

HICCUP

(with blade still raised)

Oh geez – it's staring at me – you're staring at me – I need to kill you, stop staring at me!

TOOTHLESS

(to audience)

Do I stop staring at him?

(TOOTHLESS looks back at HICCUP, and they stare at each other for another beat. Finally, HICCUP lowers his blade with a defeated groan.)

HICCUP

(to himself)

Dad was right.

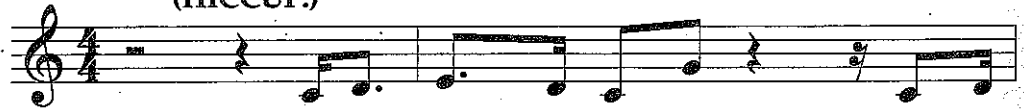
(#5 – WHAT A VIKING CAN DO (PART 2) begins.)

WHAT A VIKING CAN DO (PART 2)

START

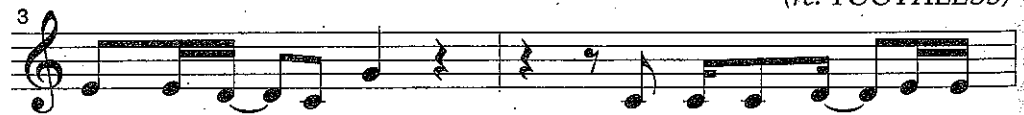
Tentatively
(HICCUP:)

*(TOOTHLESS watches
as HICCUP continues to sing.)*



I can't wound with my blade... Yeah, I

(re: TOOTHLESS)



guess I'm too... a-fraid... I was-n't built... to kill...



'Cuz there's some-thing in its eyes... That

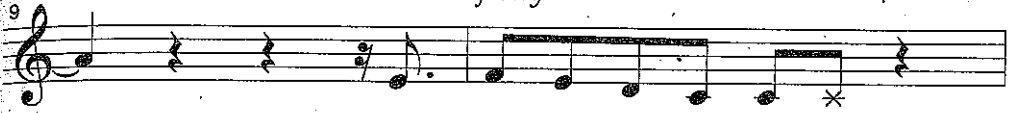
I need to



took me by — sur-prise? It could-'ve struck, but it kept still...

(re: the ropes trapping TOOTHLESS)

freely _____



So may-be I let it go...



free? And just give up, 'cuz I guess... that's.... me...?

DO

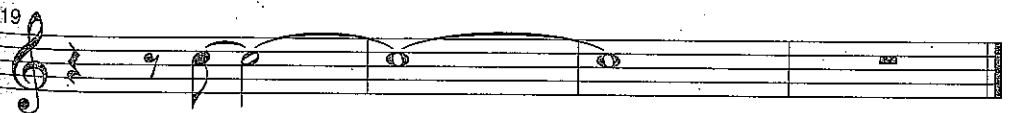


I'll prove what ev-'ry-one al- read-y — knew...



I could nev-er do... — What a Vi-king can...

(HICCUP has cut TOOTHLESS' ropes. TOOTHLESS is free from the bola net.)



do... _____

END



Yeah, I

(TOOTHLESS)



to kill...



That