

**Music Theatre International**

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## **Audition Central: Disney's High School Musical JR.**

# **Script: Ms. Darbus**

### **SIDE 1**

*(MS. DARBUS, the school drama teacher, enters her homeroom with a grand flourish. Her eccentricity is fueled by a genuine love of theatre and of teaching. A small, hand-held gong sits on her desk.)*

### **MS. DARBUS**

Well, once again, they forgot to announce the auditions for the winter musical, *Juliet and Romeo*, written by our very own Kelsi Nielson. It's a delicious, neo-feminist adaptation of Shakespeare's classic tragedy of star-crossed lovers... with a brand new happy ending!

*(CHAD leads the JOCKS in a round of dry raspberries.)*

Mr. Danforth, this is a place of learning, not a football diamond.

*(TROY slips his cell phone from his pocket and dials.)*

This year, as always, the Drama Club faces a shortage of male participants, so please come in and audition. I'm offering you fun, glamour... and extra credit!

*(A cell phone starts a wild musical ring. At the first ring, RYAN and SHARPAY pull out their cell phones.)*

Ah, the dreaded cell phone symphony! Sharpay and Ryan Evans, your phones please, and I'll see you in detention.

*(MS. DARBUS lifts a plastic bucket that is labeled: CELL BLOCK D. But the musical ringing continues.)*

*MS. DARBUS searches the room. GABRIELLA digs her phone from the bottom of her backpack. MS. DARBUS looms over her.)*

We have zero tolerance for cell phones during class. Phone, please... and welcome to East High, Ms. Montez.

*(notices TROY's phone)*

Mr. Bolton, I see your phone is involved. Splendid. We'll see you in detention as well.

*(MS. DARBUS extends the bucket for TROY's phone. CHAD practically leaps out of his chair.)*

**CHAD**

That's not even a possibility, Ms. Darbus □ your honor, sir □ because we have basketball practice □

**MS. DARBUS**

That's thirty minutes for you, too, Mr. Danforth, count 'em!

**SIDE 2**

**COACH BOLTON**

Where's my team, Darbus?! And what the heck are they doing here?!?

*(The STUDENTS are frozen by COACH BOLTON's anger.)*

**MS. DARBUS**

I run my detention my way; you can run yours your way.

**COACH BOLTON**

*(points to TROY and CHAD)*

You two, into the gym, right now.

*(TROY and CHAD run out.)*

**MS. DARBUS**

*(to STUDENTS)*

Detention is over for today. I expect to see some of you tomorrow afternoon at the auditions. Please remember to be on time. Scoot, now. You've all done wonderfully!

*(The STUDENTS pull their phones from the bucket and exit. SHARPAY lags behind to eavesdrop.)*

**COACH BOLTON**

*(to MS. DARBUS)*

I need my star players in practice, not detention!

**MS. DARBUS**

Why should athletes get preferential treatment?

**COACH BOLTON**

I'm trying to teach these kids about having a goal, about teamwork, something they can use as adults.

**MS. DARBUS**

Which is precisely what I am trying to do.

**COACH BOLTON**

How, by making them scream at the top of their lungs?!?

**MS. DARBUS**

Philistine!

**COACH BOLTON**

Crack pot!

*(MS. DARBUS bangs her gong. COACH BOLTON blows his whistle. They exit in opposite directions.)*

**SIDE 3****MS. DARBUS**

How dare you? How dare you!!??

**COACH BOLTON**

Boys, practice is over. Hit the showers. Now.

*(The JOCKS run off.)*

**MS. DARBUS**

A very reliable source has told me that you and your all-star son are planning some kind of practical joke in my chapel of the arts. But I won't allow *Juliet and Romeo* to be made into a farce □

**COACH BOLTON**

*(tries to stifle a laugh)*

*Juliet and Romeo???*