

## THE TROLLS (BERT, TOM & ESSIE)

BERT (disgusted). Ugh! I'm sick to death o' mutton, Essie! It's coming out me ears! Mutton yesterday, mutton today, and blimey, if it don't look like mutton again tomorrer! (Turns his back to the fire and tosses his mutton over his shoulder in Bilbo's direction.)

TOM. Never a blinking bit o' manflesh or a nice shoulder of dwarf have we had for a long time! (Faces front, also tossing his mutton over his shoulder.)

ESSIE. Aw, git off! Times been up our way when yer'd have said "Thank yer, Essie," for a nice bit o'fat valley mutton like what this is.

BERT (taking a healthy pull at the jug). Ugh! No more'n a dribble o'drink left! (TOM grabs the jug.) What the 'ell we was a-thinkin' of to come into these parts beats me! (TOM takes a pull at the jug. BERT gives him a jab in the ribs, causing TOM to choke.)

TOM (coughing). We ain't done badly. We've et a village and a half between us since we come.

BERT (whining). Them villages was barely bite-sized. (BILBO has made his way to the fire and is just about to make off with the discarded mutton when ESSIE spots him.)

ESSIE (wheeling around, catching BILBO by the scruff of his neck and holding fast). Blimey, boys, look what I've copped!

BERT (jumping up). 'Ere, wot's it?

TOM (eying BILBO). Lumme if I know. (To BILBO, prodding him in the belly.) What are yer? Man? (BILBO shakes his head wildly.) --dwarf? (BILBO shakes his head again.)

BILBO (stuttering). Ha--ha--ha--Hobbit!

TOM. A hahahahobbit? Can't say I tasted 'em. Can yer cook 'em, Essie?

ESSIE (pinching BILBO like a soup chicken). Yer can try. Won't make above a mouthful, though--not once he's skinned and boned. Now if there was four and twenty of 'em I might make a pie!