Thorin

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!

BILBO (weakly). Hear, hear!

DWARVES. Hear what?

BILBO (flustered). Hear what I've got to say!

GANDALF. Go ahead. Say it!

BILBO. I think you ought to go first to the secret entrance and look around--dragons must sleep sometimes. And now I'm off to bed. You have my blessing. Uh--is there anything I can get you before you go?

THORIN. Before we go, I suppose you mean. You're the burglar and getting inside the entrance is your job.

DWARVES (thundering applause). Thorin!

BILBO. But--but, you see, I may have spoken a little hastily just now. It's an inconvenient time to----

GANDALF (dismissing it). It's nearly dawn. Time to clear up and start. (BILBO tries to attract his attention by pulling at his sleeve, but GANDALF ignores him, and he is equally unsuccessful in attracting Thorin's attention. BILBO finally gives up, shaking his head gloomily. The DWARVES jump up and begin to make tall stacks of the plates and glasses. GANDALF and THORIN remain seated, looking over the map.)

BILBO (squeaking with fright). Please be careful! (Spinning around the room.) Please don't trouble! I can take care of everything after you've all gone!

DWARVES (chanting while clearing table).

Chip the glasses, and crack the plates!
Blunt the knives and bend the forks!
That's what Bilbo Baggins hates--
Smash the bottles and burn the corks!

BILBO (shrieking). My best china! Please be careful!

DWARVES (chanting).

Cut the cloth and tread on the fat!
Pour the milk on the pantry floor!
Leave the bones on the bedroom mat!
Splash the wine on every door!