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The Snow Queen

By Lev Atamanov

LENFILM:

Snip, snap...
Snip, snap, snourre...
pouurre, bazelourre.
There're all kinds of people

in this world:

hatters,
blacksmiths, school kids...
druggists.
I'm a storyteller, for example.
And all of us - the blacksmiths,
the shoemakers and the storytellers
have got a job to do.
We all help one another.
If I hadn't been born,
no one would have ever known
what happened to a chimney-sweep
made out of porcelain,
or to a little boy
named Kay who was...
But wait... tsssst!
Today I'm going to tell the story
of the Snow Queen.
It's a strange story, sometimes
merry and sometimes sad.
Yes, it is sad... but happy!
There're two children in it,
a boy and a girl - my students.
This is Kay. You think
he only knows how to play?
No, he knows how to add
and subtract,
to multiply and divide,
even fractions!
And here's Gerda.
She's a very brave girl.
Even though she's afraid of frogs.
But that's the only thing in
the whole world that frightens her.
I know a great many stories!
But I get tired
ofjust telling them.

So today I'm going to show you
a story for a change,
and I'm going to take part
in these wonderful adventures.
After all, it's my story and I can
do whatever I want with it.
I'll challenge the counselor
to a duel.
I'll run him clean through.
I'm lucky that I've got a gun,
because I'll be running up
against a lot of bandits.
Of course, this thing doesn't shoot.
But that's lucky too. I just can't
stand stories with noise in them.
Well, let's begin our story.
Snip, snap, snourre!
Pouurre, bazelourre!

THE SNOW QUEEN:

Screenplay by Yevgeny SCHWARTZ
Based on the story by Andersen
Directed by Gennady KAZANSKY
Director of Photography
Sergey IVANOV
Production Designer
Boris BURMISTROV
Music by Nadezhda SIMONYAN
Sound by A.VOLOKHOVA
Starring
V.NIKITENKO as Storyteller
Lena PROKLOVA as Gerda
Slava TSIUPA as Kay
Ye. MELNIKOVA as Grandmother
N. KLIMOVA as Snow Queen
N. BOYARSKY as Counselor
Ye. LEONOV as King
I. GUBANOVA as Princess
G. KOROLCHUK as Prince
O. VIKLANDT as Robber Chief
E. ZIGANSHINA as Robber Girl
A. KOSTRICHKIN as Goblin
V. TITOVA as Inkpot
Someone's walking up the steps.

It must be Grandma.
Let's hide from her!
We'll give her a big surprise.
What sort of ridiculous
shenanigans are these?
What is it, I ask you! You are
very badly behaved children!
Sorry, sir, we're very
well behaved.
Well behaved children:
A, don't crawl around.
B, nor do they scream "boo, boo".
C, they don't bark, "arf, arf",
D, they never throw themselves
upon visitors.
But we thought you were our
grandmother.
Fools! I'm certainly not your
grandmother!
Are these real garden roses?
- Grandmother!
- Did you miss me?
Look, Grandma!
I've come on a business matter.
Do you know who I am?
No, I have not had that honor, sir.
I'm a very wealthy man.
That's why I was named by the king
as his commercial counselor.
Ice, cellars of ice, ice boxes,
they're all mine.
Ice has made me rich!
I can buy whatever I like.
I'm here to buy your roses.
- Do you like flowers so much?
- I despise them.
I like rarities.
That's what's made me so rich.
In summer ice is a rarity,
so summer is when I sell it.
In winter roses are a rarity.
I'm prepared to cultivate them.
So, what is your price?
I'm so sorry, sir, that you've

come all this way for nothing.
Those flowers are not for sale.
- They certainly are for sale!
- Oh no, they are not!
- I tell you they're for sale!
- Not for anything in the world!
Take this piece of gold.
Go on and take it!
- I won't do it!
- Here's another.
- No!
- Take three then!
Five! That's not enough either?
Ten! That'd last you a long time,
you and those brats of yours.
These children are little angels.
How much do you want then,
you miserly old woman?
These flowers were a gift of
a storyteller,
the teacher of my children.
And presents are never for sale.
You're a foolish old woman,
and silly to boot.
As for you, you've got the worst
manners, you old fossil!
Children, children, it's nothing!
I will freeze you!
You wouldn't dare!
Grandma's respected by everyone,
and you yell at her like...
Kay!
...Like a bad man!
That's enough!

I shall:

B, it'll be very soon.
C, it'll be terrible...
and "D", last of all,
I'll send the queen in person
after you.
Watch out!
Ah, the storyteller, whose silly
stories aren't worth a fig.

This whole mess is your work!
Wait, I'm going to get even with you!
- Snip, snap, snourre!
- What?
Pouurre, bazelourre!
You fool!
Good evening.
Did he frighten you, children?
Forget it.
Why, cannot you see
the roses are smiling at you?
In their own language
they're trying to say:
We're with you, you're with us, we're all together.
I can't understand why this icy
counselor frightened you so much.
He tried to take away our roses.
But Grandma stopped him right away.
There you are,
there's no reason to be afraid.
Only I wish I knew what queen
he was talking about.
The Snow Queen.
She governs the cold, places with
icicles and snow, and icebergs.
The counselor is on very good terms
with her,
because it's she who gets him
his ice.
The queen lives way off in the North.
Still in winter,
when the wind blows,
she comes down to our town,
on a snow cloud.
No more stories for now.
These things frighten them.
Oh, someone knocked on the window.
It must be the wind, the storm
outside's getting worse.
This Snow Queen, she better not try
to get into our house.
I'd grab her, and melt her
over a hot fire.
Don't be afraid, children.

I'm going to light the lamp.
Excuse us, Madame,
we didn't see you come in.
I knocked, but no one answered.
Oh, the window's broken.
I'll stuff a pillow in it.
It doesn't bother me at all.
Sit down, won't you.
What can I do for you, Madame?
I came here to take that little
boy away.
I don't quite understand you.
I live alone in a palace.
While you're a poor woman,
unable to raise an adopted boy.
I'm not adopted!
Both of his parents died
when he was only a year old.
He grew up like my son.
To me he's just as dear
as my own little granddaughter.
You have honorable sentiments.
Still you're very old, you may
die before long.
But my grandma's not about to die!
You be still, little girl!
I know you will agree. My whole
kingdom would be at his disposal.
It would be wise of you to accept
the offer.
Grandma, please don't let her
take me away!
I would rather die...
Please, Grandma, don't let her
take him away!
I wouldn't let anyone take our Kay
away, no matter what!
Don't make hasty decisions.
Think about it, Kay.
You'd be living in a palace.
Hundreds of servants would be
waiting on you hand and foot.
But my grandma wouldn't be there.
There wouldn't be Gerda either.

No, I'm not coming.
Now don't be stubborn, Kay.
Think it over.
I'm not leaving this house.
For the last time,
I'm inviting you to come, Kay.
Do you choose to live in this hut?
Or will you come and be my guest?
I'll stay right here.
Well said, Kay!
The boy must have his way.
But at least give me a kiss
before I go.
Come on, Kay.
Are you afraid to?
Oh, you're nothing but a coward.
I am not.
Farewell, now.
Farewell, good people.
I hope to see you soon, my boy.
It's awful!
That woman was none other than
the Snow Queen!
You should have told us that.
I couldn't.
When she raised up her hand,
I was frozen solid.
I was unable to talk.
Look, it's funny.
Stupid roses are wilting.
Gosh, how ugly they've become!
The roses are frostbitten.
Ah, that's such a shame!
Look, our grandma wobbles
when she walks.
That must be a real duck
instead of our grandma.
What are you staring at me
like that for, Gerda?
Kay, you're not like yourself
anymore.
I stayed on in this rat hole
on account of them.
I might've gone and lived

in a big palace too.
So why is she shouting?
To bed...to bed... Come on now.
I won't go until I know
what's happened to Kay.
Well, I'm going to bed.
You're so ugly when you cry!
To bed, come on, quick!
I'll tell you what's happened
to Kay.
He was made to kiss the Snow Queen,
and the heart of whoever kisses her
becomes a cake of ice.
I'm afraid our own little Kay
has a heart of solid ice.
That's all right, that's all right.
We'll melt it with love for him.
Why, he'll be alright by tomorrow
evening, you'll see,
he'll be as full of joy and sweet
like he always is.
Look, boys, just look at that!
- Look at those horses!
- I'd love to have a ride!
Look, they're coming back again!
Kay, why don't you try to catch
a ride?
Wait! Stop!
Slow down, I said!
"Dear Grandma, the spring has come
and Kay's heart is still frozen.
He hasn't returned.
I'm going to look for him.
Your loving grandchild.
Gerda."
Good morning, Miss Inkpot!
Good morning to you,
my dear Mr. Goblin.
It breaks my heart
just to look at Grandma.
Kay's disappeared, and now little
Gerda's gone off to look for him.
What a terrible shame!
Wherever can the children be?

Yes, it's a tragedy, Mr. Goblin.
My sadness is going to dry me up.
I'll go on weeping ink drops
until I'm out of them...
Through fields and through forests
I'm making my way.
I'm looking in earnest
For my dearest Kay.
The flowers me beckon,
They flutter and sway.
I'll gather them, I reckon
To give Kay a bouquet.
And Grandma is crying
For her poor kids.
She's not even trying
To hide swollen eyelids.
While far away, in the snow,
Under a white icy dome,
Our dear Kay doesn't know
How much we want him home.
All over the hill
The clouds swim and crowd.
A lot of fear I feel
When going through a cloud.
But I shall go on
For many hundred days,
To make him return,
Our dearest, dearest Kay.
Excuse me, Miss, you wouldn't
throw rocks at me, would you?
Oh, I'd never do a thing like that.
I'm greatly relieved to hear that.
- Would you throw sticks?
- Oh, never, sir.
Or bricks?
Never in the world.
Permit me to thank you
and express my appreciation.
Does my vocabulary impress you?
Oh yes, very much, sir.
I know a lot of rare words:
cybernetics, chaise longue...
It's because I grew up in
the gardens of the royal palace.

I might be called the court crow.
My bride is a genuine
pedigreed court bird.
She eats only leftovers
from the royal kitchen.
I surmise you're not from these
regions?
No, I'm a stranger around here.
You seem greatly troubled.
Tell me your trouble,
I'm a trustworthy bird.
I'll help you if I can.
Klara! Klara!
Karl! Karl!
You're going to drop your beak
in surprise.
This girl is called Gerda.
Our cousin, the magpie,
is a terrible gossip.
She told us all about you.
Klara, and that's not all.
It appears that Kay is
the princess's betrothed.
No, Kay is a simple boy.
But the princess's betrothed
was also a very simple boy.
The princess chose him
just because he spoke boldly to her.
What's the prince's name?
His name is Your Royal Highness.
I must go and speak to the prince.
And if it's Kay,
I'm going to ask him to write home
to my grandmother,
and tell her he's well and happy,
and then I'll go home.
I'm afraid you won't be able
to enter the palace.
What should we do?
Are you a brave little girl, Gerda?
I'm scared of frogs,
but that's all I'm afraid of.
For the time being we'll hide you
in the attic

and sneak you in the royal palace
at night.

Grab my feet
and hang on with all your strength.
Stay to the right.

Don't cross that line.

What's the line for?

The king has given his daughter
and her betrothed half his kingdom.
He divided the royal apartments
in two, very carefully.

The right side belongs to
the prince and the princess,
and the left to the king.

It would be more prudent of us
to keep over on the right.

Come along!

What's that?

Those are the fantasies of
the ladies-in-waiting.

They're dreaming they are
at a grand ball.

And what are those?

Those are the dreams
of the knights.

They dream about hunting.

What are they?

The dreams of the prisoners
in the palace dungeons.

They're dreaming that they've
broken their chains
and regained their freedom.

Oh, what was that?

I don't know.

We better hide.

That's enough!

I'm tired of playing horsy.

Then how about hide and seek?

Now you count to a hundred.

Why are you hiding here,
little girl?

Oh, Prince, I took a look at you
and burst into tears.

And I hate to weep in front of

strangers.

I'm not a crybaby.

You're dismissed. She wants to be alone.

It embarrasses her to cry in front of strangers.

Put the candelabra back and take leave.

Why'd you begin to cry when you saw me?

I'm a simple person, just like you.

Elsa, come on, say something nice to her.

Ah, my dear subject and vassal...

Why do you talk to her like a royal highness?

I'm awfully sorry.

Now tell me, dear girl, what's wrong?

I'm crying because you're not my Kay.

My name is Klaus. But why are you so sad about it?

I know why!

Remember the story of Gerda and Kay

that the crow told us?

- Is your name Gerda?

- Yes.

We must help her.

Think of something!

I'm thinking...

I know what!

We'll make her a present of a blue ribbon to put on her dress, pinned on with mother-of-pearl buttons and little rosettes.

It's sweet, but silly!

Which way are you planning to go now?

I'll go north!

I'm afraid that the Snow Queen took Kay there.

You crows go to the stables and
tell them to saddle up four horses
and a traveling carriage
in my name.

- Make it a gold one.

- Why a gold carriage?

It's much too heavy and it rolls
too slowly.

Slow, but luxurious.

- Luxurious!

- Alright, the gold one.

Wait here, we're going to get
a muff, a hat and a coat for you.

You know I had 489 coats
at the last count.

Just be sure not to cross
to the king's side.

Right, one of my ancestors walks up
and down when midnight strikes.

Eric the Third

the White Dragon Slayer.

Three hundred years ago,

he murdered his aunt

and he never got over it

I guess.

There he is, he's always changing
places.

If he comes down into the room,
don't pay any attention to him.

Thanks so much, Elsa.

Many thanks, Klaus.

You've been so kind to me.

Midnight...

Now her great-great-great-great-
grandfather's going to appear...

What should I do?

There he is! Oh he's walking!

Good evening, great-great-great-
great-grandfather!

What? Who?

Oh, please don't get angry.

I'm sure you had a good reason for
murder...quarreling with your aunt.

You think I'm Eric the Third

the White Dragon Slayer?

- Aren't you?

- No. I'm Eric the Twenty-Third.

Haven't you murdered anybody?

You're joking I guess.

Do you know that

when I get angry

even the fur on my ermine cloak

starts to bristle?

Please don't be angry.

I didn't mean to annoy you.

But I never met a ghost before,

and I simply don't know

how to talk to them yet.

But I am not a ghost!

I'm the King, Princess Elsa's

father.

Oh, forgive me, Your Majesty!

I was mixed up.

You little whippersnapper!

Never mind...

Come on, let's chat.

Excuse me, but I can't come

any closer.

And if I order you to do it?!

I'm not allowed to leave

the princess's half.

- Come here!

- No, I can't.

- I'm telling you to come here!

- No, I won't.

Now come on!

I beg you to please stop

shouting at me.

In these last few days

I've been through so much

that I'm not afraid anymore.

Only I'm getting a little annoyed.

You're a very courageous girl.

I like courageous people.

Give me your hand, don't be afraid.

Hey, guards!

That's cheating!

That's not fair!

Plug up your ears! March!
Just what do you think you're
doing?
Insulting me like that
in front of my soldiers.
What about you, pulling me
over here, Your Majesty?
I wasn't doing anything.
What do you want with me?
I don't know what.
You're right, excuse me, please.
It's nothing, Your Majesty.
I know you're looking for a boy
named Kay.
That's right, Your Majesty.
I'm going to help you.
These are magic skis.
They'll be very useful
in your search.
Look.
Forward!
Not bad, eh?
You may have them.
The king has a heart, too.
Don't you believe me?
You're a funny girl.
Watch. I'm going.
Good night, my dear.
Well, who won?
Did you forget that there're
secret doors in palaces?
Grab her!
You ought to be ashamed of
yourself, Your Majesty.
Plug your ears! You're dismissed!
It's a disgrace for a king.
A king can be as treacherous
as he wants.
Give back my skis!
I certainly will, I wouldn't
accept anything from you.
Go back to your master!
All right...
But I wish you'd be more polite.

Come on, give up!

I'm supposed to lock you up
in my dungeons.

Why?

The commercial counselor
insists upon it.

Is he here?

I think he's been following you
since you left home.

So do agree.

I'm very much in debt to this
counselor.

I'm in his hands.

If I don't capture you,
he'll just ruin me.

He'd put a stop to ice deliveries,
and then we won't have ice-cream
anymore.

He'd put a stop to cold steel
deliveries,
and my neighbors would defeat us.

I beg of you,
be my prisoner.

I'll pick the cell,
the very best I've got.

No!

A king must be:

A, as cold as the snow.

B, as hard as winter ice.

C, more swift than a northern
wind.

Explain why this girl isn't
in prison?

It's because she's on
the princess's half.

You employ methods which are overly
polite. See how it's done!

No, that's not how it's done,
Counselor! Drop that child's hand.

- How did you manage to get here?

- I followed you.

- Summon the guard!

- Don't move!

That pistol won't shoot. He didn't
bother to put in the powder.
Don't move, Your Majesty.
Suppose I did put in the powder?
I tell you, it's not loaded.
But he says it is.
I'm about to make mincemeat
of this uninvited protector.
Kribble! Krabble! Booms!
Now move to the king's side
immediately!
- Or I'll kill him.
- All right, I'll go.
They want to kill
my best friend!
The king tripped him.
You just wait. I'll make more
mischief than you've ever seen.
You're going to see a rainbow
of troubles!
Oh, I promise not to do it again.
The carriage is here!
To show appreciation, I'll give you
a blue ribbon with...
Bells and buttons and rosettes
and honorary swords.
- We're greatly honored.
- Thank you very much.
I'll catch up with you, Gerda!
Well, Counselor, I'm counseling
you to let us alone.
Keep your advice to yourself,
scribbler.
You've lost, Counselor.
Our little game isn't over yet,
storyteller.
I see that they've finally
calmed down.
Someone to see you.
What do you want here?
I need to see the chief of your
band.
It is I!
You?!

Well, why did you stop chattering?
Since my husband passed away
from a bad cold...
Poor man, he was so wonderful!
...I've been running the business
alone.
If you've come to bother us,
it better be for a good reason,
because otherwise you're a dead man.
I have some secret business
to discuss with you.
Be off!
If you mind what I say,
some rich booty can be yours.
A carriage will pass on the road,
made out of gems and solid gold,
drawn by four horses selected
from the king's choicest.
Did you say it was made out of gold?
Yes, and that's why it moves slowly.
- And who is in it?
- A young girl.
- Is there a guard on it?
- No.
What part of the booty d'you want?
Don't set terms I don't like
or I'll shoot you.
All I want is the girl.
She's a poor orphan.
You couldn't get ransom for her.
I agree.
Hey, bandit on duty!
Bring the spy glass!
He didn't lie. A gold carriage!
Come on out! Get ready!
What's up now?
It's night already?
What's going on, my buckoes?
Naptime in camp is sacred.
Get out here, you lazy bones!
I won your boots!
Action stations!
Two times two
Makes four dead men!

Any passerby, watch out!
Just one word,
And you're a dead bod.
You'll be, too, knocked down and out.
Just for theft,
Just for theft,
We have stabbed,
We have stabbed
Six times six,
That's thirty six men of fortune.
Seven times seven,
That's forty nine rich merchants.
Give us all,
Or you're a corpse.
Anyone resisting drops.
If you've betrayed us,
and there's an ambush
waiting for us,
you won't be alive.
We two have a partnership
which we must both respect.
Hey you, the new man!
You stay here and stand guard.
Let me go with you.
I'm a wild fighter.
There won't be much fight. There's
just a girl, a driver and a footman.
Please take me along, chief.
I'll kill this girl.
I just hate little children.
Never mind...
Stay here
and keep a close watch on this man.
If he makes an attempt to escape,
cleave his skull in two.
Obey my orders!
Or you'll be out before you're in.
Mount your horses!
Forward! Follow me!
We're hunting only at night,
Getting high up on a steed,
Armed with swords good for a fight,
Ready for a feat of greed.
Pieces of gold, pieces of gold,

Shiny, weighty, bold!
Hey you, traveler, save your breath!
It's a matter of life and death.
When we set out to loot,
No dogs we take along.
As for sniffing hefty boot
We can never go wrong.
Pieces of gold, pieces of gold,
Shiny, weighty, bold!
Hey you, traveler, save your breath!
It's a matter of life and death.
Oh please, dear bandits,
please don't!
Take the carriage to our hideout.
Let's go! Follow me!
Hey you, stranger!
You kept your part of the bargain.
Here's the little girl.
Dear bandits, please let me go!
I'll go away quiet as a mouse.
You won't even notice.
Unless I find Kay, he'll die.
And he's such a good boy.
You can pull my ears
if you're that nasty.
Just let me go then.
Isn't there anyone here
who'll come to my help?
No!
Who's that girl, a child here?
Hello there, deary!
Hello there, ma!
You make a good catch today?
Great! And you?
Not too bad.
We captured a gold carriage,
plus four horses
and a girl.
A real girl! She's mine.
I protest!
Who's that old geezer?
Mama, shoot him!
Don't be scared
because I'll be your protector

unless you make me mad.
You're going back on the agreement
that we made.
If my daughter wants the girl
for herself,
there's nothing I can do
about it.
I don't refuse my daughter anything,
because that way she'll make
a real thief.
I'm sick of all these bandits.
They work at night,
but they sleep all day.
Whenever I want someone to play
with, they're all snoring.
Tell me where you came from.
Unharness the horses!
Bring the axes!
Chop up that carriage!
Let's start sharing the loot!
Wait.
I'll pay you more if you come
with me.
Your hands are so icy!
I've been in the ice business
all of my life.
My normal temperature is
below zero.
I want you to kill
the captured girl.
What'll you pay for it?
- I'll be generous.
- Fifty pieces of gold.
- That's too much.
- It's my price!
Give me the money,
or I'll say goodbye now.
Wait a minute... Here.
Only get it done as fast as you can.
I'll do it tonight
when the others go out
on a big raid.
I like your story.
Even if we do have a fight,

I'll kill you myself.
Come up, follow me.
Come on!
Home at last!
Give me your cape, your bonnet,
your muff, and gloves too.
I want them for me.
Because friends ought to share.
Do you care about these things?
I'm afraid that I'll be cold
when I'm in the North.
You're not about to go anywhere!
Let me show you my treasures.
That's gold.
I'll give you all you want.
These are precious stones,
but you may take a few.
These are pistols.
You can shoot whoever you want.
I have a reindeer, my most
favorite pet of any.
Could I see him?
He's hiding, frightened to death.
Every night I come here
to tickle him with my knife.
He makes me laugh
because he shakes so much.
- Don't do that!
- Why not? It's fun!
- May I speak to him?
- Go ahead.
Do you know where the Snow Queen
lives?
Have you ever seen
the Snow Queen herself?
And tell me, please, have you seen
a little boy with the Queen
by any chance?
And was he named Kay?
Yes, he was Kay.
That's the name that the Snow
Queen called him.
He was white and very cold.
Let me go away, robber girl!

White with cold... He needs
someone to keep him warm,
to give him hot tea and toast.
That boy should be whipped
for making us worry.
Maybe he's a block of ice
by now, frozen solid.
You've got to let me go after Kay,
dear girl.
Let her go!
Quiet, that's enough!
Go to bed!
Stop looking so pitiful,
or I'll kill you on the spot.
It's late, our band has already
left for work. To bed!
- Let her go!
- Shut up!
I'm going to tie you
with the bandits' secret knot.
The rope is long, so it won't
keep you from sleeping.
Sleep, my lovely friend,
or I'll slit your throat open.
Good night!
Little girl! Little girl,
let us escape from here!
I'm tied up.
With my hooves
I cannot untie knots,
but you have fingers.
I'll try, I'll do my best.
- Quiet!
- Who are you?
It's you?
I put on this disguise
and followed the counselor.
He went straight to the bandits'
hideout, but I beat him there
and was made a bandit
right away
since the chief was impressed
by my ferocious looks.
Come on, let's be off.

Who's that with you?
It's my friend, the storyteller.
He's come to save me.
You wanted to escape from me,
didn't you?
I was going to leave you a note.
I must find Kay.
He will die if I don't.
Then give me a goodbye kiss
before you go.
Here's my coat.
No, I guess I'll keep your muff
and mittens.
I like them ever so much.
Get on his back.
Now go!
Thank you, robber girl.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Don't you bother with saying thanks,
you're staying here.
I want you to tell me stories
until Gerda comes back.
Quiet!
Go on, fly, reindeer,
before I changed my mind.
Goodbye!
You there, what are you so sad about?
Tell me a story and make sure
it's funny,
or I'll shoot you.
Go on, hurry up, one, two... three!
Once, long ago...
a snowman was built
in a yard facing
a kitchen window.
And that poor fellow
looked at the fire and cried
with bitter tears because
warmth was what he wanted.

Once he said:

"Poor little Gerda!
Where she's now there's snow

everywhere she looks,
wind, too, it never stops howling.
It's cold... and sinister."
Gerda is such a little girl!
She must brave the snows, the storms,
the terrible ice all alone.
Don't cry about it.
No, don't cry.
Perhaps she will be able to win.
She's covered hundreds of miles.
She's been helped by people,
by animals, and the crows too.
She may be little, but she's strong.
Because she wants so much
to help little Kay.
Kay! Come here, dear.
I want to stop the spring
from coming.
So I must be off for the warm
countries.
I hope you won't be too sad
without me.
No. I no longer know either joy
or sadness.
That's to the good. It's good
when one has no feelings,
of love or of anguish,
no feelings at all,
but only serenity.
You must promise to carry out
what I ordered.
Here is where the country
of the Snow Queen begins.
Further I dare not go.
Bless you, my dear friend
reindeer!
Goodbye now.
Her Majesty is not in.
But I came to see Kay.
Oh, Mister Kay is busy.
Let me by! Go on!
I'm not afraid of you!
Kay! Where are you?
Answer me!

Kay! Is it you?
I've found you at last!
Quiet down, you bother me.
Kay, my dear, it's your Gerda.
- I can see who it is.
- Have you forgotten me?
I never forget anything.
Are you trying to scare me
on purpose?
Are you teasing me? Or not?
You seem so changed.
I'm afraid of approaching you.
- Stop bothering me.
- What are you doing there?
I have to spell out something
with these ice cubes.
The word "eternity".
- Why?
- The Queen ordered me to do it.
If I can spell the word correctly,
she'll give me the whole world,
and a pair of new skates
besides that.
Kay, why are you acting
so foolishly?
Please come back and play
like we used to do.
I've seen many wonderful places,
and you sit right here...
Poor, foolish Kay!
No, I'm being reasonable.
Kay, leave now! Please come with me.
It's spring there already.
The birds have returned.
You're bothering me. Go away!
Since you've been gone, bad things
have happened in our courtyard.
Little Hans was beaten by a bad boy.
Wasn't there anyone to keep him out?
No! But if you were there
I'm sure you'd protect Hans,
isn't that so? Am I right?
Yes, you are... I'm so cold.
Kay dear, once and for all,

please wake up!
Our landlady's cat had three kittens,
she promised to give us one.
And our grandma's always crying
for you.
Kay, you can hear her tears falling,
and she's waiting for you.
Wake up, please, Kay!
Gerda, is it really you?
What's the matter?
Why are you crying?
Did somebody hurt you?
How did you find me?
Let's get out of here.
This place makes me shiver.
Yes, let's get out of here.
Follow me.
Don't you worry about a thing.
How dare you take Kay away from me?
I did. And now there's no way
you can make him stay.
Kay has a heart of ice. He's mine.
He doesn't want to go back
to humans.
That's a big lie!
His heart's warm once more.
I shall freeze you,
you wretched girl!
I'm about to turn you into
a piece of ice.
No! I'll protect her against you!
Don't be afraid.
That's very important.
I have wonderful news!
The North Wind just told it to me.
Gerda's found Kay
and they're coming home.
I was certain they'll be back
and kept them listed in my book.
Hooray for Gerda!
Hey! Storyteller!
Great news. Gerda has brought away
Kay! I heard it from the magpie.
It's such good news, I'm letting

you go free.
Kribble, krabble, booms!
You're going to drop your
pretty black beak, Klara!
Gerda has freed Kay.
Sensational news,
Your Majesty!
We just got word from the court
crow.
Gerda has freed Kay!
The Snow Queen has been made
a fool of!
Now I won't get any more ice-cream.
That goes without saying.
Gerda's coming back!
She saved Kay!
Kay's coming back!
He won over the Snow Queen!
He saved Gerda!
Kay's heart had turned into ice.
But I hugged him and cried,
and it began melting.
And then we went home.
We helped each other to walk.
Both of you are home now.
We're with you, you're with us,
we're all together.
What can our enemies do to us
as long as we have warm hearts?
Let them come. We'll just tell

them:

Pourre, bazelourre!
I hope you'll excuse me.
Please go ahead.
The End to the Tale!