Audition Central: Disney's Frozen JR.

Script: Hans

SIDE 1

<div align="center">

ANNA

(excitedly)
</div>

Elsa! I have something to tell you! Elsa?

<div align="center">

(ELSA enters.)

ANNA (CONT'D)
</div>

I mean...Your Majesty. Prince Hans and I would like-

<div align="center">

HANS
</div>

your blessing-

<div align="center">

ANNA
</div>

Of-

<div align="center">

ANNA, HANS
</div>

our marriage!

<div align="center">

ELSA
</div>

Marriage...?

<div align="center">

ANNA
</div>

Yes.

<div align="center">

ELSA
</div>

May I speak with you alone please, Anna?

<div align="center">

ANNA
</div>

No. Whatever you have to say, you can say to both of us.

<div align="center">

ELSA
</div>

All right. You can't marry a man you just met.

<div align="center">

ANNA
</div>

You can if it's true love.

<div align="center">

ELSA
</div>

What do you know about true love?

<div align="center">

ANNA

</div>

What do you know about me?

<div align="center">

ELSA

(rattled)

</div>

You asked me for my blessing, but my answer is no.

END

SIDE 2

<div align="center">

(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

</div>

Hey, my ice!

<div align="center">

SVEN

(heard only by Kristoff)

</div>

Yeah, his ice!

<div align="center">

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

ANNA

(to HANS)

</div>

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

<div align="center">

HANS

</div>

It's perfectly fine. Hi.

<div align="center">

ANNA

(smitten)

</div>

... Hi.

<div align="center">

KRISTOFF

(leaning in between them, awkwardly)

</div>

Hi...

<div align="center">

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

HANS

</div>

Whoa. Reindeer in the castle.

<div align="center">

KRISTOFF

</div>

Come on, Sven. Let's go.

<div align="center">

SVEN

</div>

You got it, Kristoff.

<div align="center">

KRISTOFF

(calling out)

</div>

Ice! Nice, fresh ice!

<div align="center">

(KRISTOFF and SVEN exit.)

ANNA

</div>

Goodness. That was awkward.

<div align="center">

(to HANS)

</div>

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

<div align="center">

HANS

(bowing)

</div>

Prince Hans, of the Southern Isles.

(curtseying)

Oh, Princess Anna of Arendelle.

HANS

Princess? My Lady.

(HANS falls to his knees.)

END