

## ANNA, HANS

block

(KRISTOFF picks up his ~~bag~~ of ice. ANNA and HANS are oblivious.)

ANNA

(to HANS)

Oh, I'm sorry. So sorry...

HANS

It's perfectly fine. Hi.

ANNA

(smitten)

... Hi.

KRISTOFF

(leaning in between them, awkwardly)

Hi...

(SVEN sniffs HANS, butting him with antlers.)

HANS

Whoa. Reindeer in the castle.

KRISTOFF

Come on, Sven. Let's go.

SVEN

You got it, Kristoff.

KRISTOFF

(calling out)

Ice! Nice, fresh ice!

(KRISTOFF and SVEN exit.)

START

ANNA

Goodness. That was awkward.

(to HANS)

Not that you're awkward, but just because we're— I'm awkward. You're gorgeous. Wait, what?

HANS

(bowing)

Prince Hans of the Southern Isles.

ANNA

(curtseying)

Oh, Princess Anna of Arendelle.

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HANS

Princess? My Lady.

*(HANS falls to his knees.)*

ANNA

Oh, no. You don't have to do that. I'm not that princess.

*(helping HANS up to his feet)*

No, my sister Elsa is the Queen. I'm just me.

HANS

Just you?

ANNA

I mean, I'm not the heir, I'm just the spare.

*(feeling foolish)*

Forget it. I'm not making any sense. How embarrassing.

HANS

You don't have to be embarrassed around me. I'm only the thirteenth son of a king, of a very small kingdom. Please accept my humblest of apologies.

ANNA

*(head over heels)*

Of course, Hans of the Southern Isles.

HANS

Thank you, Anna of Arendelle.

END

(#12 – DANGEROUS TO DREAM. Bells ring.)

## Dangerous to Dream

**BISHOP:** It's time! The coronation is about to begin!  
*(There's a flurry of activity as EVERYONE takes their places.)*

**ANNA:** Oh my goodness. The coronation. I have to go.  
 Will I see you later?

**HANS:** Definitely.  
*(ANNA rushes off. HANS joins the TOWNSPEOPLE.)*

