

MIDDLE EARTH RECOVERED

Written by

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It is a beautiful summer's day. Frank, a middle aged plainish, blonde haired man with black, rectangular rimmed spectacles, is sitting on a blanket next to a beautiful thirty odd yr. old woman who has long, auburn, rippling tresses, elf ears and a gold tiara. Alula wears a long, flowing dark green dress. They have just finished a picnic and are toasting one another with white fizzy wine.

FRANK

To my beautiful new wife on her  
second day of our wedded life!

They clink glasses and drink.

ALULA

To my young husband!

They clink glasses and drink again

FRANK

To the Queen of the Elves for  
choosing me!

Clink and drink

ALULA

To my little Man type!

Clink and drink. Frank smiles, leans back, sighs with pleasure, and then appears to think of something

FRANK

I suppose you must have had a  
headache, last night, my darling.

ALULA

Oh, no, my dear. I very much  
enjoyed our feast and the dancing!

FRANK

Oh... er... . I was just meaning...  
. you know... .

He laughs, embarrassedly. Alula looks a bit puzzled and shakes her head.

ALULA

Know what, my little man?

Frank is even more embarrassed

FRANK

Well, you know..... we didn't  
do..... do, em... . any of that...

ALULA

Of what, my dear?

FRANK

Oh... just kissing and hugging and  
... and... what have you.

ALULA

Oh! You mean that thing that  
animals do!

FRANK

Er... yer, yes ...

ALULA

... Oh, elves don't do that!

Frank looks horrified

FRANK

We don't?!

ALULA

Very rarely ... There's no need.  
Anyway, when you're over a thousand  
years old, there are few  
attractions, that way.

She sings SONG no. 1 (in which she explains that Elves "don't  
do that"; that nakedness before other people is unseemly and  
that they are not animals).

Frank looks increasingly dismayed.

2

EXT. HIGH STREET/BIGGLESWADE - DAY

2

Sharon is an early twenties, feisty woman, with shorts,  
braces, and tee shirt. Her hair is dyed red and put in two  
bunches on either side of her head. She is eternally chewing  
gum.

Sharon is waiting outside of some offices, on the pavement.  
There is a sign near the door, saying Job Centre. Her friend,  
Armolas, an elf, comes out, looking depressed.

Armolas is a young, slim, good looking male in his late  
twenties, with his long, blonde hair partially plaited back  
from his face. He has elfen ears and is dressed in woodland  
elf clothes, but without weapons or tools.

SHARON

So?!... . What they say?

ARMOLAS

I don't think they want me.

He smiles, ruffles her hair and turns away along the street.  
Sharon follows him.

SHARON

Nah! THEY don't want you ... .  
They just find jobs for you!

ARMOLAS

But I don't think they liked my  
answers.

SHARON

Why? What they say?

ARMOLAS

The maiden asked what I was doing  
tonight, so I told her about my  
studies of birds...

SHARON

... Huh!... Cow's just on the  
pick up!

ARMOLAS

No, she did not want any cows  
picking up, but, apparently,  
singing, archery, knife work and  
climbing are not considered useful  
in the market of jobs.

SHARON

Meh! They're just tossers! ... .  
Let's go and get a drink in that  
caff.

She points and they head towards the cafe.

ARMOLAS

Yes!... I like your Smootheees,  
but the servitors always give me my  
florins back.

Armolas slows to a halt outside of the cafe and shakes his  
head, in a puzzled manner.

ARMOLAS (CONT'D)  
 Each florin is of the purest gold,  
 but they say they do not take the  
 "coinage of Frogs"..... ?

Sharon rolls her eyes, catches his arm and yanks him into the  
 cafe

3 EXT. A LONDON PARK ALSO, A CORNER OF A HEATHROW TERMINAL 3  
 CONCOURSE - DAY

A heavy looking, middle-aged man, MR. KILLIT, with red hair  
 and a beard only (no moustache) is angrily picking up dog  
 turds with a pick-up stick, and walking over to the dog poo  
 bin to put them in. He is disgusted by this enforced  
 activity, and has his phone in his hand, waiting to receive  
 an answer. He wears a boiler suit with the words "Canine  
 Hygiene" on the back of it. MR. KILLIT is a blustering, ill  
 tempered man.

MR. FLAUNTIT, meanwhile, is at Heathrow airport and dealing  
 with the tourism leaflet rack, while answering his mobile  
 phone.

MR. FLAUNTIT  
 Hello?

MR. FLAUNTIT is a slim, dark, middle aged man who wears a  
 cheap lounge suit, with a pink handkerchief in his breast  
 pocket and is stuffing tourism leaflets into various  
 pigeonholes, which are falling out, again. He is depressed,  
 resigned, and somewhat effete.

MR. KILLIT (V.O.)  
 That you, FLAUNTIT?!

MR. FLAUNTIT  
 Oh, me? Yes, yes, it is... me.

MR. KILLIT (V.O.)  
 Well, what you doing, then?!

MR. FLAUNTIT  
 Oh, just bottom rung tourist stuff,  
 you know.

MR. KILLIT  
 Ugh! "Bottoms" just about describes  
 it for me, too! ... (Aside) Oh, for  
 goodness sake!)

MR. KILLIT tries to shake off a particularly clinging dog  
turd from his pick-up stick.

MR. FLAUNTIT  
Whose sake?

MR. KILLIT  
No well ... Never MIND!... . Thing  
IS... what we going to do about  
this?!

MR. FLAUNTIT  
About what?

SONG No. 2 The Poop Scoop Song

4

EXT. OUTSIDE OF A CAVE - DAY

4

Three small groups of dwarves (usual dwarf costume, with leather plates over dark clothes, beards like the ancient Assyrians and various bits of gold jewellery. These are very small men, or actors with actual pituitary dysfunction, if possible). They walk wearily out of a cave, one pushing a gold bedecked wheelbarrow, which he dumps. Two pairs sit a little off to one side, on the ground, or perched on rocks. They get their bread and cheese out of their cloths, and start eating desultorily. Three dwarves, more in the foreground, start sitting and unwrapping, also. One speaks, as if in continuation of a previous discussion (Welsh accents).

DWARF 1  
But, you really can't go just  
changing the face of dwarfdom.  
What if everyone did it?

DWARF 2  
Then they would have a more fun  
time, too, see.

DWARF 1  
You have to go thinking of your  
reputation, though, Idris. Many  
think such practises are perverted.

He nods in warning and bites his bread.

DWARF IDRIS  
Well, I just don't see why...

DWARF 3  
... . Idris might have a point,  
though.  
(MORE)