



Disney
FROZEN





CHAPTER 1: THE ACCIDENT



“The Frozen Heart” (The Ice Worker’s Song)

*Born of cold and winter air — And mountain rain combining;
 This icy force both foul and fair — Has a frozen heart worth mining.
 So cut through the heart, cold and clear — Strike for love and strike for fear.
 See the beauty sharp and sheer — Split the ice apart —
 And break the frozen heart.*

*Hup! Ho! Watch your step! Let it go! — Hup! Ho! Watch your step! Let it go!
 Beautiful! Powerful! Dangerous! Cold! — Ice has a magic can’t be controlled.
 Stronger than one, Stronger than ten — Stronger than a hundred men!*

*Born of cold and winter air — And mountain rain combining.
 This icy force both foul and fair — Has a frozen heart worth mining.
 Cut through the heart, cold and clear — Strike for love and strike for fear.
 There’s beauty and there’s danger here — Split the ice apart!
 Beware the frozen heart.*

KRISTOFF: Come on, Sven!





ANNA: Elsa. Psst. Elsa! Wake up, wake up, wake up.

ELSA: Anna, go back to sleep.

ANNA: I just can't. The sky's awake, so I'm awake, so we have to play.

ELSA: Go play by yourself.

ANNA: Do you want to build a snowman? ... Come on, come on, come on, come on.

ELSA: Shhh—shhhh—shhhh!

ANNA: Do the magic! Do the magic!

ELSA: Ready?

ANNA: Uh-huh, uh-huh. ... This is amazing!

ELSA: Watch this! ... “Hi. I'm Olaf, and I like warm hugs.”

ANNA: I love you, Olaf. ... Olaf! ... Tickle bumps.

ELSA: Hang on!

ANNA: Catch me!

ELSA: Gotcha!

ANNA: Again!

ELSA: Wait! Slow down!

ANNA: Ouch!

ELSA: Anna! ... Anna! ... Mama! Papa! ... You're okay, Anna. I got you.

KING: Elsa, what have you done? This is getting out of hand!

ELSA: It was an accident. ... I'm sorry, Anna.

QUEEN: She's ice cold.

KING: I know where we have to go.





KRISTOFF: Ice? ... Faster, Sven! ... Sven!

KING: Please, help! My daughter!

TROLL: It's the king!

KRISTOFF: Trolls...?

BULDA: Shush. I'm trying to listen. ... Cuties. I'm gonna keep you.

GRAND PABBIE: Your Majesty! Born with the powers or cursed?

KING: Born. And they're getting stronger.

GRAND PABBIE: Here, here. ... You are lucky it wasn't her heart. The heart is not so easily changed. But the head can be persuaded.

KING: Do what you must.

GRAND PABBIE: I recommend we remove all magic, even memories of magic to be safe. But don't worry—I'll leave the fun. She will be okay.

ELSA: But she won't remember I have powers?

KING: It's for the best.

GRAND PABBIE: Listen to me, Elsa. Your power will only grow. There is beauty in it, but also great danger. You must learn to control it. Fear will be your enemy.

KING: No. We'll protect her. She can learn to control it, I'm sure. Till then, we'll lock the gates. We'll reduce the staff. We will limit her contact with people and keep her powers hidden from everyone—including Anna.



FROZEN



CHAPTER 2: ANNA LEARNS TO HIDE HER POWERS



ANNA: Elsa?

Do you want to build a snowman? — Come on let's go and play.

I never see you anymore — Come out the door — It's like you've gone away.

We used to be best buddies — And now we're not—I wish you would tell me why.

Do you want to build a snowman? — It doesn't have to be a snowman.

ELSA: Go away, Anna.

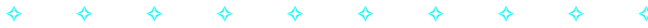
ANNA: Okay—bye.



KING: The gloves will help. See? Conceal it.

ELSA: Don't feel it.

ELSA & KING: Don't let it show.



ANNA:

Do you want to build a snowman? Or ride our bike around the hall?

I think some company is overdue — I've started talking to the pictures on the walls.

Hang in there, Joan.

It gets a little lonely, all these empty rooms — Just watching the hours tick by —

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.



ELSA: I'm scared. It's getting stronger.

KING: Getting upset only makes it worse. Calm down.

ELSA: No! Don't touch me! Please—I don't want to hurt you.



ANNA: See you in two weeks.

ELSA: Do you have to go?

KING: You'll be fine, Elsa.



ANNA: Elsa?

Please—I know you're in there. People are asking where you've been—

They say, 'Have courage', and I'm trying to -- I'm right out here for you — Just let me in.

We only have each other — It's just you and me — What are we gonna do?

Do you want to build a snowman?



FROZEN



CHAPTER 3: CORONATION DAY



DOCK MASTER: Welcome to Arendelle!

MAN: *Ah, merci, monsieur.*

DOCK MASTER: Watch your step, please. The gates will be opening soon.

BOY: Why do I have to wear this?

MOTHER: Because the queen has come of age. It's Coronation Day!

BOY: That's not my fault.

KRISTOFF: What do you want, Sven?

KRISTOFF (*as Sven*): Give me a snack!

KRISTOFF: What's the magic word?

KRISTOFF (*as Sven*): Please!

KRISTOFF: Ah, ah-ah-ah—Share!

PERCY: I can't believe they're finally opening up the gates!

AGGIE: And for a whole day! Faster, Percy!

DUKE: Ah, Arendelle—our most mysterious trade partner. Open those gates so I may unlock your secrets and exploit your riches. ... Did I say that out loud?

IRISHMAN: Oh, me sore eyes can't wait to see the queen and the princess. I bet they're absolutely lovely.

SPANISH DIGNITARY: I bet they are beautiful.



KAI: Princess Anna?

ANNA: Huh?

KAI: Princess Anna?

ANNA: Yeah?

KAI: Sorry to wake you, ma'am, but—

ANNA: No, no, no. You didn't. I've been up for hours. ... Who is it?

KAI: It's still me, ma'am. The gates will open soon. Time to get ready.

ANNA: Of course! Ready for what?

KAI: Your sister's coronation, ma'am?

ANNA: My sister's corneration ... It's Coronation Day! It's Coronation Day!

For the First Time in Forever

The window is open, so's that door — I didn't know they did that anymore.

Who knew we owned 8,000 salad plates?

For years I have roamed these empty halls — Why have a ballroom with no balls?

Finally, they're opening up the gates!

There'll be actual real live people — It'll be totally strange.

But wow, am I so ready for this change!

'Cause for the first time in forever — There'll be music, there'll be light.

For the first time in forever — I'll be dancing through the night.

Don't know if I'm elated or gassy — But I'm somewhere in that zone.

'Cause for the first time in forever — I won't be alone.

I can't wait to meet everyone. What if I meet *the one*?

Tonight imagine me, gown and all — Fetchingly draped against the wall.

The picture of sophisticated grace.

I suddenly see him standing there — A beautiful stranger tall and fair.

I wanna stuff some chocolate in my face!

But then we laugh and talk all evening — Which is totally bizarre.

Nothing like the life I've led so far.

For the first time in forever — There'll be magic, there'll be fun.

For the first time in forever — I could be noticed by someone.

And I know it is totally crazy — To dream I'd find romance.

But for the first time in forever — At least I've got a chance!

ELSA: Don't let them in, don't let them see;

Be the good girl you always have to be;

Conceal, don't feel, put on a show;

Make one wrong move, and everyone will know.

But it's only for today.

ANNA: It's only for today!

ELSA: It's agony to wait.

ANNA: It's agony to wait!

ELSA: Tell the guards to open up the gate.

ANNA: The gate! ... For the first time in forever—

ELSA: Don't let them in don't let them see—

ANNA: I'm getting what I'm dreaming of.

ELSA: Be the good girl you always have to be.

ANNA: A chance to change my lonely world—

ELSA: Conceal—

ANNA: A chance to find true love.

ELSA: Conceal, don't feel, don't let them know.

ANNA: I know it all ends tomorrow;

So it has to be today!

'Cause for the first time in forever—

For the first time in forever—

Nothing's in my way!

ANNA: Hey!

HANS: I'm so sorry. Are you hurt?

ANNA: Hey. I—No, no. I'm okay.

HANS: Are you sure?

ANNA: Yeah. I just wasn't looking where I was going. But I'm great, actually.

HANS: Oh, thank goodness. ... Oh, uh—Prince Hans of the Southern Isles.

ANNA: Princess Anna of Arendelle.

HANS: Princess? My Lady. ... Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

ANNA: Hi—again.

HANS: Oh, boy.

ANNA: This is awkward. Not, “You're awkward”, but just ‘cause we're—I'm awkward. You're gorgeous. Wait, what?

HANS: I'd like to formally apologize for hitting the princess of Arendelle with my horse. And for every moment after.

ANNA: No. No-no. It's fine. I'm not *that* princess. I mean, if you'd hit my sister Elsa, it would be—*yeash!* 'Cause, you know ... Hello ... But, lucky you, it's—it's just me.

HANS: *Just* you?

ANNA: The bells. The coronation. I—I—I better go. I have to go. I better go. Uh—bye!

HANS: Oh, no.



BISHOP: Your Majesty—the gloves. ... *Sehm hon hell drr in-um hell-gum Ayg-num Okkrund ee thes-um hellgah Stahth, ehk teh frahm fur-ear Uthear*: Queen Elsa of Arendelle.

CROWD: Queen Elsa of Arendelle.



KAI: Queen Elsa of Arendelle. Princess Anna of Arendelle!

ANNA: Oh—here? Are you sure? 'Cause I don't think I'm supposed to—Okay.

ELSA: Hi.

ANNA: Hi me? Oh, um—Hi.

ELSA: You look beautiful.

ANNA: Thank you. You look beautifuller. I mean, not fuller. You don't look fuller, but more beautiful.

ELSA: Thank you. So, this is what a party looks like.

ANNA: It's warmer than I thought.

ELSA: And what is that amazing smell?

ANNA & ELSA: Chocolate.

KAI: Your Majesty: The Duke of Weaseltown.

DUKE: Weselton. The Duke of Weselton, Your Majesty. As your closest partner in trade, it seems only fitting that I offer you your first dance as queen.

ELSA: Uh, thank you. Only, I don't dance.

DUKE: Oh.

ELSA: But my sister does.

ANNA: What?

DUKE: Lucky you.

ANNA: Oh, I don't think so—

DUKE: If you swoon, let me know—I'll catch you.

ELSA: Sorry.

DUKE: Like an agile peacock. Speaking of, so great to have the gates open. Why did they shut them in the first place? Do you know the reason? Hmm?

ANNA: No.

DUKE: No. All right. Hang on. They don't call me "The Little Dipper" for nothing. Like a chicken with the face of a monkey, I fly. ... Let me know when you're ready for another round, My Lady.

ELSA: Well, he was sprightly.

ANNA: Especially for a man in heels.

ELSA: Are you okay?

ANNA: Yeah. I've never been better. This is so nice. I wish it could be like this all the time.

ELSA: Me too. ... But it can't.

ANNA: Well, why not? If—

ELSA: It just can't.

ANNA: Excuse me for a minute.



HANS: Glad I caught you.

ANNA: Hans! ... I often had the whole parlor to myself to slide. Oops. Sorry. ... Your physique helps, I'm sure, too.

HANS: What's this?

ANNA: I was born with it. Although I dreamt I was kissed by a troll.

HANS: I like it.

ANNA: Yeah, the whole thing! You got it. Okay wait, wait. So you have *how* many brothers?

HANS: Twelve older brothers. Three of them pretended I was invisible—literally—for two years.

ANNA: That's horrible.

HANS: It's what brothers do.

ANNA: And sisters. Elsa and I were really close when we were little. But then, one day she just shut me out, and I never knew why.

HANS: I would never shut you out.

ANNA: Okay, can I just say something crazy?

HANS: I love crazy.

LOVE IS AN OPEN DOOR

ANNA:

All my life has been a series of doors in my face.

And then suddenly I bump into you.

HANS: I was thinking the same thing, because like—

I've been searching my whole life to find my own place.

And maybe it's the party talking, Or the chocolate fondue.

But with you, but with you—I found my place—I see your face.

And it's nothing like I've ever known before.

Love is an open door! Love is an open door! Love is an open door—

With you! With you! With you! With you! Love is an open door.

HANS:

I mean, it's crazy.

ANNA: What?

We finish each other's — Sandwiches!

HANS: That's what I was gonna say!

I've never met someone who thinks so much like me.

ANNA and HANS: Jinx. Jinx again.

Our mental synchronization can have but one explanation:

You and I were just meant to be.

Say goodbye—Say goodbye to the pain of the past.

We don't have to feel it anymore!

Love is an open door! Love is an open door! Life can be so much more—

With you! With you! With you! With you! Love is an open door.

HANS: Can I say something crazy? Will you marry me?

ANNA: Can I just say something even crazier? Yes!



ANNA: Oops! Pardon. Sorry. Can we just get around you there? Thank you. ... Oh, there she is. ... Elsa! I mean—Queen. Me again. May I present: Prince Hans of the Southern Isles.

HANS: Your Majesty.

ANNA and HANS: We would like—

HANS: —your blessing—

ANNA: —of—

ANNA & HANS: —of our marriage!

ELSA: Marriage?

ANNA: Yes!

ELSA: I'm sorry, I'm confused.

ANNA: Well, we haven't worked out all the details ourselves. We'll need a few days to plan the ceremony. Of course we'll have soup, roast and ice cream, and then—Wait. Would we live here?

ELSA: Here?

HANS: Absolutely!

ELSA: Anna—

ANNA: Oh, we can invite all twelve of your brothers to stay with us.

ELSA: What? No. No-no-no-no.

ANNA: Of course we have the room. I don't know. Some of them must—

ELSA: Wait. Slow down. No one's brothers are staying here. No one is getting married.

ANNA: Wait, what?

ELSA: May I talk to you, please? Alone?

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

ELSA: Fine. You can't marry a man you just met.

ANNA: You can if it's true love.

ELSA: Anna, what do you know about true love?

ANNA: More than you. All you know is how to shut people out.

ELSA: You asked for my blessing, but my answer is 'No'. Now, excuse me.

HANS: Your Majesty, if I may ease your—

ELSA: No, you may not. And I—I think you should go. ... The party is over. Close the gates.

GUARD: Yes, Your Majesty.

ANNA: What? Elsa, no. No, wait!

ELSA: Give me my glove!

ANNA: Elsa, please, please. I can't live like this anymore.

ELSA: Then leave.

ANNA: What did I ever do to you?!

ELSA: Enough, Anna.

ANNA: No. Why? Why do you shut me out?! Why do you shut the world out?! What are you so afraid of?!

ELSA: I said, enough!

DUKE: Sorcery. I knew there was something dubious going on here.

ANNA: Elsa?



CROWD: There she is! The queen! It *is* her! Queen Elsa. Our beautiful queen.

TOWNSWOMAN: Your Majesty? Are you all right?

ELSA: No.

DUKE: There she is! Stop her!

ELSA: Please, just stay away from me. Stay away!

DUKE: Monster! Monster!

ANNA!: Elsa! Elsa! Wait, please! Elsa, stop!

HANS: Anna!

ANNA: No.

HANS: The fjord.

CROWD: Snow! ... Snow? ... Yes, snow!

HANS: Are you all right?

ANNA: No.

HANS: Did you know?

ANNA: No.

DUKE: Look—it's snowing! It's snowing! The queen has cursed this land! She must be stopped! You have to go after her.

ANNA: Wait, no!

DUKE: You! Is there sorcery in you, too? Are you a monster, too?

ANNA: No. No. I'm completely ordinary.

HANS: That's right, she is—in the best way.

ANNA: And my sister's not a monster.

DUKE: She nearly killed me.

HANS: You slipped on ice.

DUKE: *Her* ice!

ANNA: It was an accident. She was scared. She didn't mean it. She didn't mean any of this. Tonight was my fault. I pushed her, so I'm the one that needs to go after her.

HANS: What?

DUKE: Yes.

ANNA: Bring me my horse, please.

HANS: Anna, no. It's too dangerous.

ANNA: Elsa's not dangerous. I'll bring her back, and I'll make this right.

HANS: I'm coming with you.

ANNA: No. I need you here to take care of Arendelle.

HANS: On my honor.

ANNA: I leave Prince Hans in charge!

HANS: Are you sure you can trust her? I don't want you getting hurt.

ANNA: She's my sister. She would never hurt me.





CHAPTER 4:
THE NEW QUEEN'S
NEW KINGDOM

LET IT GO

The snow glows white on the mountain tonight — Not a footprint to be seen.

A kingdom of isolation, and it looks like I'm the queen;

The wind is howling like this swirling storm inside—

Couldn't keep it in; Heaven knows I've tried.

Don't let them in, don't let them see — Be the good girl you always have to be;

Conceal, don't feel, don't feel them know — Well now they know.

Let it go, let it go — Can't hold it back anymore;

Let it go, let it go — Turn away and slam the door;

I don't care — What they're going to say;

Let the storm rage on — The cold never bothered me anyway.

It's funny how some distance — Makes everything seem small;

And the fears that once controlled me — Can't get to me at all;

It's time to see what I can do — To test the limits and break through;

No right, no wrong, no rules for me — I'm free!

Let it go, let it go — I am one with the wind and sky;

Let it go, let it go — You'll never see me cry;

Here I stand — And here I'll stay — Let the storm rage on.

My power flurries through the air into the ground;

My soul is spiraling in frozen fractals all around;

And one thought crystallizes like an icy blast;

I'm never going back, the past is in the past.


Let it go, let it go — And I'll rise like the break of dawn;

Let it go, let it go — That perfect girl is gone;

Here I stand — In the light of day;

Let the storm rage on — The cold never bothered me anyway!

FROZEN



CHAPTER 5:

A FROZEN WORLD

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ANNA: Elsa! Elsa! Elsa, it's me, Anna—Your sister who didn't mean to make you freeze the summer. I'm sorry. It's all my f-f-fault. ... Of course, none of this would have happened if she'd just told me her secret. She's a stinker. ... Oh no. No-no-no. Come back. No-no-no-no. Oooo-kay. ...

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ANNA: Snow—it had to be snow. She couldn't have had tropical magic that covered the fjords in white sand and warm—Fire! ... Whoa! Cold, cold, cold, cold, cold—

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ANNA: “Wandering Oaken's Trading Post.” ... Ooh! “—and sauna”.

OAKEN: Hoo-hoo! Big summer blow out. Half off swimming suits, clogs, and a sun balm of my own invention, yah?

ANNA: Oh, great. For now, um, how about boots? Winter boots and dresses?

OAKEN: That would be in our winter department.

ANNA: Oh. Um, I was just wondering: Has another young woman—the queen perhaps, I don't know—passed through here?

OAKEN: Only one crazy enough to be out in this storm is you, dear. ... You and this fellow. ... Hoo-hoo. Big summer blow out.

KRISTOFF: Carrots.

ANNA: Huh?

KRISTOFF: Behind you.

ANNA: Oh, right. Excuse me.

OAKEN: A real howler in July, yah? Where ever could it be coming from?

KRISTOFF: The North Mountain.

ANNA: North Mountain.

OAKEN: That'll be forty.

KRISTOFF: Forty? No, ten.

OAKEN: Oh dear, that's no good. See, these are from our winter stock, where supply and demand have a big problem.

KRISTOFF: You want to talk about a supply and demand problem? I sell ice for a living.

ANNA: Ooh, that's a rough business to be in right now. I mean, that is really—Ahem. That's unfortunate.

OAKEN: Still forty. But I will throw in a visit to Oaken's sauna. ... Hoo-hoo! Hi, family.

FAMILY: Hoo-hoo!

KRISTOFF: Ten's all I got. Help me out.

OAKEN: Okay. Ten will get you this and no more.

ANNA: Okay, just tell me one thing: What was happening on the North Mountain? Did it seem magical?

KRISTOFF: Yes! Now, back up while I deal with this crook here.

OAKEN: What did you call me?

KRISTOFF: Okay, okay, I'm out! Whoa!

OAKEN: Bye-bye.

KRISTOFF: No, Sven, I didn't get your carrots. But I did find us a place to sleep. And it's free.

OAKEN: I'm sorry about this violence. I will add a quart of lutefisk, so we have good feelings. Just the outfit and boots, yah?

ANNA: Uhhh,—



NEXT PAGE: FILL IN THE BLANKS IN THE SONG.

REINDEERS ARE BETTER THAN PEOPLE

Reindeers are _____.

Sven, _____ that's true?

Yeah, people will beat _____

_____ curse _____

_____ cheat _____.

Every one of em's bad, except _____.

Oh, thanks, buddy.

But people smell _____.

Sven, _____ I'm right?

That's once again true, for all except _____.

_____ got me. Let's call it a night.

_____.

Don't let the frostbite bite.

KRISTOFF (singing for both himself and Sven):

Reindeers are better than people. Sven, don't you think that's true?

Yeah, people will beat you and curse you and cheat you.

Every one of em's bad, except you.

Oh, thanks, buddy.

But people smell better than reindeers. Sven, don't you think I'm right?

That's once again true, for all except you.

You got me. Let's call it a night.

Good night.

Don't let the frostbite bite.

ANNA: Nice duet.

KRISTOFF: It's just you. What do you want?

ANNA: I want you to take me up the North Mountain.

KRISTOFF: I don't take people places.

ANNA: Let me rephrase that.

KRISTOFF: Oof! Hey!

ANNA: Take me up the North Mountain. Please. ... Look, I know how to stop this winter.

KRISTOFF: We leave at dawn. And you forgot the carrots for Sven. ... Oh!

ANNA: Oops, sorry. Sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't—Ahem! We leave now. Right now.



KRISTOFF: Hang on! We like to go fast!

ANNA: I like fast!

KRISTOFF: Whoa! Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Get your feet down. This is fresh lacquer. Seriously, were you raised in a barn?

ANNA: Ew. No, I was raised in a castle.

KRISTOFF: Hm. So tell me, what made the queen go all ice-crazy?

ANNA: Oh well, it was all my fault. I got engaged, but then she freaked out because I'd only just met him, you know, that day. And she said she wouldn't bless the marriage—

KRISTOFF: Wait. You got engaged to someone you just met that day?

ANNA: Yeah. Anyway, I got mad, and so she got mad. And then she tried to walk away, and I grabbed her glove—

KRISTOFF: Hang on. You mean to tell me you got engaged to someone you just met that day?!

ANNA: Yes. Pay attention. But the thing is, she wore the gloves all the time, so I just thought, maybe she has a thing about dirt.

KRISTOFF: Didn't your parents ever warn you about strangers?

ANNA: Yes, they did. But Hans is not a stranger.

KRISTOFF: Oh yeah? What's his last name?

ANNA: 'Of-the-Southern-Isles'.

KRISTOFF: What's his favorite food?

ANNA: Sandwiches.

KRISTOFF: Best friend's name?

ANNA: Probably John.

KRISTOFF: Eye color?

ANNA: Dreamy.

KRISTOFF: Foot size?

ANNA: Foot size doesn't matter.

KRISTOFF: Have you had a meal with him yet? What if you hate the way he eats? What if you hate the way he picks his nose?

ANNA: Picks his nose?

KRISTOFF: And eats it.

ANNA: Excuse me, sir. He is a prince.

KRISTOFF: All men do it.

ANNA: Ew. Look, it doesn't matter. It's true love.

KRISTOFF: Doesn't sound like true love.

ANNA: Are you some sort of love expert?

KRISTOFF: No. But I have friends who are.

ANNA: You have friends who are love experts? I'm not buying it.

KRISTOFF: Stop talking.

ANNA: No, no, no, no. No, no. I'd like to meet these—

KRISTOFF: No, I mean it. ... Shhhh! ... Sven, go. Go!

ANNA: What are they?

KRISTOFF: Wolves.

ANNA: Wolves? What do we do?

KRISTOFF: I've got this. You just—don't fall off and don't get eaten.

ANNA: But I wanna help.

KRISTOFF: No.

ANNA: Why not?

KRISTOFF: Because I don't trust your judgment.

ANNA: Excuse me?!

KRISTOFF: Who marries a man she just met?

ANNA: It's true love!

KRISTOFF: Whoa.

ANNA: Christopher!

KRISTOFF: It's Kristoff!

ANNA: Duck!

KRISTOFF: You almost set me on fire!

ANNA: But I didn't. ... Get ready to jump, Sven!

KRISTOFF: You don't tell him what to do!

ANNA: Hey!

KRISTOFF: *I* do! ... Jump, Sven! ... But I just paid it off. ... Uh-oh. No, no, no.

ANNA: Grab on! ... Pull, Sven, pull! ... Whoa. I'll replace your sled and everything in it. And I understand if you don't want to help me anymore.

KRISTOFF: Of course I don't want to help her anymore. In fact, this whole thing has ruined me for helping anyone ever again.

ANNA: This way?

KRISTOFF (*as Sven*): But she'll die on her own.

KRISTOFF: I can live with that.

ANNA: Here we go.

KRISTOFF (*as Sven*): But you won't get your new sled if she's dead.

ANNA: I think it's actually up.

KRISTOFF: Sometimes I really don't like you. ... Hold up. We're coming.

ANNA: You are?! I mean, sure. I'll let you tag along.



ANNA: Arendelle.

KRISTOFF: It's completely frozen.

ANNA: But it'll be fine. Elsa will thaw it.

KRISTOFF: Will she?

ANNA: Yeah. Now come on. This way to the North Mountain?

KRISTOFF: More like this way.



ANNA: I never knew winter could be so beautiful.

OLAF: Yeah. It really is beautiful, isn't it? But it's so white. You know, how about a little color? I'm thinking like maybe some crimson, chartreuse—How about yellow? No, not yellow. Yellow and snow? No go. Am I right? ... Hi!

KRISTOFF: You're creepy.

ANNA: I don't want it!

KRISTOFF: Back at you.

OLAF: Please don't drop me.

ANNA: Don't!

KRISTOFF: Come on, it's just a head.

ANNA: No!

OLAF: All right, we got off to a bad start.

ANNA: Ew, ew—the body!

OLAF: Wait. What am I looking at right now? Why are you hanging off the earth like a bat?

ANNA: All right, wait one second.

OLAF: Oh! Thank you!

ANNA: You're welcome.

OLAF: Now I'm perfect.

ANNA: Well, almost.

OLAF: It was like my whole life got upside down.

ANNA: Oh! Too hard. I'm sorry!

OLAF: Head rush!

ANNA: Are you okay?

OLAF: Are you kidding me? I—am wonderful! I've always wanted a nose. So cute. It's like a little baby unicorn. ... What? Hey! Whoa. Oh, I love it even more! Hah! All right, let's start this thing over. Hi, everyone. I'm Olaf, and I like warm hugs.

ANNA: Olaf? ... That's right: Olaf!

OLAF: And you are—?

ANNA: Oh, um—I'm Anna.

OLAF: And who's the funky-looking donkey over there?

ANNA: That's Sven.

OLAF: Uh-huh. And who's the reindeer?

ANNA: Sven.

OLAF: Oh, they're—Oh, okay. Makes things easier for me. ... Aw, look at him trying to kiss my nose. ... I like you, too!

ANNA: Olaf, did Elsa build you?

OLAF: Yeah. Why?

ANNA: You know where she is?

KRISTOFF: Fascinating.

OLAF: Yeah. Why?

ANNA: Do you think you could show us the way?

OLAF: Yeah. Why?

KRISTOFF: How does this work? ... Ow!

OLAF: Stop it, Sven. Try and focus here. ... Yeah, Why?

KRISTOFF: I'll tell you why. We need Elsa to bring back summer.

OLAF: Summer?

ANNA: Mm-hm.

OLAF: Oh, I don't know why, but I've always loved the idea of summer, and sun, and all things hot.

KRISTOFF: Really? I'm guessing you don't have much experience with heat.

OLAF: Nope! But sometimes I like to close my eyes and imagine what it'd be like when summer does come.

OLAF SINGS:

Bees'll buzz, kids'll blow dandelion fuzz.

And I'll be doing whatever snow does in summer.

A drink in my hand—My snow up against the burning sand.

Prob'ly getting gorgeously tanned in summer.

I'll finally see a summer breeze—Blow away a winter storm.

And find out what happens to solid water when it gets warm.

And I can't wait to see, what my buddies all think of me.

Just imagine how much cooler I'll be in summer!

The hot and the cold are both so intense,

Put 'em together—It just makes sense!

Winter's a good time to stay in and cuddle,

But put me in summer, and I'll be a happy snowman!

When life gets rough I like to hold on to my dream—

Of relaxing in the summer sun just letting off steam!

Oh the sky will be blue—And you guys'll be there too.

When I finally do what frozen things do in summer!

KRISTOFF: I'm gonna tell him.

ANNA: Don't you dare.

OLAF: In summer! So, come on! Elsa's this way. Let's go bring back summer!

ANNA: I'm coming!

KRISTOFF: Somebody's got to tell him.





CITIZEN ONE: No, no. You've got the bark facing down. The bark needs to be face-up.

CITIZEN TWO: Bark down is drier.

CITIZEN ONE: Bark up.

CITIZEN TWO: Bark down.

CITIZEN ONE: Bark up.

HANS: Cloak. Does anyone need a cloak?

GERDA: Arendelle is indebted to you, Your Highness.

HANS: The castle is open. There's soup and hot glögg in the Great Hall. ... Here—Pass these out.

DUKE: Prince Hans, are we just expected to just sit here and freeze while you give away all of Arendelle's tradable goods?

HANS: Princess Anna has given her orders.

DUKE: And that's another thing: Has it dawned on you that Your Princess may be conspiring with a wicked sorceress to destroy us all?

HANS: Do not question the princess. She left me in charge, and I will not hesitate to protect Arendelle from treason.

DUKE: Treason?

HANS: Whoa, whoa! Whoa, boy. Easy—easy.

CROWD: It's Princess Anna's horse. ... So where's the princess? ... Where could she be? ... Where is she?

HANS: Princess Anna is in trouble. I need volunteers to go with me to find her!

CROWD: I'll go. ... I volunteer.

DUKE: I volunteer two men, my lord! ... Be prepared for anything. And should you encounter the queen, you are to put an end to this winter. Do you understand?



FROZEN



CHAPTER 6:

“ELSA, COME HOME.”



KRISTOFF: So how exactly *are* you planning to stop this weather?

ANNA: Oh, I am going to talk to my sister.

KRISTOFF: That's your plan? My ice business is riding on you talking to your sister?

ANNA: Yup.

KRISTOFF: So you're not at all afraid of her?

ANNA: Why would I be?

OLAF: Yeah. I bet she's the nicest, gentlest, warmest person ever. ... Oh, look at that. I've been impaled.



ANNA: What now?

KRISTOFF: It's too steep. I've only got one rope, and you don't know how to climb mountains.

ANNA: Says who?

KRISTOFF: What are you doing?

ANNA: I'm going to see my sister.

KRISTOFF: You're going to kill yourself. I wouldn't put my foot there.

ANNA: You're distracting me.

KRISTOFF: Or there. How do you know Elsa even wants to see you?

ANNA: All right, I'm just blocking you out 'cause I gotta concentrate here.

KRISTOFF: You know, most people who disappear into the mountains want to be alone.

ANNA: Nobody wants to be alone. Except maybe you.

KRISTOFF: I'm not alone. I have friends, remember?

ANNA: You mean the love experts?

KRISTOFF: Yes, the love experts!

ANNA: Please tell me I'm almost there. ... Does the air seem a bit thin to you up here?

KRISTOFF: Hang on.

OLAF: Hey, Sven? Not sure if this is going to solve the problem, but I found a staircase that leads exactly where you want it to go.

ANNA: Ha-ha. Thank goodness. Catch! ... Thanks! That was like a crazy trust exercise.



ANNA: Whoa.

KRISTOFF: Now that's ice. I might cry.

ANNA: Go ahead. I won't judge.

KRISTOFF: All right, take it easy, boy. C'mere. I gotcha. Okay. You stay right here, buddy. ... Flawless.

OLAF: Knock. ... Just knock. ... Why isn't she knocking? Do you think she knows how to knock?

ANNA: Ha. It opened. That's a first. Oh—You should probably wait out here.

KRISTOFF: What?

ANNA: Last time I introduced her to a guy, she froze everything.

KRISTOFF: But, but—Oh, come on. It's a palace made of ice. Ice is my life.

OLAF: Bye, Sven.

ANNA: You too, Olaf.

OLAF: Me too?

ANNA: Just give us a minute.

OLAF (and KRISTOFF): Okay. One, two, three, four—



ANNA: Whoa. ... Elsa? It's me, Anna.

ELSA: Anna.

ANNA: Whoa, Elsa, you look different. It's a good different. And this place is—It's amazing.

ELSA: Thank you. I never knew what I was capable of.

ANNA: I'm so sorry about what happened. If I'd have known—

ELSA: No, no, no—it's okay. You don't have to apologize. But you should probably go,—please.

ANNA: But I just got here.

ELSA: You belong down in Arendelle.

ANNA: So do you.

ELSA: No, Anna, I belong here. Alone. Where I can be who I am without hurting anybody.

ANNA: Actually, about that—

OLAF: 58, 59, 60.

ELSA: Wait. What is that?

OLAF: Hi. I'm Olaf, and I like warm hugs.

ELSA: Olaf?

OLAF: Yeah. You built me. Remember that?

ELSA: And you're alive?

OLAF: Ye—um, I think so?

ANNA: He's just like the one we built as kids.

ELSA: Yeah.

ANNA: Elsa, we were so close. We can be like that again.

YOUNG ANNA: Catch me!

YOUNG ELSA: Slow down!

YOUNG ANNA: Ouch!

YOUNG ELSA: Anna!

ELSA: No. We can't. Goodbye, Anna.

ANNA: Elsa, wait—

ELSA: No. I'm just trying to protect you.

ANNA: You don't have to protect me. I'm not afraid. Please don't shut me out again.

ANNA: Please don't slam the door.

You don't have to keep your distance anymore.

'Cause for the first time in forever, I finally understand.

For the first time in forever, we can fix this hand in hand.

We can head down this mountain together—You don't have to live in fear;

'Cause for the first time in forever—I will be right here.

ELSA: Anna, please go back home—Your life awaits;

Go enjoy the sun—And open up the gates.

ANNA: Yeah, but—

ELSA: I know!

You mean well, but leave me be; Yes, I'm alone—But I'm alone and free.

Just stay away, and you'll be safe from me.

ANNA: Actually, we're not.

ELSA: What do you mean you're not?

ANNA: I get the feeling you don't know.

ELSA: What do I not know?

ANNA: Arendelle's in deep, deep, deep, deep snow.

ELSA: What?

ANNA: You kind of set off an eternal winter—everywhere.

ELSA: Everywhere?

ANNA: Well, it's okay. You can just unfreeze it.

ELSA: No, I can't. I don't know how.

ANNA: Sure you can. I know you can. 'Cause for the first time in forever—

ELSA: I'm such a fool! I can't be free!

ANNA: You don't have to be afraid.

ELSA: No escape from the storm inside of me!

ANNA: We can work this out together.

ELSA: I can't control the curse!

ANNA: We'll reverse the storm you've made.

ELSA: Anna, please—you'll only make it worse!

ANNA: Don't panic.

ELSA: There's so much fear!

ANNA: We'll make the sun shine bright.

ELSA: You're not safe here!

ANNA: We can face this thing together.

ELSA: No!

ANNA: We can change this winter weather—And everything will be—

ELSA: I can't!

KRISTOFF: Anna. Are you okay?

ANNA: I'm okay. I'm fine.

ELSA: Who's this? Wait—it doesn't matter. Just—You have to go.

ANNA: No, I know we can figure this out together.

ELSA: How? What power do you have to stop this winter? To stop me?

KRISTOFF: Anna, I think we should go.

ANNA: No. I'm not leaving without you, Elsa.

ELSA: Yes, you are.



ANNA: Stop. Put us down!

MARSHMALLOW: Go away!

OLAF: Heads up! ... Watch out for my butt!

ANNA: It is not nice to throw people!

KRISTOFF: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, feisty pants. Okay, relax. Just calm down. Calm down!

ANNA: Okay, all right. I'm okay.

KRISTOFF: Just let the snowman be.

ANNA: I'm calm.

KRISTOFF: Great. ... Oh, come on. ... Look, see? Now you made him mad!

OLAF: I'll distract him. You guys go. ... No, no, not you guys. ... This just got a whole lot harder.

KRISTOFF: Look out! ... What are you doing?

ANNA: I got him!

KRISTOFF: Whoa—stop!

ANNA: It's a hundred-foot drop.

KRISTOFF: It's two hundred.

ANNA: Ow. ... What's that for?

KRISTOFF: I'm digging a snow anchor.

ANNA: Okay. What if we fall?

KRISTOFF: There's twenty feet of fresh powder down there. It'll be like landing on a pillow—hopefully. ... Okay, Anna—on three.

ANNA: Okay.

KRISTOFF: One—

ANNA: You tell me when. I'm ready to go.

KRISTOFF: —two—

ANNA: I was *born* ready! Yes!

KRISTOFF: Calm down.

ANNA: Tree!

KRISTOFF: What the— Whoop! ... That happened.

OLAF: Man, am I out of shape. ... There we go. Hey, Anna! Sven! Where'd you guys go? We totally lost Marshmallow back there! ... Hey! We were just talking about you. All good things, all good things. ... No! ... This is not making much of a difference, is it?

ANNA: Olaf!

OLAF: Hang in there, guys!

ANNA: Go. Go faster. ... Wait, what?

KRISTOFF: Hey!

ANNA: Kristoff!

MARSHMALLOW: Don't come back!

ANNA: We won't.



FROZEN



CHAPTER 7: THE TROLLS

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ANNA: Hey, you were right. Just like a pillow. ... Olaf!

OLAF: I can't feel my legs! I can't feel my legs!

KRISTOFF: Those are *my* legs.

OLAF: Ooh. Hey, do me a favor: Grab my butt. ... Oh, that feels better. ... Hey, Sven!
... He found us. ... Who's my cute little reindeer?

KRISTOFF: Don't talk to him like that.

OLAF: You're tickling me.

KRISTOFF: Here.

ANNA: Whoa!

KRISTOFF: You okay?

ANNA: Thank you. How's your head?

KRISTOFF: Ah! Ooh! It's fine. Ah—I'm good. I've got a thick skull.

OLAF: I don't have a skull. Or bones.

KRISTOFF: So, uh—so now what?

ANNA: Now what? Now what?! Ohhhhh, what am I gonna do? She threw me out. I can't go back to Arendelle with the weather like this. And then there's your ice business—

KRISTOFF: Hey, hey—Don't worry about my ice business. Worry about your hair!

ANNA: What? I just fell off a cliff. You should see *your* hair.

KRISTOFF: No—yours is turning white.

ANNA: White? It's—what?

KRISTOFF: It's because she struck you, isn't it?

ANNA: Does it look bad?

KRISTOFF: No.

OLAF: You hesitated.

KRISTOFF: No, I didn't. Anna, you need help. Okay? Come on.

OLAF: Okay! Where are we going?

KRISTOFF: To see my friends.

ANNA: The love experts?

OLAF: Love experts?!

KRISTOFF: Uh-huh. And don't worry—they'll be able to fix this.

ANNA: How do you know?

KRISTOFF: Because I've seen them do it before.

OLAF: I like to consider myself a love expert.



ELSA: Get it together. Control it. Don't feel. Don't feel. Don't feel. Don't *feel*!



OLAF: Look, Sven. The sky is awake.

KRISTOFF: Are you cold?

ANNA: A little.

KRISTOFF: Wait. Come here.

ANNA: Huh? ... Oooh.

KRISTOFF: So, about my friends. Well, I say friends—they're more like family. Anyway, when I was a kid, it was just me and Sven until they—you know—kind of took us in.

ANNA: They did?

KRISTOFF: Yeah. I don't want to scare you. They can be a little bit inappropriate. And loud—very loud. They're also stubborn at times, and a little overbearing, and heavy. Really, really heavy. But you'll get it. They're fine. They mean well.

ANNA: Kristoff, they sound wonderful.

KRISTOFF: Okay then—meet my family! ... Hey, guys!

ANNA: They're rocks.

KRISTOFF: You are a sight for sore eyes.

OLAF: He's crazy.

KRISTOFF: Rocko's looking sharp, as usual. Clay—whoa! I didn't even recognize you, you've lost so much weight.

OLAF: I'll distract him while you run. ... Hi, Sven's family! It's nice to meet you! ... Because I love you, Anna, I insist you run. ... I understand you're love experts! ... Why aren't you running?

ANNA: Uh—okay. Well, I'm gonna go—

KRISTOFF: No, no, no! Anna, wait!

ANNA: Kristoff!

KRISTOFF: Hey!

BULDA: Kristoff's home!

TROLLS: Kristoff! Kristoff's here!

OLAF: Kristoff's home! ... Wait—Kristoff?

A TROLL: Ah, let me look at you!

A TROLL: Take off your clothes—I'll wash 'em.

KRISTOFF: Ah! No, I'm gonna keep my clothes on. Look, it's great to see you all, but where's Grand Pabbie?

A TROLL: He's napping. But look: I grew a mushroom.

A TROLL: I earned my fire crystal.

A TROLL: I passed a kidney stone.

A TROLL: Kristoff, pick me up.

KRISTOFF: You're getting big. Good for you!

ANNA: Trolls. They're trolls!

BULDA: He's brought a girl!

TROLLS: A girl! Is that a real girl? She's like a little cupcake.

ANNA: What's going on?

KRISTOFF: I've learned to just roll with it.

BULDA: Let me see you. Bright eyes, working nose, strong teeth. Yes, yes. She'll do nicely for our Kristoff.

ANNA: Wait, wait, wait. Um, no.

KRISTOFF: You've got the wrong idea. No. That's not why I brought her here.

ANNA: Right. We're not—I'm not—

BULDA: What's the issue, dear? Why are you holding back from such a man?

BULDA SINGS “Fixer-Upper”

Is it the clumpy way he walks?

Or the grumpy way he talks?

Or the pear-shaped, square-shaped weirdness of his feet?

And though we know he washes well—

He always ends up sorta smelly;

But you’ll never meet a fella who’s as sensitive and sweet.

So he’s a bit of a fixer-upper—So he’s got a few flaws—

Like his peculiar brain, dear—His thing with the reindeer.

That’s a little outside of nature’s laws.

So he’s a bit of a fixer-upper—But this we’re certain of:

You can fix this fixer-upper—with a little bit of love.

KRISTOFF: Can we please just stop talking about this? We’ve got a real, actual problem here.

BULDA: I’ll say! So tell me, dear:

Is it the way that he runs scared?

Or that he’s socially impaired?

Or that he only likes to tinkle in the woods?

Are you holding back your fondness—

Due to his unmanly blondness?

Or the way he covers up that he’s the honest goods?

He’s just a bit of a fixer-upper—He’s got a couple of bugs—

His isolation is confirmation—Of his desperation for healing hugs;

So he’s a bit of a fixer-upper—But we know what to do.

The way to fix up this fixer-upper—Is to fix him up with you.

KRISTOFF: Enough! She's engaged to someone else. Okay?!

So she's a bit of a fixer-upper—That's a minor thing;
 Her quote 'engagement' is a flex arrangement;
 And by the way—I don't see no ring.
 So she's a bit of a fixer-upper—Her brain's a bit betwixt;
 Get the fiancé out of the way—And the whole thing will be fixed.

We're not saying you can change him—'Cause people don't really change;
 We're only saying that love's a force—That's powerful and strange.
 People make bad choices—If they're mad or scared or stressed;
 But throw a little love their way—And you'll bring out their best.
 True love brings out the best.

Everyone's a bit of a fixer-upper—That's what it's all about;
 Father, sister, brother—We need each other;
 To raise us up and round us out;
 Everyone's a bit of a fixer-upper—But when push comes to shove;
 The only fixer-upper fixer—That can fix a fixer-upper is—
 True, true, true, true love.

TROLL PRIEST: Do you, Anna, take Kristoff to be your trollfully wedded—

ANNA: Wait, what?!

TROLL PRIEST: You're getting married.

TROLLS: Love!

KRISTOFF: Anna! ... She's as cold as ice.

GRAND PABBIE: There is strange magic here!

KRISTOFF: Grand Pabbie!

GRAND PABBIE: Come, come! Bring her here to me. ... Anna, your life is in danger. There is ice in your heart, put there by your sister. If not removed, to solid ice will you freeze, forever.

ANNA: What? No.

KRISTOFF: But you can remove it, right?

GRAND PABBIE: I cannot. I'm sorry, Kristoff. If it was her head, that would be easy. But only an act of true love can thaw a frozen heart.

ANNA: An act of true love?

BULDA: A true love's kiss, perhaps?

KRISTOFF: Anna, we've got to get you back to Hans.

ANNA: Hans.

KRISTOFF: Pull us out, Sven. ... Olaf, come on!

OLAF: I'm coming! Let's go kiss Hans! Who is this Hans?!



HANS: We are here to find Princess Anna. Be on guard, but no harm is to come to the queen. Do you understand?

PRINCE'S MAN: Yes, your grace.

DUKE'S GUARD: The queen. ... Go, go! Come on! ... There! ... Up there! Come on! ... We got her.

ELSA: No. Please.

DUKE'S GUARD: Go around! Toss it!

ELSA: Stay away!

DUKE'S GUARD: Fire, fire! ... Get her!

PRINCE'S MEN: Come on! ... Grab his arm!

HANS: Queen Elsa! Don't be the monster they fear you are.



FROZEN



CHAPTER 8: HANS' TRUE COLORS



ELSA: Oh, no. What have—what have I done? ... Why did you bring me here?

HANS: I couldn't just let them kill you.

ELSA: But I'm a danger to Arendelle. Get Anna.

HANS: Anna has not returned. If you would just stop the winter. Bring back summer, please.

ELSA: Don't you see? I can't. You have to tell them to let me go.

HANS: I will do what I can.



KRISTOFF: Just hang in there. ... Come on, buddy, faster!

OLAF: Oh boy. ... I'll meet you guys at the castle!

KRISTOFF: Stay out of sight, Olaf!

OLAF: I will! ... Hello!

TOWNSWOMAN: Ah! It's alive!



GUARD: It's Princess Anna!

ANNA: Are you gonna be okay?

KRISTOFF: Don't worry about me.

GERDA: Anna! You had us worried sick.

KAI: My Lady.

KRISTOFF: Get her warm. And find Prince Hans immediately.

KAI: We will. Thank you.

KRISTOFF: Make sure she's safe!

GERDA: You poor girl, you're freezing. Let's get you inside and get you warm.



HANS: I'm going back out to look for Princess Anna.

FRENCH DIGNITARY: You cannot risk going out there again.

HANS: If anything happens to her—

SPANISH DIGNITARY: If anything happens to the princess, you are all Arendelle has left.

KAI: He's in here. ... Prince Hans.

HANS: Anna! You're so cold.

ANNA: Hans, you have to kiss me.

HANS: What?

ANNA: Now.

HANS: Whoa.

ANNA: Now!

HANS: Slow down.

GERDA: We'll give you two some privacy.

HANS: What happened out there?

ANNA: Elsa struck me with her powers.

HANS: You said she'd never hurt you.

ANNA: I was wrong.

HANS: Anna.

ANNA: She froze my heart, and only an act of true love can save me.

HANS: A true love's kiss. ... Oh, Anna. If only there was someone out there who loved you.

ANNA: What? You said you did.

HANS: As thirteenth in line in my own kingdom, I didn't stand a chance. I knew I'd have to marry into the throne somewhere.

ANNA: What are you talking about?

HANS: As heir, Elsa was preferable, of course. But no one was getting anywhere with her. But you—

ANNA: Hans—

HANS: You were so desperate for love you were willing to marry me, just like that. I figured, after we married, I'd have to stage a little accident for Elsa.

ANNA: Hans, no—stop.

HANS: But then she doomed herself, and you were dumb enough to go after her.

ANNA: Please.

HANS: All that's left now is to kill Elsa and bring back summer.

ANNA: You're no match for Elsa.

HANS: No, *you're* no match for Elsa. I, on the other hand, am the hero who is going to save Arendelle from destruction.

ANNA: You won't get away with this.

HANS: Oh, I already have.

ANNA: Please, somebody help. Please. Please.



DUKE: It's getting colder by the minute. If we don't do something soon, we'll all freeze to death.

SPANISH DIGNITARY: Prince Hans.

HANS: Princess Anna is—dead.

VARIOUS DIGNITARIES: What? ... No. ... *Mon dieu*.

DUKE: What happened to her?

HANS: She was killed by Queen Elsa.

DUKE: Her own sister.

HANS: At least we got to say our marriage vows—before she died in my arms.

DUKE: There can be no doubt now: Queen Elsa is a monster, and we are all in grave danger.

SPANISH DIGNITARY: Prince Hans, Arendelle looks to you.

HANS: With a heavy heart, I charge Queen Elsa of Arendelle with treason and sentence her to death.



FROZEN



CHAPTER 9: AN ACT OF TRUE LOVE



GUARDS: Hurry up! She's dangerous. Move quickly! Careful. It won't open! It's frozen shut!



KRISTOFF: What is it, buddy? Hey, watch it. What's wrong with you? ... I don't understand you when you talk like that. ... Ah! Stop it! Put me down! ... No, Sven! We're not going back! ... She's with her true love. ... What the— ... Anna! ... Come on! Come on, boy!



ANNA: Help.

OLAF: Anna! Oh no.

ANNA: Olaf? Olaf, get away from there.

OLAF: Wow! So this is heat. I love it. ... Ooh! But don't touch it! ... So, where's Hans? What happened to your kiss?

ANNA: I was wrong about him. It wasn't true love.

OLAF: But we ran all the way here.

ANNA: Please, Olaf, you can't stay here. You'll melt.

OLAF: I am not leaving here until we find some other act of true love to save you. Do you happen to have any ideas?

ANNA: I don't even know what love is.

OLAF: That's okay—I do. Love is putting someone else's needs before yours. Like, you know, how Kristoff brought you back here to Hans and left you forever.

ANNA: Kristoff loves me?

OLAF: Wow, you really don't know anything about love, do you?

ANNA: Olaf, you're melting.

OLAF: Some people are worth melting for. ... Just maybe not right this second. ... Don't worry, I've got it! We're going to get through thi— Oh, wait. Hang on, I'm getting something. ... It's Kristoff and Sven! They're coming back this way.

ANNA: They—they are?

OLAF: Wow, he's really moving fast. I guess I was wrong. I guess Kristoff doesn't love you enough to leave you behind.

ANNA: Help me up, Olaf. Please.

OLAF: No, no, no, no, no. You need to stay by the fire and keep warm.

ANNA: I need to get to Kristoff.

OLAF: Why? ... Oh, I know why! There's your act of true love, right there: riding across the fjords like a valiant, pungent reindeer king! Come on! ... Look out! ... Back this way! ... We're trapped!

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OLAF: Slide, Anna. ... We made it! Go, go, go, go, go, go!

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KRISTOFF: Come on, buddy, faster!

ANNA: Kristoff!

OLAF: Keep going!

ANNA: Kristoff!

KRISTOFF: Come on!

ANNA: No.

KRISTOFF: Sven! ... Good boy.

ANNA: Kristoff. ... Kristoff.

KRISTOFF: Anna!

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HANS: Elsa! You can't run from this!

ELSA: Just take care of my sister.

HANS: Your sister? She returned from the mountain weak and cold. She said that you froze her heart.

ELSA: No.

HANS: I tried to save her, but it was too late. Her skin was ice. Her hair turned white. Your sister is dead—because of you.

ELSA: No.

ANNA: Kristoff.

KRISTOFF: Anna!

ANNA: Elsa? ... No!

ELSA: Anna! ... Oh, Anna—No, no. Please, no.

OLAF: Anna?

ELSA: Anna?

ANNA: Oh, Elsa.

ELSA: You sacrificed yourself for me?

ANNA: I love you.

OLAF: “An act of true love will thaw a frozen heart.”

ELSA: Love will thaw. Love. Of course.

ANNA: Elsa?

ELSA: Love.

ANNA: I knew you could do it.

OLAF: Hands down, this is the best day of my life. And quite possibly the last.

ELSA: Oh, Olaf! Hang on, little guy.

OLAF: Oh, oh, oh—My own personal flurry.

ANNA: Uh-uh-uh.

HANS: Anna? But she froze your heart.

ANNA: The only frozen heart around here is yours.



* * * * * - epilogue - * * * * *

SAILOR: Setting course, sir!

FRENCH DIGNITARY: I will return this scoundrel to his country. We shall see what his twelve big brothers think of his behavior.

KAI: Arendelle thanks you, my lord.

DUKE: This is unacceptable. I am a victim of fear. I have been traumatized. Ow! My neck hurts. Is there a doctor I could see? No? I demand to see the queen!

KAI: Oh, I have a message from the queen: “Arendelle will henceforth and forever no longer do business of any sort with Weaseltown.”

DUKE: Weselton. It’s Weselton!

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ANNA: Come on. Come on. Come on. Come on!

KRISTOFF: Okay, okay. Here I come. ... Pole.

ANNA: Sorry. ... Okay, okay. Here we are. Oh. ... I owe you a sled.

KRISTOFF: Are you serious?

ANNA: Yes. And it’s the latest model.

KRISTOFF: No. I can’t accept this.

ANNA: You have to. No returns. No exchanges. Queen’s orders. She’s named you the official Arendelle Ice Master and Deliverer.

KRISTOFF: What? That’s not a thing.

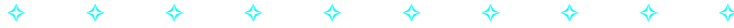
ANNA: Oh, sure it is. And it even has a cup holder. Do you like it?

KRISTOFF: Like it? I love it! I could kiss you! I could. I mean, I’d like to. I’d—may I? We me? I mean, may we? Wait, what?

ANNA: We may.



OLAF: Summer! Hello.



ELSA: Are you ready?

GERDA: Swing me.

ANNA: I like the open gates.

ELSA: We are never closing them again.

ANNA: Oh, Elsa, they're beautiful. But you know I don't ska—

ELSA: Come on, you can do it!

KRISTOFF: Look out! Reindeer coming through!

ANNA: I got it, I got it. I don't got it, I don't got it!

OLAF: Hey, guys!

ELSA: That's it, Olaf.

OLAF: Glide and pivot, and glide and pivot.

