

BILBO. Wonderful. Wonderful. Back in the tunnel: he may come back soon.

THORIN (*grim*). Well done, Mister Baggins.

BILBO. Well done, *all* of us: Smaug is heading to Laketown.
(*Lights out on them as they pile back into the tunnel coughing.*)

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(*As lights go out, screams and cries for help, and the thunder of roaring fire. Lights up on Laketown in flames. 8-foot tall MEN and WOMEN run to and fro, carrying buckets of water or simply running away screaming "The dragon! The dragon will kill us all!" Roaring and huge distant laughter of the dragon, crashing of buildings falling, confusion and cacophony of light and sound. Amidst all this, BARD enters, kneels on the ground with a bow. His quiver is empty; he carries one arrow in his hand. Enter MAXWELL in a panic.*)

MAXWELL. Bard! What are you doing!

BARD. Waiting.

MAXWELL. Waiting for what! The dragon is destroying the town! He's flying back and forth over us, breathing fire everywhere! The whole town is burning! You've got to do something.

BARD. I am.

MAXWELL. What!

BARD. Waiting.

MAXWELL. WAITING! THAT'S NOT ANYTHING!
BARD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DO SOMETHING!

BARD. We already did something, Maxwell: we let those dwarves go to the mountain and wake the dragon. Now, I have broken nearly all my arrows on its horn-iron hide. I have this one arrow left.

MAXWELL. Well SHOOT IT!

BARD. One arrow, Maxwell. Sometimes dragons have soft flesh under their arms, or over their chest or belly. I think this one does.

MAXWELL. How do you know!?

BARD. I don't. But my hope is he'll see we're done for, and hover down close for one final sweep of fire to destroy the last of us. This arrow is for that moment, which will come soon.

MAXWELL. But what if he doesn't? What if he doesn't come down close!? What if he's all covered with scales? What if you miss?!!

BARD. Then we'll all die. Look out, Maxwell. (*The roaring of the dragon is closer and louder.*) He's coming. (*MAXWELL looks up, sees the dragon close; screams, runs off-stage. The roaring reaches a peak: BARD sets arrow in place, lifts the bow, aims carefully up in the air, draws back to shoot... Blackout. Silence.*)

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(*Lights up on the treasure hoard inside Lonely Mountain. THORIN, BIFUR, BOFUR, and BOMBUR are picking among the treasure with BILBO. BOMBUR is wearing some of the glittering armor. He takes a heroic stance.*)

BOMBUR. How do I look?

BOFUR. Ridiculous. Let me try it on.