(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...

HANS
It’s perfectly fine. Hi.

ANNA
(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.

SVEN
You got it, Kristoff.

KRIStoff
(calling out)
Ice! Nice, fresh ice!

(KRISTOFF and SVEN exit.)

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

(curtsying)
Oh, Princess Anna of Arendelle.

HANS

Princess? My Lady.

(HANS falls to his knees.)