

BOMBUR

BIFUR. Speaking of eating-----

THORIN (crossly). Oh, very well! Bombur, share out the cakes. (BOMBUR rapidly passes out the cakes, starting with THORIN. He comes to BILBO last. BILBO takes the cake BOMBUR hands him. He sees the bag is empty.)

BILBO. But there's none left for you! (All the DWARVES turn to look at BOMBUR.)

BOMBUR (embarrassed). Never mind. I had mine.

BILBO. But you didn't. You just passed them out.

BOMBUR. I ate mine before.

BILBO. You mean that time when Gandalf gave them to you? That doesn't count.

BOMBUR (blurting it out miserably). I ate one just before Fili and Kili came back. I'm sorry!

THORIN (removing the lid from the last barrel).

This one's packed solid--must be Bombur.

BOMBUR (wailing from inside). Pull me out!

THORIN. I need help over here. (BILBO, BOFUR and BIFUR go over to barrel. They all reach in and pull.) Push, Bombur.

BOMBUR (still inside). Ooooooh! Ugh!

(BOMBUR pops out of the barrel.)

BOMBUR. Ah! I hope I never smell the smell of apples again! My barrel was full of it. To smell apples when you can scarcely move and are sick and cold with hunger is torture! I could eat anything in this wide world now for hours on end--but not an apple!