Bilbo

That's what Bilbo Baggins hates!
So, carefully! carefully with the plates!
(The DWARVES exit with the glasses, platters, etc., BILBO whirling around madly. Offstage there is a tremendous clatter as the curtain falls.)

(Lights come up in front of the curtain. The DWARVES are lined up on the apron, sticks with bundles over their shoulders, ready to start. THORIN is at the head.)

THORIN (pacing impatiently). Well, where's the Hobbit? Where's our burglar?

(BILBO runs on L, puffing profusely.)

BIFUR. Here he is! Bravo!
THORIN. Humph!
BILBO (very put out, catching his breath). Oh, my! Oh, my! The way the morning starts decides the day! It's going to be a miserable day! Hunting dragons! At my age! What a fool I am. Everyone expecting me to be ready at the drop of a hat! (Feels his head. No hat.) My hat! My coat, my brolly, my pocket hanky--my purse----
THORIN (cutting in). Stop fussing!
BILBO (searching his pockets). Where's my diary? If the dragon eats me there'll be no record! My friends back home won't know what happened! And I've got no money----
THORIN (disgusted). Get a grip on yourself, Baggins!
DWALIN (grimly). You'll learn to do without small comforts before we reach journey's end.
GLOIN (disgusted, acting it out). Where's his money? Imagine! Our burglar hasn't any money! (Capers about, imitating Bilbo's fluster. The DWARVES laugh derisively.)

BOMBUR (helpful but mocking). I've a spare hood. The lining is fireproof. It'll keep your hair from being burned when Smaug spits fire at you.
BILBO (politely). Thank you, Bombur, much obliged. (Tries it on. It is very large.) I wish it fitted closer, but the fireproof lining is great. Very great.

(GANDALF strides on from L.)

GANDALF. Are we all ready to start? Ah, Bilbo, I believe you forgot these. (Hands BILBO a handkerchief, a pipe and tobacco pouch, a leather bound journal and a hat.)
BILBO (delighted, stowing them away). Oh, thank you! And my diary! How kind of you! (BILBO is puzzled by the hat. He replaces the hood with the hat and looks regretfully at the lining of the hood. Then with decision he replaces the hood on his head, looks uncertainly at the hat and then tosses it off stage.)
DWARVES (approvingly). Bilbo! Long live our Burglar!
GANDALF. And I remembered you, Bombur. (Hands over a string bag of small, hard cakes.)
BOMBUR. Cakes! Thank you! Where did you get them?
GANDALF. From a friend of mine. He lives far from here. You may yet meet him.
BOMBUR (eating one). It tastes of honey.
GANDALF. Yes, my friend keeps bees. (BOMBUR starts to take another.) You'll need these cakes. Don't eat them right away.
BOMBUR (stowing the cakes away). Need them? With all the food we're taking! But, as you say, Gandalf.
THORIN. Our marching song! (THORIN leads the DWARVES off L. They march off heavily, in