The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey

By Fran Walsh
My dear Frodo:

You asked me once...
...if I had told you everything
there was to know about my adventures.
And while I can honestly say
I have told you the truth...
...I may not have told you all of it.
I am old now, Frodo.
I'm not the same Hobbit I once was.
I think it is time for you to know...
...what really happened.
It began long ago...
...in a land far away to the east...
...the like of which you will not find
in the world today.
There was the city of Dale.
Its markets known far and wide.
Full of the bounties of vine and vale.
Peaceful and prosperous.
For this city lay before the doors
of the greatest kingdom in Middle-earth:
Erebor.
Stronghold of Thror,
King Under the Mountain.
Mightiest of the Dwarf Lords.
Thror ruled with utter surety...
...never doubting his house would endure...
...for his line lay secure
in the lives of his son...
...and grandson.
Ah, Frodo. Erebor.
Built deep within the mountain itself...
...the beauty of this
fortress city was legend.
Its wealth lay in the earth...
...in precious gems hewn from rock...
...and in great seams of gold...
...running like rivers through stone.
The skill of the Dwarves was unequaled...
...fashioning objects of great beauty...
...out of diamond, emerald,
ruby and sapphire.
Ever they delved deeper,
down into the dark. And that is where they found it. The Heart of the Mountain. The Arkenstone. Thror named it "The King's Jewel." He took it as a sign, a sign that his right to rule was divine. All would pay homage to him. Even the great Elven King, Thranduil. But the years of peace and plenty were not to last. Slowly the days turned sour... ...and the watchful nights closed in. Thror's love of gold had grown too fierce. A sickness had begun to grow within him. It was a sickness of the mind. And where sickness thrives... ...bad things will follow. The first they heard was a noise like a hurricane... ...coming down from the North. The pines on the mountain creaked and cracked in the hot, dry wind. Balin, sound the alarm. Call out the guard. Do it now! What is it? Dragon. Dragon! He was a firedrake from the North. Smaug had come. Such wanton death was dealt that day. For this city of Men was nothing to Smaug. His eye was set on another prize. For dragons covet gold with a dark and fierce desire. Aah! No! Come on. Erebor was lost. For a dragon will guard his plunder... ...as long as he lives. Run for your lives! Ah! Help us! Thranduil would not risk the lives of his
kin against the wrath of the dragon.
No help came from the Elves that day...
...nor any day since.
Robbed of their homeland...
- -the Dwarves of Erebor
wandered the wilderness...
...a once mighty people brought low.
The young Dwarf prince took work
where he could find it...
...laboring in the villages of Men.
But always he remembered...
...the mountain smoke beneath the moon...
...the trees like torches blazing bright.
For he had seen dragon fire in the sky...
...and a city turned to ash.
And he never forgave...
...and he never forgot.
That, my dear Frodo, is where I come in.
For, quite by chance,
and the will of a Wizard...
...fate decided I would become
part of this tale.
It began...
Well, it began as you might expect.
In a hole in the ground...
...there lived a Hobbit.
Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole
full of worms and oozy smells.
This was a Hobbit hole.
And that means good food, a warm hearth...
...and all the comforts of home.
Thank you.
What's this?
That is private. Keep your sticky paws off.
It's not ready yet.
Not ready for what?
Reading.
What on earth are these?
Replies to the party invitations.
Ah. Good gracious. Is it today?
They all say they're coming.
Except for the Sackville-Bagginses,
who are demanding you ask them in person.
Are they, indeed? Over my dead body.
They'd probably find that quite agreeable.
They seem to think you have tunnels...
- ...overflowing with gold.
- It was one small chest, hardly overflowing.
And it still smells of Troll.
What on earth are you doing?
Taking precautions.
You know, I caught her making off with the silverware once.
- Who?
- Lobelia Sackville-Baggsins.
She had all my spoons stuffed in her pocket. Ha!
Dreadful woman.
Make sure you keep an eye on her after I'm...
When I'm... When I'm...
When you're what?
It's nothing. Nothing.
You know, some people are beginning to wonder about you, Uncle.
- Huh?
- They think you're becoming odd.
Odd? Oh. Hm.
Unsociable.
Unsociable, me? Nonsense.
Be a good lad and put that on the gate.
- Do you think he'll come?
- Who?
Gandalf.
Oh-ho. He wouldn't miss a chance to let off his Whizpoppers.
He'll give us quite a show, you'll see.
- Right, then. I'm off.
- Off to where?
East-farthing Woods.
I'm going to surprise him.
Well, go on, then.
You don't want to be late.
He doesn't approve of being late. Oh, no.
Not that I ever was.
In those days, I was always on time.
I was entirely respectable.
And nothing unexpected...
...ever happened.
- Good morning.
- What do you mean?
Do you wish me a good morning...
...or do you mean that it is a good morning whether I want it or not?
Or perhaps you mean to say that you feel good on this particular morning?
Or are you simply stating that this is a morning to be good on? Hm?
All of them at once, I suppose.
Hmm.
Can I help you?
That remains to be seen.
I'm looking for someone to share in an adventure.
An adventure?
No, I don't imagine anyone west of Bree would have much interest in adventures.
Nasty, disturbing, uncomfortable things.
Make you late for dinner. Heh, heh.
Mm. Huh.
Hmm.
Oh. Ah.
Good morning.
To think that I should have lived to be "good morninged"...
...by Belladonna Took's son as if I were selling buttons at the door.
Beg Your pardon?
You've changed, and not entirely for the better, Bilbo Baggins.
I'm sorry, do I know you?
Well, you know my name, although you don't remember I belong to it.
I'm Gandalf.
And Gandalf means...
...me.
Gandalf?
Not Gandalf the wandering Wizard...
...who made such excellent fireworks?
Old Took used to have them on Midsummer's Eve. Heh, heh. Ahem.
No idea you were still in business.
And where else should I be?
Where else...? Ahem.
Well, I'm pleased to find you remember
something about me...
...even if it's only my fireworks.
Yes. Well, that's decided.
It'll be very good for you...
...and most amusing for me.
I shall inform the others.
Inform the who? What?
No. No. No... Wait.
We do not want any adventures here,
thank you. Not today. Not...
I suggest you try Over the Hill
or Across the Water.
Good morning.
Dwalin, at your service.
Hm. Uh...
Bilbo Baggins, at yours.
Do we know each other?
No.
Which way, laddie?
Is it down here?
Is what down where?
Supper.
He said there'd be food and lots of it.
He... He said? Who said?
Mmm.
Mmm.
Very good, this. Any more?
What? Oh, yes, yes. Ah.
Help yourself.
Hmm. It's just that, um,
I wasn't expecting company.
That'll be the door.
Balin, at your service.
- Good evening.
- Yes. Yes, it is.
- Though I think it might rain later.
- Hm?
Am I late?
Late for what?
Oh! Ha, ha!
Evening, brother.
By my beard...
...you're shorter and
wider than last we met.
Wider, not shorter.
Sharp enough for both of us.
Uh, excuse me? Sorry, I hate to interrupt.
But the thing is, I'm not entirely sure
you're in the right house.
Have you eaten?
It's not that I don't like visitors.
I like visitors as much as the next Hobbit.
But I do like to know them
before they come visiting.
- What is this?
- I don't know.
- I think it's cheese. Gone blue.
- It's riddled with mold.
The thing is, I don't know either of you.
Not in the slightest.
I don't mean to be blunt,
but I had to speak my mind.
- I'm sorry.
- You think...?
Apology accepted.
- Ah.
- Now, fill it up, brother, don't stint.
- You wanna get stuck in?
- I could eat again if you insist, brother.
- Fili.
- And Kili.
At your service.
- You must be Mr. Boggins.
- Nope! You can't come in.
- You've come to the wrong house.
- What?
- Has it been canceled?
- No one told us.
- No, nothing's been canceled.
- That's a relief.
Careful with these.
I just had them sharpened.
- It's nice, this place.
- Yeah.
- Did you do it yourself?
- What? No, it's been in the family for years.
That's my mother's glory box.
Can you please not do that?
Fili, Kili. Come on, give us a hand.
Mr. Dwalin. Ha, ha.
Shove this in the hallway.
Otherwise we'll never get everyone in.
"Everyone"? How many more are there?
- Where do you want this?
- Oh, no.
- It's really heavy.
- No. No. There's nobody home!
Go away and bother somebody else.
There's far too many Dwarves
in my dining room as it is.
If this is some clot-head's
idea of a joke...
...I can only say it is in very poor taste.
Get off, you big lump!
Gandalf.
Those are my pri...! Excuse me, not my wine.
Put that back. Put that back.
Not the jam, please.
Excuse me. Excuse me.
It's a tad excessive, isn't it?
Have you got a cheese knife?
- "Cheese knife"? He eats it by the block.
- Ugh.
No, that's Grandpa Mungo's chair...
No, so is that. Take it back, please.
- I cannot hear what you're saying. BILBO:
- It's an antique. Not for sitting on.
That is a book, not a coaster.
And put that map down.
- Excuse me, Mr. Gandalf?
- Yes?
May I tempt you with a cup of chamomile?
Oh, no, thank you, Dori.
A little red wine for me, I think.
- Whoop! Mind out.
- Yes. Ah.
Uh, Fili, Kili. Uh...
Oin, Gloin.
Dwalin, Balin, Bifur, Bofur, Bombur...
...Dori, Nori. Ori!
No. Not my prizewinners, thank you.
Yes, you're quite right, Bifur.
We appear to be one Dwarf short.
He is late, is all. He traveled north
to a meeting of our kin. He will come.
Mr. Gandalf? A little glass of red wine,
as requested.
It's got a fruity bouquet.
Oh. Cheers.
Bombur's on his second leg of lamb already.
Hmm.
No chance. Not from that distance.
Wanna bet?
Bombur, catch!
I'll help you with that.
Oh, you great galumphing git!
- Who wants an ale? There you go.
- Over here, brother.
I said have another drink. Here you go.
Ale on the count of three!
One, two...
Up!
I knew you had it in you!
Excuse me, that is a
doily, not a dishcloth.
But it's full of holes.
It's supposed to look like that.
It's crochet.
And a wonderful game it is too,
if you've got the balls for it.
Be bother and confusticate these Dwarves!
My dear Bilbo, what on earth is the matter?
What's the matter?
I'm surrounded by Dwarves.
What are they doing here?
Oh, they're quite a merry gathering
once you get used to them.
I don't want to get used to them.
Look at the state of my kitchen.
There's mud trod into the carpet.
They've pillaged the pantry.
I won't tell you what they've done
in the bathroom.
They've destroyed the plumbing. I don't understand what they're doing in my house!
Excuse me. I'm sorry to interrupt, but what should I do with my plate?
Here you go, Ori. Give it to me.
Take that back. Excuse me.
That's my mother's West Farthing pottery. It's over 100 years old!
And can you not do that? You'll blunt them.
Ooh. Do you hear that, lads?
He says we'll blunt the knives.
Blunt the knives, bend the forks
Smash the bottles and bum the corks
Chip the glasses and crack the plates
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates
Cut the cloth, tread on the fat
Leave the bones on the bedroom mat
Pour the milk on the pantry floor
Splash the wine on every door
Dump the crooks in a boiling bowl
Pound them up with a thumping pole
When you're finished, if they are whole
Send them down the hall to roll
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates
Bilbo.
He is here.
Gandalf.
I thought you said this place would be easy to find.
I lost my way, twice.
I wouldn't have found it at all had it not been for that mark on the door.
Mark? There's no mark on that door. It was painted a week ago.
There is a mark. I put it there myself.
Bilbo Baggins, allow me to introduce the leader of our company:
Thorin Oakenshield.
So...
...this is the Hobbit.
Tell me, Mr. Baggins, have you done much fighting?
- Pardon me?
Ax or sword?
What's your weapon of choice?
Well, I do have some skill at conkers,
if you must know...
...but I fail to see why that's relevant.
Thought as much.
He looks more like a grocer than a burglar.
What news from the meeting in Ered Luin?
Did they all come?
- Aye. Envoys from all seven kingdoms.
- All of them!
And what did the Dwarves
of the Iron Hills say?
Is Dain with us?
They will not come.
They say this quest is ours and ours alone.
You're going on a quest?
Bilbo, my dear fellow,
let us have a little more light.
Far to the east...
...over ranges and rivers...
...beyond woodlands and wastelands...
...lies a single, solitary peak.
"The Lonely Mountain."
Aye, Oin has read the portents...
...and the portents say it is time.
Ravens have been seen flying back
to the mountain, as it was foretold.
"When the birds of yore return to Erebor...
...the reign of the beast will end."
Uh, what beast?
That would be a reference
to Smaug the Terrible...
...chiefest and greatest
calamity of our age.
Airborne fire-breather.
Teeth like razors, claws like meat hooks.
- Extremely fond of precious metals.
- Yes, I know what a dragon is.
I'm not afraid. I'm up for it.
I'll give him a taste of Dwarfish iron
right up his jacksie!
- Good lad, Ori!
- Sit down.
The task would be difficult enough
with an army behind us...
...but we number just 13.
And not 13 of the best...
...nor brightest.
Here, who are you calling dim?
Sorry, what did he say?
We may be few in number...
...but we're fighters, all of us,
to the last Dwarf.
And you forget,
we have a Wizard in our company.
Gandalf will have killed
hundreds of dragons in his time.
Oh, well, no. I wouldn't say...
- How many, then?
- What?
Well, how many dragons have you killed?
Go on. Give us a number.
Excuse me. Please.
If we have read these signs...
...do you not think others
will have read them too?
Rumors have begun to spread.
The dragon, Smaug,
has not been seen for 60 years.
Eyes look east to the
mountain, assessing...
...wondering, weighing the risk.
Perhaps the vast wealth of our people
now lies unprotected.
Do we sit back while others claim
what is rightfully ours?
Or do we seize this chance
to take back Erebor?
You forget, the Front Gate is sealed.
There is no way into the mountain.
That, my dear Balin, is not entirely true.
How come you by this?
It was given to me by your father.
By Thrain. For safekeeping.
It is yours now.
If there is a key...
...there must be a door.
These runes speak of a hidden passage to the Lower Halls.
There's another way in.
Well, if we can find it,
but Dwarf doors are invisible when closed.
The answer lies hidden somewhere in this map...
...and I do not have the skill to find it.
But there are others in Middle-earth who can.
The task I have in mind will require a great deal of stealth...
...and no small amount of courage.
But if we are careful and clever,
I believe that it can be done.
That's why we need a burglar.
Hmm. And a good one too.
An expert, I'd imagine.
And are you?
Am I what?
He said he's an expert. Hey.
Me? No. No, no, no. I'm not a burglar.
I've never stolen a thing in my life.
Well, I'm afraid I have to agree with Mr. Baggins.
He's hardly burglar material.
Nope.
Aye, the Wild is no place for gentle folk who can neither fight nor fend for themselves.
He's just fine.
Enough!
If I say Bilbo Baggins is a burglar,
then a burglar he is.
Hobbits are remarkably light on their feet.
In fact, they can pass unseen by most, if they choose.
And, while the dragon is accustomed to the smell of Dwarf...
...the scent of a Hobbit is all but unknown to him...
...which gives us a distinct advantage.
You asked me to find the 14th member of this company and I have chosen Mr. Baggins.
There's a lot more to him
than appearances suggest.
And he's got a great deal more to offer than any of you know.
Including himself.
You must trust me on this.
Very well.
- We will do it your way.
- No, no.
- Give him the contract.
- We're in. We're off.
It's just the usual.
Summary of out-of-pocket expenses...
...time required, remuneration...
...funeral arrangements, so forth.
Funeral arrangements?
I cannot guarantee his safety.
Understood.
Nor will I be responsible for his fate.
Agreed.

"Terms:
one-fourteenth of total profit, if any."
Hmm. Seems fair.
"Present company shall not be liable for injuries inflicted by...
...or sustained as a consequence thereof, including, but not limited to lacerations...
...evisceration..."
Incineration?
Aye. He'll melt the flesh off your bones in the blink of an eye.
- You all right, laddie?
- Huh? Yeah.
Feel a bit faint.
- Think furnace with wings.
- Air.
I need air.
Flash of light, searing pain, then poof.
You're nothing more than a pile of ash.
Hmm.
Nope.
Oh, very helpful, Bofur.
I'll be all right.
Just let me sit quietly for a moment.
You've been sitting quietly for far too long.
Tell me, when did doilies and your mother's dishes...
...become so important to you?
I remember a young Hobbit who was always running off in search of Elves in the woods.
Who would stay out late, come home after dark...
...trailing mud and twigs and fireflies.
A young Hobbit who would have liked nothing better...
...than to find out what was beyond the borders of the Shire.
The world is not in your books and maps.
It's out there.
I can't just go running off into the blue.
I am a Baggins of Bag-end.
You are also a Took.
Did you know that your great-great-great-great-uncle Bullroarer Took...
...was so large, he could ride a real horse?
- Yes.
- Yes, well, he could.
In the Battle of Green Fields, he charged the Goblin ranks.
He swung his club so hard, it knocked the Goblin king's head clean off...
...and it sailed 100 yards through the air and went down a rabbit hole.
And thus, the battle was won.
And the game of golf invented at the same time.
I do believe you made that up.
Well, all good stories deserve embellishment.
You'll have a tale or two to tell of your own when you come back.
Can you promise that I will come back?
No.
And if you do...
...you will not be the same.
That's what I thought.
Sorry, Gandalf, I can't sign this.
You've got the wrong Hobbit.
It appears we have lost our burglar.
Probably for the best.
The odds were always against us.
After all, what are we?
Merchants, miners...
...tinkers, toy-makers.
Heh, heh. Hardly the stuff of legend.
There are a few warriors amongst us.
Old warriors.
I would take each and every one
of these Dwarves...
...over an army from the Iron Hills.
For when I called upon them,
they answered.
Loyalty, honor...
...a willing heart.
I can ask no more than that.
You don't have to do this.
You have a choice.
You've done honorably by our people.
You have built a new life for us
in the Blue Mountains.
A life of peace and plenty.
A life that is worth more than
all the gold in Erebor.
From my grandfather to my father,
this has come to me.
They dreamt of the day when the Dwarves
of Erebor would reclaim their homeland.
There is no choice, Balin.
Not for me.
Then we are with you, laddie.
We will see it done.
Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep
And caverns old
We must away
'Ere break of day
To find our long-forgotten gold
The pines were roaring on the height
The winds were moaning in the night
The fire was red, it flaming spread
The trees like torches
Blazed with light
Hello?
Yes.
Yes.

Here, Mr. Bilbo, where are you off to?
- Can't stop, I'm already late!
- Late for what?
I'm going on an adventure!
I said it. Didn't I say it?
Coming here was a waste of time.
That's true enough.
Ridiculous notion. Use a Hobbit?
A Halfling?
Whose idea was it anyway?
Wait!
Wait!
Whoa, whoa.
Whoa, whoa.
I signed it.
Here.
Everything appears to be in order.
Welcome, Master Baggins...
...to the company of Thorin Oakenshield.
Give him a pony.
No, no, that won't be necessary.
Thank you. I'm sure I can keep up on foot.
I've done my fair share of walking holidays, you know?
Even got as far as Frogmorton once. Aah!
Come on, Nori. Pay up.
- One more.
- Thanks, lad.
What's that about?
Oh, they took wagers
on whether or not you'd turn up.
Most of them bet that you wouldn't.
And what did you think?
Well...
My dear fellow,
I never doubted you for a second.
It's horse hair. Having a reaction.
No, wait, wait, stop.
Stop! We have to turn around.
What on earth is the matter?
- I forgot my handkerchief.
- Here.
Use this.
Move on.
You'll have to manage
without pocket handkerchiefs...
...and a good many other things,
Bilbo Baggins...
...before we reach our journey's end.
You were born to the rolling hills
and little rivers of the Shire.
But home is now behind you.
The world is ahead.
Hello, girl. Who's a good girl?
It's our little secret, Myrtle.
You must tell no one. Shh, shh.
What was that?
Orcs.
Orcs?
Throat-cutters.
There'll be dozens of them out there.
The lone-lands are crawling with them.
They strike in the wee small hours
when everyone's asleep.
Quick and quiet, no screams.
Just lots of blood.
You think that's funny?
You think a night raid by Orcs is a joke?
We didn't mean anything by it.
No, you didn't.
You know nothing of the world.
Don't mind him, laddie.
Thorin has more cause than most
to hate Orcs.
After the dragon took
the Lonely Mountain...
...King Thror tried to reclaim
the ancient Dwarf kingdom of Moria.
But our enemy had got there first.
Moria had been taken by legions of Orcs...
...led by the most vile of all their race:
Azog the Defiler.
The giant Gundabad Orc...
...had sworn to wipe out the line of Durin.
He began...
...by beheading the king.
No!
Thrain, Thorin's father,
was driven mad by grief.
He went missing. Taken
prisoner or killed...
...we did not know.
We were leaderless.
Defeat and death...
...were upon us.
That is when I saw him.
A young Dwarf prince...
...facing down the pale Orc.
He stood alone against this terrible foe.
His armor rent...
...wielding nothing but an oaken branch
as a shield.
Azog the Defiler learned that day...
...that the line of Durin
would not be so easily broken.
Our forces rallied...
wand drove the Orcs back.
And our enemy...
...had been defeated.
But there was no feast...
...nor song that night...
...for our dead
were beyond the count of grief.
We few had survived.
And I thought to myself then...
...there is one who I could follow.
There is one...
...I could call king.
And the pale Orc?
What happened to him?
He slunk back into the hole
whence he came.
That filth died of his wounds long ago.
Here, Mr. Gandalf, can't you do something
about this deluge?
It is raining, Master Dwarf...
...and it will continue to rain
until the rain is done.
If you wish to change the weather of the world,
you should find yourself another Wizard.
- Are there any?
- What?
- Other Wizards.
- There are five of us.
The greatest of our order
is Saruman the White.
Then there are the two Blue Wizards...
Do you know,
I've quite forgotten their names.
And who is the fifth?
Well, that would be Radagast the Brown.
Is he a great Wizard?
Or is he more like you?
I think he's a very great Wizard,
in his own way.
He's a gentle soul who prefers
the company of animals to others.
He keeps a watchful eye
over the vast forest lands...
...to the east. And a good thing too.
For always evil will look to find
a foothold in this world.
Not good. Not good at all.
Eww.
Oh, no. Sebastian.
Good gracious.
Come on.
Move back! Give him some air,
for goodness sake.
There. There.
I don't understand why it's not working.
It's not as if it's witchcraft.
Witchcraft.
Oh, but it is.
A dark and powerful magic.
Where on this good earth
did those foul creatures come from?
The old fortress?
Show me.
We'll camp here for the night.
Fili, Kili, look after the ponies.
Make sure you stay with them.
A farmer and his family used to live here.
- Oin, Gloin. Get a fire going.
- Aye.
Right you are.
I think it would be wiser to move on.
We could make for the Hidden Valley.
I have told you already...
...I will not go near that place.
Why not? The Elves could help us.
We could get food, rest, advice.
I do not need their advice.
We have a map that we cannot read.
Lord Elrond could help us.
Help?
A dragon attacks Erebor.
What help came from the Elves?
Orcs plunder Moria...
...desecrate our sacred halls.
The Elves looked on and did nothing.
And you ask me to seek out the very people
who betrayed my grandfather.
Who betrayed my father.
You are neither of them.
I did not give you that map and key
for you to hold onto the past.
I did not know that they
were yours to keep.
Everything all right?
Gandalf, where are you going?
To seek the company of the
only one around here who's got any sense.
- And who's that?
- Myself, Mr. Baggins.
I've had enough of Dwarves for one day.
Come on, Bombur, we're hungry.
Is he coming back?
He's been a long time.
- Who?
- Gandalf.
He's a Wizard. He does as he chooses.
Here, do us a favor. Take this to the lads.
Stop it. You've had plenty.
Aye, it's not a bad stew, Bombur.
I've had worse. Dori could've cooked it. Ha-ha-ha. Hilarious. What's the matter? - We're supposed to be looking after the ponies. - Only we've encountered a slight problem. We had 16. Now there's 14. Daisy and Bungo are missing. Well, that's not good. Ha, ha. And that is not good at all. Shouldn't we tell Thorin? Uh, no. Let's not worry him. As our official burglar, we thought you might like to look into it. Well, uh... - Look, something big uprooted these trees. - That was our thinking. It's something very big and possibly quite dangerous. Hey. There's a light. Over here. Stay down. What is it? Trolls. Oh. He's got Myrtle and Minty. I think they're gonna eat them. We have to do something. Yes, you should. Mountain Trolls are slow and stupid, and you're so small, they'll never see you. It's perfectly safe. We'll be behind you. If you run into trouble, hoot twice like a barn owl and once like a brown owl. Twice like a barn owl. No, twice like a brown... Once like a... Like a... Are you sure this is a good idea? Mutton yesterday, mutton today... ...and, blimey, if it don't look like mutton again tomorrow. Quit your griping. These ain't sheep. These is fresh nags.
Oh! I don't like horse. I never have.
Not enough fat on them.
Well, it's better than leathery old farmer.
All skin and bone, he was. I'm still
picking bits of him out of me teeth.
Well, that's lovely, that is. A floater.
Might improve the flavor.
Ah. There's more where that came from.
- Oh, no, you don't!
- Ow!
Sit down!
Well, I hope you're gonna gut these nags.
I don't like the stinky parts.
- Ow!
- I said sit down.
I'm starving!
Now, are we having horse tonight or what?
Shut your cakehole.
You'll eat what I give you.
How come he's the cook?
Everything tastes the same.
Everything tastes like chicken.
Except the chicken.
What tastes like fish!
I'm just saying,
a little appreciation would be nice.
Oh. "Thank you very much, Bert.
Lovely stew, Bert."
- How hard is that?
- Shh. Shh, shh. Shh.
Just needs a sprinkle of squirrel dung.
Here, that's my grog.
Sorry. Ow!
Ooh. That is beautifully balanced, that is.
Wrap your laughing gear around that, eh?
Good, isn't it?
That's why I'm the cook.
Oh, my guts are grumbling.
I got to snaffle something.
- Flesh, I need flesh.
- Ah! Ah!
Blimey!
Bert. Bert!
Look what's come out of me hooter.
It's got arms and legs and everything.
What is it?
I don't know. But I don't like
the way it wriggles around.
What are you, then? An oversized squirrel?
I'm a burglar... Uh, Hobbit.
A burglar Hobbit?
Can we cook him?
We can try.
He wouldn't make more than a mouthful.
Not when he's skinned and boned.
Perhaps there's more burglar Hobbits
around these parts.
Might be enough for a pie.
- Grab him!
- He's too quick.
Right. Come here, you little...
Gotcha.
Are there any more of you little fellas
hiding where you shouldn't?
No.
He's lying.
- No, I'm not!
- Hold his toes over the fire.
Make him squeal!
Drop him!
You what?
I said...
...drop him.
Get the sacks! Stick them in the sacks!
Ow!
Come on! Get up!
- Bilbo!
- Don't!
Lay down your arms...
...or we'll rip his off.
Oh! That's hot, that's hot, that's hot!
Don't bother cooking them.
Let's just sit on them
and squash them into jelly.
They should be sauted and grilled
with a sprinkle of sage.
Is this really necessary?
That does sound quite nice.
- Untie me, mister.
- Eat someone your own size.
Never mind the seasoning.
We ain't got all night.
Dawn ain't far away.
Let's get a move on.
I don't fancy being turned to stone.
Wait!
You are making a terrible mistake.
You can't reason with them.
They're half-wits!
Half-wits? What does that make us?
I meant with the seasoning.
What about the seasoning?
Well, have you smelt them?
You're gonna need something stronger
than sage before you plate this lot up.
- Traitor!
- What do you know about cooking Dwarf?
Shut up.
Let the flurgaburburhobbit talk.
The secret to cooking Dwarf is...
- Yes? Come on. Tell us the secret.
- It's, uh...
Yes, I'm telling you. The secret is...
...to skin them first.
What? Skin us?
Tom, get me filleting knife.
I'll skin you, you little...!
I won't forget that. I won't forget it.
What a load of rubbish.
I've eaten plenty with their skins on.
Scarf them, I say, boots and all.
He's right.
Nothing wrong with a bit of raw Dwarf.
Nice and crunchy.
Oh, not that one. He's infected.
- Huh?
- You what?
Yeah, he's got worms in his tubes.
- Eww!
- Aah!
In fact, they all have.
They're infested with parasites.
It's a terrible business.
I wouldn't risk it. I really wouldn't.
Parasites? Did he say "parasites"?
We don't have parasites.
You have parasites!
What are you talking about, laddie?
I've got parasites as big as my arm.
Mine are the biggest parasites.
I've got huge parasites.
- We're riddled.
- Yes, I'm riddled.
Yes, we are, badly.
What would you have us do, then?
Let them all go?
- Well...
- You think I don't know what you're up to?
This little ferret is taking us for fools.
- Ferret?
- Fools?
The dawn will take you all.
- Who's that?
- No idea.
Can we eat him too?
Get your foot out of my back.
Ah.
Where did you go to, if I may ask?
To look ahead.
- What brought you back?
- Looking behind.
Nasty business.
Still, they're all in one piece.
No thanks to your burglar.
He had the nous to play for time.
None of the rest of you thought of that.
They must have come down
from the Ettenmoors.
Since when do Mountain Trolls
venture this far south?
Ooh. Not for an age.
Not since a darker power ruled these lands.
They could not have moved in daylight.
There must be a cave nearby.
Oh, what's that stench?
It's a Troll-hoard.
Be careful what you touch.
Seems a shame
just to leave it lying around.
- Anyone could take it.
- Agreed.
- Nori.
- Yeah?
Get a shovel.
These swords were not made by any Troll.
Nor were they made
by any smith among Men.
These were forged in Gondolin...
...by the High Elves of the First Age.
You could not wish for a finer blade.
- Set it down.
- That's good.
All right, come on. Quick.
We're making a long-term deposit.
Let's get out of this foul place.
Come on, let's go.
Bofur, Gloin, Nori.
- Bilbo.
- Hmm?
Here.
This is about your size.
I can't take this.
The blade is of Elvish make...
...which means it will glow blue
when Orcs or Goblins are nearby.
I have never used a sword in my life.
And I hope you never have to.
But if you do, remember this:
True courage is about knowing
not when to take a life...
...but when to spare one.
Something's coming!
- Gandalf.
- Stay together!
Hurry now! Arm yourselves!
Thieves! Fire! Murder!
Radagast.
It's Radagast the Brown.
Well...
What on earth are you doing here?
I was looking for you, Gandalf.

Something's wrong.
Something's terribly wrong.
Yes?
Oh.
Just give me a minute.
Oh. I had a thought and now I've lost it.
It was right there on the tip of my tongue.
Oh. It's not a thought at all.
It's a silly old...
...stick insect.
The Greenwood is sick, Gandalf.
A darkness has fallen over it.
Nothing grows anymore.
At least, nothing good.
The air is foul with decay.
But worse are the webs.
Webs? What do you mean?
Spiders, Gandalf.
Giant ones.
Some kind of spawn of Ungoliant,
or I am not a Wizard.
I followed their trail.
They came from Dol Guldur.
Huh?
Dol Guldur?
But the old fortress is abandoned.
No, Gandalf.
'Tis not.
A dark power dwells in there...
...such as I have never felt before.
It is the shadow of an ancient horror.
One that can summon the spirits...
...of the dead.
I saw him, Gandalf.
From out of the darkness...
...a Necromancer has come.
Radagast.
Quick! Quick, quick! Quick, quick!
Wait for me!
Sorry.
Try a little Old Toby.
It'll help settle your nerves.
And out.
Now, a Necromancer. Are you sure?
That is not...
...from the world of the living.
Was that a wolf?
Are there wolves out there?
Wolves? No, that is not a wolf.
Kili! Get your bow!
Warg scouts.
- Which means an Orc pack is not far behind.
- Orc pack?
Who did you tell about your quest
beyond your kin?
- No one.
- Who did you tell?
No one, I swear.
What in Durin's name is going on?
You are being hunted.
- We have to get out of here.
- We can't. We have no ponies.
They bolted.
I'll draw them off.
These are Gundabad Wargs.
They will outrun you.
These are Rhosgobel rabbits.
I'd like to see them try.
Come on! Come on!
Come and get me! Ha, ha!
Come on.
Stay together.
Move!
Ori, no! Get back.
All of you, come on. Quick!
Where are you leading us?
Move!
Run!
There they are!
This way! Quickly!
There's more coming!
Kili! Shoot them!
We're surrounded!
Where's Gandalf?
He's abandoned us.
Hold your ground!
This way, you fools!
Come on, move!
Quickly! All of you!
Come on!
Go, go, go!
Eight, nine, 10.
Kili! Run!
Elves.
I cannot see where the pathway leads.
Do we follow it or not?
Follow it, of course.
I think that would be wise.
Come on now, brother.
The Valley of Imladris.
In the common tongue,
it's known by another name.
Rivendell.
Here lies the Last Homely House
East of the Sea.
This was your plan all along.
To seek refuge with our enemy.
You have no enemies here,
Thorin Oakenshield.
The only ill will to be found in this
valley is that which you bring yourself.
You think the Elves will give our quest
their blessing?
They will try to stop us.
Of course they will. But we have questions
that need to be answered.
If we are to be successful,
this will need to be handled with tact.
And respect.
And no small degree of charm.
Which is why you will leave the talking
to me.
Mithrandir.
Ah. Lindir.
Stay sharp.
I must speak with Lord Elrond.
My Lord Elrond is not here.
Not here?
Where is he?
Close ranks!
- Gandalf.
Lord Elrond.
Strange for Orcs to come
so close to our borders.
Something or someone
has drawn them near.
That may have been us.
Welcome, Thorin, son of Thrain.
I do not believe we have met.
You have your grandfather's bearing.
I knew Thror
when he ruled Under the Mountain.
Indeed? He made no mention of you.
What is he saying?
Does he offer us insult?
No, Master Gloin, he's offering you food.
Well, in that case, lead on.
Hey. Come on.
Try it. Just a mouthful.
I don't like green food.
Where's the meat?
Have they got any chips?
Kind of you to invite us.
Not really dressed for dinner.
Well, you never are.
This is Orcrist, the Goblin-cleaver.
A famous blade...
...forged by the High Elves of the West,
my kin.
May it serve you well.
And this is Glamdring...
...the Foehammer.
Sword of the King of Gondolin.
These were made for the Goblin Wars
of the First Age.
I wouldn't bother, laddie. Swords are
named for the great deeds they do in war.
What are you saying,
my sword hasn't seen battle?
I'm not actually sure it is a sword.
More of a letter opener, really.
How did you come by these?
We found them in a Troll-hoard
on the Great East Road...
...shortly before we were
ambushed by Orcs.
And what were you doing
on the Great East Road?
Our business is no concern of Elves.
For goodness sake, Thorin,
show him the map.
It is the legacy of my people.
It is mine to protect, as are its secrets.
Save me from the stubbornness
of Dwarves.
Your pride will be your downfall.
You stand in the presence
of one of the few in Middle-earth...
...who can read that map.
Show it to Lord Elrond.
Thorin, no.
Erebor.
What is your interest in this map?
It's mainly academic.
As you know, this sort of artifact
sometimes contains hidden text.
You still read ancient Dwarvish,
do you not?
Moon runes?
Of course.
An easy thing to miss.
Well, in this case, that is true.
Moon runes can only be read
by the light of a moon...
...of the same shape and season
as the day on which they were written.
Can you read them?
These runes were written
on a Midsummer's Eve...
...by the light of a crescent moon
nearly 200 years ago.
It would seem you were meant
to come to Rivendell.
Fate is with you, Thorin Oakenshield.
The same moon shines upon us tonight.
"Stand by the gray stone
when the thrush knocks...
...and the setting sun with the last light
of Durin's Day...
...will shine upon the keyhole."
- Durin's Day?
It is the start of the Dwarves' new year,
when the last moon of autumn...
...and the first sun of winter
appear in the sky together.
This is ill news.
Summer is passing.
Durin's Day will soon be upon us.
We still have time.
- Time? For what?
- To find the entrance.
We have to be standing in exactly
the right spot at exactly the right time.
Then, and only then,
can the door be opened.
So this is your purpose,
to enter the mountain?
What of it?
There are some
who would not deem it wise.
What do you mean?
You are not the only guardian
to stand watch over Middle-earth.
No, you did the same thing.
- It's not like you didn't do it.
- Dori! Here, take that.
Bombur!
With or without our help, these Dwarves
will march on the mountain.
They're determined to reclaim
their homeland.
I do not believe Thorin Oakenshield
feels that he is answerable to anyone.
Nor, for that matter, am I.
It is not me you must answer to.
Lady Galadriel.
Mithrandir.
I had no idea Lord Elrond had sent for you.
He didn't.
I did.
Ah.
Saruman.
You've been busy of late, my friend.
Tell me, Gandalf...
...did you think these plans and schemes of yours would go unnoticed?
Unnoticed?
No.
I'm simply doing what I feel to be right.
The dragon has long been on your mind.
That is true, my lady.
Smaug owes allegiance to no one.
But if he should side with the enemy...
...a dragon could be used to terrible effect.
What enemy?
Gandalf, the enemy is defeated.
Sauron is vanquished.
He can never regain his full strength.
Gandalf, for 400 years we have lived in peace...
...a hard-won, watchful peace.
Are we? Are we at peace?
Trolls have come down from the mountains.
They are raiding villages, destroying farms.
Orcs have attacked us on the road.
Hardly a prelude to war.
Always you must meddle...
...looking for trouble where none exists.
Let him speak.
There is something at work beyond the evil of Smaug.
Something far more powerful.
We can remain blind to it, but it will not be ignoring us, that I can promise you.
A sickness lies over the Greenwood.
The woodsmen who live there now call it Mirkwood.
And they say...
Well? Don't stop now.
Tell us what the woodsmen say.
They speak of a Necromancer living in Dol Guldur.
A sorcerer who can summon the dead.
That's absurd.
No such power exists in this world. This Necromancer is nothing more than a mortal man.
A conjurer dabbling in black magic.
And so I thought too.
- But Radagast has seen...
- Radagast?
Do not speak to me of Radagast the Brown.
He's a foolish fellow.
Well, he's odd, I grant you.
He lives a solitary life.
It's not that. It's his excessive consumption of mushrooms.
They've addled his brain and yellowed his teeth.
I've warned him.
It is unbefitting one of the Istari to be wandering the woods...
You carry something.
It came to you from Radagast.
He found it in Dol Guldur.
Yes.
Show me.
...Listen to me.
I would think I was talking to myself for all the attention that he paid.
By all means...
What is that?
A relic of Mordor.
A Morgul Blade.
Made for the Witchking of Angmar.
And buried with him.
When Angmar fell...
...the Men of the North took his body and all that he possessed...
...and sealed it within the High Fells of Rhudaur.
Deep within the rock they buried him...
...in a tomb so dark...
...it would never come to light.
This is not possible.
A powerful spell lies upon those tombs. They cannot be opened.
What proof do we have this weapon came from Angmar's grave?
- I have none.
- Because there is none.
Let us examine what we know.
A single Orc pack...
...has dared to cross the Bruinen.
A dagger from a bygone age has been found.
And a human sorcerer who calls himself "The Necromancer"...
...has taken up residence in a ruined fortress.
It's not so very much after all.
The question of this Dwarvish company, however, troubles me deeply.
I'm not convinced, Gandalf.
I do not feel I can condone such a quest.
If they'd come to me, I might have spared them this disappointment.
I do not pretend to understand your reason for raising their hopes.
They are leaving.
Yes.
You knew.
No, I'm afraid there is nothing else for it.
My Lord Elrond.
The Dwarves, they're gone.
Be on your guard.
We're about to step over the Edge of the Wild.
Balin, you know these paths. Lead on.
Aye.
Master Baggins...
...I suggest you keep up.
- You will follow them.
- Yes.
You are right to help Thorin Oakenshield.
But I fear this quest has set in motion...
...forces we do not yet understand.
The riddle of the Morgul Blade must be answered.
Something moves in the shadows unseen,  
hidden from our sight.  
It will not show itself.  
Not yet.  
But every day it grows in strength.  
You must be careful.  

Mithrandir?  
Why the Halfling?  
I do not know.  

Saruman believes  
that it is only great power...  
...that can hold evil in check.  
But that is not what I have found.  
I have found it is the small things...  
...everyday deeds of ordinary folk...  
...that keeps the darkness at bay.  

Simple acts of kindness and love.  
Why Bilbo Baggins?  
Perhaps it is because I'm afraid...  
...and he gives me courage.  

Do not be afraid, Mithrandir.  
You are not alone.  

Hey! Hold on!  
- Aah!  
- Bilbo!  
We must find shelter!  
Look out!  
Look out, brother!  
Hold on!  
This is no thunderstorm.  
It's a thunder-battle!  

Look!  
Well, bless me.  
The legends are true.  
Giants! Stone-Giants!  
Take cover, you fool!  
Hold on!  
- What's happening?  
- Grab my hand!  
- Go, go, go!  
- Run! Get off! Get off!  
- Run!  
- Look out!  

Look out!
Jump!
Come on!
Hold on!
No!
No!
No! Kili!
It's all right! They're alive!
Where's Bilbo? Where's the Hobbit?
There!
Get him!
Aah!
- Grab my hand!
- Bilbo!
- Ori, be careful!
- Take it!
- I've got you, lad.
- Grab on! Grab on!
Come on. Get him.
Come on, lad. Up you get.
I thought we'd lost our burglar.
He's been lost ever since he left home.
He should never have come.
He has no place amongst us.
Dwalin!
- It looks safe enough.
- Search to the back.
Caves in the mountain
are seldom unoccupied.
There's nothing here.
Right, then. Let's get a fire started.
No. No fires. Not in this place.
Get some sleep.
We start at first light.
We were to wait in the mountains
until Gandalf joined us.
- That was the plan.
- Plans change.
Bofur, take the first watch.
Where do you think you're going?
Back to Rivendell.
No, no, you can't turn back now, eh?
You're part of the company.
You're one of us.
I'm not, though, am I?
Thorin said I should never have come and he was right.
I'm not a Took, I'm a Baggins.
I don't know what I was thinking.
- I should never have run out my door.
- You're homesick. I understand.
No, you don't. You don't understand.
None of you do.
You're Dwarves.
You're used to this life.
To living on the road, never settling in one place, not belonging anywhere!
Oh, I am sorry. I didn't...
No, you're right.
We don't belong anywhere.
I wish you all the luck in the world.
I really do.
What's that?
Hmm?
Wake up! Wake up!
Whoa!
Look out! Look out!
Get away!
Filthy scum!
Get back!
You'll pay for this!
Got you.
All right, all right. Don't push.
Get off! Get your hands off me!
Get off me!
Who would be so bold as to come armed into my kingdom?
Spies? Thieves? Assassins?
Dwarves, You r Malevolence.
Dwarves?
We found them on the Front Porch.
Well, don't just stand there. Search them.
Every crack. Every crevice.
What are you doing in these parts?
Speak!
Very well. If they will not talk, we'll make them squawk.
Bring up the mangler.
Bring up the bonebreaker.
- Start with the youngest.
- Wait!
Well, well, well.
Look who it is.
Thorin, son of Thrain, son of Thror...
...King Under the Mountain.
Oh, but I'm forgetting.
You don't have a mountain.
And you're not a king...
...which makes you nobody, really.
I know someone who would
pay a pretty price for your head.
Just a head.
Nothing attached.
Perhaps you know of whom I speak.
An old enemy of yours.
A pale Orc, astride a white Warg.
Azog the Defiler was destroyed.
He was slain in battle long ago.
So you think his defiling days are done,
do you?
Send word to the pale Orc.
Tell him I have found his prize.
Yes!
Yes.
Yes.
Yes!
Gollum, gollum!
Aah!
Nasty Goblins!
Better than old bones, precious.
Better than nothing.
Too many bones, precious.
Not enough flesh!
Shut up! Cut its skin off.
Start with its head.
The cold hard lands
They bites our hands
They gnaws our feet
The rocks and stones
They're like old bones
All bare of meat
Cold as death Without no breath
It's good to eat
Bless us and splash us, precious.
That's a meaty mouthful.
Gollum, gollum! Aah.
Back. Stay back.
I'm warning you, don't come any closer.
It's got an Elfish blade.
But it's not an Elfs.
Not an Elfs, no.
What is it, precious?
What is it?
My name is Bilbo Baggins.
Bagginses?
What is a Bagginses, precious?
- I'm a Hobbit from the Shire.
- Oh.
We like Goblinses, batses and fishes.
But we hasn't tried Hobbitses before.
Is it soft? Is it juicy?
Now, now, keep your distance!
I'll use this if I have to.
Aah!
I don't want any trouble,
do you understand?
Just show me the way to get out of here
and I'll be on my way.
Why? Is it lost?
Yes. Yes, and I want to get unlost
as soon as possible.
Ooh, we knows!
We knows safe paths for Hobbitses.
Safe paths in the dark.
Shut up!
- I didn't say anything.
- We wasn't talking to you.
Oh, yes, we was, precious. We was.
Look, I don't know what your game is,
but I...
Games?!
Oh, we love games,
doesn't we, precious?
Does it like games? Does it, does it?
Does it like to play?
Maybe.
What has roots as nobody sees?
Is taller than trees?
Up, up, up it goes
And yet, never grows
- The mountain.
- Yes, yes.
Oh, let's have another one, eh?
Yes! Do it again, do it again. Ask us.
No! No more riddles.
Finish him off. Finish him now!
Gollum, gollum!
No! No. No.
No. I want to play. I do.
I want to play. I can see...
...you are very good at this.
So why don't we...
...have a game of riddles? Yes?
Just you and me.
Yes. Yes, just us.
Yes. Yes.
And if I win...
...you show me the way out. Yes?
Yes. Yes.
And if it loses? What then?
Well, if it loses, precious,
then we eats it!
If Baggins loses, we eats it whole.
Fair enough.
Well, Baggins first.
Thirty white horses on a red hill
First they champ, then they stamp
Then they stand still
Teeth?
Teeth! Oh, yes, my precious!
But we... We only have nine.
Our turn.
Voiceless, it cries
Wingless flutters
Toothless bites
Mouthless mutters
Just a minute. Uh...
Oh. Oh!
We knows! We knows!
Shut up!
Wind.
It's wind. Of course it is.
Very clever, Hobbitses.
Very clever.
Ah-ah-ah.
A box without hinges, key or lid
Yet golden treasure inside is hid
Box.
Oh, um...
Box. The lid and a key.
- Well?
- It's nasty.
- Box. Key.
- Do you give up?
Give us a chance, precious!
Give us a chance!
Eggses!
Eggses!
Wet, crunchy little eggeses. Yes.
Grandmother taught us
to suck them, yes!
We have one for you.
All things it devours
Birds, beasts, trees, flowers
Gnaws iron, bites steel
Grinds hard stones to meal
Answer us.
Give me a moment, please.
I gave you a good long while.
Birds, beasts... Beasts?
Trees, flowers.
I don't know this one.
Is it tasty?
Is it scrumptious?
Is it crunchable?
Let me think.
Let me think.
It's stuck.
Bagginses is stuck.
Time's up.
Time.
The answer is time.
Actually it wasn't that hard.
Last question.
Last chance.
Okay.
Ask us.
  - Ask us!
  - Yes, yes. All right.
What have I got in my pocket?
That's no fair.
It's not fair! It's against the rules!
Now ask us another one.
No. No, no, no.
You said ask me a question.
Well, that is my question.
What have I got in my pocket?
Three guesses, precious.
It must give us three!
Three guesses. Very well, guess away.
Handses!
Wrong. Guess again.
Fishbones, Goblins' teeth,
wet shells, bats' wings...
Knife! Oh, shut up!
Wrong again. Last guess.
String. Or nothing.
Two guesses at once.
Wrong both times.
So...
Come, then. I won the game.
You promised to show me the way out.
Did we say so, precious?
Did we say so?
What has it got in its pocketses?
That's no concern of yours.
You lost.
Lost?
Lost?
Lost?
Where is it?
Where is it?!
No!
Where is it?!
No! No!
Lost!
Curse us and splash us!
My precious is lost!
- What have you lost?
- Mustn't ask us! Not its business!

No!
Gollum, gollum!
What has it got...
...in its nasty...
little pocketses?
He stole it.
He stole it!
He stole it!

Bones will be shattered
Necks will be wrung
You'll be beaten and battered
From racks you'll be hung
You will die down here
And never he found
Down in the deep of Goblin-town
I know that sword!
It is the Goblin-cleaver!
The Biter!
The blade that sliced 1000 necks!
Slash them! Beat them! Kill them!
Kill them all!
Cut off his head!
Take up arms.
Fight.
Fight!
He wields the Foehammer! The Beater!
Bright as daylight!
Thorin!
Follow me. Quick!
Run!
Give it to us!
It's ours.
It's ours!
Thief!
Baggins!
Quickly!
Faster!
Post!
Charge!
Cut the ropes!
Come on, quickly!
- Come on, move!
- Bombur!
Go, go, go!
Jump!
Jump, lad!
Come on!
Push!
Come on!
Come on!
- Watch your backs!
- You thought you could escape me.
What are you going to do now, Wizard?
That'll do it.
Well, that could have been worse.
Haver!
You've got to be joking!
Gandalf!
There's too many. We can't fight them.
Only one thing will save us, daylight!
Come on! Here! On your feet.
- Balin.
- Come on!
Wait!
My precious. Wait!
Gollum, gollum!
Quick, quick!
This way.
- Come on.
- Come on, come on. Quickly.
Right, good!
Baggins!
Thief!
Curse it and crush it!
We hates it forever!
Five, six, seven, eight.
Fili, Kili! That's 12.
And Bombur. That makes 13.
Where's Bilbo?
Where is our Hobbit?
Where is our Hobbit?
Curse that Halfling! Now he's lost?
I thought he was with Dori!
- Don't blame me!
- Well, where did you last see him?
I think I saw him slip away when they first collared us. And what happened, exactly?
- Tell me!
- I'll tell you what happened. Master Baggins saw his chance and he took it. He has thought of nothing but his soft bed and his warm hearth... ...since first he stepped out of his door. We will not be seeing our Hobbit again. He is long gone.
No. He isn't.
Bilbo Baggins. I have never been so glad to see anyone in my life. Bilbo. We'd given you up. How on earth did you get past the Goblins? How, indeed. Well, what does it matter? He's back. It matters. I want to know. Why did you come back? Look, I know you doubt me. I know you always have. And you're right, I often think of Bag-end. I miss my books. And my armchair and my garden. See, that's where I belong. That's home. And that's why I came back. Because... ...you don't have one. A home. It was taken from you. But I will help you take it back if I can. Out of the frying pan. And into the fire. Run. Run! Go! Up into the trees! All of you! Come on, climb! Bilbo, climb! Quickly! They're coming! - Hang on! - Hold on, brothers!
Azog.
It cannot be.
It's going!
Fili!
Yeah!
No!
Oh, no.
Mr. Gandalf!
Oh, no, Dori!
Help!
No!
Thorin! No!
Look.
Thorin!
Thorin!
Thorin.
The Halfling?
It's all right.
Bilbo is here. He's quite safe.
You!
What were you doing?
You nearly got yourself killed!
Did I not say that
you would be a burden?
That you would not survive in the Wild?
That you had no place amongst us?
I have never been so wrong in all my life.
But I'm sorry I doubted you.
No, I would have doubted me too.
I'm not a hero or a warrior.
Not even a burglar.
Is that what I think it is?
Erebor...
...the Lonely Mountain...
...the last of the great Dwarf kingdoms
of Middle-earth.
Our home.
A raven!
The birds are returning to the mountain.
That, my dear Oin, is a thrush.
But we'll take it as a sign.
- A good omen.
- You're right.
I do believe the worst is behind us.
Far over the misty mountains rise
Leave us standing upon the height
What was before
We see once more
Is our kingdom a distant light
Fiery mountain beneath the moon
The words unspoken, we'll be there soon
For home a song
That echoes on
And all who find us will know the tune
Some folk we never forget
Some kind we never forgive
Haven't seen the back of us yet
We'll fight as long as we live
All eyes on the hidden door
To the Lonely Mountain borne
We'll ride in the gathering storm
Until we get our long-forgotten gold
We lay under the misty mountains cold
In slumbers deep
And dreams of gold
We must awake
Our lives to make
And in the darkness a torch we hold
From long ago when lanterns burned
Until this day
Our hearts have yearned
Her fate unknown
The Arkenstone
What was stolen
Must be returned
We must awake
And make the day
To find a song for heart and soul
Some folk we never forget
Some kind we never forgive
Haven't seen the end of it yet
We'll fight as long as we live
All eyes on the hidden door
To the Lonely Mountain borne
We'll ride in the gathering storm
Till we get our long-forgotten gold
Far away from misty mountains cold