

(#07A) BACK TO THE BALL

Back in the ballroom, ELSA moves through the crowd, tense, looking for ANNA.

ANNA and HANS make their way through the crowd.

ANNA

Elsa? Elsa?

ELSA turns to them. She's back to being controlled and stoic. ANNA stiffens, does an awkward curtsey.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I mean, Your Majesty. *We* would like to ask you something.

ELSA

We?

ANNA nudges HANS.

HANS

Oh, Prince Hans of the Southern Isles.

ELSA

What can I do for you, Prince Hans?

HANS

Well. Princess Anna and I... we--

ANNA

We would like--

HANS

your blessing--

ANNA

of--

ANNA & HANS

our marriage!

ELSA

Marriage...?

ANNA

Yes.

ELSA

Forgive me, I'm confused.

ANNA

Well, we haven't worked out all the details yet, of course. We'll need a few days to plan the ceremony.

ELSA

That's not what I--

ANNA

Of course we'll have soup, roast, and ice cream, and then-- Wait. Would we live here?

ELSA

Here?

HANS

Absolutely!

ELSA

Absolutely not.

ANNA

Wait, what?

ELSA

May I speak with you alone please, Anna?

ANNA

(contemplates, chooses to hook arms with HANS)

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

ELSA

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

ANNA

You can if it's true love.

ELSA

What do you know about true love?

ANNA

What do you know about me?

ELSA

(rattled)

You asked me for my blessing, but my answer is no. I'm sorry. Now, excuse me.

HANS

Your Majesty, if I may ease your--

ELSA

No, you may not. And I think you should go. The celebration is over. Close the gates.

ANNA

What? Elsa, no. No, wait!

ANNA grabs ELSA's hand and pulls off Elsa's glove. ELSA gasps, spins around and reaches for the glove in panic.

ELSA

Give me my glove!

ANNA

(holds the glove away from ELSA)

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

ELSA

(beat, takes all she has not to get emotional)

Then leave.

ELSA sees ANNA's hurt face; it's too much. She can't hold it in. She turns and rushes away.

ANNA

What did I ever do to you?!

ELSA

Enough, Anna.

ANNA

Why?! Why do you shut me out?!

ELSA

Please. I can't do this here.

ANNA

Why do you shut the world out? What are you so afraid of?!

ELSA

I said, enough!

Ice shoots from ELSA's hand. Ballroom guests GASP.

(#07B) ELSA FLEES

Panicked, ELSA backs away.

WESELTON

Sorcery.