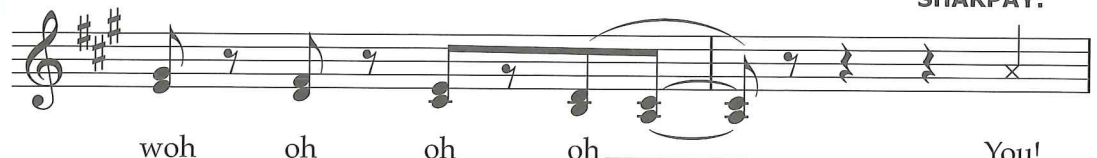
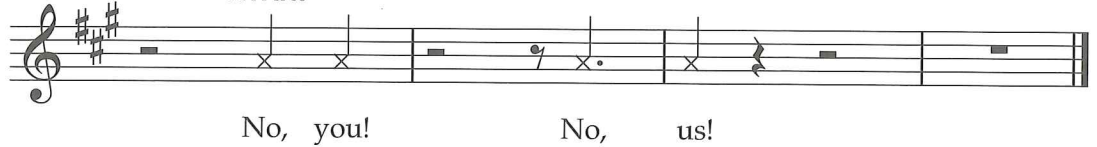


65 **SHARPAY:**



woh oh oh oh You!

67 **RYAN:** **BOTH:**



No, you! No, us!

*(SHARPAY and RYAN bow to applause.)*

### MS. DARBUS

Ryan, Sharpay, very slick, very polished. You might want to work on some... oh, I don't know... some warmth?

*(School bell rings. The STUDENTS start to pack up.)*

Well, my dears, it seems as if we are out of time.

*(looks around)*

Any last minute sign-ups for Juliet? Romeo? Anyone? Oh, well, then I suppose we're done for today.

*(bangs the gong)*

Watch the bulletin board for callbacks.

*(MS. DARBUS goes over the notes on her clipboard. KELSI bumps awkwardly into SHARPAY.)*

### KELSI

Oh, sorry... new glasses. Anyway, I mean... if you do the part, with that particular song, I was hoping you'd—

### SHARPAY

If we do the part? Kelsi... Kelsi darling, I've been in seventeen school productions. And, let's see, how many shows have you written?

### KELSI

This is the first.

### SHARPAY

Which tells us that—?

**KELSI**

You are the more powerful witch?

**SHARPAY**

It tells us that you do not offer direction, suggestion, or commentary. Are we clear?

**KELSI**

Yes, sir— I mean, Sharpay.

**SHARPAY**

Nice talking to you. Love the glasses.

*(SHARPAY and RYAN exit. KELSI gathers her music. GABRIELLA sneaks up on TROY and taps him on the shoulder.)*

**GABRIELLA**

Hey! You decided to sign up?

**TROY**

Huh? No way.

**GABRIELLA**

You're not afraid, are you?

**TROY**

*(lying)*

You're the one who's afraid, not me.

**GABRIELLA**

*(lying)*

I am not afraid.

**TROY**

Oh yeah? Prove it.

*(GABRIELLA comes out from hiding and runs to MS. DARBUS.)*

**GABRIELLA**

I'd like to audition, Ms. Darbus.

**MS. DARBUS**

Oh, I'm so sorry, my dear, but the individual auditions are long over... and there is no one to sing with you for the lead parts.

**TROY**

*(mustering courage)*

Uhm, Ms. Darbus, I uhm... oh boy— I mean, I'll sing with her.

**MS. DARBUS**

*(suspiciously)*

Troy Bolton? Yes, well... I treat these shows just as seriously as your father treats his basketball rehearsals. I am very sorry, but now there's no time.

*(MS. DARBUS goes to gather her things. KELSI trips and scatters sheet music everywhere. TROY helps her collect her charts. KELSI stares at him, practically speechless.)*

**TROY**

You wrote that song that Ryan and Sharpay just sang?

**KELSI**

Uh huh.

**TROY**

And the entire show?

**KELSI**

Uh huh. I'm still working on the finale... You want to hear the way that song is supposed to sound?

*(KELSI sits at the piano and starts playing.)*

**TROY**

Wow, that is really nice.

**KELSI**

Go ahead, you first.

*(TROY squints at the music then starts quietly, tentatively)*