**Audition Scene: Anna & Hans**

Anna: (*Bumping into Hans)* Oh, I’m sorry. So sorry

Hans: It’s perfectly fine. Hi.

Anna: (*smitten)* Hi. (*Snapping out of it)* Goodness, that was awkward. 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.

Hans: Princess? My lady. (*He falls to his knees)*

Anna: Oh, no. You don’t have to do that. I’m not that princess. (*Helping Hans 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: (*Completely head over heels)* Of course, Hans of the Southern Isles.

Hans: Thank you, Anna of Arendelle.

Anna: (*Snapping out of it)* Oh my goodness! The coronation is about to begin! I have to go! Will I see you later?

Hans: Definitely.