(ANNA slams into HANS, creating a domino effect in which they knock the ice bag out of KRISTOFF's hands. KRISTOFF and SVEN are irritated.)

KRISTOFF

Hey, my ice!

SVEN

(heard only by Kristoff) Yeah, his ice!

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

ANNA

(to HANS) Oh, I'm sorry. So sorry...

It's perfectly fine. Hi.

ANNA

HANS

(smitten)

... Hi.

KRISTOFF

(leaning in between them, awkwardly)

Hi...

(SVEN sniffs HANS, butting him with their antlers.)

HANS

Whoa. Reindeer in the castle.

KRISTOFF

Come on, Sven. Let's go.

You got it, Kristoff.

KRISTOFF

SVEN

(calling out) Ice! Nice, <u>fresh</u> ice!

(KRISTOFF and SVEN exit.)

Goodness. That was awkward.

ANNA

(to HANS)

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

(bowing) Prince Hans, of the Southern Isles.

ANNA

(curtseying) Oh, Princess Anna of Arendelle.

HANS

Princess? My Lady.

(HANS falls to his knees.)