindel:** Right you are, "Elves go home." Now, write it out a hundred times.

**Gimli:** Yes, right away... thank you!

**Glorfindel:** You're welcome. However... I should tell you, if you mess it up one more time while we are watching you, we'll cut your greasy bearded balls off. Now, get cracking!

**Gimli:** Ulp-- Yes, of course!

(several hours later, Gimli has finished painting "EDHIL BADO NA MÂR!" one hundred times... covering the outside walls all around Elrond's tent with the phrase in the process)

**Gimli:** Oh. Mmm! Finished!

**Glorfindel:** Right. Now don't do it again!

(just as Glorfindel and his security detachment walk off and Gimli slumps against a nearby tree in exhaustion, Elrond and Aragorn emerge from inside the tent)

**Elrond:** What th-- HEY!!!

**Gimli:** Awww flûk nin.

**Narrator:** The elves of the house of Elrond proceed to chase the highly motivated Gimli throughout the ancient fortifications of Dunharrow for most of the afternoon and evening. Finally, while Gimli is cleverly disguised as a snoring pile of mop rags in a remote broom closet, Elrond calls off the hunt for the vertically challenged graffiti vandal on the basis that Gimli had amazingly managed to at least spell all the elvish words correctly.



## Scene 5: Paths of the Dead

**Narrator:** Leaving the encampment of Rohirrim at Dunharrow in the misty early twilight before dawn, three figures swiftly make their way along an ancient and dread trail. It is Aragorn, Gimli, and Legolas... they have taken the back way out of Dunharrow and travel upon the Paths of the Dead. No one in the recorded history of Middle Earth has traveled these paths and survived to tell the tale. In all actuality, only *one* poor blighter, named Baldor, was mad enough to ever give it a go. Legend has it that it was done on a dare after a few to many pints at a pub in Medusëld, but that is another story entirely.

**Legolas:** I can understand why Gimli would take such a path as this after his misguided incident with Elrond's tent, but please remind me why it is that WE are going this way, Aragorn?

**Aragorn:** It was foretold by Malbeth the Seer in the days of King Arvedui that this is the path I was fated to travel.

**Legolas:** Right... and getting away from Eowyn had *nothing* to do with it?

**Aragorn:** Eowyn? Of course not, why would you ever think such a thing?!

**Legolas:** Oh, I'm not sure. Perhaps it was her curious habit of leaving letters on your bed with little hearts drawn on them.

**Aragorn:** The ones with the daggers stabbed through them? Errr... I never actually got around to reading any of them.

**Legolas:** Or the way she kept telling you that her only fear was dying a virgin.

**Aragorn:** Well, who wouldn't be afraid of that?

**Legolas:** Or that she has been trying to find fabric to make a new white "ceremonial" dress?

**Aragorn:** Perhaps it is just a fashion thing... this season's white is the new black, you know.

**Legolas:** I even overheard her asking the elves from Rivendell if any of them knew any Gondorian wedding music.

**Aragorn:** Elrond's folk are renown for their gift of song. I'm sure she was probably just making polite conversation!

**Legolas:** I also saw that she had made two small dolls that looked amazingly like you both. She kept saying some kind of sing-song rhyme as she bound them together with rope and--

**Gimli:** Wait! Do you hear that lads?!

[shrieking and howling]

**Legolas:** I hear the sounds of moaning and wailing upon the wind!

**Aragorn:** These are called the Paths of the Dead for a reason, are they not? Perhaps the ghosts of old have taken notice of our trespass.

**Gimli:** Actually, the howls are coming from behind us.

**Legolas:** Indeed, Gimli, it sounds like Eowyn!

**Gimli:** Perhaps she has just noticed Aragorn's absence?

**Legolas:** You *did* at least leave her a note or something telling her we were leaving for Gondor, didn't you?!

**Aragorn:** Run faster, my friends, FASTER!

**Narrator:** Passing through a narrow glen, the three companions come upon a massive door in a sheer wall of rock. Ancient and evil looking runes surround the entryway in dire warnings decrying "fayme aynd fortune," but there is no other course... in they must go. Minutes crawl by as if hours in these caverns far from the warmth of the sun here beneath the earth. Cold... dark... the sputtering



of the torches and the trickling of water... whisperings in the shadows. Our trio realizes they are not alone.

**Legolas:** Shapes... there in the darkness.

**Gimli:** We are surrounded--

**Ghostly Man:** Hello there!

**Aragorn:** Whoa! What the... where did... who are you?

**Ghostly Man:** We are merely the nameless multitude exiled here.

**Ghostly Woman:** We are those who reached out for our 15 minutes of fame... only to be denied.

**Aragorn:** No, you can't mean that these are the Paths of...

**Ghostly Man:** Yes.

**Aragorn:** ...the Paths of the Dead Showbiz Careers?!

**Ghostly Woman:** The same. This dismal forgotten realm is the end of the road for legions of us. We are those that are "ratings impaired."

**Ghostly Man:** Stars of rejected TV series.

**Ghostly Woman:** Game show contestants that never won.

**Ghostly Man:** Some without so much as a parting gift!

**Ghostly Woman:** Lately, though, we have mostly been getting flooded by participants from something indescribably evil called "reality shows."

**Legolas:** The horror!

**Gimli:** You mean that frightening large mob over there?

**Ghostly Man:** Oh, that lot? Those are the New Zealanders that didn't get to appear as extras in the Peter Jackson interpretations of these movies.

**Legolas:** May the sacred Valar protect us!

**Ghostly Woman:** We wait here for the one who can redeem us.

**Aragorn:** Redeem you?

**Ghostly Man:** The one who can give us what we so desperately need to pass on in peace... screen time!

**Ghostly Woman:** Which brings us to the question, who are you?

**Aragorn:** Oh, ummm... no one worth bothering over.

**Ghostly Woman:** No? Not a casting agent among you by chance?

**Aragorn:** No, nothing like that, just three traveling salesmen who got lost on their way to Minas Tirith.

**Ghostly Man:** Still, do you know of *anyone* that could get us into a scene in this movie?

**Ghostly Woman:** Like a King or script writer.

**Ghostly Man:** Finding ourselves a stagehand, stunt double, or maybe even an elven prince wouldn't hurt either.

**Gimli:** King?! Well, Aragorn here actually--

**Aragorn:** We once *met* a King is what Gimli was going to say!

**Ghostly Woman:** Did you really?!?

**Legolas:** We did, but he has yet to claim his kingdom, so no help there.

**Ghostly Man:** Oh, that's a shame. Well, it's not like we can expect the lost King of Gondor to pop up or something.

**Ghostly Woman:** Indeed, if any of us had *that* kind of luck we wouldn't have ended up here.

(as the ghosts start into an obviously old debate involving a prophecy, a duck, and a sacred jar of marmalade, our quick thinking trio slips away and makes a break for it)

**Ghostly Man:** Right. Well, if you can recall, that silly prophecy about Isildur's heir *clearly* states that... ummm...

**Ghostly Man and Woman:** WAIT A BLOODY MINUTE!

**Aragorn:** Run away!

**Gimli:** They are following us!

**Legolas:** Faster-- they gain!

**Narrator:** Try as they might, Aragorn, Gimli, and Legolas had no real hope of outrunning the massive crowd of undead following them. They are finally surrounded once more at a hill where sits a great globe of unearthly stone.

**Aragorn:** Go away!

**Ghostly Man:** How shall we go away, sire?

**Ghostly Woman:** And does going away involve some kind of cameo appearance?!

**Aragorn:** Oh, just go away! Leave me alone!

**Ghostly Man:** Give us a sign that you are the true heir of Isildur!

**Ghostly Woman:** He has given us a sign! He has brought us to the Stone of Erech in accordance with the prophesy!

**Aragorn:** I didn't bring you here, you just followed me!

**Ghostly Man:** Oh, it's still a good sign by any standard.

**Ghostly Woman:** And he bears the sword-- the sword that was broken!

**Aragorn:** Oh, errr... this isn't Narsil, it's called Andúril.

**Ghostly Man:** A miracle! He has remade the sword... he is the King!

**Aragorn:** Well, if it *was* Narsil, I'm sure I didn't reforge it.

**Ghostly Woman:** Hail the true King of Gondor... the one that can get us into the end credits of this feature!

**Aragorn:** Back off now, I'm not the King!

**Ghostly Man:** I say you are, sire, and I should know. I've stalked a few.

**Ghostly Woman:** Hail King of Gondor! Our Messiah to stardom!

**Aragorn:** I'm not the King! Will you please listen? I am not your Showbiz Messiah, do you understand?! Honestly!

**Ghostly Woman:** Only the true King would humbly deny his nobility.

**Aragorn:** What?! Well, what sort of chance does that give me? Alright then, I admit it. I *am* the King!

**Ghostly Horde:** He is! He is the King!

**Aragorn:** Now, flûk off!

(pause)

**Ghostly Man:** How shall we flûk off, O wise and noble King?

**Aragorn:** Oh, just go away! Leave me alone.

**Narrator:** As Aragorn, Gimli, and Legolas continue on their journey, the army of dead showbiz careers follow. What few inhabitants there are in such places as Lamedon and Ciril flee before the horrific sight of undead.

**Legolas:** So much for getting to Gondor unnoticed.

**Aragorn:** I might as well have used Gandalf's palantir to tell Sauron exactly where to find us.

**Gimli:** We are *so* screwed.



## Scene 6: La Charge Futile

**Narrator:** With the forces of Mordor on the move, Denethor the 2nd, the Ruling Steward of Gondor, makes plans in the high Tower of Ecthelion to unleash his secret weapon. The sudden arrival of Gandalf and the halfling Peregrin Took in Minas Tirith comes as an unwelcome frustration to the aging Steward who holds Gandalf responsible for the loss of Boromir, the elder and favored of his two sons.



**Faramir:** My lord, Osgiliath is overrun!

**Denethor:** Then it must be retaken.

**Faramir:** But how, father? The army that has issued forth from Mordor is overwhelming our defenses.

**Denethor:** We must use the Silly Walk Brigade.

**Gandalf:** The WHAT?!

**Faramir:** They have yet to be tested in battle... if they fail--

**Denethor:** They will *not* fail!

**Gandalf:** Perhaps--

**Denethor:** No, I will abide none of your meddling Mithrandir! Now listen... every bit I could squeeze out of national defense, social security, health, housing, and education in the Gondorian budget has gone into researching, training, and implementing this elite brigade.

**Pippin:** I just can't imagine how someone with a silly walk is going to--

**Denethor:** We now have troops who can bend their legs back over their heads and back again with every single step. What chance do a measly horde of orcs have against that?!

**Faramir:** I will lead them, if I must. This is our most desperate hour.

**Denethor:** You?! Your right leg isn't silly at all and your left leg only does a forward aerial half turn every alternate step... alas, if but Boromir were here!

**Faramir:** Though it is true that I can not walk with little jumps and then three long paces without moving my upper body as my brother could, I will lead the Brigade to retake Osgiliath if it is your wish.

**Denethor:** I do wish it, besides... I'm not going to mince words with you, what other son do I have left to kill off?!

**Faramir:** So be it.

(Faramir hurries out)

**Denethor:** Sing for me little hobbit!

**Pippin:** Sing? My big musical number is going to be here?!

**Denethor:** And why should my halls be unfit for your song?!

**Gandalf:** Better humor him, Pippin.

**Pippin:** Alright, alright.



**Denethor:** A-one, two... a-one, two, three, four...

**Pippin:** A Half-a-ling, quite literally,

Must ipso facto half not be.

But a Half-a-ling still must be

Vis a vis it's entity-- You see?

But can a thing be said to be

Half a thing in it's entirety,

Since a Half-a-ling is about 4'3",

Due to suspiciously murky ancestry-- Singing!

[music]

**Tower Gaurds:** La di ding, here to sing,

It's Pippin the Half-a-ling.

Tehta, Tema, Tengwa-la-ling,

Pippin the Half-a-ling.

**Pippin:** Was it other's curiosity,

That enraged an orcish army,

So through Moria we did quickly flee?

**Gandalf:** No! T'was Pippin the Half-a-ling!!

**Tower Gaurds:** Kazad-dum, bum-bl-ing,

Pippin the Half-a-ling.

Here we go, give'm a fling,

Pippin the Half-a-ling.

**Pippin:** I had to split from Merry,

In trouble "accidentally,"

A crystal ball I had to see,

I'm now screwed as can be.

**Tower Gaurds:** He's now screwed as can be.

**Pippin:** Pretty carnally.

[music stops]

**Pippin:** The end.

**Denethor:** [Jenny Connelly](#)?!

**Gandalf:** No, "pretty carnally."

**Denethor:** Oh.

**Tower Gaurds:** (quietly singing) Miss [Jennifer Connelly](#).

(Pippin ends with an elaborate whistle)

**Denethor:** Most excellent, Master Halfling, consider yourself a member of my Tower Guard.

**Pippin:** Really? Why, thank you, my lord!

[crash]

(Faramir stumbles into the room with a couple of orc arrows sticking out of him)

**Faramir:** Father!

**Denethor:** Back already?

**Faramir:** It was a slaughter!

**Denethor:** Wonderful! Then Osgiliath has been retaken, I trust?

**Faramir:** It was *our* slaughter, father! Even killing 10 orcs to 1 Gondorian, we rued the exchange. It was... La Charge Futile.

[thud]

**Gandalf:** Faramir has blacked out from loss of blood, we must get him to the houses of healing immediately!

**Denethor:** Such a slacker. I would wager his brother would have taken twice as many arrows to bring him down.

**Pippin:** Well, now that you mention it, Boromir did have a good baker's dozen--

**Gandalf:** Enough! The city *must* be prepared for defense.

**Denethor:** Fine, fine... whatever. It's not like it will do much good at this point.



**Pippin:** You know, "pretty carnally" just doesn't do all this justice.

## Narrative Interlude: Siege of Gondor

**Narrator:** With the failure of Faramir's charge, the horde of Sauron was all but unstoppable. Only the Rammas Echor, the outer defense works of Minas Tirith, stood in their way. With only the slightest of pauses in the advance, the Rammas, which had been constructed and maintained at great effort and cost, was blasted open far and wide.

**Denethor:** (off screen) Well, that's that. We're doomed!

**Narrator:** Through these breaches the host of Mordor poured in... toward the unprotected townlands of Gondor where they burned every home and farm at their passing. However, the brief respite afforded by Faramir's sortie and the Rammas wall did allow for Prince Imrahil of Dol Amroth to arrive with seven hundred sturdy Dunedain of Belfalas. Attended by a full company of cavalry, Imrahil's force is a very welcome reinforcement of the Minas Tirith garrison.

**Denethor:** (off screen) It makes no difference, the West has failed!

**Narrator:** Laying siege to the city, the army of Mordor covers the land as far as the eyes watching from the city walls can see.

**Denethor:** Doomed, I tell you! We are all going to burn--

[smack]

**Gandalf:** Will you stop that?! The defenses will hold until the arrival of Rohan!

**Denethor:** It's too late for that! I can't stand it anymore, we can't get out of here... we are all going to burn!

Burn I say--

[slap]

**Pippin:** My apologies, my lord, but get a grip!

[whack]

**Beregond:** Gentle halfling, please, let me handle this.

(Beregond grabs Denethor by the shoulders and starts shaking him)

**Denethor:** Burn! Burn, I sa--

[slam]

**Beregond:** Pull it together already!

[shake]

**Imrahil:** Easy now, Beregond, I'll take care of this.

**Denethor:** In fire we will--

[smack]

**Imrahil:** Calm down and get a hold of yourself!

[slap]

**Gandalf:** Prince Imrahil, you're needed by your men.

**Imrahil:** Oh, alright.

[whack]

**Denethor:** No use! We will all die--

(Gandalf grabs Denethor and throws him around violently)

**Gandalf:** Everything's going to be O-[slam]-kay!

**Narrator:** It was at this point that Pippin noticed that a long line of people had formed to "help" the delirious Steward of Gondor. There were at least two dozen men of the Tower Guards, a constipated looking nun, 3 [Klingons](#), several audience members, a group of Vikings, the entire cast of [Only Fools and Horses](#), and a foreign looking [knight](#) with a rubber chicken.

[smack]

**Pippin:** Hoy!





[punch]

**Gandalf:** Pay them no mind, Pippin. With Denethor being a barmy nutter, it appears that I'm in charge now.

[slap]

**Pippin:** Hurray, we're saved!

[thud]

**Gandalf:** Of course, I can only hope that the horrendous streak of bad luck I've been having since the 2nd age will not work against us.



[smash]

**Pippin:** Oh, right. The whole Gandalf "out of the frying pan and into the fire" theme we've been going with. For a moment there I nearly forgot how screwed I am.

[whack]

## Scene 7: The Stairs of Cirith Ungol

**Narrator:** Following Gollum up the treacherous secret path of Cirith Ungol, Frodo and Sam climb up endless broken steps and past yawning chasms until finally reaching a cleft between two jagged peaks at the very summit of the Ephel Duath.



**Gollum:** (mumbling to himself) Yesss... so close now, sssso close.

**Narrator:** Spending the night in the sparse shelter of a narrow crevasse overlooking the ghastly city of Minas Morgul, Frodo wakes in good spirits despite the increasing heaviness of his burden. The creature Gollum is also in surprisingly good humor now that he has his charges on the very doorstep of his carefully planned trap.

**Gollum:** Soon, Preciousss, soon you will be Smeagol's again and the nasssty sstupid hobbitses will be dead-- Gollum-gollum!

**Frodo:** Good Morning, Sam.

**Sam:** Good morning, Mr. Frodo. Can I help you with anything before we get going again?

**Frodo:** Ah, thank you, yes.

**Sam:** How can I be of service?

**Frodo:** Well, I was sitting over by the edge of the cliff just now watching a horde of orcs issue forth from Minas Morgul and I suddenly came over all peckish.

**Sam:** You're in a bit of a strange mood today, I see. Peckish?

**Frodo:** Aes medi, as Elrond's folk would say.

**Sam:** What?

**Frodo:** 'Ee, ah wor 'ungry-loike!

**Sam:** Ah, you mean you're hungry!

**Frodo:** In a nutshell. And I thought to myself that a little something nibbly will do the trick. So, I curtailed my surveillance activities, sallied right over, and wish to negotiate the receiving of some fortifying consumables.

**Sam:** Come again?

**Frodo:** I want something to eat from the food bag.

**Sam:** Oh, I thought you were complaining about Gollum's soprano [solo](#).

**Frodo:** Heh. The Valar forbid that I ever be one to refrain from any manifestation of the Euterpean muse!

**Sam:** Sorry?

**Frodo:** 'Ooo, Ah lahk a nice tuune, 'yer forced too!

**Sam:** (sighing) Oh, so he can go on [singing](#), can he?

**Frodo:** Most certainly! Now then... something to eat, my faithful companion.

**Sam:** (rummaging through his backpack) Certainly, Mr. Frodo. What would you like?



**Frodo:** Well, eh, how about some lembas.

**Sam:** I'm, afraid we're fresh out of lembas.

**Frodo:** Oh, never mind, how are you on cram?

**Sam:** I'm afraid we haven't had any of that since Bree. We'd have to detour way up to Dale to get some fresh.

**Frodo:** No matter. Well, teacakes then, if you please.

**Sam:** Ah! Wouldn't those be nice... haven't seen one of those since Bilbo's birthday party.

**Frodo:** It's not my lucky day, is it? Aah, twiglets?

**Sam:** Sorry.

**Frodo:** Oatcakes?

**Sam:** Normally, Mr. Frodo, yes. Today... not likely.

**Frodo:** Ah, scones?

**Sam:** Sorry.

**Frodo:** Penguins? The funny named biscuits we got from the McVitie homestead?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Any tim tams, per chance?

**Sam:** Holy-dooly, no. Those would be bonzer!

**Frodo:** Hobnobs?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Ginger nuts?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Rusks?

(pause)

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Shortcake?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Cream crackers?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Turnovers, cinnabuns, fruit rolls, moonpies, iced vo-vos, crispbread, tastycakes, honeybuns?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Anchovy fritters, perhaps?

**Sam:** Ah! I have some fish, yes.

**Frodo:** You do?! Excellent!

**Sam:** Yes sir, Mr. Frodo. It's... ah, it's a bit raw.

**Frodo:** Oh, I don't care at this point.

**Sam:** Well, it's very raw, actually.

**Frodo:** No matter. Fetch hither the poulet de la mer! Mmmwah!

**Sam:** I... think it's a bit more raw than you'll like it, Mr. Frodo.

**Frodo:** I don't care how bloody raw it is, hand it over with all speed!

**Sam:** Oooooooooohhh!

**Frodo:** What now?

**Sam:** Gollum has eaten it.

(pause)

**Frodo:** Has he?

**Sam:** Yesterday.

**Frodo:** Bakewells?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Abbey crunches?

**Sam:** No, and I might add that no one even makes those anymore.

**Frodo:** Crisps?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Lemon puffs?

**Sam:** No, Mr. Frodo.

**Frodo:** You-- you do *have* some food left, don't you?

**Sam:** Of course! It's my job to manage the provisions, after all. We've got--

**Frodo:** No, no... don't tell me. I'm keen to guess.

**Sam:** Fair enough.

**Frodo:** Uuuuuh, twinkie?

**Sam:** Yes?

**Frodo:** Ah, well, I'll have one of those!

**Sam:** Oh! I thought you were talking to me. Twinkie pie, that's what the hostess at the Prancing Pony calls me.

(pause)

**Frodo:** Shortbread?

**Sam:** Uh, not as such.

**Frodo:** Ummm, raspberry sponges?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Snowballs,

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Hornburg cakes,

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Chocalate digestives,

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Mince pies,

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Apple pies,

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** *Any* kind of pie?!

**Sam:** Not *today*, no.

**Frodo:** It's not much of a ration supply, is it?

**Sam:** Finer than anything in the Shire!

**Frodo:** Samwise, please explain to me the logic underlying that conclusion.

**Sam:** Well, my provision bag is so well organized!

**Frodo:** It's certainly uncluttered by food...

**Sam:** You haven't asked me about Jaffa cakes, Mr. Frodo.

**Frodo:** Would it be worth it?

**Sam:** Could be...

**Frodo:** Have you-- SMEAGOL, SHUT YOUR BLOODY NOISE HOLE!

**Sam:** Told you.

**Frodo:** (slowly) Have you got any Jaffa cakes?

**Sam:** No.

**Frodo:** Figures. Predictable, really I suppose. It was an act of purest optimism to have posed the question in the first place. Tell me--

**Sam:** Yes, Mr. Frodo?

**Frodo:** Have you, in fact, got any food left whatsoever?!

**Sam:** Yes.

**Frodo:** Really?

(long pause)

**Sam:** No, not really, Mr. Frodo, sir. No.

**Frodo:** You haven't.

**Sam:** Not a scrap. I was deliberately wasting your time to avoid telling you.

**Frodo:** I'm sorry, Sam, but I'm going to have to throw you off the cliff now.

**Sam:** Right-o, Mr. Frodo. It's a fair cop.

(Frodo tosses Sam down the dizzyingly steep stairs of Cirith Ungol)



**Frodo:** What a *senseless* waste of time... and life.



behind any one of a hundred rocks. However, thanks to the sneaky creature Gollum, we have now been informed that he's in the water barrel.

(Shelob shambles up to the barrel and pulls Frodo out)

**Frodo:** Mmelp--

**Voice Over:** Mr. Samwise Gamgee, #3 Bagshot Row, Hill of Hobbiton, the Shire, chose a very cunning way of not being seen. Covered with black and blue bruising as if he has fallen down an endless flight of stairs, he is virtually invisible within the gloomy twilight of these passages. Even running in the manner that he is, we see that he has taken our spidery film star by surprise.

(Shelob drops the nearly wrapped up body of Frodo and turns to meet the sound of running furry feet coming toward her)

**Voice Over:** Here we see he has a sword at the ready... and has now picked up a sword that was dropped by Mr. Baggins as well. Shelob is really in for a shock now as one of her claws has been shorn clean off by this fierce Hobbit. Yes, I bet that smarts. Now Mr. Gamgee has gotten underneath her and just blinded one of the ol' girl's eyes. It looks like even Shelob the Great could use a good lesson in "How Not To Be Seen" at the moment. With a piercing stab to the belly, she has decided to leap away and regroup. Indeed, it would appear Mr. Gamgee is in for it now.

(reaching in to an exposed portion of Frodo's shirt, Sam pulls out the crystal vial of water from Galadriel's fountain)

**Sam:** Gilthoniel A Elbereth!

**Voice Over:** Now this won't do at all. Mr. Gamgee has produced some sort of blazing white torch and can very clearly be seen. Having violated the fundamental lesson of this film, Shelob will certainly put a quick end to him.

(pause)

**Voice Over:** Instant death will now strike Mr. Gamgee in the blink of an eye.

(pause)

**Voice Over:** Yes, *any* moment now.

(pause)

(with the searing light of Earendil's Star burning through her wounded head in blinding fiery spasms of pain, Shelob finally rolls aside and scarpers off as fast as she can manage)

**Voice Over:** What the-- bloody wanking hell! Now that the entire premise for this instructional service film has just been buggered, we have no option but to pack it in. Cut!

**Sam:** Frodo, Mr. Frodo! Don't leave me here alone! Don't go where I can't follow!

(Sam starts cutting away the spider's binding cords as quickly as he can)

**Sam:** Wake up, Mr. Frodo! Oh, wake up, Frodo. Wake up!

(Sam lays his head upon Frodo's chest and to his mouth, but no sign of life can be found)

**Sam:** Well, there's nothing for it but to go on. I am the last of the Company and the errand must not fail.

(Sam gently removes the chain from around Frodo's neck... the [One Ring](#) looks small and harmless dangling from the simple necklace, but the weight of the burden pulls Sam to the ground as he slips it over his head)

**Sam:** Crimey, that's heavy! Forgive your Sam, my dear master, but I must take your sword. I'll leave my old one here to lie by you. Your star glass will come in handy as well, seeing as you won't mind me borrowing it. Oh, and what do we have here-- YES, pocket change!

**Voice Over:** I tried to tell Sauron this wouldn't fly. "Never work with children and animals," I says to the Big Eye. "Oh no," he goes, "Shelob will be great, you'll see..."



## Narrative Interlude: Denethor's Madness

**Narrator:** With the city besieged in a ring of foes, the Rammas broken, all the Pelennor abandoned to the enemy, and his only surviving son about to die from wounds after being sent forth on a foolish sortie at his command, the last remaining slim thread of Denethor's sanity snaps. With a confused Pippin standing watch nearby, Denethor begins to build a funeral pyre out of Faramir's bed.

**Denethor:** We must burn. All of us must burn. Only through flame will I find sanctuary. No tomb! No tomb for Denethor and Faramir... we will burn like heathen kings of old!

**Pippin:** I get the feeling someone is about to cause serious property damage and, for a change, it isn't me. I better go get Gandalf!



**Narrator:** Pippin managed to find Gandalf and Beregon of the Citadel Guard just in the nick of time. Bursting in on Denethor just as he was about to set himself and his unconscious son Faramir aflame.

**Gandalf:** Stay this madness!

**Denethor:** Burning... already burning! Ash! We shall all be ash and smoke upon the wind!

**Narrator:** It was at this point that Gandalf had finally had enough of Denethor and personally put him out of his misery.

**Gandalf:** I did no such thing!

**Narrator:** Yes you did.

**Gandalf:** He had an accident!

**Narrator:** You threw him down 3 flights of stairs and kicked him through half a mile's worth of hallway...

**Gandalf:** He tripped!

**Narrator:** ...and loaded him into a catapult.

**Gandalf:** He was very clumsy for a Steward!

**Narrator:** Then set him on fire...

**Gandalf:** I thought he had asked me to light his pipe. I certainly hadn't noticed he was covered in flammable oil!

**Narrator:** ...and launched him straight over the wall and into a mass of orcs.

**Pippin:** Hey now, I was just curious about what that lever thingie was for!

**Gandalf:** We have witnesses that back up our version of things, you know!

**Narrator:** Fine, fine. The important thing we can agree on, however, is that Faramir was saved and the madness of Denethor was at last at an end.

**Gandalf:** I perceive the evil touch of our enemy in Denethor's insanity... I have long suspected that the Steward had fallen prey to using the seeing stone of Minas Tirith. It was in this way that the Sauron snared him as with Saruman.

**Pippin:** How could he have done this to a great lord of men like Denethor?

**Gandalf:** He uses... sarcasm. He knows *all* the tricks; dramatic irony, metaphor, bathos, puns, parody, litotes and... satire. He is vicious!



**Pippin:** Compared to that, I got off lucky when he caught me prank calling him.

**Gandalf:** Indeed, but this would have taken weeks to twist a mind so thoroughly. Had you noticed anything unusual about Denethor recently, Beregond?

**Beregond:** About him? I should say not. Well, except maybe that Lord Denethor was convinced that he was being watched by a giant hedgehog whom he referred to as "Spiny Norman."

**Gandalf:** Spiny Norman?!

**Pippin:** Just how big was this giant "Norman" creature?

**Beregond:** Normally Spiny Norman was wont to be about twelve feet from snout to tail, but when Denethor was really depressed Norman could be anything up to eight hundred yards long. When Norman was about, Denethor would go very quiet and start wobbling and his nose would swell up and his teeth would move about and he'd get very violent and claim that he'd laid Fran Walsh.

**Pippin:** Hoy!

**Gandalf:** Hoy, indeed!

**Beregond:** Lately, Denethor had become increasingly worried about Spiny Norman. He had come to the conclusion that, with Norman being a hedgehog, only fire would keep him away.

**Gandalf:** Ahhhh... this explains much.

**Pippin:** And puts a whole new spin on the term "flaming idiot" as well!

(on that sad note, Gandalf and Pippin walk back out to the walls of the Citadel to witness the latest attack on the city's main gates... hoping against hope for some sign of Rohan's riders somewhere on the horizon)



**Hedgehog:** Denethor?



**Hedgehog:** Denethor? Denethor? Denethor?

## Scene 9: Regarding Furry Footed Blue Things

**Narrator:** The silent watchers of Cirith Ungol are uneasy. Something has slipped... spies are feared to be on the Stairs! The command is given for double vigilance and patrols are sent from Cirith Ungol and Minas Morgul to Torech Ungol.



**Narrator:** Arriving at the scene of Sam's encounter with Shelob, Gorbag and his group of orcs from Minas Morgul meet up with Shagrat's patrol from Cirith Ungol. Together, they find a prize worthy of Lugburz, Sauron's fortress of Barad-dur in the black speech. Elvish, but undersized it looks. A midget? No... a halfling? Yes-- a hobbit! Quickly, the orcs move to take their discovery to the Tower of Cirith Ungol for safekeeping. Samwise Gamgee, barely avoiding detection, follows close behind.

**Gorbag:** Hey Shagrat, I wish to register a complaint.

(Shagrat ignores him)

**Gorbag:** Hey puss-face!

**Shagrat:** What do you mean "puss-face?"

(pause)

**Gorbag:** I'm sorry, I have a cold. I wish to make a complaint!

**Shagrat:** Well, I'm thinking about lunch.

**Gorbag:** Never mind that, Shagrat. I wish to complain about this halfling what we picked up not half an hour ago from Shelob's pit.

**Shagrat:** Oh yes, the-- uh... the furry footed blue thing. What's-- uh... what's wrong with it?

**Gorbag:** I'll tell you what's wrong with it, Shagrat. 'E's dead, that's what's wrong with it!

**Shagrat:** No, no. He-- uh... he's resting.

**Gorbag:** Look, garn you, I know a dead midget when I see one and I'm looking at one right now.

**Shagrat:** No, no... he's not dead. He-- he's just resting. Remarkable halfling, the Furry Footed Blue, idn't it, ay? Beautiful pallor!

**Gorbag:** The pallor has *everything* to do with it. It's stone dead.

**Shagrat:** No-no-no-no, no, no. 'E's resting!

**Gorbag:** All right then, if he's restin', I'll wake him up. (shouting into Frodo's ear) 'Ello, Mister Jolly Hobbitt! I've got a lovely little teacake for you if you--

(Shagrat kicks Frodo)

**Shagrat:** There, he moved!

**Gorbag:** No, he didn't. That was you kicking him!

**Shagrat:** I never!

**Gorbag:** Yes, you did!

**Shagrat:** I never, never did anything...

**Gorbag:** (yelling and slapping Frodo repeatedly) 'ELLO HOBBIT!!! Testing, testing, testing, testing! This is your nine o'clock wake-up call!

(Gorbag thumps Frodo's head on the nearby rock wall, stands the hobbit up, and then watches him fall over)

[thud]

**Gorbag:** Now that's what I call a dead midget.

**Shagrat:** No, no, no... 'e's stunned!

**Gorbag:** STUNNED?!

**Shagrat:** Yeah, you stunned him just as he was wakin' up! Furry Footed Blues stun easily, Gorbag.

**Gorbag:** Um... now look-- now look, Shagrat, I've definitely 'ad enough of this. That halfling is definitely deceased and, when we found it not 'alf an hour ago, you assured me that its total lack of movement was temporary due to it bein' stung by Shelob following a prolonged scuffle.

**Sam:** Wait half a minute... Mr. Frodo isn't dead?

**Shagrat:** Well, he-- he's, ah... probably pining for the smials.

**Gorbag:** PININ' for the SMIALS?!? What kind of talk is that?! Why did he just now fall flat on his back the moment I let him go, then?

**Shagrat:** The Furry Footed Blue prefers keepin' on it's back! Lazy little bugger, id'nit? Lovely pallor!

**Gorbag:** Look... I took the liberty of examining this halfling as we've been marching along and I discovered the only reason that he was even holding his head up in the first place was that he is still half bound with Her Ladyship's cords.

(pause)

**Shagrat:** Well, o'course he's still bound! If I hadn't left him wrapped up, he would have waited 'til we were distracted, made a break for it, and VOOM! Free as a bird!

**Sam:** ...he isn't dead?!

**Gorbag:** VOOM?! Utter bollocks. This halfling wouldn't *voom* if you poured hot lava down his shorts! 'E's bleedin' demised!

**Shagrat:** No, no! 'E's pining!

**Sam:** He... isn't... dead?!?

**Gorbag:** 'E's not pinin', 'e's passed on! This midget is no more! He has ceased to be! 'E's expired and gone to meet the floggin' Valar! 'E's a stiff! Bereft of life, 'e's an orc entree! If you hadn't left 'im bound 'e'd be pushing up the mushrooms! 'Is metabolic processes are now 'istory! 'E's bit the bolt! 'E's kicked the bucket, 'e's shuffled off 'is mortal coil, run up the tower and hugged the bleedin' Dark Lord! THIS IS AN EX-HOBBIT!!!

(pause)

**Shagrat:** Well, I'd better see if I can find another one then.

(Shagrat and his men take another look around the area)

**Shagrat:** Sorry Gorbag, we've had another look 'round and, uh, we're right out of halflings. We did strip this one down, though.

**Gorbag:** I see. I see, I get the picture.

**Shagrat:** I got a lawn gnome.

(pause)

**Gorbag:** Does it have furry feet?

**Shagrat:** No, not really.

**Gorbag:** Well, it's hardly a bloody replacement, is it?!

**Shagrat:** N-no, I guess not.

**Gorbag:** Well.

(pause)

**Shagrat:** (quietly) D'you-- d'you want to come back to my place?

**Gorbag:** Yeah, all right. I thought you'd never ask.

**Sam:** All I had to do... was check for a pulse... or maybe just give him... *mouth to mouth resuscitation*?! Aaaaarrgggghh!!!



**Narrator:** Flying into a homicidal rage, Samwise Gamgee, the gentle gardener from the Shire, slaughters over twenty orcs within mere seconds. Only a badly wounded Shagrat, clutching Bilbo's old mithril shirt taken from Frodo, manages to escape the massacre.

**Shagrat:** He was a mighty warrior of vengeful doom, I'm telling you! Eight feet tall at least with a stinging sword of blue flame! He must be one of those bloody handed elves or maybe a filthy *tark* like those cursed brothers Boromir and Faramir! Run for your lives minions of Mordor! Run!!!

## Scene 10: Battle of the Pelennor Fields

**Narrator:** All hope was fading for the defenders of Minas Tirith. A mighty battering ram enchanted by dark magic was breaking through the supposedly impregnable gates of the city while the outer walls were being overrun. Just as the city began to fall to Sauron's horde, a sound was heard from the north that neither besieger nor defender expected to hear... the wildly blowing battle horns of Rohan.

**Theoden:** Arise! Arise, Riders of Theoden! The enemy is at the very gates of our ally and our lands are to be next! This shall be our day, a red day ere the sun rises! Ride now! Ride now to Gondor!

**Narrator:** Roaring like a breaker foaming to the shore, the Rohirrim rode to battle. All manner of orcs, Easterlings, Southrons, and Haradrim were driven and slaughtered before them. Clearing the northern half of the Pelennor of Sauron's forces and reaching the great Causeway Road that runs from the gate of Minas Tirith to the river, King Theoden calls the knights of his house to him.

**Theoden:** To me! To me, Eorlingas!

[whoosh]

**Rohirrim:** Hh. Uhh. Look out.

[thud]

**Theoden:** Alright then. Deorwine, Fastred, and Widfara, you take the buggers on the left flank. Herubrand, Guthlaf, and I...

[pweeng]

**Rohirrim:** Uhh. Ahh.

**Theoden:** ...will go for the chieftain of the Haradrim.

**Guthlaf:** Right, sire.

**Deorwine:** Oh, hang on a tick.

**Guthlaf:** Yeah.

**Deorwine:** You'll never make it, sire. Let us come with you.

**Theoden:** Do as you're told, man!

**Deorwine:** Of course, Theoden King. Oh, If-- if we-- if we don't meet again, sire, I'd just like to say it's been a-- it's been a real privilege fighting alongside you.

**Theoden:** Yes, well...

**Guthlaf:** Yeah.

**Theoden:** I think this is... hardly the time or place for a good-bye speech, eh? Hah.

**Deorwine:** No. No, me and the lads realize this, sire, but, well...

**Theoden:** Ehh.

**Deorwine:** ...we may never meet again, so... I--

**Theoden:** Yes, all-- all-- all right, Deorwine. Thanks a lot.

**Deorwine:** No, eh, just a moment, sire.

**Guthlaf:** Look out!

[whoosh]

**Deorwine:** You see... me and the lads, we've had a little whip-around. We bought you something, sire.

**Guthlaf:** Ahh.

**Deorwine:** Well, what I really mean is I had the lads roundly whipped until they bought you this... (Deorwine presents Theoden with a large golden shield)



**Guthlaf:** Ah. Hhh.

**Theoden:** Oh. Well, I-- I don't know what to say. It's a-- it's-- it's a lovely thought. Thank you. Uh, thank you all...

[twang]

**Guthlaf:** The honor is ours, sire.

**Theoden:** But--

**Widfara:** You're welcome.

[pweeng]

**Theoden:** But I-- I-- I-- I think we'd better get back in the battle now.

[whoosh]

**Deorwine:** Hang on a tick, sire. We got something else for you as well.

**Guthlaf:** Aah.

**Deorwine:** Uh.

**Rohirrim:** Ah. Ah. Ehh...

[crash]

**Deorwine:** Sorry, it's another shield... there was a bit of a mix-up. Widfara here thought he was buying the present and Herubrand, Guthlaf, and I had already got the other one.

**Theoden:** Well, it's-- it's beautiful. They're both beautiful.

[pweeng whoosh pweeng]

[thunk]

**Widfara:** Aah!

[thud]

**Theoden:** I-- I think we'd better get moving now...

**Deorwine:** Oh, and Fas--

**Theoden:** ...and I'll thank you all properly later on.

**Guthlaf:** Uhh. Ehh.

**Deorwine:** Fastred got this for you as well, sire. He didn't know about the others. It's a buckler. Gondorian.

**Theoden:** Oh, well, now that is thoughtful, Fastred. Good man.

[twang]

**Deorwine:** And there's a card, sire, from all of us. Sorry about the blood.

[whoosh]

**Theoden:** Thank you all.

**Deorwine:** Three cheers for Theoden King. Hip hip--

[pweeng]

**Rohirrim:** Hooray!

**Deorwine:** Hip hip--

**Rohirrim:** Hooray!

**Deorwine:** Hip hip--

[thunk]

**Deorwine:** Oooooh!

**Rohirrim:** Hooray!

**Theoden:** Deorwine! Deorwine!

**Deorwine:** I-- I'll be all right. Oh, there's just... one other thing, sire. Guthlaf, give him the cheque.

**Guthlaf:** Oh, yeah. Uhh.

**Theoden:** Oh, now, this is really going too far.

**Guthlaf:** Oh. I don't seem to be able to find it, sire. Uhh, it'll be with-- be with the supply column. I'll go and get it.

**Theoden:** For Eorl's sake, forget it, man!

[crash]

**Guthlaf:** You shouldn't have said that, sire. You've hurt his feelings now.

**Deorwine:** Don't mind me, Guthlaf. Royalty are all the same. One minute it's all "please" and "thank you," and the next... they'll kick you in the teeth!

**Fastred:** Yeah.

**Deorwine:** (cough)

**Widfara:** Let's not give him the cake.

**Theoden:** I don't want any cake.

**Guthlaf:** Look... Deorwine cooked it specially for you!

**Fastred:** Yeah, he saved his rations for weeks, sire.

**Theoden:** Sorry, I didn't mean to be ungrateful.

**Guthlaf:** Yeah.

**Deorwine:** I'll be all right.

[thunk]

**Deorwine:** (dies) Oh-- Ahh!

**Guthlaf:** Deorwine, Deorwine! Look at him. He worked on that cake like no one else I've ever known. Some nights we would be so saddlesore we could hardly move, but there Deorwine'd be slicing the lemons, mixing the sugar and the almonds. I mean, you try working up batter while on horseback! There's love in that cake. This man's love... and this man's care... and this man's--

[thud]

**Guthlaf:** (dies) ...arrghh!

**Theoden:** By the Helm of Hammerhand!

**Fastred:** You heartless old blighter.

**Theoden:** All right! We will eat the cake! They're right. It's-- It's too good a cake not to eat! Get the... plates and knives, Widfara.

**Widfara:** Yes, sire. How many plates?

**Theoden:** Six.

**Widfara:** Fine.

[slam]

**Widfara:** Aahh!

**Theoden:** Uh.

**Widfara:** (dies) Augh.

**Theoden:** Oh. Better make it five.

**Fastred:** Tablecloth, sire?

**Theoden:** Yes, get the tablecloth.

[thunk]

**Fastred:** (dies) Aaghh!

**Theoden:** No, no, no, no. I'll-- I'll get the tablecloth and you'd better get the gate-leg table, Herubrand.

[crash]

**Herubrand:** Ohh. Aahh! And the little mats, sire?

**Theoden:** Yes!

**Herubrand:** Right away, Theoden King.

**Theoden:** All right. While you're at it, you'd better get a doily!

**Herubrand:** I'll bring two, sire, in case one gets scrumpled.

[twang pweeng whoosh]

**Theoden:** Okay! Eh.

**Narrator:** Tragically, it was at this moment that the dread witch-king, chief servant of Sauron, and head Nazgul Who Says "Ni" crashed the large putrid winged creature that is his steed down on King

Theoden.

**Head Nazgul:** You dumb oversized bat-- Ni! I said "go, go" not "whoa, whoa!"

**Narrator:** Seeing the Nazgul's attack, a young Rohirrim changes direction toward where Theoden lays. Leaping from the saddle, the fearless knight moves to defend the King's body. The knight's horse, Windfola, continues galloping right past the Nazgul's foul smelling mount... giving no notice to the halfling clinging to it's saddle.

**Eowyn:** Begone foul dwimmerlaik, lord of carrion! Leave the dead in peace!

**Head Nazgul:** I beg your pardon... what?

**Eowyn:** Bugger off, eh!

**Head Nazgul:** Ni! Come not between a Nazgul and his prey! Ni! Ni! Ni!

**Eowyn:** Owww! Agh!

**Head Nazgul:** Do you not know the prophecy that foretells no living man shall ever defeat the Nazgul Who Say "Ni?!" Particularly without any shrubbery in sight!

**Eowyn:** (removing her helmet) I am no man, foul wraith. I am Eowyn Eomund's daughter, shield maiden of Rohan!

**Head Nazgul:** Stupid prophecy anyway... you may have a point, but there is one small problem.

**Eowyn:** What is that?

**Head Nazgul:** I am now... no longer a Nazgul Who Says "Ni."

[dramatic chord]

**Head Nazgul:** I am now the Nazgul Who Says "[Ecky-  
ecky-ecky-ecky-pikang-zoop-boing-goodem-zoo-owli-zhiv.](#)"

**Eowyn:** What?!

**Head Nazgul:** Yes... and, as such, in order to defeat me... you must knock down the mighty tower of Barad-dur with... a herring!

**Eowyn:** I shall do no such thing!

**Head Nazgul:** Oh, please!

**Eowyn:** Knock down a tower with a herring? It can't be done.

**Head Nazgul:** Aaaugh! Ohh! Don't say that word.

**Eowyn:** What word?

**Head Nazgul:** I cannot tell... suffice to say, this is one of the words the Nazgul Who Say "Ni" cannot hear.

**Eowyn:** How can I not say the word if you don't tell me what it is?

**Head Nazgul:** Aaaaugh! You said it again!

**Eowyn:** What, "is?"

**Head Nazgul:** Agh! No, not "is." You wouldn't get very far in life not saying "is" even if undead. (Merry suddenly appears out of the surrounding chaos)

**Eowyn:** Merry!

**Merry:** Lady Eowyn! It is good I found you again.

**Head Nazgul:** Now he's said the word!

**Eowyn:** I thought you had left me to ride off to where the battle is thickest.

**Merry:** No, no. Far from it.

**Head Nazgul:** Aaaaugh! He said the word again!

**Merry:** Theoden made me swear to stick by your side or I'd be in for it.

**Head Nazgul:** Aaaaugh!

**Merry:** The ruddy horse just wouldn't stop long enough for me to jump off of it.

**Eowyn:** Well, it is a wonder you made it back to me.





**Head Nazgul:** Aaaaugh! Aaaaugh! Stop saying the word! The word...

**Eowyn:** Oh, stop it!

**Head Nazgul:** ...I cannot hear! Ow! She said it again!

**Eowyn:** We outnumber it two to one, Merry. Let's get him!

**Head Nazgul:** Wait! I said it! I said it! Ooh! I said it again! And there again! That's three times I've said "it!" Ohh!

**Merry:** Right-o, have at it!

[slash]

[chop]

[hack]

**Head Nazgul:** (dies) Aaaaaauuuuuuugh... what a world... what a world...

**Narrator:** With King Theoden avenged by the demise of the Head Nazgul Who Says "Ni," the situation went from bad to worse for the army of Minas Morgul. Prince Imrahil led a sortie from the city with every man of Minas Tirith still able to bear arms. However, it was the unexpected arrival of a fleet of black Umbarian ships filled with Aragorn's army of dead showbiz careers that would cast the final spell of disaster for the forces of Mordor.

**Aragorn:** Listen, friends. Do you see all those ugly people over there that would never possibly get top billing? Acting critics... the whole lot of them!

**Ghostly Army:** *Arrr!*

**Aragorn:** Destroy them and your names shall be assured of appearing in the letterbox widescreen extended edition end credits of this feature!

**Ghostly Army:** *Kill... kill... KILL!!!*

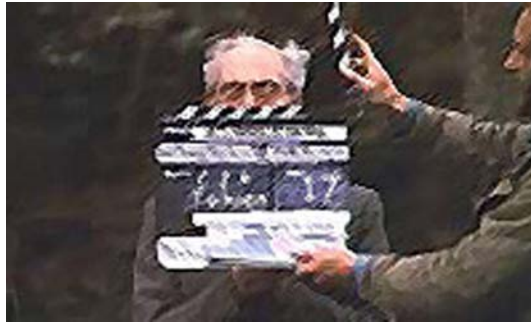
**Narrator:** The undead army proved very adept at overwhelming the war-beasts of the Haradrim... much to the happy relief of the Rohirrim and Gondorians that were getting stomped on by them. Of particular note, in an amazing display of elven dexterity and audacity, Legolas managed to single handedly bring down one of the giant Mumakils himself.



**Legolas:** (sliding down the dying Oliphaunt's trunk) [Yabba dabba doo!](#)

## Narrative Interlude: An Interview With C.J.R. Tolkien

**Narrator:** Picture for Schools featuring Christopher John Reuel Tolkien, take seventeen.



[clack]

**Director:** Action!

**Christopher Tolkien:** After Samwise's valiant rescue of Frodo, the pair made their way into the very heart of Mordor disguised with armor and coverings scavenged from the slain orcs of Minas Morgul and Cirith Ungol. Taking advantage of the broken and twisted landscape of the haunted plain of Gorgoroth, they made their way to the foot of ominous Orodruin... the dread mountain of fire that was their destination. Yet, with each passing step, the burden of the ring became ever more impossibly grievous for Frodo to bear. So great was the evil power of the [One Ring](#) near the cursed place of it's making that it is very telling to know Samwise never returned the pocket change taken from Frodo during the brief time he carried the precious ring. For his part, Frodo never bothered much about what became of his pocket money and afterwards always assumed the orcs must have made off with it. This act would, unfortunately, haunt and gnaw away at the otherwise faithful and steadfast Samwise Gamgee's soul through the many remaining years of his long life...

[clop clop clop]

(what appears to be a Gondorian knight rides up behind C.J.R. Tolkien)

**Christopher Tolkien:** Now, a clue as to exactly how much pocket change was involved may or may not be found in my new upcoming book "The History of Middle-Earth Vol. XXXVII: Grocery Lists, Doodles, Cleaning Receipts, and Other Things my Father Never Possibly Intended to Publish" which will be available at fine bookstores everywhere by the summer of--

**Knight:** Aaah-ha!

[slam]

[hack chop hack]

[clunk]

**C.J.R.'s Wife Baillie:** Chris!



## Scene 11: Lunch Reservations

**Narrator:** With victory on the fields of the Pelennor, the great Captains of the West meet to discuss their next move.

**Gandalf:** We must gather what forces we may and advance against Mordor. There is no other option. Our one frail chance lies in keeping the Eye from seeing his true peril. Whether in wisdom, folly, or drunken delirium brought on by Elrond's best wine, the plain fact is that the [One Ring](#) has been sent into the very heart of Sauron's realm. We must follow the path set before us as we *must* trust that Frodo and Sam are doing the same. I personally believe we will all undoubtedly perish in this diversion. Nonetheless, we must go on as we have begun.



**Imrahil:** The men have gone beyond the limits of mortal endurance and are in dire need of rest and provision. Also, the people of the city desperately need attending to. It will take at least a month to organize such an endeavor.

**Aragorn:** Not to mention that the defenses of the city have been breached. We must at least see to some sort of repair of the main gates though the craftsmanship of Gondor is not what it once was.

**Gimli:** There still is such skill to attend them among my kin in the Kingdom of Dain. You would be well served in seeking the wrights of the Mountain to restore the splendor of Minas Tirith.

**Legolas:** As well as sending for Silvan elves of the Green Wood to cultivate gardens and parks to rekindle life, beauty, and joy here once again.

**Aragorn:** It is plain that an urban planning committee should be assembled with all manner of urgency.

**Gandalf:** But-- but... there is no time for any of that!

**Eomer:** My lords, there is one other minor matter I would bring to your attention, if I may. My sister Eowyn is here and making a speedy recovery in the houses of healing.

**Imrahil:** What does that--

**Gimli:** She is looking for a husband.

**Legolas:** One of noble birth.

(pause)

**Imrahil:** My men will be ready within the hour.

**Gandalf:** There is not a moment to lose.

**Aragorn:** Yes, we flee-- errr... "leave" immediately!

**Narrator:** Moving with amazing speed and order, Aragorn led the host of the West from the city to the Black Café of Mordor in a mere 10 days. The fact that those without horses ran nearly the whole distance certainly helped.



**Narrator:** On a side note, the only man of noble birth left in all of Minas Tirith was the badly wounded Faramir who, coincidentally, was placed in the room next to Eowyn's in the houses of healing.

**Eowyn:** (whispering softly) Hello handsome... I understand you are the new Steward of Gondor, yes?

**Faramir:** Who-- Where-- What are you doing?!

**Eowyn:** Just rubbing in a little Athelas ointment. Your wounds are most grievous and the Lady Eowyn is here to make it *all* better.

**Faramir:** Mmph! [gulp] Ahhh... ohhhh. [gasp] Stop that at once... you-- you-- naughty...

**Eowyn:** Shhh... do lie still, my Lord Faramir, or you will do yourself a mischief.

**Faramir:** Oh Eru! [sob] Have mercy...

**Narrator:** Arriving at the Black Café, Gandalf was relieved to hear that Aragorn had thought ahead and used the palantir to call for reservations.

**Maitre D:** Ah, good afternoon, monsieurs, and welcome to ze Restaurante Morannoni. How are we today?

**Aragorn:** Fine, thank you. We have a lunch reservation for "Strider and Warparty."

**Maitre D:** (consulting a notepad) A thousand pardons, but you do not appear to be on ze list... do you have a confirmation number?

**Aragorn:** A what?

**Maitre D:** A confirmation number, monsieur.

**Aragorn:** I wasn't given any blasted number!

**Maitre D:** I do apologize most sincerely, but I am afraid zat I can not let you in.

**Gandalf:** Is there someone in management we can speak to?

**Maitre D:** Oh, monsieur, I assure you zat I am ze Maître D'bouche Sauron. You could try leaving a complaint with ze Dark Lord himself, but I do confess he is most indisposed with jewelry shopping at ze moment.

**Aragorn:** Then you leave us no choice but to gain entry by force!

**Imrahil:** My liegelord Aragorn, I would caution that the staff of this establishment alone outnumber our forces.

**Eomer:** Not to mention that the waiters of Restaurante Morannoni are one of the rudest and most feared fighting forces in all of Middle Earth.

**Gandalf:** Which, naturally, is why Sauron uses them in this manner to guard the main entrance to his land.

**Aragorn:** Fine. I see we have no option but to withdraw for now.

**Maitre D:** Thank you so much. So nice to see you and I do hope very much we will see you again very soon. Au revoir, monsieurs!

**Gimli:** Please tell me you didn't make me wear a tie for nothing.

**Legolas:** A bath wouldn't have been amiss with you either. Still, I am very disappointed that we didn't even get a chance to look at a menu. I hear the appetizers here are to die for.

**Gimli:** Heh. Perhaps you could have ordered the lot of them mixed up in a bucket to go?

**Legolas:** No chance of that. One can never be sure if they are skimping on the pate that way, you know.

**Gandalf:** Aragorn! I have a plan.

(later)

[saw saw saw saw saw saw saw saw saw saw]

[clunk]



[bang]  
[rewrrr]  
[squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak]  
[rrrr rrrr rrrr]  
[drilllll]  
[sawwww]  
[clunk]  
[crash]  
[clang]  
[squeak squeak squeak squeak]  
[creak]

**Wait Staff:** (whispering) Allo? C'est un lapin, lapin de bois. Quoi? Un cadeau. What? A present. Oh, un cadeau. Oui, oui. Hurry. What? Let's go. Oh. On y va. Bon magne. Over here...

[squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak]  
[clllank]

**Aragorn:** What happens now?

**Gandalf:** Well... now, uh, Legolas, Gimli, and I wait until nightfall. Then we leap out of the rabbit... taking the Maitre D and his foul waitrons by surprise. Not only by surprise, but with unhindered access to that cursed reservations list!

**Aragorn:** Who leaps out?

**Gandalf:** Uh-- uh-- uh... Legolas, Gimli, and I-- uh... leap out of the rabbit-- uh... and-- uh...

**Aragorn:** Ohh.

**Gandalf:** Oh. Um, I-- look... if we built this large wooden badger--

[clank]

[twong]

**Aragorn:** Run away!

**Army of the West:** Run away! Run away! Run away! Run away!

**Pippin:** Oh bugger. Now why didn't I just stay back in Gondor with Merry?



[CRASH]

**Gimli:** Pippin!

**Wait Staff:** Oh, haw haw haw haw! Haw! Haw haw heh...

**Maitre D:** To arms, mes amis, destroy ze uncouth defilers of our 5 star café!

**Pippin:** (underneath the wreckage of the wooden rabbit) We. Are. So. Screwed.

## Scene 12: Expecting the Unexpected

**Narrator:** Having made their way to the fiery mountain of Orodruin, Samwise struggles valiantly to carry Frodo to the very entrance of the Sammath Naur... the Chambers of Fire where the One Ring was forged. Entering within, as with Isildur so long ago, all that is left to seal the Dark Lord's doom is but to cast the ring down among the eternally raging fires of the volcano's abyss.

**Frodo:** On second thought, I think I will keep the ring.

**Sam:** Pardon?

**Frodo:** I do not choose to do the task we came here for. The [One Ring](#) is mine.

**Sam:** (thoroughly puzzled) I don't understand what you're saying, Mr. Frodo. This can't be right.

**Gollum:** (jumping out of the shadows) Wicked masster! Wicked masster cheats us, cheats poor Smeagol-- gollum! Give it to Smeagol, yesss, give the Precious to usss!

**Sam:** Back off, stinker, neither of you should have it. The ring is altogether evil and *must* be destroyed!

**Frodo:** So both of you would take it from me?! I really didn't expect some kind of Khandish Inquisition--

[jarring chord]

(a side door flies open and Cardinal Ximinez of the Variags enters, flanked by junior Cardinals Biggles and Fang)



**Ximinez:** *Nobody* expects the Khandish Inquisition! Our chief weapon is surprise... surprise and fear... fear and surprise. Our two weapons are fear and surprise... and ruthless efficiency. Our *three* weapons are fear, surprise, and ruthless efficiency... and an almost fanatical devotion to the Dark Lord. Our *four*... no... *amongst* our weapons... amongst our weaponry... are such elements as fear, surprise-- I'll come in again.

(exit and exeunt)

**Frodo:** I didn't expect some kind of Khandish Inquisition.

[jarring chord]

(the cardinals burst in again)

**Ximinez:** *Nobody* expects the Khandish Inquisition! Amongst our weaponry are such diverse elements as fear, surprise, ruthless efficiency, an almost fanatical devotion to Sauron, and nice red uniforms--

(freeze scene)

**Narrator:** (with on screen caption) IN THE LATER YEARS OF THE THIRD AGE, TO COMBAT THE RISING TIDE OF SENSIBLE FASHION STYLES AND GOOD DENTAL HYGIENE AMONG HIS ENEMIES, THE DARK LORD SAURON GAVE CARDINAL XIMINEZ (THE

VARIAG RULER OF THE LAND OF KHAND) LEAVE TO MOVE WITHOUT LET OR HINDRANCE THROUGHOUT MIDDLE EARTH IN A REIGN OF VIOLENCE, TERROR, AND TORTURE THAT KIDS TODAY THINK MAKES A SMASHING GOOD FILM. THIS WAS THE *KHANDISH INQUISITION...*

(scene unfreezes)

**Ximinez:** Now, Frodo Baggins! You are accused of heresy on three counts: heresy by thought, heresy by word, heresy by deed, and, most obviously, heresy by action. Four counts. Do you confess?

**Frodo:** I rather didn't understand any of that, actually.

**Sam:** We're innocent!

**Ximinez:** Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

(superimposed caption: DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER)

**Biggles:** We'll soon change your minds about that!

(superimposed caption: DIABOLICAL ACTING)

**Ximinez:** Yes! We shall make you understand the error of your ways! Biggles, fetch... *The Cushions!*

[jarring chord]

(Biggles holds out two ordinary household cushions)

**Biggles:** Here they are, lord.

**Ximinez:** Now, hobbit... you have one last chance. Confess the heinous sin of flossing, reject the clothing fashion trends of the elves... *two* last chances. Relinquish the ring... *three* last chances, that's three, and you shall be free... *four* last chances. You have four last chances, the nature of which I have divulged in my previous utterance.

**Frodo:** (shrug) I really don't know what you're talking about.

**Ximinez:** Right! If that's the way you want it... Cardinal! Poke him with the soft cushions!

(Biggles ruthlessly pokes Frodo with the cushions)

**Ximinez:** Confess! Confess! Confess!

**Biggles:** It doesn't seem to be hurting him, lord.

**Ximinez:** Have you got all the stuffing up one end?

**Biggles:** Yes, lord.

**Ximinez:** (angrily hurling away the cushions) Hmmm! This halfling is made of sterner stuff! Cardinal Fang, fetch... *The Comfy Chair!*

[jarring chord]

**Fang:** (horrified) The-- the... Comfy Chair?

(Biggles pushes in a really plush comfy chair)

**Ximinez:** So you think you are strong because you can survive the soft cushions? Well, we shall see. Biggles, put him in the Comfy Chair!

(Frodo is roughly pushed into the Comfy Chair)

**Ximinez:** (with a cruel leer) Now... you will stay in the Comfy Chair until lunch time with only a cup of tea at eleven. (aside to Biggles) Is that really all it is?

**Biggles:** Yes, lord.

**Ximinez:** I see. I suppose we make it worse by shouting a lot, do we? Confess, hobbit. Confess! Confess! Confess! Confess!

**Biggles:** I confess!

**Ximinez:** Not you!

(Gandalf bursts in)

**Gandalf:** No, no, NO-- stop at once! This is silly.

**Ximinez:** What's silly?

**Gandalf:** The whole premise is silly and it's very badly written. I'm the senior Istari at hand and I should already be rescuing Frodo and Sam with the help of the giant eagles I just parked outside. You've wasted far too much time with this nonsense, so I'm stopping it.

**Ximinez:** You can't do that!

**Gandalf:** I've done it. The Inquisition scene is over.

**Biggles:** But please, sir, what if we promise to hurry things along a bit?

**Gandalf:** Look, I simply can NOT be arsed... your parts are over, so get out of shot. Good. Director! Close up. Zoom in on--  
(camera starts to zoom in on Gandalf)

**Gandalf:** Wait for it!

(camera zooms back out)

**Gandalf:** Right. Zoom in on Frodo and Gollum.

(camera zooms in)

**Gandalf:** (off screen) That's better.

**Ximinez:** (off screen) The general public's not going to understand this, are they?

**Gandalf:** (off screen) Shut up! Now, let's see here... quick version. Frodo puts on the ring.

**Frodo:** (invisible) The ring is mine forever! Muwahaha! Top of the world, ma! All shall love me and despair!

**Sam:** (off screen) Are there honestly any fangirls left that don't?

**Gandalf:** (off screen) Shhh! But Gollum manages to grab hold of Frodo and bite off the finger wearing the Ring.

**Frodo:** Ow!!! That bloody damn well hurt!

**Gandalf:** (off screen) Unfortunately for Gollum, his crazed victory dance causes him to topple right over the brink of the chasm and into the fiery depths of Orodruin.

**Gollum:** (oblivious and gleefully happy) Precious! My Preciousss, O my Pre--  
[sploit]

(a short deathly silent pause and then, suddenly, Orodruin erupts in violent catastrophic fury)

**Gandalf:** That's that, then. Time to go!

(the giant eagles Gwaihir and Landroval fly off carrying Gandalf and the two hobbits to safety)

**Biggles:** (off screen) Those wankers just up and left us here!

**Fang:** (off screen) I call "dibs" on dying in the comfy chair.

**Ximinez:** (off screen) Well, I must admit I didn't expect this.





## Scene 13: Charge!

**Narrator:** Drums roll as all the doors of the Dark Lord's Restaurante Morannoni are thrown open. Rapidly, the dread waitrons of the Black Café stream forth to surround the upstart Army of the West. Out of the gathering black clouds overhead, the eight remaining Nazgul Who Say "Ni" arrive on their foul winged beasts to join in the anticipated coming slaughter.

**Aragorn:** (looking around desperately) Where in blazes has Gandalf gone off to?!

**Eomer:** He just left with some eagle friends of his that dropped by. He was cursing, very inventively I might add, about something or other taking to long.

**Narrator:** It was at that moment Sauron's doom struck home.

**Sauron:** I can't believe I didn't see this com-- Ulk!

[KAABOOOMMM]

**Narrator:** The ground shook and buckled as if an overwhelming wave roared and crashed throughout all of Mordor. The mighty feasting rooms of Restaurante Morannoni tottered and caved in. Even the renowned *al fresco* dining area crumbled apart as the Black Café collapsed in total ruin. Beyond, in the far distance, vast spires of fire leaped from Mount Doom while the mighty fortress of Barad-dur was torn asunder.

**Maitre D:** Ze Café is gone! C'est impossible... mes amis, save what you can!

**Aragorn:** Now is our chance, we shall attack at once!

**Imrahil:** Yes, my liegelord!

**Aragorn:** Stand by for attack!

[exciting music]



[music stops]

[silence]

**Maitre D:** Ohhh, ce qui dommage...

**Aragorn:** Today the blood of many a valiant knight of Gondor and Rohan shall be avenged. In the name of the sacred Valar...

**Maitre D:** Over here, Gaston. Go get ze cleaning woman... tuit suite!

**Aragorn:** ...we shall not stop our fight until every servant of Sauron lies dead and the black lands of Mordor are cleansed of his foul taint!

**Maitre D:** (crying pitifully) Ze moules marinières... pate de foie gras... tart de pomme... crêpe Madame Boyens... ruined! Tout est perdu, tout est perdu...

**Aragorn:** Ready then-- CHARGE!

**Army of the West:** Huzzah!

[police sirens]

**C.J.R.'s Wife Baillie:** Yes, they're the ones. I'm sure.

**Inspector:** Come on. Anybody armed must go, too.

**Officer Duggan:** All right. Come on. Back.

**C.J.R.'s Wife Baillie:** Get that one!

**Inspector:** Right, keep your hands on the car please--  
What have we here, eh?!

**Officer Carr:** Back. Right away. Just... pull it off.  
Come on. Come along.

**Inspector:** Put the elf in the van.

**Officer Smith:** Clear off. Come on.

**Legolas:** With whom?!

**Inspector:** Which one?

**Officer DeVille:** Oh-- this one.

**Inspector:** Come on. Put him in the van too.

**Officer Keli:** Get a blanket.

**Officer Gardner:** We have no hospital.

**Random:** Ahh.

[squeak]

**Random:** Ooh.

**Officer Dannenberg:** Come on. Back. Riiight back. Come on!

**Officer O'Toole:** Run along! Run along!

**Officer Givings:** Pull that off. My, that's an offensive weapon, that is.

**Officer Carey:** Come on. Back with 'em. Back. Right. Come along.

**Inspector:** Everything?

[squeak]

**Officer Burluson:** All right, shorty. That's enough. Just pack that axe in.



[crash]

**Gimli:** Flûk!

(meanwhile, flying past high above)

**Frodo:** So, the quest is finally at an end and there is one bloody hell of a mess to clean up. What else could possibly happen to us now?

**Gandalf:** I'll tell you what... listen to this.

**Frodo:** Okay...

[music]

**Gandalf:** Whenever you wish for the end, dear friend,  
And things seem hard or tough,

[swish]

When friends and foes alike are stupid or daft,  
And you feel that you've had quite enough...

[boom]

(singing)

Just remember that you escaped on an eagle, unlike Smeagol,  
Who just roasted in a burning lake of fire,

But since this movie is quite long, we leave off with this song,  
And just skip the whole "scouring of the Shire."  
Riding here with me and your old pal Sam Gamgee,  
We can still recap the story as I sing,  
In an effort to define you as the one we all admire,  
For destroying the power of the Ring.

[whoosh]

Our fellowship itself, comprised a dwarf and an elf,  
Who playfully fought in battles side by side.  
Four hobbits we had indeed, a bit over-fond of pipeweed,  
Two of which caused such mischief I could scarce abide.  
With Boromir and his horn, and the true King Aragorn,  
We wouldn't have had a full set without including me,  
And together we've been on a crazed record breaking ride,  
In this amazingly lucrative trilogy.

[boom]

[swirl]

The gaze of the Eye kept on searching and searching,  
In all of the directions his ring could be.  
Hence we put on quite a show, since we parted ways, you know,  
A grand theatric ruse, while you were the peril it failed to see.  
So remember, though you can only count to nine on your hands,  
How amazingly valuable is your worth.  
Just pray there are good endorsement deals in the undying lands,  
'Cause there's bugger over here in Middle Earth!

[whoomp]

**Sam:** So... can I have Bag End, then?

**Frodo:** Yeah, alright.

## Narrative Conclusion: Appendix G

**Narrator:** The appendixes at the conclusion of the Red Book of Westmarch go on aimlessly about ancient royal lineages, contradictory chronologies, the extended family tree of every hobbit that managed to be at Bilbo's eleventy-first birthday party, comparative calendar systems, and an exhaustive discussion of the proper pronunciation and grammar of nearly every language used in Middle Earth. Rather than ramble our way through all that drivel in this re-telling, let us skip straight ahead to what all of you *really* want to know. Namely, what became of the nine companions that comprised the Fellowship of the Ring after the successful completion of their quest. Please note that, since this is an appendix, we shall go about it alphabetically to show no favoritism or displeasure, actual or implied, of a particular member of the Fellowship.



### Aragorn

(aka: *Strider, Estel, Elessar Telcontar, Envinyatar, The True King, etc...*)

As part of an agreement with Master Elrond for the posting of bail money, Aragorn married Arwen Evenstar and rightfully claimed the throne of Gondor. This particular move, becoming King, was useful in protecting him with diplomatic immunity from any further legal action. It's good to be the King, but taking yet another new name surely didn't hurt considering the problems Middle Earth's police forces had with updating paperwork in those days.

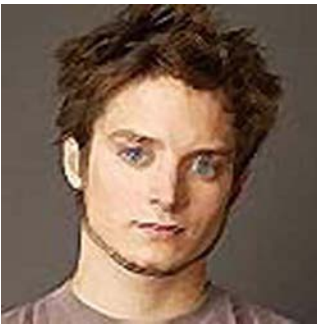
Though truly blessed and beloved in his iron-clad eternally binding marriage to Elrond's daughter Arwen, Aragor-- errr... I mean... "Elessar" was very personally disappointed to discover that elves only have sex once every seven years no matter how fond of kissing, hugging, and ear fondling they are. Worse still, elven women seem to virtually lose all interest in such vulgar expressions of affection entirely after the birth of their first child. One must admit that this does go far in explaining the extreme rarity of human-elf relationships in the long annals of Middle Earth history... not to mention why there never seemed to even remotely be enough elves around given their lifespans. There is only one recorded instance when this particular "frustration" is known to have actually influenced the King's capacity to make decisions in any way. That was when Elessar sent Faramir, Steward of Gondor, off to Ithilien as Lord of Eryn Arnem along with his new bride Lady Eowyn of Rohan because, and I quote, "those two going at it like bleeding rabbits all ruddy day and all ruddy night is driving me raving mad!"

King Elessar Telcontar would also become renowned late in life for his raising of exceptional horses. This interest certainly served to further bring the kingdoms of Rohan and Gondor closer together. Elessar's most prized stallion after the passing away of Hasufel was one called Hidalgo... the name translating roughly from Sindarin as "one who runs with great urgency across very hot sand for no particularly good reason."



### **Boromir**

Unbeknownst to his compatriots, or even his dear brother Faramir, Lord Boromir did not die after going over the Falls of Rauros. Nor did he die after being stung and strung upside down by the loathsome spider Shelob in her lair of Torech Ungol. It came to pass that Boromir was eventually discovered by a group of orc children who immediately nicknamed the proud warrior "Mr. Piñata." Sadly, after a few wild birthday parties in Cirith Ungol, no further mention, sighting, or rumor of Boromir is ever again made.



### **Frodo Baggins**

Having paid the heaviest price of any of the hobbits on the quest, Frodo tried afterwards to retire in peace and quiet at Bag End to write this Tale of the Ring. He also spent many a long hour desperately trying to make sense of Bilbo's incomplete scribblings.

Deciding one day to leave several months in advance for the Havens of Mithlond to await completion of the ship being built to take him to the undying lands, Frodo gave Bag End and all his remaining wealth to the newlyweds Sam Gamgee and Rosie Cotton. Only in the undying lands would he ever fully be healed of the terrible hurts inflicted on him during his time as Ring-bearer and Frodo could hardly wait to get there.

While staying in a small beach house on the Gulf of Lune, Frodo continued working on his composition and even found time, with the aid of a discarded wooden board from Cirdan's shipyard, to invent a pastime known as "wave riding." This rapidly caught on with many of the younger elves living near the Grey Havens and together they even developed a peculiar language of terms to use with this new sport upon the water. Frodo himself was always regarded as the best of the wave riders even given the wondrous dexterity of his elven friends. It is a matter of record in numerous sources of the time how infamous he was among them for his "hang nine" maneuver while "threading the eye" of a "choice wave."

During one "righteous" day of wave riding, Frodo befriended a dolphin of unusually keen intelligence whom he lovingly named Flipper. It is a testament to Flipper's loyalty to Frodo that the dolphin followed the ship carrying Frodo, Bilbo, Elrond, Galadriel, and Gandalf all the way to the undying lands and there did happily reside near it's shores and wave riding friend forever more.



## **Gandalf**

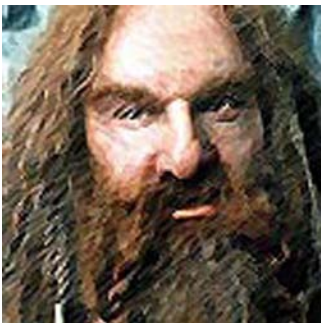
(aka: *Mithrandir, Tharkun, Olorin, and several others names no longer remembered*)

With his labors finally complete and still having a good bit of time to kill before leaving Middle Earth, Gandalf started a highly successful delivery service aided by the Great Eagles of the Misty Mountains. If you needed to get something from Edoras to Minas Tirith and it absolutely *had* to be there overnight, FEDEX (First Eagle Delivery Express) was the way to go.

Unfortunately, FEDEX became heavily in demand and the Eagles of the North unionized after only a few months to demand higher wages and a better veterinary plan. Rather than give in, Gandalf closed the business and sold off his client list to his fellow wizard Radagast the Brown's struggling parcel delivery service. You may have heard his motto, "what can Brown do for you?"

It was shortly after closing FEDEX that Gandalf launched another very successful commercial endeavor with a chain of bistros selling "Middle Earth's Largest Buffalo Wings!" It was at this time that several scholars noted an alarming decrease in the population of northern eagles. Coincidentally, soon after the last of the Great Eagles disappeared from the Misty Mountains, Gandalf closed his eateries citing "problems with our supplier."

While consequently being sought out for serious questioning by Eriador's Animal Species Protection and Conservation Agency (ASPCA), Gandalf was last seen looking for a fast ship heading west.



## **Gimli**

After helping see to the repair of Minas Tirith, Gimli returned to Helm's Deep in Rohan to fully explore the Glittering Caverns of Aglarond. At his suggestion, the Rohirrim of the Deeping Coomb held a spring music festival there after a heavy rainstorm threatened to cancel the festivities. In a bizarre combination of the lighting effects of the caves, Gimli's combat move inspired dancing, and the harmonic stylings of a new bardic group called the B and G's... "Diskho" was born.

Catching on like wildfire, the Diskho music craze kept Gimli busy hosting dance and music competitions as well as overseeing the production of glittering stone Diskho balls for export to feast halls throughout Middle Earth. Unfortunately, or *thankfully* depending upon your taste, Diskho proved to be a relatively short lived fad and Gimli eventually found himself in need of something else to do.

Working for a while as an assistant to the famed archeologist Irensaga Jones, Gimli was directly responsible for the recovery of many lost artifacts from the 2nd Age before teaming up with Legolas Greenleaf once more.



## **Legolas**

Having heard for the first time the crying of gulls while traveling with Aragorn and Gimli through the seaward lands of Lebennin, the ancient and mystic sea-longing of his people stirred within Legolas's elven breast. Naturally, he answered the call and turned pirate. Receiving a letter of Marquis from King Elessar, Legolas signed on with a ship in Pelargir called the Black Silmaril to attack and pillage the enemies of Gondor.

So fierce was the Black Silmaril in battle that it became legendary in Umbar and Harad as a deadly ghost ship crewed by undefeatable phantoms. All stuff and nonsense, of course, but there is no denying the contribution the vessel played in finally breaking the power of the southern Corsairs and allowing Gondor to reclaim control of Umbar from the Haradrim.

Meeting up by chance with his old friend Gimli, Legolas convinced the dwarf to join him in seeing if they could follow a strange nautical compass that Gimli had found on one of his archeology expeditions. Supposedly the key to finding the treasure horde of a long lost empire or some such, the compass was odd in that it didn't point north.

Legolas and Gimli were last seen sailing off into the mists aboard the Black Silmaril.



## **Meriadoc Brandybuck and Peregrin Took**

(aka: *Merry and Pippin*)

For two hobbits that started this tale as mere comedic relief, Merry and Pippin did extraordinarily well for themselves. Merry had won great honor and esteem among the Riders of Rohan who named him Holdwine in their language. A hobbit with the name "hold wine" might seem redundant, but it would always be a source of pride for him. Merry wedded Estella Bolger and later succeeded his father Saradoc as Master of Buckland.

As for Pippin, having been knighted by King Elessar for his services to Gondor, it was often wondered by hobbits who saw him regularly whether he ever took his fancy arms and armor off even to sleep. He eventually married Mistress Diamond of Long Clevee and managed to become one of the greatest Thains in Shire history.

Together, Merry and Pippin invested heavily in their lifelong love of pipeweed, effectively taking over and expanding the industry. This was an extremely profitable move on their part that went wonderfully for several decades... right up until a research study was released by the houses of healing in Minas Tirith directly linking the smoking of pipeweed to several serious health ailments.

The avalanche of lawsuits seeking damages was mindboggling, overwhelming, and assuredly bankrupting.

The duo headed to the Havens looking for a boat heading west, but found they had missed the last one by several years. Making their way to Minas Tirith, Merry and Pippin spent their final days living quite happily in the company of King Elessar and Queen Arwen. Of course, the law King Elessar enacted at the beginning of his reign forbidding any member of a law enforcement organization other than his Tower Guards from ever gaining entry into his palace may have had a lot to do with that.



### **Samwise Gamgee**

(aka: *Sam*)

There are few examples of loyalty, devotion, and faithfulness recorded in all of hobbit lore to equal those displayed by Samwise Gamgee, steadfast companion and dearest friend of Frodo Baggins. Yet even after all the fame and glory his noble deeds rightly earned him, Sam returned home and humbly took back up his beloved craft of horticulture. Discovering the magical properties of the magic dust given to him by Galadriel of Lothlorien (see "box of soil" [MP:FotR Scene 13](#)), Sam toiled throughout the Shire. To the astonishment of all, Sam's labors blossomed the following year with a summer of extraordinary beauty and plenty causing Samwise to be revered among hobbits as the greatest gardener to ever live.

Sam married Rosie Cotton who bore him thirteen children, the eldest of which was Elanor the Fair who became a handmaid of Queen Arwen in Gondor. Though he did not intentionally seek public office, a side effect of being held in great esteem by his fellow hobbits resulted in Sam's election as Mayor of Michel Delving no less than seven times. Even a scandal involving the "sniffing" of the remaining magic elven dust during his second term failed to undo his popularity.

**Sam:** Whoa! Everything is so... *greeeeen*.

In 1434, Shire Reckoning, King Elessar made the Mayor, Sam, the Master of Buckland, Merry, and the Thain, Pippin, all Counselors of the North-kingdom. However, these appointments seem mostly to have just been an excuse for the hobbits to get away from home on occasion and attend lavish parties.

**Sam:** Hoy now... you can hardly fault us for that. After thirteen kids, have you *seen* the size of Rosie's hips?! I'm ready to follow Mr. Frodo to the undying lands in a rowboat if I have to!

It should come as no surprise, given his amazing dedication to Frodo and all, that Sam was last seen heading west out to sea in a rowboat.

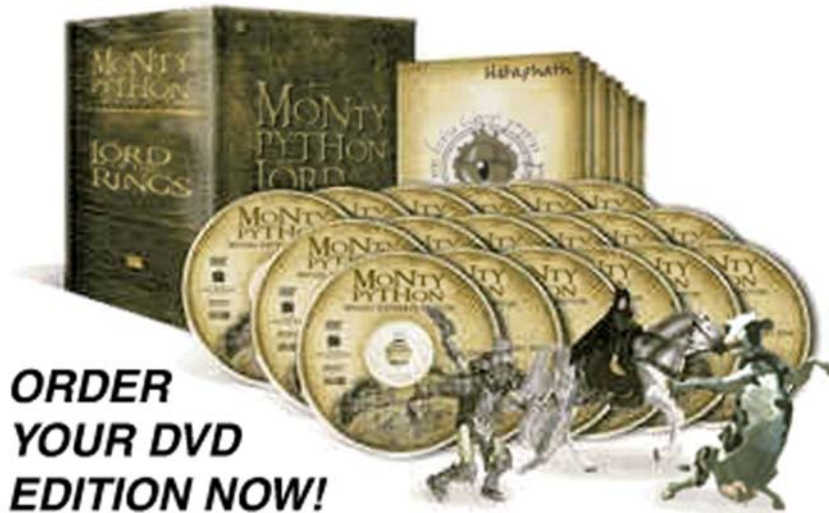


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**Merry:** Wait-- WAIT! This can't be the end... I haven't gotten to do a musical number yet!

**Pippin:** What are you going on about, Merry?

**Merry:** You know, a musical number. You got to do one and it clearly states in my contract that the comedy relief shall be treated equally in all ways.

**Pippin:** Well, go ahead then. It's not like anyone ever bothers to look at all the appendix nonsense that authors tack on to the end of a series like this anyway.

**Merry:** Ahem. Mee, mee, mee...

[music]

Rohan, Rohan, Rohan,  
The country where rider's horns call,  
Raiding, camping, or feasting,  
In the great golden hall.  
Rohan, Rohan, Rohan,  
The women there are so tall.  
You're so near to Isen,  
So far from Mordor,  
Quite a long way from Harad,  
To many miles to Gondor.  
Rohan, Rohan, Rohan,  
You make me saddlesore.  
You're so sadly neglected,  
And often ignored,

When conquest is planned,  
By an evil overlord.  
Rohan, Rohan, Rohan,  
The land where I am adored.  
Your horses so swift,  
Your prairies of grass,  
Rohan, Rohan, Rohan,  
You kick Gondor's ass.

**Pippin:** Hey!

**Merry:** (ignoring Pippin) Rohan, Rohan, Rohan,  
The country no orc shall pass.

Your horses so swift,  
Your prairies of grass,  
Rohan, Rohan, Rohan,  
You kick Gondor's ass,  
Yes, you kick Gondor's ass.

**Pippin:** Humph. Feel better now?

**Merry:** Yeah, a fair bit.

**Pippin:** Good. Time to go get us a few pints at the Green Dragon.

**Merry:** Too right, Pip!

**James Haines:** You know, I'd just like to say that there are many people in the world today who, through no fault of their own, are sane. Some of them were born sane. Some of them became sane later in their lives. It is up to people like me and anyone crazy enough to have got through all this, since we are obviously out of our tiny little minds, to try and help these people overcome their sanity. You can start in small ways with ping-pong ball eyes and a funny voice and then you can paint half of your body purple and the other half green and then you can jump up and down like a sugar-high ferret in a bowl of treacle going "Poing, Poing, Poing" and then you can go "Ni! Ni!" and then you can roll around on the floor going "Eowyn, Arwen, Eowyn, Arwen" or--

[SMACK]

**James Haines:** Really now... that was *entirely* uncalled for! I didn't expect a kind of Khandish Inquisition--

(audience reacts expectantly)

(cut to the Prancing Pony Inn)

(the three members of the Khandish Inquisition suddenly burst out of the front door and run frantically toward the west gate of Bree)

[closing theme music]

(the trio of Cardinals leap into a carriage pulled by 6 very large black horses)

**Ximinez:** Two-- errr, three to XenoCorp please.

(superimposed credits start rolling past)

**Biggles:** Look, they've started the credits.

**Ximinez:** Hurry. Hurry. Hurry.

**Biggles:** Come on, hurry. Hurry!

(the carriage careens wildly through the Shire)

**Ximinez:** There's the animation credit, only five left.

(the frantic bumpy ride throws the members of the Khandish Inquisition around the inside of the carriage)

(the credits reach the producer)

**Ximinez:** Bloody hell, it's the producer-- quick!

(they leap out of the carriage and into [XenoCorp](#))



(cut to the [forum](#))

(they burst in)

**Ximinez:** *Nobody* expects the Khandish--



**Ximinez:** Oh bugger!