its footing; but the monster clutched at Glorfindel as he fell, and the two swayed and toppled, and over the edge, into the abyss...

(The screen fades out. Lights come up slowly on the WARRIOR, who turns out to be no armored warrior at all. Instead, he is a little man with a large pot on his head for a helmet, several pans on his body as breastplates, standing on metal pots, and wielding kitchen utensils as weapons. He looks at us, pauses a moment: laughs. He is a hobbit.)

HOBBIT. The story gets kind of sad after that part. Tsk. Wonderful old story, though. The Fall of Gondolin. Mm! *(Cheerfully removes his helmet and armor as he chats with us.)* When I was just a little hobbit, oh, I used to picture myself with spear and sword, slashing my way through armies of orcs and Morgoth's servants, questing for the right; you know how it goes. But, of course, wars and suchlike don't much happen here in the Shire. And just as well, thank *you. (Has finished removing kitchenware. He is a little fellow, with something of a stomach, dressed comfortably in trousers and gaudy waistcoat. His feet are bare and covered with fur; otherwise he is quite ordinary and human-like. He picks up a pipe to smoke.)* Name's Baggins; you can call me Bilbo. Welcome to Bag End. You're just in time for tea, and maybe you'll stay for my late second supper. One of my favorite meals: the last one before dinnertime. Stories and adventures are fun for young ones, I suppose. But I'm getting on; don't get much chance for it anymore. And I certainly don't go hunting it out. I'll just look in the pantry...*(Starts to leave; stops, turns to us:)* Still and all, it would be something to be part of a real adventure, wouldn't it? *(KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the*

door.) Excellent! Don't have the faintest idea who it might be, but whoever, it's more company!

(Eagerly answers the door. Enter GANDALF, a wizard, who is human-size—that is, wears elevated shoes and is above-normal height.)

BILBO. Good afternoon to you.

GANDALF *(stands looking sternly down at BILBO).* You have grown fatter since I saw you last.

BILBO. I should hope so: I'm no pauper, after all. But you have the advantage on me: when was it you saw me last?

GANDALF. Some thirty years ago, I'd hazard a guess. I'll hazard as well you've forgotten who I am.

BILBO. You have me there. But once I know your name, I'll apologize grandly. You are...

GANDALF. Gandalf.

BILBO. Gandalf the wizard! Really! Well I *am* mortified and I *do* apologize. How could I have failed to recognize Gandalf? Where have you been these last thirty years?

GANDALF. Wandering Middle Earth, Mister Baggins, on roads and not on roads, as is my profession.

BILBO. Oooh, I'll bet you've seen some things!

GANDALF. I have indeed. I seem to remember, when you were a young hobbit some thirty years ago, you had a taste for adventure.

BILBO. For hearing about them, at least, though I'm more inclined to listen over bread and tea these days. I hope you'll stay for late second supper?

GANDALF *(blandly).* Delighted to. Though I'm with a friend.

BILBO. Invite him in!