

## THORIN 2

BALIN. He wants to know his chances of coming back alive and how much gold he'll get.

THORIN. His chances are as good as ours. The circumstances are briefly these: Long ago when my grandfather was king, the dwarves settled here-- (Points at map.) --under the Lonely Mountain, and they built the merry town of Dale. Those were the happy days! They made beautiful things just for the fun of it. Not to sell, as we do now. When they needed more gold or emeralds or rubies, they just dug them out of the mountain. There was no end to the supply. But that brought the dragon. Good times always bring dragons. History illustrates----

GANDALF (interrupting). Be brief, won't you?

THORIN (insulted). Very well. There was an especially wicked Dragon called Sm-sm-sm-- (Apologetically.) --his name seems to stick in my throat----

GANDALF (helpfully). Smaug!

THORIN. Yes, curse him! He flew from the east and burned the town. Only a few escaped, my father among them.

BILBO (thrilled). And then?

THORIN. The dragon ate all the dwarves and took their treasure. The fiend! (Pounds on the table.) So now we mean to get back what is rightfully ours, and bring our curses home to Sm-sm-sm----

GANDALF (helping). Smaug!

THORIN. Death to all dragons--especially Sm-sm-sm----

DWARVES (banging their mugs and roaring it out).  
Smaug!