

My Sweet Lord of the Rings  
Part One: The Fellowship of Ringo  
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FADE IN:

INT. TRAILER - DAY

The four BEATLES - JOHN LENNON, PAUL McCARTNEY, GEORGE HARRISON and RINGO STARR - sit around a table, playing cards. The air is thick with smoke. Paul glances at his watch.

PAUL

Makeup gets here in five minutes.

RINGO

Loads of time for me to win everything.

He pushes a pile of chips forward. The other three wince.

RINGO (CONT'D)

There you go. I raise two million dollars.

GEORGE

Two million? Where do you think we can get that kind of cash?

RINGO

We're the Beatles, lad. We're rolling in it.

JOHN

Well, I don't have any money. Paul? You got two million to spare?

Paul's rolling another joint and looks up.

PAUL

Hmm? Oh, yeah, sure. I write all the songs, remember? Well, some with you.

GEORGE

You don't write all of them.

RINGO

Look, are you girls in or what?

FOOTSTEPS are heard outside. The four frantically wave the smoke in vain. The door is flung open. The boys relax.

JOHN

It's only Brian. Ok, I'll see you  
two million and raise you...five  
million.

BRIAN EPSTEIN, the Beatles's manager, hurries in, his  
usually neat suit disheveled. He stands panting, a look of  
urgency on his face.

RINGO

Here, how can you raise it that  
much, if you don't have any money?

PAUL AND GEORGE

Yeah?!

John casually reaches over, takes the bomber from Paul and  
lights it. He takes a long toke.

JOHN

I just remembered a new song I  
wrote last night. It'll sell by the  
truckloads for us.

The boys all laugh. Brian readies himself to speak.

GEORGE

Alright then, Brian?

BRIAN

No, I \_\_\_

RINGO

Sit down. Relax and have a smoke.

BRIAN

There isn't time for that.

GEORGE

Plenty of time, Brian.

Brian turns his back on them. He seems to getting...bigger.  
The boys don't notice. Now a glow is all around Brian, a  
dazzling aura. His suit disappears, replaced by gray robes.

PAUL

Ok, I'll see you the five mill and  
raise you...one mill.

RINGO

Let me guess...you wrote a new song  
last night too?

PAUL  
Aye, laddie!

GEORGE  
This is ridiculous. I'm out.

Brian is now completely transformed into a wizard, GANDALF. His long, white beard and hair sweep out from under a peaked hat. He holds a staff in one hand and gazes at the boys. They still haven't noticed anything.

JOHN  
Go and write a new song, George.  
Then come back and play.

They all laugh except for George. He drags on the joint and looks around.

GEORGE  
See, Brian? They are picking on me again. Hello, what have you done with Brian?

The other three look up.

PAUL  
Didn't see you come in.

RINGO  
I didn't know we had a wizard in this film.

JOHN  
Maybe the next one...one o' Brian's friends, hey? He likes 'em weird, don't he?

GANDALF  
(rumbling)  
Silence! For too long I have lingered in this pitiful world. Now, the truth is revealed. We journey to Middle Earth immediately. Time is against us.

RINGO  
Sorry, did you say Middlesex? Isn't much there. Besides, we have to get this film done.

PAUL  
No, he said Middle EARTH. Where is that, mister?

JOHN  
 I know, I know! It's between...  
 (giggles)  
 ...Top Earth and...Bottom Earth!

Gandalf shakes his head and coughs, as the four break up.

GANDALF  
 Madness for the masses...right,  
 that's enough foolishness. We're  
 leaving now.

He walks to the door, bumps his head in the process. The four laugh again.

RINGO  
 Bye then!

GEORGE  
 Yeah, bye!

Gandalf takes a tobacco pouch from his robe, lights a huge pipe and the smoke joins the haze already in the trailer. The boys sniff the air.

RINGO  
 Hey, that's good.

JOHN  
 Yeah. Better than the stuff Jagger  
 gave us last week.

Gandalf turns and exits. The trailer twists and distorts.

GEORGE  
 I feel a bit queasy like.

RINGO  
 I want me mum.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT.COTTAGE - DAY

In a smoke filled room, Ringo Baggins, Paul Gamgee, John Brandybuck and George Took play cards. They wear rustic farming clothes. A window looks out on other cottages, and neat fields.

RINGO  
Give us two, thanks Paul.

PAUL  
(deals)  
There you go, Master Ringo. Master  
John?

John is looking around the room, perplexed.

GEORGE  
What's up, John?

JOHN  
I, I dunno. It feels like  
everything is different, you know?  
Like, my life has changed in oh so  
many ways...

PAUL  
Hey, good words.

RINGO  
(stretches)  
Well, it has been a hard day's  
night.

GEORGE  
What are you talking about? We  
tended the fields for an hour this  
morning. Since then, we've sat in  
here, playing poker and smoking  
weed.

RINGO  
Someone has to do it. Might as well  
be us. Besides, we have to rest up  
for the gig tonight.

JOHN  
Gig? you call playing at the 'Green  
Dragon' a gig? They won't even be  
listening to us. Peasants!

PAUL  
Hang on, Master John? Aren't we  
simple peasants too?

Ringo holds out his be-ringed fingers.

RINGO  
Not with all these babies on, I'm  
not.

He fumbles in his pocket as George rolls another joint. Ringo pulls out a gold ring. A shaft of sunlight catches it and it glints like fire.

PAUL

Aah, your new ring, Master. The one your Uncle Bingo left you.

RINGO

Aye, Paul. Apparently it's got magical powers.

GEORGE

Oooh! Spooky!

Ringo puts the ring on and promptly vanishes.

JOHN

I saw that! It's done with mirrors!

He looks under the table. Nothing...

JOHN(CONT'D)

He's gone down a trapdoor.

RINGO(O.S)

No, I'm still here. Looks like this ring makes you invisible.

GEORGE

Some might say all you drummers are invisible...

RINGO(O.S)

Haha. Very funny. We playing or what?

His cards hover in the air.

PAUL

That'll come in handy, Master Ringo. You'll have some privacy. Remember that day I found you behind the hedge? You were\_\_

RINGO(O.S)

(quickly)

Minding me own business, Paul. Like you should be now.

The fresh joint is passed around. It moves in the air near Ringo. They all have a good toke.

GEORGE

You know, we haven't seen Gandalf  
for months now. Wonder how he is?

Suddenly, loud FOOTSTEPS are heard outside. The door is  
flung open.

JOHN

Now I know we've definitely done  
this before.

Gandalf hurries in, looming tall. The boys stare at him with  
red eyes.

GEORGE

Well, speak of the devil!

RINGO(O.S)

Hey, Gandalf. Pull up a pew.

GANDALF

There's no time. We must\_\_

He breaks off, glaring at the invisible Ringo.

GANDALF(CONT'D)

You're wearing Bingo's ring! Take  
it off now!

He lunges across the table, scattering cards and coins. But  
he grasps only air, as Ringo laughs from the corner. The  
other three start to giggle too.

RINGO(O.S)

Can't catch me, Gandy!

GANDALF

(roars)

This is no time for silly games.  
Give me the ring now, and I won't  
turn you into a bucket of sheep  
dung.

PAUL

(worried)

You better listen, Master Ringo.  
He's jolly angry.

GANDALF

I mean it, Baggins. Hand it over.

JOHN AND GEORGE

Ooooh...nasty!!!

Ringo suddenly appears, grinning. He tosses the ring to Gandalf, who examines it anxiously. The others tidy up the mess, laughing.

RINGO

So, what have you been up to, Gandalf?

GANDALF

Trying to prevent the total enslavement of Middle Earth.

JOHN

Gosh! Sounds like fun. Anything we can do to help?

GANDALF

Oh, I can promise you'll be doing more than simply helping. All of you sit down, and listen carefully.

INT.COTTAGE - DAY - LATER

The four Beatles wear backpacks and cloaks. Gandalf paces the floor.

GANDALF

...and I'll meet up with you at some stage.

RINGO

Let me run through this again: this ring of mine actually belongs to Sauron, the Dark Lord of Mordor. His power is building after years of lying dormant. If he gets hold of the Ring, the entire world will be under his domination. The only way the Ring can be destroyed is in the very fires of Mordor, where it was forged. We are to leave the Shire immediately, running like fugitives, and head towards Mordor.

GANDALF

That's basically it.

JOHN

So we travel to Rivendell first, home of Elrond, the Elf Lord. There we may seek further counsel as to the destiny of our quest.

GANDALF

Yes. There will be allies along the way to aid you. But the servants of the Enemy, the Nine Ringwraiths, are already in this area, searching for the Ring. Dressed in black, riding fearsome steeds, they will kill you on sight and take the Ring.

PAUL

That's not very nice. That isn't nice at all.

GEORGE

Can we take our instruments with us?

GANDALF

I...what? Your guitars and drums? Don't be ridiculous! You must leave now with only the barest of supplies. This is no game, no silly tour. Head for the town of Bree, across the river. A friend of mine will meet you at the tavern there.

PAUL

What about if we take one guitar? An acoustic?

GANDALF

No! Enough of this. Get going. Stay in the forests and fields. The roads will be watched.

He herds them to the door.

GANDALF (CONT'D)

Wait. Where's that Ringo gone? Ringo! Come here now!

Ringo appears from a back room.

RINGO

Just locking up. Let's be off then.

Gandalf glares at him then opens the door. It's near twilight outside.

JOHN  
(softly, to Ringo)  
Where did you get to, then?

RINGO  
(whispers)  
Just organising a little something...

EXT.COTTAGE - TWILIGHT

Gandalf swings up onto his tall, white horse.

GANDALF  
Good luck. Do NOT use the Ring under any circumstances. It attracts the servants of Sauron.

He gallops off into the gloom. John takes out a bag and rolls a joint.

JOHN  
Been saving this good stuff for a special occasion. I'd say saving the world is pretty special, eh?

He lights up and passes it around.

GEORGE  
Wow, this IS good. Was it from the crop we fertilized with dwarf wee-wee?

JOHN  
Aye. It's amazing how that stuff makes things grow so well.

RINGO  
Maybe the dwarves should pee on themselves.

All four break into giggles, wand walk down the lane. At a low point in the fence, they head across the fields.

EXT.FOREST - NIGHT

The Beatles sleep, wrapped in blankets, in a small clearing. Their campfire is nearly out. Suddenly, a RINGWRAITH appears in the trees, watching. A SNIFFING sound is heard. The Wraith moves closer to the camp. In his slumber, Ringo's hand moves towards the Ring around his neck.

RINGO  
(sleeptalk)  
...snare fill before chorus...put  
ring on...ride cymbal...put ring  
on...

The Wraith sniffs along the ground and comes to the mull bag. It inhales deeply, then staggers back, head spinning.

RINGWRAITH  
(evil, raspy voice)  
That...is...good...shit.

It stumbles away into the forest and mounts a black horse. Riding off blindly, it SCREECHES. The boys wake up.

JOHN  
Here, what was that, then?

RINGO  
Sounded like one of our fans.

PAUL  
We've only got one genuine fan,  
remember, Master?

GEORGE  
You have. I've got loads.

John finds the bag with grass spilled out.

JOHN  
Here, Paul? You been scoobing while  
we been asleep?

PAUL  
Not a chance! I wouldn't do that.

GEORGE  
Well, someone's been at it.

RINGO  
Probably a rabbit or fox. We've got  
a good supply so who cares?

PAUL

It's nearly dawn. We might as well start walking. Breakfast anyone?

JOHN

Aye, I'll have sausage, bacon, eggs, toast and coffee. For a start.

PAUL

Ah, sorry, we've only got...let me see...cold meat, stale bread and water.

RINGO

Oh, wonderful.

JOHN

Well, I suppose...

George lights a massive bomber. The other look at him sleepily. The light of dawn appears behind George, casting him in an aura. It's a special moment...

GEORGE

Stop complaining. Get some of this into you. You'll eat anything then.

EXT.BREE - LATE AFTERNOON

The boys approach the gates of Bree. They are sweaty and covered with dirt.

RINGO

At last! We've been walking for hours. I'm dead tired.

GEORGE

Yeah, it's alright for Gandalf. He's got a big flipping horse to ride. We have to fight our way through mud, mosquitoes and brambles.

PAUL

Yeah, that's right. Not mention getting chased by crazy horsemen in black.

JOHN

Well, it didn't help that all of us are ripped off our tits.

A panel in the gate opens and a GUARD peers out.

GUARD

And who might you fellows be?  
Plenty of strange folk roaming  
these parts at the moment. Can't  
just let anyone in.

RINGO

We're friends of the wizard,  
Gandalf the Grey. He told us to  
meet somebody here.

GUARD

I don't know...I've been told to  
keep people out. There's black  
riders terrorising the countryside.  
If they get in here, it'll be death  
to all of us.

George holds five joints close to the panel. The guard's eyes light up. The gates swing open.

GUARD(CONT'D)

Welcome to Bree. Pub's just up on  
the left.

The boys walk into the town. The pub looms, the sign outside reads 'The Prancing Pony'.

JOHN

Aah, the power of Mary  
Jane...orright boys, time for a  
drink.

INT. THE PRANCING PONY - NIGHT

There is a good crowd in the smoke filled pub. Noisy chatter at the bar and scattered around the tables. Men, women and a couple of dwarfs drink and eat heartily.

RINGO

Now this is more like it. Who's up  
for a pint?

The other three nod eagerly and sit at a free table.

RINGO(CONT'D)

Right. Paul, your shout, there's a  
good chap.

Paul grins wryly and goes to the bar.

JOHN

I wonder if Gandalf's friend is here.

George scans the room. A few odd souls sit alone in shadowed corners.

RINGO

Some suspicious looking characters in here.

GEORGE

That guy at the back there, the one with the hood. Looks nasty.

JOHN

Here, he's calling us over. What'll we do?

RINGO

I'll go. After all, I am the Ringbearer.

GEORGE

Lucky this pub hasn't got a low ceiling.

RINGO

Why's that then?

GEORGE

Your swollen head would be scraping it.

Paul comes back with the beers on a tray. Ringo takes one as he passes, and heads over to the stranger. This is STRIDER, a tall man with a straggly beard and long hair. He smokes a pipe and watches the room.

RINGO

Uh, hello. You wouldn't be Gandalf's friend, would you?

STRIDER

You are very trusting. Do you always approach strangers in taverns with such casualness?

RINGO

Not really. I just have a hunch you're here to help me. Let's be honest, the rest of the people in here all look like yokels.

STRIDER

True. But always remember, Ringo Baggins, all that glitters is not gold. Many folk are not who they seem.

RINGO

Uh, now I am getting paranoid.

STRIDER

Do not worry, my friend. I am indeed a comrade of the Gray Wizard. I will protect you and the Ring.

RINGO

Well, that's nice to hear. Actually, we've been doing ok by ourselves.

STRIDER

Foolish talk! Never underestimate the power of the Enemy. Even now his servants approach Bree. The Ring draws them. You and your friends should be hiding, keeping out of view. This bar is too open.

RINGO

We just wanted to have a few pints, that's all.

STRIDER

Sauron has spies everywhere. Even the men of Bree succumb to his bribery. We should\_\_

BILL(O.S)

(loudly)

Ringo Baggins? Delivery for Ringo Baggins.

BILL, a middle aged delivery man, walks into the pub with a clipboard, looking around. Strider shakes his head and closes his eyes. John, George and Paul watch with interest. Ringo rushes to the door.

RINGO

Hey, great job. You guys are quick! Here's your money...and here's a tip!

BILL

Thank you, squire. The name's Bill.  
Your instruments are out in the  
cart.

STRIDER

(whispering)

Instruments?

RINGO

Here, lads, give us a hand.

The other Beatles head outside with him, laughing. The pub patrons all wait to see what's going on. The boys come back in, carrying guitars and a drum kit. Strider goes over as they set up the gear in a corner.

STRIDER

This isn't a good idea. We should  
be laying low.

JOHN

Who's your sad sack mate, Ring?

RINGO

This is Strider, Gandalf's friend.  
He's ok, only trying to help.

GEORGE

Yeah, well, he can start by moving  
out of the way. He's blocking the  
fan's view.

PAUL

I wouldn't call these people  
drinking, 'fans'.

GEORGE

They will be after they hear us.  
Right then, lads...from the top.

BEGIN MONTAGE

John introducing songs... 'Ticket To Rivendell', 'Let It Bree', 'Yesterday Is A Blur', and 'Help, There's Black Riders After Us'...

The crowd cheering and applauding after each song...

More people pour into the pub as the word gets around...

Strider sits at the bar alone, drinking heavily...

END MONTAGE

## INT.STRIDER'S ROOM - NIGHT

John opens the door to the pub's accommodation. In the corridor outside, fans CHEER and SQUEAL. Paul and George support a drunken Strider. Ringo shuts and bolts the door behind them.

RINGO

Wow, what a gig! Those new songs went over well.

The boys dump Strider on the bed. He moans and tries to sit up.

PAUL

Easy, big fella. Sleep it off. We can head off in the morn.

George peers out the window. Across the courtyard, a commotion is going on in another room. Black shapes can be seen stabbing and smashing the room up.

GEORGE

Here, that looks like those guys who have been following us.

JOHN

Maybe they didn't like their room. Hey, maybe they're part of that band from down south. You know, the ones who destroy places on tour.

RINGO

Who?

JOHN

Yeah, that's them!

Strider sits up with a huge effort and lurches to the window.

STRIDER

I feel so ill. I have not drank like that for years.

PAUL

Well, that's what happens...

STRIDER

The Ringwraiths are searching for you. Those rooms would be yours had you not brought me here.

GEORGE

So, what's the plan then? I hope it's a good one. Those wraith thingies look very fiendish.

STRIDER

We'll rest till morning. Then we leave the main road and head into the Wild. I know some out- of- the way trails that will keep us away from trouble.

RINGO

We're indebted to you, Strider.

STRIDER

The destiny of the Ring is linked with mine. I...

He suddenly leans forward, vomits on Paul and collapses back onto the bed.

JOHN

Well, it's reassuring to know we're in good hands.

PAUL

(muttering)

Bloody great...

EXT.FOREST - DAY

The four Beatles and Strider walk through a forest outside Bree. The boys laugh and chat but Strider is clearly hungover.

GEORGE

Under the weather a bit are we, Mr.Longshanks?

STRIDER

Yes. The Bree ale is a heady drop. But you four seem well this morning.

RINGO

Well, we're used to it, see? Shire party boys.

STRIDER

That tobacco you have? A most unusual aroma. I have travelled the

(MORE)

STRIDER (cont'd)  
length and breadth of Middle Earth,  
but it remains foreign to me.

PAUL  
Oh, it, uh...

JOHN  
It's a special type of leaf, only  
found in the Shire. It's called,  
uh...

GEORGE  
Bent leaf.

PAUL  
Huh?

RINGO  
(giggles)  
Bent...yeah, that's it, bent leaf.

STRIDER  
Bent leaf? I've never heard of it.  
Tell me more.

GEORGE  
Well, it's named after a,  
um...famous Mayor of the Shire from  
years back.

RINGO  
Yeah, he was John's great uncle.

JOHN  
He was? Yes, yes, he was! Great  
Uncle Bent Brandybuck.

GEORGE  
He combined several tobacco species  
and came up with...the bent leaf.

STRIDER  
It sounds all very interesting. But  
I noticed this morning, all four of  
you were sharing a single smoke,  
wrapped up in that thin paper. Why  
don't you use individual pipes?

RINGO  
Ah, yes, well, the bent flower is  
such a luxury we don't want to  
waste it. So we ration it.

STRIDER

Good thinking. I may try some tonight when we camp. Hopefully I'll feel better by then.

The Beatles look at each other and grin mischievously. Suddenly, a SCREECHING is heard in the distance. Almost immediately, an answering CRY comes from another direction. Strider looks grim and increases the pace.

GEORGE

I think our fans are following us.

JOHN

My fans, you mean.

STRIDER

'Tis the Ringwraiths signalling to one another. We haven't lost them yet. Come, we must hurry.

EXT.WEATHERTOP - NIGHT

The Beatles collapse to the ground, bone-weary. They are at the summit of a hill, near the ruins of an ancient tower. Strider looks out across the land.

RINGO

What did you say this place is, Strider?

STRIDER

This hill is called Weathertop. A great watchtower, Amon Sul stood here long ago.

JOHN

What does that translate into? Festering muckhole?

PAUL

Easy, Master John. We're all tired and hungry. I suppose we can't light a fire, Mister Strider?

STRIDER

No. The Nazgul are not far away.

PAUL

Okey doke, then. Here's the revised menu for supper: lichen scraped from these rocks, tree bark, and water.

John and Ringo look at George. He's already rolling numbers.

GEORGE

I'm on it.

RINGO

Strider, you said back in Bree that your destiny is linked with the Ring. How's that, then?

STRIDER

I am the last descendant of the kings of Gondor. My true name is Aragorn. Long ago, the Ring was cut from Sauron's hand, before being lost for centuries. Now it is here with you.

GEORGE

Where did your uncle get it from, Ringo?

RINGO

Oh, well, he said he stole it from some creature in a cave, years ago when he was off with Gandalf.

STRIDER

Gollum...

PAUL

Eh, sorry? Who's Gollum?

STRIDER

He found and possessed the ring for years. It worked it's evil on him, reducing him to a shell, a pathetic wretch.

JOHN

Hmm...interesting. So, the Ring could help with weight loss?

STRIDER

Gollum is abroad once more, seeking to reclaim his 'precious'.

RINGO

Seems like everyone is after it.

The joint is passed around and the boys relax.

STRIDER

Sometimes I wonder about the future...where it will lead...

GEORGE

Here, do you have a missus somewhere?

Suddenly, Strider throws his head back and CRIES out loud. It is a sound full of pain and anguish.

PAUL

Steady on. Those Black Riders will hear you.

RINGO

Yeah, come on, Strider, it'll be ok. I'll take the Ring to Mordor, chuck it into the fire, then we can all go home.

STRIDER

I can't take it anymore! The burden is too great! I cannot be the one chosen to bring Middle Earth to salvation.

JOHN

Well, none of us asked to be here...

STRIDER

My very existence is futile. Sauron's armies ate too powerful. We cannot hope to defeat him. My one true beloved is an Elf maiden, doomed to live on in pain after my death.

GEORGE

(shrugs)

If the magic's gone from the relationship, well...

There is the sound of swords being DRAWN. Dark shapes surround the campsite, haggard lords in ghostly robes.

STRIDER

The Nazgul! We're all dead. The Ring will be taken.

He sinks to the ground and covers his head. The Ringwraiths move in closer.

RINGO

Quick, give Strider the rest of the joint.

George kneels and shotguns the smoke into Strider's mouth. He coughs then takes the joint himself. His eyes open wide and he sits up.

STRIDER

I feel...I feel liberated!  
Optimistic!

JOHN

Good. Now help us kick the shite out of these creeps.

Strider draws his sword and confronts the Nine. George lights tree branches and the four Beatles swing them menacingly. The wraiths hesitate.

STRIDER

Begone, foul servants of Sauron! Go back to your master, and tell him the free peoples of Middle Earth will fight and never yield.

RINGO

Yeah! What he said!

Some of the Nine flee, but two attack. Strider cuts at them as the Beatles throw the burning sticks. The Nazgul Lord charges at Ringo, who trips over.

GEORGE

Here, leave my mate alone!

He kicks the Nazgul in the groin. The wraith howls in pain but stabs at Ringo, hitting his buttock.

RINGO

Ow, bloody hell! The blighter's got me in the bum.

Strider fights the Nazgul off, who then disappears into the night. The others rush to aid Ringo, who lies on his stomach.

PAUL

Master Ringo! Oh, no, they've hurt you.

JOHN

He'll be ok. It's only a flesh wound. Right where he's got ample flesh too.

RINGO

Your sympathy is overwhelming, John.

STRIDER

Your bent leaf...it has powers the like I have not seen before.

GEORGE

Yeah, it is good shit, innit? Now, Ring, let's have a look at yer arse.

He pulls down Ringo's trousers and they all examine the wound.

JOHN

See? Just a mere scratch.

RINGO

Maybe, but it's bloody painful.

PAUL

(upset)

My poor master! There's a great big cut between your cheeks.

GEORGE

Ah, that's actually his crack, Paul. The wound is on his left buttock.

STRIDER

You may have been poisoned. The blades of the Enemy are forged with dark magic.

JOHN

(shrugs)

His arse wasn't squeaky clean to start with.

RINGO

Good on ya...

Strider binds up the wound with a cloth.

STRIDER

I can't do much more, Ringo.  
Rivendell is only a day's walk from  
here. There you can be healed by  
Elvish medicine. Come, we will  
sleep for a few hours.

RINGO

I'll be ok, Strider, thanks.  
George, give us another joi\_\_ah,  
some bent leaf please.

EXT.FOREST - DAY

The group struggle along. Ringo is half carried by John and George. Paul follows anxiously. Strider cuts a way through the dense vegetation.

RINGO

I don't think I can make it. My  
arse feels like it's on fire.

JOHN

That could be from the lichen we  
ate. Mine is too...

PAUL

Mister Strider, can you do  
anything?

JOHN

An enema would be nice.

STRIDER

We must keep moving. The Nazgul are  
following us.

They all stop at the sound of a horse SNORTING. Strider draws his sword. Ringo slips from his support and lands on his backside.

RINGO

Aargh, shit!

STRIDER

Halt! Who approaches?

ARWEN(O.S)

My Lord Aragorn...my love...

A white horse appears, carrying ARWEN, a beautiful Elf woman. She dismounts and embraces Strider. The boys check her out.

STRIDER

Arwen Evenstar, my wondrous  
beacon...

ARWEN

I have missed you, my sweet...

JOHN

(to George)

Wow, that's one nice piece of Elf.

GEORGE

Aye. Let's hope she has some  
friends in Rivendell.

ARWEN

Many months have passed since we  
kissed...

STRIDER

Long nights I have dreamed of  
you...

RINGO

Here, sorry to interrupt you  
lovebirds. Can we do something  
about me bum?

EXT.FOREST - LATER

Arwen leads the white horse, as Ringo lies on it's back. The  
other Beatles follow through the scrub. Strider brings up  
the rear.

GEORGE

How you going there, Ringo?  
Enjoying the ride?

RINGO

(muffled)

Yeah, it's great. I think this  
horse is deliberately walking in  
rough areas.

ARWEN

We are not far from Rivendell,  
Ringbearer. There, my father,  
Elrond will tend to your wounds.

JOHN

Ringbearer? More like Ringtearer!

He and George giggle. Even Paul smiles in his anxiety.

STRIDER

I must say, you fellows seem jolly all the time. The Shire must be a happy place to live in.

GEORGE

Well, there's not that much to do there. So we laugh a lot.

ARWEN

Aragorn, my love, a great Council will be held at my father's house when we arrive. The people of Middle Earth will decide the fate of the Ring.

STRIDER

Yes, my princess. We may rest there for awhile. But soon our road will lead to Mordor...

RINGO

(muffled)

At least my bum will be healed by then.

Suddenly, the pounding of HOOVES is heard. Arwen listens intently, then swings up into the saddle, moving Ringo into a sitting position.

RINGO

Ow! Just what I needed...

ARWEN

The Nazgul have found us. Aragorn, I will ride ahead to Rivendell with the Ringbearer.

STRIDER

They will pursue you. The ring attracts them.

ARWEN

I know. But you and the others will be safe.

They embrace and kiss, jamming Ringo in between them.

RINGO

Oow! Thanks a lot...

EXT.OPEN ROAD - DAY

Arwen and Ringo speed along on the white horse. The Black Riders pursue them, only metres behind.

ARWEN

Hold tight, Ringbearer, we are nearly there.

RINGO

I'd give anything for a cushion.

Ahead is a shallow river. The path beyond it winds into the mountains.

RINGWRAITHS

The Ring...come with us...back to Mordor.

The white horse gallops into the water. Arwen reins in and turns to the Nazgul, who line the bank.

ARWEN

If you want him...come and claim him!

RINGO

Anyone who can fix me bum can claim me...

The Riders surge across the river. A wall of noise engulfs Ringo, and he passes out.

INT.RIVENDELL - DAY

Ringo wakes in a bed in a sunny room. The sound of Elves SINGING is heard from outside. John, Paul and George come in, laughing as usual.

JOHN

Ringtearer! How goes it, man?

PAUL

Master! you're finally awake.

RINGO

Aye. Feeling hungry too.

PAUL

How does your bottom feel? You had a nasty cut.

GEORGE

Yeah, Ring. How's your ring?

He and John crack up.

RINGO

Enough of the bum jokes, hey? Uh, it feels good. Not hurting at all.

GEORGE

Well, that Elrond, he did some major work on your buttocks!

RINGO

He must be a good doctor. Don't remember a thing. How long was I out of it?

JOHN

What, your whole life or just recently?

(laughs)

Four days you've been asleep.

RINGO

Wow, that sword must've had some real bad germs. Hey, I just remembered what happened at the river. On the horse with Arwen...well, I think I do.

PAUL

Tell us, master.

RINGO

Um, yeah, Arwen started chanting, in Elvish or something. The Black Riders were halfway across, and I was getting nervous. Then this great lump of water came rushing down! It washed away the wraiths and their horses. And the water had shapes in it, like these big white horses, charging and rolling...

The others are silent and Ringo looks up for confirmation.

JOHN

I'm afraid you imagined all that, Ring.

RINGO

I did?

GEORGE

Yeah. In reality, Arwen simply rode up here to Rivendell, and the Riders took off. Then you started hallucinating in the courtyard, and fell off the horse.

RINGO

Oh...

JOHN

Aye. And you ripped your pants off, exposing your wounded bum to all and sundry. Some Elves may never recover...

Ringo gets out of bed, looking dejected.

RINGO

How will I ever live this down?

PAUL

Come on, Master. Let's get you something to eat.

He shoots an angry look at John and George, as they leave.

GEORGE

We'll tell him the truth one day.

INT. ELROND'S HALL - DAY

The great hall is adorned with flowers and tapestries. A long table extends down the middle of the room. A sideboard groans with all manner of food: meat, breads and fruit. Ringo searches through the dishes with Paul.

Gandalf enters with Elrond, a tall, regal looking Elf.

RINGO

Gandalf! You're ok. Thought we'd lost you. And this must be Elrond.

GANDALF

I had business to attend to. I'm sorry I wasn't able to assist your flight from the Shire.

ELROND

You and your companions have proved to be hardy folk, Ringo Baggins. I salute you.

RINGO

Aye, thanks. So, you're Arwen's old man, hey? Nice girl. Got a good fella in that Strider.

ELROND

Aragorn's fate rests with the ring you bear.

RINGO

Yeah, he mentioned that. Look, I can see you've gone to a lot of trouble putting on this spread for us.

He gestures to the smorgasbord.

RINGO(CONT'D)

But do you think your chef could rustle us up some jam butties?

Gandalf closes his eyes while Elrond frowns.

ELROND

Jam...butties? They sound interesting. Are they a Shire delicacy?

PAUL

Oh, aye, my Lord. Best supper you'll ever have.

GANDALF

There's no time for this. Eat something and go to the courtyard. The Council of Elrond begins in fifteen minutes. The Ring's path will be chosen.

They leave as John and George enter. Ringo picks at some chicken and salad.

JOHN

Hey Ringtearer! You got your appetite back?

RINGO

What kind of place is this? No jam  
butties!

JOHN

Aye, we found that out on day one.  
These Elves need some serious  
education about food. But, in the  
meantime...

GEORGE

I'm on it.

He passes the new joint around...

EXT.COURTYARD - DAY

The different races of Middle Earth are represented,  
standing, or sitting on benches: Elves, Men and Dwarves.  
They watch curiously as the Beatles walk into the open  
space.

JOHN

Here, sorry we're late. Did we miss  
anything?

GANDALF

(sternly)

Sit down and try to act serious.  
Your very lives could be at stake.  
All our lives...

GEORGE

(softly)

Oooh, I'm scared...

The boys sit against a low wall. Elrond stands to head the  
Council.

ELROND

We all know what is happening  
throughout Middle Earth. We have  
heard the tales of Sauron's  
strength growing. From the forests  
of Mirkwood down to Minas Tirith,  
his evil hand is poised to strike.

GANDALF

Now is the time to make the  
decision. Do we send the Ring to  
Mordor, in the hope of destroying  
it? Or do we hide it, try and keep  
it safe somewhere?

RINGO  
(whispers)  
Hide it? That's good. I don't mind  
hiding.

BOROMIR, a tall warrior, stands and paces up and down.

BOROMIR  
I don't understand. What is this  
talk of running away? Or destroying  
the ring? Walking into Mordor would  
be folly. We may as well hand it to  
Sauron now. Why can we not use the  
Ring to fight him?

GANDALF  
The Ring is dangerous, Boromir of  
Gondor. It casts a spell over the  
possessor's mind, leading them to  
destruction.

RINGO  
I'll second that. Nearly destroyed  
me bum it did.

BOROMIR  
Who are these halfwits? Surely we  
cannot entrust them to be our  
saviours?

GEORGE  
Here, steady on, mister. No need  
for insults.

BOROMIR  
I mean, look at their hair. What  
manner of fashion is that?

JOHN  
At least our hair's real. You're  
probably wearing a wig.

Boromir steps forward, hand on his sword hilt.

BOROMIR  
My people of Minas Tirith are  
suffering at the hands of Sauron.  
You four are not worthy to be  
licking my boots.

Ringo looks down and winces.

RINGO  
Only cos' you've stepped in  
horseshit.

GIMLI, a stout dwarf, jumps to his feet.

GIMLI  
Are we not meant to be working  
together? To combat the forces of  
Mordor?

LEGOLAS, an athletic Elf, steps forward.

LEGOLAS  
The Dwarves have always been too  
stubborn to agree on anything. They  
are weak.

JOHN  
I bet he's got a wig on too.

GANDALF  
We must come to order! Sauron would  
be pleased to see us fighting thus.

GIMLI  
The edge of my axe may provide a  
more forthcoming answer, Elf.

BOROMIR  
Elves and Dwarves mayhap share a  
common weakness. Gondor will do  
better to fight alone.

Everyone is on their feet, toe-to-toe, talking loudly,  
pushing. It's a nasty situation...

BILL(O.S)  
(loudly)  
Delivery for Ringo Baggins!

Bill walks out into the crowd, with ever present clipboard.  
He sees Ringo.

RINGO  
Hey, that was even quicker.

BILL  
Had a good run, didn't I? Those  
Black Riders scared all the traffic  
away. Carts out back.

The entire crowd is silent now, watching this new development. The Beatles disappear for a moment, then return with their instruments.

GANDALF

I don't believe this.

ELROND

Gandalf, what is happening?

LEGOLAS

At least they have stopped us all arguing...

They all look at each other sheepishly.

BOROMIR

I...I think you're right. We need to stick together. Master Dwarf?

GIMLI

Aye, the Elf's talking sense. As long as I get orc necks to sever, I'll be happy.

JOHN

Hey up! Silence please! We ready boys?

BEGIN MONTAGE

John introducing songs: 'Elf, I Need Somebody...' 'I Am The Ringwraith'... 'If I Fell(off Mt.Doom)' and 'Get Back To The Shire'.

The crowd CHEER and CLAP - even Elrond taps his feet.

Elf maidens SQUEAL and throw flowers at the boys.

END MONTAGE

The music stops and the gear is packed away.

RINGO

Right. I'm ready to go to Mordor. All of us are.

PAUL

Are you sure, Master?

RINGO

Positive. We Beatles stick together.

JOHN AND GEORGE  
That's right! Let's do it!

ELROND  
Very well, then. It appears the decision has been made by the Ringbearer. But you four cannot go alone and unprotected.

GANDALF  
I will be riding with them.

Legolas, Gimli and Boromir step forward.

ELROND  
Well done. This alliance of all races shall truly be a brave company.

GANDALF  
Aragorn will be with us too, Elrond.

RINGO  
Who? Oh, Strider! Where is he? Haven't seen him since I woke up.

JOHN  
He and his missus have been, shall we say, 'busy' for the last few days.

GEORGE  
Aye. Like rabbits those two.

Elrond beckons to an Elf.

ELROND  
Fetch Aragorn please. They leave tomorrow at dawn.

The group chat and make acquaintances. Aragorn strolls in.

ARAGORN  
Apologies, my Lord Elrond. I lost all track of time.

GIMLI  
So would I, laddie. So would I...

GANDALF  
We leave Rivendell tomorrow. Journey south to the Gap of Rohan.

ARAGORN

At last! My destiny moves closer. I  
can feel it.

The Nine Companions line up.

ELROND

So, we have this company of races,  
this...Fellowship of the Ring.

The setting sun casts a light on the group. Another special  
moment...

RINGO

I think the Fellowship of Ringo  
sounds better.

JOHN

Yeah, it does and that. Come on,  
lads, party in our room!

The Beatles and Elf girls head off.

LEGOLAS

Maybe we should join them? Get to  
know each other?

BOROMIR

Like a warrior bonding session?

GIMLI

Sounds good to me.

Aragorn grins and calls to an upper window.

ARAGORN

Arwen, I'll be back later.

Elrond and Gandalf look at each other.

ELROND

It's not like the old days  
anymore...

EXT.EREGION HILLS - DAY

The Fellowship travel along the foothills of the Misty  
Mountains. Ponies carry their supplies. It is cloudy and  
cold.

RINGO

So, what's the plan, Gandalf? Is this the best way to Mordor?

GANDALF

Yes. We follow the mountains to the Gap of Rohan, then swing east. From there, we may find allies on the way to Mordor.

GIMLI

I still think we should go through the mountains, Master Wizard. The Mines of Moria are dwarf territory.

GANDALF

Mayhap they were once. But orcs and other foul beasts have re-taken the caverns.

LEGOLAS

Can we get past Isengard, Mithrandir? Did you not say Saruman may longer be trusted?

GANDALF

I cannot answer that, Legolas. His allegiance hangs by a thread...

GEORGE

Huh, Sauron? I thought Mordor was miles away still.

BOROMIR

It is.

GEORGE

You're talking about Sauron like he was nearby.

GANDALF

Legolas said Saruman, not Sauron. Saruman is the head of my Order of Wizards. But lately his own ambitions of power have clouded his judgment. He has learnt of the reappearance of the Ring. And he may seek an alliance with Sauron...

GEORGE

There it is again!  
Sauron...Saruman. Very similar sounding names.

PAUL

George has a point. Awfully confusing.

GANDALF

(bristling)

I...what do you want me to do about it? Ask either of them to change their name?

JOHN

Could you? I mean, you know this Saruman, right?

Gandalf shakes his head and sighs.

GIMLI

These Beatles will drive us all crazy, before we even get to Mordor.

Suddenly, a vast flock of birds moves towards the group.

GANDALF

Quick, hide! The Enemy has spies everywhere.

The group scatter and hide under rocks. The great mob of crows swoops low over them, then is gone, wheeling around to the south.

LEGOLAS

They were not of this area.

GANDALF

Nay. They were from Isengard. Servants of Saruman. That way is no longer safe.

GEORGE

You're sure they weren't servants of...Sauron? Very easy to get mixed up, you know. Crows aren't that bright. Hey! Easy with the sword!

George rubs his leg as Boromir brushes past him.

BOROMIR

Sorry...John.

GEORGE

I'm George.

BOROMIR

(shrugs)

It's easy to get mixed up...

GIMLI

Gandalf, surely now we must take the road through Moria.

RINGO

You're pretty keen to get in these Mines, Gimli. Some dwarf girlies live there?

GANDALF

There is another path, Gimli. Over the mountains.

GIMLI

The Redhorn Pass? It's very steep.

GANDALF

It's safer than the Mines.

GIMLI

But there's snow and ice. Wolves will haunt every step. Saruman will bend his will against us. We will be helpless and exposed on the mountain.

GANDALF

My mind is set.

RINGO

Hang on. I don't fancy mucking about in snow.

PAUL

And I don't like the sound of those wolves.

GANDALF

The dwarf is trying to scare you.

JOHN

Mate, I've been scared since I left the Shire.

GEORGE

Only because you haven't changed your undies yet...

ARAGORN

The Mines of Moria will be dry.

GANDALF

What? This is ludicrous! The caves are full of orcs. And there is rumour of a more fearsome beast...

GEORGE

Gandy's scared, Gandy's scared, nar nar nanar...

BOROMIR

I think I would rather fight in the caverns, then freeze on a mountain top.

LEGOLAS

I, too, agree.

GANDALF

So if we had to vote on it, you'd all pick the Mines?

The others all nod and look at each other.

ARAGORN

Sorry, old friend. But we have to stick together.

GANDALF

Alright. But don't say I didn't warn you.

EXT.MORIA WESTGATE - DAY

The company come to a rock wall set in the mountainside. A dark and fetid lake laps at the path.

GIMLI

The East Gate of Moria.

JOHN

Where? It's just bare rock.

GANDALF

The gate is closed. A special password will open it.

RINGO

And...let me guess. You don't know it.

GANDALF

No. But I know a lot of spells and magic. I will find it.

He waves his staff and chants. Letters and pictures appear on the wall, shaped like an arch.

LEGOLAS

Those words are Elvish...it says 'speak, friend and enter'.

Paul is eying the water.

PAUL

Can we hurry this up? There's something in the lake. An evil...watching us.

BOROMIR

I feel that too.

PAUL

It smells nasty and rancid.

There is a sudden RIPPING sound as George farts. The others swing around.

GEORGE

Sorry...

Gandalf is mumbling different words, in several languages. Nothing...

JOHN

Looks like we'll be here for awhile, lads.

STRIDER

We wait then. But keep alert. There is a menace about this place.

They gather along the lake. Gandalf continues in vain.

RINGO

I've thought of a new plan. An alternative to taking the Ring to Mordor.

BOROMIR

(excitedly)

You will come to Minas Tirith? Use it to fight Sauron?

RINGO

Ah, no. I was thinking of fleeing immediately back to the Shire, burying the Ring along the way somewhere. Then I would hide away in a nice, safe place in the middle of nowhere.

GEORGE

Sounds feasible. How long were you were planning to stay out of sight for?

RINGO

I thought four hundred years would be adequate.

STRIDER

George, why don't we have some bent leaf? It may lift our spirits.

BOROMIR

Bent leaf?

STRIDER

Boromir of Gondor, you must trust me on this.

George grins and rolls a few numbers.

LEGOLAS

I'll pass. Elves do not partake in tobacco.

RINGO

Your loss, man. Paul?

PAUL

I don't think...oh, what the heck. This place is so miserable.

The boys light up as Gandalf keeps trying to open the gate.

EXT.MORIA WESTGATE - LATER.

It is nearly dusk. The Fellowship laugh and chat. Gandalf stands before the gate, head bowed in defeat.

RINGO

...and then old Strider spews up all over Paul!

Everyone laughs uproariously.

GEORGE

I bet you didn't tell Arwen about that, hey?

ARAGORN

No way! That was a big night.

Paul is ripped off his head...

PAUL

Yeah, Strider was...  
(points at Leogolas)  
Legless!!

He breaks into giggles, as does the rest of them. Out in the lake, the water ripples. No one notices...

BOROMIR

Gandalf! Come try some bent leaf.  
It may clear your mind.

Gandalf doesn't reply. John wanders over and looks at the wall.

JOHN

What's the Elvish word for 'friend'?

LEGOLAS

Mellon. Why do you...

With a RASPING sound, a section of rock moves inwards. Steps can be seen leading up. Gandalf raises his head and stares. Behind them, the ripples in the water move closer.

GEORGE

Johnny lad, you're a marvel.

GANDALF

All I had to do was say the word 'friend'?

The group come to the entrance. Aragorn pats the wizard on the shoulder.

ARAGORN

It's alright, Gandalf. You did your best.

BOROMIR

This bent leaf...it truly makes one more aware.

Suddenly, pandemonium! The ponies scatter as slimy tentacles shoot out from the water. Ringo is snatched up by the leg.

RINGO

Help! It's got me.

Boromir and Aragorn leap into the water, slashing with their swords. Several flailing tentacles are cut off, and Ringo falls to the ground.

GANDALF

Everyone inside!

They all rush into the entrance. The tentacles follow, pulling the doors shut, smashing them into rubble. Darkness envelops them.

PAUL(O.S)

I knew there was something horrid  
out there.

Another loud FART.

GEORGE(O.S)

Sorry again...

INT.MINES OF MORIA - NIGHT

Gandalf's staff casts a glow as the Fellowship walks through the caverns.

ARAGORN

Do you know the way, Gandalf? It  
would be easy to get lost in here.

GANDALF

'Tis many years since I ventured in  
Moria. The paths have been altered  
in that time. But if we keep moving  
west...

Suddenly, the distant sound of DRUMS is heard, and the faint murmur of many VOICES.

RINGO

Great acoustics in these caves.

JOHN

Aye. Nice place for a gig.

GANDALF

Keep quiet! Those are orc drums. I feared they have been multiplying over the years.

BOROMIR

Everyone keep close.

The path leads into a chamber. Rusted weapons and bones litter the floor. Three doorways lead out the other side.

GIMLI

(upset)

These are the remains of my dwarf kin. Tragic was their attempt to re-claim Moria from the filth.

George holds up a guitar from the debris.

GEORGE

Hey, looks like some musos were here.

The drums and cries get louder.

GANDALF

Silence! I'm trying to remember which path is ours.

A quiet descends on the chamber. Everyone stands still. The drums fade and the harsh VOICES pass along a nearby passage.

GANDALF

(whispers)

Let's go. Quietly now...the left hand door. We\_\_

Suddenly, the sustained opening chord from 'A Hard Day's Night' rings out! It echoes for long seconds across Moria. George stands with the old guitar.

GEORGE

Sorry...couldn't resist it.

The drums intensify and the sound of hundreds of orcs SCREAMING comes from behind them.

GANDALF

Fool of a Took! Run!!

The Fellowship take off into the passage. Moments later, an army of orcs and trolls follow in pursuit.

INT.MINES OF MORIA - LATER

The company speeds along passageways, across open caverns and around ancient pillars. Orcs swarm from the walls to join the main throng.

INT.BRIDGE OF KHAZUD DUM - NIGHT

The company come to a narrow rock bridge, spanning a dizzying abyss. The orc host looms behind.

GANDALF

Cross the bridge! The West gate is not far. Lead them, Aragorn. I'll hold the orcs off.

Arrows fly past. Legolas shoots back at the orcs.

JOHN

That bridge doesn't look very safe.

PAUL

It's safer than staying here. Come on.

The Beatles rush over the bridge, followed by the others.

ARAGORN

Gandalf, quick!

Suddenly, the orcs fall back. A dark, fiery shape leaps forward, a hideous horned creature, wielding a whip.

GEORGE

What the hell is that?

LEGOLAS

Oh, no. It's a Balrog.

GIMLI

Durin's Bane...

RINGO

A bullfrog? Must be the biggest one in Middle Earth.

ARAGORN

The Dwarve's digging in Moria has released the ancient beast. Gandalf, you must hurry.

There is a disturbance amongst the orcs. Bill comes forward, looking at his clipboard.

BILL  
Delivery for Ringo...

He looks about and trails off. The Balrog and Gandalf stare at him.

BILL  
Not really a good time, is it?

RINGO  
Ah...no.

BILL  
O...k then. Later.

He slips back into the crowd.

Gandalf runs onto the bridge, the Balrog in pursuit. The wizard turns to face him, pounding his staff on the rock, and chanting. Half of the bridge crumbles and falls. The Balrog teeters then slips into the abyss.

GEORGE  
Ha!! Have a good trip!

Gandalf gets to the other side. The whip flies out and snags his feet. He is dragged to the edge as the Fellowship watches.

RINGO  
(slow motion)  
Ga...ndy, Ga...ndy...

GANDALF  
Fly, you fools.

Then he is gone.

JOHN  
It's not his day, is it?

EXT.MORIA EASTGATE - DAY

The company stumble out into the open sunshine. A great forest lies beyond. Some of the group are visibly upset.

ARAGORN  
Gandalf...our leader, our hope...

BOROMIR  
How can we stop Sauron now?

LEGOLAS  
Mithrandir...Elf Friend...

GIMLI  
The Quest is hopeless...

PAUL  
That's it, we're doomed.

RINGO  
John? George? You guys ok?

JOHN  
What? Oh, yeah, sure. Gandy will be missed, of course, but he was a grumpy old thing.

GEORGE  
Yeah, true. He didn't really like you, did he?

JOHN  
He hated you, you know.

GEORGE  
Come on, that's impossible. Everyone likes me...

RINGO  
Better roll some joints, George.  
(loudly)  
Anyone for bent leaf? I think we all need a little something at this difficult time.

The others look up slowly. Soon, they gather around and the joints are passed. Even Legolas and Gimli have a toke...

EXT.FOREST - LATER

The Fellowship walk cautiously through the woods.

ARAGORN  
This is Lothlorien. The Golden Wood.

LEGOLAS  
Home of my kin and the Lady Galadriel.

GIMLI

I've heard she is a sorceress,  
casting a net to catch the unwary.

LEGOLAS

You've heard wrong, Master dwarf.  
Or listened to the wrong folk.

PAUL

Why are we bickering? Has Gandalf's  
loss meant nothing? We need to  
rest.

GEORGE

I agree. Besides, there may be elf  
maidens here.

ELF 1(O.S)

There is plenty. But they would  
never look at the likes of you.

A barrier of spears and arrows springs across their path. A  
horde of Elves study the group.

LEGOLAS

Stay your weapons, my kin. We have  
come from Rivendell. Elrond  
himself, has sent us on a special  
quest.

ELF 2

Yea, Master Legolas, we know of  
your mission.

RINGO

Oh, great! Is there anyone in  
Middle Earth who doesn't?

ELF 1

The Lady Galadriel wishes you to  
enjoy our hospitality.

Gimli grumbles but the others seem happy enough.

ARAGORN

Our thanks and blessings to you and  
the Lady. We have travelled through  
Moria and suffered a tragic loss  
there.

ELF 2

(gravely)

(MORE)

ELF 2 (cont'd)  
 The Lady knows of the fall of  
 Mithrandir. She laments with all  
 our people.

JOHN  
 (quietly to George)  
 Get rolling, son. This place will  
 need a jump start...

INT.GALADRIEL'S HALL - DAY

The Lothlorien Elves live in dwellings built amongst huge  
 trees. The Fellowship is brought to GALADRIEL, a beautiful  
 Elf Queen.

GALADRIEL  
 I welcome the brave company to  
 Lothlorien. Rest here for awhile  
 before resuming your quest.

ARAGORN  
 We need guidance, fair Lady.

GALADRIEL  
 I see many things from the Golden  
 Wood, Aragorn, son of Arathorn.  
 Alas, Mithrandir's fall was only  
 too visible to me.

BOROMIR  
 Our minds are doubtful, milady. We  
 require a renewed confidence in our  
 quest.

GALADRIEL  
 Hard is the road of the Fellowship,  
 Boromir of Gondor. Harder still the  
 road to Mordor.

The group stand and stare at her beauty. In turn, she reads  
 their minds, one by one...

ARAGORN(V.O)  
 We are doomed to failure without  
 Gandalf. I cannot replace him as  
 leader.

JOHN(V.O)  
 I don't think she has any knickers  
 on...

GEORGE(V.O)

I don't think she has any knickers  
on...

BOROMIR(V.O)

I must take the Ring from these  
buffoons. Gondor needs  
it...forsooth, is this Elf Queen  
wearing no undergarments?

PAUL(V.O)

It might be too late, but I'm  
positive I left my bedroom lamp on  
back home.

GIMLI(V.O)

Stop reading my mind, Elf witch!

LEGOLAS(V.O)

I agree, my Lady. This dwarf is a  
pain.

RINGO(V.O)

Maybe a g-string?

GALADRIEL(V.O)

Jam butties?

INT.GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

The four Beatles sleep on straw filled cots. Galadriel  
appears in the doorway, a tall shape in the darkness. She  
glides across the room.

GALADRIEL(V.O)

Awaken, Ringo Baggins. View, if you  
so desire, the future in the mirror  
of Galadriel.

Suddenly, Ringo wakes in panic. He sees a dark shape over  
him.

RINGO

Aaargh! Help! Black Riders!

GALADRIEL

(whispers)

Hush, Ringo. It's me, the Lady\_\_

Now the others wake, yelling as well.

JOHN

What is it? What's wrong?

GEORGE

A thingie! A fiendish thingie!

PAUL

Hey, leave my master alone.

Galadriel lights a lamp and they all look at her.

RINGO

My Lady...you scared us.

GALADRIEL

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to alarm you.

JOHN

Well, while you're here...

GEORGE

In your dreams, John. My Lady, you look cold. My bed is the warmest...

GALADRIEL

I have come for the Ringbearer. I want him to gaze into my mirror. It may help him.

JOHN

Ok, we'll have a look at this mirror.

GALADRIEL

'Tis only for Ringo's eyes I invoke the future.

GEORGE

We're the Beatles. One goes, we all go.

PAUL

That's right.

RINGO

Yeah, sorry, milady. That's our rules.

GALADRIEL

If you must. Follow me please.

She gives John a stern look. He throws back a 'so there' face.

EXT.CLEARING - NIGHT

The Beatles and Galadriel enter a clearing, not far from the elf city. A stone basin stands on a pedestal, near a bubbling stream. Galadriel fills a jug and pours it into the basin.

GALADRIEL

The Mirror of Galadriel. Your destiny may be seen. But, a warning. You may not like what you see.

GEORGE

That's not a mirror. It's just water.

Galadriel ignores him and beckons Ringo over.

GALADRIEL

Will you look, Ringo Baggins?

RINGO

Aye, why not.

GALADRIEL

Do not touch the water. It can be dangerous.

PAUL

Be careful, Master.

JOHN

Yeah, we've heard the water, sorry, mirrors in these parts can be vicious.

Ringo stands over the basin and looks in.

GEORGE

Any fish in there, Ring?

He and John giggle.

RINGO

No. I can see the stars and moon though.

JOHN

Can you see the Elf girls bathroom?

RINGO

I don't think it's working,  
I...hang on! Yes. I can see a  
person. An old man in white robes.

PAUL

That could be Saruman. Gandalf said  
he wore white.

JOHN

It might be Sauron. They're like  
twins, those two.

GEORGE

Yeah, easy to get mixed up.

They break into laughter again.

GALADRIEL

You jest about the Enemy. That is  
unwise. His power is growing  
stronger every day.

RINGO

Now I can see, oh, it's a giant  
eye, searching for something.  
It's...I think it's looking for me.

GALADRIEL

'Tis Sauron himself. He sees the  
Ring.

JOHN

Sure it's not Saruman? That water  
is a bit murky.

GALADRIEL

Enough!

She holds a hand over the basin, and Ringo steps away.

GALADRIEL(CONT'D)

Sauron can use the Mirror to spy on  
us. You will rest with us for one  
more day. Then, the Quest will  
continue.

RINGO

Sounds good. Come on, lads.

As they leave, Galadriel chants over the basin. John turns  
back and kicks over the pedestal. The water spills all over  
the Elf Queen.

JOHN

Oops, sorry. I broke your mirror.

EXT.LOTHLORIEN - DAY

The folk of Lothlorien gather on the bank of Anduin. Small elf boats, full of supplies, await the Fellowship.

GALADRIEL

The time has come for you to take up your journey once more. Our water craft are sturdy and will bear you smoothly. We also give you gifts of elf cloaks and food.

ARAGORN

Our thanks to the Lady and good people of Lothlorien.

GALADRIEL

You can travel to the Falls of Rauros. There, you must leave the River, and decide on the route to Mordor. I cannot foresee what will happen. Your company may split or stay together. It is all in your own hands.

GIMLI

Can we get on with it? A dwarf in a boat is like a fish out of water. The sooner I get solid earth under my feet, the better.

JOHN

Here, Gimli. Have some bent leaf.

GIMLI

Will it help me swim if I fall in?

GEORGE

No. But you'll enjoy drowning a lot more.

There is a disturbance at the rear of the elf spectators. Someone is making their way through...

BILL(O.S)

Delivery for Ringo Baggins.

Bill comes out onto the shore, pushing his laden cart. Aragorn and Boromir just look at each other.

RINGO

Hey, Bill! Great timing. We can give these good elves a few songs before we go.

BILL

You nearly lost me there. Had a tough time in those Mines. But, here I am.

The boys get their instruments set up. George passes a heap of joints around. Galadriel looks at hers then takes on it.

JOHN

Better than some imaginary mirror, hey love?

She gives him the thumbs up.

MONTAGE

John introducing songs: 'Revolorien'... 'Sauron or Saruman? We Can Work It Out'... 'Baby, You're A Rich Elf and 'Hello/Gamgee'.

The Elves cheer and clap. Galadriel dances wildly.

A small army of orcs run through the forests.

The creature GOLLUM, watches from a tree as the concert ends.

The Fellowship push off their boats into the river. The Elves wave as they go.

END MONTAGE

EXT. THE GREAT RIVER - DAY

The three boats shoot along with the current. Aragorn, Ringo and Paul are in one, Boromir, John and George in another. Legolas and Gimli travel in the lead boat. The dwarf leans over the side, holding his stomach.

GIMLI

I'm going to be sick...

He vomits into the water. As it passes the following boat, a paddle flicks it into the rear craft. The puke goes all over Paul. John and George laugh at him.

PAUL  
Oh, bloody marvelous...

RINGO  
Cheer up, Paul. After being in Mordor for a few days, you'll look back on this as a happy moment.

PAUL  
(glumly)  
I might jump into the fire with the Ring.

EXT.LOTHLORIEN - DAY

The Elves are all passed out on the riverbank. Galadriel sits smoking a number, looking into her Mirror.

GALADRIEL  
Sauron! I know you're in there.  
Show yourself. Saruman? Anybody...

She slowly falls back and passes out. Gollum drops from the tree and sniffs the joint.

GOLLUM  
*Gollum...gollum.* These Elves are weird creatures. Now, where's my precious gone?

He slips into the water and is borne downstream.

EXT.RIVERBANK - DAY

The Fellowship land on a pebbly beach, and get out of the boats. The ROAR of the Falls can be heard ahead.

ARAGORN  
Now we choose our path, my companions. Do we cross the plains of Rohan to Minas Tirith?

BOROMIR  
That must be our road. Please, Ringo, I implore you.

ARAGORN  
Hold, Boromir. We must discuss this quickly but fairly. Yet Ringo has the final word. He bears the Ring.

LEGOLAS

I will go to Mordor, if need be.

GIMLI

So will I.

ARA

Nay, I alone will travel with Ringo to Mordor, if he chooses. The rest will go to Gondor's aid.

JOHN

Wait a moment, we want to stay with our mate.

GEORGE

Yeah. Where else can we find a decent drummer out here?

PAUL

And I'm not leaving him.

ARAGORN

Ringo?

RINGO

Can I have some time out with the lads?

ARA

Alright. But not for too long. There are orcs nearby, I can feel it. And Gollum is still following us.

Ringo nods and walks off with the other Beatles.

EXT.CLEARING - DAY

The boys sit in a circle, smoking a joint.

JOHN

If we're gonna get split up, we better divvy the weed.

GEORGE

Way ahead of you, Johnny. All done.

He hands out a large bag of mull to each one, which they pack away.

PAUL  
You know, it's funny...

RINGO  
Mate, it's bloody  
hilarious...sorry. What is?

PAUL  
We've travelled all this way from  
the Shire...

JOHN  
Yeah...and?

PAUL  
We've smoked heaps of grass...

GEORGE  
True.

PAUL  
Well, how is it we haven't ran out  
yet?

They all look at George quizzically.

GEORGE  
Ok. Well, I knew someone would ask  
that eventually. Um, I've been, ah,  
topping up the stash.

JOHN  
Topping up?

GEORGE  
Yeah. Mixing in other stuff.

PAUL  
Like what?

GEORGE  
Real grass...flowers, leaves.  
Whatever I could find.

RINGO  
That's...well, I suppose we didn't  
notice, did we?

JOHN  
Maybe that foreign stuff made it  
better. Those Elves were pretty  
wrecked when we left them.

PAUL  
 (frowning)  
 What about in Moria, George? There  
 was no foliage. What did you use?

GEORGE  
 Oh, I just scraped together a few  
 things.

JOHN  
 Let me guess...dried orc turds?

George nods sheepishly.

RINGO  
 Bloody great...

PAUL  
 That explains some weird dreams.

Boromir appears suddenly, a strange look on his face.

BOROMIR  
 Have you made a decision yet? We  
 must leave soon.

RINGO  
 Ah, yeah. I'm going to Mordor. Me,  
 the lads and Strider.

BOROMIR  
 (angrily)  
 Fool! You will bring doom on all of  
 us! Give me the Ring!

He lunges forward. Ringo promptly vanishes. John and George  
 back away.

JOHN  
 Here, settle down, mate. Ringo?  
 It's ok.

Boromir falls to the ground, as invisible Ringo kicks his  
 bum.

RINGO(O.S)  
 Take that, tough guy! I'm off.

PAUL  
 Master!

Footprints appear on the ground, and branches are pushed  
 aside. Paul takes off after him. Boromir gets up and looks  
 around.

JOHN  
Happy now?

BOROMIR  
I'm...I'm sorry. Ringo? Ringo, I'm  
truly sorry!

GEORGE  
Too late. He's gone.

Suddenly, CRIES are heard. The orcs swarm into the clearing. They shoot arrows at Boromir. He fights with his sword but is overwhelmed. Orcs grab John and George.

JOHN  
Hey, watch it, you ugly things.

GEORGE  
I hope these guys aren't fans of  
ours.

ORC CHIEF  
Shut up, scum! You're coming with  
us.

JOHN  
Ah, sorry. We have to be someplace  
else.

ORC CHIEF  
Bind them! Tightly. Drag them if  
you have to. But don't harm them.  
Saruman needs them in one piece.

GEORGE  
Saruman? You sure about that? It  
isn't Sauron who hired you?

ORC CHIEF  
Quiet, filth! I ask the questions  
here.

ORC 1  
(puzzled)  
He might have a point, boss. Was it  
Sauron or Saruman? Easy to mix up.

A few of the other orcs nod in agreement.

ORC 2  
Maybe we should check the contract?

JOHN  
I would. You're probably getting  
ripped off.

ORC CHIEF  
(livid)  
Enough of this! Tie the vermin!  
Let's go. We have a long haul back  
to Isengard.

The lads are trussed roughly, and the orcs march off.

GEORGE  
Isn't Mordor the other way?

ORC 1  
He could be right, you know.

ORC CHIEF  
Shut it!

JOHN  
Where's old Strider when you need  
him...

EXT.RIVERBANK - DAY

Paul emerges from the forest. Ringo is dragging a boat to  
the water.

PAUL  
Master! You can't go alone!

RINGO  
Ok, then. Get in.

PAUL  
What about John and George? We're  
the Beatles, right? How can we  
function if we're split up?

RINGO  
I don't think Mordor will offer us  
many gigs, Paul. They'll be safe  
with Strider.

Paul nods and they get in the boat. Quickly, they paddle  
across the River. Gollum floats downstream and follows them.

EXT.CLEARING - LATER

Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli rush into the clearing. Dead orcs surround Boromir who sits against a tree. Arrows jut from his chest.

ARAGORN

Boromir! Where are the Beatles? Is the Ring safe?

BOROMIR

Forgive me, my Captain. I tried to take the Ring by force. Ringo fled, with Paul, I think. The other two were taken by the orcs.

GIMLI

This Ring, Ringo talk...it's as bad as the Sauron, Saruman debate.

LEGOLAS

These orc shields bear the White Hand of Saruman.

ARAGORN

So, he has turned against us. It is evident he commanded the orcs to bring him back the Beatles. He wants the Ring...

GIMLI

They do all look the same, don't they?

BOROMIR

It's the hair. Aragorn, I beg you...I am dying. Have you any bent leaf? It may sooth my journey to be with my forebears.

ARAGORN

Alas, I have not. The Beatles have it.

LEGOLAS

Wait, look here on the edge of the clearing. A solitary joint...

BOROMIR

Oh, yes...

ARAGORN

I think our friends have left a trail so we may follow.

LEGOLAS

Clever.

GIMLI

They must be in dire peril. One cannot imagine a Beagle casting away a joint so recklessly.

LEGOLAS

We are not following Ringo and Paul to Mordor?

ARAGORN

Nay. The fate of the Ring has been lifted from my hands. We will rescue John and George.

BOROMIR

Ah, any chance of lighting that bomber before I die?

Gimli lights it and they share a smoke.

ARAGORN

Now we must go. Be at peace, Boromir, son of Denethor. You have earned it.

BOROMIR

Yeah, man. Bring it on.

He closes his eyes and dies with a grin.

GIMLI

The orcs have a good lead on us.

ARAGORN

We will pursue them as hunters have never sought their prey before.

LEGOLAS

They will not tarry until they reach Isengard.

ARAGORN

We will be hard and fast on our feet. Let us be off.

GIMLI  
I hope the lads drop some more bent  
leaf...

The three race off.

FADE OUT

To be continued...