

RYAN

Me?

MS. DARBUS

Yes, unless you want to live the rest of your life in the shadow of your sister's ostrich...

*(Sharpay gives Ryan a "don't you dare" look. But Ryan looks at Darbus, who gives him a look of encouragement. He transforms back into his squirrel and scampers away across the stage. Miffed, Sharpay walks away like an angry ostrich. The other Students tentatively join the thespic twins in the exercise, becoming monkeys, birds, etc. JAMES, an enthusiastic but mostly talent-free Thespian, becomes an earthworm. Gabriella works on a self-conscious canary. Taylor runs in late, takes in the room and adapts immediately. Becoming a horse, she gallops over to Gabriella, looking like she just won the lottery. She holds Web printouts.)*

TAYLOR

Scene 4

 (to Gabriella, beaming)

The answer is yes!

GABRIELLA

Huh?

TAYLOR

I'm so glad you changed your mind about the Science Decathlon. With credentials like these, we'll win that title, for sure.

*(Taylor shows Gabriella the Googled pages from her locker.)*

GABRIELLA

*(stunned)*

Where did those come from?

TAYLOR

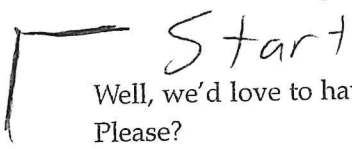
Didn't you slip them in my locker?

GABRIELLA

Of course not.

*(Now Taylor is confused. So is Gabriella. Sharpay has an ear trained on Taylor and Gabriella, but keeps her poker - uhm, ostrich - face.)*

TAYLOR

 Well, we'd love to have you on the team. We meet almost everyday after school. Please?

GABRIELLA

I don't know. I mean, I need to catch up on the curriculum here before I think about joining any clubs...

~~SHARPAY~~

*(turns around, still as ostrich)*

But what a perfect way to get caught up... meeting with the smartest kids in the school. What a generous offer, Taylor!

TAYLOR

We've never ever won the Science Decathlon. You could be our answered prayer.

GABRIELLA

*(still reluctant)*

Well... okay, I guess I can do it.

TAYLOR

*(hugging Gabriella)*

Yay!

GABRIELLA

Okay, so like quid pro quo: what do you know about Troy Bolton?

TAYLOR

Troy? I wouldn't consider myself an expert on that particular sub-species... unless you speak cheerleader, as in:

*(in cheerleader-ese)*

"Isn't Troy Bolton just the hottie super bomb?"

GABRIELLA

I guess I don't speak cheerleader.

TAYLOR

Which is why we exist in an alternative universe to Troy the Basketball Boy.

GABRIELLA

Have you tried to get to know him?

TAYLOR

He has his clique, I have mine. Watch how it works in the cafeteria when you have lunch with us. You'll see.

*(On the other side of the stage, Chad and Troy act like monkeys.)*

End

TROY

I mean, you don't think being in the musical could be fun, like even a little?

CHAD

You're a hoops dude, not a musical singer person.

TROY

I'm not talking about me -- no way!