
HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON

By Dean DeBlois & Chris Sanders

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⌘ PART I:

North Sea & Village at night

*We skim above a dark, wild ocean.
The camera turns toward a lone island, Berk.
It is a gigantic shard of rock jutting
straight out of the water.*

HICCUP

This, is Berk. It's twelve days North of hopeless,
and a few degrees South of freezing to death.

It's located solidly on the meridian of misery.

*The camera drifts over rolling hills to reveal a small
village nestled on an outcropping of sea mounts.*

HICCUP

My village. In a word, sturdy. And it's been here for
seven generations, but every single building is new.

HICCUP

We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the
sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see,
most places have mice or mosquitos. We have...

*Sheep graze peacefully on a hillside. Suddenly one is
snatched.*

Into Stoick's House

*A door is pulled open... as a dragon swoops direct-
ly toward it, blasting fire. The door is slammed.*

*The fire shoots through the slats of wood, illu-
minating Hiccup, a gangly teenage Viking.*

HICCUP

...dragons.

He reopens the sizzling door, as leaps off of the front porch. He weaves through the erupting mayhem as Vikings pour out of the buildings, ready for a fight.

More dragons swarm in, setting roof-tops alight and hauling off sheep.

HICCUP
Most people would leave. Not us. We're Vikings. We have stubbornness issues. Vikings sound the alarm. Viking men and women pour out into the streets, axes in hand.

Hiccup is darting through alleys, staying under leaves, making his way through the battle.

HICCUP
My name's Hiccup. Great name, I know. But it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that.

Dragons sweep back and forth, dodging axes and blasting the Vikings who throw them. A burly warrior gets tossed in an explosion, knocking Hiccup to the ground.

VIKING	
Arggghhhhh! Mornin'!	Cheery, Insane

Hiccup gets to his feet and continues to rush past gigantic men and women.

HICCUP
Meet the neighbors. Hoark the Haggard...

HOARK
What are you doing out!?

HICCUP
... Burnthair the Broad...

BURNTHAIR
Get inside!

HICCUP
... Phlegma the Fierce...

PHLEGMA THE FIERCE
Get back inside!

HICCUP
...Ack.

He passes a silent ox of a viking, picking his ear.

HICCUP
Yep, just Ack.

Enter Stoick, the biggest Viking of all. He yanks Hiccup from the path of a strafing dragon and holds aloft to the crowd.

STOICK
Hiccup!?
What is he doing out again?
What are you doing out?! Get inside!

The flames light up his scowling face and matted red beard. He sets Hiccup down and turns to the sky, searching.

HICCUP

That's Stoick the Vast. Chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it?

Stoick grabs a wooden cart and hurls it, knocking the strafing dragon out of the sky.

HICCUP
Yes I do.

An explosion forces Vikings to duck. Stoick stands firm, brushing flaming debris off of his shoulder.

STOICK
What have we got?

VIKING #1
Gronkles.

Zipplebacks.
Oh, and Hoark saw a Monstrous Nightmare.

STOICK
Any Night Furies?

VIKING #1
None so far.

STOICK

Good.

VIKING
Hoist the torches!

Massive flaming braziers are raised on poles, lighting up the night sky... and revealing swirling dragons of all types.

Below, Hiccup crosses an open plaza and ducks into an open building with a tall chimney.

At the Blacksmith hall

He crosses behind a counter, where a peg-legged, one-armed hulk of a Blacksmith r shapes blades with a hammer and tongs appendage.

GOBBER
Ah! Nice of you to join the party. I thought you'd been carried off.

Hiccup dons a leather apron and starts to put away Gobber's cattered appendages.

HICCUP

Who me? Nah, come on! I'm way too muscular for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with all this.

Hiccup strikes a bodybuilder pose.

GOBBER

They need toothpicks, don't they?

Hiccup gets to work, transferring bent and chipped weapons to the forge as Vikings crowd the counter for replacements.

HICCUP

The meathead with attitude and interchangeable hands is Gobber. I've been his apprentice ever since I was little. Well...littler.

STOICK

We move to the lower defenses. We'll counter-attack with the catapults.

Armed men rush past, flanking others who carry sheep to safety. Stoick follows up the rear as, overhead, a dragon strafes the rooftops with Napalm-like fire.

HICCUP

See? Old village. Lots and lots of new houses.

VIKING
FIRE!

In response, the fire brigade charges through the plaza—Four teens, tugging a large wooden cask on wheels. From it, they fill buckets of water to douse the flames. One among them is a cute, energetic Viking girl. Hiccup leans out of the stall to watch her.

HICCUP

Oh and that's Fishlegs, Snotlout. The twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut. And..

...Astrid.

A slow-motion explosion erupts behind her, framing her in a sexy ball of fire. The others join her, looking awesome and heroic.

HICCUP

Their job is so much cooler.

Hiccup tries to join them as they pass, but he's hooked by Gobber and hoisted back inside.

HICCUP

Pleading

Ah, come on. Let me out, please. I need to make my mark.

GOBBER

Oh, you’ve made plenty of marks. All in the wrong places.

HICCUP

Please, two minutes. I’ll kill a dragon. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date.

GOBBER

You can't lift a hammer. You can't swing an axe...

Gobber grabs a bola iron balls connected by rope.

GOBBER

... you can't even throw one of these.

A Viking runs by and nabs it out of Gobber's hand, hurling it at a dive-bombing Gronkle. The bola binds its legs, sending it into a heavy crash.

HICCUP

ready with the answer

Okay fine, but...

He rushes to the back corner of the stall and presents a bizarre, wheel barrow-like contraption.

HICCUP

... this will throw it for me.

Hiccup opens the hinged lid of the device. An arm springs up, equipped with twin bows.

They prematurely launch a bola, narrowly missing Gobber...

...and taking out a Viking at the counter.

VIKING

Arggh!

GOBBER

See, now this right here is what I’m talking about.

HICCUP

Mild calibration issue.

GOBBER

Hiccup. If you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop all...

Gobber gestures in Hiccup's general direction.

... this.

HICCUP

Astonished

But... you just pointed to all of me.

GOBBER

Yes! That's it! Stop being all of you.

At the lower plains of the village	
	<i>Nadders land, gathering like seagulls around a seemingly vacant house.</i>
HICCUP Ohhhh...	HICCUP A Nadder head is sure to get me at least noticed.
GOBBER Ohhhhh, yes.	<i>The Nadders clamber onto the building, tearing the roof and walls apart. Sheep pour out and scatter.</i>
HICCUP You, sir, are playing a dangerous game. Keeping this much, raw...Vikingness contained.	<i>Elsewhere, hippo-like Gronckles pick drying racks clean of fish and fly off like loaded pelicans.</i>
There will be consequences!	HICCUP Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend.
<i>Gobber tosses him a sword.</i>	<i>A stealthy, snake-like dragon head peeks over a rooftop, breathing gas into a chimney.</i>
GOBBER I'll take my chances. Sword. Sharpen. Now.	HICCUP A Zippelback? Exotic, exciting. Two heads, twice the status.
<i>Hiccup takes it begrudgingly and lobs it onto the grinding wheel. He stews... fantasizing...</i>	<i>A second head pokes through the door and lights it.</i>
HICCUP One day I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything around here.	<i>KABLAM!</i> <i>The two heads fly through the explosion, their necks zipping together to reveal a single body. It flies past Stoick as he climbs to the top of a catapult tower.</i>

CATAPULT OPERATOR They found the sheep!	
STOICK	
Concentrate fire over the lower bank!	<i>frustrated</i>
CATAPULT OPERATOR Fire!	
<i>Boulders are catapulted at the corralling Nadders...</i> <i>Just as a huge red dragon whips past, spraying the base of the catapult with sticky fire.</i>	
HICCUP And then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire.	
<i>It emerges from the flames, climbing the catapult with a leering, toothy grin.</i>	
STOICK Reload! I'll take care of this.	
<i>Stoick takes on the Nightmare, face to hammer.</i> <i>Suddenly, a loud ballistic moaning streaks overhead. The catapult crew ducks.</i>	

INT. BLACKSMITH STALL	
	<i>Hiccup looks up from his work, reacting to the same sound.</i>
HICCUP But the ultimate prize is the dragon no one has ever seen. We call it the--	
VIKING Night Fury! Get down!	
	<i>Vikings everywhere take shelter. The moaning sound builds.</i>

EXT. VILLAGE - CATAPULT - CONTINUOUS	
	<i>The Monstrous Nightmare suddenly stops fighting and takes flight.</i>
	<i>Stoick looks skyward.</i>
STOICK JUMP!	
KABOOM!	
	<i>The Catapult explodes as though hit by an artillery shell... sending Stoick and the crew leaping for their lives.</i>

HICCUP

This thing never steals food, never shows itself, and...

The sound recedes, leaving the crippled catapult in flames..

...never misses.

No one has ever killed a Night Fury.

HICCUP

...That's why I'm going to be the first.

In the stall

Gobber trades his hammer for an axe.

GOBBER

Man the fort, Hiccup, they need me out there!

Gobber pauses.
Turns with a threatening glare.

Stay.

Put.

There.

You know what I mean.

Gobber charges into the fray, hollering.

A smirk crosses on Hiccup's face.

Village - Moments later

WHAM! Hiccup pushes his wheeled contraption through a wall of clustered Vikings. He weaves through the ongoing mayhem, as fast as his legs can carry him.

VIKING #6

Hiccup, where are you going!

VIKING #7

Come back here!

HICCUP

I know. Be right back!

On the plain below

*The Nadders have cornered the house-full of sheep.
They close in, ready to spring upon them.*

Stoick suddenly appears, hurling fishing nets over them. The surprised Nadders are caught. Stoick and his men rush in.

*A Nadder blasts a hole through its net.
Stoick leaps onto it, clamping his thick arms
around its head, forcing its jaws shut.*

STOICK

Mind yourselves! The devils still have some juice in them.

On the plain above

Hiccup reaches a cliff overlooking the smoking catapult and drops the handles to the ground.

He cranks several levers, unfolding and then cocking the bowed arms of his contraption. He drops a bola onto a chamber and then pivots the weapon on a gimbal head toward the dark sky.

He listens, with his eye pressed to the scope, hand poised on the trigger. He hears the Night Fury approaching... and turns his aim to the defense tower. It closes in for the final strike, completely camouflaged in the night.

HICCUP
Come on. Give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at.

KABLAM! The tower topples. The blast of fire illuminates the dragon for a split second.

Hiccup pulls the trigger.

KERTHUNK! The flexed arms snap forward, springing the weapon off the ground. The bola disappears into the sky, followed by a whack and a screech.

HICCUP

Oh I hit it! Yes, I hit it! Did anybody see that?

Hiccup's victory is short-lived. A Monstrous Nightmare appears, slithering up over the lip of the cliff.

Except for you.

On Stoick, holding down the netted Nadders. He hears a familiar holler and looks up to see...

Hiccup running through the plaza, screaming, with the Nightmare fast on his heels.

Alarmed, Stoick abandons the Nadders and runs off.

STOICK

DO NOT let them escape!

to his men

In the plaza

*Vikings scatter as Hiccup dodges a near fatal blast. The Nightmare's sticky, Napalm-like fire splash-
es up onto buildings, setting them alight.*

*Hiccup ducks behind the last stand-
ing brazier -- the only shelter available.*

The Nightmare blasts it, spraying fire all around him.

*Hiccup peers around the smoldering post. No
sign of the Nightmare. He turns back to find
it leering at him, blocking his escape.*

It takes a deep breath.

Hiccup is finished.

*Suddenly, Stoick leaps between them, tack-
ling the Nightmare to the ground.*

They tumble and wrestle, resuming their earlier fight.

*The Nightmare tries to toast him,
but only coughs up smoke.*

STOICK
You're all out.

*He smashes the Nightmare repeatedly in the face,
driving it away. It takes to the air and disappears.*

Winded, Stoick turns to Hiccup.

HICCUP
Oh, and there's one more thing you need to know...

*The burnt brazier pole collapses, sending
the massive iron basket crashing.*

*It bounces down the hill, destroying as it
goes and scattering the Vikings who were
holding down the netted Nadders.*

The freed dragons escape... with several sheep in tow.

HICCUP
Sorry, dad.

At the upper plaza

*The escaped Nadders fly past with sheep
in their clutches. The raid is over.
The dragons have clearly won.
The murmuring crowd eyes Stoick, awaiting his response.*

HICCUP

Sheepish

Okay, but I hit a Night Fury.

Stoick grabs Hiccup by the back scruff of his collar and hauls him away, fuming with embarrassment.

HICCUP

It's not like the last few times, Dad. I mean I really actually hit it. You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down, just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there, before it--

STOICK

--STOP! Just...stop.

He releases Hiccup
Everyone goes silent, staring expectantly.

STOICK

Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter's almost here and I have an entire village to feed!

HICCUP

Between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding, don't ya think?

A few rotund Vikings stir self-consciously.

STOICK

This isn't a joke, Hiccup!

Expasterated

Why can't you follow the simplest orders?

HICCUP

I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to just... kill it, you know? It's who I am, Dad.

STOICK

You are many things, Hiccup. But a dragon killer is not one of them.

Hiccup looks around to see many nods of agreement.

STOICK

Get back to the house.

To Gobber

Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up.

Stoick lumbers off in the opposite direction. Gobber leads Hiccup through the walk of shame. They pass the teen fire brigade as they snicker.

TUFFNUT

Quite the performance.

SNOTLOUT
I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped!

HICCUP
Thank you, thank you. I was trying, so...

Hiccup avoids Astrid's glare and heads up toward a large house, standing prominently on the hill above the others.

I really did hit one.

GOBBER
Sure, Hiccup.

HICCUP
He never listens.

GOBBER
Well, it runs in the family.

HICCUP
And when he does, it's always with this... disappointed scowl. Like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich.

Excuse me, barmaid. I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms. Extra guts and glory on the side.

This here.

This is a talking fish bone.

GOBBER
You're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like. It's what's inside that he can't stand.

HICCUP
Thank you, for summing that up.

They reach the doorway.

GOBBER
Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not.

Hiccup sighs heavily.

HICCUP
I just want to be one of you guys.

Gobber eyes him sympathetically. Hiccup turns and goes through the front door. And straight out the back door. He hurries off into the woods, determined.

⌘ PART II:

At the Great Hall

*A noisy din of protesting voices leads to...
Stoick glowering in the firelight. Surrounded by his men.*

STOICK
Either we finish them or they'll finish us! It's the only way we'll be rid of them! If we find the nest and destroy it, the dragons will leave. They'll find another home.

*He sinks his blade into a...
large nautical map spread out on the table...
the blade pierces the middle of an uncharted corner,
swirling with painted sea monsters and dragons.*

STOICK
One more search. Before the ice sets in.

VIKING
Those ships never come back.

STOICK
We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard. Now who's with me?

Stoick throws up his fist. No one follows. The crowds shifts in restless silence. Head scratches. Eyes averted.

VIKING
Today's not good for me.

VIKING
I've gotta do my axe returns.

STOICK
Alright.
Those who stay will look after Hiccup.

Hands jut into the air, volunteers galore. Enthusiastic murmurs of prep and packing fill the room.

PHLEGMA THE FIERCE
To the ships!

SPITELOUT
I'm with you Stoick!

STOICK
That's more like it.

The Vikings rush for the door, leaving Gobber and Stoick alone. Gobber gulps back the contents of his tankard attachment and scrapes back the bench.

GOBBER
I'll pack my undies.

STOICK
No, I need you to stay and train some new recruits.

GOBBER
Oh, perfect. And while I'm busy, Hiccup can cover the stall. Molten steel, razor sharp blades, lots of time to himself...what could possibly go wrong?

Stoick sinks onto the bench beside Gobber, his brow burdened.

STOICK
What am I going to do with him Gobber?

GOBBER
Put him in training with the others.

STOICK
No, I'm serious.

GOBBER
So am I.

Stoick turns to him, glaring.

STOICK
He'd be killed before you let the first dragon out of its cage.

GOBBER
Oh, you don't know that.

STOICK
I do know that, actually.

GOBBER
No, you don't.

STOICK
No, actually I do.

GOBBER
No you don't!

STOICK
Listen!
You know what he's like. From the time he could crawl he's been...different. He doesn't listen. Has the attention span of a sparrow. I take him fishing and he goes hunting for... for trolls.

GOBBER

Trolls exist! They steal your socks.

But only the left ones. What's with that?

STOICK
When I was a boy...

GOBBER

Oh here we go.

Grumbling

STOICK
My father told me to bang my head against a rock and I did it. I thought it was crazy, but I didn't question him. And you know what happened?

GOBBER
You got a headache.

STOICK
That rock split in two. It taught me what a Viking could do, Gobber. He could crush mountains, level forests, tame seas! Even as a boy, I knew what I was, what I had to become....

...Hiccup is not that boy.

GOBBER
You can't stop him, Stoick. You can only prepare him.

GOBBER
Look, I know it seems hopeless. But the truth is you won't always be around to protect him. He's going to get out there again. He's probably out there now.

View on Stoick, as Gobber's words hit their mark.

⌘ PART III

In the forest, daytime

*Close up on an open notebook.
A drawn map of the island, covered in X's.
Hiccup looks up from it and peeks
over a gorge, expectantly.*

Sees nothing.

*He adds another 'X' to the page, then scratch-
es his pencil over the whole map in frustration.
He snaps the book closed and pockets it.*

HICCUP

Uggh, the gods hate me. Some people lose their knife or
their mug. No, not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon.

*Hiccup whacks a low-hanging branch.
It snaps back at him, hitting him in the face.
He looks up to see a snapped tree trunk.
His eyes follow it to a long trench of up-turned earth.
He follows it to a downed, black dragon, its body
and tail tangled in a bola. It appears dead.
Hiccup approaches, beaming.*

HICCUP

Oh wow. I did it. I did it. This fixes everything.
Yes!

*He strikes a victory pose, planting his
foot on the fallen Night Fury.*

I have brought down this mighty beast!

It suddenly shifts.

Whoa!

*Hiccup springs back, terrified. He turns his blade
on it. Rattled, Hiccup creeps along the length of the
weak, wounded dragon, dagger poised to strike.*

*As he reaches the head, Hiccup finds the Night Fury
staring coldly at him. Hiccup tries to look away, but
he's drawn back to its unnerving, unflinching stare.*

*With the dragon safely tangled in the ropes, Hiccup jabs
with his dagger, puffing himself up with false bravado.*

HICCUP

I'm going to kill you, Dragon. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Viking.

I am a VIKING!

Hiccup raises the dagger, determined to prove his Viking-ness. The dragon's labored breathing breaks Hiccup's clenched concentration. He opens an eye, uncertainty leaking through. The dragon holds the stare. Something profound is exchanged.

Finally, the Night Fury closes its eye and lowers its head, resigned to its fate.

Hiccup tries to go through with it, holding the daggerloft... fighting himself...

...until finally lowering it with a frustrated sigh.He looks over the dragon's chaffed rope wounds.

HICCUP

I did this.

muttered, ashamed

He turns to leave.

Pauses.

And glances back at the dragon, chest heaving.

Hiccup GRUMBLES.

He checks over his shoulder to ensure that no one is watching...

...then hurries back to cut the ropes.

The Night Fury's eye shoots open. With the dragon watching his every move, Hiccup hurriedly saws through the bola ropes. As the last rope falls free, the Night Fury suddenly pounces!

In a blur, the dragon is upon him, pinning Hiccup down, grazing his neck. Looking like it's about to kill him. Hiccup is paralyzed. The dragon's breath ruffles his hair. Hiccup opens his eyes to find the Night Fury's wolf-like stare boring into him. The exchange is intense, profound.

The dragon draws a deep breath, as though it's about to torch him, then lets out an ear-piercing scream instead. It turns and takes flight, flapping violently through the canopy of trees. It bashes against a nearby mountain side, recovers, and drops out of view some distance away.

Winded, Hiccup struggles to his feet, staggers a few steps, collapses to his knees, and faints.

⌘ PART IV

In Stoick’s house

*Hiccup enters to see...
Stoick, seated on a thick slice of tree-trunk. He is slouched over the fire-pit, stirring the coals with his axe. Embers waft around his beard. Hiccup tries to sneak past, up the stairs to his room. Stoick seems none the wiser, when...*

STOICK
Hiccup.

HICCUP

Dad. Uh...

Caught

Stoick stands, takes a deep breath.

HICCUP
I, uh... I have to talk to you, Dad.

STOICK
need to speak with you too, son.

HICCUP **STOICK** -break
I've decided I don't want to I think it's time
you learn fight dragons. to fight dragons.

What? What?

STOICK
You go first.

HICCUP
No, you go first.

STOICK
Alright. You get your wish. Dragon training. You start in the morning.

HICCUP

Scrambling

Oh man, I should've gone first.
Uh,'cause I was thinking, you know we have
a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings,
but do we have enough bread-making Vikings,
or small home repair vikings—

STOICK
—You'll need this.

Stoick hands Hiccup his axe. Hiccup avoids taking it.

HICCUP

I don't want to fight dragons.

STOICK

Come on. Yes, you do.

HICCUP

Rephrase. Dad I can't kill dragons.

STOICK

But you will kill dragons.

HICCUP

No, I'm really very extra sure that I won't.

STOICK

It's time Hiccup.

HICCUP

Can you not hear me?

STOICK

This is serious son!

Stoick forces the axe into Hiccup's hands. Its weight drags him down. He looks up to see Stoick under-lit with firelight.

STOICK

When you carry this axe... you carry all of us with you. Which means you walk like us. You talk like us. You think like us. No more of...

Gesturing non-specifically at Hiccup

... this.

HICCUP

You just gestured to all of me.

STOICK

Deal?

HICCUP

This conversation is feeling very one-sided.

STOICK

DEAL?!

Hiccup glances at the axe in his hands. It's a no-win argument.

HICCUP

Deal.

Resigned

Satisfied, Stoick grabs his helmet and duffel bag ... and heads for the door.

STOICK
Good. Train hard. I'll be back.

Probably.

HICCUP
And I'll be here.

Maybe.

Stoick heads out the door, leaving Hiccup holding the axe.

⌘ PART V

At the training grounds

Gobber raises a massive iron gate at the entrance of a vast stone arena.

GOBBER
Welcome to dragon training!

The recruits file through the gate, and out onto the arena floor. They take it in like gladiators entering the colosseum. The walls are covered in scorched silhouettes of blasted Vikings. It's a grim yet awe-inspiring place.

ASTRID
No turning back.

TUFFNUT
I hope I get some serious burns.

RUFFNUT

I'm hoping for some mauling, like on my shoulder or lower back.

ASTRID

Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it.

HICCUP

Yeah, no kidding, right? Pain. Love it.

The recruits turn to see Hiccup behind them. Groans all around.

TUFFNUT

Oh great. Who let him in?

GOBBER

Let's get started! The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village.

SNOTLOUT

Hiccup already killed a Night Fury, so does that disqualify him or...?

The recruits laugh and chatter in the background.

TUFFNUT

Can I transfer to the class with the cool Vikings?

Gobber throws a supportive arm around Hiccup and ushers him along.

GOBBER

Don't worry. You're small and you're weak. That'll make you less of a target. They'll see you as sick or insane and go after the more Viking-like teens instead.

Gobber stick him in line with the others and continues on toward five massive reinforced doors. Terrible roars and bellows issue from within.

GOBBER

Behind these doors are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight.

Fishlegs bounces and giggles with excitement, barely able to contain himself.

GOBBER

The Deadly Nadder.

FISHLEGS

Speed eight. Armor sixteen.

GOBBER

The Hideous Zippleback.

FISHLEGS

Plus eleven stealth. Times two.

GOBBER

The Monstrous Nightmare.

FISHLEGS

Firepower fifteen.

GOBBER
The Terrible Terror.

FISHLEGS
Attack eight. Venom twelve.

GOBBER
CAN YOU STOP THAT?!

And...the Gronckle.

FISHLEGS

Jaw strength, eight.

quietly, to himself

Gobber pulls a lever, raising the cross
beam on the last of the doors.

SNOTLOUT
Whoa, wait! Aren't you gonna teach us first!?

GOBBER
I believe in learning on the job.

BAM!

A Gronkle thunders out of its cave, charging into
the ring like an irate rhino. The recruits scram

ble in every direction. Except for Ruffnut and Tuffnut
who rush toward it, like pumped-up rodeo clowns.

GOBBER
Today is about survival. If you get blasted, you're dead.
Quick, what's the first thing you're going to need?

HICCUP
A doctor?

FISHLEGS
Plus five speed?

ASTRID
A shield.

GOBBER
Shields. Go.

The recruits scramble for shields, finding
them scattered around the ring.

GOBBER
Your most important piece of equipment is
your shield. If you must make a choice be-
tween a sword or a shield, take the shield.

Hiccup struggles to lift his. Gobber helps
him and sends him running.

Ruff and Tuff stand amidst a dozen shields. But only
one has a skull painted on it. They both grab it.

TUFFNUT

Get your hands off my shield!

RUFFNUT

There are like a million shields!

TUFFNUT

Take that one, it has a flower on it. Girls like flowers.

Ruffnut uses the shield to bash Tuffnut in the face. He doesn't let go.

RUFFNUT

Ooops, now this one has blood on it.

The Gronckle takes aim at the distracted twins. Blam! The shield is blasted out of both of their hands. Tuff and Ruff SPIN like tops and go down.

GOBBER

Tuffnut, Ruffnut, you're out!

TUFFNUT & RUFFNUT

What?!

The Gronckle scoops up a pile of rocks and swallows them back. The teens gather on the far side of the ring.

GOBBER

Those shields are good for another thing. Noise. Make lots of it to throw off a dragon's aim.

The kids scoop up weapons and begin hammering on their shields. The Gronckle shakes its head at the clatter.

Gronkle's point of view, the teens targets become blurry and scrambled. It's working.

GOBBER

All dragons have a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronckle have?

SNOTLOUT

Five!

FISHLEGS

No, six.

GOBBER

Correct, six. That's one for each of you!

FISHLEGS

I really don't think my parents would—

BAM! Fishlegs has his shield blasted away.

GOBBER

Fishlegs, out.

Gobber spots Hiccup hiding from the Gronckle's molten slugs.

GOBBER

Hiccup, get in there!

Astrid is bouncing on her heels, ready to dodge a blast. Snotlout appears, trying to hit on her.

SNOTLOUT

So anyway I'm moving into my parents' base

ment. You should come by sometime to work out. You look like you work out--

She cartwheels out of the way, allowing a shot to shoot past her and hit Snotlout's shield. He's blasted onto his back.

GOBBER
Snotlout! You're done!

Astrid rolls to a stop beside Hiccup, who stirs awkwardly, trying to look cool.

HICCUP
So, I guess it's just you and me huh?

ASTRID
No. Just you.

Astrid rolls away. A split-second later a lava slug knocks Hiccup's shield clear off of his arm. Hiccup is exposed.

GOBBER
One shot left!

Hiccup panics and chases after his shield as it rolls across the ring. The sudden movement sends the Gronckle chasing after him, leaving Astrid in the clear.

GOBBER
Hiccup!

The Gronckle drives straight toward Hiccup, pinning him against the wall. It opens its mouth and cocks its tail, ready to fire point-blank.

at the last second, causing its head to jerk back and fire against the stone wall above Hiccup's head.

GOBBER
And that's six!

Gobber wrestles the irate Gronckle back into his pen.

Go back to bed, ya overgrown sausage! You'll get another chance, don't you worry.

Slam! Lock. Gobber turns to the recruits.

GOBBER
Remember... a dragon will always,

with a stern look to Hiccup

...always go for the kill.

He hoists Hiccup to his feet and walks off. Hiccup looks overhead to see a steaming pit in the solid stone wall.

Enter the hidden cove, at dusk

HICCUP, battered after another disastrous day in the ring. He studies the remnants of the discarded bola...

...revealing that he's back at the scene of the crime.

HICCUP

So...why didn't you?

He drops the bola and presses on in the direction it flew off. He drops into a rocky crevice and follows it to an isolated cove complete with a pristine spring pool.

He scans the high stone walls... then notices a single black scale on the ground. He crouches and picks it up, studying it.

HICCUP

Well this was stupid.

Suddenly, the Night Fury blasts past him.

Hiccup recoils, watching the massive beast struggle to climb the walls.

It flaps violently, then peels away to a rough landing. The dragon is trapped.

Hiccup grins, excited to see it again, and slips closer. He watches as the dragon, exhausted and frustrated, leaps into the air, beating its wings furiously.

Again and again, it rolls uncontrolled and crashes heavily.

Muttered

As if remembering to snap a photo, Hiccup pulls a leather- bound book and flips past drawings of weapons to a blank page. He sketches the dragon quickly, desperate to record the image.

The Fury claws at the steep rock walls, trying climb out of the cove. It slips and falls hard, crushing several saplings. The Fury rolls back to his feet and slowly crawls to the water's edge. He spots fish in the shallow water and snaps at them... but comes up empty. He lowers his head, looking weakened.

HICCUP

Why don't you just...fly away?

Hiccup spots the problem.

He adjusts his drawing, carefully erasing one half of the dragon's tail. He accidentally drops the charcoal stick. It rolls off of the rock outcropping that hides him from view and bounces into the cove.

TINK.

TINK.

TINK.

The Night Fury raises his head, spotting Hiccup.

Muttered

⌘ PART VI

At the Great Hall at night

A storm is brewing outside. The great doors rattle on their hinges.

GOBBER
Alright. Where did Astrid go wrong in the ring today?

The recruits are seated at a table, eating dinner by the glow of the fire pit.

ASTRID
I mistimed my summersault dive. It was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble.

Eye rolls from the group.

RUFFNUT
Yeah. We noticed.

SNOTLOUT
No, no, you were great. That was so ‘Astrid’.

GOBBER
She’s right, you have to be tough on yourselves.

Creak. All eyes turn to Hiccup, entering the hall.

GOBBER
Where did Hiccup go wrong?
glaring at Hiccup

He tries to take a seat at the table...

RUFFNUT
He showed up.

TUFFNUT
He didn’t get eaten.

... but the recruits keep closing the gaps. Rolling his eyes, Hiccup sits at the vacant table next to them.

ASTRID
He’s never where he should be.

GOBBER
Thank you, Astrid.

Gobber stands.

GOBBER
You need to live and breathe this stuff.

Gobber lays a giant book in the center of the table.

GOBBER
The dragon manual. Everything we know about every dragon we know of.

A rumble of thunder shakes the hall.
Rain pours down outside.

GOBBER
No attacks tonight. Study up.

Gobber exits into the storm, leaving the teens staring at the book.

TUFFNUT
Wait, you mean read?

RUFFNUT
While we're still alive?

SNOTLOUT
Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about?

FISHLEGS
Oh! I've read it like, seven times. There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. And there's this other one that buries itself for like a week...

The teens stare as Fishlegs goes on too long.

TUFFNUT
Yeah, that sounds great. There was a

chance I was going to read that...

RUFFNUT
...but now...

Snotlout gets up to go.

SNOTLOUT
You guys read, I'll go kill stuff. The others follow, with Fishlegs in tow.

FISHLEGS
Oh and there's this other one that has these spines that look like trees...

Astrid is the last to go.

HICCUP
So I guess we'll share--

ASTRID
Read it.

She pushes it toward him and leaves.

HICCUP
All mine then. Wow, so okay. I'll see you--

—Slam.

HICCUP
—Tomorrow.

Later in the night	
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div><i>Hiccup opens the massive book.</i></div><div><i>Thunder booms outside.</i></div><div><i>The hall is vacant and dark, but for the few candles he's pulled together.</i></div><div><i>Hiccup pours through page after page of strange and frightening dragons.</i></div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>HICCUP</div><div>Dragon classifications. Strike class.</div><div>Fear class. Mystery class.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div><i>Hiccup turns the page.</i></div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>HICCUP</div><div>Thunderdrum.</div><div>This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools.</div><div>When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Extremely dangerous.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Kill on sight.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div><i>Hiccup's eyes drift to a lurid illustration of decapitated Vikings. Another page, another dragon.</i></div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>HICCUP</div><div>Timberjack.</div><div>This gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown trees...</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>...extremely dangerous.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Kill on sight.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div><i>The illustrations seem to take on a life of their own, shifting and squirming in the candlelight.</i></div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>HICCUP</div><div>Scauldron.</div><div>Sprays scalding water at its victim.</div></div></div></div></div>

	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div><i>The storm outside rages against the shuttered windows. Hiccup is startled, but presses on.</i></div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>HICCUP</div><div>Changewing.</div><div>Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Kill on sight.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div><i>He begins flipping through the pages. A blur of dragons...</i></div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>HICCUP</div><div>Gronckle.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>The Skrill.</div></div><div><div><div>Zippleback.</div></div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Bone Knapper.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Whispering Death.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Burns its victims.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Buries its victims.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Chokes its victims.</div></div><div><div><div>Turns its victims inside-out.</div></div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Extremely dangerous.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Extremely dangerous.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Kill on sight.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Kill on sight.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>Kill on sight...</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div><i>Hiccup finally lands upon the page he's been looking for.</i></div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div>HICCUP</div><div>Night Fury.</div></div></div></div></div>
	<div><div><div><div><div></div><div><i>It's blank— no image, save for a few, sparse details.</i></div></div></div></div></div>

HICCUP

Speed unknown.
Size unknown.
The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself.
Never engage this dragon.

Your only chance,

hide and pray it does not find you.

*Hiccup pulls his sketchbook out of his vest
and opens it to his drawing of Toothless.*

He lays it over the book's blank page and considers it.

At the high seas in dawn

*A painted dragon, with a sword run through
it. It's the billowing sail of Stoick's ship.*

*Stoick hovers over the familiar nautical map
-- his eyes on the uncharted corner, swirl-
ing in mist and illustrations of dragons.*

STOICK

I can almost smell them. They're close. Steady.

*Stoick raises his gaze to... an epic fog bank, tow-
ering from sky to sea like a bruised, daunting
curtain, beyond which nothing is visible.
The three ships drift alongside it, skirting its solid edge,
looking for an opening. ON DECK the crewmen mill
nervously, all too aware of what Stoick is considering.*

STOICK

Take us in.

*The helmsman steers Stoick's ship into the fog. The
men draw their weapons, prepping for the worst.*

VIKING

Hard to port... for Helheim's gate.

*The first ship disappears into the white-
out, followed by the other two.*

At the Training Grounds, daytime

*Close up view of a dragon painted onto a shield.
Hiccup runs his finger over its outline.*

HICCUP
You know, I just happened to notice the book had nothing on Night Furies. Is there another book? Or a sequel? Maybe a little Night Fury pamphlet?

KABLAM! A blast takes the axe head off of Hiccup's hilt, leaving a smoking hole behind him. Hiccup yelps and runs.

GOBBER
FOCUS Hiccup! You're not even trying.

Cut back to reveal a Deadly Nadder, loose in a maze-like arrangement of moveable walls. Gobber calls orders from above.

GOBBER
Today... is all about attack.

The Nadder hops from wall to wall, sending the recruits scurrying.

GOBBER
Nadders are quick and light on their feet. Your job is to be quicker and lighter.

The teens move in, stumbling over Hiccup and his unwieldy shield. The Nadder spots Fishlegs' ample rear hiding behind a wall. It whips its tail of spikes.

Fishlegs screams and lifts an entire wall to shield himself from the spray.

FISHLEGS
I'm really beginning to question your teaching methods.

GOBBER
Look for its blind spot. Every dragon has one. Find it, hide in it, and strike.

RUFFNUT

Do you ever bathe?

Whispered

TUFFNUT
If you don't like it, then just get your own blind spot.

RUFFNUT
How about I give you one!

Ruff and Tuff shove each other, till their movement and noise gives them away. The Nadder attacks, snapping at both of them.

GOBBER
Blind spot? Yes. Deaf spot? Not so much. Hiccup wanders up to Gobber, while the others dart past.

HICCUP
Hey, so how would one sneak up on a Night Fury?

GOBBER
None one's ever met one and lived to tell the tale. Now get in there.

HICCUP

I know, I know, but hypothetically...

ASTRID

Hiccup!

Whispered

She puts her finger to her lips and gestures for him to hide.

A moment later, the Nadder leaps over the walls, surprising them by landing in front of her.

Astrid somersaults into its blind spot, confusing it. She rears back to strike

-- just as Snotlout leaps in,, protectively sweeping Astrid behind him.

SNOTLOUT

Watch out babe. I'll take care of this.

ASTRID

Hey!

Snotlout misses.. Astrid glares at him.

SNOTLOUT

Defensive

The sun was in my eyes, Astrid. What do you want me to do, block out the sun? I could do that, but I don't have time right now!

The Nadder tears off after her, knocking down walls in pursuit. She leaps and dives like a highly trained gymnast. Hiccup wanders up to Gobber again.

HICCUP

They probably take the daytime off. You know, like a cat. Has anyone ever seen one napping?

GOBBER

Hiccup!

ASTRID

—Hiccup!

Hiccup spins around to see the maze walls collapsing like dominos toward him.

Astrid comes flying through the dust and crash-lands on top of him, laying him out in a limb-tangled mess.

TUFFNUT

Oooh! Love on the battlefield!

RUFFNUT

She could do better.

The Nadder closes in, emerging through the cloud of dust.

HICCUP

struggling to untangle

Just... let me... why don't you...

The Nadder spins around and races back toward them like a Raptor.

Astrid untangles herself and tries to pull her axe from Hiccup's shield... which is attached to his limp, gangly arm.

She plants her foot on his torso and yanks the axe free, still burrowed into the shield.

She spins and swings the axe and shield, scoring a direct hit on the oncoming Nadder's nose. It yelps and scurries off.

GOBBER
Well done, Astrid.

*Gobber hobbles off to wrestle the Nadder back into his cave.
Hiccup gets to his feet -- all eyes are upon him.
He turns to find Astrid glaring at him, winded.*

ASTRID
Is this some kind of a **joke** to you? Our parents' war is about to become ours. Figure out which side you're on.

She grabs her axe and stomps off. Hiccup watches, stung.

⌘ PART VII

Back at the hidden cove

Close up on a fish... being thrown into the cove. It hits the ground and slides.

A moment later, Hiccup peeks through a gap in the rock, looking around cautiously.

Nothing.

Hiccup squeezes through and enters the cove.

Then Hiccup hears a snort from behind him. Hiccup turns to see the Night Fury, crouched on a rock like a stealthy panther.

It descends, approaching him... ready to pounce. Hiccup swallows his fear and offers the fish. Doing so reveals the dagger at his waist.

The dragon sees it and hisses.

Hiccup reaches for it, eliciting a growl.

He pauses, carefully lifts it by the handle, and tosses it away.

The dragon calms. As it approaches the fish, Hiccup notices that it's missing teeth.

HICCUP
Huh. Toothless. I could've sworn you had...

A set of razor sharp teeth emerge from its gums to grab the fish. Toothless snatches and gnashes it up, swallowing it.

... teeth.

The teeth retract again. Toothless presses closer with an expectant look. Hiccup retreats nervously.

HICCUP
Uh, no. No, I don't have any more.

The Fury backs Hiccup against a rock, placing himself the same position as before. The dragon closes in over him, staring blankly.

A tense moment passes...

...then Toothless regurgitates a chunk of fish onto Hiccup's lap.

They exchange stares.

Hiccup realizes what Toothless wants him to do. Hiccup crouches slowly and squeamishly picks it up.

The dragon waits expectantly.

Hiccup gags and gnaws off a bite of the slimy fish. He forces a smile.

Toothless mimics him.

Amazed, Hiccup sits up and tries to touch him.

Toothless hisses and flaps off to a crash on the other side of the cove.

He blasts the mossy ground to a red-hot temperature... and curls up on it like a giant dog.

He turns to find Hiccup seated beside him. Toothless tolerates his persistent presence...

...until Hiccup tries to touch his damaged tail.

Toothless snaps at him.

Hiccup takes the hint and leaves.

Still at the cove, later in the day

Toothless wakes, hanging upside down from a tree. He spots Hiccup sitting on the other side of the cove. Sketching in the sand.

It's a sketch of Toothless.

Hiccup draws with a stick, minding his own business.

Toothless appears behind him, watching carefully.

Aware of his presence, Hiccup continues, trying not to scare him off.

Toothless walks off.

A moment later, he reappears with an entire sapling, drawing lines in the sand. He rushes here and there, making haphazard lines in every direction.

Finally, Toothless drops the tree and inspects his work. He seems pleased.

Hiccup stands and takes in the sprawling scribble, amazed by it. He accidentally steps onto one of the lines, eliciting an instant growl from Toothless.

He steps on it again.

Toothless growls again.

Realizing how sensitive he is, Hiccup steps carefully between each line, turning round and round until he unwittingly bumps into Toothless.

Toothless snorts.

Once again, they're face to face.

Hiccup slowly extends his hand.

Toothless hesitates.

Hiccup turns his head away and closes his eyes.

To his amazement, Toothless bridges the gap and presses his muzzle against Hiccup's hand.

In a flash, the dragon is gone, leaving Hiccup astounded.

⌘ PART VIII

Back in the village, at night

Gobber and the recruits are seated at the top of an abandoned catapult tower, toasting campfire food around a roaring bonfire.

GOBBER

...and with one twist he took my hand and swallowed it whole. And I saw the look on his face. I was delicious. He must have passed the word, because it wasn't a month before another one of them took my leg.

FISHLEGS

Isn't it weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon. Like if your mind was still in control of it you could have killed the dragon from the inside by crushing his heart or something.

SNOTLOUT

I swear I'm so angry right now. I'll avenge your

beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight, with my face.

He postures to Astrid. She rolls her eyes.

GOBBER

with a mouthful

Un-unh. It's the wings and the tails you really want. If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon.

Hiccup is hiding his horrified look form the others. Gobber stands and stretches.

GOBBER

Alright. I'm off to bed. You should be too. Tomorrow we get into the big boys. Slowly but surely making our way up to the Monstrous Nightmare. But who'll win the honor of killing it?

He hobbles off. The teens reflect.

TUFFNUT

It's gonna be me. It's my destiny. See?

Tuffnut rolls up his sleeve to reveal a red dragon on his arm.

FISHLEGS

Gasps

Your mom let you get a tattoo?

TUFFNUT

It's not a tattoo. It's a birthmark.

RUFFNUT

Okay, I've been stuck with you since birth, and that was never there before.

TUFFNUT

Yes it was. You've just never seen me from the left side until now.

SNOTLOUT

It wasn't there yesterday. Is it a birthmark or a today-mark?

Hiccup gets up and walks away from the group. Astrid watches him as he leaves the bonfire.

In the blacksmith hall, moments later

Hiccup enters a small room at the back of the stall. It's covered in drawings of weaponry and scale models.

He lights a candle and lays his sketchbook out on the desk, opening it to the drawing of Toothless. With a look of determination. Hiccup picks up a charcoal stick and re-draws the missing tail.

A creaking leather bellows. The stone forge glows with every pump. Tongs pull intricate iron pieces from the coals. They're dropped onto the anvil, twisted, lightly hammered, and dunked in a barrel. The pieces are carried to Hiccup's workbench and laid out in place on a one-to-one schematic.

It's a sketch of a mechanical fin.

⌘ PART IX

Back at the hidden cove, at dawn

Hiccup arrives, winded, straining under the weight of a full basket. He clicks the scale he found. Toothless approaches, sniffing him.

HICCUP

Hey Toothless. I brought breakfast. I hope you're hungry.

Hiccup drops the basket and kicks it over. Fish spill out.

HICCUP

Okay, that's disgusting.

Toothless approaches, settling in to devour the feast.

HICCUP

Uh..we've got some salmon...

Toothless swallows it.

HICCUP

... some nice Icelandic cod...

Toothless swallows those too.

HICCUP

... and a whole smoked eel.

Toothless nabs it, chews a few times, then spits it out. He shakes his head violently, snorts and scrubs his massive tongue on the sand.

Hiccup takes note.

HICCUP

No, no, no! It's okay. Yeah, I don't like eel much either.

Toothless focuses on the remainder.

With the dragon distracted, Hiccup unwraps his prosthetic fin and opens it like a fan.

HICCUP

Okay. That's it. That's it, just stick with good stuff. And don't you mind me. I'll just be back...here. Minding my own business.

Hiccup cautiously approaches the injured tail, but every time he gets near it, Toothless sweeps it away like a cat.

HICCUP

It's okay. Hiccup drops a knee on top of the tail.

HICCUP

Okay...okay..

The dragon tenses, slowly spreading his wings.

Hiccup straps the prosthetic fin in place. He cinches the straps.

HICCUP

There. Not too bad. It works.

Toothless BOLTS! He snaps his massive wings and takes to the air, carrying Hiccup with him.

HICCUP

Woah! No! No! No!

Hiccup struggles to hold on to the tail.

As the ground speeds away, Toothless immediately tips into a uncontrolled bank and dive. Hiccup sees the folded fin rattling uselessly in opposition to its flared counterpart. Flap as he may, Toothless can't correct his trajectory.

Hiccup swallows his fear and crawls toward the folded prosthetic. He reaches it and yanks it open. The flared, fan-like appendage catches the air, stabilizing the twisting tail.

HICCUP

It's working!

Toothless arcs just short of the water and climbs... high into the air.

HICCUP

Yes! Yes, I did it.

He glances back at Hiccup, busily holding the tail open while trying to hold on. They're going to crash.

Whoomp!

Hiccup is suddenly thrown from the tail in the intense force of a turn.

HICCUP

AAAAAGGGGHHHHH!

He bounces across the water's surface and takes a dive. Without Hiccup to operate the tail, Toothless does the same, plunging in a massive cannonball.

Hiccup resurfaces, roughed up, but beaming.

Toothless appears seconds later.

HICCUP

Yeah!

At the training grounds, morning

GOBBER

Today is about teamwork. Work together and you might survive.

Gas seeps through the cracks of a double-wid-ed door. It blasts open. A cloud of smoke engulfs the ring, swirling around the paired-up teens.

Astrid with Ruffnut. Snotlout with Tuffnut. Fishlegs with Hiccup. All carry buckets of water, poised to throw them.

GOBBER

Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire. The Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky. One head breathes gas, the other head lights it. Your job is to know which is which.

The smoke encircles them, cutting them off from each other. The teens listen and watch for any sign of the dragon.

FISHLEGS

muttering to himself

Razor sharp, serrated teeth that inject venom for pre-diges-tion. Prefers ambush attack, crushing its victims in its...

HICCUP

Will you please stop that?

Snoutlout and Tuffnut begin to move ner-vously through the fog, back to back.

Snoutlout is singing to himself to calm his nerves.

SNOTLOUT

If that dragon shows either of his faces, I'm gonna--

spotting an approaching shape, terrified

--There!

Snotlout and Tuffnut hurl their water into the fog.

ASTRID

Hey!

RUFFNUT

It's us, idiots. Astrid and Ruffnut are soaked.

TUFFNUT

Your butts are getting bigger. We thought you were a dragon.

SNOTLOUT

Not that there's anything wrong
with a dragon-esque figure.

Astrid elbows Snotlout in the face.

Ruffnut drops Tuffnut with a punch to the throat.

Astrid waits.

They freeze.

A tail sweeps out of the fog, taking them down.

Their buckets spill.

Fishlegs and Hiccup come across them.

They see the puddles of spilled water.

TUFFNUT

Oh, I'm hurt. I am very much hurt.

FISHLEGS

Chances of survival are dwindling into single digits now...

HICCUP

Look out!

A Zippleback head emerges out of the smoke. Fishlegs

hurls his water at it, completely dousing the head. It

leers and opens its mouth, spewing gas into the area.

FISHLEGS

Oh. Wrong head.

Gas flows around their legs. Fishlegs flees in a panic.

GOBBER

Fishlegs!

A clicking sound comes from behind

them. Sparks flash in the smoke.

GOBBER

Now, Hiccup!

The other head sweeps out of the smoke. Hiccup hurls his

water with all his might. It arcs and drops short of the drag-

on's sparking mouth. The dragon grins, savoring the kill.

HICCUP
Oh, come on!

GOBBER
RUN, HICCUP!

GOBBER
Hiccup!

Gobber covers his eyes.

The Zippleback hesitates. sniffs.

Then retreats.

*The teens get to their feet, watching transfixed.
Gobber peeks through his fingers to see...*

The Zippieback backing away from Hiccup. He stands and holds his hands out, as if controlling it.

HICCUP
BACK! BACK! BACK! Now
don't you make me tell you again!

The Zippleback retreats through its door and into its cave, hissing.

HICCUP
Yes, that's right. Back into your cage.

Hiccup slyly opens his vest, revealing the spotted smoked eel from earlier. He tosses it inside the door, then slams it shut.

HICCUP
Now think about what you've done.

*Hiccup turns to the teens and Gobber.
They stare, slack-jawed*

HICCUP
Okay! So are we done? Because I've got some things I need to...

Hiccup jogs out of the ring, past the speechless group.

HICCUP
Yep...see you tomorrow.

Astrid sneers. Something's going on.

⌘ PART X

Blacksmith hall, Hiccup's closet

Hiccup cuts and stitches leather, draws and shapes steel. He works by candlelight. An over-head shot reveals what he's building: a harness, complete with handles and foot pedals.

At the cove

Hiccup appears before Toothless, holding the new prosthetic.

Toothless runs off as Hiccup chases him down.

HICCUP
Hey!

Toothless and Hiccup are zooming over the ocean. The tail breaks free sending Hiccup flying.

HICCUP
Yeah! Whoa!

Back at the blacksmith hall

Hiccup adjusts the harness and uses a metal clamp to affix himself to Toothless' saddle.

In the sky, dawntime

Hiccup and Toothless zip through the air -- his rudimentary harness and tail controls are working, barely. They crash- land in an open field.

Hiccup recovers to find Toothless still rolling around in the tall grass. Hiccup discovers that it's a patch of dragon- nip.

Toothless writhes on his back, tongue wagging, in complete bliss.

At the training grounds

Hiccup grabs the head as instructed, then discreetly pulls a fistful of dragon-nip and presses it up to the Gronkle's nose. It immediately stops struggling and goes weak in the knees.

Hiccup drops the handful of dragon-nip to the ground. The Gronkle goes down with it, whimpering and blissful.

From Gobber and the recruits' point of view, Hiccup is controlling the Gronkle with no more than a limp arm.

At the woods, afternoon	
	<i>The recruits walk home together, surrounding Hiccup and bombard him with questions.</i>
	FISHLEGS Hey Hiccup, I've never seen a Gronkle to that before.
	TUFFNUT How'd you do that?
	RUFFNUT It was really cool.
	<i>He squirms and invents an excuse.</i>
	HICCUP I left my axe back in the ring.
	<i>He turns and hurries back.</i>
	HICCUP You guys go on ahead and I'll catch up with you.
	<i>Astrid watches, suspicious.</i>

Back at the cove	<i>Hiccup rubs Toothless behind the ear, causing him to relax and fall over.</i>
Training grounds, later	<i>An angry Deadly Nadder approaches Hiccup. Just as Astrid moves in to strike, Hiccup performs his special rubbing technique, which sends the Nadder down.</i> <i>Astrid and the other kids look on from the sideline in amazement.</i>
Into the meade hall	<i>Hiccup sits down at a table to eat.</i> <i>The other recruits notice him and move over to his table to talk to him -- leaving Astrid alone.</i> FISHLEGS Hey Hiccup! SNOTLOUT What was that? Some kind of trick? What did you do? TUFFNUT Hiccup, you're totally going to come in first, there's no question.
At the cove	<i>Hiccup is using a mirror-like object to create a patch of light on the ground.</i> <i>Toothless claws and chases the light patch like a cat chasing a laser pointer.</i>

At the training grounds

A beam lifts from the door of another dragon pen.

GOBBER

Meet the Terrible Terror.

A tiny, pint-sized dragon steps out and moves toward the recruits.

TUFFNUT

Ha. It's like the size of my--

Tuffnut is taken down in a blur.

TUFFNUT

Get it off! Get it off! Oh! I'm hurt, I am very much hurt!

Hiccup stops the Terrible Terror with the same light-patch trick he used earlier with Toothless. The tiny dragon retreats back to it's cage. The teens approach him yet again as Astrid looks on with suspicion.

TUFFNUT

Wow, he's better than you ever were.

At the woods

Astrid furiously hurls her axe at a nearby tree. She notices Hiccup walking by in the distance, carrying one of his trademark harnesses. She quickly tries to follow, but he loses her in the woods.

Back at the cove

Hiccup straps a newly designed harness onto Toothless. With Toothless tied to a nearby post with a rope. Hiccup rides him in the air -- while stationary.

Toothless looks like a giant kite tied to a tree stump. This harness seems to work.

The rope breaks and the pair CRASH into a tree. Hiccup's face is red.

HICCUP

Oh, great.

At Berk, nighttime

The streets are empty save for a lone Viking who crosses Hiccup's path.

VIKING
Hiccup.

*Hiccup nods, trying to look casual.
Once the coast is clear, he covertly steers Toothless into the Blacksmith's stall.*

Toothless PRESSES himself inside, rooting through stuff and making a racket.

Astrid, walking nearby, is alerted.

ASTRID
Hiccup?

*Hiccup FREEZES.
Then frantically tries to pry the ring off the saddle hook. It won't budge.*

ASTRID
Are you in there?

Too late - she's right outside.

Astrid proceeds to walk along the outside of the Blacksmith's.

Hiccup jumps out the window and closes the shutters behind him. Hiccup's harness line is stretched through the window, still attached to Toothless' saddle.

HICCUP
Astrid. Hey! Hi Astrid. Hi Astrid. Hi Astrid.

ASTRID
I normally don't care what people do, but you're acting weird. Well, weirder.

Toothless spots a nearby sheep and makes a move toward it.

As a result, Hiccup is suddenly pulled tight against the window shutters. He strikes a pose to compensate... then gets pulled through the shutters.

They snap back in Astrid's face. Astrid reopens them and finds nothing but an empty stall.

In the distance, Toothless and Hiccup slip off unseen.

⌘ PART XI

At the docks at dawn

A lone, battered ship is pulled into a slip, overloaded with equally battered-looking men. They disembark to a crowd of onlookers, looking like a team of hometown heroes who just had their butts kicked.

Gobber hobbles through the mumbling crowd to find Stoick -- last to disembark and glowering with battered pride.

VIKING
Where are the other ships?

SPITELOUT
You don't want to know.

Stoick lumbers past Gobber, leaving him staring at the trashed ship.

GOBBER
Well, I trust you found the nest at least?

STOICK
Not even close.

GOBBER
Ah. Excellent.

Gobber follows Stoick up the ramp and snags his duffle bag with his hook appendage, sharing the burden.

STOICK
I hope you had a little more success than me.

GOBBER
Well, if by success, you mean that your parenting troubles are over with, then... yes.

Stoick stops. What does that mean? A group of merry villagers rush past.

VIKING #1
Congratulations Stoick! Everyone is so relieved.

VIKING #2
Out with the old and in with the new, right?!

VIKING #3
No one will miss that old nuisance!

VIKING #4
The village is throwing a party to celebrate!

Stoick is stunned, overwhelmed by the in-sensitivity. He turns to Gobber.

STOICK
He's... gone?

GOBBER
Yeah...most afternoons. But who can blame him? I mean the life of a celebrity is very rough. He can barely walk through the village without being swarmed by his new fans.

Stoick is doubly confused.

STOICK
Hiccup?

GOBBER

Who would've thought, eh? He has this...way with the beasts.

Beaming

In the afternoon sky

Toothless and Hiccup soar through a perfect blue sky. Billowing clouds rise like mountains. The ground seems miles below them.

HICCUP
Okay there bud, we're gonna take this nice and slow.

Hiccup checks a leather cheat sheet, clipped onto his harness. Inscribed upon it are several tail positions and their pedal position equivalents.

HICCUP
Here we go. Here we go...position three, no four.

He presses the pedal, causing the tail to flare. They roll off into an arcing bank, gloriously lit by the late afternoon sun. Hiccup tucks tight against his neck, thrilled that his new harness and vest are holding. The foot controls make the tail appendage quick and responsive. He watches Toothless' every fluctuation, trying to match it with the prosthetic. Hiccup sizes up a target -- a towering arch of stone, rising from the sea.

HICCUP
Alright, it's go time. It's go time.

They dive toward it, lining up to pass through the arch.

HICCUP
Come on. Come on buddy. Come on buddy!

They zip through the arch. A perfect maneuver.

HICCUP
Yeah! Yes, it worked!

The triumph is short-lived. They smack into one of several sea stacks as Hiccup tries to keep up with the turns.

They hurtle into another rock pillar.

Toothless grumbles.

HICCUP
My fault.

Toothless swats him with his ‘ear’ plate.

HICCUP
Yeah, yeah, I’m on it.
referring to the cheat sheet
Position four, no three.

They pierce the clouds. For the first time, Hiccup
can see the whole of the island below them.
It shrinks with every passing second.
He swallows hard and tightens his grip on the handles.

HICCUP
Yeah! Go baby! Yes! Oh, this is amazing! The wind in my...

He spots the leather guide tearing free in the turbulence.

... CHEAT SHEET! **STOP!!**

Hiccup grabs frantically for the airborne sheet...

HICCUP
No!

... and nabs it before it’s carried out of reach.

Toothless, however, obeys the command and sud-
denly stops beating his wings. As they slow
to a stop, Hiccup goes weightless. The rings
of his vest float off of the harness hooks.

Hiccup suddenly finds himself detached, free-falling.

HICCUP
Oh gods! Oh no!

Without Hiccup, the tail loses control.
Hiccup and Toothless spiral downward.
Toothless fights to get back under Hiccup.

HICCUP
Alright, okay. You just gotta kinda angle yourself. No,
no...come back down towards me. Come back down--

Hiccup extends his arms and legs, giving
himself as much surface area as he can.
He angles back towards Toothless as the tum-
bling dragon whacks Hiccup with his wing.
After a few more misses, Hiccup finally grabs hold of
the harness and manages to lock in -- just in time to pull
Toothless out of his dive... barely shy of the tree tops.
They careen past the wooded cliff and direct-
ly into a treacherous slalom course of jutting sea
stacks. Hiccup pulls the cheat sheet from his teeth
and attempts to check positions. It flaps violent-
ly in the turbulence, making it impossible.

With no time to think, Hiccup throws it away
and steers Toothless’ tail on instinct...
with perfect intuition.

Together, they manage a tight, hair-raising series of split-
second turns, making it to the open water, unscathed.

Hiccup takes a breath and glances back at the death-de-
fying obstacle course, now safely behind them. He beams,
relieved. He sits back and throws his arms up in victory.

HICCUP
YEEAHHH!

Toothless concurs with a happy squeal and a fireball.

Hiccup’s glee turn to dread as they fly directly into it.

HICCUP
Ah, come on.

EXT. BLACK SAND BEACH - SUNSET

Hiccup and Toothless lounge on a sprawling, deserted beach, snacking of freshly caught fish.

As Hiccup cooks his over a fire, Toothless suddenly regurgitates a fish head. Hiccup smirks with forced politeness.

HICCUP

Uh..no thanks.

I'm good.

*Several Terrible Terrors land like seagulls,
hissing and nipping at each other as they ap-
proach Toothless' pile of fish.
One grabs the regurgitated fish head and drags it away.*

Another attempts to steal it from him.

They face off and last fire balls at each other to settle the fight.

*Hiccup and Toothless watch, amused. That is until...
Toothless spots one of his fish leaving the pile.
A stealthy Terrible Terror is exposed as the thief.
They tug on the fish, and it snaps
back into Toothless' mouth.*

He swallows it back tauntingly.

Irate, the little dragon paws at the ground and blast Toothless.

He opens his mouth, the gas hiss comes, and Toothless fires a tiny flame straight into its mouth, causing the gas to backfire into the little dragon.

It coughs up smoke and staggers away, looking ill.

Hiccup laughs.

HICCUP

Not so fireproof on the inside, are you?

HICCUP

Here you go.

The appreciative little dragon gulps down the meal and approaches Hiccup cautiously.

He curls up next to him. Hiccup is amazed.

HICCUP

Everything we know about you guys is wrong.

Hiccup carefully pets him... sending the Terror into an immediate, blissful sleep.

PART XIII

Hiccup's closet, at night

*Hiccup is lost in thought, his head laid
of a desk full of Toothless drawings. Bur-
dened with the weight of the world.*

*Suddenly, Stoick appears in the doorway. Hiccup
jumps and quickly covers up his desk.*

Suddenly, Stoick appears in the doorway. Hiccup jumps and quickly covers up his desk.

HICCUP
Dad! You're back!

He skirts the bench, blocking Stoick's view of Toothless, the prosthetic fin, and other drawings.

HICCUP
Gobber's not here, so...

He strikes an awkwardly casual pose, trying to cover up as much as possible.

STOICK
I know. I came looking for you.

HICCUP
You did?

STOICK

You've been keeping secrets.

Hiccup's legs give out. He slides, dragging the table's contents with him.

HICCUP
I...have?

STOICK
Just how long did you think you could hide it from me?

HICCUP
I don't know what you're...

STOICK
Nothing happens on this island without me hearing about it.

HICCUP
Oh?

STOICK
So.

Let's talk about that dragon.

Blood drains from Hiccup's face.

HICCUP
Oh gods. Dad I'm so sorry. I was going to tell you. I just didn't know how to--

*Stoick starts laughing. Big, booming.
Hiccup stares, baffled.*

HICCUP
You're not...
...upset?

STOICK
What?! I was hoping for this!

HICCUP
Uh...you were?

STOICK
And believe me, it only gets better! Just wait til you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time.

Hiccup's elated expression sinks.

STOICK
And mount your first Gronckle head on a spear. What a feeling!

Stoick laughs and smacks Hiccup on the

STOICK

You really had me going there, son. All those years of the worst Viking Berk has ever seen! Odin, it was rough. I almost gave up on you!

Hiccup gets back up, grimacing in the irony of it all.

STOICK

And all the while, you were hold-ing out on me! Thor almighty!

Stoick grabs a stool and sits. His massive frame nearly fills the tiny room.

STOICK

Ahhhhh. With you doing so well in the ring, we finally have something to talk about.

Pregnant pause. Hiccup averts his eyes nervously. Stoick adjusts, awkwardly clearing his throat. After a long, uncomfortable silence...

STOICK

Oh, I... brought you something.

He presents a horned helmet.

To keep you safe in the ring.

HICCUP

Wow. Thanks.

Sincere

Hiccup accepts it, looking it over.

STOICK

Your mother would've wanted you to have it. It's half of her breast plate.

Stoick taps his own helmet and smiles.

STOICK

Matching set. Keeps her close, y'know?

Hiccup eyes the mismatched helmets, grimacing.

STOICK

Wear it proudly. You deserve it. You've held up your end of the deal.

Stoick beams with pride. Hiccup squirms. He forces a yawn..

HICCUP

I should really get to bed.

STOICK & HICCUP

Yes! Good! Okay. Good talk. See you back at the house. We should do this again. I'm Great. Thanks for stopping glad I stopped by, I hope you by. And for the... the uh, like the hat. breast hat.

STOICK

Well..uh..good night.

Stoick leaves the room awkwardly, leaving Hiccup looking more burdened than ever.

⌘ PART XIV

Training grounds, afternoon

A Gronckle hovers above the ring, hunting victims as the teen recruits scramble. Astrid ducks behind a barrier to find Hiccup already there. She forces her axe at his throat.

ASTRID
Stay out of my way! I'm winning this thing.

HICCUP
Please, by all means.

She darts off, closing fast on the dragon.
The crowd above cheers her on.

VIKING IN CROWD
You got it Astrid!

Hiccup stands and looks around. Amidst the crowd of onlookers, Stoick watches keenly, beaming with pride. He locks eyes with Hiccup, giving

him a nod of encouragement. Hiccup adjusts his new helmet and forces a half-hearted smile. Unbeknownst to Hiccup, the Gronckle spots him and makes a bee- line toward him.

Astrid catches her breath behind a barrier. She scowls, focused, determined.

ASTRID
This time. This time for sure.

With a FIERCE BATTLE-CRY she LEAPS from cover, axe cocked to throw.

ASTRID
Aaaaaaaaaa...

And as she clears the barriers, she sees that Hiccup has already laid the Gronckle out.

...aaaaaaaauGGGGGHHHHHHH! No! No!

Hiccup shrugs, as unhappy with the situation as she is.

ASTRID
NO! NO! SON OF HALFTROLL
RAT EATING MUNGE BUCKET!

A loud CLACK ring out. From the crowd above, Gothi, the village elder, steps forward, tapping her staff. Everyone lights up excitedly.

STOICK
Wait! Wait!

HICCUP

So, later.

Gobber snags Hiccup as he attempts to leave.

GOBBER

Not so fast.

HICCUP

I'm kinda late for--

ASTRID

What? Late for **what** exactly?

Stoick holds out his hands to silence the jabbering crowd.

STOICK

Okay quiet down.

The elder has decided. Thrilled, Gobber stands behind Hiccup and Astrid.

*He points to Astrid as the crowd
waits in silent anticipation.
Gothi shakes her head 'no.'*

The crowd 'Oooohs.' Gobber then points to Hiccup. The elder nods an affirmative 'yes.'

The crowd erupts in cheers. Astrid turns a seething, deadly glare on Hiccup.

GOBBER

You've done it! You've done it, Hiccup! You get to kill the dragon!

STOICK

Ha, ha! That's my boy!

*Hiccup is hoisted onto the recruits' shoulders
and carried out to the cheering spectators...*

HICCUP

Heh, heh. Oh yeah! Yes! I can't wait. I am so...

Hidden cove, at dusk

... leaving. We're leaving. Let's pack up. Looks like you and me are taking a little vacation, forever.

Toothless is nowhere in sight. Hiccup sets down his basket and opens it up, his head clouded with troubles.

HICCUP

Oh..man...

SHINK!

Hiccup looks up to the sound of...

...ASTRID, sitting on the rock right in front of him, sharpening her axe.

HICCUP

Aggh! What the--

What are you doing here?

*She hops off the rock and back him down,
spinning her axe threateningly.*

Hiccup's eyes dart around nervously, searching for Toothless.

ASTRID

I want to know what's going on. No one just gets as good as you do. Especially you. Start talking! Are you training with someone?

HICCUP

Uh...training?

She grabs him by his odd-looking harness.

ASTRID

It better not involve... this.

HICCUP

I know this looks really bad, but you see...this is, uh...

They hear a rustle coming from the other side of the cove. Astrid drops Hiccup to the ground and sets off to investigate.

HICCUP

You're right! You're right. I'm through with the lies. I've been making... outfits. So you got me. It's time everyone knew.

Drag me back.

Go ahead.

Here we go.

He puts her hand back on his harness, getting her to 'drag him back.'

Astrid bends Hiccups hand backwards, driving him down.

HICCUP

AAAAUUGGGHHH! Why would you do that?!

ASTRID

That's for the lies.

Astrid pounces the hilt of her axe off of Hiccup's laid-out body.

ASTRID

And THAT'S for everything else.

*Hiccup's yelp is answered with a growl, coming from the other side of the cove. Astrid looks up to see...
...a Night Fury.*

Toothless pounces toward them, snarling.

HICCUP

Oh man.

She dives onto Hiccup.

ASTRID

Get down! Run! Run!

Astrid pulls her axe, ready to take on Toothless.

HICCUP

No!

Hiccup knocks Astrid's cocked axe to the ground, out of reach, then stops Toothless short of crushing her.

HICCUP

No. It's okay! It's okay...

Toothless pulls up short and lands hard, spraying Astrid with sand.

HICCUP

She's a friend.

Toothless snorts in disagreement.

Astrid is frozen.

Toothless looks from her to Hiccup and back to her, confused.

HICCUP

You just scared him.

ASTRID
I scared **him**!?

Hiccup makes a quiet motion.

ASTRID
Who is **him**?

HICCUP
Astrid, Toothless.
Toothless, Astrid.

Astrid backs away, eyeing Hiccup and Toothless together with pure disgust. She turns and RUNS for the village.

HICCUP
We're dead.

Satisfied with Astrid's departure, Toothless turns away.

HICCUP

Where do you think you're going?

Woods, moments later...

Astrid races through the trees. A large shadow overtakes her. She is suddenly snatched into the air. Astrid screams.

ASTRID
Oh great Odin's ghost, this is it!

Hiccup and Toothless fly Astrid to the top of a towering pine. It bows and creaks under their weight as Astrid dangles a hundred feet in the air.

ASTRID
Hiccup! Get me down from here!

HICCUP
You have to give me a chance to explain.

ASTRID
I'm not listening to anything you have to say!

HICCUP
Then I won't speak. Just let me show you.

Hiccup extends a hand.

HICCUP
Please, Astrid.

She eyes him and the dragon, then the ground far, far below. After a moment, she swats Hiccup's outstretched hand away and reluctantly climbs over the pedal, lines, and harness. She settles behind Hiccup, avoiding as much contact as possible.

ASTRID
Now get me down.

HICCUP
Toothless? Down.

Gently.

*Toothless leers mischievously.
He spreads his wings slowly. With a
whop, they fill with the updraft.*

*Toothless releases the tree, tucks in
his legs, and hovers in place.*

HICCUP
See? Nothing to be afraid of.

Toothless suddenly launches straight upward.

*Astrid screams. The acceleration is tremendous.
Every downbeat bucks the saddle, heaving them
into the sky, doubling their speed like a rocket.*

*Astrid is thrown backward. She screams and hugs
Hiccup for dear life, squeezing the breath out of him.*

HICCUP
'Toothless! What is wrong with you?! Bad dragon!
He's not usually like this.
Oh no...

*Toothless rolls and plummets toward the
coastline far below. Astrid screams.*

*Toothless rockets over the ocean waves, de-
liberately dipping them in the froth.*

HICCUP
'Toothless, what are you doing?! We need her to like us!

HICCUP
And now the spinning. Thank you for
nothing you useless reptile.

Astrid clamps her hand over her eyes.

ASTRID
Okay! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Just get me off of this thing.

Astrid is defeated, her aggressive energy gone.

*Satisfied, Toothless relents. They lev-
el off and head up into the clouds.*

*Astrid opens her eyes again, and looks out over a
world she'd never dreamed of. She reaches out and
touches clouds, pierces columns ablaze in golden
hues, and floats over a vast, alien sky- scape.*

*Her terror is replaced by wonder. She grins, despite
herself. Toothless rises above a blanket of clouds...*

*...and levels off under a starry sky. They emerge
from a blanket of clouds under the dancing Northern
Lights, shimmering in ribbons across the vast sky.*

*Below them, Berk's torches flicker in the inky dark-
ness. The new perspective is breathtaking.*

*Astrid tucks her arms into Hiccup's vest, burying her chin
into his shoulder. The moment is not lost on either of them.*

Toothless climbs past Berk's tallest peaks and heads out over open water, leaving the village lights behind them.

ASTRID
 Alright I admit it. This is pretty cool. It's... amazing.

...He's amazing.

Astrid carefully reaches down and pats Toothless' side.

ASTRID
 So what now?

Hiccup groans. It's a problem without an answer.

ASTRID
 Hiccup, your final exam is tomorrow. You know you're going to have to kill...

... kill a dragon.

HICCUP
 Don't remind me.

A strange, unearthly din approaches. Toothless' ear plates suddenly stand on end. Panicked, he abruptly dives, dipping into cloud cover.

HICCUP
 Toothless! What's happening? What is it?

Toothless barks at him. 'Quiet!'

Suddenly, out of the dense cloud, a Monstrous Nightmare emerges.

HICCUP
 Get down!

Hiccup and Astrid duck. The Nightmare calls out. A Zippleback appears to the other side of Toothless, boxing him in.

ASTRID
 What's going on?

HICCUP
 I don't know.
 Toothless. You've got to get us out of here, bud.

Toothless hisses.

Other dragons, previously invisible in the thick clouds, appear all around them. Hundreds of them, all carrying fish and game in their talons.

HICCUP
 It looks like they're hauling in their kill.

Whispered

The Zippleback eyes them ravenously.

ASTRID
 What does that make us?

meting through the thickening fog and weaving between towering, craggy sea stacks. They emerge at the base of a massive volcanic caldera, glowing with rivulets of lava. The flock of dragons fall into rank, funneling through a crack, and zipping through a winding tunnel. It gives way to a vast, steamy inner chamber, tiered with pocky shelves. Dragons of all breeds lay about, nested in hordes. The arriving dragons fly in, dropping the fish and game into a central pit, glowing red and shrouded in mist.

Hiccup is amazed.

HICCUP
What my dad wouldn't give to find this.

Toothless peels away from the procession, landing on a small shadowy shelf to keep a low-profile.

Hiccup and Astrid peek around, taking in the busy hive of sorts. They watch as the food continues to be dropped into the pit.

HICCUP
It's satisfying to know that all of our food has been dumped down a hole.

ASTRID
They're not eating any of it.

Last to arrive is a dim-witted Gronckle. It

As it falls into the steamy pit, a terrible roar rings out. The Gronckle tries to flee, but before it can, a gargantuan dragon head juts from the steamy pit and SNAPS it out of the air. Swallowing it back whole.

Hiccup and Astrid recoil, terrified.

ASTRID
What is that? The monstrous beast sniffs-the air, seemingly aware of them.

It nears the ledge where Toothless is hiding... and roars. Several dragons take flight in fear.

HICCUP
Alright buddy, we gotta get out of here. Now!

Toothless takes flight, barely evading the monster's snapping jaws. The behemoth dragon lunges for them, snatching a Zippleback out of the air instead. Toothless disappears into the winged exodus as thousands of dragons flee the caldera in fear.

Hidden cove, later

Toothless glides into the cove and touches down on the moonlit beach.

ASTRID
No, no, it totally makes sense. It's like a giant beehive. They're the workers... and that's their queen. It controls them.

| *She leaps off of Toothless and runs toward the village.*

ASTRID
Let's find your dad.

HICCUP
No, no! Not yet. They'll... kill Toothless.

Astrid, we have to think this through carefully.

| *Astrid eyes him, incredulous.*

ASTRID
Hiccup, we just discovered the dragons' nest...the thing we've been after since Vikings first sailed here.
And you want to keep it a secret?
To protect your pet dragon?

Are you serious?

| *Hiccup stands firm, resolute.*

HICCUP
Yes.

| *Astrid's taken aback.*

ASTRID
Okay.
Then what do we do?

HICCUP
Just give me until tomorrow. I'll figure something out.

Okay.

| *Astrid punches Hiccup in the arm.*

ASTRID
That's for kidnapping me.

| *Hiccup looks to Toothless for support.*
Toothless snorts, dismissive.

| *Astrid grabs him. He braces for another hit. She kisses Hiccup on the cheek.*

ASTRID
That's for, everything else.

| *In the awkward wake of the moment, Astrid hurries off... leaving Hiccup rubbing his cheek, stunned.*

Toothless hobbles up, eyeing him.

HICCUP
What are you looking at?

⌘ PART XV

Training grounds, daytime

The grounds have been transformed. Banners and flags flap in the morning sun. Surrounding the ring, a festive crowd had gathered. All of Berk has turned out for the event.

STOICK
Well, I can show my face in public again.

Laughter and applause ensues

STOICK
If someone had told me that in a few short weeks, Hiccup would go from being, well... Hiccup, to placing first in drag-on training... I would've tied him to a mast and shipped him off for fear he'd gone mad. Yes! And you know it! But here we are. And no one's more surprised...

Hiccup is standing at the entrance to the ring, listening, looking burdened.

STOICK
... or more proud than I am. Today, my boy becomes a Vi-king. **TODAY, HE BECOMES ONE OF US!**

Cheering and roars from the crowd.

Astrid approaches Hiccup.

ASTRID
Be careful with that dragon.

HICCUP
It's not the dragon I'm worried about.

ASTRID
What are you going to do? *Worried*

HICCUP
Put an end to this.

She eyes him, dubious.

HICCUP
I have to try. Astrid.
If something goes wrong...

...just make sure they don't find Toothless.

ASTRID
I will. Just promise me it won't go wrong.

Hiccup can't. Gobber approaches.

GOBBER

It's time, Hiccup. Knock him dead.

Hiccup puts his helmet on and enters the ring.

TUFFNUT

Show 'em how it's done, my man!

Hiccup locks eyes with Stoick. Stoick nods with a smile. Hiccup returns a half-smile. Takes a deep breath. He hoists a shield onto his forearm and selects his weapon from a rack of many -- a small dagger.

STOICK

Hrmph. I would've gone for the hammer.

Hiccup turns to face a bolted, heavy door. Takes a deep breath.

HICCUP

I'm ready.

The door bolt is raised. The crowd grows quiet...

BOOM!

The doors blast open with a stream of sticky fire. Followed by a Monstrous Nightmare, coated in flames. It tears out of its cave like an irate bull -- as the crowd roars and jeers. It climbs the walls and chain enclosure like a bat, hissing at the provoking crowd and blasting fire.

*It spots Hiccup and descends, leering and
licking the flaming drool from its lips.*

The crowd grows silent, bracing for the big fight. With the Monstrous Nightmare's eyes locked upon him, Hiccup deliberately drops his shield and dagger stepping away from them.

The dragon pauses, confused.

STOICK

What is he doing?

The dragon presses closer, snorting. Hiccup extends his open hand. It snarls.

HICCUP

It's okay. It's okay.

Whispered

The dragon continues to pace, focused on... Hiccup's helmet.

Hiccup realizes, then reaches up and removes it.

HICCUP

I'm not one of them.

Gasps and Murmurs race through the crowd.

On Stoick, as all eyes turn to him.

He's welling with upset. Hiccup avoids Stoick's glare and remains focused on the Nightmare, holding his hand out. It paces around him, calming down.

STOICK

Stop the fight.

HICCUP

No. I need you all to see this.

The crowd gets restless.

HICCUP

They're not what we think they are.

We don't have to kill them.

STOICK

I SAID STOP THE FIGHT!

Stoick whacks his hammer against the iron enclosure, rattling the arena with a terrible reverberating clatter. Spooked, the Nightmare snaps at Hiccup's outstretched hand.

Hiccup yelps and springs backward. The spell is broken.

The Nightmare reacts to Hiccup's sudden movements and blasts another stream of fire.

At the hidden cove

Toothless' ear plates shoot up.

Panic flares in his eyes.

Back at the training grounds

Hiccup scrambles around the ring. The Nightmare pursues, snapping and springing from ground to wall.

Stoick pushes through the crowd, rushing to the doorway.

STOICK

Out of my way!

ASTRID

Hiccup!

Astrid wedges her axe under the arena gate and squeezes through.

Back to the hidden cove

Toothless bounds to the cove walls, clawing them in desperation.

It seems he's as trapped as before, but with an incredible burst of effort he hooks a claw over the upper lip of the stone wall.

Back at the training grounds again

A narrow stream of fire narrowly avoids Hiccup as he continues to dash around the ring, evading the Monstrous Nightmare.

Desperate, he goes to the weapon rack in an attempt to arm himself, but the Nightmare quickly destroys the rack and closes in on him.

Back to the cove

Toothless tears through the woods, bounding like panther and taking to the air in short bursts.

Back to the training grounds

Stoick wrenches the grated door to the arena and jumps through. The Monstrous Nightmare is only a few feet behind Hiccup. Astrid is now in the ring.

ASTRID
Hiccup!

She picks up a hammer and hurls it at the Monstrous Nightmare, hitting it in the head. It turns its attention to Astrid, and begins chasing her. Stoick raises the arena gate, waving her toward it.

STOICK
This way!

Astrid makes it through, but the Nightmare BLASTS the doorway, cutting Hiccup off. It pounces on him and prepares to finish him off.

Suddenly, a terrible roar pierces the din.

GOBBER
Night Fury! Get down!

Toothless bounds over the crowd and blasts a hole through the chain enclosure. He flies through it and disappears in the boiling smoke.

The Vikings rush to railings... in time to see a flurry of wings cutting through the dissipating smoke.

Toothless and the Nightmare tumble into the clear, locked in a toothy, vicious fight. Toothless kicks the Nightmare off and plants himself between Hiccup and it. The Nightmare snarls, circling them.

Toothless lunges and roars... causing the Nightmare to relent and back away.

To everyone's shock and horror, Hiccup gets to his feet and grabs Toothless protectively.

HICCUP

Alright, Toothless, go. Get out of here!

Panicked

The crowd is gob-smacked, growing livid.

VIKINGS
Night Fury!

Hiccup tries to shoo Toothless away in vain. Vikings begin pouring clambering through the enclosure and dropping into the ring.

HICCUP
Go! **GO!**

VIKING
Take it alive!

Stoick grabs an axe and charges into the arena. Astrid calls out to him, panicked.

ASTRID
Stoick no!

HICCUP
Dad! No! He won't hurt you!

The other Vikings surround and attack Toothless. He tosses them aside like rag dolls, his eyes focused on Stoick.

HICCUP

STOICK

Put it with the others!

His burning glare turn to Hiccup.

In the great hall, the next day

Hiccup gets shoved into the dank, dimmed hall.

SLAM!

The massive doors rattle and echo. Stoick pushes past him. He paces against a backdrop of shadowy tapestries and carved pillars -- a legacy of heroes, all peering down in angered judgement.

STOICK

I should have known. I should have seen the signs.

HICCUP

Dad.

STOICK

We had a deal!

Stoick pauses to say something, but stops short. He snorts and resumes pacing, repeating the cycle.

HICCUP

I know we did... but that was before... ughh, it's all so messed up.

Stoick raises his hammer as he charges for Toothless.

*Toothless ducks and pounces on him.
They tumble end over end.*

HICCUP

Toothless! STOP!

He pins Stoick and inhales. The familiar hiss of gas builds. Everyone braces...

HICCUP

NO!

Toothless swallows back the blast and turns to Hiccup, not understanding.

VIKING

Get him!

*The crowd rushes him, piling on,
and taking Toothless down.*

Astrid holds Hiccup back.

HICCUP

Desperate

No! Please...just don't hurt him. Please don't hurt him.

Stoick gets to his feet, fuming, shaken.

A Viking presents Stoick with an axe. He eyes Toothless a

STOICK
So everything in the ring. A trick? A lie?

He stomps toward Hiccup. Stops short
and points, fighting back words.

HICCUP
I screwed up. I should have told you before now. Take this out on me, be mad at me, but please... just don't hurt Toothless.

STOICK
The dragon? That's what you're worried about? Not the people you almost killed?!

HICCUP
He was just protecting me! He's not dangerous.

STOICK
They've killed HUNDREDS OF US!

HICCUP
And we've killed THOUSANDS OF THEM! They defend themselves, that's all! They raid us because they have to! If they don't bring enough food back, they'll be eaten themselves. There's something else on their island dad...it's a dragon like--

Stoick huffs.

STOICK
—Their island?

He stomps back... pointing an accusing finger.

STOICK
So you've been to the nest.

HICCUP
Did I say nest?

Hiccup goes silent -- he said too much.

STOICK
How did you find it?!

HICCUP
No... I didn't. Toothless did. Only a dragon can find the island.

Stoick glares. A moment passes, then an idea takes form on his face. His eyes flare. Hiccup watches, realizing. Stoick stomps toward the doorway.

HICCUP
Oh no. No, Dad. No.

Hiccup chases after him, panicked.

HICCUP
Dad. It's not what you think. You don't know what you're up against. It's like nothing you've ever seen.

He grabs Stoick by the arm, tugging with all his might. He has no effect whatsoever.

HICCUP
Dad. Please. I promise you that you can't win this one. Nothing.

HICCUP
No. Dad. No. For once in your life,
WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST
LISTEN TO ME?!

He throws Hiccup off of him, swatting him to the floor. Icy stillness. Hiccup stares back, stunned.

STOICK
You've thrown your lot in with them. You're not a Viking.

You're not my son.

Stoick pushes through the door, leaving Hiccup alone, devastated.

STOICK

Ready the ships!

Calling out

Back at the Great Hall

Stoick staggers on the steps, breaking inside.

Next day, at the sea docks

Broken-down catapults and trebuchets are bundled up and lowered from the cliffs. Below on the docks, Vikings load the heavy artillery into the hulls of awaiting ships.

Children and the elderly gather to on the walkways to wave apprehensive farewells to the departing warriors.

Lastly, Toothless is loaded aboard Stoick's ship, chained down to a palette, muzzled, and re-strained with a weighty neck ring.

He looks exhausted, miserable.

Stoick crosses to the bow as the ship pushes off and joins the amassed armada of ships adrift in the harbor. Stoick's brow is furrowed, all warmth drained away. He turns west and glares at the horizon with cold determination.

STOICK
Set sail! We head for Helheim's Gate.

He then notices Hiccup watching from his familiar cliff-side perch beyond the village.

Their eyes meet, full of hurt and regret.

Hiccup slowly shakes his head in warning.

Stoick breaks the stare and turns to Toothless, fuming.

STOICK
Lead us home, Devil.

Hiccup watches. He's powerless to stop what is happening, but won't leave.

Later in the day, at the cliff above the docks

Hiccup is still standing there. The ships have cleared the horizon.

Astrid approaches cautiously and stands beside him in silence.

ASTRID
It's a mess.

Hiccup doesn't respond.

ASTRID
You must feel horrible.
You've lost everything.
Your father,
your tribe,
your best friend.

HICCUP
Thank you for summing that up.

Why couldn't I have killed that dragon when I found him in the woods. It would have been better for everyone.

ASTRID
Yep. The rest of us would have done it.
So why didn't you?

Hiccup just shakes his head - he really doesn't know.

Astrid's eyes glimmer. She wants something.

ASTRID
Why didn't you?

HICCUP
I don't know. I couldn't.

ASTRID
That's not an answer.

HICCUP
Why is this so important to you all of a sudden?

ASTRID
Because I want to remember what you say right now.

HICCUP
Oh for the love of --

I was a coward!

I was weak. I wouldn't kill a dragon.

ASTRID
You said 'wouldn't' that time.

HICCUP
Whatever! I wouldn't!
Three hundred years and I'm the first Viking who wouldn't kill a dragon!

ASTRID
First to ride one, though.

Hiccup blinks. He never looked at it that way before.

ASTRID
So...

HICCUP
...I wouldn't kill him because he
looked as frightened as I was.

I looked at him and I saw myself.

Astrid turns to face the open sea.

ASTRID
I bet he's really frightened now.

What are you going to do about it?

Provoking

HICCUP
Probably something stupid.

ASTRID
Good. But you've already done that.

HICCUP
Then something crazy.

Astrid smiles.

ASTRID
That's more like it.

⌘ PART XVI

*The armada coasts toward a shroud of heavy fog,
hung like drapes from a low-hanging, ominous sky.
The ships enter, one by one. Visibility drops immediately.
Flanking ships becomes ghosts. The armada disappears,
drawn into the blinding mist. Complete whiteout. Nothing
remains but the eerie creaking of wood on water.*

*Stoick stands at the bow of his ship. He taps his fingers
on the gunwale, then looks back at Toothless impatiently.*

Weighed down with chains, Toothless seems unresponsive.

STOICK
Sound your positions. Stay within earshot.

Shouts pour in from all directions.

VIKING #1
Here.

VIKING #2
One length to your stern.

VIKING #3
On your starboard flank.

VIKING #4
Three widths to port.

VIKING #5
Ahead, at your bow.

VIKING #6
Haven't a clue.

Stoick strains into the fog as the calls continue. Massive, jagged sea stacks begin to emerge, threatening to rip the ships to shreds.

Gobber approaches him, speaking under his breath.

GOBBER
Listen... Stoick... I was overhearing some of the men just now and, well, some of them are wondering what it is we're up to here --
-- not me of course, I know you're always the man with the plan --
-- but some, not me, are wondering if there is in fact a plan at all, what it might be?

STOICK
Find the nest and take it.

GOBBER
Ah. Of course.
Send them running.
The old Viking fall-back.
Nice and simple.

STOICK
Shhh.

Stoick notices that Toothless' ear plates are at the alert, quietly reacting to inaudible sounds. Stoick crosses to the stern of the ship and grabs the tiller, moving the helmsman out of the way.

STOICK
Step aside.

Stoick pulls the ship into a turn, covertly following Toothless' head movements.

The ship barely misses a jagged outcrop that suddenly appears out of the soupy fog.

VIKING
Bear to port.

*The order is called out from ship to ship. CRUNCH!
The bow barely makes it past another sea stack. Stoick continues to follow Toothless' cues, undeterred.*

Back to the training grounds

Hiccup raises the bolt on the Monstrous Nightmare's pen.

FISHLEGS

If you're planning on getting eaten, I'd definitely go with the Gronckle.

Hiccup turns to see his fellow recruits, watching him with folded arms. Tuffnut steps forward with a scowl.

TUFFNUT

You were wise to seek help from the world's most deadly weapon.
It's me.

HICCUP

Uh...

SNOTLOUT

I love this plan.

HICCUP

I didn't...

RUFFNUT

You're crazy.

I like that.

Sultry

ASTRID

So? What is the plan?

Hiccup smiles, glowing in the support of his friends.

Back to Stoick's ships in a fog

The ships follow in line through the gauntlet of rocks as orders are whispered from ship to ship.

A dragon head looms out of the fog. The men recoil... only to discover that it's a wrecked ship, impaled high on a gnarled sea stack.

GOBBER

Ah. I was wondering where that went.

A clicking buzz becomes audible, growing louder. It fills the sky, converging in one general direction. Stoick sniffs the air.

STOICK

Stay low and ready your weapons.

Stoick's ship suddenly jerks to a halt as the keel burrows into shallow black sand. Stoick hops overboard, landing on a sprawling beach. The buzzing suddenly stops. Above him, a craggy volcano towers into the gloom.

STOICK

We're here.

Behind him, several dragon-headed bows pierce the fog.

Back to the training grounds

Hiccup steps back from the door, drawing the Monstrous Nightmare out of its cave. It snorts, stepping into the ring, calmed by Hiccup's outstretched hand -- focused on him.

All the teens are bewildered, in awe.

Snotlout nervously reaches for a spear laying near his foot. Astrid stops him.

ASTRID

Uh-uh.

Hiccup slows to a stop in front of the teens, with the Nightmare inches from his outstretched hand. He reaches over and grabs Snotlout's trembling hand.

SNOTLOUT
Wait! What are you...

HICCUP
Relax. It's okay... it's okay.

Hiccup replaces his outstretched hand with Snotlout's, putting him in control of the massive beast. The Nightmare snorts, but remains calm. Snotlout, by contrast, chuckles nervously -- it's at once terrifying and amazing. The others watch, spellbound. Hiccup turns and walks away.

Hiccup pulls a bundle of rope from a supply box.

HICCUP
You're going to need something to help you hold on.

The teens eye each other apprehensively, and look up to reveal...

...all the dragons standing in the ring, facing the teens expectantly.

⌘ PART XVII

At the Dragon Island , with Stoick’s ships sailing toward it

There are tree trunks being sharpened and planted into the sand at angled rows. Boulders being loaded into catapult baskets. And a war plan being scratched in the sand.

Stoick looms over it, looking determined. His generals are at his sides.

STOICK

When we crack this mountain open, all hell is going to break loose.

GOBBER

In my undies. Good thing I brought extras.

Stoick turns to face the men.

STOICK

No matter how this ends, it ends today.

He walks toward the base of the volcano wall, back by several hundred warriors. He raises his arm and drops it.

A line of catapults unleash their two-ton loads into the cliff wall. It cracks and flakes away. Several more hits tear away at the hollow shell of hardened lava. A final boulder shatters the fractured wall, creating a deep, dark opening to the cavern within.

Stock raises his hand, makes a gesture. A flaming bushel is launched into the dark, lighting the wall... chocked with dragons. Stoick pulls his hammer and rushes into the cave, brazen.

STOICK

War cries and slashing efforts

In a chaotic flurry, the dragons suddenly rush out like bats from a cave. The take to the air, bypassing the axe-swinging Vikings and fleeing the island in a mass exodus.

The battle-ready Vikings drop their weapons, confused.

GOBBER

Is that it?

Above the island, dragons pour from every crevice, fleeing to the sky. The sound of screeching dragons fades.

VIKINGS

Cheering as one

SPITELOUT

We’ve done it!

Stoick doesn’t celebrate. Something is not right. He hears something. Stoick turns to peer down the dark throat of the cavern.

A deep, rumbling roar echoes from the cavern. The ground underfoot trembles. The ships rock. Their sails fill with a blast of air. The cheering stops.

Stoick's expression sinks.

STOICK
This isn't over. Form your ranks! Hold together!

The men scramble to organize themselves.

STOICK
Get clear!

The ground cracks. Stone tears away, cascading like an avalanche.
And through the settling debris, the silhouette of a gargantuan dragon emerges -- The Red Death. Stirred and furious.

GOBBER
Beard of Thor...what is that?

STOICK

Aghast

Odin help us.

Catapults!

The Vikings score direct hits. The burning stones bounce off the dragon's skin.
The Red Death focuses on the catapults. It crushes the first one - smashing it and its crew, rattling the beach underfoot.
Stoick races toward the second catapult. He leaps and pushes a Viking out of the way just before the dragon crushes him under his forepaw.

The Vikings scramble in all directions.

VIKING #3
Get to the ships!

STOICK
No! NO!

The Red Death BLASTS the ships like a mile-long flamethrower.

The sails are torched. Vikings dive overboard and masts come down. Gobber joins Stoick.

GOBBER
Heh. Smart, that one.

Stoick looks up and down the beach for an answer.

STOICK

Guilt-ridden

I was a fool.

The monster raises its head to the sky and bellows.
The sound shakes the beach, knocking Vikings off their feet. This island is his. Stoick stops a Viking General.

STOICK
Lead the men to the far side of the island.

SPITELOUT
Right.

turns to the others

Everybody to the far side of the island!

The Vikings scatter into the rocks like ants.
Satisfied with the ships destruction, The Red Death turns its attention back to the Vikings.
They seem to have vanished.
It sniffs the air, searching for their scent.

Gobber drops in beside Stoick, like two soldiers in a trench. Fire blasts over head, causing them to duck.

STOICK

Gobber, go with the men.

GOBBER

I think I'll stay, just in case you're thinking of doing something crazy.

Stoick grabs him.

STOICK

I can buy them a few minutes if I give that thing someone to hunt.

Gobber removes Stoick's hand. Clenches his forearm, determined.

GOBBER

Then I can double that time.

Stoick grins. Friends to the bitter end.

Emphiatic

They break cover and dash into the open, splitting up. Stoick rips a sharpened post from the ground and hurls it into the monster's face.

STOICK

HERE!

GOBBER

NO, HERE!

It spots both of them. He fuels up to fire, glancing back and forth between the two men. He focuses on Stoick.

GOBBER

Come on! Fight me!

STOICK

No, me!

The Red Death remains focused on Stoick - this is it.
It rears back and inhales.

Gas begins to amass....

KABLAM!

A blast explodes against the back of The Red Death's head. It turns distracted, as...

... a Nadder punches through the flames, banking across the sky. Followed by a Monstrous

They roll in unison, revealing the recruits riding on their backs. Hiccup leads, with Astrid clinging to his waist.

Gobber and Stoick, watch slack-jawed, in awe.

HICCUP
Ruff, Tuff, watch your backs!
Move Fishlegs!

The monster shakes off the blast and snaps in their wake. Hiccup directs his squadron out of harm's way. They climb out of reach and circle each other.

TUFFNUT
Look at us, we're on a dragon! We're on dragons, all of us!

HICCUP
Up, let's move it!

The dragons climb past the Red Death. Gobber hobbles over to Stoick.

GOBBER
Every bit the boar-headed, stubborn Viking you ever were.

Stoick is speechless.
The teenagers circles over the dragon's head.

HICCUP
Fishlegs, break it down.

FISHLEGS
Okay. Heavily armored skull and tail made for bashing and crushing. Steer clear of both. Small eyes, large nostrils. Relies on hearing and smell.

HICCUP
Okay. Lout, Legs, hang in its blind spot. Make some noise, keep it confused. Ruff, Tuff, find out if it has a shot limit. Make it mad.

RUFFNUT
That's my specialty.

TUFFNUT
Since when? Everyone knows I'm more irritating. See.

Irritating Sounds

HICCUP
Just do what I told you. I'll be back as soon as I can.

TUFFNUT
Don't worry, we got it covered!

Expasterated

FISHLEGS

Yeah!

Hiccup and Astrid peel away. The teens bank and dive toward the monster, splitting up. The Twins race alongside the monster's head, taunting it.

TUFFNUT

Troll!

RUFFNUT

Butt Elf!

TUFFNUT

Bride of Grendel!

The Red Death unloads a spray of fire at the twins. They barely dodge it.

Fishlegs and Snotlout hang behind its eyes, banging away at their shields, making a racket. The Red Death opens all SIX of its eyes, spotting them.

FISHLEGS

Uh, this thing doesn't have a blind spot.

View Hiccup and Astrid ... searching for Toothless. Hiccup spots him among the burning ships.

HICCUP

There!

He steers the Nadder over the deck and hands Astrid the reins. He lines up his jump... and hops off, guarding his face from the flames. He lands on the burning deck.

HICCUP

Go help the others!

She and the Nadder take off. As Hiccup fights his way to Toothless. He unbuckles the muzzle.

Toothless shrieks.

HICCUP

Okay, hold on. Hold on.

The other teens clang their weapons against their shields, making the monster wince.

SNOTLOUT

It's working. The huge beast starts to sway its head dizzily.

FISHLEGS

Yeah! It's working.

The noise is also confusing the Gronckle and the Monstrous Nightmare. Both dragons lose their bearings. The Red Death thrashes, knocking Snotlout off of his dragon and onto the monster's gigantic head.

Snotlout bounces across the top and comes to a stop just shy of the hundred foot drop.

SNOTLOUT

Agghh!

Fishlegs' Gronckle goes down in a spin of confusion.

FISHLEGS

I've lost power on the Gronckle. Snotlout! Do something!

He hurls Snotlout his hammer. The Gronckle crashes and skids to a stop...

FISHLEGS

I'm okay!

... then flips over, crushing Fishlegs.

FISHLEGS

Less okay.

Snotlout ... who eyes the Red Death's gigantic, veiny eyes. He raises the hammer...

SNOTLOUT

I can't miss!

... and hammers the monster's eyes, playing whack-a-mole.

SNOTLOUT

What's wrong buddy, got something in your eye?

Astrid flies by on her Nadder, catching Snotlout in all his heroics.

ASTRID

Yeah! You're the Viking!

Snotlout grins, finally vindicated in her eyes. In his distraction, he gets thrown and lands heavily on one of the Red Death's spines -- clinging precariously. A close call.

SNOTLOUT

Whoa!

On the ground, the monster's tail sweeps across the burning ships, snapping masts like twigs. We follow one down as it crashes onto a deck, revealing... Hiccup is working at the chains. He can't budge them. Fire licks at his clothes. He looks up to see... The Red Death blasting at the teens, enraged. The monster's giant foot crashes through frame, smashing the bow under its impressive weight. Hiccup and Toothless are thrown into the water in a maelstrom of burning planks and rigging.

Underwater, Hiccup swims toward Toothless.

They're both caught in a mess of rigging, being dragged down. The heavy palette settles into the rocky bottom like an anchor.

Toothless has stopped struggling. Hiccup takes one more hopeless tug at the chains - he's almost out of air.

Suddenly, a meaty hand grabs Hiccup.

Stoicks explodes to the surface, pulling Hiccup to the shoreline through flaming debris. He lays him down, under the shelter of an overhanging rock.

HICCUP

Dad...Overwhelmed

Stoick dives back into the water between flaming flotsam.

Underwater

Toothless is drowning.

Stoick appears in front of him.

Toothless freezes.

Stoick tears the chains off of the yoke and lets it float free. Momentary stillness.

They eye each other, through the churned up bubbles. Toothless lunges out of the bars -- grabbing Stoick.

BOOM! In an explosion of sea water, Toothless lands on the shore, setting Stoick down and releasing him.

Hiccup is awed. The ground rumbles underfoot. The monster screeches. Its massive claws stomp around in the smoke. Stoick gives way as Toothless mounts the rock and raises his wings.

In the air		Astrid sees Toothless streaking through the sky, gaining altitude.	
		ASTRID He's up!	
		She turns to Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who are arguing and throwing punches at each other.	
		ASTRID Get Snotlout out of there!	
		In mid-punch, the twins look over to see Snotlout stranded on the monster's head. They eye each other.	
		TUFFNUT & RUFFNUT I'm on it!	
		TUFFNUT I'm on it first! I'm ahead of you.	
		The twins spot Snotlout on the giant dragon and steer their Zippleback in his direction.	
		RUFFNUT Hey! Let me drive!	
		The twins peel off, arguing as they race each other to the monster. Snotlout sees the Zippleback diving toward him and dashes down the Red Death's head. He runs up the end of its horn...	
		As the twins sweep past, both missing him... but perfectly snatching him where the necks merge.	
He turns to Hiccup and snorts 'Let's go.'			
HICCUP You got it, bud.			
Hiccup climbs onto Toothless and buckles himself in. Stoick grabs his arm.			
STOICK Hiccup. I'm sorry...		...for everything.	
HICCUP			
Yeah...me too.			
STOICK You don't have to go up there.			
HICCUP We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard.			
They exchange smiles.			
STOICK I'm proud to call you my son.			
Hiccup beams, taken aback.			
HICCUP ...Thanks dad.			
Stoick lets go of Hiccup's arm.			
Hiccup spurs Toothless on, charged with his father's belief			

Ruff and Tuff eye each other, surprised and impressed.

TUFFNUT

I can't believe that worked.

The Red Death spots Astrid and INHALES, preparing to blast. She and her Nadder get caught in the suction, pulled toward the monster's gaping mouth.

On the ground

The Vikings watch with dread. They hear the familiar whirl of the...

GOBBER

Night Fury! Get down!

In the air

A massive BLAST jolts the Red Death's head sideways.

Astrid is thrown clear of its mouth... AND her Nadder. She tumbles through the air. The ground races toward her, when... She's suddenly CAUGHT by the leg.

She looks up to see Toothless.

HICCUP

Did you get her?

Toothless grunts.

On the ground

They fly over the crowd of Vikings and set Astrid down, mid- run. They circle back to re-engage - a black speck against the clouds.

ASTRID

Go.

BREATHLESS

In the air

Hiccup and Toothless rocket past the Red Death's head and climb, higher and higher.

HICCUP

That thing has wings! Okay, let's see if it can use them!

Hiccup pulls Toothless into a turn. They plummet, gaining tremendous speed. The wind buffets them as they target the Red Death as super sonic speed.

KABLAM!

Toothless unloads a fireball against the Red Death's head. It goes down with a rumble as they climb anew.

The Vikings shield themselves from the dust of the fallen monster... as its wings unfold and extend.

Hiccup looks back as they put distance between them.

HICCUP

Do you think that did it?

Suddenly, the enraged behemoth rises into frame... flapping its wings furiously. A daunting sight.

HICCUP

Well, he can fly.

Hiccup and Toothless dive into the tangled sea stacks - they weave through the rock like rabbits through a briar.

The Red Death snaps at them, but cannot reach them.

Hiccup and Toothless pull ahead.

The Red Death smashes through the canopy of rock and pulls in behind Toothless.

He bursts through fifty-foot formations like they were saplings.

Stoick, Gobber, and the Teens watch as Hiccup and Toothless streak past, weaving through sea stacks.

TEENS

Woohoo! Yeah!

A moment later the Red Death smashes the sea stacks to dust in hot pursuit.

The Vikings mood is quenched.

Hiccup and Toothless can't slow the monster down. Hiccup eyes the clouds above.

*An idea hits him.
He locks eyes with Toothless.*

HICCUP

Okay Toothless, time to disappear.

Toothless *PULLS* into a steep climb,
heading toward the clouds.

HICCUP

Come on bud!

The Red Death follows, closing in fast.

HICCUP

Here it comes!

BLAST!

They narrowly dodge a column of flame and smoke.
They reach the low-hanging clouds and pierce them.

The monster follows, immediately losing them in the hampered visibility.

It roars irritably.

From out of nowhere, Toothless dives at the huge dragon, blasting and puncturing a hole in its wing.

Toothless and Hiccup are gone again before the dragon can get a shot at them.

The Vikings stare up at the sky listening to the re-sounding booms and watching flashes light up the clouds. Gobber places a hand on Stoick's shoulder.

Hiccup and Toothless dive in again and again, using the clouds to hide and surprise as they puncture the monster's wings.

It bellows in frustration and whirls around, unleashing fire blindly, in all directions.

Hiccup sees the glow of fire cutting towards them.

HICCUP

Watch out!

The random blast clips Toothless' tail.

It's heavily damaged.

HICCUP

Okay, time's up. Let's see if this works.

He pulls Toothless into a turn.
They fly directly into the Red Death's face, taunting it.

HICCUP

Come on! Is that the best you can do!?

Toothless utters an insult too, and they jackknife into a steep dive.

The Red Death pursues.

Toothless pumps his wings, racing faster than he's ever gone before.

Hiccup and Toothless stay just ahead of the Red Death -- no longer trying to evade it.

Hiccup glances back to check the tail - it's disintegrating.

HICCUP
Stay with me buddy. We're good. Just a little bit longer.

The Red Death closes the gap.

Hiccup tucks in and holds Toothless steady —

— allowing the monster to set its sights on them. It narrows its eyes.

HICCUP
Hold, Toothless.

The Red Death opens his mouth. The familiar gas hiss emanates from his throat — ignition is coming.

HICCUP
NOW!

Hiccup hits the pedals hard as Toothless extends one wing.

They pivot in place, hurtling directly into the Red Death's mouth.

Toothless fires point blank down the monster's throat. Its amassing gas is ignited, backfiring into the monster, erupting in a chain of blasts throughout its body.

Hiccup and Toothless burst from the clouds, the Red Death hot on their tail, exploding from within.

It glances forward and sees the ground rushing up. It throws open its wings, attempting to put on the brakes, but the punctured, damaged wings can't stop its momentum.

As the Red Death chokes on the expanding fireball, he sees Toothless suddenly pull out of the dive, streaking up, past its head.

The Red Death hits the ground, head-first.

It explodes like the Hindenburg.

Hiccup and Toothless weave through the monster's massive back plates, wings, and flailing legs -- a high-speed recall of the free fall slalom run.

The expanding fireball races toward them, about to swallow them. They manage to clear the obstacles.

Hiccup glances back.

They're outrunning the fireball. He looks forward just in time to see the monster's massive club tail careening toward them.

He tries to shift their direction.

The last shreds of Toothless' tail tear away.

Hiccup's pedals go dead.

HICCUP

No.

No!

Hiccup and Toothless can't maneuver - they're dead in the air.

The giant club tail clips Toothless, tearing Hiccup from the harness and sending him tumbling against the backdrop of the fast-approaching fireball.

Toothless struggle with all his might to reach the unconscious Hiccup. But the fireball swallows them both.

The Vikings watch in horror as Hiccup and Toothless disappear into the boiling inferno.

⌘ PART XVIII

A whiteout of ash. And through it comes...

STOICK
Hiccup?

Hiccup!?

Stoick appears, searching desperately. Everything is scorched. Even the ground is smoking from the terrible heat.

STOICK
Hiccup!? Son!?

Through the ash, Stoick the motionless silhouette of Toothless.

STOICK

Hiccup.

Grave

He hurries to the dragon's side. Toothless is roughed up, but conscious. His scorched saddle, however, is vacant.

*Stoick looks to the sky in despair.
He buckles at the knees, overwhelmed by the loss.*

STOICK
Oh son...

I did this...

Astrid pushes through the crowd, her eyes welling up. Followed by Gobber. They flank Stoick as he kneels, slumped over.

Behind them, a ring of Vikings form, keeping a respectful distance. As the dust and smoke clear, a ring of wild dragons can also be seen, gathering just behind and between the Vikings.

Toothless stirs and groggily rolls his head toward Stoick. Their eyes meet.

STOICK
I'm so sorry...

Toothless unfolds his wings...

...revealing Hiccup, unconscious, clutched safely against his chest.

Stoick's eyes widen.

STOICK
Hiccup.

*He scoops Hiccup into his arms.
Listens to his heart. Bursts into relieved laughter.*

STOICK
He's alive!
You brought him back alive!

*The crowd roars. Followed by the dragons. The
Vikings look around to find themselves surrounded.*

Stoick leans close to Toothless, meeting him eye to eye.

STOICK

Thank you...
...for saving my son.

Privately

Gobber looks Hiccup up and down.

GOBBER
Well, you know... most of him.

*Stoick glances back at him. Gobber shrugs,
redirecting his eyes toward...*

⌘ PART XVIV

Hiccup is asleep, his head on a pillow.

*Healing scars on his face show that
maybe a week or two have passed.*

*Toothless hovers over him, whin-
ing and grumbling impatiently.*

Hiccup stirs. Opens his eyes.

HICCUP

Oh, hey Toothless.

Groggy

Toothless excitedly nuzzles and nudges Hiccup.

HICCUP
Okay, okay! I'm happy to see you too, bud. Now just—

Toothless steps on his groin, causing Hiccup to sit bolt upright with a yelp.

He looks around, confounded. He's in his bed, moved beside the fire pit on the main floor of his house.

HICCUP
I'm in my house...
...You're in my house.

Toothless tears around the room, knocking things over, far too big for the space.

HICCUP
Uh...does my dad know you're in here?!

Toothless pauses at the foot of the bed, tongue wagging. He eyes the rafters... and leaps up onto them, brimming with 'happy dog' energy.

HICCUP

Okay, okay -- no Toothless!
Aw, come on...

Distressed

Hiccup shifts to get out of bed...

then pauses...

...sensing that something is wrong.

He peels back the covers slowly. What he sees startles, horrifies, and overwhelms him -- all at once.

On the bare floor his booted foot touches down.

Followed by a mechanical prosthetic in place of his second leg.

It's an ingenious spring-loaded replacement, made of wood and iron.

Toothless lands by the bed and approaches calmly, sniffing the new leg.

He raises his eyes to meet Hiccup's, seemingly aware of what Hiccup is going through.

Hiccup braces himself on the bedpost and tries to stand on it. He winces and stifles the pain...

HICCUP
Okay...okay...

...but stumbles with the first step.

Toothless catches Hiccup's fall with his head... and slowly lifts him up, stabilizing him.

HICCUP
Thanks bud.

Hiccup leans on him like a crutch. They take a few steps together. Their missing parts form a poetic silhouette as they make their way toward the door.

Hiccup pries it open, revealing a Monstrous Nightmare flapping outside the door.

Hiccup yelps and slams the door closed. He turns to Toothless, alarmed.

HICCUP
Toothless? Stay here, bud.

Hiccup pauses...

...and cracks the door open again.
He peeks outside, his eyes widening.
He allows to door to swing open, revealing...

... the Monstrous Nightmare...

...carrying Snotlout on its back.

SNOTLOUT
Come on guys, get ready! Hold on tight! Here we go!

A class of newbie dragon riders follow him through
frame on a variety of dragons, pulling back the
curtain on an amazing vista in which:

Vikings and dragons mill about by the dozen,
basking on the rooftops, weaving along the plaza.

No one seems upset, there isn't a sword in sight.

Under the framework of a massive barn, a
Nadder blasts a fire onto a metal brace. It steps
back to let a Viking hammer it into shape.

Nearby, a Gronkle lands, carrying a tree
trunk in his mouth. He shows a Viking what
he's found. The Viking pats his head.

Another Viking backs a Zippleback
into a stall to check it for size.

Hiccup takes a step outside, finding
Stoick waiting for him on the step.

HICCUP
I knew it. I'm dead.

Stoick laughs.

STOICK
No, but you gave it your best shot.

He puts his arm around Hiccup, steadying him.
He gestures to the transformed village.

STOICK
So? What do you think?

Hiccup just shrugs, amazed.
Below, the plaza, villagers take notice.

VIKING #1

Hey look! It's Hiccup!

VIKING #2

Hiccup, how you doin' mate?

VIKING #3

It's great to see you up and about.

STOICK

Turns out all we needed was a little more of...

HICCUP

You just gestured to all of me.

GOBBER

Well. Most of you.

GOBBER

That bit's my handiwork. With a little Hic-cup flare thrown in. Think it'll do?

They rush over, surrounding him with a hero's welcome.

Stoick gestures in Hiccup's general direction.

Gobber pushes through the crowd, beaming proudly.

Sweetly

Playing along

Pointing at the prosthetic leg

HICCUP

I might make a few tweaks.

ASTRID

That's for scaring me.

HICCUP

What, is it always going to be this way? Cause I...

HICCUP

... could get used to it.

GOBBER

Welcome home.

VIKING

Night Fury, get down!

Astrid appears and jabs Hiccup in the arm. Hiccup recoils with a grumble.

She grabs him aggressively... then kisses him. Hoots and hollers follow.

Suddenly, Toothless pounces on the crowd, crushing several unsuspecting Vikings under his weight.

Toothless eyes the new tail excitedly, tongue wagging.

Amidst the groans and grumbles, Hiccup and Astrid exchange a sheepish grin.

bittersweet, coming to terms

Scene on Hiccup's prosthetic foot, snapping into the modified stirrup.

The two pieces click together, forming a single shape. Astride Toothless, he's whole again. He rotates the pedal. The new tail opens. Bright red with a skull and Viking horns emblazoned on it. Hiccup approves.

Hiccup and Toothless, saddled up and ready to fly. Astrid backs her Nadder into position.

HICCUP

You ready?

Toothless snorts an excited 'yes!' From his mount, Hiccup looks out over the changed world.

HICCUP

This... is Berk.
It snows nine months of the year...
...and hails the other three.

They leap into the bright blue sky, together as one. Astrid follows, giving chase.

HICCUP

Any food that grows here is tough and tasteless.
The people that grow here are even more so.

Hiccup and Astrid race their dragons through the village -- under eaves, over rooftops, down cliff-sides, and between ship masts. It's a high energy, romantic dance of sorts.

HICCUP

The only upsides are the pets.

While other places have...ponies or parrots, we have...

Their fellow recruits join them as they take to the open sky, rocketing far above the village. The Northern sky swirls with blazing, multicolored dragons. Hiccup and Toothless break from the pack, spinning into the blinding sun.

HICCUP

... dragons.

Proudly

