

15

you, — no - one like you. —

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17

So lone-ly be-fore — I fin-al-ly found — what

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ritard.

19

I've been look-ing — for. —

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p *A tempo, meno ritard. a fine*

(TROY stands with his eyes closed, feeling ecstasy from the singing. KELSI finishes playing. MS. DARBUS runs over to TROY.)

MS. DARBUS

Keep your eyes shut, Troy. Just say the first thing that comes to mind: How does it feel?

TROY

Uhm, I don't know... like I'm flying, you know. Like I'm soaring, kinda.

(A light bulb goes off in KELSI's head; she writes down phrases.)

MS. DARBUS

Anything is possible in the theatre, Troy. There's not a star in heaven you can't reach, but you have to allow yourself to reach for it.

TROY

(opens his eyes)

Wow. Thanks, Ms. Darbus.

MS. DARBUS

(writes their names on a clipboard)

Bolton, Montez, you got yourselves your callback. Kelsi, finish the finale... and work on it with them.

(MS. DARBUS exits. TROY and GABRIELLA look at each other, stunned... now what? KELSI hands them some sheet music.)

KELSI

If you want to rehearse, I'm usually in the music room during free period and after school... and sometimes even during biology class. Or if it's easier, I can give you a wake up call and come over with my accordion... it's mobile!

(KELSI runs off, followed by TROY and GABRIELLA.)

Scene 8: HALLWAY – Wednesday, 8:15AM

(The school bell rings. SHARPAY and RYAN enter and look at the callback sheet on the bulletin board.)

SHARPAY

Is this some kind of sick joke? They didn't even audition! Someone's got to tell that new girl the rules.

RYAN

Right. Rule Number One: