

THE SILMARILLION FILM PROJECT

SEASON 6, EPISODE 13 - LEITHIAN
RELEASE FROM BONDAGE

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST OF NELDORETH

In a familiar clearing within earshot of the Esgalduin, a lone, low cairn of stones now rests. A huntsman's spear is the only marker, beside which stands LÚTHIEN. She is uncannily and uncharacteristically still. Even her hair barely moves from the slight breeze that drifts through the trees and grasses around her. The light and life which once accompanied her and everything she did is gone.

EXT. FOREST OF NELDORETH (WARMER COLORS)

BEREN stops dead in his tracks on the edge of the clearing, surprise, awe, and wonder passing across his face in an instant.

Lúthien lights up for just a moment, joy returning as she relives the first encounter with her beloved. This time, though, instead of fleeing from him, she begins to move toward him until...

MABLUNG (O.S.)

Lady Lúthien-

EXT. FOREST OF NELDORETH

MABLUNG is standing at Lúthien's side with a hand laid gently on her arm, pulling her back to the present, to a world where her love has died.

MABLUNG

-the party is ready to make
for Menegroth.

The remnants of the Sindarin hunting party are mounted behind him, including her father, who looks towards her with uncommon hesitation in his eyes. Mablung holds his

free hand out open before Lúthien, opening it to reveal the Ring of Barahir.

MABLUNG

It should go to his family.
I can serve you in this if
you cannot bring it to
them.

Lúthien just stares at the captain, her eyes lifeless once more, then moves past him to join the others without a word.

FADE OUT:

ACT I

FADE IN:

FRAME SCENE - Aragorn decides to go off into the Wild, and bids Elrond farewell while Arwen is there.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOREST OF NELDORETH - DUSK

The remnants of the hunting party slowly thread their way through the twilit trees of Neldoreth. Most are mounted, but Lúthien is on foot. Beleg leads her horse and his own behind her. Lúthien walks along the way as one in a dream, unaware of her surroundings until she nearly brushes against a tree. The backs of her fingers scrape against the bark-

BEREN

Tinúviel!

(beat, then louder)

Tinúviel!

EXT. FOREST OF NELDORETH - DAY (THE PAST)

Lúthien turns to see Beren calling after her. She stands still for a moment, before breaking into a wistful smile and running away from him. He chases after her through the trees, frustration giving way to laughter as they run through the sun-dappled forest. The ancient trees seem to make way for the fae princess, while Beren always seems to find them in his path. She pauses to let him "catch up" with her, but her joy evaporates when-

EXT. FOREST OF NELDORETH - NIGHT

Mablung sees Lúthien's distant gaze and looks back over his shoulder. Finding no one, pity fills his eyes as he takes her elbow to guide her forward. She does not move at first as he attempts to lead her on. She resists, motionless until suddenly her widened, grief-stricken eyes meet his.

MABLUNG

(softly)

Come, Lady. The night will
not reign forever.

Lúthien takes a deep, ragged breath before turning to follow those before her, her form eclipsing the lights they carry. Mablung walks along beside her now, studying her for a time before he speaks again.

MABLUNG

Your husband was a good
man. And brave. Far more
so than many I have known
among the Eldar.

Lúthien does not reply, continuing to walk along as before. Mablung looks away, uncharacteristically hesitant.

MABLUNG

It seems to me, daughter
of Melian, that such a
man would not desire his
passing to extinguish the
light from within you,
his beloved.

When Lúthien continues to not acknowledge him, Beleg allows himself to fall behind her. Mablung rides up beside him and the two exchange a look of concern.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOREST OF NELDORETH - NIGHT (CONT'D)

Lúthien's pace is slow, and few have the courage now to walk near her. She steps out into a break in the canopy: a meadow flooded with moonlight. She pauses, looking around and then up at the moon. The moon itself suddenly changes-

EXT. FOREST OF NELDORETH - MORNING

-into the golden, morning sun. She takes a deep breath, savoring the warm, summer air. A smile, more full than any she has yet had breaks upon her face and she raises her arms as in a dance pose. She looks down the length of her arm from her shoulder to her hand and finds her fingers clasped with those of Beren as he joins the dance that was once new to him. Beren's steps are not as expert as hers, but he keeps up as best he can. During the course of the dance, Lúthien alights upon a log, reaching out for Beren's hand as she prepares to leap lightly to the ground.

EXT. BRIDGE TO MENEGROTH - DAY

BELEG takes her hand to guide her across the bridge that spans the Esgalduin. A faint, cool mist lies on the deep part of the river, where the water is coldest. The branches of Hirilorn reach out across the river to greet them, her leaves rustling in the breeze. Lúthien pauses for a moment, looking sadly up at the beech tree as the yellow leaves fall about her before allowing Beleg to lead her on.

Beleg

I know your grief is
great, Lady Lúthien.
Perhaps your mother, the
Queen, can help. Some
fleeing the terrors of the
northern wars have found
solace in her grotto.

Lúthien does not answer, and her steps remain lifeless and leaden. Mablung looks back over her shoulder and sees Thingol's pained eyes looking towards them. Head bowed, he releases the princess' hand and lets her walk into Menegroth on her own.

FADE TO:

INT. MENEGROTH

Mablung and Beleg are seated at a table on a balcony overlooking one of the great chambers of the underground city. Below them are many walkways connecting passages.

This chamber indeed demonstrates that "The Thousand Caves" is no misnomer. The two Sindar are playing the same game Thingol and Mablung have been seen playing through the series. Mablung seems to be winning, as Beleg hesitantly moves a piece.

MABLUNG

Your mind is not on the
game.

BELEG

(moving a piece)

Is yours?

Mablung doesn't lift his eyes from the board, but does take a moment before making his move.

MABLUNG

No.

Nevertheless, they play in silence for a while until Beleg is distracted by Lúthien walking along one of the many bridges that cross the cavern. Mablung follows his gaze as he takes his turn.

MABLUNG

It is as a cold dagger to
my heart to see the Lady
Lúthien so broken by
grief.

Beleg says nothing for a moment before returning to take his own turn.

BELEG

The whole of Menegroth
seems colder. I do not
think the King has spoken
to any save the Queen

since we returned from
Neldoreth.

Mablung considers the board state for a few seconds before taking a move.

Below, Lúthien approaches a landing where three bridges meet. A fountain sits in the center of the landing, and a group of Elvish children are playing in the water. Their laughter is muted in Lúthien's ears as she approaches. When the children notice her approach, they break into smiles of joy and come running, dripping and leaving wet footprints behind.

Beleg's hand moves a piece, but his attention is on the scene below.

Small hands reach out to Lúthien, tugging at her skirts. She stops, but does not say anything, or even acknowledge the children. As their pleas appear to fall upon deaf ears, they eventually stop and the children make way for the princess to pass by.

MABLUNG

You may regret choosing
that piece for that task.

BELEG

I may. But it serves my
purposes for now.

The game continues at a steady pace as they continue talking.

MABLUNG

I have a thought to travel
to Brethil to carry word
of Beren's fate to his
kin.

BELEG

A dolorous journey, to be
sure. I could accompany
you if you so desire.

MABLUNG

It would ease the journey
greatly, my friend. For I
feel I must needs return
this to its rightful
owners, those to whom Lord
Finrod entrusted it.

Mablung places the ring of Barahir on the table next to the
game board. Beleg stares at it for a moment before making
his move.

BELEG

I know Beren's folk less
well than I do the
Haladin. But they were
well-loved by the
grandsons of Olwë.

Mablung makes a final move, winning the game, and gets to
his feet, retrieving the ring.

MABLUNG

Well played, my friend.

BELEG

Nay! You use my own pieces
against me!

MABLUNG

Well, you were warned,
after all.

The two of them look down to observe Luthien's passage out
of sight.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE MENEGROTH - NIGHT

Lúthien is cast in silver light as she comes out of the gates to the underground city, wandering out into the darkness with slow, silent steps. She approaches the base of Hirilorn and finally looks up, her eyes reddened. Her hair is in an unkempt state. A faint, whispered tune on the breeze draws her further in and further up and she begins to climb up the twisted trunks until she sits in the heart of the tree where she was once imprisoned.

The music rises in whispers from the tree, repeating the song Lúthien once sang to convince Hirilorn to free her to pursue the quest that ultimately took Beren's life.

The catatonia that once lay on the princess finally slips away and her sorrow breaks free.

LÚTHIEN

Why? Why, if it would end
this way, would Beren's
doom bring him through the
Girdle? Why would we have
met as we did? Why did we
go into the very depths of
Angband, only to be
separated now?

As she weeps, moonlight glittering through the tears on her cheeks, the "voice" of the tree repeats Lúthien's song.

Lúthien's voice begins a new song, interwoven with the first. She trembles at first, but grows gradually stronger. This new song contradicts the first, speaking to the binding, suffocating constriction of grief. The song is reaching its climax when it suddenly stops.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST OF NELDORETH - MORNING

Beren looks at Thingol and tries to raise his hand with the Silmaril and also tries to speak. Thingol approaches closer. Lúthien helps Beren raise his hand to give the Silmaril to Thingol. Thingol receives the Silmaril.

BEREN

(whispering with effort)

The quest is achieved.

Thingol stands up with the Silmaril, looking horrified. Beren looks at Lúthien and smiles. He holds her hand. She grabs his hand in both of her hands and kisses his face. She whispers desperately in his ear.

LÚTHIEN

Wait for me, Beren! Wait
for me and I will find
you!

Beren holds his eyes on Lúthien.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANCHES OF HIRILORN - NIGHT

Lúthien stares aimlessly ahead in desperate grief, silver tears streaming down her face and falling onto the bark of the tree.

LÚTHIEN

Oh Hirilorn, I once sang a
song of unbinding. Now it
is I who have bound
another, in trying to hold
Beren to the circles of
the world that I might see
him again.

Lúthien's breathing comes harder and faster as her sorrow consumes the very life of her body.

LÚTHIEN

But I must see him again.
I must, even if only for a
little while. Even if I
should lose him for a
second time to eternity
beyond the veils of the
world. Even if alone of
the Children of Eru we
should be held separate
for all time.

Her sobs crescendo in a loud cry of pain and stop. But for
the faint whisper of the wind through beech leaves, all is
silent.

LÚTHIEN

I cannot...

Lúthien slumps to her side, her eyes sliding shut.
Hirilorn's branches encase her body and slide it down to
the foot of the tree. The expression on her face holds no
joy, but neither does it hold pain. She is gone from
Middle-earth.

END ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. CITY OF MENEGROTH

The whole city of Menegroth is in MOURNING. Luthien lies in state on a bier with a crystal cover, surrounded by mountains of flowers. Somber singing fills the halls, but not a soul is dancing. Outside, the season passes from fall to winter, while the flowers around Luthien's bier give way to evergreen branches. One of the playing children from earlier presses her face against the transparent cover, tears streaming down her cheeks.

INT. MENEGROTH THRONE ROOM

Thingol sits on his throne, hunched forward and broken in spirit. The passageway in view of his throne leads directly to the massive hall where Luthien's body is laid, and he can see her from where he sits. He looks over to a podium to one side of his throne, where the gleaming Silmaril sits.

THINGOL (V.O.)

Bring to me in your hand a
Silmaril from Morgoth's
crown; and then if she
will, Luthien may set her
hand in yours. Then you
shall have my jewel; and
though the fate of Arda
lie within the Silmarils,
yet you shall hold me
generous.

Thingol's grip on the arms of his throne whitens his knuckles, but the gem burns just as brightly.

BEREN (V.O.)

For little price do
 Elven-kings sell their
 daughters: for gems, and
 things made by crafts.
 But, if this be your will,
 Thingol, I will perform
 it. And when we meet again
 my hand shall hold a
 Silmaril from the Iron
 Crown; for you have not
 looked the last upon Beren
 son of Barahir.

Thingol's eyes slide shut as if willing the memories from
 his mind.

THINGOL (V.O.)

Do not compare yourself to
 me! This feeling you think
 to be love shall pass as
 swiftly as this man's
 life!

LÚTHIEN (V.O.)

His life shall pass all
 the more swiftly since you
 have sent him to his
 death!

Thingol's face wrenches in self-loathing as tears flow from
 his clenched eyelids.

MELIAN (V.O.)

O King, you have devised
 cunning counsel. But if
 my eyes have not lost
 their sight, it is ill
 for you, whether Beren

fail in his errand, or
achieve it.

MELIAN (O.S)

I would take those words
back if it would make them
untrue.

Melian is standing before the throne, her eyes also full of tears. Thingol rises to his feet and the two embrace, only to sink to the floor before their thrones. Their weeping fills the empty throne chamber and can be heard from without as well.

FADE TO:

INT. EMELDIR'S LONG HOUSE

EMELDIR is seated at a rough-hewn table, the burning hearth reflected in her eyes, glistening with unshed tears. The Ring of Barahir lays untouched where Mablung has placed it before her. He and Beleg stand to the side of the hearth, across the table from her. MORWEN stands off to one side, covering her mouth with one hand, while RÍAN weeps beside her, tears streaming from her eyes.

Emeldir rises to her feet and steps over to a small table nearby where the stole of Bëor lies, neatly folded. She brushes her weathered fingers across the cloth, her breaths coming in short gasps. Finally, she turns and crosses the room.

EMELDIR

So it is that the tree of
the House of Bëor loses
another branch.

MABLUNG

All Doriath shares in your
grief, Lady Emeldir. The

loss of Beren and Luthien
cuts us all, not least,
King Thingol and Queen
Melian. They send their
condolences.

BELEG

Thingol wishes it known
that any kin to Beren is
welcome in Doriath, to
seek aid and succor in
time of need.

EMELDIR

The King is very kind. But
with Beren gone, my first
thoughts must be for my
people.

MABLUNG

(curiously)

What will you do?

EMELDIR

The woods of Brethil grow
close. The Haladin have
been generous and
welcoming, but they
sometimes rankle at how
crowded their forests have
become. And our ways are
not theirs.

BELEG

You will leave Brethil,
then.

Emeldir walks around the table, her hand settling on the hilt of Narsil. Morwen watches, nodding, though Rían seems surprised by this news.

EMELDIR

I have thought on this for
some time, and take
Beren's passing as a final
sign. We will turn our
faces towards Dor-lomin,
where dwells the House of
Hador. Their messengers
say they have more open
land granted them there by
the High King than they
could ever use. Our
farmers will be able to
aid them greatly, teaching
them what the
Nargothrondrim taught us.

Beleg nods slowly, but Mablung is caught off-guard.

MABLUNG

You would leave yet
another land you have
called home?

EMELDIR

(smiling wryly
through her grief)

Our people have traveled
far further than this. We
came seeking the Light in
the West. And have found a
land darkened by war and
by treachery. If there is
to be a Light in the West,
perhaps it is we who must

make it. Wherever it is we
call home.

Emeldir strides to the door and steps out into the
sunlight.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEORIAN VILLAGE IN BRETHIL - DAY

Mablung and Beleg follow Emeldir out and flank her as she
looks across the village at her people going about their
daily affairs.

EMELDIR

So be it. We will gather
our strength and set out
for Dor-lomin, where we
shall make a new home
beside the House of Hador.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MANDOS - ARRIVAL PROCESSING

Lúthien awakens in the silent and vast expanse of the Halls
of Mandos. Emptiness stretches out in every direction. The
darkness is grey and shadowy, and Lúthien herself is
desaturated. As soon as Lúthien begins to move around, she
finds herself joined by one of the MAIAR OF NÁMO. The Maia
is a tall, cloaked figure. The only "flesh" visible is her
angular chin and long, willowy fingers.

MAIA OF NÁMO

Welcome Lúthien, daughter
of Melian. Thou hast left
behind thy *hroa*, and come
to the halls of Mandos.

Lúthien's eyes widen with a mixture of wonder and
trepidation.

LÚTHIEN

In the land of Valinor?

MAIA OF NÁMO

Yes. Thou hast entered the realm of Námo, or Bannos in thy tongue. It is here that the spirits of the Eldar come to find respite and renewal. Healing of the hurts of the *fëa*.

The Maia moves closer, her long fingers reaching out and touching Lúthien's face. Lúthien is nervous, but does not shrink back, even as some energy passes between them.

MAIA OF NÁMO

Thy grief, it is a great weight upon thy spirit.

LÚTHIEN

Yes, Beren. Is he here? I must go to him.

MAIA OF NÁMO

The mortal Beren must pass beyond the circles of the world. Thy path remaineth here. Where thy hurts will be healed so that thou mayst make thy home in the Blessed Realm.

LÚTHIEN

Please! If he is here, I must go to him.

The Maia is silent for a moment, studying Luthien without expression.

MAIA OF NÁMO

Thy *fëa* is strange to us.
 Thou art of the Eldar, but
 thou art also of the
 Ainur, as we are. The Lord
 Námo must determine thy
 fate. Come, while thou
 awaitest his doom, I will
 show thee that which
 awaiteth those who pass
 through these halls.

Lúthien follows the Maia into the darkness, and somehow they come upon a new space.

INT. MANDOS - KINSLAYER SANITORIUM

Here, it is still desaturated, but less dark. There are plants here that grow up from the shadowed floor. Many are seated on large cushions here, but some lie upon beds. Maiar, like the one guiding Lúthien, move among them, administering to them like nurses.

Lying on one of the beds is AMROD, son of Fëanor. His face seems badly burned, and one of the Maiar is seated beside him, applying a cloth which he periodically dips into a bowl of what appears to be cool water.

On a bed not far away is EARWEN, princess of Aqualondë, drawing with ink a picture of a ship, a swan's neck and head for its prow, and a pair of wing-like sails folded along its sides.

LÚTHIEN

Who are they?

MAIA OF NÁMO

The Kinslayers. Of the rebels who went forth from Valinor, their hurts are greatest, and most difficult to heal.

LÚTHIEN

My cousin, Celeborn, says
that they suffered greater
hurts than those they
killed.

The Maia nods slowly in agreement.

MAIA OF NÁMO

Thy cousin speaketh with
great wisdom.

CUT TO:

INT. MANDOS - PLAYROOM

The pair make their way past the Kinslayers and into another place where Elves can be seen at childlike play, despite being adults. Lúthien smiles a little, despite herself, then a flash of recognition crosses her eyes. EDHELLOS, clad in white and with a bright smile, dances through a corridor of held hands, as the Elves around her sing playfully at her.

LÚTHIEN

I see one of the people of
Dorthonion. My cousin
Finrod, who perished in
Tol-in-Gaurhoth, is he
here?

The Maia shakes her head.

MAIA OF NÁMO

Finrod hath left these
halls, and now walketh
with his father Finarfin
under the trees of
Eldamar.

Luthien nods, but stops dead in her tracks when she sees an actual Elvish child joining in the game.

MAIA OF NÁMO (CONT'D)

The wars of the Noldor
 have been unkind, even to
 those who have no swords
 to fight them.

Lúthien's smile is gone now as they enter a darker chamber.

FADE TO:

EXT. MANDOS - DOOR OF MORNING

Lúthien finds herself on a wide, grey strand along a seemingly endless ocean, covered in mist. It takes some time for the occupants of this place to resolve themselves from the mist from Lúthien's perspective. But soon human figures of various ages, most on the older side, begin to appear to her, their forms flickering at the edges, almost as a candle flame in a faint breeze.

Lúthien looks around at them as she passes, and those close by look back at her in wonder, but do not speak.

LÚTHIEN

Who are they?

The Maia stops, then looks back, confused.

MAIA OF NÁMO

The souls of the mortals
 who pass through these
 halls abide here for a
 time. Thou canst perceive
 them?

LÚTHIEN

Yes. Why do they not
 speak?

MAIA OF NÁMO

They cannot. They find no rest here, and must leave Arda through the Door of Morning. But none of the Eldar who come here are able to see them. We believe that their *fëar* exist on different planes, unable to coexist without their *hroar*. But thou art kin to us, as well as to the Eldar. Curious.

Lúthien looks in the direction the Maia gestures towards. A great doorway of carved wood stands some distance away from them through the crowds of human spirits. The doorway has an indistinct light coming from within, though no wall separates one side from the other. Lúthien stops in curiosity when she suddenly recognizes a familiar face amongst the crowd nearby.

LÚTHIEN

Aegnor?

The elf-lord turns, surprised to see Luthien as well. His somber, sorrowful face turns to a faint smile as they move towards each other.

AEGNOR

Lúthien, I had not thought to find you here. Especially near the Door.

LÚTHIEN

I had hoped to find Beren, son of Barahir. Have you seen him or any who might know him?

AEGNOR

Nay, Cousin. I have seen
no one. I thought perhaps
that the Lady Andreth
might come this way. I
await her in hopes I might
be near her again, if only
for a moment.

Lúthien nods in understanding, then looks around. Suddenly, she reaches out and grabs Aegnor's hand and begins to pull him through the crowd he cannot see. The Maia stands near, observing this as a new thing never seen before. Aegnor follows, despite his confusion until she stops. Before them stands ANDRETH, still an aged woman, leaning on her staff.

Andreth looks at Luthien as she draws near, surprised, but says nothing.

LÚTHIEN

Can you hear me?

Andreth smiles with a wistful expression, but nods. Aegnor, however, goes even paler than his desaturated image was before.

AEGNOR

She is here?

Lúthien nods, smiling though tears well up in her eyes.

LÚTHIEN

Lady Andreth... Aegnor is
here with me. He cannot
see you, nor you him. But
he is here.

Andreth wrings her hands, overcome with emotions held back through the decades of her long life. She does not hear Aegnor's words, but watches Lúthien intently as she passes them on.

Lúthien's own grief nearly breaks through as she collects the message, and her voice sticks in her throat when she speaks.

LÚTHIEN

He says he was wrong. That
if he could go back, even
for a year, he would
choose you.

Andreth sighs silently, canny eyes seeing through Luthien's words, but she nods.

Lúthien manages to stifle a sob.

LÚTHIEN

He loves you, Andreth. He
says he will... He will
carry you in his heart...

She is unable to continue, bowing her head to cover her sorrow. Ancient, shriveled hands come to rest on hers, and she looks up into the understanding face of Andreth, who nods knowingly. Luthien weeps until she sees another hand resting on her shoulder. Aegnor's. With a faint smile, she takes his hand, and in the darkness of Mandos, places it in those of Andreth. She stands aside, and from Andreth's perspective, holds her hands up to empty air. Aegnor's perspective is the same. But it is clear that they know who is beyond the veil that separates them. The three of them stand this way for a while in silence before Andreth disengages with a nod. She smiles at Lúthien again and gestures towards the door.

Lúthien guides Andreth towards the shore, and watches the old woman walk out into the water, take a deep breath, and step through, where she instantly disappears.

Lúthien looks back to Aegnor who mouths a silent thanks before heading away into the shadows.

When Lúthien turns around, Beren is there, his form feathering towards the door as all of the souls around him

do. But his joy at seeing her is clear. He has been waiting for her, as she asked.

FADE TO:

EXT. MANDOS - THE DOOR OF MORNING

A steady stream of souls pass through the Door of Morning. Some of them seem happy to do so. Some of them steel themselves. But all must pass.

Beren, however, has found his way into Lúthien's arms again. They stand with their backs to the door. Lúthien caresses Beren's hand in her own, smiling through her tears. A glance back at the door brings a flash of dread across her countenance.

LÚTHIEN

How long may you remain
here?

Beren looks over at the door, a strange wistful look on his face. He turns back to Lúthien, shaking his head.

LÚTHIEN (CONT'D)

It is not right! After
everything! We need more
time. I need more time!

Beren brings her hands to his lips, but shakes his head again.

LÚTHIEN (CONT'D)

I cannot bear the thought
of a world without you, my
love. We have endured so
much. Even to the very
hells of Morgoth himself.
How can we be sundered
now, when our lives
together had scarcely
begun!

Beren nods and takes Luthien's face in his hands, bringing her lips to his.

LÚTHIEN (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Don't go. Please don't go.

Beren takes a step back, unable to forestall the pull of the Door of Morning an instant longer. Lúthien's pleas, however get more insistent, and strangely less desperate with every word.

LÚTHIEN (CONT'D)

No. No.

Beren blinks back his tears, trying to keep a smile facing her as he steps towards the door.

LÚTHIEN (CONT'D)

NO! BEREN!

As Luthien calls out his name, a ripple goes through the space. Even the glow of the Door of Morning wavers just slightly.

MAIA OF NÁMO (O.S)

DARO!

There are now three of Namo's Maiar here, each with a long, slender palm held up and outward towards the couple.

BEREN

Lúthien? How...?

Lúthien and Beren look at one another, confused and transfixed, before returning their gaze to the Maiar.

MAIA OF NÁMO

Both of ye are to come
with us. Ye are summoned
before Námó. He will speak

your doom and unravel your
entwined fates.

FADE OUT:

FADE TO:

EXT. MANDOS - HALL OF TAPESTRIES

Beren and Lúthien walk hand-in-hand behind the Maia of
Námo.

BEREN

What a strange place.

Lúthien is overjoyed again to hear his voice and wraps her
arms around his neck, causing him to spin about in
midstride, laughing quietly. The Maia pauses for a moment,
bringing them back to their wits and they begin to follow
again.

LÚTHIEN

Does it hurt you?

BEREN

No. It is not that way.

LÚTHIEN

Do you want to go?

BEREN

No. And ... yes. I must go.
And wherever that door
leads... That is where I
should be. My spirit is
drawn to it.

Lúthien nods slowly, starting to understand.

LÚTHIEN

I am sorry.

BEREN

Do not be. All my fathers
before me have been faced
with that door. But..I
forsook my family when I
placed my hand in yours.

LÚTHIEN

And yet you are still
mortal. It is cruel, that
you must in the end be
parted from them or from
me.

BEREN

I would stay with you...if I
could. But it is beyond my
power.

LÚTHIEN

And beyond mine to hold
you here. And... It might be
wrong to try.

The two of them walk underneath a strange tapestry of a
funny little bearded man with a yellow hat standing next to
a taller, slender woman with blonde hair, bound up in
dozens of tiny braids [GOLDBERRY]. She wears a white,
belted gown and a beaming, bright smile. The two hold hands
under a young willow tree in a bright young forest.

LÚTHIEN (CONT'D)

Thank you for waiting for
me.

BEREN

I am uncertain how much I
had to do with it, myself.
I kept hearing your voice

telling me to wait, and as much as I knew I must, I could not go until I had seen you.

LÚTHIEN

Then I fear that our story truly may be ending here.

BEREN

Then we shall face that end together. Whatever may come after.

LÚTHIEN

Whatever may come after.

CUT TO:

INT. MANDOS - TAPESTRY HALL

VAIRË is busy at her loom, while NÁMO stands nearby, looking up at a tapestry above him. As Beren and Lúthien approach, he turns to face them, towering over them. Above him, the tapestry he was looking at depicts the two of them standing before him under a tapestry that depicts the two of them standing before him under a tapestry that depicts the two of them standing before him and ad infinitum.

Beren stares up at it in amazement, but Lúthien lets escape from her just the barest hint of a laugh.

NÁMO

Beren, son of Barahir.
Lúthien, daughter of
Melian. Welcome to Mandos.
Your journey here has been
fraught with hardship,
danger, and sorrow. Your
fates are linked in a way

that no two of different
kindreds have been before.

Beren and Lúthien exchange a glance.

NÁMO (CONT'D)

Lúthien, I have long
awaited thy coming. For
while thou art clearly one
of the Eldar, thy *fëa* hath
part of its source from
beyond Eä in the Timeless
Halls of Eru Ilúvatar. How
thy mother hath
accomplished this is a
mystery even to the Valar.

He looks back at the tapestry behind him, gesturing towards
it.

NAMO (CONT'D)

Beyond this moment, I
cannot see thy fate.

Beren smiles at Lúthien, with a glint of pride in his eye.
That all fades, though, when Námo speaks his name.

NÁMO (CONT'D)

Beren, however, is an even
greater puzzle. As a
mortal, thy soul entered
my halls to pass through
the Door of Morning into
what awaits thee.

Beren gives Lúthien an uncomfortable glance now. Námo
himself seems puzzled, and maybe a touch irritable.

NÁMO (CONT'D)

Which thou didst not do.
In the long ages of the

world, some mortals have
feared to enter the Door,
some have even attempted
to resist its call. But
all have passed through.
How is it that thy *fëa*
hath remained?

BEREN

(hesitantly)

I know not, O Lord of
Mandos. Lúthien bade me
wait for her, and I did.
If it were in me to will
it so, I would never leave
her side.

LÚTHIEN

If Beren must enter the
Door, Lord, I would follow
him.

NÁMO

(sharply)

Thou canst not. No Elda
may pass thither, nor Ainu
either. Even the Valar may
not pass out of Eä while
it lasts. That gift is
granted to the Secondborn
of Eru, but not to thee.

LÚTHIEN

But why must we be thus
parted forever? Can this
doom not be changed?

NÁMO

Forever? Not far-sighted
 Manwë, nor even Vairë's
 Loom can know what
 eternity holds for any of
 us. And it is not my doom
 to change, but that of Eru
 Ilúvatar. It is not given
 the Valar to alter the
 gifts granted thee by the
 One.

LÚTHIEN

What then will you do?

Mandos brushes aside the question with one of his own.

NÁMO

How didst thou keep him
 here? Or restore his
 voice? Beren possesseth
 not the power to forestall
 his fate. Was it thy words
 that stayed him? I sense
 something greater at work
 here?

Luthien's eyes well up as she looks to Beren beside her.

LÚTHIEN

I know not. Only that I
 could not bear to be
 parted from him. And I
 still cannot bear it. If
 Beren must pass through
 the Door of Morning, so
 must I try to do so. And
 keep trying, even unto the
 ending of the world.

NÁMO

If that is thy desire. It
 is not given to the
 Firstborn or to the Ainur
 to pass through the Door.

Námo turns away from the couple, looking back up at the
 tapestry.

NÁMO (CONT'D)

This was not revealed in
 the Music. What is its
 meaning?

Lúthien turns away herself, then looks up. She sees another
 tapestry, this one depicting an Elvish maiden in a blue
 mantle, dancing in a wood, while a man in ragged clothing
 stands at the edge of the clearing watching her with wide
 eyes. Desperation fills her eyes and she lets out a long,
 keening cry of a note that turns into the beginning of a
 song. Vairë ceases her labors for the first time and looks
 up. Námo turns to face her as Beren already has.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEAK OF TANIQUETIL

VARDA looks over her shoulder from her throne where she is
 seated beside MANWË, whose hand she suddenly reaches out
 for.

CUT TO:

INT. MANDOS - TAPESTRY HALL

Lúthien begins a song of three verses. The first focuses on
 the Elvish experience .

The second describes a man taking lodging with an Elf and
 the two becoming friends. But eventually, the man must take
 his leave. This is not his home.

The third is about Beren and Lúthien themselves, though not
 explicitly as they are unnamed. It describes their play in
 the forest, and Beren becoming weary of their chase. It

then describes Lúthien pleading with Beren to wait for her, and to tarry with her, even at the very door which would take him beyond the world.

When the song ends, Lúthien and Beren look up to see Námo standing above them. He says nothing, and neither do they. A single tear falls down his cheek.

For the first time, Vairë makes a sound as her breath catches in her throat. She looks down, placing a hand on the detail she has been working. Her hand rests on the eye of her husband, and a single tear at its corner.

FADE TO:

INT. MANDOS - TAPESTRY HALL

Beren and Lúthien are seated on the floor, nestled against one another. Vairë is still working, some distance away from them. The image on her loom depicts Námo standing before the thrones of Manwë and Varda.

BEREN

Lúthien, you must promise
me something.

LÚTHIEN

Of course, love.

BEREN

You will live long ages
and ages hence. You must
not spend the life of Eä
mourning. You can go on to
have many years of joy and
peace.

LÚTHIEN

You know not what you ask,
or you would not ask it.
How can I have a happy
life when half my heart

has left the world where I
cannot follow? To be
without you is an eternal
ache that no joy in even
the Blessed Realm can
heal.

BEREN

How can either of us know
peace, then, love?

Lúthien suppresses a sob.

LÚTHIEN

How can either of our
peoples ever find peace,
if there is this
uncrossable chasm between
us until the end of Arda?

Námo returns to the hall, and his appearance brings Beren
and Lúthien to their feet.

NÁMO

I have sought counsel from
Manwë, Lord of Arda, and
he hath revealed, through
probing his innermost
thought, the will of
Ilúvatar.

Beren and Lúthien clasp hands, facing Námo and his news
head on.

NÁMO (CONT'D)

Lúthien, because of thy
labours and thy sorrow,
thou shalt be released
from Mandos, and go to

Valimar, there to dwell
 until the world's end
 among the Valar,
 forgetting all griefs that
 thy life hath known.

LÚTHIEN

And Beren?

NÁMO (CONT'D)

(Shaking his head)

Beren cannot go thither.
 It is not permitted to the
 Valar to withhold Death
 from him, which is the
 gift of Ilúvatar to Men.

Beren takes Lúthien in his arms to comfort her, but she
 turns back to the Vala.

LÚTHIEN

How can this...

Námo holds up a hand, interrupting her and begins to speak
 again.

NÁMO

What shall be in this
 matter is not known to me.
 This is one of the fates
 thou mayest choose. The
 other is this: thou may
 become mortal, that thou
 might one day pass beyond
 the circles of the world,
 as Beren must.

Lúthien looks to Beren with unrestrained joy, and he to her
 in shock.

LÚTHIEN

(overjoyed)

I choose-

BEREN

Wait, love. Please think
on it for but a moment.

Námo nods approvingly.

LÚTHIEN

We can be together! As we
have wanted all this time!
What more is there to
think on? I know what
awaits. We may travel
through the Door together.

BEREN

Aye, we may. But to what
end? We know not even that
we should be together on
the other side.

Lúthien recoils from Beren for a moment.

LÚTHIEN

What do you mean? Your
people speak of joining
their fathers and father's
fathers beyond the grave.
Why should it not be so
for us?

BEREN

(struggling to articulate)

People speak of many
things of which they know
little. Beyond the Door,
we have no knowledge of

our fate, nor even do the
Valar. Awaiting us may be
nothing at all, or even
further suffering.

LÚTHIEN

Is that then what you
believe? That you shall
pass beyond the circles of
the world and into
annihilation?

BEREN

(hesitantly)

No. No, it is not. I fear
not what lies beyond the
Door for myself. But you...
you could have that
certainty.

Lúthien smiles and takes Beren's hand (and wrist) in hers.

LÚTHIEN

This is certainty. Us.
Have you learned nothing
for all our travails?
Whatever awaits us beyond
the Door. We can face it
together. I am not afraid.
Nor would I have you fear
for me.

Beren looks on her with wonder in his eyes once more and
nods silently.

LÚTHIEN (CONT'D)

(To Námo)

I choose mortality, and
 freedom from the bonds of
 Eä in death.

NÁMO

You will both return to
 Middle-earth, there to
 dwell again for a time.
 Thou wilt not have
 certitude of life nor joy
 there. Thou wouldst become
 mortal, and subject to a
 second death, even as
 Beren shall be; and ere
 long thou wilt leave the
 world forever, and thy
 beauty become only a
 memory in song.

And Beren, wilt thou tarry
 yet further, and return to
 Middle-earth with Lúthien?

BEREN

I will.

NÁMO

So it shall be.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. MENEGROTH - THINGOL'S CHAMBERS

Thingol sits hunched over his game board, its pieces strewn about as if not put away from a game long ended. He appears aged in a way few of the Eldar have ever been. His cheeks are wan and sunken, his eyes dull, lacking the light of the Calaquendi. Not far away, the Silmaril sits in a glass case on a table. Thingol's expression is distant and mournful, then a hand is placed upon his shoulder.

He looks up into the face of Lúthien. She is not the same. Her cheeks are fuller, with laugh lines around her eyes and lips, and the odd grey hair glistens in her dark tresses.

None of that is perceived by Thingol. In a moment, life returns to him, he takes her in his arms and lifts her, surprised now herself, over his head, tossing her up like one would a child. His laughter draws in Melian, who rushes to hold her daughter, overjoyed. But as their eyes meet, some of Melian's joy is dampened by the sorrow of knowing what has been done.

Beren stands in the doorway, somewhat sheepishly, until Melian reaches a hand out to him, drawing him in to the family circle.

INT. MENEGROTH - MELIAN'S GROTTA

Lúthien and Melian are seated in the grotto, Melian very clearly deep in sorrow, with Lúthien holding her hands comfortingly as they look into each other's eyes.

INT. MENEGROTH - THRONE ROOM

Beren and Lúthien are presented by THINGOL and MELIAN at court. Most of the Sindar react in wonder and sorrow, though some, like Saeros and his friends, are mortified at the change in Lúthien. The children of Doriath take no notice, though, happily rushing in to cover Lúthien and Beren with new spring flowers.

FADE TO:

INT. HIMRING WAR ROOM

MAEDROS, MAGLOR, CURUFIN, CARANTHIR, CELEGORM, and AMRAS are standing around the map table strewn with papers in the center of the room, their faces flickering in torchlight and half shadows.

MAEDHROS

Brothers, I call you here
with tidings of greatest
import. Beren, a mortal of

the House of Bëor, and
Lúthien, daughter of the
King of Doriath...

Maedhros throws a pointed look each at Celegorm and
Curufin.

MAEDHROS (CONT'D)

...have accomplished the
impossible.

Curufin leans forward in disbelief.

Caranthir has a dangerous glimmer in his eyes.

CARANTHIR

A Silmaril which
rightfully belongs to us.
We must press our rights
and claim that which is
ours.

CURUFIN

Aye, Doriath must face the
consequences of first
claiming, then harboring
the heirloom of the House
of Fëanor.

MAGLOR

(Worried)

Peace, brothers! The
Sindar of Doriath are our
kin, however distant.

Maedhros raises his arms for quiet.

MAEDHROS

Consider, all of you, the
magnitude of what Beren

and Lúthien have achieved.
Despite our might and the
combined power of our
armies, not one of you has
so much as SEEN a Silmaril
since they were stolen.

That brings true quiet among the brothers.

MAGLOR

We should strive for
peace, however the desire
to fulfill our Oath should
burn within our hearts.

Maedhros nods before speaking again.

MAEDHROS

Beren and Lúthien have
reminded us of the
strength that lies in love
and unity. Our own
differences must be put
aside as an example to the
other Noldor, and indeed
all of the Free Folk of
Beleriand, if we are to
ever be in union with them
again. Surely, their
daring does not surpass
our own.

FADE TO:

Frame scene: Arwen expresses her newfound Estel to her
father after the departure of Aragorn.

FADE OUT:

END ACT IV

TAG I

FADE IN:

EXT. HILLS OF DORTHONION - UNDER SHADOW

Orcs march in columns over a hastily-built road through the hills, some driving teams hauling equipment and supplies. They pass beneath a crest of rock, upon which GLAURUNG, Dragon-lord of Dorthonion is perched, his head arched high above his armies as he lets off a gout of flame.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUE MOUNTAINS - WEST FACE

A huge encampment of humans lies at the feet of the mountains, rivaling even that of the Estolad. In the woods above the encampment, a single drop of blood strikes the forest floor from above, where an enormous bat sits on a branch, covering its neck with a wing that transforms into a hand, covering the still-wounded throat of SAURON. His eyes take on a grim and determined look as he surveys the settlement below.

CUT TO:

EXT. DORTHONION - RIVIL'S WELL

DAERON clammers up the side of a ridge, following NIDHÔL. Nidhól yelps pitiably as it crests the ridge, looking back to Daeron. The bard pats the dog's head reassuringly, but his face goes white with dread as he looks down into the box canyon from whence comes the Rivil.

Down in the pool that is the source of the river, surrounded by mud and filth, is a snakelike brood of young dragons, writhing over and snapping at one another.

FADE OUT:

END TAG I

TAG II

FADE IN:

EXT BRETHIL - BEORIAN VILLAGE (GRAVEYARD)- EARLY MORNING

Emeldir and the other refugees are clad for travel. RIAN and Morwen stand near Emeldir, Morwen holding the staff of Bëor. Emeldir's arms are outstretched and across them is Bëor's stole, which was last worn by Andreth. Emeldir lays the garment across a cairn, marked with the wise woman's name. She strokes one of the stones thoughtfully before straightening up, her left hand leaning on the hilt of Narsil. She reaches out to take the staff from Morwen in her right hand, revealing the ring of Barahir on her finger, and gestures for the people to move out. The long train makes their way past some of the Haladin, who wave warmly, but not sorrowfully, at their passing.

FADE OUT:

END TAG II

TAG III

FADE IN:

EXT. COTTAGE OF THE DEAD THAT LIVE

A well-built cottage stands near the edge of an island in a lake, surrounded by well-tended vegetable gardens, a small enclosure for milk goats, and a henhouse. Beren is working to tie up a bean plant to better follow its trellis when he looks up as if called. Smiling broadly, he moves through the gardens until he reaches the door of the cottage where a solidly pregnant Lúthien awaits him. They kiss warmly and take each other's hands before turning to look out at their home.

DISSOLVE TO:

The image of Beren and Lúthien standing in the doorway of their cottage becomes an identical image in the fine detail of a woven cloth. Taking a broader view, images of their story surrounding this one, and broader still, these make up an image of Beren and Lúthien standing with the Silmaril glowing between them. This in turn is but one of three images, one of which represents a tall, dark-haired man holding a black sword, and a blonde man in Elvish armor, standing beside IDRIL. The three images themselves stand above what appears to be a circlet worn by a shadowed figure, its face blocked out by light from a brilliant gem in the center of the circlet. The gem becomes brighter and brighter until it becomes an actual star-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVENDELL - NIGHT

-in the sky above Rivendell. Looking up at that star, standing on a balcony, is Elrond.

FADE TO BLACK:

END TAG III**THE END**