

===== TEMPLATE ONLY =====

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

The Fellowship of the Ring
- Extended Edition -

Original Screenplay by
Fran Walsh &
Philippa Boyens &
Peter Jackson

Based on the novels by J.R.R. Tolkien

===== TEMPLATE ONLY =====

<https://www.tk421.net/lotr/film/>
[https://github.com/martamusikmaschine/lord-of-the-rings-
screenplay](https://github.com/martamusikmaschine/lord-of-the-rings-screenplay)

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Scene 1
Prologue: One Ring to Rule Them All...

EXT. PROLOGUE - DAY

GALADRIEL

I amar prestar aen...
The world is changed.
Han mathon ne nen...
I feel it in the water.
Han mathon ne chae...
I feel it in the Earth.
A han noston ned gwilith...
I smell it in the air.
Much that once was is lost. For none now
live who remember it.
It began with the forging of the great
rings.
Three were given to the Elves, immortal,
wisest and fairest of all beings.
Seven to the Dwarf lords, great miners
and craftsmen of the mountain halls.
And nine, nine rings were gifted to the
race of Men - who above all else, desire
power.
For within these rings was bound the
strength and will to govern each race.
But they were all of them deceived, for
another ring was made.
In the land of Mordor, in the fires of
Mount Doom, the Dark Lord Sauron forged
in secret a master ring, to control all
others.
And into this Ring, he poured his
cruelty, his malice, and his will to
dominate all life. One Ring to rule them
all.

Sauron is shown at the Crack of Doom, masked and clothed in
metal armor, wearing the One Ring on his right hand.
The Ring begins to glow and a red inscription appears.

Villagers flee from burning homes as the army of Sauron
begins its attack on the inhabitants of Middle-Earth.

GALADRIEL

One by one, the free lands of Middle-
Earth fell to the power of the Ring. But
there were some who resisted. A last
alliance of Men and Elves marched
against the armies of Mordor, and on the
slopes of Mount Doom they fought for the
freedom of Middle-Earth.

Vast armies of Men, Elves and Orcs assemble on a battlefield.

The Elves and Humans regard their enemies as the Orcs snarl back.

The Orcs attack the Alliance, rushing across the field that separates the two armies. An Elven lieutenant gives the command to the Elven archers to engage.

ELROND

Tangado haid! Leithio i philinn!

[Hold positions! Fire arrows!]

The Elves raise their bows and release arrows at the oncoming Orcs, knocking down the first line of Orcs. As the wave of the Orc infantry reaches the first line of the Elven troops, the Elves swing their swords up, slicing the Orcs, one after the other down the line. The Elves and the Men are fully engaged in combat, taking down many of the Orc troops. The leader of Men raises his sword in triumph.

GALADRIEL

Victory was near.

But the power of the Ring could not be undone.

It was in this moment, when all hope had faded, that Isildur, son of the King, took up his father's sword.

Sauron, the enemy of the free-peoples of Middle-Earth, was defeated.

Sauron strides onto the battlefield, towering over both Elves and Men.

Sauron wields a mace, hitting a group of warriors and sending them flying across the field. He repeats it with another fell swoop. The leader of Men raises his sword to strike Sauron, but Sauron parries the blow and flings him against the rock, crushing him to death.

Horried, one of the Men rushes to the fallen warrior.

Isildur grasps the hilt of the sword, but Sauron stomps it down, shattering it.

Sauron, with the Ring on his finger, reaches down towards Isildur.

Isildur lets out a battle cry and strikes Sauron's hand with the shard of the sword, slicing the finger that bears the One Ring. Sauron lets out a cry as the Ring is separated from him.

Sauron implodes, sending a shock wave throughout the battlefield, knocking the warring troops off their feet. His armor falls unto the ground, his body vaporized.

GALADRIEL

The Ring passed to Isildur, who had this one chance to destroy evil forever. But the hearts of Men are easily corrupted. And the Ring of Power has a will of its own.
It betrayed Isildur...
... to his death.
And some things that should not have been forgotten were lost.

Isildur, proudly wearing the Ring of Power on a chain round his neck, returns from the battle. On the way, his troop is attacked by a band of Orcs. In the fighting, Isildur grabs the chain and snaps it, putting the Ring on his finger, and immediately vanishes. Isildur dives into the river. But the Ring slips off his finger and falls down to the river bottom. Isildur, visible again, is spotted by Orcs and shot by arrows. His body floats down the river.

GALADRIEL

History became legend, legend became myth, and for two and a half thousand years, the Ring passed out of all knowledge. Until, when chance came, it ensnared a new bearer.

A small hand, scrabbling on the river-bed, comes across a round metal object, and closes its fingers around it.

GOLLUM

My Precious.

A hand, gnarled, twisted and filthy, opens its palm to reveal the Ring.

GALADRIEL

The Ring came to the creature Gollum, who took it deep into the tunnels of the Misty Mountains. And there, it consumed him.

The Misty Mountains come into view. The scene changes to reveal a midden of decayed fish flesh and bones. Beyond them, Gollum crouches with his treasure.

GOLLUM

It came to me, my own, my love, my own, my precious! Gollum!

GALADRIEL

The Ring brought to Gollum unnatural long life. For five hundred years it poisoned his mind. And in the gloom of Gollum's cave, it waited. Darkness crept back into the forest of the world. Rumor grew of a shadow in the east, whispers of a nameless fear, and the Ring of Power perceived its time had now come. It abandoned Gollum. But something happened then the Ring did not intend. It was picked up by the most unlikely creature imaginable.

The Ring bounces slowly down a chasm in the rocks of Gollum's cave.
A human-like creature, scrabbling amongst the bones and scree in the cave, comes across the ring.

BILBO

What's this?

GALADRIEL

A Hobbit: Bilbo Baggins of the Shire.

BILBO

A ring!

Bilbo gazes in delight and wonder at his new find.

GOLLUM

Lost! My precious is lost!

Bilbo hears Gollum's shrieks, and gets to his feet. He puts the Ring in his pocket.

Scene 2
Concerning Hobbits

The Misty Mountains fade from view as a map appears, moving slowly across the landscape to reveal the length and breadth of Middle-Earth.

BILBO (V.O.)
Ahrrmm... The twenty-second day of
September in the year fourteen-hundred,
by Shire-reckoning. Bag End, Bagshot
Row, Hobbiton, Westfarthing, the Shire,
Middle-Earth. The Third Age of this
world.

INT. BAG END STUDY - DAY

The interior of Bag End appears. Organic, rounded and compact in nature, it is the home of a well-to-do, settled but rather untidy person. Books and maps are piled up in every room, spilling over shelves, on the floor, anywhere they can find a spare space, alongside firewood and assorted homely utensils.

Bilbo is seated at his desk in the study at Bag End. His clothes are well-made but carelessly worn. He has his back to view and is writing something in a large book.

BILBO
There and Back Again. A Hobbit's Tale,
by Bilbo Baggins.
Now... where to begin? Ah, yes.

Bilbo turns the title page over to start on a new page. He pauses and takes a puff from his pipe. He dips his pen and resumes his writing.

BILBO
'Concerning Hobbits.'

EXT. HOBBITON - DAY

Images of the Shire and its inhabitants appear as Bilbo speaks. In the market square, Hobbits gather to look over the latest wares, present their stock, and share a drink. In the fields, cows are being milked, pathways swept clean, and animals grazed.

One of the Hobbits seems intent on removing a parasite from his ear.

BILBO (V.O.)
Hobbits have been living and farming in
the four Farthings of the Shire for many
(MORE)

BILBO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
hundreds of years. Quite content to ignore and be ignored by the world of the Big Folk - Middle-Earth being, after all, full of strange creatures beyond count. Hobbits must seem of little importance, being neither renowned as great warriors, nor counted among the very wise.

Bilbo pauses and chuckles to himself at the image.
A knock sounds at his door.

BILBO
Frodo! Someone at the door!

Bilbo resumes writing.

EXT. HOBBITON - DAY

A hobbit, making eyes at and preparing to kiss a lady, is distracted by a tray of passing food. He grabs a large cake, stuffing it into his mouth. The lady does not get her kiss. Images of a party preparation in a field begin are shown. A party banner is erected in the field, to much applause and cheers.

BILBO (V.O.)
In fact, it has been remarked by some that the Hobbits' only real passion is for food.
A rather unfair observation, as we have also developed a keen interest in the brewing of ales, and the smoking of pipe-weed. But where our hearts truly lie is in peace and quiet, and good tilled earth. For all Hobbits share a love of things that grow.
And yes, no doubt, to others our ways seem quaint.
But today, of all days, it is brought home to me, it is no bad thing to celebrate a simple life.

More knocking is heard at the door.

BILBO
Frodo! The door!
Sticklebacks! Where is that boy? Frodo!

The knocks become louder and more insistent.

Scene 3
The Shire

EXT. HOBBITON WOODS - DAY

BILBO (O.S.)

Frodo!

A young hobbit is sitting beneath a tree in the woods, reading a book. He hears a male voice singing.

GANDALF

(humming)

Down from the door where it began. And I
must follow if I can.

The hobbit closes his book and stands, listening. Recognizing the voice, he smiles then runs to the road. An old man, wearing a gray cloak and a pointy hat, is driving a horse-drawn cart filled with fireworks and such.

GANDALF (CONT'D)

(singing)

The road goes ever on and on,
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the road has gone,
And I must follow if I can...

EXT. SHIRE LANE - DAY

FRODO

(folding his arms)

You're late!

The old man does not look at the hobbit at first, and then turns slowly, with an annoyed expression on his face that begins to twitch.

GANDALF

A wizard is never late, Frodo Baggins.
Nor is he early. He arrives precisely
when he means to.

Both he and Frodo slowly begin to grin and crack up into laughter.
Frodo leaps onto cart and hugs the old man.

FRODO

It's wonderful to see you Gandalf!

GANDALF
(laughs)
Ooh! You didn't think I'd miss your
Uncle Bilbo's birthday?

EXT. HOBBITON FIELDS - DAY

Gandalf resumes his drive towards Hobbiton.

GANDALF
So, how is the old rascal? I hear it's
going to be a party of special
magnificence.

FRODO
You know Bilbo. He's got the whole place
in an uproar.

GANDALF
Well, that should please him!

Gandalf chuckles.

FRODO
Half the Shire's been invited. And the
rest of them are turning up anyway.

They laugh. The cart makes its way past the fields of bright
crops, over the bridge by an old mill, and past the market
square.

BILBO (V.O.)
And so, life in the Shire goes on, very
much as it has this past Age... full of
its own comings and goings, with change
coming slowly, if it comes at all.
For things are made to endure in the
Shire, passing from one generation to
the next. There's always been a Baggins,
living here under the Hill... in Bag
End.

INT. BAG END STUDY - DAY

Bilbo stops writing again and looks up, thoughtful.

BILBO
And there always will be.

EXT. HOBBITON FIELDS - DAY

The cart begins to climb up a gradual slope towards

Gandalf's destination. The hillside and the surrounds are lush and verdant.

FRODO

To tell you the truth, Bilbo's been a bit odd lately. I mean, more than usual. He's taken to locking himself in his study. He spends hours and hours poring over old maps when he thinks I'm not looking.

Bilbo tosses aside the maps he's been studying and sighs. He puts his hands in his pockets. Suddenly an expression of alarm comes over his face, as he digs urgently into his pockets and turns them out, becoming more frantic.

BILBO

Where's it gone?

He starts to turn the house over, desperately searching. Finally he digs deeper into his waistcoat pocket, and with a huge sigh, pulls out the object and closes his palm over it, closing his eyes in relief.

FRODO

(back in the cart)

He's up to something.

Frodo glances at Gandalf, but the wizard is non-committal and just stares deliberately at the scenery.

FRODO

All right then keep your secrets.

GANDALF

Hrrmmph.

FRODO

But I know you have something to do with it.

GANDALF

Good gracious me!

FRODO

Before you came along we Bagginses were very well thought of.

GANDALF

Indeed?

FRODO

Never had any adventures or did anything unexpected.

GANDALF

If you're referring to the incident with the dragon, I was barely involved. All I did was give your uncle a little nudge out of the door.

FRODO

Whatever you did, you've been officially labeled a disturber of the peace.

GANDALF

Oh really?

As the cart drives past, Hobbit children are drawn to the sight of the old wizard and his cart. They run behind the cart, shouting.

HOBBIT CHILDREN

Gandalf! Gandalf! Fireworks? Gandalf?
Awwww.

A grumpy old hobbit with a grim look is raking his yard. His wife comes out. She looks on in disapproval. Gandalf pretends to ignore the children. They come to a halt as the cart keeps on going away. Fireworks go off from the cart. The hobbit children cheer and Gandalf laughs. The grumpy hobbit chuckles, but the grumpy old hobbitwife gives a nagging look to the grumpy hobbit. The grumpy hobbit restores his grumpy look.

FRODO

Gandalf, I'm glad you're back.

GANDALF

So am I, dear boy! So am I.

Outside Bag End, Gandalf stops his cart.

GANDALF

Whoa, whoa.

He gets down and goes through the gate which bears a sign saying: 'No admittance except on party business.'

Scene 4
Very Old Friends

Gandalf knocks on the door with his staff.

BILBO
No thank you! We don't want any more
visitors, well-wishers or distant
relations!

GANDALF
And what about very old friends?

Bilbo opens the door.

BILBO
(amazed)
Gandalf?

GANDALF
Bilbo Baggins!

BILBO
My dear Gandalf!

Bilbo gives Gandalf a hug.

GANDALF
Good to see you! One hundred and eleven
years old - who would believe it? You
haven't aged a day.

Bilbo and Gandalf laugh as Bilbo bids Gandalf inside.

BILBO
Come on, come in! Welcome, welcome! Oh,
here we are.
Tea? Or maybe something a little
stronger?
I've got a few bottles of the Old
Winyard left. Twelve ninety-six - very
good year. Almost as old as I am!
Hahaha!
It was laid down by my father. What say
we open one, eh?

Bilbo hangs up Gandalf's hat and disappears down the
corridor on his hunt for refreshments.

GANDALF
Just tea, thank you.

Gandalf, bent double, backs into the chandelier. He steadies
it, but then bumps his head onto the beam and utters an
'Ooooff'.

Nursing the pain he enters Bilbo's study and sees the map of the Lonely Mountain mounted on a frame. He picks it up to examine it.

Meanwhile, Bilbo is pottering around in the kitchen.

BILBO

I was expecting you sometime last week!
Not that it matters, you come and go as
you please. Always have done and always
will. You caught me a bit unprepared,
I'm afraid. We've only got cold chicken
and a bit of pickle... Oh, there's some
cheese here - oh no, that won't do. Err,
we got raspberry jam and an apple
tart... Not much for afters, I'm afraid.
Oh, no - we're all right! I've found
some sponge-cake. I could make you some
eggs if you like - oh. Gandalf?

GANDALF

Just tea, thank you.

BILBO

(with mouthful of sponge-
cake)

Oh, right! You don't mind if I eat, do
you?

GANDALF

Oh no, not at all.

Gandalf sits down on a chair just inside the kitchen
entrance. There is a knocking on the door.

LOBELIA

(shouting)

Bilbo Baggins!

BILBO

(whispers)

I'm not at home!

He tiptoes up to the front window and peers out to identify
the unwanted visitor.

BILBO (CONT'D)

It's the Sackville-Bagginses!

LOBELIA

(outside)

I know you're in there!

BILBO

They're after the house. They've never forgiven me for living this long! I've got to get away from these confounded relatives hanging on the bell all day, never giving me a moment's peace! I want to see mountains again, mountains Gandalf! And then find somewhere quiet where I can finish my book. Oh, tea!

Still with his sponge-cake, Bilbo disappears into the kitchen.

Bilbo puts down his cake and stares out his window while Gandalf tries to make himself comfortable at Bilbo's hobbit-sized table.

Bilbo hurries to prepare the tea.

GANDALF

So, you mean to go through with your plan, then.

BILBO

Yes, yes. It's all in hand. All the arrangements are made. Oh, thank you.

Gandalf lifts up the lid of a tea pot, Bilbo starts to pour water into it.

GANDALF

Frodo suspects something.

BILBO

'Course he does. He's a Baggins! Not some block-headed Bracegirdle from Hardbottle.

GANDALF

You will tell him, won't you?

BILBO

Yes, yes.

GANDALF

He's very fond of you.

BILBO

I know. He'd probably come with me if I asked him. I think, in his heart, Frodo's still in love with the Shire: the woods, the fields... little rivers. I'm old, Gandalf. I know I don't look
(MORE)

BILBO (CONT'D)

it, but I'm beginning to feel it in my heart.

I feel thin - sort of stretched, like butter scraped over too much bread.

I need a holiday - a very long holiday - and I don't expect I shall return. In fact, I mean not to!

Bilbo chuckles.

Gandalf's gaze is drawn downwards to Bilbo's waistcoat pocket as the Hobbit's fingers begins to fidget with something inside it.

Gandalf frowns.

Bilbo sits down wearily at the table.

Evening falls on Hobbiton. Bilbo and Gandalf sit peacefully smoking pipe outside Bag End. Below them, in the party field, sounds of laughter and revelry float up from a growing crowd of Hobbits preparing for their evening's entertainment. Torches and candles light a festive scene and everywhere food is rapidly filling up the space on wooden trestles.

BILBO (CONT'D)

Old Toby. The finest weed in the Southfarthing.

Ahh! Gandalf, my old friend. This will be a night to remember!

Bilbo blows a large ring of smoke which hangs gently in the still air. Gandalf sucks his cheeks in and out, blows a majestic, full-rigged ship that he blows through the ring.

Scene 5
A Long-expected Party

The party is in full swing; the fireworks are going off and festivities are well underway. Some hobbits come in, staggering under the load of a huge birthday-cake, candles already lit.

Others, including Frodo, are dancing to music being played by the band.

Sam casts sidelong glances at a hobbit-lass dancing.

BILBO
(greeting his guests
inside the marquee)
Hello, hello, Fatty Bolger, lovely to
see you! Welcome, welcome!

Frodo takes a break from dancing to join Sam.

FRODO
Go on Sam! Ask Rosie for a dance!

SAM
I think I'll just have another ale.

FRODO
Oh no you don't! Go on!

He pushes Sam to the dance floor and into Rosie's arms. Frodo laughs aloud.

GANDALF
(setting off a firework)
Whoa!

Fireworks explode over the party field, a huge glittering umbrella in the night sky which changes into spears and whizzes away into the distance. Bilbo is telling stories to the hobbit children gathered at his feet.

BILBO
There I was, at the mercy of three
monstrous trolls! And they were all
arguing amongst themselves about how
they were going to cook us, whether it
be turned on a spit or whether they
should sit on us one by one and squash
us into jelly.
They spent so much time arguing the
with-ers and why-fors, that the sun's
first light cracked over the top of the
trees - poof!
And turned them all to stone!

A cute hobbit child gasps and shakes her head.
 Hobbit Children gasp.
 Gandalf, laughing, returns from his cart with more fireworks.
 A young hobbit appears from behind the tent, signaling his friend to get onto Gandalf's cart.

MERRY

Quickly!

Gandalf releases a busy shower of firework butterflies, to the amusement of the hobbit children, who try to catch them.

GANDALF

Whoa! Up they go.

MERRY

No, no the big one, big one.

The second Hobbit grabs a huge red firework and disappears inside the tent.
 His friend nonchalantly chews an apple, and strolls after him.
 Bilbo is still greeting guests. One of them seems to have an inexhaustible supply of children.

BILBO

Mrs. Bracegirdle, how nice to see you!
 Welcome, welcome. Are all these children yours?
 Good gracious. You have been productive!

Mrs. Bracegirdle laughs and nods.
 Mrs Bracegirdle passes on. Bilbo's ears are assailed by a familiar strident voice.

SACKVILLE-BAGGINS

Bilbo?

BILBO

S-S-Sackville-Bagginses!
 Quickly! Hide!
 Thank you my boy.
 You're a good lad, Frodo.
 I'm very selfish, you know. Yes, I am.
 Very selfish... I don't know why I took you in after your mother and father died, but it wasn't out of charity. I think it was because, of all my numerous relations, you were the one that showed real... spirit.

He grabs Frodo and they head into another corner of the tent.

Frodo and Bilbo hole up behind a tent fold as the Sackville-Bagginses search for him, and then retreat, baulked of their prey. Bilbo breathes a huge sigh of relief. He sighs again and Frodo chuckles quietly. Bilbo then becomes more serious. Frodo stares at his uncle, perturbed by the change of tone.

FRODO

Bilbo, have you been at the Gaffer's home brew?

BILBO

No. Well, yes. But that's - that's - not the point. The point is, Frodo - you'll be all right.

The two hobbits inside the tent have managed to get their firework ready to light up.

PIPPIN

Done.

He lights the fuse.

MERRY

You're supposed to stick it in the ground!

PIPPIN

It is in the ground.

They pass it to and fro like a hot potato.

MERRY

Outside!

PIPPIN

It was your idea!

Just then the firework explodes upwards, throwing them on to the ground and taking the tent up with it. High above the crowd, it bursts into the shape of a flaming dragon, turns and swoops slowly towards the merrymakers. The hobbits make a hurried attempt to get out of the way.

HOBBIT

Look at that!

Frodo's face is lit momentarily by the dragon's flame. He shepherds Bilbo out of the way.

FRODO

Bilbo? Bilbo, watch out for the dragon!

BILBO

Dragon? Nonsense! There hasn't been a dragon in these parts for a thousand years...

Frodo pushes Bilbo to the ground. The dragon swoops low over the hobbits' heads, flies off and bursts into a beautiful finale over the lake. Hobbits clap and cheer. The two Hobbits, now covered in soot, gaze proudly at their accomplishment.

MERRY

That was good!

PIPPIN

Let's get another one!

Gandalf comes up behind them and grabs them each by their ear.

HOBBITS

Aah!

GANDALF

Meriadoc Brandybuck, and Peregrin Took.
I might have known.

Merry and Pippin, under Gandalf's eye, are washing the piles of plates.

Under the party tree, the other Hobbits are gathered.

HOBBITS

Speech, Bilbo! Speech!

FRODO

Speech!

BILBO

My dear Bagginses and Boffins, Tookes and Brandybucks, Grubbs, Chubbs, Hornblowers, Bolgers, Bracegirdles and Proudfoots.

Bilbo cheers.

OLD PROUDFOOT HOBBIT

Proudfeet!

Hobbits laugh. Bilbo waves dismissively.

BILBO

Today is my one hundred and eleventh birthday!

HOBBITS

Happy birthday!

HOBBIT

Happy birthday!

BILBO

Alas, eleventy-one years is far too short a time to live among such excellent and admirable hobbits. I don't know half of you half as well as I should like, and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve. I, uh, I h-have things to do. I've put this off for far too long.

Bilbo cheers abound.

There is a dead silence from the crowd. They gaze at each other blank-faced, trying to figure out if they were just insulted. Gandalf smiles.

Bilbo fidgets with the Ring behind his back. Whispers to himself.

BILBO (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

I regret to announce - this is the End.
I am going now. I bid you all a very fond farewell.

BILBO (CONT'D)

(whispers to Frodo)

Goodbye.

Bilbo puts the Ring on and vanishes.

HOBBITS

Ooh!

Scene 6
Farewell Dear Bilbo

We follow the sound of footsteps as their invisible owner heads for home. At Bag End, the front door opens and then shuts again, as if by magic. Inside the hall, Bilbo reappears.

BILBO
Hahahahaha!

Bilbo flips the ring, catches it and puts it in his pocket.

GANDALF
(appearing in the
parlour)
I suppose you think that was terribly
clever.

BILBO
Come on Gandalf! Did you see their
faces?

GANDALF
There are many magic rings in this
world, Bilbo Baggins, and none of them
should be used lightly.

BILBO
It was just a bit of fun! Oh you're
probably right, as usual. You will keep
an eye on Frodo, won't you?

GANDALF
Two eyes - as often as I can spare them.

BILBO
I'm leaving everything to him.

He starts to pack various items into his travel pack.

GANDALF
What about this ring of yours, is that
staying too?

BILBO
Yes, yes. It's in an envelope over there
on the mantelpiece.
No, wait, it's - here in my pocket.
Heh, isn't that, isn't that odd though?
Yet, after all why not? Why shouldn't I
keep it?

GANDALF

I think you should leave the ring behind, Bilbo. Is that so hard?

BILBO

Well no... and yes!
Now it comes to it, I don't feel like parting with it, its mine, I found it, it came to me!

GANDALF

There's no need to get angry.

BILBO

Well, if I'm angry, it's your fault!
It's mine! My own, my precious.

Bilbo caresses the ring.

GANDALF

Precious? Its been called that before, but not by you.

BILBO

Argh! What business is it of yours what I do with my own things!

GANDALF

I think you've had that Ring quite long enough.

BILBO

(puts up his fists)
You - want it for yourself!

GANDALF

Bilbo Baggins!
Do not take me for some conjurer of cheap tricks. I am not trying to rob you. I'm trying to help you.
All your long years we've been friends. Trust me as you once did, hmm? Let it go.

The very air seems to shake as Gandalf draws himself up to full height. His voice thunders throughout Bag End. Bilbo starts weeping. He stumbles towards Gandalf, who embraces him gently.

BILBO

You're right Gandalf, the Ring must go to Frodo. It's late, the road is long. Yes, it is time.

Bilbo collects up his travel packs and assorted cooking

utensils and hoicks them onto his back. He takes up a walking stick and prepares to go out the front door. Bilbo opens the door.

GANDALF
Bilbo...

BILBO
Hmm?

GANDALF
The Ring is still in your pocket.

BILBO
(sheepish)
Oh, yes...

Bilbo pulls out the Ring from his pocket. He stares at it on his palm, then slowly allows it to slip off his palm. It lands on the floor with a heavy thud. Bilbo runs out the door, goes a few paces, then stops and lifts his head. He looks relieved. An owl hoots.

BILBO (CONT'D)
I've thought up an ending for my book.
'And he lived happily ever after, to the
end of his days.'

Bilbo turns to Gandalf at the door.

GANDALF
And I'm sure you will my dear friend.

BILBO
Good bye, Gandalf.

GANDALF
Good bye, dear Bilbo.

Their hands clasp. Bilbo goes out by the gate, and starts down the road, singing.

BILBO
The road goes ever on and on, down from
the door where it began...

GANDALF
Until our next meeting.

Scene 7
Keep It Secret, Keep It Safe

Gandalf re-enters Bag End. His hand hovers over the Ring, about to pick it up, but stops short when the Eye of Sauron flashes in his mind.
Gandalf rises and sits himself by the fireplace.

VOICE OF BILBO
Its mine, my own, my precious!

GANDALF
Riddles in the Dark.

The smoke from Gandalf's pipe drifts up, obscuring his face. Frodo is heard entering Bag End.

FRODO
Bilbo! Bilbo!

Frodo opens the door and sees the Ring on the floor. He stoops to pick it up.

GANDALF
My precious.
Precious...

Frodo notices Gandalf smoking by the fireplace, approaches him.

FRODO
He's gone hasn't he? He talked for so long about leaving. I didn't think he'd really do it.
Gandalf?

GANDALF
Hmm?
Bilbo's ring. He's gone to stay with the Elves. He's left you Bag End...
... along with all his possessions. The ring is yours now. Put it somewhere out of sight.

Gandalf smiles at Frodo, noticing the Ring in Frodo's hand. He holds the envelope open, Frodo slips in the Ring, and Gandalf seals the envelope.
Gandalf gets up to leave, collecting his hat and staff.

FRODO
Where are you going?

GANDALF

There are some things that I must see to.

FRODO

What things?

GANDALF

Questions. Questions that need answering.

FRODO

But you've only just arrived! I don't understand.

Gandalf stops his hurried exit and looks back at Frodo.

GANDALF

Neither do I.

Keep it secret. Keep it safe.

Gandalf leaves Bag End. Frodo looks at the envelope in his hand.

Scene 8

The Account of Isildur

A huge tower appears, rearing up against the night sky. Rivers of fire from a neighbouring volcano pour around its foundations as an army scurries to build it even higher. A tortured scream breaks the air.

GOLLUM
Shire! Baggins!

Huge gates at a different tower open slowly outward. On horseback, nine cloaked figures ride out.

Day has come. In the distance, a smoking volcano belches out ash and fire into a dark sky. Gandalf, on a white horse, comes to a halt on a hill and watches. Closer to Gandalf's position is a white-towered city, set against a mountain range. Gandalf heads towards it. With the help of a librarian, Gandalf goes deep into the city and finds himself in a dark room, covered from floor to ceiling in books and ancient scrolls. He shuffles through them. Eventually he sits down with a glass of wine and begins to read by the flickering candlelight.

GANDALF

'The Year thirty-four thirty-four of the Second Age. Here follows the account of Isildur, High King of Gondor and the finding of the Ring of Power.'

'It has come to me, the One Ring. It shall be an heirloom of my kingdom. All those who follow in my bloodline shall be bound to its fate for I will risk no hurt to the Ring. It is precious to me, though I buy it with great pain.'

'The markings upon the band begin to fade. The writing, which at first was as clear as red flame, has all but disappeared. A secret now that only fire can tell.'

Isildur, lying on the ground, stares at the Ring on Sauron's severed finger. He reaches out to grab it, crushing the burnt finger to char.

The Ring in Isildur's fingers seems to shrink.

Back in the Shire, a Hobbit is chopping wood in front of his home at nightfall. His dog, alerted to a stranger's presence, barks incessantly, then backs off, whimpering, and retreats into the house. A huge shadow crosses the house as the stranger draws nearer. A horse neighs and stamps the ground. Its hoofs are nailed, its hair matted and bloody. Its eyes are blood-red. The black rider turns to look at the

Hobbit. No eyes are visible inside its cowl.

BLACK RIDER

Shire. Baggins.

HOBBIT

Baggins. There's no Bagginses 'round
here! They're up in Hobbiton, that way!

The Hobbit points.

The Black Rider gallops off.

Scene 9
At the Green Dragon

Inside the Green Dragon, Hobbits are engaged in drinking and singing. Tankards in hand on the table-top, Merry and Pippin are dancing.

MERRY AND PIPPIN

(singing)

Hey ho, to the bottle I go!
To heal my heart and drown my woe.
Rain may fall and wind may blow.
But there still be -
many miles to go!
Sweet is the sound of the pouring rain,
and the stream that falls from hill to
plain.
Better than rain or rippling brook...

Pippin finishes off solo.

PIPPIN

... is a mug of beer inside this Took!

At a nearby table, some Hobbits are engaged in serious discussion.

FIRST HOBBIT

There's been some strange folk crossing
the Shire. Dwarves, and others of a less
than savoury nature.

GAFFER

War is brewing. The mountains are fair
teeming with goblins.

He continues to expound on his theme of doom to the others. Sam, opposite, takes a pull of his pipe and looks at Rosie behind the bar. She gives him a huge smile.

SECOND HOBBIT

Far-off tales and children's stories,
that's all that is. You're beginning to
sound like that old Bilbo Baggins.
Cracked, he was.

GAFFER

Young Mister Frodo, here, he's cracking!

Gaffer laughs.

FRODO

And proud of it! Cheers, Gaffer!

SECOND HOBBIT

Well, it's none of our concern what goes on beyond our borders. Keep your nose out of trouble, and no trouble'll come to you.

Frodo merely smiles and raises his tankard.
Frodo and Sam are preparing to leave. Rosie stands at the door, wiping a tankard.

ROSIE

Good night, lads.

SAM

Good night.

Frodo and Sam continue on their way. Behind them, an intoxicated Hobbit gives Rosie an exaggerated bow.

INTOXICATED HOBBIT

Good night, sweet maiden of the Golden Ale!

SAM

Mind who you're sweet talking.

FRODO

Don't worry, Sam. Rosie knows an idiot when she sees one.

SAM

Does she?

Frodo and Sam stagger to Bag End and part ways.

FRODO

Good night Sam.

SAM

Good night, Mister Frodo.

Scene 10
The Shadow of the Past

Frodo comes up the steps and opens his front door. Inside, Bag End is unlit, but papers and curtains are flapping in the breeze, indicating open windows. Frodo enters cautiously.

There seems to be no sign of life, but a hand descends on his shoulder from behind. Frodo jumps, gasps and turns. It is Gandalf. He looks wild and dishevelled.

GANDALF

Is it secret?! Is it safe?!

Frodo opens a chest in the hallway and rummages through it, tossing out scrolls and other items in the process. He finds the sealed envelope he left there.

FRODO

Ah!

What are you doing?!

Frodo hands Gandalf the envelope.

Gandalf snatches it and throws it on the fire.

The envelope is rapidly consumed by the flames, revealing the Ring inside. Gandalf gets a pair of tongs and picks up the Ring as Frodo watches.

GANDALF

Hold out your hand Frodo, it's quite cool.

What can you see? Can you see anything?

He drops the Ring on Frodo's hand. It seems to weigh the Hobbit's hand down. Gandalf stands up and turns away from the fire.

FRODO

(turning the Ring over
and over between his
fingers)

Nothing. There's nothing...

Gandalf sighs in relief, and then his eyes narrow as Frodo corrects himself.

FRODO (CONT'D)

Wait. There are markings.

It's some form of Elvish. I can't read it.

Faint glowing runes start to appear on the band. A voice whispers, as if the Ring is speaking to him. The runes are reflected on Frodo's face as he tries to puzzle them out.

GANDALF

There are few who can. The language is that of Mordor, which I will not utter here.

FRODO

Mordor?

GANDALF

In the common tongue it says, 'One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them. One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them.'

Frodo and Gandalf sit down in the kitchen with tea. The Ring lies on the table between them.

GANDALF (CONT'D)

This is the One Ring. Forged by the Dark Lord Sauron in the fires of Mount Doom. Taken by Isildur from the hand of Sauron himself.

FRODO

Bilbo found it. In Gollum's cave.

GANDALF

Yes. For sixty years the Ring lay quiet in Bilbo's keeping, prolonging his life, delaying old age. But no longer Frodo. Evil is stirring in Mordor. The Ring has awoken. It's heard its master's call.

FRODO

But he was destroyed! Sauron was destroyed.

The Ring whispers softly in the Black Speech. Alarmed, both Frodo and Gandalf stare at it.

GANDALF

No, Frodo. The spirit of Sauron endured. His life force is bound to the Ring, and the Ring survived. Sauron has returned. His Orcs have multiplied. His fortress at Barad-Dûr is rebuilt in the land of Mordor. Sauron needs only this Ring to cover all the lands of a second darkness. He is seeking it, seeking it - all his thought is bent on it. The Ring yearns above all else to return to the hand of its master. They are one, the Ring and the Dark Lord. Frodo, he must never find it.

Frodo stands up and grabs the Ring. He walks down the corridor.

FRODO

All right, we put it away. We keep it hidden. We never speak of it again. No one knows it's here, do they? Do they Gandalf?

GANDALF

There is one other who knew that Bilbo had the Ring. I looked everywhere for the creature Gollum. But the enemy found him first.
I don't know how long they tortured him. But amidst the endless screams and inane babble, they discerned two words...

In the chambers of Barad-Dûr, Gollum's tortured body writhes.

GOLLUM

(shrieking)
Shire! Baggins!

FRODO

Shire. Baggins. But that would lead them here!

Two Black Riders thunder down a moonlit road. A Hobbit holds up his lantern at the sound of the approaching horses.

HOBBIT

Who goes there?

One of the Riders brings down his sword and scythes it directly at the Hobbit.
Back at Bag End, Frodo holds out the Ring to Gandalf.

FRODO

Take it Gandalf! Take it!

GANDALF

No, Frodo.

FRODO

You must take it!

GANDALF

You cannot offer me this Ring!

FRODO
I'm giving it to you!

GANDALF
Don't tempt me Frodo! I dare not take it. Not even to keep it safe. Understand Frodo, I would use this Ring from a desire to do good. But through me, it would wield a power too great and terrible to imagine.

FRODO
But it cannot stay in the Shire!

GANDALF
No! No, it can't.

Frodo closes the Ring inside his palm and looks up at Gandalf.

FRODO
What must I do?

Frodo flings items into his backpack to prepare for his journey.

GANDALF
You must leave, and leave quickly.

FRODO
Where? Where do I go?

GANDALF
Get out of the Shire. Make for the village Bree.

He throws a neatly-rolled up shirt to Frodo. Frodo grabs it, unrolling the bundle in the process, and stuffs it into his bag, along with some food.

FRODO
Bree. What about you?

GANDALF
I'll be waiting for you, at the Inn of the Prancing Pony.

FRODO
And the Ring will be safe there?

GANDALF
I don't know Frodo. I don't have any answers. I must see the head of my order. He is both wise and powerful.
(MORE)

GANDALF (CONT'D)

Trust me Frodo, he'll know what to do.
You'll have to leave the name of Baggins
behind you, for that name is not safe
outside the Shire.
Travel only by day. And stay off the
road.

He helps Frodo into his cloak.
Frodo is ready. He smiles at Gandalf.

FRODO

I can cut across country easily enough.

GANDALF

My dear Frodo. Hobbits really are
amazing creatures! You can learn all
that there is to know about their ways
in a month, and yet after a hundred
years, they can still surprise you.

GANDALF (CONT'D)

(hears rustling of the
leaves)

Get down!

Frodo drops to the floor. Gandalf goes to the window, peers
out cautiously then gives the bushes a whack with his staff.
An 'Oofff!' is heard from the object of the whack. Gandalf
drags the offender up by his hair and plops him onto the
table.

GANDALF (CONT'D)

Confound it all Samwise Gamgee! Have you
been eavesdropping?!

SAM

I haven't dropped no eaves sir, honest.
I was just cutting the grass under the
window there, if you follow me.

GANDALF

A little late for trimming the verge,
don't you think?

SAM

I heard raised voices.

GANDALF

What did you hear? Speak!

SAM

N-n-n-nothing important. That is I heard
a good deal about a Ring and a Dark Lord
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
 and something about the end of the world
 but... Please, Mister Gandalf sir, don't
 hurt me. Don't turn me into anythin' -
 unnatural.

GANDALF
 Nooooo?
 Perhaps not. I have thought of a better
 use for you...

Gandalf turns a conspiratorial gaze upon Frodo.

Early dawn on the following morning, Gandalf, Frodo and Sam
 make their way along the road. Sam, encumbered with pots and
 pans, puffs along behind Gandalf's horse.

GANDALF (CONT'D)
 Come along Samwise, keep up!
 Be careful both of you. The enemy has
 many spies in his service: birds,
 beasts.
 Is it safe?
 Never put it on, for the agents of the
 Dark Lord will be drawn to its power.
 Always remember, Frodo, the Ring is
 trying to get back to its master. It
 wants to be found.

They enter a more heavily forested area and some dense
 undergrowth.

Gandalf turns to Frodo.

Frodo pats his vest pocket.

Gandalf rides off, leaving Frodo and Sam in the forest. They
 stare at each other. Eventually Frodo sighs, takes up his
 stick and continues on their journey. Sam follows.

Frodo and Sam trek along the countryside, making their way
 across streams, over hills and through meadows.
 Eventually they find themselves before a cornfield. Frodo
 walks through the corn. Sam following behind, stops besides
 a large scarecrow.

SAM
 This is it.

FRODO
 This is what?

SAM
 If take one more step, it'll be the
 farthest away from home I've ever been.

FRODO

Come on Sam. Remember what Bilbo used to say.

'It's a dangerous business... Frodo, going out your door. You step onto the road, and if you don't keep your feet, there's no knowing where you might be swept off to.'

Scene 11
The Passing of the Elves

Frodo and Sam set up camp for the night. Sam cooks their meal of bacon, tomatoes and sausages as Frodo lies in a tree limb. Suddenly they both stop and listen. Singing can be heard in the distance. The voices are sweet and high, singing in a strange language.

FRODO
 Sam! Wood-Elves!

They scramble up to a ridge where they can lie and watch unseen.

A group of Elves is passing slowly through the forest, some on horseback, some walking, some with banners. The group seems to shine of its own light, their white garments softly glowing against the purples and midnight blues of the woods. Their haunting song continues.

ELVES
 a Galad ren i veniar
 hi' aladhremmin ennorath
 A Elbereth Gilthoniel
 ithil nâ thûl, ithil lân hen

 [O Light to us that wander here
 Amid the world of woven trees
 O Elbereth Gilthoniel
 Clear are thy eyes and bright thy
 breath]

FRODO
 They're going to the harbour beyond the
 White Towers. To the Grey Havens.

SAM
 They're leaving Middle-Earth.

FRODO
 Never to return.

SAM
 I don't know why - it makes me sad.
 Everywhere I lie there's a dirty great
 root sticking into my back.

Later, Sam and Frodo prepare for sleep. Sam is trying to find a comfortable spot on the ground.

FRODO
 Just shut your eyes, and imagine you're
 back in your own bed, with a soft
 mattress and a lovely feather pillow.

Sam gives him a skeptical look, and settles back. After a moment he sighs. and gives up, frustrated.

SAM

It's not working Mister Frodo. I'm never going to be able to sleep out here.

FRODO

Me neither, Sam.

Frodo smiles. Sam stares at the sky and finds something to nibble on.

Scene 12
Saruman the White

Mist descends over the landscape. On a ridge high up above the Hobbits, a horse neighs and stamps. Its Black Rider comes slowly to a halt and surveys the scene.

Gandalf rides swiftly and comes to a huge stone tower, set on a plain in the middle of a forest.
Gandalf passes under a stone bridge and comes to the entrance of the tower.
A tall figure cloaked in white descends the steps.

SARUMAN
Smoke rises from the mountain of Doom.
The hour grows late and Gandalf the Grey
rides to Isengard seeking my counsel.
For that is why you have come, is it
not... my old friend?

GANDALF
Saruman.

Gandalf bows.

Gandalf and Saruman are walking through the Gardens of Isengard.

SARUMAN
You are sure of this?

GANDALF
Beyond any doubt.

SARUMAN
So, the Ring of Power has been found.

GANDALF
All these long years it was in the
Shire, under my very nose.

SARUMAN
Yet you did not have the wit to see it.
Your love of the halfling's leaf has
clearly slowed your mind.

GANDALF
But we still have time. Time enough to
counter Sauron if we act quickly.

SARUMAN
Time?! What time do you think we have?

Gandalf and Saruman take some wine and confer in Saruman's chamber, amidst ancient scrolls, books, numerous quills, and

a few jars containing strange creatures.

SARUMAN (CONT'D)

Sauron has regained much of his former strength. He cannot yet take physical form, but his spirit has lost none of its potency. Concealed within his fortress, the Lord of Mordor sees all - his gaze pierces cloud, shadow, earth and flesh. You know of what I speak, Gandalf - a great Eye... lidless... wreathed in flame.

GANDALF

The Eye of Sauron.

SARUMAN

He is gathering all evil to him. Very soon he will summon an army great enough to launch an assault upon Middle-Earth.

GANDALF

You know this? How?

SARUMAN

I have seen it.

Gandalf and Saruman enter another chamber. Upon a plinth sits an object covered in dark cloth. A large chair, like a throne, stands against a wall.

GANDALF

A Palantír is a dangerous tool, Saruman.

SARUMAN

Why? Why should we fear to use it?

Saruman unveils the Palantír. It is a perfectly spherical ball, made of some sort of glass, with strange swirls in its depths.

GANDALF

They are not all accounted for, the lost Seeing Stones. We do not know who else may be watching!

He covers the Palantír. The Eye of Sauron flashes briefly.

SARUMAN

(seats himself upon his throne)

The hour is later than you think. Sauron's forces are already moving. The Nine have left Minas Morgul.

GANDALF

The Nine!

SARUMAN

They crossed the River Isen on
Midsummer's Eve, disguised as riders in
black.

GANDALF

They've reached the Shire?!

SARUMAN

They will find the Ring... and kill the
one who carries it.

GANDALF

Frodo!

Gandalf heads towards the door but Saruman closes it with
his mind and the other doors in turn.
Trapped, Gandalf looks at Saruman.

SARUMAN

You did not seriously think that a
hobbit could contend with the will of
Sauron? There are none who can.
Against the power of Mordor there can be
no victory. We must join with him,
Gandalf. We must join with Sauron. It
would be wise, my friend.

GANDALF

Tell me, 'friend', when did Saruman the
wise abandon reason for madness?!

With a shout, Saruman points his staff at Gandalf, throwing
him up and pinning him against the far wall, then drops him
heavily to the floor.

Gandalf counters with his own staff, throwing Saruman onto
his back. They battle back and forth.

Saruman yanks Gandalf's staff from his hands, and he
advances on Gandalf with both staffs. Gandalf spins
helplessly just above the floor.

SARUMAN

I gave you the chance of aiding me
willingly. But you... have elected...
the way of... pain!

Saruman sends Gandalf rising to the pinnacle of Orthanc.

Scene 13
A Short Cut to Mushrooms

Sam, in the middle of a field of corn, emerges onto a small path between the rows of tall vegetables. He looks back and forth.

SAM
Mister Frodo? Frodo! Frodo!
I thought I'd lost you.

Frodo appears round the bend in the path, looking puzzled.

FRODO
What are you talking about?

SAM
It's just something Gandalf said.

FRODO
What did he say?

SAM
'Don't you lose him, Samwise Gamgee!'
And I don't mean to.

FRODO
Sam, we're still in the Shire! What
could possibly happen?

Suddenly, Pippin bursts from the cornfield and knocks over Frodo. Merry, close behind, knocks over Sam. Both have an armful of vegetables

PIPPIN
Frodo? Merry! It's Frodo Baggins.

MERRY
Hello Frodo!

SAM
Get off him!
Frodo? Are you all right?

Sam hauls Pippin off Frodo.

FRODO
What's the meaning of this?

MERRY
Hold this.

Merry hands vegetables to Sam.

SAM

You've been into Farmer Maggot's crop!

They hear a dog barking and an angry, yelling voice. Pippin grabs Frodo and runs, followed by Merry. Sam does a double take on the produce in his hands, drops them and runs after the others.

FARMER MAGGOT

(brandishing a scythe)

Hoi! You get back here! Wait till I get this through you! Get out of my fields! You'll know the devil if I catch up with you!

MERRY

'Dunno why he is so upset. It's only a couple of carrots!

PIPPIN

And some cabbages. And those few bags of potatoes that we lifted last week and, and the mushrooms the week before!

MERRY

Yes Pippin! My point is, he is clearly overreactin'. Run!

Pippin, Frodo and Merry stop just before the edge of a gorge.
Sam slams into them from behind and all four hobbits roll down the hill.

At the bottom, they end up in a tangled heap, spitting various bits of forest from their mouths. Pippin has landed just in front of a pile of droppings.

PIPPIN

Ooh! That was close.

MERRY

Oowwww! I think I've broken something.

Merry pulls out a broken carrot.

SAM

Trust a Brandybuck and a Took!

MERRY

What?! That was just a detour, a shortcut.

SAM

A shortcut to what?

PIPPIN

Mushrooms!
That's mine!

Sam and Merry rush towards the mushrooms, followed by Pippin. Frodo, standing, looks down the road. Collective 'mmmm's abound as they savour the mushrooms.

MERRY

Here is a nice one Sam.

FRODO

I think we should get off the road.
Get off the road! Quick!

Sounds something can be heard, coming up the road. The hobbits grab their things and cross the road, hopping over and then crawling beneath a large overhanging tree root. The sound of hoof steps are heard.

SAM

Shhh! Stop it! Be quiet!

Merry and Pippin stop jostling each other. Frodo looks up through a small gap and sees a black horse, and a Rider, clothed and hooded in black. The Black Rider leaps from his horse. He approaches the tree root and rests his armored hand on it, hissing and sniffing. Insects and earthworms start coming out of their holes. Frodo enters a trance, tempted to wear the Ring as his finger strains towards it. Sam realises this and he reaches over and hits Frodo in the arm, startling him out of his the trance. Frodo jerks the Ring away from his finger. Merry throws a bag full of vegetables into the forest to distract the Rider, who whirls away and follows the sound. The hobbits make a break for it. They run a short distance and then stop, gasping.

MERRY

What was that?

Frodo stares at the Ring in his palm but says nothing.

Scene 14
Bucklebury Ferry

Nightfall comes. A Black Rider is patrolling the area. The hobbits hide behind the trees.

SAM
Anything?

FRODO
Nothing.

PIPPIN
What is going on?

MERRY
That Black Rider was looking for something... or someone. Frodo?

SAM
Get down!

The Black Rider feigns leaving the area.

FRODO
I have to leave the Shire. Sam and I must get to Bree.

MERRY
Right. Buckleberry Ferry. Follow me.

A second Black Rider appears along their path. Frodo is delayed as the others run on. The hobbits jump over a fence and run towards the dock. One Rider is hot on Frodo's heels.

PIPPIN
Run! This way, follow me! Run!

MERRY
Get the rope Sam!

Merry and Sam each uncoil a mooring rope while Pippin starts to push off.

SAM
Frodo!

HOBBITS
Run Frodo!

FRODO
Go!

HURRY! HOBBITS

FRODO! SAM

JUMP FRODO! GO ON FASTER! JUMP! HOBBITS

Frodo leaps onto the raft. The Rider stops short of the water and once again squeals in frustration. Looking back the hobbits see the Rider ride away, followed by two others.

HOW FAR TO THE NEAREST CROSSING? FRODO

BRANDYWINE BRIDGE: TWENTY MILES. MERRY

Scene 15
At the Sign of The Prancing Pony

The Hobbits arrive at the gates of Bree, soaking wet due to the pouring rain. They pause, uncertain how to declare themselves.

FRODO

Come on.

He knocks on the gates. A small peep hole opens high above them, then slams shut. Another opens, nearer their eye level. An old face peers out against the downpour.

GATEKEEPER

What do you want?

FRODO

We're heading for the Prancing Pony.

GATEKEEPER

(opening the gate)

Hobbits! Four hobbits! What business brings you to Bree?

FRODO

We wish to stay at the inn. Our business is our own.

GATEKEEPER

All right young sir, I meant no offence.
 'Tis my job to ask question after
 nightfall. There's talk of strange folk
 abroad. Can't be too careful.

He ushers them inside.

The Hobbits make their way up the cobbled path, through the motley crowd which jostles and bumps them.

One man, a particularly ugly oaf holding a carrot, belches contemptuously over them.

MEN OF BREE

Out of the way! Watch where you're
 walking, young masters!

Frodo looks up and spots the sign of the Prancing Pony. The four Hobbits enter the Inn. Inside, it is crowded, noisy and poorly-lit. They pull back their hoods. Merry and Pippin breathe sighs of relief.

Frodo steps up to the bar, which rises far above his head.

FRODO

Excuse me?

BUTTERBUR
 (leaning down over the
 bar)
 Good evening, little masters! If you're
 looking for accommodation we've got some
 nice, cozy, hobbit-sized rooms
 available. Mister uh -

FRODO
 - Underhill, my name's Underhill.

BUTTERBUR
 Underhill. Yes...

FRODO
 We're friends of Gandalf the Grey. Can
 you tell him we've arrived?

BUTTERBUR
 Gandalf? Gandalf? Oh yes! I remember:
 elderly chap, big gray beard, pointy
 hat... Not seen him for six months.

The hobbits are shocked. They huddle together.

SAM
 What do we do now?

The hobbits are seated at a table in the tap room of the
 Prancing Pony. The air is dark and smoke-filled. Drunken men
 laugh raucously. Several glance suspiciously at the hobbits.

FRODO
 Sam. He'll be here. He'll come.

MAN
 (to Merry coming from the
 bar)
 Get, get out of my way.

Merry sits down at the table. He is holding a huge stein of
 beer.

PIPPIN
 What's that?

MERRY
 This my friend, is a pint.

PIPPIN
 It comes in pints? I'm getting one.

Pippin rushes to the bar.

SAM

You had a whole half already!
That fellow's done nothin' but stare at
you since we arrived.

Sam turns back to his mug. After a moment, he nudges Frodo
and gestures to the corner of the room. A dark cloaked
figure sits alone. His face is invisible inside his hood.

FRODO

(takes Butterbur aside)
Excuse me, that man in the corner, who
is he?

BUTTERBUR

He's one of them rangers. Dangerous folk
they are - wandering the wilds. What his
right name is I've never heard, but
around here, he's known as Strider.

FRODO

Strider.

Strider lights his pipe. Only the gleam of his eyes can be
discerned above the glow of the burning leaf.
Frodo starts to play with the Ring. It starts to whisper.

THE RING

Baggins. Baggins. Baggins. Baggins!
Baggins! ...

PIPPIN

Baggins!

Frodo snaps out of his reverie.

PIPPIN (CONT'D)

(at the bar)
Sure I know a Baggins. He's over there,
Frodo Baggins.

PIPPIN (CONT'D)

He's my second cousin, once removed on
his mother's side...

Pippin listeners laugh

MAN

(yelling)
It works for him!

PIPPIN

... and my third cousin twice removed on
his father's side, if you follow me.

Strider sits up, his attention fairly caught. Frodo rushes towards the bar to stop Pippin from babbling further.

FRODO

Pippin!

Frodo grabs him.

PIPPIN

Steady on, Frodo!

Frodo slips on someone's boot and falls back, tossing the Ring into the air.

As he catches it, the Ring slips onto Frodo's finger. Frodo disappears. Folks gasp in surprise. Strider is alarmed.

Outside the village, the Black Riders turn around. Frodo, now in a shadow world, looks around bewildered. He then sees an immense singular orb, a lidless eye, wreathed in flame. The Eye of Sauron stares down at him.

SAURON

You cannot hide! I see you! There is no life in the void, only death!

Frodo backs away, terrified. He gropes for the Ring, unable to tear his gaze from the hideous Eye. Finally he wrenches the Ring off, reappearing with a relieved sigh. Strider grabs him from behind.

FRODO

Ah!

STRIDER

You draw far too much attention to yourself Mister 'Underhill'!

Strider tosses him up the stairs, flings open the door of his room, throws Frodo in and shuts the door behind them. Frodo stumbles, falls to his knees, and stands up.

FRODO

What do you want?

STRIDER

A little more caution from you. That is no trinket you carry.

FRODO

I carry nothing!

STRIDER

Indeed.

I can avoid being seen if I wish. But to disappear entirely, that is a rare gift.

He walks over to the window, and puts out the candles with his fingers.

FRODO

Who are you?

STRIDER

Are you frightened?

FRODO

Yes.

STRIDER

Not nearly frightened enough. I know what hunts you.

The door bursts open. Strider draws his sword. Sam, Merry and Pippin rush in, Sam with fists clenched and ready to fight.

SAM

Let him go! Or I'll have you Longshanks!

STRIDER

(sheaths his sword)

You have a stout heart little hobbit, but that will not save you. You can no longer wait for the wizard Frodo. They're coming.

Scene 16 The Nazgûl

Inside the gatehouse of Bree, the wizened gatekeeper hears a horse snorting.

He gets up to investigate and opens the window in the gate. Suddenly the Black Riders crash through the gate, crushing the gatekeeper underneath it.

The riders gallop to the Prancing Pony. Screeches are heard. The Riders enter the Inn, swords drawn. Butterbur hides behind the door, terrified.

Inside, the Hobbits are soundly asleep.

The Riders make for the hobbit-sized room. Silently, they raise their swords high above them to plunge into the beds. The swords descend, stabbing at the still forms as the Hobbits awake. The Riders pull back the covers and realise they have been attacking stuffed bedclothes and pillows.

They scream. Strider watches from the window in his room as the Riders remount their horses.

Frodo sits at the foot of the bed. The rest of the sleeping hobbits, awakened by the Riders' cries, lean wide-eyed against the headboard.

FRODO

What are they?

STRIDER

They were once Men. Great kings of Men. Then Sauron the Deceiver gave to them nine Rings of Power. Blinded by their greed, they took them without question. One by one falling into darkness. Now they are slaves to his will. They are the Nazgûl, Ringwraiths, neither living nor dead. At all times they feel the presence of the Ring. Drawn to the power of the One. They will never stop hunting you.

The following morning, Strider leads the four hobbits and a newly acquired pony away from the village of Bree.

FRODO

Where are you taking us?

STRIDER

Into the wild.

MERRY

How do we know this Strider is a friend of Gandalf?

FRODO

I think a servant of the Enemy would
look fairer and feel fouler.

MERRY

He's foul enough!

FRODO

We have no choice but to trust him.

SAM

But where is he leading us?

STRIDER

To Rivendell, Master Gamgee. To the
House of Elrond.

SAM

Did you hear that? Rivendell! We're
going to see the Elves!

The Hobbits pause, pulling cookware and food from their
packs. Strider looks back at them.

STRIDER

Gentlemen, we do not stop 'till
nightfall.

PIPPIN

What about breakfast?

STRIDER

We've already had it.

PIPPIN

We've had one, yes. What about second
breakfast?

Strider walks away.

MERRY

Don't think he knows about second
breakfast Pip.

PIPPIN

What about elevenses? Luncheon?
Afternoon tea? Dinner? Supper? He knows
about them doesn't he?

MERRY

I wouldn't count on it.

From over the bushes, Strider tosses an apple and Merry
catches it. He hands it to Pippin and pats him on the
shoulder. Another apple flies through the air, hitting

Pippin in the head. He looks up bewildered.

MERRY (CONT'D)

Pippin!

Scene 17
The Midgewater Marshes

The party slowly make their way through increasingly rough country. It becomes darker and the forest gives way to flat marshland. All go up to their knees in the sludgy mire. The conditions are made worse by an army of midges which attack them unmercifully. Merry slaps despairingly at the cloud of pests hovering around him.

MERRY

What do they eat - when they can't get
 Hobbit?

Behind him, Pippin stumbles and falls into the mire. They make camp for the night. Strider manages to kill a deer which he brings back for their rations. The Moon rises as the hobbits fall asleep. Strider keeps watch by the fire. He hums a tune softly.

STRIDER

(singing)

Tinúviel elvanui,
 Elleth alfirin ethelhael
 O hon ring finnil fuinui
 A renc gelebrin thiliol.

[Tinúviel the elven-fair,
 Immortal maiden elven-wise,
 About him cast her night-dark hair,
 And arms like silver glimmering.]

Frodo wakes, hearing Aragorn's song. He lifts himself up and stares at the Ranger.

FRODO

Who is she? This woman you sing of?

STRIDER

(sadly)

'Tis the Lay of Lúthien. The Elf-maiden
 who gave her love to Beren, a mortal.

FRODO

What happened to her?

STRIDER

(looks away)

She died.

He sighs. His face bears a hint of tears. He turns back to Frodo.

STRIDER (CONT'D)
Get some sleep, Frodo.

Scene 18
The Spoiling of Isengard

Saruman is in the Chamber of the Palantír at Isengard. His hand is suspended over the Stone, and a fiery light is in its depths. The eye of Sauron appears within the Palantir. Saruman, eyes closed, appears to be communicating with Sauron by pure thought.

SARUMAN

The power of Isengard is at your
command, Sauron, Lord of the Earth.

SAURON

Build me an army worthy of Mordor!

Saruman is sitting on a chair in one of his chambers, his arms wound about him. He looks haunted. Three puny Orcs file into the room.

FIRST ORC

What orders from Mordor my Lord? What
does the Eye command?

SARUMAN

We have work to do.

Huge trees are being felled, their creaks and groans like cries of pain as they are brought crashing down by Orcs. On the pinnacle of Orthanc, Gandalf, dishevelled and scarred, wakes. He slowly pushes himself up and moves to the edge and peers down at the activity surrounding the tower.

ORCS

The trees are strong, my Lord. Their
roots go deep.

SARUMAN

Rip them all down!

Scene 19
A Knife in the Dark

Strider and the Hobbits have left the marshland behind and are now crossing rough rocky country. Strider stops and looks at the ruins atop a tall hill.

STRIDER

This was the great watchtower of Amon Sûl. We shall rest here tonight. These are for you. Keep them close. I'm going to have a look around. Stay here.

The Hobbits, weary from the long travel, fling off their packs and settle down in an overhang near the hill's summit. Strider opens a bundle, revealing four short swords. He hands them to his companions. Frodo wakes up with a start. Merry, Pippin and Sam are gathered around a fire.

MERRY

My tomato's burst.

PIPPIN

Can I have some bacon?

MERRY

Okay. Want some tomatoes Sam?

FRODO

What are you doing?!

MERRY

Tomatoes, sausages, nice crispy bacon.

SAM

We saved some for you, Mister Frodo.

FRODO

Put it out, you fools! Put it out!

He stamps on the fire, trying to douse the flames.

PIPPIN

Oh, that's nice! Ash on my tomatoes!

Suddenly, a Nazgûl's cry pierces the darkness. The hobbits jump up, startled, and look over the lip of the overhang. The hobbits see five Nazgûl closing in on Amon Sûl. The hobbits unsheathe their small swords.

ALL

Uh?!

Frodo motions the others to run up the steps, towards the

ruins.

FRODO

Go!

The dark night surrounds them as they climb to the top. The hobbits stand in the ring of broken pillars of the old ruin, eyes darting about; shadows rise out of the dark. The Nazgûl surround them, pulling out their long swords. Sam, Merry and Pippin prepare to defend Frodo.

SAM

(brandishing his sword)

Back you devils!

Sam clashes swords with the Nazgûl, but is swiftly thrown aside. Merry and Pippin close the gap in front of Frodo, but they too are cast aside.

Frodo backs across the hill, dropping his sword with a clatter.

He stumbles, falls, and crawls backward until he is backed against a fallen column. Frodo brings out the Ring from his pocket.

Immediately, the leader of the Wraiths approaches Frodo, drawing a long dagger.

Frodo tries to scramble back, but has nowhere to go. He slips on the Ring. The world changes. The Nazgûls' true forms are revealed to him, shining like ghostly kings.

The Witch-King reaches out for the Ring, and the Ring responds, lifting Frodo's own hand towards the wraith. Frodo yanks his hand back. The King stabs him through the left shoulder with his long dagger, pinning him to the ground, then reaches again for the Ring. Frodo cries out in pain.

Strider leaps over Frodo and attacks the Nazgûl with both sword and flaming brand.

The King withdraws his dagger and drops it. Frodo summons pulls the Ring from his finger. He reappears.

FRODO

Ah!

SAM

Frodo!

Sam rushes to his side.

FRODO

Oh Sam!

Strider continues to fight the Nazgûl, torch in one hand, sword in another. He sets them afire and drives them away.

SAM
Strider! Help him, Strider!

STRIDER
He's been stabbed by a Morgul blade.
This is beyond my skill to heal. He
needs Elvish medicine.
Hurry!

The blade dissolves.
Strider carries Frodo over his shoulder and proceeds to
leave Amon Sûl, the other hobbits following closely behind
them. Nazgûl cries are still heard in the area.

SAM
We're six days from Rivendell. He'll
never make it!

FRODO
Gandalf...

STRIDER
Hold on, Frodo.

FRODO
Gandalf!

Scene 20
The Caverns of Isengard

Back at Isengard, giant caverns have been opened up and a forge is seen at the base, where hundreds of Orcs are working. Sounds of metal clinking rise up into the air. High above, Gandalf is still imprisoned on the pinnacle of the tower. A tiny white moth struggles against the breeze and reaches the top of the tower. It flutters to Gandalf, who captures it in his fingers. It appears to sit still in his hand and listen to his words as though spoken in moth language.

GANDALF
(whispering a final
command)
Gwaihir. Go, Gwaihir.

The moth flies away.
Down in the Caverns of Isengard the forging of weapons and armor is well underway. Hundreds of helmets and swords are piling up. Saruman observes all the activity with pride. Deep in the pits, Orcs are tending strange moving formations in the mud. Groans issue from within the mounds. Something appears to be struggling to get out. A giant creature emerges, killing the Orc who has been helping it to be born. The creature is massive, towering above the smaller Orcs, with huge teeth, and covered in slime. Saruman gazes at his creation in rapt admiration.

Scene 21
Flight to the Ford

Back in the forest, the Hobbits and Strider rest beneath a gathering of huge stone trolls.

SAM

Look, Mister Frodo! It's Mister Bilbo's
trolls!
Mister Frodo?
He's going cold!

Sam feels Frodo's forehead.
Sam to Strider.

PIPPIN

Is he going to die?

STRIDER

He's passing into the shadow world. He
will soon become a wraith like them.

Frodo gasps. The Nazgûl cry is heard from a distance. Frodo
cries out as if in answer to them.

MERRY

They're close.

STRIDER

Sam, do you know Athelas plant?

SAM

Athelas?

STRIDER

Kingsfoil?

SAM

Kingsfoil - aye, it's a weed.

STRIDER

It may help to slow the poison. Hurry!

They search for the plant in the nearby undergrowth.
Strider finds a small patch and proceeds to collect it. A
sword appears at his throat.

ARWEN

What's this? A ranger caught off his
guard?
Frodo... Im Arwen. Telin le thaed

[I am Arwen. I have come to help you.]

(MORE)

ARWEN (CONT'D)

Lasto beth nîn. Tolo dan na ngalad

[Hear my voice. Come back to the light.]

Frodo, lying on the ground, sees a white light. He turns towards it and sees a beautiful Elf-lady approaching on a white horse. She dismounts and walks to him.

MERRY

Who is she?

ARWEN

(kneels)

Frodo!

SAM

She's an Elf.

Strider chews a portion of the Athelas and applies it to Frodo's wound.

ARWEN

He's fading!

He's not going to last. We must get him to my father. I've been looking for you for two days.

Frodo gasps.

MERRY

Where are you taking him?

ARWEN

(gets up as Strider lifts
Frodo up in his arms)

There are five wraiths behind you. Where the other four are, I do not know.

Strider mounts Frodo onto Arwen's horse.

STRIDER

Dartho guin perian. Rych le ad
tolthathon.

[Stay with the Hobbits. I will send
horses back for you.]

ARWEN

Hon mabathon. Rochon ellint im.

[I'm the faster rider. I'll take him.]

STRIDER

Andelu i ven.

[The road is too dangerous.]

PIPPIN

What are they saying?

ARWEN

Frodo fîr. Ae athradon i hir, tur gwaith
nin beriatha hon.

[Frodo's dying. If I can get across the
river, the power of my people will
protect him.]

I do not fear them.

STRIDER

Be iest lân.

[As you wish.]

Arwen, ride hard. Don't look back!

Their hands clasp tenderly. Arwen mounts her horse, with
Frodo seated in front of her.

ARWEN

Noro lim, Asfaloth, noro lim!

[Ride fast, Asfaloth, ride fast!]

Asfaloth gallops away.

SAM

(to Strider)

What are you doing?! Those wraiths are
still out there!

Strider stares after Arwen.

Arwen rides on as the Nazgûl give chase. Night gives way to
day as they pursue her, from forest to open plain, sometimes
closing, sometimes falling behind.
One of the Wraiths closes on Frodo, reaching out as if to
snatch the Ring from him. Arwen spurs Asfaloth on to an even
greater effort.

ARWEN

Noro lim, Asfaloth!

[Ride faster, Asfaloth!]

Arwen reaches a river, and splashes across a ford. She

pauses and looks back. The Nazgûl have stopped at the edge of the water. Their mounts rear up, screaming, terrified of entering the river.

NAZGÛL

Give up the halfling, she-Elf!

ARWEN

(draws her sword in
challenge)

If you want him, come and claim him!

The Nazgûl draw their swords and urge their reluctant horses across the ford. Arwen begins to chant to the river.

ARWEN (CONT'D)

Nin o Chithaeglir, lasto beth daer,
Rimmo nin Bruinen, dan in Ulair!
Nin o Chithaeglir, lasto beth daer,
Rimmo nin Bruinen, dan in Ulair!

[Waters of the Misty Mountains, listen
to the great word,
flow waters of Loudwater, against the
Ringwraiths!]

No! Frodo... No! Frodo, don't give in!
Not now!

The water level rises. A great flood comes around the bend, with crests shaped like white horses. The Nazgûl are cast from their mounts and washed away down the river as Arwen watches.

Frodo starts to slip from the horse. Arwen lays him on the ground.

Arwen cries and embraces Frodo.

ARWEN (V.O.)

What grace is given me, let it pass to
him, let him be spared - save him.

Elrond appears.

ELROND

Lasto beth nîn. Tolo dan na ngalad.

[Hear my voice, come back to the light.]

Scene 22
Rivendell

Frodo is lying in a vast bed.

FRODO

Where am I?

GANDALF'S VOICE

You are in the house of Elrond. And it is ten o'clock in the morning, on October the twenty-fourth, if you want to know.

Frodo wakes up.

FRODO

Gandalf!

Gandalf is seated on Frodo's bed, smoking his pipe. The bedroom opens on to a beautiful garden. The noise of falling water is mixed with bird song. Leaves are gently falling.

GANDALF

Yes... I'm here. And you're lucky to be here, too. A few more hours and you would have been beyond our aid. But you have some strength in you, my dear hobbit!

FRODO

What happened, Gandalf? Why didn't you meet us?

GANDALF

Oh I'm sorry Frodo... I was delayed.

Flashback to Isengard. On the tower top, Saruman is using his powers to flip Gandalf about. He then dangles him over the edge of Orthanc.

SARUMAN

Friendship with Saruman is not lightly thrown aside. One ill turn deserves another. It is over! Embrace the power of the Ring... or embrace your own destruction!

Gandalf lies at full stretch, completely at Saruman's mercy. A tiny white moth flutters across between them. Gandalf observes it as Saruman continues to taunt him. Saruman hurls Gandalf back towards the platform.

GANDALF

(slowly raises himself as the shadowy
form of an eagle)appears in the
background

There is only one Lord of the Ring! Only
one who can bend it to his will. And
he... does... not... share... power!

The eagle screeches. Gandalf leaps off the Tower of Orthanc
and lands on the eagle's back.

SARUMAN

So you have chosen... death.

Gwaihir flies over the mountains, bearing Gandalf to safety.

Scene 23
Many Meetings

FRODO
Gandalf? What is it?

GANDALF
Nothing, Frodo.

Sam enters the room and rushes to Frodo's side, clasping his hand in joy.

SAM
Frodo! Frodo!

FRODO
Sam!

SAM
Bless you, you're awake!

Frodo laughs.

GANDALF
Sam has hardly left your side.

SAM
We were that worried about you, weren't we Mister Gandalf?

GANDALF
By the skills of Lord Elrond, you're beginning to mend.

ELROND
(entering the room and
smiles down at Frodo)
Welcome to Rivendell, Frodo Baggins.

Rivendell sits high above a gorge which is thick with pines and deciduous shrubs. Delicate, lacy waterfalls trace their way down to the river below. A stone bridge spans the chasm as a cloaked rider upon a white horse plods towards the house.

In the gardens, Frodo is reunited with his friends. Frodo spots a familiar figure sitting on a stone seat, reading from a large Red Book.

FRODO
Bilbo!

Bilbo looks aged and frail. He leans heavily upon a staff as he gets up to greet Frodo.

BILBO
Hello, Frodo my lad!

FRODO
Bilbo!

Frodo hugs him.

BILBO
Oh!

Frodo reads aloud from Bilbo's book.

FRODO
'There and Back Again: A Hobbit's Tale
by Bilbo Baggins.'
This is wonderful!

Frodo leafs through the book.

BILBO
I meant to go back... wander the paths
of Mirkwood... visit Laketown... see the
Lonely Mountain again. But age it seems,
has finally caught up with me.

He gives Frodo a sad smile. Frodo stops to look at the map
of the Shire.

FRODO
I miss the Shire. I spent all my
childhood pretending I was off somewhere
else... off with you on one of your
adventures! My own adventure turned out
to be quite different. I'm not like you,
Bilbo.

BILBO
(pats Frodo's cheek)
My dear boy.

On the balcony, Sam is trying to pack his bags.

SAM
(to himself)
Now what have I forgotten?

FRODO
Packed already?

SAM
No harm in being prepared.

FRODO

I thought you wanted to see the Elves,
Sam.

SAM

I do!

FRODO

More than anything.

SAM

I did! It's just... we did what Gandalf
wanted didn't we? We got the Ring this
far to Rivendell and then I thought,
seein' as how you're on the mend, we'd
be off soon. Off home.

FRODO

You're right Sam. We did what we set out
to do.
The Ring will be safe in Rivendell. I am
ready to go home.

Frodo shows the Ring on his palm.

Scene 24
The Fate of the Ring

Gandalf and Elrond watch Frodo and Sam from the balcony in Elrond's study.

ELROND
His strength returns.

GANDALF
That wound will never fully heal. He
will carry it the rest of his life.

ELROND
And yet to have come so far, still
bearing the Ring, the hobbit has shown
extraordinary resilience to its evil.

GANDALF
It is a burden he should never have had
to bear. We can ask no more of Frodo.

ELROND
Gandalf, the enemy is moving. Sauron's
forces are massing in the east - his eye
is fixed on Rivendell. And Saruman you
tell me has betrayed us. Our list of
allies grows thin.

GANDALF
His treachery runs deeper than you know.
By foul craft Saruman has crossed Orcs
with goblin-men, he's breeding an army
in the caverns of Isengard. An army that
can move in sunlight and cover great
distance at speed. Saruman is coming for
the Ring.

ELROND
This evil cannot be concealed by the
power of the Elves. We do not have the
strength to fight both Mordor and
Isengard!
Gandalf, the Ring cannot stay here.
This peril belongs to all Middle-Earth.
They must decide now how to end it.
The time of the Elves is over - my
people are leaving these shores. Who
will you look to when we've gone? The
Dwarves? They hide in their mountains
seeking riches - they care nothing for
the troubles of others.

Gandalf moves away, deep in thought.
Gandalf stands at Elrond's window, looks out and sees a

group of new arrivals in the garden.
A man, an Elf and companions, and a party of Dwarves all
dismount and stare around in wonder.

GANDALF

It is in Men that we must place our
hope.

ELROND

Men? Men are weak.
The race of Men is failing. The blood of
Númenor is all but spent, its pride and
dignity forgotten. It is because of Men
the Ring survives. I was there Gandalf.
I was there three thousand years ago...
... when Isildur took the Ring. I was
there the day the strength of Men
failed.
Isildur - hurry. Follow me.

Elrond wanders through his house as Gandalf follows. It is a
beautiful house, full of wooden paneling and ancient statues
and artifacts.

Flashback to Isildur slicing the Ring off Sauron's hand and
holding up the Ring.

Elrond and Isildur stand on the slopes of Mount Doom. The
volcano roars and gushes fire above them.

ELROND (V.O.)

I led Isildur into the heart of Mount
Doom, where the Ring was forged, the one
place it could be destroyed.

Elrond stands near the cracks of Doom, on the same spot
where Sauron first held up the One Ring in triumph.

ELROND

Cast it into the fire!
Destroy it!

Isildur looks at the Ring in his hand. The Ring whispers to
him.

ISILDUR

No.

Isildur walks away.

ELROND

Isildur!

ELROND (V.O.)

It should've ended that day, but evil
was allowed to endure.

ELROND

Isildur kept the Ring. The line of kings
is broken. There is no strength left in
the world of Men. They're scattered,
divided, leaderless.

GANDALF

There is one who could unite them, one
who could reclaim the throne of Gondor.

ELROND

He turned from that path long time ago.
He has chosen exile.

Scene 25
The Sword that Was Broken

Evening has fallen. Strider is seated on the terrace reading a book.

Footsteps echo on the stone floor. The man who arrived earlier enters and pauses in front of a battle-piece of Isildur, with broken sword raised against Sauron. He regards the painting intently, then, conscious of another presence, turns and sees Strider.

BOROMIR
 You are no Elf!

STRIDER
 The Men of the South are welcome here.

BOROMIR
 Who are you?

STRIDER
 I am a friend to Gandalf the Grey.

BOROMIR
 Then we are here on a common purpose...
 friend.
 The shards of Narsil! The blade that cut
 the ring from Sauron's hand!
 It's still sharp!
 But no more than a broken heirloom!

The Man seems puzzled by Strider's reluctance to reveal his identity, but smiles again good-naturedly and turns to the Lady's shrine opposite the wall painting. He sees the broken sword lying there. He picks up the haft, shifting it in his hand, testing its weight and feel as a warrior would, and stares at the blade.

He runs his finger up the blade and cuts himself.

Turns to look at Strider who is watching him.

He returns the sword carelessly and it clatters to the ground. He hesitates, then walks away. Strider gets up and walks to the shrine. He picks up the dropped haft and carefully sets it in place with the other shards.

He takes a step back and touches his right hand to his heart, as he looks at the statue of the Lady. Arwen walks in behind him.

ARWEN
 Why do you fear the past? You are
 Isildur's heir, not Isildur himself. You
 are not bound to his fate.

STRIDER

The same blood flows in my veins. Same weakness.

ARWEN

Your time will come. You will face the same evil, and you will defeat it. A si i-Dhúath ú-orthor, Aragorn. Ú or le a ú or nin.

[The Shadow does not hold sway yet, Aragorn. Not over you and not over me.]

Scene 26
The Evenstar

In the gardens of Rivendell, Arwen and Aragorn stand atop of a bridge. A love song plays softly in the background

SONG

O môr henion i dhû:
Ely siriar, êl síla.
Ai! Aníron Undómiel.
Tiro! Êl eria e môr.
I 'lîr en êl luitha 'úren.
Ai! Aníron...

[From darkness I understand the night:
dreams flow, a star shines.
Ah! I desire Evenstar.
Look! A star rises out of the darkness.
The song of the star enchants my heart.
Ah! I desire...]

ARWEN

Renech i lu i erui govannen?

[Do you remember when we first met?]

ARAGORN

Nauthannem i ned ol reniannen.

[I thought I had strayed into a dream.]

ARWEN

(tenderly touches
Aragorn's cheek)

Gwenwin in enninath... U-arnech in naeth
i si celich.

[Long years have passed... You did not
have the cares you carry now.]

ARWEN (CONT'D)

Renech i beth i pennen?

[Do you remember what I told you?]

ARAGORN

(his fingers run across
the pendant on her
breast)

You said you'd bind yourself to me.
Forsaking the immortal life of your
people.

ARWEN

And to that I hold. I would rather share
one lifetime with you than face all the
ages of this world alone.
I choose a mortal life.

Arwen gives Aragorn the pendant.

ARAGORN

You cannot give me this!

ARWEN

It is mine to give to whom I will...
like my heart.

They kiss.

Scene 27
The Council of Elrond

The following morning, at the Council of Elrond. Gandalf and Frodo along with a congregation of Men, Elves and Dwarves sit in a semi-circle around a stone pedestal.

ELROND

Strangers from distant lands, friends of old. You have been summoned here to answer the threat of Mordor. Middle-Earth stands upon the brink of destruction. None can escape it. You will unite or you will fall. Each race is bound to this fate - this one doom.
Bring forth the Ring, Frodo.

Elrond gestures to the pedestal.
Frodo rises and lays the Ring on the pedestal.

BOROMIR

So it is true...

Frodo returns to his seat beside Gandalf. He seems relieved. The members of the Council stare at the Ring, mesmerised by it. It appears to start whispering to each of them in turn. Each person hears it differently.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN

The Doom of Men.

BOROMIR

(rises to address the
Council)

In a dream, I saw the eastern sky grow dark. But in the West a pale light lingered. A voice was crying: 'Your doom is near at hand.'

Boromir approaches the Ring on the plinth.

BOROMIR (CONT'D)

Isildur's Bane is found.

Boromir reaches out towards the Ring. Gandalf and Elrond exchange concerned looks. Boromir's fingers hover above the Ring.

MAN

Isildur's Bane.

Elrond leaps up.

ELROND

Boromir!

Gandalf stands and begins to chant in the Black Speech. The ring echoes the harsh words. Thunder crackles as the sky darkens. The Council stare around them in fear and confusion.

GANDALF

Ash nazg durbatulûk, ash nazg gimbatul,
ash nazg thrakatulûk agh burzum-ishi
krimpatul.

[One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to
find them,
One Ring to bring them all and in the
Darkness bind them.]

The voice of the Ring dies away. People resume their seats, horrified, Boromir amongst them.

ELROND

Never before has any voice uttered the
words of that tongue here in Imladris!

GANDALF:

(voice raspy from the
force of the words and
the language)

I do not ask your pardon, Master Elrond,
for the Black Speech of Mordor may yet
be heard in every corner of the West!

GANDALF

The Ring is altogether evil!

He gives Boromir a final scathing glance and resumes his seat. Boromir is unperturbed.

BOROMIR

It is a gift. A gift to the foes of
Mordor.
Why not use this Ring?
Long has my father, the Steward of
Gondor, kept the forces of Mordor at
bay. By the blood of our people are your
lands kept safe! Give Gondor the weapon
of the enemy. Let us use it against him!

Boromir paces.

ARAGORN

You cannot wield it! None of us can. The
One Ring answers to Sauron alone. It has
no other master.

BOROMIR

And what would a ranger know of this matter?

An Elf stands. He is recognizable as the Elf Gandalf saw from Elrond's window.

LEGOLAS

This is no mere ranger. He is Aragorn, son of Arathorn. You owe him your allegiance.

BOROMIR

Aragorn? This... is Isildur's heir?

LEGOLAS

And heir to the throne of Gondor.

Frodo looks wide-eyed at Aragorn.

ARAGORN

Havo dad, Legolas.

[Sit down, Legolas.]

BOROMIR

Gondor has no king. Gondor needs no king.

Boromir returns to his seat.

GANDALF

Aragorn is right. We cannot use it.

ELROND

You have only one choice. The Ring must be destroyed.

GIMLI

Then what are we waiting for?
Argh!

Gimli grabs an axe and approaches the pedestal. He strikes the Ring with full force but is repelled back, throwing him to the ground. Concurrently, Frodo sees the Eye of Sauron in his mind and winces in pain. The Ring remains intact with the shards of the axe all around it. Whispers in the black tongue issue forth from the Ring.

ELROND

The Ring cannot be destroyed, Gimli, son of Glóin, by any craft that we here possess. The Ring was made in the fires
(MORE)

ELROND (CONT'D)
 of Mount Doom. Only there can it be
 unmade. It must be taken deep into
 Mordor and cast back into the fiery
 chasm from whence it came.

RING
 (whispers)
 Ash Nazg.

ELROND
 One of you must do this.

Silence.

BOROMIR
 One does not simply walk into Mordor.
 Its black gates are guarded by more than
 just Orcs. There is evil there that does
 not sleep. And the great Eye is ever
 watchful. It is a barren wasteland.
 Riddled with fire and ash and dust. The
 very air you breathe is a poisonous
 fume. Not with ten thousand men could
 you do this. It is folly!

LEGOLAS
 (stands indignantly)
 Have you heard nothing Lord Elrond has
 said? The Ring must be destroyed!

GIMLI
 (leaps to his feet)
 And I suppose you think you're the one
 to do it?!

BOROMIR
 (rises)
 And if we fail, what then?! What happens
 when Sauron takes back what is his?!

GIMLI
 I will be dead before I see the Ring in
 the hands of an Elf!
 Never trust an Elf!

Commotion starts as arguments erupt amongst the council
 members.

Frodo remains seated, watching the Ring, with the figures of
 the council reflected on its surface.

GANDALF
 Do you not understand that while we
 bicker amongst ourselves, Sauron's power
 (MORE)

GANDALF (CONT'D)

grows?! None can escape it! You'll all
be destroyed!

Suddenly, flames flare up, engulfing the surface of the Ring.

RING

Ash Nazg Durbatulûk! Ash Nazg Gimbatul!
Ash Nazg Gimbatul! Ash Nazg Gimbatul!

The intensity of the arguments increase. Slowly, determination dawns on Frodo's face. He stands and takes a few steps toward the arguing council, trying to make his voice heard.

FRODO

I will take it!
I will take it!
I will take the Ring to Mordor. Though -
I do not know the way.

The argument dies down. Gandalf closes his eyes as he hears Frodo's statement. The members of the council slowly turn towards Frodo, astonished.

GANDALF

I will help you bear this burden, Frodo
Baggins, as long as it is yours to bear.

Gandalf walks towards Frodo places his hands reassuringly on Frodo's shoulders.

ARAGORN

(rises)

If by my life or death, I can protect
you, I will.

He approaches Frodo and keels before him.

ARAGORN (CONT'D)

You have my sword.

LEGOLAS

And you have my bow.

Legolas walks to join them.

GIMLI

And my axe!

Gimli looks grimly at Legolas as he joins the group.

BOROMIR

(walks over to them)

You carry the fate of us all little one.
If this is indeed the will of the
Council, then Gondor will see it done.

SAM

Heh!

Mister Frodo is not goin' anywhere
without me!

Sam jumps from behind the bushes and joins them.

ELROND

(amused)

No indeed, it is hardly possible to
separate you even when he is summoned to
a secret council and you are not.

PIPPIN AND MERRY

(emerges from behind the
pillars to join them)

Wait! We are coming too!

MERRY

You'd have to send us home tied up in a
sack to stop us!

PIPPIN

Anyway you need people of intelligence
on this sort of mission, quest... thing.

MERRY

Well that rules you out Pip.

ELROND

Nine companions... So be it! You shall
be the Fellowship of the Ring!

PIPPIN

Great! Where are we going?

Scene 28
Gilraen's Memorial

A hand traces runes on a pale slab of stone, nestled in the deep forests of Rivendell. 'Gilraen', it reads. 'Onen i-Estel Edain, ú-chebin estel anim.'

[I gave Hope to the Dúnedain, I have kept no hope for myself.]

The hand reaches out, pulling a clump of moss from the grove of a letter, wiping leaf-litter and mud from an edge of the stone, pulling free entwining branches gathering over the smooth, stony hands of a statue. Aragorn, kneeling, lifts his head. He gazes into the solemn eyes of the statue, a woman in a cloak and hood. Aragorn touches her face.

ELROND

Anirne hene beriad i chên ín. Ned
Imladris nauthant e le beriathar aen.

[She wanted to protect her child. She thought that in Rivendell you would be safe.]

In her heart, your mother knew you'd be
hunted all your life. That you'd never
escape your fate.
The skill of the Elves can reforge the
sword of Kings, but only you have the
power to wield it.

Elrond appears, walking towards Aragorn through the trees.

ARAGORN

I do not want that power. I have never
wanted it.

ELROND

You are the last of that bloodline.
There is no other.

Scene 29
Bilbo's Gifts

On a bedside table, a hand folds back a homespun cloth to reveal a short sword in a scabbard. Bilbo picks it up and hands it to Frodo.

BILBO

My old sword, Sting! Here! Take it, take it!

Frodo unsheathes the sword and examines it. It rings as Frodo draws it, glinting.

FRODO

It's so light!

BILBO

Yes... yea - made by the Elves, you know. The blade glows blue when Orcs are close. And it's times like that, my lad, when you have to be extra careful! Here's a pretty thing - Mithril! As light as a feather... and as hard as dragon scales! Let me see you put it on. Come on.
Oh... M-my old Ring! Oh, I sh-sh-should very much like... to hold it again, one last time.
I'm sorry I brought this upon you, my boy... I'm sorry that you must carry this burden.
I'm sorry for everything!

Bilbo brings out a mail shirt. It shines, simple, yet beautifully adorned with intricate patterns in the mail. Frodo begins to unbutton his shirt. As he does, the Ring is revealed. Bilbo sees it. Bilbo's eyes light up and he wrings his hands, his eyes focused on the Ring. Frodo begins to cover it up. Bilbo smiles faintly in an almost grandfatherly manner. Suddenly, transformed by the power of the Ring, he lashes out. His eyes grow round, ringed in purple shadows, his teeth are like yellowed fangs in his mouth, stretched open wide as he utters a strangled cry. Frodo, startled, backs away, clutching his hand over the Ring. Bilbo returns to normal. Bilbo's eye show surprise at his transformation. He cowers back, his voice strained. He sits down on the bed, weeping. Frodo places a reassuring hand on Bilbo's shoulder. Bilbo reaches back and puts his own hand on Frodo's. He continues to weep in sorrow.

Scene 30 The Departure of The Fellowship

In a glade beneath an old stone arch, the Fellowship gathers to bid farewell to Rivendell. Elrond speaks to them, gazing sternly at the faces before him. Frodo stands, listening, slightly apart from the others; leaves flutter to the earth.

ELROND

The Ring-bearer is setting out on the Quest of Mount Doom. On you who travel with him no oath nor bond is laid, to go further than you will. Farewell. Hold to your purpose. May the blessings of Elves and Men and all free folk go with you.

Elrond spreads his arms, and Legolas and Aragorn bow their heads, hands upon hearts.

GANDALF

The Fellowship awaits the Ring-bearer.

Frodo, turns and walks forward, uncertainly. Before him, the path winds away to either side.

FRODO

(whispering softly to
Gandalf)

Mordor, Gandalf, is it left or right?

GANDALF

Left.

The Fellowship departs beneath an old arch of lichen-encrusted stone. Aragorn remains where he stands, and turns to Arwen. Across the path between them they gaze into one another's eyes. Arwen's face is sorrowful; Aragorn smiles faintly, and nods a farewell. He walks out. Arwen breaks off her gaze, looking down.

The Fellowship departs from Rivendell as the sun's rays pierce the valley.

Scene 31
The Ring Goes South

They travel through the woods, over open plains and hillsides.

They pause on a hill in the wild.

GANDALF (V.O.)

We must hold this course west of the
Misty Mountains for forty days. If our
luck holds, the Gap of Rohan will still
be open to us. From there our road turns
east to Mordor.

Sam cooks sausage and other food over a fire, climbing up onto a rock besides Frodo. The Fellowship is resting on an outstretched arm of the mountains. Boromir spars with Merry and Pippin, tutoring them on sword fighting. He battles with Pippin.

BOROMIR

(to each move of the
sword)

Two, one, five. Good. Very good.

Aragorn sits nearby, smoking a pipe. He speaks encouragement.

ARAGORN

Move your feet.

MERRY

You look good, Pippin.

PIPPIN

Thanks.

BOROMIR

Faster!

As the Hobbits spar with Boromir, Gimli approaches Gandalf.

GIMLI

If anyone was to ask for my opinion,
which I note they're not , I'd say we
were taking the long way round. Gandalf,
we could pass through the Mines of
Moria. My cousin, Balin, would give us a
royal welcome.

Gandalf takes a pipe he was smoking from his mouth. Faint surprise registers in his eyes.

GANDALF

No Gimli, I would not take the road
through Moria unless I had no other
choice.

Legolas notices something amiss and looks intently towards
the South. Meanwhile, Boromir continues to fight Pippin.

BOROMIR

Come on. Good.

Boromir accidentally nicks Pippin's hand.

PIPPIN

Aaaah!

BOROMIR

Sorry!
Ahh!

Pippin kicks Boromir on the shin.

MERRY

Get Him!

Boromir goes down in a mock battle. Boromir and Aragorn
laugh with the Hobbits.

PIPPIN

For the Shire! Hold him! Hold him down!
Merry!

Aragorn walks over to them.

ARAGORN

Gentlemen, that's enough.

He lays a hand on either Hobbit's shoulder. Pippin and Merry
grab his legs, pulling him down on his back.

PIPPIN

(off screen, still in a
mock battle)

You've got my arm... you've got my arm!

Legolas continues to look to the South, where a strange
cloud has appeared. Sam takes notice of Legolas's
observation.

SAM

What is that?

GIMLI

Nothing, it's just a whiff of cloud.

BOROMIR

(getting up from the ground, a hand on
either Hobbit's)shoulder
It's moving fast... against the wind.

LEGOLAS

Crebain from Dunland!

ARAGORN

Hide!

BOROMIR

Hurry!

Aragorn rushes around, getting the Fellowship out of sight.

ARAGORN

Frodo! Hurry! Take cover!

The Fellowship scrambles to gather their things, and Sam puts out the fire. They hide behind rock outcroppings and under bushes. They wait. In a burst of darkness against the light of day, a flock of black birds rushes overhead, cawing loudly.

The birds circle the hill, then turn and fly back Southward. The Fellowship comes out from the rocks.

GANDALF

Spies of Saruman! The passage South is
being watched.

We must take the Pass of Caradhras.

He turns, looking up at a great, snowy mountain.

Scene 32
The Pass of Caradhras

The Fellowship climbs the snowy slopes of Caradhras. As they climb through the glistening, fresh snow beneath the great blue sky, Frodo loses his footing and falls, rolling down the slope towards Aragorn.

FRODO

Ungh!

ARAGORN

Frodo!

Aragorn helps him to his feet. Frodo regains his footing and puts a hand instinctively to his neck for the Ring. Finding it missing, he looks back up the slope. The Ring lies in the snow, glistening. Boromir sees the Ring and picks it up by its chain.

ARAGORN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Boromir.

Boromir is oblivious. His face seems sad.

BOROMIR

(speaking softly)

It is a strange fate we should suffer so much fear and doubt... over so small a thing. Such a little thing.

He reaches out a gloved hand to touch it.

ARAGORN

Boromir!

Give the Ring to Frodo.

Boromir looks up, pulled from his trance. Boromir walks slowly down the slope to the Ranger and the Hobbit. Aragorn's hand is on the hilt of his sword.

BOROMIR

(holds out the Ring)

As you wish...

Frodo does not wait, and grabs the Ring sharply.

BOROMIR (CONT'D)

... I care not.

Boromir jokingly tousles Frodo's hair, turning to resume climbing. Frodo looks on suspiciously; Aragorn releases his grip from his sword.

Over Isengard there is a veiling shadow. The crows fly down through a maze of underground workings, past Orcs laboring. They circle around, cawing.

SARUMAN

So, Gandalf, you try to lead them over Caradhras. And if that fails, where then will you go?

Gandalf's staff drives into the snow, forging a way through a growing blizzard as Gandalf guides the Fellowship along a narrow ledge on the Pass.

SARUMAN (V.O.)

If the mountain defeats you, will you risk a more dangerous road?

As the Fellowship labors onwards through the high snow banks, Legolas runs out ahead. His step is light and he moves with ease across the top of the snow, staring into the blinding storm.

SARUMAN

Cuiva nwalca Carnirasse; nai yarvaxea rasselya!

[Wake up cruel Redhorn! May your horn be bloodstained!]

LEGOLAS

There is a fell voice on the air!

GANDALF

It's Saruman!

With a rending echo, a horde of rock slabs and boulders falls from the mountain's arms. The Fellowship shove themselves flat against the sheer cliff wall to avoid the onslaught of stone.

ARAGORN

He's trying to bring down the mountain! Gandalf, we must turn back!

GANDALF

No!
Losto Caradhras, sedho, hodo, nuitho i
'ruith!

[Sleep, Caradhras, be still, lie still,
hold your wrath!]

Gandalf steps out onto the ledge, rising on the snow. The wizard's voice is drowned out by a more terrible cry in

the maelstrom. Saruman stands on the Pinnacle of Orthanc and continues to command Caradhras. Away above him where he stands, a great black wall-cloud towers over Redhorn.

SARUMAN

Cuiva nwalca Carnirasse; Nai yarvaxea
rasselya; taltuva notto-carinnar!

[Wake up cruel Redhorn! May your
bloodstained horn fall upon enemy
heads!]

Lightning strikes the tip of Caradhras, sending a second avalanche of white ice onto the Fellowship. Legolas snatches Gandalf from the edge, pulling him against the cliff just before the ice-fall hits. The avalanche cascades over the Fellowship, and snow buries them completely. After a moment, they emerge.

BOROMIR

We must get off the mountain! Make for
the Gap of Rohan and take the west road
to my city!

ARAGORN

The Gap of Rohan takes us too close to
Isengard!

GIMLI

If we cannot pass over the mountain, let
us go under it. Let us go through the
mines of Moria.

In Gandalf's eyes there is a shadow of doubt, of fear that lies unsaid. He is conflicted.

SARUMAN (V.O.)

Moria... You fear to go into those
mines.

Saruman sits in his study in Orthanc, reading a page in a book of lore written in a strange tongue.

SARUMAN

The Dwarves delved too greedily and too
deep.
You know what they awoke in the darkness
of Khazad-dûm:
Shadow and Flame!

On Caradhras, Gandalf's eyes glint, fearful.
Saruman turns to another page, revealing a mysterious form drawn as blackness and deep fire, with two sparks in the midst of the flame and dark, like eyes.
On the mountain, Gandalf speaks.

GANDALF

(grimly)

Let the Ring bearer decide.

Boromir shouts through the snowstorm, holding Merry and Pippin to him. Both are cold and extremely pale.

BOROMIR

We cannot stay here! This will be the death of the Hobbits!

GANDALF

Frodo?

FRODO

We will go through the mines.

GANDALF

So be it.

Scene 33
Moria

The Fellowship passes south, along the misty shadow of an aqueduct's ruins.

GANDALF
Frodo, come and help an old man.
How is your shoulder?

FRODO
Better than it was.

GANDALF
And the Ring?
You feel its power growing, don't you?
I've felt it too. You must be careful
now. Evil will be drawn to you from
outside the Fellowship. And, I fear,
from within.

FRODO
Who then do I trust?

GANDALF
You must trust yourself. Trust your own
strengths.

FRODO
What do you mean?

GANDALF
There are many powers in this world, for
Good or for Evil. Some are greater than
I am. And against some I have not yet
been tested.

GIMLI
The Walls... of Moria!

The Fellowship stands and looks upon a vast cliff face.

GIMLI (CONT'D)
Dwarf doors are invisible when closed.

He knocks his axe against a rock. The Fellowship moves along the wall, searching for a door.

GANDALF
Yes, Gimli, their own masters cannot
find them, if their secrets are
forgotten.

LEGOLAS

Why doesn't that surprise me?

Gimli grumbles, but says nothing.

A foot splashes into shallow water. Frodo gasps, pulling his leg back. A great pool sits beside the rock face.

Gandalf approaches the rock between two trees, and runs his hand over the cliff face.

GANDALF

Now... let's see. Ithildin -

It mirrors only starlight... and moonlight.

It reads 'The Doors of Durin - Lord of Moria. Speak, friend, and enter.'

Beneath his hand run spidery silver lines, faint beneath the dirt.

As he looks up at the black night sky, the moon appears. The silver lines grow bright, outlining a door formed of two columns beneath an arch, with a star in the center.

MERRY

What do you suppose that means?

GANDALF

Oh, it's quite simple. If you are a friend, you speak the password, and the doors will open.

Annon Edhellen, edro hi ammen!

[Gate of the Elves, open now for me!]

Fennas Nogothrim, lasto beth lammen.

[Doorway of the Dwarf-folk, listen to the word of my tongue.]

The Doors remain closed.

PIPPIN

Nothing's happening.

Gandalf glances at him at him, looking slightly annoyed. He begins to push on the doors, but they remain fast.

GANDALF

I once knew every spell in all the tongues of Elves... Men... and Orcs.

PIPPIN

What are you going to do, then?

GANDALF

Knock your head against these doors,
Peregrin Took! And if that does not
shatter them, and I am allowed a little
peace from foolish questions, I will try
to find the opening words.

Time passes. The rest of the Fellowship is seated around the
doors near the lake.

GANDALF (CONT'D)

Ando Eldarinwa... a lasta quettanya,
Fenda Casarinwa...

[Gate of Elves... listen to my word,
Threshold of Dwarves...]

ARAGORN

(unhitching the pony's
bridle)

The Mines are no place for a pony, even
one so brave as Bill.

SAM

Buh-bye Bill.

ARAGORN

Go on, Bill, go on. Don't worry Sam, he
knows the way home.
Do not disturb the water.

Bill clip-clops down the shore through the night.
Merry begins to throw stones into the water. Pippin follows
suit, but Aragorn stops him.

GANDALF

Oh, it's useless!

He drop his staff and sits down beside Frodo, pulling off
his hat.

Meanwhile, Aragorn and Boromir watch as a ripple runs
through the water.

Frodo stands up and looks at the writing on the gateway.

FRODO

It's a riddle.
Speak 'friend' and enter. What's the
Elvish word for friend?

The water continues to ripple. The rest of the Fellowship
watches.

The water shivers again.

GANDALF

Mellon...

The stone doors slowly swing open, rumbling deeply. The Fellowship enters Moria. Gandalf places a crystal into the top of his staff; Aragorn follows last, casting a last glance at the water. Moonlight floods into a shadowy chamber.

GIMLI

Soon, Master Elf, you will enjoy the fabled hospitality of the Dwarves! Roaring fires, malt beer, ripe meat off the bone. This, my friend, is the home of my cousin, Balin. And they call it a mine. A mine!

Gandalf brings his hand around his staff, blowing upon the crystal. It glows.

BOROMIR

This is no mine, it's a tomb!

Light reveals rotted, broken and battered forms strewn about, casting long shadows across the room.

GIMLI

Oh! No! Noooo!

Legolas pulls out an arrow from the body of a fallen Dwarf, examines it and casts it away in disgust.

LEGOLAS

Goblins!

Aragorn and Boromir draw out their swords. Legolas fits an arrow to his bow.

BOROMIR

We make for the Gap of Rohan. We should never have come here. Now get out of here, get out!

The four Hobbits are backing toward the door. Something stirs in the water behind them. The company starts for the door. Suddenly, Frodo is grabbed from behind and pulled off his feet by a long, snaking tentacle.

SAM, MERRY, AND PIPPIN

Frodo!

SAM
Strider!

FRODO
Help!

SAM
(hacks at tentacle)
Get off him! Strider!

MERRY
Aragorn!
Frodo!

The Hobbits clutch at Frodo, attempting to keep him away from the water as more tentacles wrap around him. The watching creature at the gate releases Frodo, and feigns disappearance under the waters. Suddenly, many tentacles come out of the water, slapping the other Hobbits aside and grabbing Frodo around the leg. He is pulled out over into the air. Legolas runs out onto the shore and shoots. His arrow pierces a tentacle wrapping itself over Frodo's face.

FRODO
Strider!

STRIDER
Yaghh!

Boromir and Aragorn rush to the water and attack the beast. It flings Frodo wildly in the air. Despite the Fellowship's efforts, the Hobbit is lowered towards a gapping maw in the water, ringed by fangs, set in a gilled face. Aragorn slices through the tentacle holding Frodo, who falls into Boromir's arms.

GANDALF
Into the Mines!

BOROMIR
Legolas!

Aragorn and Boromir retreat. Boromir runs for the gates with Frodo as a huge tentacle uncoils a hand-like appendage, snaking after them. Legolas takes aim.

ARAGORN
Into the cave!
Run!

Legolas shoots. His arrow hits the beast's right eye, and it recoils with a roar. As the Fellowship race into Moria, the sea creature reaches out and tears the gates shut. Slabs of rocks drop and the

roof of the passageway caves in. The Fellowship stares back as the last rays of moonlight disappear.

Scene 34
A Journey in the Dark

Gasps and heavy breathing echo in the darkness.

GANDALF

We now have but one choice.
 We must face the long dark of Moria. Be
 on your guard. There are older and
 fouler things than Orcs, in the deep
 places of the world.
 Quietly now. It's a four-day journey to
 the other side. Let us hope that our
 presence may go unnoticed.
 The wealth of Moria was not in gold...
 or jewels...
 ... but Mithril.
 Bilbo had a shirt of Mithril rings that
 Thorin gave him.

Light appears from Gandalf's staff, showing the startled and
 frightened faces of the Fellowship.
 Time passes. The Fellowship enters a great cavern.
 Gandalf rests his hand upon a rock with a dark, silver veins
 running through it.
 The wizard tilts his staff down towards a pit.
 The lights illuminates the Fellowship's faces.
 A vast rock wall drops into the depths below. Row upon row
 of ladders and scaffolding, old and disused, disappear into
 the mining shafts below.
 Merry leans forward slightly to look closer. Pippin puts a
 warning hand in front of him.
 Frodo stares down until the light fades.

GIMLI

Oh, that was a kingly gift.

GANDALF

Yes! I never told him, but its worth was
 greater than the value of the Shire.

Frodo looks surprised.
 They then climb up steep steps on the side of a cavern.
 Pippin loses his footing and slips onto Merry.

MERRY

Pippin!

The Fellowship climbs another flight of stairs to a
 crossroads in the mine: three doorways loom before them.
 Gandalf glances from one to the other and back.

GANDALF

I have no memory of this place.

The Fellowship rests. Aragorn sits beside Boromir.

ARAGORN

Hmm.

PIPPIN

Are we lost?

MERRY

No.

PIPPIN

I think we are.

SAM

Shh! Gandalf's thinking.

PIPPIN

Merry?

MERRY

What?

PIPPIN

I'm hungry.

Frodo looks down into the cavern and sees a small figure leaping from stone to stone. Startled, he walks over to where Gandalf is sitting.

FRODO

There's something down there!

GANDALF

(without surprise)

It's Gollum.

FRODO

Gollum?

GANDALF

He's been following us for three days.

FRODO

He escaped the dungeons of Barad-Dûr!

GANDALF

Escaped? Or was set loose?

And now the Ring had drawn him here. He will never be rid of his need for it. He hates and loves the Ring, as he hates

(MORE)

GANDALF (CONT'D)
 and loves himself.
 Sméagol's life is a sad story. Yes,
 Sméagol he was once called. Before the
 Ring found him... before it drove him
 mad.

Dark and dirty fingers clasp a stone implement. From the
 distance below, Gollum looks up, his large eyes piercing the
 darkness.

FRODO
 It's a pity Bilbo didn't kill him when
 he had the chance!

GANDALF
 (glancing sharply at
 Frodo)
 Pity? It was pity that stayed Bilbo's
 hand. Many that live deserve death, and
 some that die deserve life. Can you give
 it to them, Frodo?

Frodo looks down, silently.

GANDALF (CONT'D)
 Do not be too eager to deal out death in
 judgment. Even the very wise can not see
 all ends. My heart tells me that Gollum
 has some part to play yet, for good or
 ill...

Gollum pulls back into the darkness, wrinkling his nose.

GOLLUM
 Gollum.

GANDALF
 ... before this is over.
 The pity of Bilbo may rule the fate of
 many.

Gollum slinks off.
 Frodo sits down next to Gandalf.

FRODO
 I wish the Ring had never come to me. I
 wish none of this had happened.

GANDALF
 So do all who live to see such times,
 but that is not for them to decide. All
 we have to decide is what to do with the
 time that is given to us. There are
 (MORE)

GANDALF (CONT'D)
other forces at work in this world,
Frodo, besides the will of evil. Bilbo
was meant to find the Ring, in which
case you also were meant to have it. And
that is an encouraging thought.

GANDALF (CONT'D)
(looks towards one of the
doorways)
Oh! It's that way.

MERRY
He's remembered!

The Fellowship starts down a dark stairway. Gandalf puts on
his hat.

GANDALF
No, but the air doesn't smell so foul
down here.
If in doubt, Meriadoc, always follow
your nose.

The wizard rests a hand on Merry's shoulder.

The Fellowship comes to a more open space. Broken columns
lie tumbled across the floor. Gandalf lifts his staff.

GANDALF (CONT'D)
Let me risk a little more light.
Behold: the great realm and Dwarf city
of Dwarrowdelf.

His staff illuminates a giant stone hall with tall pillars
and arched ceilings. Gimli gasps.

SAM
Now there's an eye opener and no
mistake.

The Fellowship walks forward through the hall, peering
around a column.

Scene 35
Balin's Tomb

Gimli sees a ray of sunlight shining through a chamber.

GIMLI

Haugh!

GANDALF

Gimli!

Gimli runs into the chamber. Bodies and weapons scattered about it. The Dwarf stops and kneels by a crypt in the center of the room. A shaft of light illuminates it. Gandalf walks forward and peers at the tomb's surface.

GIMLI

No! No! No!

Gimli sobs.

Boromir places his hand on Gimli's shoulder.

GANDALF

(translating the runes on
the tomb)

'Here lies Balin, son of Fundin, Lord of
Moria.' He is dead then. It's as I
feared.

Gimli wails.

Gandalf gives his staff and hat to Pippin, bends down, and takes a large and battered book from a corpse's hands. He opens it and clears the dirt from its pages.

GIMLI

(chanting softly,
sobbing)

Kilmin malur ni zaram kalil ra narag.
Kheled-zâram... Balin tazlifi.

LEGOLAS

(to Aragorn)

We must move on, we cannot linger!

GANDALF

(reading)

'They have taken the bridge... and the
second hall.'

Gimli stops sobbing, and looks up blankly.

GANDALF (CONT'D)

'We have barred the gates... but cannot hold them for long. The ground shakes.'

'Drums... drums... in the deep.'

'We cannot get out. A shadow moves in the dark.'

'We cannot get out...'

'They are coming!'

Pippin, still holding hat and staff, backs away. He looks up slowly, and turns the smudged, bloodstained page. The Fellowship begins to glance around uncomfortably. Pippin stumbles back and sees a corpse with an arrow in its chest, sitting by a stone well. He turns towards it. Gandalf glances at the last, single line, a scrawl fading out at the bottom of the page. Gandalf looks up in the uncomfortable silence.

The silence is broken by Pippin. Curious, he reaches out and lightly twists the arrow in the corpse.

The skull slips off, falling into the well with a resounding crash.

Gandalf whips around.

Pippin turns to face him, looking guilty. As he does, the rest of the corpse slips into the well, dragging with it a chain and bucket. Noise echoes from hall to hall far below. Pippin winces at each wave of noise.

GANDALF (CONT'D)

(slams the book shut)

Fool of a Took! Throw yourself in next time and rid us of your stupidity!

He pulls his hat and staff from the Hobbit's hands. Gandalf turns away. Pippin stands still, awkwardly.

Drums are heard booming. Gandalf slowly turns back, and Pippin turns as well, staring down into the well. More drums are heard booming.

SAM

Frodo!

Sting glows blue.

LEGOLAS

Orcs!

Boromir rushes to the doors to have a look. Arrows hiss into the door near his face. Aragorn drops his torch and runs to Boromir.

ARAGORN

(to the Hobbits)

Get back! You stay close to Gandalf!

The doors are shut. A bellow can be heard just outside.

BOROMIR
(in sarcastic relief)
They have a cave troll.

Legolas tosses weapons to Boromir and Aragorn to blockade the door. The Fellowship draw out their weapons. Gandalf throws away his hat and pulls out his sword.

GANDALF
Yah!

The Hobbits brandish their short-swords. Sting quivers, glowing blue. Gimli leaps atop Balin's tomb and brandishes his axe.

GIMLI
Argh! Let them come! There is one dwarf yet in Moria who still draws breath!

Creatures begin breaking the doors down. Weapons crash through splintering spaces. Legolas and Aragorn stand poised, ready to shoot. The first clear gap is gashed in the door and Legolas shoots - a shrill cry rings out. The Elf notches an arrow to his bow as Aragorn shoots another. Suddenly, the beasts break through and the battle begins. A wave of armor-clad Orcs charge towards the Fellowship, who engage the Orcs. Aragorn and Legolas pierce Orcs with their arrows while Boromir smashes another with his sword; Gimli catches one in the stomach. With a roar, Gandalf launches himself into the fray, and the Hobbits follow. Aragorn beheads an Orc and black blood spews forth. Sam pauses in the heat of battle, his attention drawn upwards. Aragorn also looks up. A cave troll smashes through the doorway, chains leading from his wrists to an Orc's hand. Legolas shoots the cave troll in the shoulder; the beast growls and claps a hand to the wound. Sam continues to stare, frozen, as the troll swings his mace down at the Hobbit - he dives under the troll's legs and crawls away as the troll turns, and sights him again. Cornered, Sam cringes. The beast raises his arm to strike when, suddenly, he falls back. Aragorn and Boromir are behind the troll, pulling on its chains. The troll twists its arm and whips Boromir across the room. He lands in a recess of the wall, dazed. An Orc stands above him, ready to strike. Across the room, Aragorn slings his blade into the Orc's neck, and, still dazed, Boromir gets up. Aragorn nods to him. Standing upon the tomb of Balin, Gimli the Dwarf slings an axe, piercing the troll's shoulder. The troll swings his

mace into the tomb, shattering it and knocking the Dwarf off.

Merry and Pippin push Frodo behind a pillar. Gimli hacks at an Orc as the troll swings its mace at him. Gimli ducks, and the monster strikes a goblin instead, and then another. Gimli falls. From a corner among more of the goblins, Legolas shoots two arrows into the troll, causing it to reel back with a cry.

Gandalf knocks an Orc out with his staff.

The troll swings his chain above his head. He swings at the Elf, and Legolas dodges it. The chain wraps around a pillar. Legolas runs along the chain onto the troll's shoulders. He shoots the troll in the back of the head and jumps off. The troll cringes and stumbles.

SAM

(hits an Orc with
skillet)

I think I'm getting the hang of this.

He turns and hits another.

The troll raises his mace and brings it down at the other Hobbits, causing them to jump aside. Frodo is separated from Merry and Pippin. The troll seeks Frodo, who tries to evade its searches by hiding behind a pillar.

ARAGORN

(seeing the eminent
danger)

Frodo!

Aragorn tries to fight his way over to Frodo. Frodo dodges around the pillar. The troll peers around it.

Not being able to see him, it peers around the other side, causing Frodo to dodge out of its vision. It disappears. Frodo carefully looks around the pillar - the troll has gone. He draws a deep breath.

The troll blasts around the pillar, bellowing in Frodo's face. The Hobbit stumbles and falls in a corner. The troll grabs him. The troll lifts and drags Frodo off of the edge of a recess.

FRODO

Aragorn? Aragorn!

Aragorn breathes heavily, exhausted. Still, he continues on.

ARAGORN

Frodo!
Yah!

Frodo slashes the troll's hand with Sting. The troll drops Frodo to the ground, twisting his injured hand and staring at it. Frodo lies on the floor. It raises its mace and begins to swing, but Aragorn leaps down into the recess.

He grabs a spear from the floor and stabs the troll with it. It does not penetrate its flesh, but holds the beast at bay. Pippin and Merry throw stones at the troll's head. The troll swings his arm down and hits Aragorn, sending him flying across the room. He collapses onto the floor. Frodo races after him and tries to rouse him, but Aragorn is too stunned to move.

Frodo begins to run but the troll blocks Frodo's path with its spear, throwing him back. The troll takes aim and stabs Frodo in the chest.

Gandalf turns instinctively. Merry and Pippin stare in shock.

FRODO

Ugh... uh!

The cave troll gapes in surprise at what it has done. Merry and Pippin glance at each other and their faces appear resolved. Gandalf is shocked.

They leap onto the beast, stabbing him mercilessly.

MERRY AND PIPPIN

Yaaahh!

SAM

(from a distance away)

Frodo?

Gandalf stares silently across the room, stunned.

SAM (CONT'D)

Frodo!

He rushes bravely towards his friend. Broken from their shocked trance, Aragorn, Boromir, and Gandalf fight madly to reach the Hobbit.

Frodo slumps to the floor, the spear sticking into his chest.

The troll flails at its head and grabs Merry, swinging him around and throwing him to the ground. Gandalf and Gimli take turns stabbing at the troll and dodging out of range. Legolas takes aim.

With Pippin stabbing it in the head, the troll opens its mouth. Legolas shooting his arrow up into the brain through the mouth of the troll.

The troll stops fighting and its hand fumbles towards its mouth where the arrow is. It stares upward, shocked.

With a long, pained moan, the troll collapses to the ground, dead. Pippin is thrown against the floor. There is a moment of silence. All enemies are dead or have fled.

Gandalf rushes to Frodo, as does Aragorn.

Sam walks slowly over.

ARAGORN

Oh no!

Aragorn rolls him over.
Frodo groans, gasping for breath.

SAM

He's alive!

Gandalf sighs in relief.

FRODO

I'm all right, I'm not hurt.

ARAGORN

You should be dead! That spear would
have skewered a wild boar.

GANDALF

I think there's more to this Hobbit than
meets the eye.

Frodo reveals his Mithril shirt. It glimmers.

GIMLI

Mithril! You are full of surprises,
Master Baggins.

Scene 36
The Bridge of Khazad-dûm

Orcs are heard in the distance.

GANDALF

To the Bridge of Khazad-dûm!

The Fellowship runs out the chamber into a hall of pillars. The Fellowship is closely pursued by an army of Orcs. Other Orcs spring out from the floor or crawl, like spiders, from the ceiling and down the pillars. They surround the Fellowship, who have drawn their weapons outward in a circle. The Orcs snarl and leer. Gimli lets out a yell. A fiery light appears at the end of a hall followed by a thunderous rumble. The Orcs flee in all directions. Gimli laughs, thinking he has scared off the Orcs. The Fellowship are left alone. The weary wizard stares down the hall.

BOROMIR

What is this new devilry?

Gandalf does not respond for a moment. He closes his eyes, concentrating. The rumble is heard again. Gandalf opens his eyes.

GANDALF

A Balrog - a demon of the ancient world.
 This foe is beyond any of you... Run!

The thing growls, still hidden around a corner of the vast hall, throwing fiery light on the pillars. Legolas's eyes show fear.

The Fellowship runs to a small doorway. Gandalf shepherds them through.

GANDALF (CONT'D)

Quickly!

He takes a last glance behind him, and follows. The Fellowship enters a passageway and goes down a flight of steps. The flight ends in a missing segment, and Boromir nearly falls but Legolas pulls him back. His torch whirls away into the vast underworld beneath.

ARAGORN

Gandalf!

GANDALF

Lead them on, Aragorn! The bridge is
near!
Do as I say!
Swords are no more use here!

They look across a wide space to a long bridge spanning the gap between a hall and a cliff face. Away behind them, the Balrog roars again. Aragorn moves towards Gandalf, but Gandalf pushes Aragorn roughly away from him. Hurt and confusion register on Aragorn's face. The Balrog roars again. The Fellowship descend a flight of massive stairs. The Fellowship encounters a gap in the stairs. Legolas leaps and lands on the other side. The Balrog rumbles again. Foundations splinter and crumble, sending huge rocks tumbling into the depths.

LEGOLAS

Gandalf.

Gandalf leaps after him. Arrows whistle into the air from a far ledge, striking the stone steps. Legolas shoots back. His arrow rises through the air and pierces the skull of an Orc. The Orc tumbles down from his ledge.

BOROMIR

Merry! Pippin! Hoo-aah!

He leaps across the gap.
An exchange of arrows follow from the stairs to the ledge.

ARAGORN

Sam.

He pitches Sam to the other side where the Hobbit is caught by Boromir.
Aragorn reaches to pick up Gimli.

GIMLI

(holds up his hand)
Nobody tosses a dwarf.

He leaps forward but nearly falls back into the chasm.
Legolas grabs his beard and pulls him up.

GIMLI (CONT'D)

Not the beard!

Some of the stone steps crumble and fall. Aragorn pushes Frodo to safety. They climb to their feet and look at the now widened gap that separates them from the rest of the Fellowship.

ARAGORN

Steady. Hold on!
Hang on! Lean forward!

The Balrog can be heard approaching from the other hall. Stone structures around the mine collapse as it draws near. A huge rock falls from the ceiling and smashes through the steps behind Aragorn and Frodo, creating another gap behind them. The stairs begin to wobble.

LEGOLAS

Come on!

They shift their weight forward, tipping the stairs across the divide and slamming them onto the steps where their companions are. They leap across to safety. They run down the stairs as the stone structures collapse behind them.

Around a great pillar in a fiery hall comes Gandalf, leading the Fellowship. A wall of flame whirls behind them.

GANDALF

Over the bridge! Fly!
You cannot pass!

The Fellowship flees. Gandalf does not follow, but turns, looking into the wall of fire. A great form of black shadow leaps through the flames, its eyes of white fire, great ash-black horns curling around a bull-like head. It opens its maw, rippling heat pouring out with a rumble. Gandalf turns, running after the Fellowship. A great, black, cloven foot stomps down into the hall, bursting into flame. A narrow bridge of stone appears in the fiery light, and the Fellowship crosses the bridge. Gandalf turns to face the Balrog.

FRODO

Gandalf!

GANDALF

I am the servant of the Secret Fire,
wielder of the Flame of Anor...
The dark fire will not avail you! Flame
of Udûn!

The Balrog strikes down on Gandalf, who parries the blow with his blade, shattering the Balrog's sword. Glowing embers run off the circle of light around the wizard. The monster bellows at the wizard. Frodo gasps. Aragorn runs forward.

GANDALF (CONT'D)
 (clenching his teeth)
 Go back to the Shadow!

The Balrog steps onto the bridge. It brandishes a flaming whip.
 Gandalf raises his sword and staff together into the air.

GANDALF (CONT'D)
 You - shall not - pass!

Gandalf drives his staff into the bridge, causing a bright flash of blue light to appear. Flaring its nostrils, the Balrog steps forward onto the bridge. The bridge collapses from under it as it moves towards Gandalf, and breaks before the wizard's staff. The demon plunges backward into the chasm, still wielding its glowing whip. Gandalf, exhausted, leans on his staff and watches the Balrog fall. He turns to follow the others. The flaming whip lashes up from the depths of the abyss and winds about Gandalf's ankle, dragging him over the edge. He clings onto the bridge but strains to keep his grip. Frodo rushes forward but Boromir restrains him.

BOROMIR
 No, no!

FRODO
 Gandalf!

The wizard grasps the bridge, looking into Frodo's eyes. He stops struggling.

GANDALF
 Fly, you fools!

Gandalf lets go of the stone and falls into the chasm, spreading his arms, the light of the Balrog glimmering far below.

FRODO
 No!

Boromir grabs hold of Frodo and starts to leave up a flight of stairs.

BOROMIR
 Aragorn!

FRODO
 No!

For a moment Aragorn does not move, but then Orc arrows start whistling by once again, shooting at the companions. Dodging them, he turns and follows the others up the stairs.

The Fellowship exits Moria. Boromir tries to restrain Gimli as the Dwarf vents out his rage and sorrow. Merry consoles Pippin, who lies crying. Legolas wears a look of shock and disbelief; the immortal elf's eyes show puzzlement. Sam sits on the ground, bows his head onto his hands, and begins to weep. Aragorn wipes his sword clean, sheathes it, and turns to the others.

ARAGORN

Legolas, get them up.

BOROMIR

Give them a moment, for pity's sake!

ARAGORN

By nightfall these hills will be swarming with Orcs! We must reach the woods of Lothlórien. Come, Boromir, Legolas, Gimli, get them up. On your feet Sam. Frodo? Frodo!

Frodo stands alone upon the hillside. Weeping silently, he turns towards Aragorn, a single tear running down his chin.

Scene 37
Lothlórien

Chortling, icy blue water gurgles across the dale.
Aragorn runs up onto a rock.
Framed against a deep blue sky, he looks past the mountains
to the greengold woods beyond.
The Fellowship jogs across a grassy field, halting under the
leaves of a forest of tall trees.

GIMLI

Stay close, young Hobbits! They say that
a great sorceress lives in these woods,
an Elf-witch, of terrible power. All who
look upon her, fall under her spell...

GALADRIEL

Frodo...

Frodo, startled, looks around.

GIMLI

... and are never seen again.

GALADRIEL

... Your coming to us...
... is as the footsteps of doom. You
bring great evil here, Ring-bearer!

Frodo halts in his tracks: a pair of eyes flash through his
head.

SAM

Mister Frodo?

GIMLI

Well, here is one Dwarf she won't
ensnare so easily. I have the eyes of a
hawk and the ears of a fox!
Oh...

An arrow, notched, appears before his face.
Other bows at the ready appear around the Fellowship.
Legolas has his own bow out.
The Fellowship looks around, alarmed.
A tall, golden-haired Elf appears.

HALDIR

The dwarf breathes so loud, we could
have shot him in the dark.

GIMLI

Grrr...

The Fellowship stands on a platform in the rustling foliage.

Haldir greets them.

ELF

Mae govannen, Legolas Thranduilion.

[Welcome Legolas, son of Thranduil.]

LEGOLAS

Govannas vîn gwennen le, Haldir o Lórien.

[Our Fellowship stands in your debt,
Haldir of Lórien.]

Haldir glances at Aragorn.

HALDIR

A, Aragorn in Dúnedain istannen le ammen.

[Oh, Aragorn of the Dúnedain, you are known to us.]

ARAGORN

Haldir.

GIMLI

So much for the legendary courtesy of the Elves! Speak words we can also understand!

HALDIR

We have not had dealings with the Dwarves since the Dark Days.

GIMLI

And you know what this Dwarf says to that? Ishkhaqwi ai durugnul!

[I spit upon your grave!]

ARAGORN

(grabs Gimli)

That was not so courteous.

Haldir glances at Frodo.

HALDIR

You bring great evil with you.
You can go no further.

Haldir looks at Aragorn.

He walks away. Sam and Pippin turn to look at Frodo. He looks slightly uncomfortable.

Aragorn argues with Haldir, angrily.

ARAGORN

Boe ammen veriad lân. Andelu i ven!

[We need your protection. The road is
fell!]

Merin le telim.

[I wish we may come with you.]

Henio, aníron boe ammen i dulu lân!

[Please, understand, we need your
support!]

Andelu i ven.

[The road is very dangerous.]

Haldir whispers back inaudibly.

Haldir answers quietly, again so that only Aragorn can hear
his words.

Legolas turns to look at Frodo, who looks uncomfortably
away, and his eyes fall on Sam.

Sam looks away, a hurt expression in his eyes.

Merry and Pippin do likewise.

Gimli glances at Frodo.

Aragorn continues to argue loudly with Haldir.

BOROMIR

Gandalf's death was not in vain... nor
would he have you give up hope.

You carry a heavy burden, Frodo... don't
carry the weight of the dead.

Frodo ponders this. Haldir appears, looking less than happy.

HALDIR

You will follow me.

Caras Galadhon... the heart of Elvendom
on earth. Realm of the Lord Celeborn and
of Galadriel, Lady of Light.

A caravan of Elves leads the Fellowship along a ridge,
through the golden woods. Boromir glances at Frodo behind
him. The group comes to the end of the high ridge and looks
out. A great glade of trees rises above them.

Scene 38
Caras Galadhon

The Fellowship climb a winding way among the great trees. They ascend the path until night falls. In the blue glow of a moonlit night, the Fellowship climbs a twisting stair about the trunk of a tree, past glimmering lights of silver and blue. Far above, the silhouetted shapes of the shadowy tree-branches loom. Passing numerous platforms, they come to a great palace in the trees, lit with silvery lights. A curving walkway lies before them, leading up a low stair to an archway. They gather before the arch as Haldir steps to one side. A glowing couple, hand in hand, descend to meet the Fellowship. The Fellowship stares in awe. Aragorn touches his head in greeting. The light dims, and before the Fellowship the Lord and Lady, Galadriel and Celeborn, halt. The Lady's eyes focus on Frodo, but Celeborn speaks.

CELEBORN

The Enemy knows you have entered here.
What hope you had in secrecy is now gone.
Eight there are here, yet nine there were,
set out from Rivendell. Tell me, where is Gandalf?
For I much desire to speak with him... I can no longer see him from afar.

As he speaks, Galadriel's eyes flicker to Aragorn's, who looks up.

GALADRIEL

Gandalf the Grey did not pass the borders of this land. He has fallen into shadow.

Aragorn nods slightly. Celeborn turns to Galadriel.

LEGOLAS

He was taken by both Shadow and Flame: a Balrog of Morgoth. For we went needlessly into the net of Moria.

Gimli bows his head, sadly.

GALADRIEL

Needless were none of the deeds of Gandalf in life. We do not yet know his whole purpose.
Do not let the great emptiness of Khazad-dûm fill your heart, Gimli, son
(MORE)

GALADRIEL (CONT'D)

of Glóin.
 For the world has grown full of peril.
 And in all lands, love is now mingled
 with grief.

The Dwarf looks up as her words.
 Boromir turns his pained face to the Lady, blinking and
 swallowing hard. The Lady stares back. Boromir looks away,
 weeping.

CELEBORN

What now becomes of this Fellowship?
 Without Gandalf, hope is lost.

GALADRIEL

The quest stands upon the edge of a
 knife. Stray but a little and it will
 fail to the ruin of all.
 Yet hope remains while the company is
 true.
 Do not let your hearts be troubled. Go
 now and rest for you are weary with
 sorrow and much toil. Tonight you will
 sleep in peace.
 Welcome, Frodo of the Shire... one who
 has seen the Eye!

Boromir looks back up at her, unsure.
 Galadriel looks at Sam and smiles.
 She whispers to Frodo in his mind, casting her eyes sideways
 at him.
 Galadriel's eyes, the same ones that Frodo saw upon entering
 Lothlórien, flash through his mind again.

Back on the ground, the Hobbits are settling down to rest.
 Elf song can be heard.

FEMALE ELF

A Olórin i yaresse
 Mentaner i Numeherui
 Tírien i Rómenóri

[Olórin who once was
 Sent by the Lords of the West
 To guard the Lands of the East]

OTHER ELVES

Melme nóren sina
 núra ala
 Eäro

[Our love for this land
 Is deeper than the deeps
 Of the sea]

LEGOLAS
A lament for Gandalf.

Aragorn sharpens his sword as Gimli sleeps beside him.

MERRY
What do they say about him?

LEGOLAS
I have not the heart to tell you. For me
the grief is still too near.

ELVES
Maiaron i Oiosaila,
Manan elye etevanne
Nórie i malanelye?

[Wisest of all Maiar,
What drove you to leave
That which you loved?]
Ilfirin nairrelma
ullume nucuvalme.
Nauva i nauva.

[Yet we will cast all away
Rather that submit.
What should be shall be.]

Sam crouches down to make his bed.

SAM
(to Merry)
I bet they don't mention his fireworks.
There should be a verse about them.

Sam stands up.

SAM (CONT'D)
The finest rockets ever seen,
They burst in stars of blue and green...
Or after thunder... silver showers...
Came falling like a... rain of
flowers...
Oh, that doesn't do them justice by a
long road.

Gimli snores loudly.
Aragorn turns, annoyed, and swats the Dwarf's pillow,
eliciting a grunt from Gimli.
He squats down again.
Aragorn walks over to Boromir, who is seated alone on a
great tree root.

ELVES

Ú-reniathach
i amar galen
I reniad lín ne môr, nuithannen.

[No more will you wander
The green fields of this earth
Your journey has ended in darkness.]

ARAGORN

Take some rest. These borders are well
protected.

BOROMIR

I will find no rest here. I heard her
voice inside my head. She spoke of my
father and the fall of Gondor. She said
to me, 'Even now, there is hope left.'
But I cannot see it. It is long since we
had any hope.
My father is a noble man, but his rule
is failing. And now our... our people
lose faith. He looks to me to make
things right and I - I would do it. I
would see the glory of Gondor restored.
Have you ever seen it Aragorn? The White
Tower of Ecthelion, glimmering like a
spike of pearl and silver. Its banners
caught high in the morning breeze. Have
you ever been called home by the clear
ringing of silver trumpets?

Aragorn sits beside Boromir.

ARAGORN

I have seen the White City, long ago.

BOROMIR

One day, our paths will lead us there.
And the tower guard shall take up the
call 'The Lords of Gondor have
returned!'

Aragorn smiles slightly, then looks away.

Scene 39
The Mirror of Galadriel

The Fellowship is asleep. A glowing figure in a flowing dress walks by them. Frodo wakes up with a start. Galadriel glides past him. Frodo follows. Galadriel descends to a glade and fills a silver pitcher with water from a stream. She stands before an ornate stand with a shallow silver basin upon it. The Lady turns towards Frodo.

GALADRIEL
Will you look into the mirror?

FRODO
What will I see?

GALADRIEL
(stepping up to the
basin)
Even the wisest cannot tell. For the
mirror... shows many things...

She begins to pour the water into the silver mirror.

GALADRIEL (CONT'D)
... things that were... things that
are... and some things...
... that have not yet come to pass.
I know what it is you saw, for it is
also in my mind.
It is what will come to pass if you
should fail. The Fellowship is breaking:
it is already begun. He will try to take
the Ring. You know of whom I speak. One
by one, it will destroy them all.

She empties the ewer and steps back
Frodo steps up onto a low platform below the mirror to take a look. He peers down and sees nothing but his reflection. Then the mirror clears and shows a vision of Legolas, Merry and Pippin and Sam from the platform in the woods. Then the Green Dragon Inn appears in the ripples. Suddenly, fires belch up, flaming from windows and doors. Orcs lash whips. Frodo gasps, his eyes wide. Beneath grey skies and dark hills shouldered with machinery and industry, a line of Hobbits, including Samwise, is driven into a mill to work by slave-masterly Orcs. The Eye of Sauron fills the mirror. The Ring hanging from Frodo's neck pulls him closer to the water. Steam begins to curl up from the basin as Sauron speaks to Frodo. Frodo grabs the Ring and jerks back, throwing himself off the step and landing on the grass. Her voice echoes in Frodo's head.

FRODO

(silently)

If you ask it of me, I will give you the
One Ring.

Opening his palm, he offers the Ring to her.

GALADRIEL

You offer it to me freely. I do not deny
that my heart has greatly desired this.
In place of a Dark Lord, you would have
a queen!
Not dark, but beautiful and terrible as
the dawn! Treacherous as the sea!
Stronger than the foundations of the
earth! All shall love me, and despair!
I pass the test! I will diminish, and go
into the West, and remain Galadriel.

She approaches Frodo and places her hand over the Ring, her
hand quivering. Her appearance begins to change. She towers
over Frodo, her cloak running ragged in a wind, her eyes
like dark hollows, arms flung high.
She now wears a breastplate; her hair billows around her. As
though underwater, the glade becomes murky and green.
Frodo backs away in fright.
The great murky light fades and Galadriel lets her arms
slowly fall, her transformed image disappearing. Breathing
heavily, she speaks to herself.
She begins to turn away.

FRODO

I cannot do this alone.

Galadriel turns back.

GALADRIEL

You are a Ring bearer, Frodo. To bear a
Ring of power is to be alone.
This is Nenya, the Ring of Adamant, and
I am its Keeper. This task was appointed
to you, and if you do not find a way, no
one will.

Galadriel lifts her hand up. A ring adorns her finger.

FRODO

Then I know what I must do. It's just...
I'm afraid to do it.

Galadriel bends down to meet him at eye level.

GALADRIEL

Even the smallest person can change the
course of the future.

Scene 40
The Fighting Uruk-hai

Orthanc rises through plumes of black smoke.
Saruman and a large Orc stand in the rising sun in an inner chamber of Orthanc.

SARUMAN

Do you know how the Orcs first came into being? They were Elves once, taken by the dark powers. Tortured and mutilated...
... a ruined and terrible form of life.
And now... perfected: my fighting Uruk-hai.
Whom do you serve?

The Orc growls.

ORC

Saruman!

The Uruk-hai are fitted with armor and are given weapons.
They receive white handprints on their heads and faces.
They then assemble in a great cavern beneath a high balcony.

SARUMAN

Hunt them down! Do not stop until they are found. You do not know pain, you do not know fear. You will taste man-flesh! One of the Halflings carries something of great value. Bring them to me alive, and unspoiled. Kill the others!

The Uruk-hai raise their weapons, shaking them with a roar.
Saruman speaks to the Uruk-hai leader whom he spoke with in his chamber, as they stand on the balcony.
An Uruk-hai troop leaves Isengard in a long column.

Scene 41
Farewell to Lórien

An elegant ship, carved in the likeness of a swan, flows through a river. Galadriel stands in it. On shore, cloaks are fastened around the Fellowship with green, silver-veined leaf-brooches.

CELEBORN

Never before have we clad strangers in the garb of our own people. May these cloaks help shield you from unfriendly eyes.

Elves prepare for the departure of the Fellowship. Legolas is among them, shifting parcels into a set of boats provided by the Galadhrim. He holds up a thin wafer for Merry and Pippin to see, as they sit in a boat.

LEGOLAS

Lembas! Elvish Way-bread. One small bite is enough to fill the stomach of a grown man.

He walks up onto shore, leaving the Hobbits by themselves.

MERRY

How many did you eat?

PIPPIN

Four.

Pippin burps.

CELEBORN

Every league you travel south, the danger will increase. Mordor Orcs now hold the eastern shore of the Anduin. Nor will you find safety on the western bank. Strange creatures bearing the mark of the White Hand have been seen on our borders. Seldom do Orcs journey in the open, under the sun, yet these have done so!

Le aphadar aen.

[You are being tracked.]

By river you have the chance of outrunning the enemy to the Falls of Rauros.

As the Elf Lord speaks, the Fellowship climb into the boats. Legolas helps Gimli onboard. Sam tries to steady himself.

Meanwhile, Aragorn and Celeborn wander through the heavy mist and sunlight.

The two pause, and Aragorn looks down. Celeborn holds an ornate dagger before him. Aragorn takes it, and unsheathes it; its blade glints.

Aragorn sheathes the dagger.

A paddle splashes into the water. The Fellowship rows through the river, past the Elves onshore.

The sun is reaching its rosy fingers over the hills; Caras Galadhon rises far away, in the mists. Voices sing with the rising dawn.

ELVES

Ai! laurië lantar lassi súrien,
Yéni úntimë ve rámar aldaron!
yéni ve lintë yuldar avánier
mi oromardi lisse-miruvóreva
Andúnë pella Vardo tellumar
nu luini yassen tintilar i eleni...

[Alas! Like gold fall the leaves in the
wind,
long years numberless as the wings of
the trees!
The long years have passed like swift
draughts
of the sweet mead in lofty halls beyond
the West,
beneath the vaults of Varda wherein the
stars
tremble in the song of her voice...]

The voices continue. A song of the sorrow of the Elves, of Lothló rien. As the boats move further downstream, Legolas's eyes stare distantly. He smiles, remembering.

GALADRIEL

My gift for you, Legolas, is a bow of
the Galadhrim, worthy of the skill of
our woodland kin.
These are the daggers of the Noldorin.
They have already seen service in war.
Do not fear, young Peregrin Took. You
will find your courage.
And for you, Samwise Gamgee: Elven rope,
made of hithlain.

Galadriel smiles, and turns to Merry and Pippin.
The Hobbits remember the meeting as they sail downriver. Sam
also recalls the Lady's gift to him.

SAM

Thank you, my lady.
Have you run out of those nice, shiny
daggers?

He looks sidelong at the blades held by Merry and Pippin, then looks up hopefully.
 The Lady of the Galadhrim smiles, and turns to the next Fellowship member in line.
 It is Gimli, who diverts his eyes downwards. Galadriel speaks, her golden hair shining beneath the poignant blues and whites and greens of the forest.

GALADRIEL

And what gift would a Dwarf ask of the
 Elves?

GIMLI

(grunting)

Nothing.

A change comes over Gimli; he looks up.

GIMLI (CONT'D)

Except to look upon the Lady of the
 Galadhrim one last time, for she is more
 fair than all the jewels beneath the
 earth.

Actually, there was one thing - ah, agh,
 that's quite impossible. Stupid to ask.

Galadriel giggles, smiling at the Dwarf. He turns to walk away, then halts and turns back.
 Gimli sits in his boat with Legolas, a far away look in his eyes, a faint smile upon his face.
 From another boat, Aragorn glances towards them, then away. He too is remembering the farewell on the shores of Lothlorien.
 Galadriel stands before Aragorn and places her hand on Arwen's Evenstar pendant.

GALADRIEL

I have nothing greater to give, than the
 gift you already bear. Am meleth dîn. I
 ant e-guil Arwen Undómiel... pelitha.

[For her love, I fear the grace of Arwen
 Evenstar... will diminish.]

The two share a sorrow in their eyes.

ARAGORN

Aníron i e broniatha ar periatham amar
 hen. Aníron e ciratha a Valannor.

[I would have her leave these shores,
 and be with her people. I would have her
 take the ship to Valinor.]

GALADRIEL

That choice is yet before her. You have your own choice to make, Aragorn... to rise above the height of all your fathers since the days of Elendil, or to fall into darkness... with all that is left of your kin.
 Namárië. Nadath nâ i moe cerich.

[Farewell. There is much you have yet to do.]

Dan... ú-'eveditham, Elessar.

[We shall not meet again, Elessar.]

Farewell, Frodo Baggins. I give you the light of Eärendil, our most beloved star.
 May it be a light for you, in dark places, when all other lights go out.

There is silence for a moment. Branches shake, a spider web's glimmering strands sway in the wind. Galadriel glances at the pendant, and smiles.
 Frodo sits in his boat with Sam and Aragorn. He hears the echo of her voice in his mind.
 Galadriel hands him a crystalline vessel shaped like a teardrop, filling with a clear water and a shining light. She kisses him on the forehead.
 Back in the boat, Frodo looks at the glass in his hand, and glances up at the shore. Galadriel stands there, her right arm upraised. She speaks to him, silently, as he passes by. The Fellowship sails out onto the river and leaves Lórien behind. White mountains rise starkly beneath blue skies and green trees. In the boats, Gimli talks to Legolas.

GIMLI

I have taken my worst wound at this parting, having looked my last upon that which is fairest. Haugh, henceforth I will call nothing fair unless it be her gift to me.

LEGOLAS

What was it?

GIMLI

I asked her for one hair from her golden head. She gave me three.

Legolas smiles.

Scene 42
The Great River

The Fellowship passes out onto a larger branch of the Anduin beneath sheer cliffs.

The Uruk-hai march along through the forest as the three boats carrying the Fellowship float along.

Darkness falls. The Fellowship rests on a small island. Boromir looks out from behind a large rock at a log floating in the river. Small hands clutch it, and the top of a head is barely visible over the log's edge, where eyes glint softly.

ARAGORN

Gollum. He has tracked us since Moria.

GOLLUM

Gollum.

ARAGORN

I had hoped we would lose him on the river. But he's too clever a waterman.

BOROMIR

And if he alerts the enemy to our whereabouts it will make the crossing even more dangerous.

Frodo hears them. He looks worried.

SAM

Have some food, Mister Frodo.

FRODO

No, Sam.

SAM

You haven't eaten anything all day. You're not sleeping, either. Don't think I haven't noticed. Mister Frodo...

FRODO

I'm all right.

SAM

But you're not! I'm here to help you. I promised Gandalf that I would.

FRODO

You can't help me, Sam... Not this time... Get some sleep.

Sam leaves him alone.

BOROMIR

Minas Tirith is the safer road. You know it. From there we can regroup... strike out for Mordor from a place of strength.

ARAGORN

There is no strength in Gondor that can avail us.

BOROMIR

You were quick enough to trust the Elves. Have you so little faith in your own people?

Yes, there is weakness. There is frailty. But there is courage also, and honor to be found in Men. But you will not see that.

You are afraid! All your life, you have hidden in the shadows!

Scared of who you are, of what you are.

Frodo looks out, suffering, from his resting place, hearing Boromir's words.

Aragorn turns away, but Boromir grabs his arm and turns him. Boromir releases Aragorn, who turns away.

ARAGORN

(turns back suddenly)

I will not lead the Ring within a hundred leagues of your city!

The Fellowship's boats pass through a canyon. Boromir glances at Frodo's boat across the water. The Uruks are shown, running in pursuit of the fellowship. Aragorn lifts his head, half-smiles and taps Frodo on the shoulder.

ARAGORN (CONT'D)

Frodo, the Argonath! Long have I desired to look upon the kings of old. My kin.

The Fellowship looks up in awe at the towering splendor of the Argonath.

Two majestic statues proudly stand on each side of the Anduin. Their left arms are held aloft, their palms facing outwards in gesture of warning. Voices sing out in the light.

VOICES

Et Eärello Endoreнна utúlien. Sinome maruvan ar Hildinyar tenn' Ambar-metta!'

[Out of the Great Sea to Middle-Earth I am come. In this place I will abide, and my heirs, unto the ending of the world!]

Scene 43
Parth Galen

The Fellowship sail towards a great, roaring waterfall. As they disembark on a gravel beach, Boromir looks troubled and appears to be fighting a conflict within him, and Frodo glances at him, looking afraid. The Fellowship starts to make camp.

ARAGORN

We cross the lake at nightfall. Hide the boats and continue on foot. We approach Mordor from the north.

GIMLI

Oh, yes?! It's just a simple matter of finding our way through Eryn Muil? An impassable labyrinth of razor sharp rocks! And after that, it gets even better! Festering, stinking marshlands, far as the eye can see!

Pippin looks up, alarmed.

ARAGORN

That is our road. I suggest you take some rest and recover your strength, Master Dwarf.

GIMLI

Recover my...?! Phrrr...

LEGOLAS

We should leave now.

ARAGORN

No. Orcs patrol the eastern shore. We must wait for cover of darkness.

LEGOLAS

It is not the eastern shore that worries me. A shadow and a threat has been growing in my mind. Something draws near... I can feel it.

Legolas' gaze wanders over the dark pine woods, with a dark, brooding statue nestled amongst their needles.

GIMLI

No dwarf need recover strength! Pay no heed to that, young Hobbit.

Merry, returning with some wood for the campfire, looks around.

MERRY

Where's Frodo?

Sam, who was half-dozing, rouses with a start.
Aragorn looks over the camp. His gaze stops on Boromir's
shield, lying with his baggage.

Scene 44
The Breaking of the Fellowship

Frodo wanders into the forest. He stands by an immense stone head, long aged and lost from its body, lying with its side in the ground. Boromir, gathering wood, sees Frodo and approaches him across the leaf-littered earth.

BOROMIR

None of us should wander alone, you
least of all. So much depends on you.
Frodo?

I know why you seek solitude. You
suffer. I see it day by day. You sure
you do not suffer needlessly? There are
other ways, Frodo, other paths that we
might take.

FRODO

I know what you would say. And it would
seem like wisdom but for the warning in
my heart.

BOROMIR

Warning? Against what? We're all afraid,
Frodo. But to let that fear drive us to
destroy what hope we have... don't you
see, that is madness?

FRODO

There is no other way!

BOROMIR

I ask only for the strength to defend my
people!
If you would but lend me the Ring...

Boromir throws the wood to the ground.

FRODO

No.

Frodo steps back.

BOROMIR

Why do you recoil? I am no thief.

FRODO

You are not yourself!

BOROMIR

What chance do you think you have? They
will find you! They will take the Ring
and you will beg for death before the

(MORE)

BOROMIR (CONT'D)

end!
 You Fool!
 It is not yours, save by unhappy chance.
 It could have been mine!
 It should be mine! Give it to me!
 Give it to me!

Frodo begins to walk away from Boromir.
 Boromir starts after him. They begin to run, Boromir closing in on the Hobbit.
 Boromir tackles Frodo.
 The two struggle, Frodo wrestles the Ring into his hand, clutching it.

FRODO

No!

BOROMIR

Give me... Give me the Ring!

FRODO

Nurgh... ugh!

Frodo slips the Ring on and disappears. He kicks Boromir and runs away.

BOROMIR

(looks around
 desperately)

I see your mind. You will take the Ring
 to Sauron! You will betray us! You'll go
 to your death and the death of us all!
 Curse you! Curse you! And all the
 halflings!

Boromir slips and falls to the ground. The madness of the Ring leaves him and he comes to his senses.

BOROMIR (CONT'D)

Frodo?... Frodo?... what have I done?...
 please... Frodo!

Frodo dashes up a set of dark steps, the world of the Ring blurring away around the Hobbit.

BOROMIR (CONT'D)

(far away)

Frodo, I'm sorry! Frodo!

Frodo, in the shadow world, climbs up onto a stone platform framed by two stone eagles. A great shape looms before him from afar. The image rushes towards him and his vision rise to a pinnacle - the dark tower of Barad-dûr, where the burning Eye of Sauron stares back.

Frodo, rushing to remove the Ring, falls off of the platform and lands on his back.
 He sits up, trying to catch his breath. Before him is a high structure on the cliff edge, surrounded by the pines. A stairway runs up through its center, to a seat dwarfed by stone eagles on top.

Aragorn approaches.

ARAGORN

Frodo?

FRODO

(startled)

Huh?! It has taken Boromir.

ARAGORN

(intensely)

Where is the Ring?

FRODO

Stay away!

Frodo scrambles up and retreats from Aragorn. Aragorn comes after him.

ARAGORN

Frodo!

I swore to protect you!

Frodo stops.

FRODO

Can you protect me from yourself?!

Would you destroy it?

He holds the Ring upon his palm.
 Aragorn, looking at the Ring, slowly approaches Frodo. The Ring begins to whisper.

THE RING

Aragorn... Aragorn... Elessar...

He reaches out, towards the Ring.
 With both hands, Aragorn closes Frodo's hand over the Ring and pushes it to the Hobbit's chest.

ARAGORN

I would have gone with you to the end,
 into the very fires of Mordor.

FRODO

I know. Look after the others,
 especially Sam. He will not understand.

Aragorn nods.
Aragorn stands and draws his sword. Sting glows.

ARAGORN
Go, Frodo. Run. Run!

Frodo runs from the hilltop.

Aragorn walks out from beneath the ruin and finds a troop of Uruk-hai advancing towards him.
He walks towards them, touching his sword to his forehead.
The Uruks attack. Aragorn cuts several down, but they force him up the stairs of the seat.
Sam is searching frantically for Frodo in the woods.

SAM
Mister Frodo!

LURTZ
Find the Halflings! Yaggh! Find the
Halflings!

ARAGORN
Elendil!

Legolas and Gimli run forward from behind the the ruin.
Legolas shoots several Uruk-hai; Gimli lands blows with his axe.

LEGOLAS
Aragorn! Go!

Frodo runs and hides behind a tree. Across the way, Merry and Pippin hide in a space under some fallen tree trunks.

MERRY
Frodo!

PIPPIN
Hide here! Quick! Come on!
What's he doin'?

Frodo looks at them, then shakes his head.

MERRY
He's leavin'.

PIPPIN
No!

Pippins runs out towards Frodo

MERRY

Pippin!

Merry goes after him.

Merry and Pippin are out in the open. Several Uruk-hai are coming down the hill, towards them.

MERRY (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Run, Frodo! Go!

Merry cups his hands and calls out to the Uruk-hai.

MERRY (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey you! Over here!

PIPPIN

Hey!

MERRY

Over here!

PIPPIN

(waving his arms)

This way!

Both Hobbits run away from Frodo. The Uruk-hai troop follows them. Frodo makes a break for it, running in the opposite direction.

PIPPIN (CONT'D)

It's working!

MERRY

I know its working! Run!

Back at the hilltop, Legolas, Aragorn, and Gimli continue to fight the Uruk-hai. In one smooth move, Legolas stabs one Uruk with an arrow then shoots it out at another. Gimli wields his axe. Aragorn stabs one behind his back. Merry and Pippin run across an old stone bridge. At its far end, they stop and see Uruk-hai running towards them. The Uruks are closing in, both in front and behind. An Uruk runs up to them, raising his battleaxe. Boromir comes charging in, knocks the Uruk back, and kills him with his own axe. He throws a knife at another. More close in. Legolas kills Orc after Orc. He shoots down an Uruk who has closed in on Aragorn. Three loud horn blasts are heard.

LEGOLAS

The Horn of Gondor!

ARAGORN

Boromir!

He runs down the slope towards the sound, but Uruks are between him and Boromir. The forest sweeps by as he goes. Boromir sounds the Horn of Gondor again. The Uruks attack Boromir.

Aragorn battles madly towards Boromir.

Boromir kills two more. Merry and Pippin stab some Orcs.

BOROMIR

(to the Hobbits)

Run! Run!

The Uruk-hai leader walks into view. Boromir fights on. Merry and Pippin continue to throw rocks. The captain aims a black-fletched bow.

He shoots.

Boromir jerks backwards at the blow to his left shoulder. Merry stops in mid-throw as Boromir falls. The Hobbits look at him in shock. Boromir begins to breathe hard. Uruks come closer, and Boromir gives a battle cry, rises, and swings his sword at one, who falls.

The Uruk chieftain growls and walks down the slope. He lifts his bow, and shoots again, as Boromir turns to look at him. A black arrow flies into Boromir's stomach. He drops to his knees again, gasping. Merry and Pippin still stand in shock, rocks in hand.

Boromir stares into their eyes.

Boromir gets back up and swings his sword at another Uruk. The captain shoots him one more time, in the chest. Boromir falls on his knees and stays there, swaying a little and blinking. His horn is cloven in two.

Merry and Pippin look at him, aghast. They take up their swords and attack the Uruk-hai.

MERRY AND PIPPIN

Ahgh!

The Uruk-hai lift them up and carry them off. Merry and Pippin wave their arms frantically.

The Uruk-hai troop walks away from Boromir, who looks on helplessly. The captain stops before his foe. Boromir swallows and stares back at him.

The chieftain snarls and pulls his bow back, ready to deliver the final blow.

Aragorn crashes into him, and the arrow flies off harmlessly.

The captain and Aragorn fight. Aragorn loses his sword and is thrown to the ground; when he gets up, the Uruk-hai warrior throws a two-prong shield at Aragorn, pinning him by the neck against a tree.

The Uruk raises his sword and strikes, but Aragorn slips beneath the shield. Aragorn pulls out a knife and stabs the captain on the leg. The Orc roars and pulls out the knife,

licks the blood from it, and throws it at Aragorn. Aragorn bats the knife away with his sword.

Aragorn closes in on the Orc and in a flurry of swordplay, slices his arm off and then stabs him through chest. The captain pulls himself up on the sword, closer to Aragorn, snarling.

Aragorn grimaces, pulls his sword out of the Orc, swings it, and hacks off the Uruk-hai's head. The rest of the Orc falls to the ground.

Scene 45
The Departure of Boromir

Aragorn pauses a moment, panting. He then races to Boromir.

ARAGORN

No!

Boromir, pale and bloodied, is now lying on his back.
Aragorn kneels near Boromir, who grabs Aragorn's shoulder.

BOROMIR

They took the little ones.

ARAGORN

Be still.

BOROMIR

Frodo! Where is Frodo?

ARAGORN

I let Frodo go.

BOROMIR

Then you did what I could not. I tried
to take the Ring from him.

ARAGORN

The Ring is beyond our reach now.

BOROMIR

Forgive me. I did not see it. I have
failed you all.

ARAGORN

No, Boromir, you fought bravely! You
have kept your honor.

Aragorn reaches out to pull the arrows from Boromir.

BOROMIR

Leave it! It is over. The world of men
will fall, and all will come to
darkness... and my city to ruin.

ARAGORN

I do not know what strength is in my
blood, but I swear to you I will not let
the White City fall... nor our people
fail!

BOROMIR

Our people? Our people.
I would have followed you my Brother...
my Captain... my King!

He reaches for his sword. Aragorn places the hilt in his hand, and helps Boromir clasp it to his chest. Boromir dies. Aragorn touches his hand to his forehead, then to his lips in respect.

ARAGORN

Be at peace, son of Gondor.
They will look for his coming from the
White Tower. But he will not return.

Aragorn bends and kisses Boromir on the brow.
Legolas and Gimli arrive at the scene. Legolas looks sadly
at Aragorn and Boromir.
Gimli bows his head and turns away.
Aragorn stands up.

Scene 46
The Road Goes Ever On...

Frodo stands upon the pale grey shore, staring into the distance, with the Ring lying on his palm.
Sam runs through the woods.

SAM

Frodo!

Weeping silently, Frodo hears his voice speaking from his conversation with Gandalf in Moria.

FRODO

I wish the Ring had never come to me. I
wish none of this had happened.

GANDALF

So do all who live to see such times but
that is not for them to decide. All you
have to decide is what to do with the
time that is given to you.

Frodo closes his hand over the Ring, and puts it into his vest pocket. He pushes a boat into the river and jumps in.
Sam emerges from the woods, and runs after him.

SAM

Frodo, no! Frodo! Mister Frodo!

FRODO

(quietly)

No, Sam.

Frodo continues to paddle away.
Sam runs into the river after Frodo. Frodo, hearing the splashes, looks back.

FRODO (CONT'D)

Go back, Sam! I'm going to Mordor alone.

SAM

Of course you are, and I'm coming with
you!

FRODO

You can't swim! Sam!
Sam!

Sam struggles to swim then sinks into the water.
Sam sinks.
Frodo's hand reaches down and grabs Sam's wrist. Sam tightens his hand around Frodo's.
Frodo pulls him out of the water and up into the boat.

SAM

I made a promise, Mister Frodo. A promise! 'Don't you leave him Samwise Gamgee.' And I don't mean to! I don't mean to.

FRODO

Oh, Sam!
Come on.

Frodo and Sam hug.
Frodo and Sam paddle towards the eastern shore.

Boromir is laid to rest in one of the boats. His sword rests with him, his shield is above his head and his split horn at his side.
The boat slips over the falls of Rauros. Gimli watches the boat disappear. Aragorn puts on Boromir's vambraces.
Legolas shoves a boat into the water.

LEGOLAS

Hurry! Frodo and Sam have reached the eastern shore.
You mean not to follow them?

Aragorn stands still and says nothing.

ARAGORN

Frodo's fate is no longer in our hands.

GIMLI

Then it has all been in vain! The Fellowship has failed.

ARAGORN

(putting his hands on their shoulders)
Not if we hold true to each other. We will not abandon Merry and Pippin to torment and death. Not while we have strength left.

ARAGORN (CONT'D)

Leave all that can be spared behind. We travel light. Let us hunt some Orc!

Legolas and Gimli look at each other, grinning.

GIMLI

Yes! Haha!

Aragorn runs into the woods, followed by Gimli and Legolas.
Frodo and Sam stand upon a hill.

FRODO

Mordor. I hope the others find a safer route.

SAM

Strider will look after them.

FRODO

I don't suppose we'll ever see them again.

SAM

We may yet, Mister Frodo. We may.

FRODO

(turns, smiling)

Sam, I'm glad you're with me.

Frodo walks onwards. Sam stands for a moment, and then follows down a rocky slope. The two hobbits begin their trek towards Mordor.