

# HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. NORTH SEA/VILLAGE - 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 (V.O.)**

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 (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

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

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

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.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STOICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A door is pulled open... as a DRAGON swoops directly toward

it, BLASTING FIRE. The door is SLAMMED. The fire shoots through the slats of wood, illuminating HICCUP, a gangly teenage Viking.

**HICCUP**

...dragons.

**EXT. STOICK'S HOUSE**

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.

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More dragons swarm in, setting rooftops alight and hauling off sheep.

**HICCUP (V.O.)**

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.

ON HICCUP darting through alleys, staying under eaves, making his way through the battle.

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

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**

**(FIERCE)**

Arggghhhhh!

(cheery, insane)

Mornin'!

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

**HICCUP (V.O.)**

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!

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**HICCUP**

. Ack.

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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!?

(accusingly; to the crowd)

What is he doing out again?!

**(TO HICCUP)**

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 (V.O.)**

**(IN AWE)**

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 (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Yes I do.  
An EXPLOSION forces Vikings to DUCK. Stoick stands firm, brushing flaming debris off of his shoulder.

**STOICK**

(barking; to his men)  
What have we got?

**VIKING #1**

Gronkles. Nadders. Zipplebacks. Oh, and Hoark saw a Monstrous Nightmare.

**STOICK**

Any Night Furies?

**VIKING #1**

None so far.

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**STOICK**

**(RELIEVED)**

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.

**INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - CONTINUOUS**

He crosses behind a counter, where a peg-legged, one-armed hulk of a Blacksmith reshapes 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 scattered 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 (V.O.)**

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

**EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS**

**ON STOICK**

**STOICK**

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

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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 (V.O.)**

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 (V.O.)**

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

**(DREAMY)**

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 (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

**(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).

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**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

... 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 (CONT'D)**

... 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.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

... this.

**HICCUP**

**(ASTONISHED)**

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

**GOBBER**

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

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**HICCUP**

**(THREATENING)**

Ohhhh...

**GOBBER**

**(MIMICKING)**

Ohhhhh, yes.

**HICCUP**

You, sir, are playing a dangerous game. Keeping this much, raw...Vikingness contained.

**(BEAT)**

There will be consequences!  
Gobber tosses him a sword.

**GOBBER**

I'll take my chances. Sword.  
Sharpen. Now.  
Hiccup takes it begrudgingly and lobs it onto the grinding wheel. He stews... fantasizing...

**HICCUP (V.O.)**

One day I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything around here.

**EXT. VILLAGE - LOWER PLAINS - CONTINUOUS**

Nadders land, gathering like seagulls around a seemingly vacant house.

**HICCUP (V.O.)**

A Nadder head is sure to get me at least noticed.  
The Nadders clamber onto the building, tearing the roof and walls apart. Sheep pour out and SCATTER.  
Elsewhere, hippo-like Gronckles pick drying racks clean of fish and fly off like loaded pelicans.

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend.  
A stealthy, snake-like dragon head peeks over a rooftop, breathing gas into a chimney.

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

A Zippelback? Exotic, exciting. Two heads, twice the status.

A second head pokes through the door and lights it. KABLAM! 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.**

**CATAPULT OPERATOR**

They found the sheep!

**STOICK**

**(FRUSTRATED)**

Concentrate fire over the lower bank!

**CATAPULT OPERATOR**

Fire!

Boulders are catapulted at the corralling Nadders...

Just as a huge red dragon whips past, spraying the base of the catapult with sticky fire.

**HICCUP (V.O.)**

And then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire.

It emerges from the flames, climbing the catapult with a leering, toothy grin.

**STOICK**

Reload! I'll take care of this.

Stoick takes on the Nightmare, face to hammer.

Suddenly, a LOUD BALLISTIC MOANING streaks overhead. The catapult crew ducks.

**INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - CONTINUOUS**

ON HICCUP, looking up from his work, reacting to the same sound.

**HICCUP (V.O.)**

But the ultimate prize is the dragon no one has ever seen. We call it the--

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**VIKING**

Night Fury! Get down!  
Vikings everywhere take shelter. The moaning sound BUILDS.

**EXT. VILLAGE - CATAPULT - CONTINUOUS**

The Monstrous Nightmare suddenly stops fighting and takes flight. Stoick looks skyward.

**STOICK**

**JUMP!**

KABOOM! The Catapult EXPLODES as though hit by an artillery shell... sending Stoick and the crew leaping for their lives.

**HICCUP (V.O.)**

This thing never steals food, never shows itself, and...  
The sound recedes, leaving the crippled catapult in flames.

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

...never misses.

**(BEAT)**

No one has ever killed a Night Fury. 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.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

Stay. Put. There. You know what I mean.  
Gobber charges into the fray, HOLLERING.  
ON HICCUP, a smirk crosses his face.

**EXT. 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.

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**VIKING #6 (O.S.)**

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**

**(TO HIMSELF)**

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.

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**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

(surprised, then elated)

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.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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**

(to his men, re: the

**NADDERS)**

DO NOT let them escape!

**IN THE PLAZA**

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

Hiccup ducks behind the last standing 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, tackling 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 (CONT'D)**

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 (V.O.)**

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

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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 (CONT'D)**

Sorry, dad.

**EXT. VILLAGE - UPPER PLAZA - CONTINUOUS**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 looks around. All eyes are upon him.

**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.

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**STOICK**

This isn't a joke, Hiccup!

**(EXASPERATED)**

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.  
Sting. Hiccup looks around to see many nods of agreement.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

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.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

I really did hit one.

**GOBBER**

Sure, Hiccup.

**HICCUP**

He never listens.

**GOBBER**

Well, it runs in the family.

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**HICCUP**

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

**(MIMICKING STOICK)**

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.  
Beat.

**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.

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

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.

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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 (CONT'D)**

**(DECIDEDLY)**

One more search. Before the ice sets in.

**VIKING**

Those ships never come back.

**STOICK**

**(MATTER-OF-FACT)**

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**

**(FEEBLE)**

Today's not good for me.

**VIKING (CONT'D)**

**(EQUALLY FEEBLE)**

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**

**(DRY)**

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.

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**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.

**(MORE)**

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**STOICK (CONT'D)**

Has the attention span of a sparrow. I take him fishing and he goes hunting for... for trolls.

**GOBBER**

**(DEFENSIVE)**

Trolls exist! They steal your socks.

**(DARKLY)**

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

**STOICK**

When I was a boy...

**GOBBER**

**(GRUMBLING)**

Oh here we go.

**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.

**(BEAT)**

Hiccup is not that boy.

**GOBBER**

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

**(BEAT)**

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.  
ON STOICK, as Gobber's words hit their mark.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

**ON AN OPEN NOTEBOOK**

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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 scratches 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 (CONT'D)**

**(IN SHOCK)**

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

**(ELATED)**

Yes!

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

I have brought down this mighty  
beast!  
It suddenly shifts.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 safety tangled in the ropes, Hiccup jabs with  
his dagger, puffing himself up with false bravado.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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

**(BEAT)**

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 dagger aloft... fighting himself... until finally lowering it with a frustrated sigh.

He looks over the dragon's chaffed rope wounds.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

(muttered, ashamed)

I did this.

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.

**INT. STOICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Hiccup enters to see...

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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**

**(CAUGHT)**

Dad. Uh...  
Stoick stands, takes a deep breath.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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

**STOICK**

I need to speak with you too, son.  
Hiccup and Stoick STRAIGHTEN at the same moment.

**HICCUP STOICK**

I've decided I don't want to I think it's time you learn  
fight dragons. to fight dragons.

**(BEAT) (BEAT)**

What? What?

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

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.

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**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 (CONT'D)**

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.

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**HICCUP**

**(RESIGNED)**

Deal.

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.

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY**

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 (O.S.)**

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?

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**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**

(cheery, in confidence)  
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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

The Deadly Nadder.

**FISHLEGS**

(under his breath)  
Speed eight. Armor sixteen.

**GOBBER**

The Hideous Zippleback.

**FISHLEGS**

Plus eleven stealth. Times two.

**GOBBER**

The Monstrous Nightmare.

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**FISHLEGS**

Firepower fifteen.

**GOBBER**

The Terrible Terror.

**FISHLEGS**

Attack eight. Venom twelve.

**GOBBER**

**CAN YOU STOP THAT?!**

**(BEAT)**

And...the Gronckle.

**FISHLEGS**

(quietly; to himself)  
Jaw strength, eight.  
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 GRONCKLE thunders out of its cave, charging into the ring like an irate rhino.  
The recruits scramble in every direction. Except for Ruffnut and Tuffnut who rush toward it, like pumped-up rodeo clowns.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

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.

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**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

Your most important piece of equipment is your shield. If you must make a choice between 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**

Oops, 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**

**(DAZED)**

What?!

**RUFFNUT**

**(CONFUSED)**

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.

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GRONCKLE'S POV - the teens targets become blurry and scrambled. It's working.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

Hiccup, get in there!  
ON ASTRID 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' basement. 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**

**(VOICE BREAKING)**

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 (CONT'D)**

**(WORRIED)**

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.  
Gobber lunges in and hooks the Gronckle's mouth at the last second, causing its head to jerk back and fire against the stone wall above Hiccup's head.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

(rattled, but masking it)  
And that's six!  
Gobber wrestles the irate Gronckle back into his pen.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

Go back to bed, ya overgrown  
sausage! You'll get another chance,  
don't you worry.  
Slam! Lock. Gobber turns to the recruits.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

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.

**EXT. WOODS/HIDDEN COVE - 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**

**(MUTTERED)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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.

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 (CONT'D)**

**(MUTTERED)**

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

ON HICCUP as he 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. They exchange a profound, unflinching stare.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT**

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

**GOBBER (O.S.)**

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**

**(SARCASTIC)**

Yeah. We noticed.

**SNOTLOUT**

(grabbing Astrid's hand)  
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,  
sheepishly. Gobber glares at him.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

(glaring at Hiccup)  
Where did Hiccup go wrong?  
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.

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**GOBBER**

Thank you, Astrid.  
Gobber stands.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

You need to live and breathe this  
stuff.  
Gobber lays a giant book in the center of the table.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

The dragon manual. Everything we  
know about every dragon we know of.  
A RUMBLE of thunder shakes the hall. Rain pours down outside.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

No attacks tonight. Study up.  
Gobber EXITS into the storm, leaving the teens staring at the  
book.

**TUFFNUT**

(you've got to be kidding)  
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.

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**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 (CONT'D)**

Tomorrow.

**SIGH.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. GREAT HALL - LATE NIGHT**

**ON HICCUP'S HAND**

OPENING the massive book. Thunder BOOMS outside. The hall is  
vacant and dark, but for the few candles he's pulled  
together.  
Hiccup pours through page after page of strange and  
frightening dragons.

**HICCUP (V.O.)**

Dragon classifications. Strike  
class. Fear class. Mystery class.

Hiccup turns the page.

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Thunderdrum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools.

**(MORE)**

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**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight. Hiccup's eyes drift to a lurid illustration of decapitated Vikings. Another page, another dragon.

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Timberjack. This gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown trees...extremely dangerous. Kill on sight. The illustrations seem to take on a life of their own, shifting and squirming in the candlelight.

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Scauldron. Sprays scalding water at its victim. Extremely dangerous. The storm outside rages against the shuttered windows. Hiccup is startled, but presses on.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Changewing. Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight. He begins flipping through the pages. A blur of dragons...

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Gronckle. Zippleback. The Skrill. Bone Knapper. Whispering Death. Burns its victims. Buries its victims. Chokes its victims. Turns its victims inside-out. Extremely dangerous. Extremely

dangerous. Kill on sight. Kill on sight. Kill on sight...  
Hiccup finally lands upon the page he's been looking for.

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Night Fury.  
It's BLANK -- no image, save for a few, sparse details.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Speed unknown. Size unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself.

**(MORE)**

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**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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.  
CLOSE ON the drawing of Toothless...

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGH SEAS - 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, swirling 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, towering 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 (CONT'D)**

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 whiteout, followed by the other two.

**A BEAT**

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Suddenly a flash of light. A silhouette of a dragon. Hollers.  
Sounds of splitting and shattering wood. Plunges into the water. Another bright flash.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - RING - DAY**

CLOSE ON 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 (O.S.)**

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 (CONT'D)**

Today... is all about attack.

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

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

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.

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Ruff and Tuff rush in, diving and rolling up to the Nadder's nose. The Nadder sniffs the air -- it can't see them. Tuff and Ruff are smashed together - too close for comfort.

**RUFFNUT**

**(WHISPERED)**

Do you ever bathe?

**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**

**(WHISPERED)**

Hiccup!  
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.

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**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.

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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.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. COVE - MAGIC HOUR**

**CLOSE 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. A BEAT, 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.

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#### **HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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

#### **HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. COVE - LATER**

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

CLOSE ON 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.

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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.

**EXT. VILLAGE - 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.

(can't deny it)

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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 40.  
ON HICCUP hiding his horrified look from the others.  
Gobber stands and stretches.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

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.  
(playful, taunting)  
But who'll win the honor of killing  
it?  
He hobbles off. The teens reflect.

**TUFFNUT**

(very matter of fact)  
It's gonna be me.

**(BEAT)**

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.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 41.

**INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - 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.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - LATER**

**CLOSE ON**

... 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.

**EXT. HIDDEN COVE - DAWN**

Hiccup arrives, winded, straining under the weight of a full basket. He clicks the scale he found (like a jar top). 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 (CONT'D)**

Okay, that's disgusting.  
Toothless approaches, settling in to devour the feast.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Uh..we've got some salmon...  
Toothless swallows it.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

... some nice Icelandic cod...  
Swallows those too.

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**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

... 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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

It's okay.

Hiccup drops a knee on top of the tail. Toothless' head juts  
up, slows its chewing to a halt.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Okay...okay..

The dragon tenses, slowly spreading his wings. Hiccup straps  
the prosthetic fin in place. He cinches the straps.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

**(PLEASED)**

There. Not too bad. It works.

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 43.  
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 (CONT'D)**

(excited, terrified)

It's working!

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

**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 (CONT'D)**

Yeah!

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - MORNING**

**GOBBER (O.S.)**

Today is about teamwork. Work together and you might survive. ON A DOUBLE-WIDE DOOR. Gas seeps through the cracks. 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 (CONT'D)**

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.

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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-digestion. Prefers ambush attack, crushing its victims in its...

**HICCUP**

**(TENSE)**

Will you please stop that?

**ON SNOTLOUT AND TUFFNUT**

Moving nervously through the fog, back to back. Snotlout 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**

**(TO ASTRID)**

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**

Wait.

They FREEZE. A tail SWEEPS out of the fog, taking them down. Their buckets spill.

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ON FISHLEGS AND HICCUP coming 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!  
Beat. A clicking sound comes from behind them. Sparks flash  
in the smoke.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

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

**HICCUP**

Oh, come on!

**GOBBER**

**RUN, HICCUP!**

Gobber COVERS his eyes.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

Hiccup!  
Beat.  
The Zippleback hesitates. SNIFFS. Then retreats.  
The teens get to their feet, watching transfixed. Gobber  
peeks through his fingers to see...

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 46.  
The Zippleback 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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

Now think about what you've done.  
Hiccup turns to the teens and Gobber. They stare, slack-jawed

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

Yep...see you tomorrow.  
Astrid SNEERS. Something's going on.

**EXT. WOODS/COVE - SUNSET**

**BEGIN MUSIC MONTAGE**

**INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - HICCUP'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

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

**EXT. COVE - DAY**

Hiccup appears before Toothless, holding the new prosthetic.  
Toothless runs off as Hiccup chases him down.

**HICCUP**

Hey!

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**EXT. COVE - DAY**

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

**HICCUP**

Yeah! Whoa!

**INT. BLAKCSMITH STALL - LATER**

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

**EXT. SKY/FIELD - DAWN**

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.

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - MORNING**

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.

**EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON**

The recruits walk home together, surrounding Hiccup and

**BOMBARDING HIM WITH QUESTIONS.**

**FISHLEGS**

Hey Hiccup, I've never seen a Gronkle to that before.

**TUFFNUT**

How'd you do that?

**RUFFNUT**

It was really cool.  
He squirms and invents an excuse.

**HICCUP**

I left my axe back in the ring.  
He turns and hurries back.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

You guys go on ahead and I'll catch  
up with you.  
Astrid watches, suspicious.

**EXT. COVE - LATER**

Hiccup rubs Toothless behind the ear, causing him to relax  
and fall over.

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - LATER**

An angry Deadly Nadder approaches Hiccup. Just as Astrid  
moves in to strike, Hiccup performs his special rubbing  
technique, which sends the Nadder down. Astrid and the other  
kids look on from the sideline in amazement.

**INT. MEADE HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Hiccup sits down at a table to eat. The other recruits notice  
him and move over to his table to talk to him -- leaving  
Astrid alone.

**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.

**EXT. COVE - LATER**

Hiccup is using a mirror-like object to create a patch of  
light on the ground. Toothless claws and chases the light  
patch like a cat chasing a laser pointer.

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY**

A beam lifts from the door of another dragon pen.

**GOBBER**

Meet the Terrible Terror.

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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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

**(TO ASTRID)**

Wow, he's better than you ever were.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER**

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.  
She HUFFS, frustrated.

**EXT. COVE - LATER**

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.

**EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER**

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

**HICCUP**

Oh, great.

**EXT. BERK - NIGHT**

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

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**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 (O.S.)**

Hiccup?

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

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

Are you in there?

Too late - she's right outside.

ON ASTRID walking 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.

**EXT. DOCKS - 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.

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**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 insensitivity. He turns to Gobber.

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**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**

**(BEAMING)**

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SKY - AFTERNOON**

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 (CONT'D)**

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.

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**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Come on. Come on buddy. Come on buddy!

They zip through the arch. A perfect maneuver.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Sorry.

They hurtle into another rock pillar. Toothless grumbles.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

My fault.

Toothless swats him with his 'ear' plate.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

Yeah! Go baby! Yes! Oh, this is amazing! The wind in my...  
He spots the leather guide tearing free in the turbulence.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

**(PANICKED)**

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

Hiccup grabs frantically for the airborne sheet...

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

No!

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... and NABS IT before it's carried out of reach. Toothless, however, obeys the command and suddenly 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 (CONT'D)**

Oh gods! Oh no!

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

(trying to calm Toothless)

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 tumbling 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 directly into a treacherous slalom course of jutting sea stacks.

Hiccup pulls the cheat sheet from his teeth and attempts to check positions. It flaps violently 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-defying obstacle course, now safely behind them. He beams, relieved. He sits back and throws his arms up in victory.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

**YEEAHHH!**

Toothless concurs with a happy SQUEAL and a fireball. Hiccup's glee turn to dread as they fly directly into it.

**ON HICCUP'S FACE**

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Ah, come on.

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**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.  
(gesturing to his fish on

**A STICK)**

I'm good.

Several Terrible Terrors land like seagulls, hissing and nipping at each other as they approach 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 (CONT'D)**

Not so fireproof on the inside, are you?

Hiccup throws the hapless Terror his freshly cooked fish.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

**(PENSIVE)**

Everything we know about you guys is wrong.

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

**INT. BLACKSMITH STALL - HICCUP'S CLOSET - NIGHT**

HICCUP is lost in thought, his head laid on a desk full of Toothless drawings. Burdened with the weight of the world. 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 (CONT'D)**

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**

**(CAUGHT)**

You did?

**STOICK**

**(STERN)**

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**

**(IN VAIN)**

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

**STOICK**

Nothing happens on this island without me hearing about it.

**HICCUP**

Oh?

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**STOICK**

So.

**(BEAT)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

And mount your first Gronckle head on a spear. What a feeling! Stoick laughs and smacks Hiccup on the shoulder, sending him into the wall.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

And all the while, you were holding out on me! Thor almighty! Stoick grabs a stool and sits. His massive frame nearly fills the tiny room.

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**STOICK (CONT'D)**

**(RELIEVED)**

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 (CONT'D)**

Oh, I... brought you something. He presents a horned helmet.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

To keep you safe in the ring.

**HICCUP**

**(SINCERE)**

Wow. Thanks.  
Hiccup accepts it, looking it over.

**STOICK**

Your mother would've wanted you to  
have it.

**(HEARTFELT)**

It's half of her breast plate.  
Stoick taps his own helmet and smiles.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

Matching set. Keeps her close,  
y'know?  
Hiccup eyes the mismatched helmets, grimacing.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 59.

**STOICK HICCUP**

(talking over each (talking over each

**OTHER) OTHER)**

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.

**EXT. 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.

**BACK TO ASTRID**

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

**ASTRID**

This time. This time for sure.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 60.  
With a FIERCE BATTLE-CRY she LEAPS from cover, axe cocked to  
throw.

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

Aaaaaaaaaa...

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

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

..aaaaaaaauGGGGGHHHHHHHHH! No! No!

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

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

**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**

**(LIVID)**

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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 61.

**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**

**(MASKING PANIC)**

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

**EXT. HIDDEN COVE - DUSK**

**HICCUP**

... 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 (CONT'D)**

Oh..man...

SHINK! Hiccup looks up to the sound of...

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

**(SHOCKED)**

Aggh! What the--

**(RECOMPOSING)**

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.

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**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 (CONT'D)**

**(PANICKED)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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**

**(FEEBLE)**

Oh man.  
She dives onto Hiccup.

**ASTRID**

Get down! Run! Run!  
Astrid pulls her axe, ready to take on Toothless.

**HICCUP**

No!

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 63.  
Hiccup knocks Astrid's cocked axe to the ground, out of reach, then stops Toothless short of crushing her.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

No. It's okay! It's okay...  
Toothless pulls up short and lands hard, SPRAYING Astrid with sand.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

**(CALMING)**

She's a friend.  
Toothless snorts in disagreement. Astrid is frozen. Toothless looks from her to Hiccup and back to her, confused.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

**(TO ASTRID)**

You just scared him.

**ASTRID**

I scared him!?  
Hiccup makes a "be quiet" motion.

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

**(INTENSE WHISPER)**

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 (CONT'D)**

**(TO TOOTHLESS)**

Where do you think you're going?

**EXT. 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!

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 64.  
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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

Toothless! What is wrong with you?!  
Bad dragon!

(mortified; to Astrid)  
He's not usually like this. Oh  
no...

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 65.  
Toothless ROLLS and PLUMMETS toward the coastline far below.  
Astrid SCREAMS.  
Toothless rockets over the ocean waves, deliberately dipping  
them in the froth.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Toothless, what are you doing?!  
We need her to like us!  
Toothless rockets skyward and begins tumbling head over tail.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 level 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...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SKY - NIGHT**

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

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**ASTRID**

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

**(BEAT)**

He's amazing.  
Astrid carefully reaches down and pats Toothless' side.

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

So what now?  
Hiccup groans. It's a problem without an answer.

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

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

**(WHISPERED)**

... 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 (CONT'D)**

Toothless! What's happening? What is it?  
Toothless BARKS at him. 'Quiet!'  
Suddenly, out of the dense cloud, a Monstrous Nightmare emerges.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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.

**(BEAT)**

Toothless. You've got to get us out  
of here, bud.  
Toothless HISSES.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 67.  
Other dragons, previously invisible in the thick clouds,  
appear all around them. HUNDREDS of them, all carrying fish  
and game in their talons.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

**(WHISPERED)**

It looks like they're hauling in  
their kill.  
The Zippleback eyes them ravenously.

**ASTRID**

What does that make us?  
The dragons BANK and dive in formation, plummeting 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 (CONT'D)**

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

**ASTRID**

They're not eating any of it.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 68.  
Last to arrive is a dim-witted Gronckle. It hovers over the pit and regurgitates his paltry contribution -- a pathetic little fish. 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 (CONT'D)**

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.

**EXT. HIDDEN COVE - NIGHT - LATER**

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

**ASTRID**

(her mind reeling, talking Hiccup's ear off)

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 (CONT'D)**

Let's find your dad.

**HICCUP**

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

**(BEAT)**

**(MORE)**

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**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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.

**(BEAT)**

Then what do we do?

**HICCUP**

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

**ASTRID**

Okay.  
Astrid PUNCHES Hiccup in the arm.

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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?

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**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY**

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**

(aloud to the crowd)  
Well, I can show my face in public again.

**LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE**

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

**(PLAYFUL)**

If someone had told me that in a few short weeks, Hiccup would go from being, well... Hiccup, to placing first in dragon training... I would've tied him to a mast and shipped him off for fear he'd gone mad. Yes! And you know it!

**(BEAT)**

But here we are. And no one's more surprised...  
ON HICCUP standing at the entrance to the ring, listening, looking burdened.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

... or more proud than I am. Today, my boy becomes a Viking. TODAY, HE

**BECOMES ONE OF US!**

CHEERS and ROARS.  
Astrid approaches Hiccup.

**ASTRID**

Be careful with that dragon.

**HICCUP**

(re: the roaring crowd)  
It's not the dragon I'm worried  
about.

**ASTRID**

**(WORRIED)**

What are you going to do?

**HICCUP**

Put an end to this.  
She eyes him, dubious.

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**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

I have to try.

**(BEAT)**

Astrid. If something goes wrong...  
just make sure they don't find  
Toothless.

**ASTRID**

**(GRIM)**

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.

**ON THE TEENS**

HOOTING and HOLLERING from the stands.

**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**

**(MUTTERED)**

Hrmp. 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...  
Beat.  
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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 72.  
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.  
ON STOICK, also confused.

**STOICK**

What is he doing?  
The dragon presses closer, snorting. Hiccup extends his open  
hand. It snarls.

**HICCUP**

**(WHISPERED)**

It's okay. It's okay.  
The dragon continues to pace, focused on... HICCUP'S HELMET.  
Hiccup realizes, then reaches up and removes it. Taking a  
breath to acknowledge the point of no return, he tosses the  
helmet aside. It hits the ground.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

They're not what we think they are.  
We don't have to kill them.

**STOICK**

**I SAID STOP THE FIGHT!**

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 73.  
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. Hiccup SCREAMS  
and barely dives out of reach.

**EXT. COVE - CONTINUOUS**

**ON TOOTHLESS**

His ear plates shoot up. Panic flares in his eyes.

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS**

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.

**EXT. COVE - CONTINUOUS**

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.

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS**

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.

**EXT. COVE - CONTINUOUS**

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

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 74.

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS**

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**

**(PANICKED)**

Alright, Toothless, go. Get out of here!

The crowd is gob-smacked, growing livid.

**VIKINGS**

Night Fury!

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 75.  
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 (CONT'D)**

No, don't! You're only making it

worse!

Stoick raises his hammer as he charges for Toothless.  
Toothless ducks and pounces on him. They tumble end over end.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Toothless! STOP!

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

**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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 76.  
Stoick gets to his feet, fuming, shaken. A Viking presents Stoick with an axe. He eyes Toothless a moment, then pushes the axe back into the Viking's hands.

**STOICK**

Put it with the others!  
His burning glare turn to Hiccup.

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY**

**ON HICCUP**

Being 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**

**(FLUSTERED)**

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

**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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 77.

**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.

**(BEAT)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

Oh no. No, Dad. No.  
Hiccup chases after him, panicked.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 78.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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.

**(BEAT)**

You're not my son.  
Stoick pushes through the door, leaving Hiccup alone,  
devastated.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

**(CALLING OUT)**

Ready the ships!

**EXT. GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Stoick staggers on the steps, breaking inside.

**EXT. DOCKS/OPEN SEA - DAY**

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 restrained with a weighty  
neck ring. He looks exhausted, miserable.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 79.  
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 (CONT'D)**

Lead us home, Devil.

**ON HICCUP**

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CLIFFS - LATER**

**ON HICCUP**

Still standing there. The ships have cleared the horizon. CRANE UP to reveal Astrid is standing behind him. She approaches cautiously and stands beside him in silence.

**ASTRID**

It's a mess.  
Hiccup doesn't respond.

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

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

**HICCUP**

Thank you for summing that up.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 80.

**ASTRID**

Yep. The rest of us would have done it.

**(BEAT)**

So why didn't you?  
Hiccup just shakes his head - he really doesn't know.  
Astrid's eyes glimmer. She wants something.

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

Why didn't you?

**HICCUP**

I don't know. I couldn't.

**ASTRID**

That's not an answer.

**HICCUP**

**(BECOMING IRATE)**

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

**ASTRID**

Because I want to remember what you  
say right now.

**HICCUP**

(angry, loud)  
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**

**(BLOWS UP)**

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

**A BEAT.**

**ASTRID**

First to ride one, though.  
Hiccup blinks. He never looked at it that way before.

**ASTRID (CONT'D)**

So...

**HICCUP**

**(REALIZING)**

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

**(BEAT)**

I looked at him and I saw myself. Astrid turns to face the open sea.

**ASTRID**

I bet he's really frightened now.

**(PROVOKING)**

What are you going to do about it? Beat.

**HICCUP**

Probably something stupid.

**ASTRID**

Good. But you've already done that. Another beat.

**HICCUP**

Then something crazy. Astrid smiles.

**ASTRID**

That's more like it.

**EXT. OPEN SEA/DRAGON ISLAND - DAY**

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. ON STOICK 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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 82.

**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.

ON STOICK straining 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 (CONT'D)**

Step aside.

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

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 83.  
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.

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY**

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

**FISHLEGS (O.S.)**

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.

**(BEAT)**

It's me.

**HICCUP**

Uh...

**SNOTLOUT**

I love this plan.

**HICCUP**

I didn't...

**RUFFNUT**

You're crazy.

**(SULTRY)**

I like that.

**ASTRID**

So? What is the plan?

Hiccup smiles, glowing in the support of his friends.

**EXT. FOGGY SEA - DAY**

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

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 84.  
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 (CONT'D)**

We're here.

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

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - RING - DAY**

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.

ON THE TEENS... bewildered, in awe.

Snotlout nervously reaches for a spear laying near his foot.

Astrid stops him.

**ASTRID**

**(CORRECTING)**

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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 85.  
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.

**SNOTLOUT**

Where are you going?!

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.

**EXT. DRAGON ISLAND - DAY**

**CLOSE ON**

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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 86.  
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.  
Silence. Stock raises his hand, makes a gesture. A flaming  
bushel is launched into the dark, lighting the wall... CHOKED

**WITH DRAGONS.**

Stoick pulls his hammer and rushes into the cave, brazen.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

(War cries and slashing efforts)  
In a chaotic flurry, the dragons suddenly rush out like bats  
from a cave. They 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 (CONT'D)**

Get clear!

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 87.  
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.

**(BEAT)**

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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 88.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

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**

**(EMPHATIC)**

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. 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 (CONT'D)**

Come on! Fight me!

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 89.

**STOICK**

No, me!

The Red Death remains focused on Stoick - this is it. It rears back and inhales. Gas begins to amass, when...  
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 Nightmare, a Zippleback, and a Gronckle. 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.

**ON THE GROUND**

Gobber hobbles over to Stoick.

**GOBBER**

Every bit the boar-headed, stubborn  
Viking you ever were.  
Stoick is speechless.

**IN THE AIR**

The group circles over the dragon's head.

**HICCUP**

Fishlegs, break it down.

**FISHLEGS**

Okay. Heavily armored skull and  
tail made for bashing and crushing.

**(MORE)**

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 90.

**FISHLEGS (CONT'D)**

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**

**(EXASPERATED)**

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

**TUFFNUT**

Don't worry, we got it covered!

**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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 91.

**ON 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 (CONT'D)**

**(TO ASTRID)**

Go help the others!

She and the Nadder take off.

As Hiccup fights his way to Toothless. He unbuckles the muzzle. Toothless shrieks.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Okay, hold on. Hold on.  
He gets to work on the chains.

**ON SNOTLOUT AND FISHLEGS**

They 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.  
PAN DOWN to reveal that 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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 92.

**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 (CONT'D)**

I'm okay!  
... then flips over, crushing Fishlegs.

**FISHLEGS (CONT'D)**

**(FEEBLE)**

Less okay.

**BACK TO 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 (CONT'D)**

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**

Working at the chains. He can't budge them. Fire licks at his  
clothes. He looks up to see...

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 93.  
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.  
STOICK explodes to the surface, pulling Hiccup to the  
shoreline through flaming debris. He lays him down, under the  
shelter of an overhanging rock.

**HICCUP**

**(OVERWHELMED)**

Dad...

Stoick dives back into the water between flaming flotsam.

**UNDERWATER**

ON TOOTHLESS, 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. He turns to Hiccup and SNORTS - "Let's go."

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

You got it, bud.

Hiccup climbs onto Toothless and buckles himself in.

Stoick grabs his arm.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 94.

**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 in him. They rocket into the sky as Stoick watches.

**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 (CONT'D)**

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! 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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 95.

**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. 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 whir 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 reengage - a black speck against the clouds.

**ASTRID**

**(BREATHLESS)**

Go.

**IN THE AIR**

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 96.  
Hiccup and Toothless rocket past the Red Death's head and climb, higher and higher.

**HICCUP**

**(TO TOOTHLESS)**

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.

**ON THE GROUND**

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

**IN THE AIR**

Hiccup looks back as they put distance between them.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Do you think that did it?

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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.

**ON THE GROUND**

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.

**IN THE AIR**

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 97.  
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 (CONT'D)**

Come on bud!

The Red Death follows, closing in fast.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

(hearing the gas)

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.

#### **ON THE GROUND**

The Vikings stare up at the sky listening to the resounding BOOMS and watching FLASHES light up the clouds. Gobber places a hand on Stoick's shoulder.

#### **IN THE AIR**

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 (CONT'D)**

Watch out!

The random blast CLIPS Toothless' tail. It's heavily damaged.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 98.

#### **HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

Hold, Toothless.

The Red Death OPENS his mouth. The familiar gas HISS emanates from his throat -- ignition is coming.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

**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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 99.  
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 (CONT'D)**

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 STRUGGLES with all his might to reach the

unconscious Hiccup. But the fireball swallows them both.

**ON THE GROUND**

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

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 (CONT'D)**

Hiccup!? Son!?

Through the ash, Stoick the motionless silhouette of Toothless.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

**(GRAVE)**

Hiccup.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 100.  
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 (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

I'm so sorry...

Toothless unfolds his wings, revealing Hiccup, unconscious, clutched safely against his chest. Stoick's eyes widen.

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

Hiccup.

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

**STOICK (CONT'D)**

He's alive!

**(TO TOOTHLESS)**

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 (CONT'D)**

**(PRIVATELY)**

Thank you... for saving my son.

Gobber looks Hiccup up and down.

**GOBBER**

Well, you know... most of him.

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

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 101.

**INT. STOICK'S HOUSE - DAY**

**CLOSE ON**

HICCUP, asleep, his head on a pillow. Healing scars on his face show that maybe a week or two have passed.

Toothless hovers over him, WHINING and GRUMBLING impatiently.

Hiccup stirs. Opens his eyes.

**HICCUP**

**(GROGGY)**

Oh, hey Toothless.

Toothless excitedly nuzzles and nudges Hiccup.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

I'm in my house.

(re: Toothless, leaning over him, excited)

You're in my house.

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

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (CONT'D)**

**(DISTRESSED)**

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

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.

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 102.

**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 (CONT'D)**

Okay...okay...

... but STUMBLES with the first step. Toothless catches Hiccup's fall with his head... and slowly lifts him up, stabilizing him.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

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 (as he did in the opening scene), revealing a MONSTROUS NIGHTMARE flapping outside the door.

Hiccup YELPS and slams the door closed. He turns to Toothless, alarmed.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

Toothless? Stay here, bud.

Hiccup pauses... and cracks the door open again. He peeks outside, his eyes widening. He allows the 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:

"Dragon" DeBlois/Sanders Final Draft (Rev.19) 02-13-2010 103.  
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 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 (CONT'D)**

So? What do you think?  
Hiccup just shrugs, amazed.  
Below, the plaza, villagers take notice.

**VIKING #1**

Hey look! It's Hiccup!  
They rush over, surrounding him with a hero's welcome.

**VIKING #2**

Hiccup, how you doin' mate?

**VIKING #3**

It's great to see you up and about.

**STOICK**

**(SWEETLY)**

Turns out all we needed was a  
little more of...

**(GESTURES NON-SPECIFICALLY**

**AT HICCUP)**

... this.

**HICCUP**

**(PLAYING ALONG)**

You just gestured to all of me.

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**GOBBER (O.S.)**

Well. Most of you.  
Gobber pushes through the crowd, beaming proudly.

**GOBBER (CONT'D)**

(re: the prosthetic leg)  
That bit's my handiwork. With a  
little Hiccup flare thrown in.  
Think it'll do?

**HICCUP**

(bittersweet, coming to

**TERMS)**

I might make a few tweaks.

Astrid appears and jabs Hiccup in the arm. Hiccup recoils with a grumble.

**ASTRID**

That's for scaring me.

**HICCUP**

**(PROTESTING)**

What, is it always going to be this way? Cause I...

She grabs him aggressively... then kisses him. Hoots and hollers follow.

**HICCUP (CONT'D)**

... could get used to it.

Gobber presents Hiccup with a rebuilt saddle, rigging, and tail.

**GOBBER**

Welcome home.

Suddenly, Toothless pounces on the crowd, crushing several unsuspecting Vikings under his weight.

**VIKING**

Night Fury, get down!

Toothless eyes the new tail excitedly, tongue wagging. Amidst the groans and grumbles, Hiccup and Astrid exchange a sheepish grin.

**CLOSE ON**

**CLOSE ON**

Hiccup's prosthetic foot, snapping into the modified stirrup.

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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.

**CUT BACK TO REVEAL...**

Hiccup and Toothless, saddled up and ready to fly. Astrid backs her Nadder into position.

**HICCUP**

**(TO TOOTHLESS)**

You ready?  
Toothless SNORTS an excited 'yes!'  
From his mount, Hiccup looks out over the changed world.

**HICCUP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

This... is Berk.

**(BEAT)**

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 (CONT'D)**

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 (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

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 (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

**(PROUDLY)**

... dragons.

**FADE TO WHITE**