

UTTERPANTS PRESENTS
A JAMES HAINES PRODUCTION

MONTY PYTHON

THE TWO TOWERS

[before our feature film, we would like to show the following short film]

Crimson Røhirrim Equestrians



Narrator: In the bleak days of the Third Age, as Røhän languished in the doldrums of a mad King ensnared by dark magic, the good and loyal men of the Røhirrim Equestrian Society-- a once-proud horde of merciless warriors, recently routed at the Fords of Isen-- strained under the yoke of their oppressive new dressage instructor.

Grima: Left column by file quarter-pirouette right onto center line-- WAIT FOR IT!!!

Eothain: (muttering) here we go again...

Grima: Aaaannnd ONE, aaannnd TWO, and prance, and turn, and--

Garulf: Watch it there-- Whoah!

Grima: No, no, NO! Dash it all, do you stupid buggers not know an extended canter from a flying change of lead?!?

Eomer: Well I...

Grima: YOU again, eh?! Third Marshal of the Riddermark my sodding granny... this is the last straw Eomer, you're sacked!

Narrator: Pushed beyond the bounds of decent and reasonable victimization, the Eored of the East-mårk take their destiny in their own hands and... mutiny!

Eomer: I'm WHAT?!

Garulf: What did Grima Wormtongue say?!

Eothain: 'e says Eomer is sacked!

Eomer: That's it lads, I've had enough of this prancing about like a flaming dandy-- who's with me?!

Røhirrim: RARRRRRRR!!!

Grima: (running like mad) The King shall hear of this!

Narrator: And so the Crimson Røhirrim Equestrians set out upon the vast tracks of grasslands called the Riddermårk of Røhän. Adopting, adapting, and improving traditional cavalry tactics, the Crimson Røhirrim Equestrians put into motion an audacious campaign to wreak a terrible vengeance against orcs, mimes, royal advisors, and door-to-door salesmen.

Eomer: Full gallop ahead, Eothain!

Røhirrim Chorus: Giddy-up, up your horsey. Giddy-up, up your horsey.

Eothain: (singing) Gallup away!

Røhirrim Chorus: Giddy-up, up your horsey.

Hasufel: (singing) And keep in formation.

Røhirrim Chorus: Giddy-up, up your horsey.

Eothain: (singing) Gallup away!

Røhirrim Chorus: Giddy-up, up your horsey.

Hasufel: (singing) But keep in formation.

Røhirrim Chorus: Giddy-up, up...

Røhirrim: (singing)

It's fun to saddle up your war horse

And ride across the wide Riddermark,

To kill, eradicate, the foes we hate

And rub down our steeds after dark!

It can be manly riding bareback,

We'll cut you down just for a lark.

It's all very enjoyable, we're obviously incorrigible,

We're riding across the wide Riddermark!

Eothain: (singing) Gallup away!

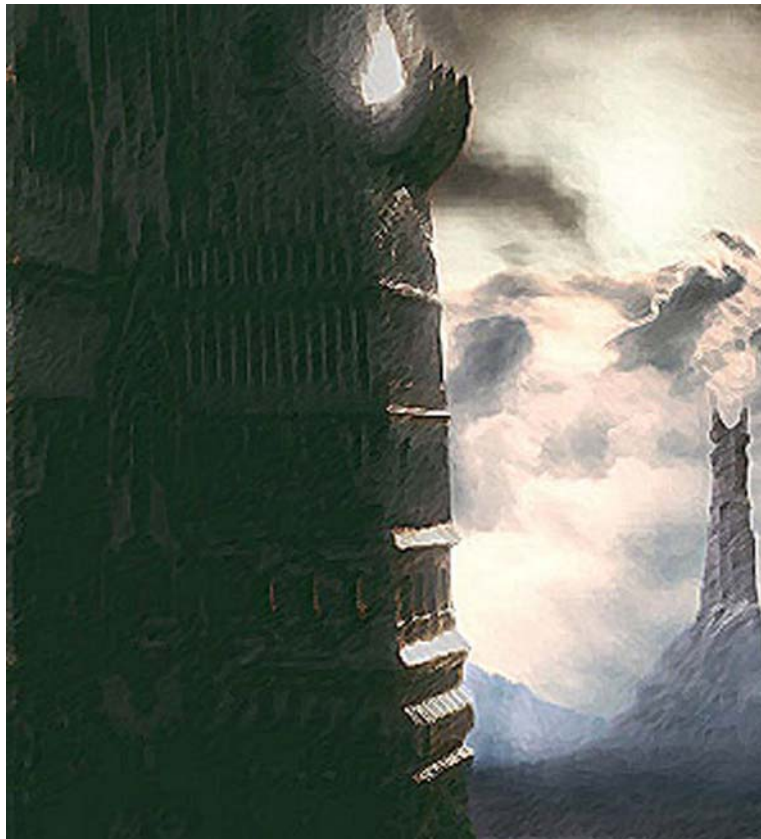
Røhirrim: (singing) Giddy-up, up...

Narrator: And so, heartened by their initial success, the desperate and reasonably violent men of the Røhirrim Equestrian Society battled on. Hoping against hope for the redemption of their King, the salvation of their country, and to maybe someday wear fashionable cowboy hats with chaps...

[and now we present our main feature]

Utterpants (UP) Pictures
in association with Monty Python
presents

J.R.R. Tolkien's: The Two Towers



J.R.R. Tølkiën's: Den Tvø Tøvërsen

Written by:
James Haines (aka: Hstaphath)
Røten nik Akten Di

Scene 1: The Two Strongest Towers

Narrator: It is night in Isengard. Menacing fires burn deep from within the orc pits scattered around the ruined valley of Nan Curunir. The treacherous wizard Saruman moves about the Tower of Orthanc. Answering the call of his vile master, Saruman reaches out to a crystal-like globe on a black pedestal. It is the Palantir of Orthanc... a seeing-stone of Eldamar.

Sauron: SA-RU-MAN!

Saruman: Ello monsieur! How-a may I serve you?

Sauron: Saruman... you must attack Rohan! Send forth your massive army over the hills and valleys of the Riddermark. Take the woman Eowyn for your queen. This will be your kingdom I give to you as my foremost of allies.

Saruman: But monsieur--

Sauron: Sauron, Saruman. Sauron.

Saruman: B-- b-- but Sauron, zat will take-a my whole army... I will-a be defenseless here if ze---

Sauron: Listen, Saruman. I built my kingdom up from nothing. When I started here in Mordor, all that was here was a ruddy volcano. The Eldar all thought I was daft to build my fortress of Barad-dur here, but I built it all the same-- just to show 'em! The Noldor attacked and destroyed it. So, I built a second one. The Numenoreans attacked and destroyed it. So, I built a third one, Dol Guldur, in a swamp in southern Mirkwood. The blasted elves attacked, burned it down, knocked it over, and what was left sank into the swamp, but the joke was on them 'cause it was a decoy while I built Barad-dur again... and this one is staying up!

Saruman: But--

Sauron: And that's what we've got between the two of us, Saruman... Orthanc and Barad-dur, the two strongest towers in all of Middle Earth.

Saruman: But I don't want-a any of Rohan. I'd rather--

Sauron: Rather what?!

Saruman: I'd rather... jus'... find-a ze Ring!

Sauron: Now listen, Saruman. In twenty-four hours, I want you to hurl your entire massive army at Rohan and capture the girl whose uncle owns the biggest tracts of open land west of Rhun.

Saruman: B-- but I don't want-a anymore land.

Sauron: Listen, Sharky--

Saruman: Saruman.

Sauron: Saruman. We live in bloody desolate places. You trashed Angrenost building your army. We need all the good land we can get!

Saruman: But-- but I don't like her very much-a.

Sauron: Don't like Eowyn?! What's wrong with her?! She's beautiful. She's rich. She's got huge... tracts o' land!

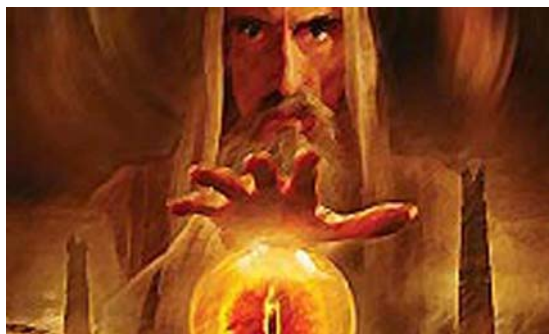
Saruman: Oh, yes-a, I know... but all zat-a is irrelevant. Only ze [One Ring](#)-a matters!

Sauron: Look, you're attacking Rohan and marrying Eowyn, so you'd better get used to the idea!

Saruman: How-a 'bout I attack Rohan, but give-a Eowyn to Grima instead?

Sauron: Fine, enough already with your frog-ish whining... just do it so that Rohan is no more in a very *final* and *legally binding* sense!

Saruman: Alrighty, oh boy, It shall-a be done!



Scene 2: The Finding of Boromir

Narrator: Three quick moving shapes track the band of Saruman's orcs and uruk-cows that have abducted Pippin and Merry. Aragorn, Legolas, and Gimli follow the obvious trail of foot and hoof-prints along the river Anduin. Unexpectedly, they come across the shattered body of Boromir.

Legolas: Look! Is it not Boromir lying broken on the rocks there?!

Gimli: It would appear he must've ate a few to many Lembas and didn't clear the river when he was cast from the Falls of Rauros Bridge.

Aragorn: Brave, brave Boromir, you shall not have died in vain!

Boromir: Uh, oh, hello guys. I'm not quite dead, actually.

Legolas: What miracle is this?!? He yet draws breath!

Aragorn: Well, you shall not have been mortally wounded in vain!

Boromir: I-- I-- I just have a few, minor really, compound fractures of my legs and arms... a bit of internal bleeding. I think I could-- I could pull through...

Aragorn: Oh, I see... and the arrows?

Boromir: Uh, well, there was this band of orcs that came by with Pippin and Merry... they sort of thought it was funny to use me for target practice. Then they-- they broke my horn.

Aragorn: Curse they that would despoil a noble warrior of Gondor so! My kinsman, I swear to you that you shall be avenged for these foul deeds!

Boromir: I-- I think I'll be fine, really now...

Legolas: He has lost a staggering amount of blood.

Gimli: Well, those arrows and the bones poking out of him probably has a lot to do with that, ya' know.

Boromir: Actually, I think I'm all right to come with you--

Aragorn: No, no, valiant Boromir! Stay here! We will send help as soon as we have accomplished a daring and heroic rescue of Pippin and Merry in our own particular...

[sigh]

Boromir: Idiom?

Aragorn: Idiom, right!

Boromir: Honestly... I feel fine, actually--

Aragorn: Yes, as may be, but the trail of orc footprints and cow droppings turns west from here onto the plains of Rohan. There is simply no way to bring you with us.

Gimli: What about putting him in one of those boats over there, then?

Aragorn: Excellent idea, Gimli! The river will take you on to Osgiliath, dear Boromir. From there, the sacred Valar willing, we should meet up again in Minas Tirith.

(sometime later, a boat is readied and Boromir is loaded into it)

Aragorn: Farewell, gallant Boromir!

Boromir: I'll, um... I'll just stay here in the boat, then, shall I? Yeah.

Legolas: Ummm... Aragorn? I just thought of something we might have overlooked in our haste.

Aragorn: Oh, really, what is that?

Legolas: Wasn't the whole reason we got out of the boats when we did because we didn't want to die going over the *always* fatal Falls of Rauros?

Aragorn: Uh oh--



Scene 3: Riders of Røhän

Narrator: Running on foot across the vast plains of the horse-loving kingdom of Røhän, Aragorn, Legolas, and Gimli spot a large group of riders bearing toward them.

Røhirrim Chorus: Giddy-up, up your horsey. Giddy-up, up your horsey.

Eomer: (singing) [Aaaceeeeeaaaaa-ah!!!](#)

Røhirrim Chorus: Giddy-up, up your horsey.

Eomer: (singing) [Aaaceeeeeaaaaa-ah!!!](#)

Røhirrim: (singing)

We come from the land where the north wind blows,

Where the horses run and the green grass grows,

Spears of Rohan,

Will drive outsiders from our lands...

To join the horde, singing and crying,

Meduseld, we are coming!

On we ride, with a shout of war,

We sing soprano 'cause we're saddle-sore!

Eomer: (singing) [Aaaceeeeeaaaaa-ah!!!](#)

Røhirrim: (singing)

How huge our tracks of land, we'd like some more,

The Crimson Rohirrim are sure, we'll go down in lore,

We are the--

Aragorn: What news of the north, Riders of Rohan?

[screeeeech]

[crash]

[thud]

Eothain: Holy-- where did they come?!

Eomer: Hold! I do apologize for being rude, but what business does a man, an elf, and a dwarf have in the Riddermark?! Speak quickly now!

Aragorn: We track a band of orcs and uruk-cows that passed this way after taking two of our companions.

Eomer: Then your business here is concluded. I'm terribly sorry, but the warparty you seek was destroyed by us yesterday evening.

Aragorn: And what of the two halflings that would have been with them?!?

Eomer: The wha-- heifers did you say? Well, I suppose a couple of the uruk-cows could have been--

Aragorn: No, no... *halflings*. They would have appeared as children to you.

Eothain: (grumbling) Dash it all, we don't have time for this bollocks. *we must* press south--

Eomer: Peace Eothain!

(Eomer then speaks instructions in their native tongue)

Eomer: Bäckënsi øffënsi mein frëiden, tåkënsi Crimsønser Røhirrim Equestrënsen øverserin un tellømën smøkim ifënsi gøttëm!

Eothain: Då, sër gud!





Eomer: Now then, you simply must understand that, after a hard day's work, the idea of an uruk-cow barbecue was sounding quite in order.

Gimli: Heh. Yeah, I can grok that!

Eomer: Anyway, we knocked back a few pints and we all got jolly well befuddled. I remember there being a lot of singing, in particular.

Aragorn: Yes, but what has this to do with the halflings?

Eomer: This *is* rather awkward, but the point is that if these halflings were there, then they were either killed, [cough-eaten-cough], or somehow managed to escape into the Entwood.

Legolas: Entwood... you mean the ancient Forest of Fangorn?

Eomer: Yes, call it what you will, of course. I do feel terribly awful about all this and am willing to do what I can to make amends.

Aragorn: Please continue, I would hear your proposal.

Eomer: I will loan you our spare horses to aid your search on the very necessary condition that you then travel straight to Edoras and present yourself to Theoden King for judgement on your incursion into Rohan.

Aragorn: Agreed.

Gimli: Oy, we're so screwed!

Scene 4: The Ents of Fangorn

Narrator: Having escaped the slaughter of Saruman's war band at the hands of the Crimson Rohirrim Equestrians, Pippin and Merry find themselves lost in the thick woods of Fangorn.



(suddenly, a large walking tree picks up the two hobbits and carries them deep into the forest)

Merry: Hoy, where are you taking us?!

Treebeard: Hoom- Hrum! To a meeting of my kind you might call an Entmoot... to discuss the treachery and evil of the wizard Saruman... we go to a place some have called Derndingle- Hmmm- Hoom!

Pippin: What are you going to do with us?

Treebeard: If by that you mean to ask if I will do anything *to* you, the answer is no... Hrum- Hmmm- But I do not know your kind, you are not in the old lists I learned when I was young- Hoom!

Merry: We always seem to have been left out of the old stories, we call ourselves hobbits.

Pippin: Yeah, someone ought to write a book or two about us someday...

(much later at the Entmoot, the Ents of Fangorn continue their ritual assembly)

Treebeard: Hoom- Hrum! ...which brings us once again to the urgent realisation of just how much there is still left to know about. Item eleven on the agenda: the little beings called hobbits. Now, Hoom- Hrum- Quickbeam, you've had some thoughts on this.

Quickbeam: Hroom- that's right. Yeah, I've had a good look at the two of them, and, Hroom- what I've come up with can be reduced to three fundamental concepts. First, the Rohirrim are not wearing enough hats. Second, hobbits appear to be a cross between a beardless dwarf and a ravenous groundhog. Third, matter is energy. In the universe, there are many energy fields which even we cannot normally perceive. Some energies have a spiritual source which act upon a creature's soul. However, this soul does not exist *ab initio*, as the Eldar once taught us. It has to be brought into existence by a process of guided self-observation. However, this is rarely achieved, owing to the unique ability of sentient creatures to be distracted from spiritual matters by everyday trivia. Hoom- Hroomph!

(pause)

Leaflock: Houmm- Hum! What was that about hats, again?

Quickbeam: Oh, Uh-Hroom! The Rohirrim aren't wearing enough. Hroom!

Treebeard: Is this, Hoom-Hruuum, true?

Quickbeam: Certainly, Hroom! The wearing of helmets in particular has increased, but not *pari passu*, as--

Leaflock: But, Houmm- when you say "enough," enough for what purpose?

Skinbark: Can I just ask, with reference to your third point, Hroomph, when you say...

(much, much, much later at the Entmoot)

Leaflock: Houmm- Hroom! So, Skinbark, do you think the hobbits belong on the new list or not?!

Skinbark: Hroomph! I've told you once.

Leaflock: No you haven't!

Skinbark: Yes, Hroumph, I have.

Leaflock: Hum- When?

Skinbark: Just now.

Leaflock: No you, Hoummm, didn't!

Skinbark: Yes, Hroumph, I did!

Leaflock: You didn't!

Skinbark: I did!

Leaflock: You, Hoummm, didn't!

Skinbark: I'm telling you, Hroumph, I did!

Leaflock: You did not, Houmm- Hum--

(much, much, much, much, MUCH later at the Entmoot)

Treebeard: Hoom- Hrum! The matters before the Entmoot are decided then.

Merry: Excellent! Then you will help us?

Treebeard: Ummm- Hrum- Hoom! Well, no. We have decided not to do a ruddy damn thing- Hoom- Hrum! But I will give you a one-way ride out of our forest in whatever direction you wish to go- Hrum!

Merry: Please take us by Isengard then. I want to see where all that smoke over there is coming from.

Treebeard: Hrooom, as you wish!

Pippin: Wow. The ents not willing to help fight evil... this is certainly a surprise. I guess we now know why they called this "ent" meeting "moot" eh?!

Merry: Yeah, I just wouldn't have expected this...

Narrative Interlude: J.R.R. Tolkien

Tolkien: The ents decide not to... what the bloody wanking hell is THIS?!?



Tolkien: What a pile of-- why I haven't felt this violated since [Mr. Spock](#) sang the infernally blasted [Ballad of Bilbo Baggins](#)!!! I'm going to go over there right now and--

[crash]

Tolkien: Oh, Great Scott! Hm. Hmm.

[boom]

Tolkien: Hm! Hmm. (mumble mumble mumble)

[boom]

Tolkien: (mumble mumble mumble)

[boom]

Tolkien: (mumble mumble mumble)

[crash]

Tolkien: Ohh!

[boom]

Tolkien: (mumble mumble mumble)

[boom]

Sun: Ay, up! Thsss.

[boom]

Sun: Ayy, up!

[boom]

Sun: Thsss.

[boom]

Sun: Ayy, up!

Tolkien: Stop that! Stop that!

[boom]

Sun: Ay, up!

Tolkien: Stop that!

[boom]

Tolkien: Look on! Clear off! Go on! Go away! Go away! Go away! And you! Clear off!

[sniff]

Sun: (mumble mumble mumble)

[bells]

Tolkien: Hah. Bloody weather!



Scene 5: Gandalf Returns

Narrator: Following the faint trail of Merry and Pippin, Aragorn, Legolas, and Gimli enter the Forest of Fangorn.

Legolas: Look-- there! Darting from tree to tree following us... there is an old man robed in white.

Gimli: In white? It must be that treacherous snake Saruman, let's get him!

Aragorn: Wait, Gimli, let us prepare an ambush for our "friend" instead.

(the white robed figure draws near)

Gandalf: Pardon me, gentlemen, do any of you have a light? My pipe has gone out and I--

Legolas: Mithrandir!

Aragorn: Gandalf!

Gimli: Wanker! I nearly split your head with my axe, you git!

Gandalf: Gandalf? Hmmm... Gandalf...

(Gandalf repeats the name as if recalling from old memory a long disused word)

Gandalf: Gandalf... yes, that was my name. I am Gandalf! I have passed through fire and deep water since we parted ways. I have forgotten much that I thought I knew, and learned again much that I had forgotten. I can see many things far off, but many things that are close at hand I cannot see.

Legolas: Truly you have been reforged by the sacred Valar in reward of your ordeal!

Gimli: Oy, that, or he's suffering from serious head trauma.

Aragorn: As it may be, but please tell us, Gandalf, do you know what has befallen our comrades Pippin and Merry whom we track through this forest?

Gandalf: Oh, yes indeed. Treebeard left me a note on that hill over there. It says that he found them and has taken them to a meeting of trees.

Aragorn: A meeting of "trees" you say? Hmmm... there may be something to Gimli's head trauma theory--

Gandalf: I meant what I said! Now then, it is enough for you to know that they are safe and that our path lies upon a different road. Our next journey is marked by your given word Aragorn. We go to Meduseld to see King Theoden.

Legolas: Amazing, you now know all that was and what yet shall be!

Gandalf: Well... actually, I ran into Eomer on the way here and was dazed enough to make the same stupid promise you did.

Aragorn: Indeed, then may our paths be together from this point on. But still, we would know what befell you after your fall from the bridge in Khazad-dum.

Gimli: Yes, we would hear how you gave a right-good pasting to that Balrog!

Gandalf: Name him not!

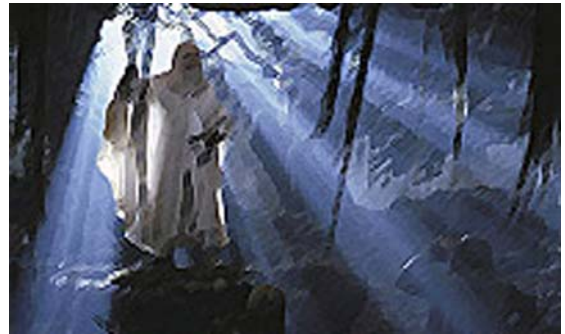
(for a moment it seems that a cloud of pain and sorrow passes over Gandalf's face)

Gandalf: For a long time I fell. Long I fell, and the Black Beast of Udun fell with me. By luck, I caught up with my dropped sword and was able to use it to keep the foul creature away from me--

Legolas: Long he fell, hewing the Bane of Durin all the while!

(pause)

(Gandalf takes a long side-ways look at Legolas)



Gandalf: Rriiiiggghhhttt... anyway, we eventually landed in a vast underground lake of cold water--

Legolas: Cold was the water deep beyond light and knowledge, cold as the tide of death that would freeze the living heart!

(pause)

Gandalf: Okay then, well... his fire quenched, he was now a creature of slime that tried to get away from me like a toothless snake--

Legolas: Fighting far below where time is trackless, Gandalf gained the advantage against the now slimy creature, stronger than a strangling snake!

Gandalf: Not having a clue where I was or how to get out, naturally I followed the brute--

Legolas: In his dark despair with his enemy his only hope, Gandalf drove the monster along passages gnawed by nameless things far below the deepest delvings of the Dwarves of old!

Gandalf: Eventually he brought me back to the Mines of Moria, ever up we went along an endless stair--

Legolas: To the secret ways of Khazad-dum, known all too well by the foul Flame of Udun, Gandalf pursued his foe up the legendary Endless Stair carved in the living rock of Zirakzigil, the pinnacle of the Silvertine!

(pause)

(Gandalf takes another long side-ways look at Legolas)

Gandalf: Anyway, we finally issued out atop the mountain, onto a narrow ledge--

Legolas: After unknown ages spent underground, they burst forth from Durin's Tower!

Gandalf: I suppose we were both blinded by the noon-day sun--

Legolas: The sun shone fiercely as Durin's Bane burst forth into new flame and fury!

Gandalf: And then I bumped into him and knocked the tottering mongrel over the ledge--

Legolas: Woe is it that there was none to witness the Battle of the Peak and commit to song the combat that did ensue for coming ages!

Gandalf: So, losing his balance and all, the great dumb behemoth fell down the side of the mountain and snuffed it--

Legolas: At the end of their epic struggle, crowning the mountain with supernatural energies as if in storm, Gandalf threw down his enemy... who fell from the high place and broke the mountain-side where he smote it in his ruin!

(pause)

(Gandalf yet again takes a long side-ways look at Legolas)

Gandalf: Rightly so... I then got a ride with an eagle, a northern eagle mind you-- not a southern eagle, and made my way to Lothlorien to see Galadriel--

Legolas: Sent by Galadriel of wondrous Lothlorien, Gwaihir the Windlord found our shattered hero and bore him on to the elven sanctuary of healing!

Gandalf: Once there, I had time to rest up, find out how you all had fared on "Who wants to be an elven-heir?!" and sent my laundry out for dry cleaning--

Legolas: Thus it was that Gandalf came to Caras Galadon and found us but lately gone. There did he tarry in the ageless time of that land where days bring healing without decay!

Gandalf: Yes, quite true of course. Well, there was a mix-up with the laundry regarding the difference between "extra-starch" and "extra-bleach" which is why I'm wearing all white now. Though you can rest assured I gave them a hard time about it--

Legolas: And so, reborn as Gandalf the White, counsel did he give and counsel did he then receive!

Gandalf: From there, it was a simple job of going down the river and then following the stampede of orc footprints and uruk-cow patties until I arrived here--

Legolas: Thence by strange roads he did come, at the turn of the tide, to lead us forth to victory!

(pause)

Gandalf: When it ever comes time to write my autobiography, I just want you to know that the job

is yours Legolas Greenleaf! Indeed, where did you learn to paraphrase in such a manner?!

Legolas: Oh, thank you Gandalf! As you know, I spent a long time waiting in Rivendell before the big meeting. While there I managed to take a night-course at the Bilbo Baggins School of Creative Epic Writing.

Gandalf: Well, that certainly explains a LOT...

Gimli: Explains what?

Gandalf: It explains, my dear dwarf, how the comic misadventures of a band of hobbits someday becomes the greatest movie trilogy of all time!
(very long pause)

Legolas: Errr... a *movie trilogy*, you say?

Gandalf: Enough questions! We have spent all the time that is allowed a meeting of parted friends. Let us be off to the golden halls of Edoras!

Aragorn: And so we must! This I would also say... you are our captain and our banner. The Dark Lord has nine, but we have one who is mightier than they. The White Rider. He has passed through the fire and the abyss... and they shall fear him!

Legolas: Yes, we will go where he leads!

Gandalf: Right! Time presses. Let us ride north to King Theoden!

Aragorn: Ummm... Gandalf? Meduseld is due south from here.

Gandalf: Of course it is. Let us ride *south* to King Theoden!



Gimli: So... what do you *really* make of all that?

Aragorn: Definitely head trauma.

Scene 6: Medusæld

Narrator: Riding virtually non-stop, Gandalf, Aragorn, Legolas, and Gimli arrive at daybreak before the gates of Edoras, the imposing capital city of the Rohirrim. Cautiously they make their way to Medusæld, the golden hall of Edoras, where dwells Theoden son of Thengel... King of the Mark of Rohan.

Eomund: Halt! Who goes there?

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

Eomund: And the other ones?

Aragorn: Oh, they are Gandalf the Newly White, Legolas Greenleaf, and Gimli son of Gloin.

Galmud: Who did he say?

Eomund: 'e says 'e's a newlywed that's legless--

Legolas: No, no! He said my name is Legolas Greenleaf!

Galmud: Poor bugger, legless *and* gangrene.

Eomund: I got two coins 'et say 'e's dead by morning--

Aragorn: Please! Good and valiant men of Rohan, we have urgent business with King Theoden about the very survival of his kingdom!

Eomund: (chuckling) I bet it's urgent if the legless one don't have long to live, eh?

Galmud: Alright, we'll let you in, but I wouldn't wager that the King will grant you an audience.

Eomund: Yeah, it don't sound like you've got a leg to stand on!

Rohirrim: Oh, haw haw haw haw! Haw! Haw haw heh...

Legolas: Grrrr...

Gandalf: Down Legolas! I counsel you all to draw no weapon, speak no haughty word, until we are come before Theoden's seat.

(the four companions make their way to the throne of Rohan where sits King Theoden, ensnared by dark magic, with Grima Wormtongue whispering in his ear)

Grima: [Ecky-eky-eky-eky-pikang-zoop-boing-goodem-zoo-owli-zhiv...](#)

Theoden: (mumbling) I don't wanna go to school, mumsy... the other boys make fun of me... I want my own pony...



Gandalf: Hail, Theoden son of Thengel! The storm comes... and now all friends should gather together lest each singly be destroyed!

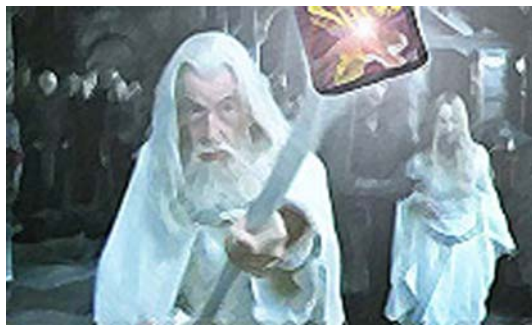
(Grima hits the floor like a cowering snake before the dazzling brightness of Gandalf's white robes)

Saruman/Theoden: Ha ha! You are-a to late Mithrandir, my ol' friend-a!

Gandalf: Saruman?! No!

Saruman/Theoden: Yes-a, it is I! Ze King is-a mine to toy with... and zere is-a nothing you can do about it so go and boil your bottom, son of a silly person! Ha ha!

Gandalf: I am prepared for you *this* time, you fiend. Behold... the power of... [SPAM](#)!!!



Rohirrim: Spam! Lovely spam! Wonderful spam!

Saruman/Theoden: Aaauugghh!!! No! Not ze unspeakable canned meat-type-a product!

Gandalf: Yes, you elitist connoisseur! [SPAM](#)!

Rohirrim: Spam spam spam spam. Lovely spam! Wonderful spam! Spam spa-a-a-a-am spam, spa-a-a-a-a-am spam. Lovely spam! Lovely spam! Lovely spam! Lovely spam! Lovely spam! Spam spam spam!

Saruman/Theoden: Urgghh! It burns! It burns! I don't like-a spam!!!

Hama: Sshh, Sire, don't cause a fuss. I'll have your spam. I love it. For lunch I had spam spam spam spam spam spam spam beaked beans spam spam spam and spam!

Rohirrim: Lovely spam! Wonderful spam!

Saruman/Theoden: ...aaaaagggh!

(in a blinding flash, the infernal spell is broken and the hold that Saruman had on Theoden's mind and spirit is no more)

Theoden: What the-- Gandalf! What has happened?!

Gandalf: Let me explain...

(pause)

Gandalf: Okay, there just isn't enough time. Let me sum up. Isengard has allied with Mordor. Saruman is sending a massive army to attack you that should be here any minute. Under Grima's direction, nearly all of your best warriors have been sent away into exile leaving Rohan all but defenseless. There is still a faint ray of hope for survival, but, on the whole, you're screwed.



Theoden: Alas, how could all this have come to pass?

Hama: This never would have happened if your son was still alive--

Theoden: He's dead?!

Hama: Yes, killed at the Fords of Isen.

Theoden: And my wife?

Hama: She died of pneumonia while-- Oh, right after you went mad...

Theoden: My dog, Lucky?

Hama: Run over by a wagon.

Theoden: My goldfish, Rosie?

Hama: Eaten by the cat

Theoden: My cat, Ringo?

Hama: Choked on the goldfish, but it's good to be sane again, isn't it?

Gimli: Hey, where did that wormtongue-fellow run off to?

Gandalf: Enough! We must act swiftly and decisively!

Theoden: Yes, I must rise up and do as my forefathers before me have done in times such as these!

Gandalf: Precisely!

Theoden: We must arm and equip every available warrior regardless of age!

Gandalf: Without delay!

Theoden: We must gather every man, woman, and child and-- RUN AWAY! Retreat, to our stronghold in the mountains... to Helm's Deep as fast as possible!

Gandalf: Right!

Narrative Interlude: Aragorn Dreams of Arwen

Narrator: Rivendell. Imladris. The house of Elrond the Peredhil. Aragorn finds himself in a secluded gazebo lying on a couch. It is a place he often went to secretly meet the beautiful daughter of Elrond... Arwen Evenstar.

Arwen: Greetings, my love.

Aragorn: Whoa! Hold on... surely this is a dream.

Arwen: Why do you question your senses?

Aragorn: Well, for one, I distinctly remember being in Rohan before I fell asleep. For another, you are not even supposed to be *in* this movie!

Arwen: Now, now... be nice! This is a new "enlightened" age and, if I play my cards right, maybe they will write me into the next one as the elven warrior princess who single-handedly defeats the dreaded witch-king at the battle of Pelennor Fields.

Aragorn: Rriiiigggghhhttt. I'm definitely dreaming.

Arwen: Is there nothing I can do or say to sooth your doubts?

Aragorn: Not really. So, wake me up, would you? Since I'm positive it's not really you that is kissing my face, I hope that it is only my horse and not Legolas... or (SHUDDER) Gimli.



Arwen: (sighing) Fine. But, if it's not to much trouble, would you mind taking a bath before your next dream? It doesn't look like you've washed your hair since leaving Imladris-- Ugh!!! Or changed your shirt! Honestly, my love, if we are ever going to get married we are just going to *have* to work on your personal hygiene. In fact, while I have your attention, maybe we should talk about your issues with emotional commitment--

Aragorn: Aaaaauuuuuugh! I'm awake, I'm awake!!!

Scene 7: Battle of the Hornburg

Narrator: The Hornburg... main stronghold in the ancient series of fortifications known as Helm's Deep. Here, at the head of the Deeping Coomb in the northern White Mountains, King Theoden has gathered the people of Rohan to make a valiant stand against the massive army of the treacherous wizard Saruman.

Ceorl: Theoden King, the last of the rear-guard has made it inside, but... we have a bit of a problem.

Theoden: Really? What sort of problem, Ceorl?

Ceorl: Well, sire, there are a large number of "fancy lads" wanting in. They are all dressed in green, have long hair, and are wearing flowers.

Theoden: That *is* odd... wearing flowers? Well, what did they say they want?

Ceorl: They say they are here to help, sire. Something 'bout age-old oaths and such. They have bows and arrows.

Aragorn: Oh! Those are elves!

Theoden: Elves?! Wonderful, we didn't expect this!

Tolkien: Neither did I!

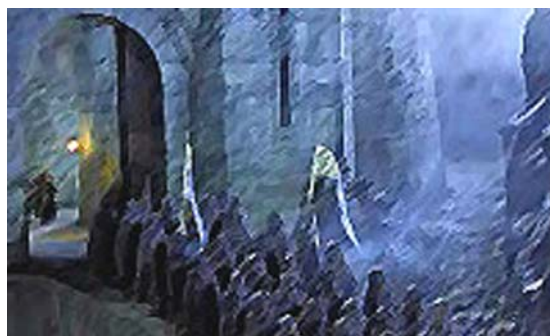
Theoden: Well, don't just stand there, go let them in!

Ceorl: Right away, sire!

Aragorn: Greetings Haldir of Lothlorien!

Haldir: Well met again, Aragorn Elessar!

Gimli: Hold a moment! Didn't you die in the last movie?!



Haldir: Indeed, I was cast from the Bridge at the Falls of Rauros like so much chaff on the wind. Yet, by grace or chance, I know not which, I landed in the waters of the river Anduin and thence made my way back to fair Caras Galadhon.

Aragorn: It is by wondrous providence that you have arrived just in time. We are hard pressed with little hope of survival.

Haldir: Yes, well, that *would* explain it. Celeborn thought Theoden could use our help and "volunteered" me. Really, this is twice now... I innocently walk in on the Lord and Lady getting a quick "nooner" and now I get the feeling I'm expendable or something.

Aragorn: No matter, their loss is our gain and we are glad to have you!

Gimli: Where is Legolas? I'm sure he will be well pleased at the arrival of more arrow chuckers.

Aragorn: Oh, he is over there writing in his "[secret diary](#)" again...

Legolas: (mumbling) ...still the [prettiest](#).

Gimli: Oy!

Narrator: Without warning or challenge, the massive army of Saruman attacked. All through the night with the relentless rain of a fierce storm, the battle raged and surged.



Narrator: But, no matter where or when there was fighting to be done...

(patriotic music suddenly starts playing)

Narrator: ...it was the calm leadership of their King that made the Army of the Rohirrim able to withstand the massive tide of destruction. Finally, morning started to arrive... and with the dawn came, well... quite frankly, a few startling developments.

[whoosh]

[crash]

(music stops)

Theoden: Excuse me.

Gamling: Morning, sire.

Theoden: Morning, Gamling.

Gamling: Sleep well?

Theoden: Not bad. Bit to shreds, though. Must be a hole in the bloody mosquito net.

Gamling: Yes. Just what we get for having a fortress by a river. Savage little blighters, aren't they?

[thud]

Ceorl: Excuse me, sire.

Theoden: Yes, Ceorl?

Ceorl: I'm afraid Hama got rather badly bitten during the night.

Theoden: Well, so did we. Heh.

Ceorl: Yes, but I do think a healer ought to see him.

Theoden: Well, go and fetch one, then.

Ceorl: Right you are, sire.

Theoden: Suppose I'd better go along. Coming, Gamling?

Gamling: Yes, of course, Theoden King.

Theoden: Careful!

[crash]

Gamling: Alright, then.

(all is in mayhem as the battle continues to rage)

Theoden: Ah! Morning, Hama.

Hama: Morning, sire.

Theoden: What's, uh... what's all the trouble, then?

Hama: Bitten, sire. During the night.

Theoden: Hmm. Whole leg gone, eh?

Hama: Yes.

Theoden: How does it feel?

Hama: Stings a bit.

Theoden: Mmm. Well, it would, wouldn't it? That's, uh... quite a bite you've got there, you know.

Hama: Yes, a... real beauty, isn't it?

Theoden: Any idea how it happened?

Hama: None whatsoever. Complete mystery to me. Woke up just now, one spur too many.

Gamling: You must have a hell of a hole in your net.

Theoden: Hmm. Well, we've sent for a healer.

Hama: Oh, hardly worth it, isn't it?

Theoden: Oh, yes. Better safe than sorry.

Gamling: Yes-- holy galloping ghost of Eorl the Young, look at this!

(Gamling holds up Hama's mosquito netting which is ripped from one side clear to the other)

Theoden: By the Helm of Hammerhand, that's enormous!

Gamling: You don't think it'll come back, do you?

Theoden: For more, you mean?

Gamling: Yes.

Theoden: You're right. We'd better get this stitched.

Gamling: Right.

Theoden: Ah, hello.

Healer: Morning Theoden King! I came as fast as I could. Is, uhh... is something amiss?

Theoden: Yes. During the night, Hama here got his leg bitten sort of... off. Mm?

Healer: Ahh. Been in the battle, have we?

Gamling: Mhm.

Hama: Yes.

Healer: Ehh. Any headache? Bowels all right? Mm. Well, let's have a look at this one leg of yours, then, eh? Yes. Yes. Yes, yes. Yes. Yes. Yes, yes. Yes, well, this is nothing to worry about.

Hama: Oh, good.

Healer: Yes, there's a lot of it about. Probably a virus. Something in the water. Uh... keep warm, plenty of rest. If you're running, fighting, or anything like that, try and favor the other leg.

Hama: Oh.

Healer: Mhm.

Hama: Right-o.

Healer: Be as right as rain in a couple of days.

Hama: Oh. Thanks for the reassurance.

Healer: Not at all. That's what I'm here for. Any other problems I can reassure you about?

Hama: No, I'm fine.

Healer: Wonderful. Well, must be off. Mhmm.

Hama: So, it'll, ehh... it'll just grow back again, then, will it?

Healer: Uhh... I think I'd better come clean with you about this. It's-- it's not a virus, I'm afraid. You see, a virus is what we healers would call very, very small. So small, it could not possibly have made off with a whole leg. What we're looking for here is, I think-- and this is no more than an educated guess, I'd like to make that clear... is some multi-cellular life form with stripes, huge razor-sharp teeth, about eleven foot long, and of the genus *Felis Horribilis*... what we healers, in fact, call a "tiger."

Hama, Gamling, and King Theoden: A tiger?!

(the entire battle comes to a screeching halt)

Everyone: A tiger?!

(mayhem ensues as the orcs, uruk-cows, and Rohirrim panic)

Gamling: A tiger... in Rohan?

Theoden: What?

Gamling: A tiger in Rohan?!?

Theoden: Well, ah... well, it, uh... it has probably escaped from Radagast the Brown's place.

Gamling: Doesn't sound very likely to me.

Theoden: Stumm. Stumm. Stumm.

Aragorn: King Theoden!

Theoden: Stumm.

Aragorn: Sire! King Theoden! Sire! The attack's over! The orcs and uruk-cows are retreating!

Theoden: Oh, very good.

Aragorn: Quite a lot of casualties, though.

Theoden: Mhmm.

Aragorn: The elves were wiped out.

Theoden: Yes.

Aragorn: The 2nd Eastfold Division is gone.



Theoden: Yes.

Aragorn: Half the men in the Westfold Divisions have been killed.

Theoden: Yes, I see.

Aragorn: I should think about a thou-- thousand and two hundred men altogether.

Theoden: Indeed.

Aragorn: I haven't got the final figures, but Saruman's forces used a foul blasting fire and there's a lot of seriously...

Theoden: Yes.

Aragorn: ...wounded in the fortress.

Theoden: Yes. Well, the thing is, Aragorn, I've got a bit of a problem here. The Captain of my House, Hama, has lost a leg.

Aragorn: Oh, no!

Theoden: I'm afraid so. Probably a tiger.

Aragorn: In Rohan?

Theoden: Stumm.

Gamling: (mumble)

Theoden: The healer says we can stitch it back on if we can find it immediately.

Aragorn: Right! I'll find Eomer and organize a party... right away.

Theoden: Well, it's hardly the time for that, is it?

Aragorn: No-- no! A-- a search party.

Theoden: Oh! Oh! Ah! Ahh! Much better idea! Mhmm.

Gamling: Look! There-- the white rider!

Aragorn: It's Gandalf! And he has brought Erkenbrand!

Theoden: Yes... and Erkenbrand's army!

Theoden: Saddle up men! Ride forth Eorlingas!

Rohirrim: Helm is risen! Helm for Theoden King!

Eomer: Victory!

Gandalf: Indeed! Now what would really be wicked cool is having a forest of orc-hating trees rip apart the fleeing remnants of Saruman's army.

Aragorn: Yeah, that would rule!

Tolkien: I sure thought so...



Scene 8: Meanwhile, Back at Isengard

Narrator: Saruman is personally watching over his few remaining orcs as they continue cutting down trees near Isengard.

Grima: Master!

Saruman: It's about time-a you got here, Grima. Report!

Grima: Yes master. Your massive army has besieged Helm's Deep. Your enemies are doomed.

Saruman: Nice-a. Very nice-a... soon Rohan will be mine and-a Eowyn shall be yours.

Grima: Thank you! Thank you master! You are indeed the greatest of all wizards!

Saruman: (sighing) Yes, but given ze competition it wasn't as difficult as one-a would suppose.

Grima: Master, are you not happy to be the most powerful wizard of all time?

Saruman: I never wanted to be a wizard in ze first place! I-- I wanted to be...

Grima: To be what master?

Saruman: A LUMBERJACK!

Grima: (looking around at all the decimated trees) Well... that *does* explain a few things.

Saruman: Yes-a! Leaping from-a tree to tree! As zey float down-a ze mighty rivers of Middle Earth-a! With my best axe by-a my side!

Ze Larch!

Ze mighty Forlindon Pine-a!

Ze giant Yew of-a Mirkwood!

Ze towering Mallorns of-a Lorien!

Ze naughty Eriador Flashing Oak!

Ze flatulent Elm of-a West Osgiliath!

Ze Quercus Maximus Telperion Gascoigni!

I'd-a sing! Sing! Sing!

(a small group of orcs run over and gather near Saruman)

Saruman: Oh-a, I'm a lumberjack an' I'm okay, I sleep all night an' I work-a all day.

Orcs: He's a lumberjack and he's okay. He sleeps all night and he works all day.

Saruman: I cut down trees, I eat-a my lunch, I go to ze lavatory.

On Wednesdays I do experiments in-a animal husbandry.

Orcs: He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch, he goes to the lavatory.

On Wednesdays 'e does experiments in animal husbandry.

Saruman: I cut down trees, I breed-a cows an' orcs, ze are-a my dearest loves.

I put on-a women's clozing an' hang aroun' in-a pubs.

Orcs: He cuts down trees, he breeds cows and orcs, they are his dearest loves.

He puts on women's clothing and hangs around.... in pubs?!

Saruman: I chop-a down trees, I wear a bra, suspendies an' a thong-a.

I wish I'd been born an elf-a, 'cause-a zen I couldn't go wrong-a.

Orcs: He chops down trees, he wears a bra... suspendies? And a-- a *thong*?!

What's this? Wants to be an elfie? Oh, my! Pervy-hippy-poofter!

Saruman: One-a last time lads, zis is-a my *only* musical type-a number!

Orcs: He's a lumberjack, and he's okaaaaaayyy...

[crash]

[blam]



[thud]

Treebeard: What the bloody--

Saruman: Oh merde.

Treebeard: NOOOO!!! A ruddy wizard should know better! ENTS... ATTACK!!!

Ents: We come, we come with roll of drum, ta-runda runda runda rom!

Saruman: Run to ze tower! Run! Run! Run!

Merry: Once again the "comic relief" saves the day, eh?

Pippin: Yay, go us! Good call on coming this way, Merry.

Merry: Yeah. I sure wish he would let us down, though. I've got splinters in places I didn't know I had.

Narrator: Unbeknownst to Saruman, it was at this point that the frantically retreating survivors of his defeated army were mercilessly ripped apart by a forest of orc-hating trees as they approached Isengard.

Grima: (running like mad) We-- [huff] are-- [puff] so-- [huff-puff] screwed!



Scene 9: The Palantiri

Narrator: Morning. The sun rises over the shattered and smoldering ruins of Nan Curunir. The ents have used the waters of the Isen to flood the wizard's vale. The tower of Orthanc now rises like a lone island from the smoking destruction surrounding it. Nearly hidden in the mists among the flotsam and jetsam, a determined group of companions make their way to the tower.

Saruman: Allo, dappy ents, silly Mithrandir, and-a monsieur Theoden King, who has ze brain of a duck, you know--

Gandalf: Saruman, come forth! Isengard has proved less strong than your hope and fancy made it. Think well, Saruman! Will you not come down?

Saruman: Ha! You would like-a zat, eh?! I wave my private parts at-a your aunties, you cheesy lot of-a second hand dwarven donkey-bottom biters.

Gandalf: I command you, in the name of the White Council and the free peoples of Middle Earth, to open the door and surrender the key of Orthanc!

Saruman: No chance, you pervy hobbit fancying bed-wetting type-a! I burst my pimples at you and-a call your door-opening request a silly thing, you bleach-haired son of a prison barber!

Gandalf: Why you sniveling--

Theoden: If you do not open this door, we shall take this tower by force!

Hama: What I want to know is, has he got my leg?

Theoden: Oh, right! Good thinking, Hama! Well, have you?

Grima: Actually...

Theoden: Yes?

Saruman: Shush-a your mouth, Grima!

Theoden: Now look. I'm just asking you if you've got this man's leg.

Saruman: A wooden-type-a leg?

Theoden: No, no. A proper leg! Look... he was fast asleep and someone or something came in and removed it.

Saruman: Wizout-a waking him up?

Theoden: Yes.

Saruman: I don't believe you.

Grima: Well, you see--

Saruman: Shut up!

Theoden: Now look. Have you or have you not got his leg?

Grima: Yes.

Saruman: No.

Grima: No.

Saruman: No, no, no.

Grima: No. No, no, no.

Saruman: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Grima: No, no, no. No. No. No. No.

Theoden: Why did you say "yes?"

Saruman: I didn't!

Theoden: I'm not talking to you.

Grima: Umm... um... hmmhh.



Treebeard: Really now, Hoom- Hrum! This is your last chance to come down and straighten all this out. Hroom- we've been more than reasonable...

Saruman: (whispering to Grima) Fetchez la vache.

Grima: What?

Saruman: (whispering louder) Fetchez la vache!

[mooo]

Theoden: If you do not agree to our demands, then we shall--

[twong]

[moooooooooo]

Gandalf: Holy Cow!

Hama: Ah-- ohh!

[thud]

Theoden: Oh my God, they killed Hama! YOU BAST--

Treebeard: Right! ENTS... ATTACK!!!

Ents: Hoom- Haroom! Saruman has got us sore, so hew the stone and break the door!

(mayhem ensues as Grima launches anything he can get his hands on at the companions)

Saruman: Hey, zis one is for your mothers! Zere you go. Give zem some-a more, Grima!
(more mayhem as a kitchen sink, [mounted singing bass](#), very large book, and crystal globe fly through the air)

Saruman: And-a zis one's for your dad! Ha ha!

Pippin: Ohhh! Something shiny!

Theoden: Agh-- Right! That settles it! RETREAT!

Saruman: Yes, depart a lot at zis time and-a cut ze approaching any more or we fire cow patties at ze tops of your heads and-a make door knockers out of your testicles already! Ha ha haaa ha!

Gandalf: Walk away. Just ignore him.

Saruman: And-a now... remain gone, you puss pissing peasant bugger-folk! And-a, if you think you got a nasty taunting zis time, you ain't heard nothing yet. And-a zat goes for you to you dappy ents-- Thpppt!

Gandalf: We shall set up a seige at once!

Treebeard: Hroom- yes, Gandalf!

Gandalf: We may not be able to get in, but he won't be able to get out either.

Theoden: Good thinking! Let's see how well Wormtongue and Saruman enjoy each others company while they sit and starve. Heh.

Gandalf: Ah! Pippin, I'll take that-- thank you!

Pippin: Hoy now! It's mine, I found it... if I drill a few holes in it I can *finally* join Mistress Diamond's bowling league.

Merry: Ah yes, yet another of your lifelong dreams.

Gandalf: I think not! This is one of the seven Palantiri, a fabled seeing-stone of Eldamar. It is NOT to be trifled with!

Theoden: Is it really? I can hardly believe Saruman would have wanted Wormtongue to hurl such a valuable prize at us.

Gandalf: Indeed, Saruman should be discovering it's loss right about--

Saruman: NnnnnnoooooooooooooooooooooOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!



Narrative Interlude: Calling Sauron

Narrator: Barad-dur. The formidable horror-filled fortress of the Sauron. Atop this monstrous black tower, the flaming eye of the Dark Lord looks out upon the west. Suddenly, he hears a call on his Palantir. Saruman is overdue to report and Sauron is anxious for news of Rohan's destruction.



Sauron: Saruman, It's about ruddy damn time you called!

Muffled Voice: Uh, hello? I'm trying to contact Amanda. Hello?

Sauron: Wha-- Amanda?!

Muffled Voice: Yes, Ms. Huggenkiss. Is Amanda Huggenkiss there?

Sauron: (puzzled) Hold on, I'll check.

(Sauron's voice blares out throughout the land of Mordor)

Sauron: Hey, I'm looking for *Amanda Huggenkiss*!

Orcs: Oh, haw haw haw haw! Haw! Haw haw heh...

Sauron: Come on now, anyone? Ah, why can't I find *Amanda Huggenkiss*?

Muffled Voice: Hehe... maybe your standards are too high!

Sauron: Why you little son of a-- when I find out who you are, I'm going to shove a sausage down your throat and stick a starving warg up your--

[click]

Merry: Heh... oh, that was brilliant, Pippin!

Pippin: Ha ha-- Shhh, shhh! Don't wake Gandalf!

Merry: Hehe... shhhh!



Scene 10: Moving Right Along

Narrator: While all this was going on, Frodo and Sam continued their journey to Mordor. Many days were lost as they wandered within the maze of razor sharp crags known as the Emyn Muil.

Sam: We are so lost.

Frodo: No we're not.

Sam: We should stop and ask someone for directions.

Frodo: I don't *need* directions, I've got a [map](#)! Besides, there is no one to ask.

Sam: We should try to find someone then.

Frodo: No we shouldn't.

(pause)

Sam: We are so lost.

Narrator: Finally reaching the end of the Emyn Muil, they capture the creature Gollum. Once known as Smeagol before the evil of the Ring corrupted him, he has been stalking the hobbits since they left Rivendell... waiting for his chance to once more seize the [One Ring](#)... his *precious*...

Gollum: Argh! Kinky wretched hobbitses! Tying poor Smeagol up with nassty rope!

Frodo: You know the way into Mordor, don't you Smeagol?! Take us there!

Gollum: No, no... not Mordor! Hobbitses very angssty, yes, very angssty and into kinky ropess! Maybe hobbitses going through goth phase like tricky Saruman? Poor, poor Smeagol-- Gollum-gollum!

Sam: Crimey, what a weirdo!

Narrator: Eventually, Gollum gave in and swore on the Precious to take Frodo to Mordor. Through the Dead Marshes they travelled.

Sam: (singing) This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine, let it shi--

Frodo: One more verse, Sam, and I'm pushing you in!

Sam: Errr... sorry, Mr. Frodo, sir.

Gollum: Sstilly, sstupid hobbitses! This way, this way!

Frodo: (shudder) You know, it's very unsettling the way that eye follows our every move...

Sam: What?! The eye of Sauron again?

Frodo: No, no... [that one](#).

Sam: Oh, right. That *is* creepy!

Narrator: Arriving at Restaurante Morannoni, the Black Café of Mordor, Frodo realizes that he forgot to call ahead with reservations and that they will have to find another way in.

Frodo: Doh!

Maitre D: Southrons?! Men of Harad, party of 350... your tables are ready! Zis way, monsieurs!

Sam: We have to find another way to get in Mordor.

Gollum: Smeagol knows of a secret way, yes-- yes he does. Take you around to the back door, Smeagol will-- Gollum!

Narrator: Passing into the northern marches of the land that men of Gondor once called Ithilien, the trio journeyed on and on. Until one day...



[suspenseful music]

(music suddenly stops)

[INTERMISSION](#)

(suspenseful music resumes)

Scene 11: Faramir and the Beast of Harad

Narrator: The land of Ithilien. Once the fairest fief in all of Gondor, but now overrun by the power of Mordor. From secret refuges and bases, Rangers of Ithilien wage a guerilla war against Sauron's forces as well as the convoys of his allies... the cursed Haradrim.

Faramir: Damrod! What has happened?!

Damrod: Disaster, my lord Faramir! The men of Harad have sent forth to Mordor a beast so terrible it slaughtered most of my men in a matter of seconds!

Faramir: No! Not another Oliphaunt?!

Damrod: No, no, not an Oliphaunt. Indeed, we would have considered ourselves blessed to have gone against a mere Mumak of Harad!

Faramir: We *must* report as much information of this new weapon of the enemy to Gondor as soon as we can. Lead us to it!



Damrod: Follow me then. But! Follow only if you are men of valor... for this creature is so foul, so cruel, that none of the men that have fought with it still live! Yes, the bones of full ten of my men lie strewn about it. So, brave Rangers of Ithilien, if you do doubt your courage or your strength, come no further... for death awaits us *all* with nasty, big, pointy teeth.

Faramir: That's enough of your eccentric performance, Damrod. Lead on!

Mablung: The men are nervous, my lord.

Faramir: Courage men! Courage is doing what you're afraid to do... there can be no courage unless you're scared.

Cuwerd: Heh. Then I must be the bravest Ranger there has ever been!

Damrod: Behold... the place of the slaughter!

Faramir: Right! Keep me covered.

Mablung: With what?

Faramir: With-- just keep me covered.

Damrod: Too late!

[dramatic chord]

Faramir: What?

Damrod: There it is!

Faramir: Where?

Damrod: There!



Faramir: What... behind the rabbit?

Damrod: It *is* the rabbit.

Faramir: You silly sod!

Damrod: What?

Faramir: You got us all worked up!

Damrod: Well, that's no ordinary rabbit!

Faramir: Oh?

Damrod: That's the most foul, cruel, bad-tempered rodent you ever set eyes on!

Cuwerd: You tit! I soiled my armor I was so scared!

Damrod: Look, that rabbit's got a vicious streak a mile wide! It's a killer!

Mablung: Get stuffed!

Damrod: He'll do you up a treat, mate.

Mablung: Oh, yeah?

Cuwerd: You mangy orcs git!

Damrod: I'm warning you!

Cuwerd: What's he do, nibble your bum?

Damrod: He's got huge, sharp-- eh... he can leap about-- look at the bones!

Faramir: Go on, Dedmet. Chop his head off!

Dedmet: Right, my lord! Silly little bleeder. One rabbit stew comin' right up!

Damrod: Look!

[squeak]

Dedmet: Aaaugh!

[dramatic chord]

[clunk]

Faramir: Crikey!

Damrod: I warned you!

Cuwerd: I done it again!

Damrod: I warned you all, but did you listen to me? Oh, no, you knew it all, didn't you? Oh, it's just a harmless little bunny, isn't it? Well, it's always the same--

Faramir: Oh, shut up!

Damrod: Do they listen to me?

Faramir: Right!

Damrod: Oh, no...

Faramir: Charge!

[squeak]

[slash]

[squeak]

Rangers: Aaaaugh! Aaaugh! Aaa--

Faramir: Run away!

Rangers: Run away, run away!

Damrod: Ha ha ha ha! Ha haw haw! Ha! Ha ha!

Faramir: Right. How many did we lose?

Cuwerd: Gonur.

Mablung: Duomed.

Faramir: And Dedmet. That's five.

Mablung: Three, my lord.

Faramir: Three. Three... and we'd better not risk another frontal assault. That rabbit is dynamite!

Cuwerd: Would it help to confuse it if we run away more?

Faramir: Oh, shut up and go and change your armor.

Mablung: Let us taunt it! It may become so cross that it will make a mistake.

Faramir: Like what?

Mablung: Well... uhhh...

Damrod: Hold-- something else is approaching the beast!

Faramir: What is it?

Mablung: It surely is a pathetic scrawny looking thing, my lord.

Faramir: Obviously it is another minion of Sauron, everybody hide!

(a stealthy creature wanders down the Harad road toward the rabbit)

Gollum: Silly, sstupid hobbitses! Smeagol take us here... Smeagol take us there... Smeagol find something to eat... Gollum-gollum! Ah, a juicy-sweet bunny!

Damrod: (whispering) That poor blighter doesn't stand a chance!

Faramir: Shhh!!!

(Gollum pounces on the rabbit and easily subdues it)

Frodo: Hoy! Smeagol!

(two more small creatures appear from the other side of the road)

Sam: Excellent Smeagol, you've caught us a coney!

Gollum: Yesss, good Smeagol find food for the master!

Mablung: What the bloody--

Faramir: Get them!!!

(somehow, in the sudden struggle, Gollum manages to escape)

Frodo: Uh, did we do something wrong? It's a rather small rabbit, but we *are* willing to share!



Scene 12: Smeagol Goes Fishing

Narrator: The sun rises over a crystal blue lake at the foot of the waterfall at Henneth Annun.

[gurgling]

Fish #1: Morning.

Fish #2: Morning.

Fish #3: Morning.

Fish #2: Morning.

Fish #1: Morning.

Fish #3: Morning.

Fish #2: Morning.

Fish #4: Morning.

Fish #1: Morning.

Fish #3: What's new?

Fish #1: Not much.

Fish #6: Morning.

Fish #5: Morning.

Fish #4: Hello.

Fish #2: Morning.

Fish #1: Morning.

Fish #3: Morning.

Fish #5: Morning.

Fish #3: Morning.

Fish #4: Morning.

Fish #2: Morning.

Fish #1: Snapper was just asking "what's new?"

Fish #6: Was he?

Fish #1: Yeah... mmmm...

Fish #3: Hey, did you hear? Trout got eaten last week. Something about *almondine*...

Fish #2: Did he? Makes you think, doesn't it?

Fish #6: Mmm.

Fish #3: I mean, what's it all about?

Fish #6: Beats me.

Fish #5: Oh, shit! It's Gollum!

James Haines: Hello, and welcome to Henneth Annun... the place where I take a break to invite you, the audience, to join me, the parody-maker, in "Find the Fish." I'm going to show you a scene with Gollum and ask you to guess where the fish is, but, if you think you know, don't keep it to yourselves! Yell out so *everyone* can hear you. So, here we are with... "Find the Fish."

Gollum: I wonder where that fish has gone.

Smeagol: You did love it so, you looked after it like a son.

Gollum: And it went wherever I did go.

Smeagol: Do the hobbitises have it?

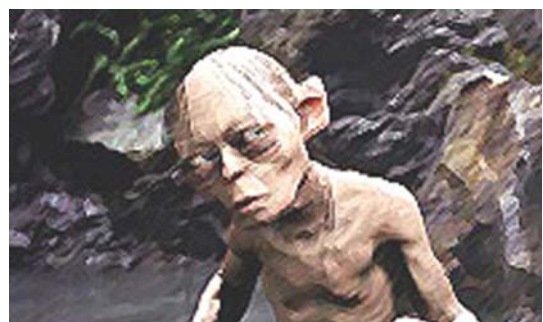
Audience: Yes! Yes! No!

Smeagol: Wouldn't you like to know? It was a lovely little fish.

Gollum: And it went wherever I did go.

Tony: (in audience) It's behind the tree!

Gollum: Where can that little fishy be?



Susan: (in audience) Have you thought of Sam's cooking pot?!

Scott: (in audience) Shh!

Jason: (in audience) Is it behind that cow?

Amy: (in audience) Yeah, behind the cow!

Cow: Moooo!!!

Andy: (in audience) Surely not!

Smeagol: It is a most elusive fish, I'm thinking!

Gollum: And it went wherever I did go.

Smeagol: Never thirsting, ever drinking.

Gollum: A fish, a fish, my wish, a fishy, oooh.

Smeagol: Clad in mail, never clinking.

Gollum: And Baggins guessed it long ago!

Steve: (in audience) Look behind his back!

Matt: (in audience) Yeah, it's hidden in his shorts!

[gurgling]

Fish #1: That was terrific!

Fish #2: Great!

Fish #4: Wonderful.

Fish #2: Yeah!

Fish #5: Yeah.

Fish #3: Best bit so far.

Fish #2: Fantastic!

Fish #1: Yeah.

Fish #2: Yes! Really great!

Fish #6: Very piscine.

Fish #5: Ha ha hah.

Fish #6: Yeah. Hee, hee, hee, hee.

Fish #4: Oh!

Fish #6: Ahh.

Fish #1: Heh.



Narrative Interlude: Calling Sauron Redux

Narrator: It is night once more in Barad-dur. The flaming eye of Sauron rests uneasy atop his black tower. The lack of any word from Saruman troubles him and his dread Nazgul Who Say "Ni" have yet to report back on what has gone amiss. Disrupting these troubling thoughts, he hears a call coming in on his Palantir.

Sauron: Hello?

Deep Voice: Hi, I'm calling for Mr. Jass. First name Hugh.

Sauron: Uh, Hugh Jass?

Deep Voice: Yes, is he there?

Sauron: (sighing) Hold on...

(Sauron's voice blares out once more throughout the land of Mordor)

Sauron: Hey, attention everyone, do I have a *Hugh Jass* here?!

Orcs: Haw haw heh! Oh, haw haw haw haw!

Sauron: Oh, will somebody please frickin' check to see if I have a *Hugh Jass* or not!

Deep Voice: There *is* a Hugh Jass there... he took the call! Ha haaa ha ha!

Sauron: What?!? It's you again isn't it, you little runt?! When I catch you, I'm gonna pull out your eyes and stick 'em down your pants, so you can watch my trolls kick the crap outta you, okay?! Then I'm going to use your head for a bucket, your tongue for a brush, and your brains to paint my--
[click]

Pippin: Ha ha! Oh yes! [Hook](#), [line](#), and [sinker](#)!

Merry: Hehe... How many times do you think he'll keep falling for this?

Pippin: Heh, I guess we'll just have to find out, won't we?



Scene 13: Middle Earth's Finest Hour

Narrator: Having blindfolded Frodo and Sam, Faramir and the Rangers of Ithilien have taken the hobbits to their most secret of secret refuges.

Faramir: Explain yourselves! What are you doing so deep within enemy territory?!

Sam: Uhh- uh... don't hurt us. We're on your side. We-- uhh... we were jus-- s-- st, um--

Faramir: Calm down and just tell me why are you here?

Sam: Hm? Oh, "why!" You want to know "why" we are here. Hah... isn't it a lovely day today?

Faramir: Answer the question.

Sam: Oh, we were just, um--

Frodo: Well, uhh... we-- we're traveling through here because, uh... oh. No, that's not it.

Sam: Uh... we did it for a lark. Part of a spree. High spirits, you know. Simple as that.

Frodo: Right, nothing more to it. Hah.

Sam: Ha ha.

Frodo: Well, actually, we're on a mission for Rohirrim Intelligence. Th-- th-- there's a pro-Sauron Harad Chief, uh--

Sam: No, no. No. No, no.

Frodo: Uh, no. No, no, no. No. No.

Faramir: Now look--

Sam: Alright, alright. We are members of a southern Eriador animal rights group studying the mating habits of eagles-- err... northern eagles, in particular, because their mating habits are so... umm--

Frodo: No. We're doing it for a bet.

Sam: The Valar told us to do it.

Frodo: To tell the truth, we are completely mad.

Sam: (grimacing) Mahnamahna!

Frodo: We are-- we are inmates of a dwarven psychiatric institution and we escaped by pretending to be elven midget strippers.

Sam: Mhm...

Faramir: That's it! I've heard enough. Men, bag them up... we are taking them to Osgiliath with us.

Frodo: No, please!

Sam: Look here now! We might not be able to tell you what we are doing here, but I wasn't lying when I said we are on your side in this!

Faramir: Well, unless you tell me--

Sam: What I *can* tell you, as I would say to any that join in the fight against Sauron, we have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.

Faramir: Yes, noble sentiments, but--

Sam: This is a war of the unknown warriors, but let all strive without failing in faith or in duty and we may yet have hope that the foul curse of the Dark Lord will be lifted from our age.

Faramir: Fair enough, though--

Sam: Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties and so bear ourselves that, if the lineage of hobbits and men last for another thousand years, our descendants will say *this* was Middle Earth's finest hour!

Faramir: Indeed, however--



Sam: We shall fight the enemy in the woods. We shall fight at the river fords. We shall fight in the fields and in our very streets. We shall fight in the hills and we shall never surrender! Never before in the field of conflict will they say that so much was owed by so many to so few!

Frodo: Sam?

Sam: We must never give in... never, never, never, never! In nothing great or small, large or petty. Never give in except to convictions of honor and good sense. Never yield to force. Never yield to the apparently overwhelming might of our common enemy!

Frodo: Sam!

[smack]

Sam: Wha-- yes, Mr. Frodo?

Frodo: They are letting us go, get your things together.

Sam: Oh, splendid!



Scene 14: Nudge-Nudge, Say No More!

Narrator: With Ithilien behind them, Frodo, Sam, and Gollum continue their journey into the heart of Sauron's domain.

Frodo: Sam? Ummm-- there is something I've been meaning to ask you about.

Sam: Really? What, Mr. Frodo?

Frodo: Well... it's about your girlfriend, Rose Cotton.

Sam: Oh. Alright, what do you want to know?

Frodo: Is, uh... is Rosie a "goer?" Know what-ah-mean, know what-ah-mean, nudge-nudge, know what-ah-mean, say no more?

Sam: I-- I beg your pardon, Mr. Frodo, sir?!

Frodo: Your, uh... your girlfriend. Does she "go?"

Sam: (flustered) Well, she sometimes "goes," yes.

Frodo: Aaaaaaaah bet she does, I bet she does, say no more, say no more, know what-ah-mean, nudge-nudge?

Sam: (confused) I'm afraid I don't quite follow you.

Frodo: Follow me. Follow me. That's good, Sam, that's good! A nod's as good as a wink to a blind dwarf!

Sam: I was wondering where that bottle of Ithilien wine Faramir gave us had gone to. Are you, uh... are you drunk or something?

Frodo: *Drunk!* Very good, very good! Ay? Ay? Ay?

(pause)

Frodo: Oooh! Yeah, wicked, Ay! Wicked, Ay! Oooh hoo! Get her drunk, *say no more!*

Sam: Well, I-- uh....

Frodo: She's been around a bit, has she... been around?

Sam: She has traveled, yes. She's from Bywater.

Frodo: Bywater! Say no more, say no more, *say no more*, Samwise!

Sam: I wasn't going to!

Frodo: Oh. (leeringly) Still, mooooooh, ay? Mwoohohohohoo. Hohohohohoho, ay?

Sam: Look... are you insinuating something, Mr. Frodo?!

Frodo: Oh, no, no, no... yes.

Sam: Well?

Frodo: Well, you *are* a hobbit of the world, Sam.

Sam: Yes...

Frodo: I mean, you've been around a bit, you know.

Like, you've-- uh... you've "done it," right?

Sam: What do you mean?

Frodo: Well, I mean like-- you've *slept* with a lady.

Sam: Yes...

Frodo: Ummm... what's it like?

Narrator: With their attention thus diverted, Frodo and Sam missed the obvious signs that the creature Gollum was leading them into a deadly trap. Smeagol had indeed retreated once more into a dim corner of the creature's mind and Gollum once more held sway.

Gollum: (mumbling) Ssstupid miserable hobbitesses... make them pay...

(Gollum rips down yet another arrow sign that reads "obvious trap - this way" and hurls it into some nearby bushes)

Gollum: (mumbling) *She* will deal with them... yesss... take hobbitesses to *her*... make them sssuffer... and then the Precioussss will be ours again-- Gollum-gollum!



Audience Members: (who haven't read the books) She?! Wha-- did Gollum just say HER?!? Who the heck is he talking about?!

Tolkien: SHADDUP ALREADY!!! (mumbling) *Artistic interpretation...* rubbish! I am going to roast someone for this!

Frodo: Yes, no matter how you slice it, I am *still* so screwed. Though not as screwed as Sam has been apparently. What I mean is-- oh, sod it already... I've got a splitting headache.

To be continued in...

Monty Python: Return of the King

James Haines: Well, that's the end of part two in the Monty Python: Lord of the Rings trilogy. Not to shabby I daresay, but the ruddy critics will always point to "Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back" and flame you when you claim "middle child syndrome," eh?

[loud sigh]

James Haines: Well, nothing else very special to say before the epic third and final chapter comes out. Uh, try and be nice to people, avoid eating fat, read a good book every now and then, get some walking in, and try and live together in peace and harmony with people of all creeds and nations, and, finally, here is a completely gratuitous picture of J.R.R. Tolkien and friends roasting Peter Jackson over a spit just to annoy the fans of the books and movies both and to *hopefully* spark some sort of controversy, which, it seems, is the only way, these days, to get the jaded, parody-sated public's attention and get their floggin' arses to sit down and read something like this. Family entertainment-- bollocks! What readers want is filth... elves and dwarves doing things to each other with chainsaws during tupperware parties, murderous cross-dressing wizards singing off key, scantily clad female starship captains beating aliens bloody with rolling pins, crazed bands of lingerie models in life or death combat with mutant cows. Where's the fun in humor these days, I ask?!?

[thud]

James Haines: Oh, well, there we are. Here's the pic. Goodnight.



Narrator: The producers would like to thank all the fish who took part in scene 12. We hope that other fish will follow the example of those who have participated so that, in future, fish all over the world will live together in harmony and understanding, put aside their petty differences, cease pursuing and eating each other, and live for a brighter, better future for all fish and those who love them.