My Sweet Lord of the Rings

Part One: The Fellowship of Ringo

By

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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 are 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 tokes 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 Nazgûl, 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

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


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 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 shuts, 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 tokes on it.

JOHN
Better than some imaginary mirror, hey love?

She gives him the thumbs up.

MONTAGE

The Elves cheer and clap. Galdriel 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 Beatle 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.

To be continued...