"PITCH PERFECT 2"

Written by

Kay Cannon

Based on the book by
Mickey Rapkin
As the Universal logo appears on screen, we hear Universal’s theme song being sung a cappella by...

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - PRESS BOX

Our a cappella commentators, JOHN and GAIL.

JOHN
Excited, Gail?

GAIL
If I weren’t, would I be wearing a diaper under this dress?

As John speaks, we HEAR a marching band play.

JOHN (V.O.)
Welcome back, a cappella enthusiasts!

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - STAGE - AUGUST 2014 - NIGHT

A MILITARY BAND heads off stage as THE BARDEN BELLAS get set.

JOHN
I’m John Smith and sitting to my right is Gail Abernathy-McCadden-Feinberger.

GAIL
(pointing to wedding ring)
This one’s gonna stick, John.

JOHN
Well you saved the Jew for last.

GAIL
(gleefully nodding)
I did, I did.

JOHN
You’re listening to Let’s Talk-appella, the world’s premiere downloadable a cappella podcast.

GAIL
We are coming to you live from our nation’s capitol where the Barden University Bellas are about to rock the historic Kennedy Center.

(CONTINUED)
The BELLAS: BECA, CHLOE, Lilly, STACIE, CYNTHIA ROSE, JESSICA, ASHLEY and a small Latina girl, FLORENCIA FUENTES (FLO). Chloe nods at Beca, who blows the pitch pipe.

BECA
One, two, three, four...

The Bellas SING: Icona Pops’s “We Got the World.”

BECA (CONT’D)
THEY SAY YOU'RE A FREAK WHEN WE'RE HAVING FUN... (song continues)

This performance reflects a group at the top of its game.

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - PRESS BOX - CONTINUOUS

JOHN
These ladies have broken down every barrier in their path, haven’t they, Gail?

GAIL
So right, John. The first all-female group to win a national title. Three-time defending champs. And now here they are performing for the President of the United States on his birthday.

REVEAL: The PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY, who sit in a private box [STOCK FOOTAGE]. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS stand guard.

JOHN
Wow. What an inspiration to girls all over the country who are too ugly to be cheerleaders.

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Bellas TRANSITION TO: Pitbull’s (feat. Ke$h) “Timber.”

CHLOE
IT’S GOING DOWN/I’M YELLING
TIMBER/YOU BETTER MOVE, YOU BETTER DANCE...

BELLAS
WOOOOAH (TIMBER)/WOOOOAH (TIMBER)/
WOOOOAH (IT’S GOING DOWN)...

ON STAGE: Cynthia Rose steps up to rap.

(CONTINUED)
CYNTHIA ROSE
THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER
THEY FALL... (rap continues)

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The ladies MASH “Timber” with “We Got the World.”

HALF BELLAS
THEY SAY YOU’RE A FREAK WHEN WE’RE
HAVING FUN...

BECA/BELLAS
IT’S GOING DOWN/I’M YELLING
TIBEER...!

ANGLE ON: Beca, killing it on stage.

JOHN (O.C.)
There’s Beca Mitchell, leader of
the group.

Flo does some BACKFLIPS across the stage. It’s impressive.

GAIL (O.C.)
International exchange student Flo
Fuentes just earned her green card!

JOHN
She may need to do that flip right
over the fence and back into
Mexico.

GAIL
I think she’s Guatemalan.

JOHN
Oh, none of that matters.

ON STAGE: The ladies continue their kickass performance. It’s
good, but a little noisy.

GAIL (O.C.)
There is so much going on on-stage,
I don’t know where to look.

JOHN
Couldn’t agree more. Back in my
day, we just sang. Maybe snapped
our fingers if we were feeling
frisky.

(CONTINUED)
INT. KENNEDY CENTER STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The mash-up comes to an end, and they sing the last line from “America the Beautiful.”

BELLAGE
FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA!

The ladies TRANSITION TO: Miley Cyrus’s “Wrecking Ball.” From the rafters descends... FAT AMY! She wears a sparkly leotard and sits in a harness with billowy white material flowing from her. She looks like an angel. As she descends:

FAT AMY
I CAME IN LIKE A WRECKING BALL!/I NEVER HIT SO HARD IN LOVE!...

GAIL (O.C.)
Wow! What a surprise!

JOHN (O.C.)
An overweight girl dangling from the ceiling. Who hasn’t had that dream?

GAIL
Lots of us!

FAT AMY
...I CAME IN LIKE A WRECKING BALL!

As the song continues, each Bella grabs on to a piece of material attached to Fat Amy’s harness. It looks super cool, like something out of Cirque du Soleil.

As Fat Amy spins thirty feet above the stage,

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
DON’T YOU EVER SAY I JUST WALKED AWAY/I WILL ALWAYS WANT YOU...

During a move, Fat Amy FLIPS upside down, losing control. As she tries to correct her position, her leotard rips at the seam with her back to the audience EXPOSING her BUTT CHEEKS! The audience gasps! Thrown, the Bellas stop singing. Beca looks up in shock.

BECA
Goodbye innocence.

BACK ON JOHN AND GAIL, who hold on to each other’s shoulders.

(CONTINUED)
JOHN (O.C.)
She has no underwear on. We have a
commando situation! There is a
commando situation on stage!

ANGLE ON: A stern-looking President and First Lady.

GAIL (O.C.)
Who is on top of this?!

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - TECH BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

TECH GUYS frantically hit buttons to try to prevent the
impending situation.

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Balloons are RELEASED from the rafters, "Hail to the Chief"
 begins playing over the PA. Upstage, an American flag UNFURLS
and a big birthday cake ROLLS out on a cart.

ON STAGE: The harness TURNS Fat Amy very slowly so that she’s
about to face the audience. Her arms are caught up in fabric
and she can’t cover her privates!

GAIL (O.C.)
Take her back up already!

JOHN
She’s turning. She’s turning --

GAIL
Oh my god, the children! Would
somebody think of the children!

John SLAPS a hysterical Gail across the face. ON STAGE: As
Fat Amy is almost squarely showing her bits to the audience,

FAT AMY
Avert your eyes or take it all in!
You need to make a choice!

GAIL (O.C.)
Not the front! Nobody wants to see
the front!

The harness comes to a stop with Fat Amy FLASHING the
audience with downtown full frontal. ANGLE ON: Reactions of
shocked anticipation from the Bellas, audience members, and
John and Gail.

CUT TO MAIN CREDITS:
A montage of clips featuring several NEWS PERSONALITIES covering "Muff-gate." Some clips feature gifs of Fat Amy, hanging exposed with her downtown pixillated.

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR
Happy birthday, Mr. President. The Australian singer who calls herself "Fat Amy" gave the President a birthday gift from "down under" during last night’s celebration held at the Historic Kennedy Center.

(turns to co-host)
And if you’re wondering what I mean by down under, Chip. I’m talking about her vagina. She showed her vagina. To the President.

TODAY SHOW HOST
All eyes were on The Barden Bellas --

JAKE TAPPER
Three time defending national champions, which is a real thing... apparently.

MSNBC REPORTER
Although authorities have ruled out terrorism as a motive, The Bellas claim the mishap was merely an accident. And Fat Amy issued an apology--

FAT AMY
(off paper)
I am deeply sorry for the upset that I have caused. I feel I have already received punishment enough... in the form of silk burn. Exhibit C.

As Fat Amy turns to show her butt burns,

FOX NEWS PUNDIT
It’s filth. Women who sing are just another example of cultural decay due to loose morals--

JOE SCARBOROUGH
Not wearing underwear seems kind of intentional, don’t you think?

(CONTINUED)
MORNING JOE CO HOST
Yeah, you either choose to wear underwear or you don’t wear underwear.

JOE SCARBOROUGH
That is a decision I make everyday.

JIMMY KIMMEL
You know, until today, I thought singing a cappella was the most embarrassing thing you could do.

ROSIE O’DONNELL
(to The View panel)
Usually those girls were on point but last night they were off point, off key, and their clothes on the floor.

ROSIE PEREZ
Yeah, but I’d rather be in that limo ride home with the real President and he be like, “That shit was off the hook!”

EXT. BARDEN CAMPUS - ONE MONTH LATER - DAY
It's a new school year. We see a bustling college campus and our Bellas coming together, heading toward somewhere.

INT. DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS OFFICE - ANTEROOM- SAME TIME
Chloe nervously paces in front of the Bellas.

BECA
Chloe, chill out. It was a mistake. They’re not gonna burn us for witchcraft.

CHLOE
No, but right now, the people that run the I.C.C.A’s are -
(points inside)
in there with the Dean talking about us, and they think we’re a bunch of laughing stock-appellas!

BECA
(softly, re: pun)
That’s awful.
(then)
(MORE)
Look, we’ve won three championships. Whatever happens in there, we’ll be okay. Maybe it’s a sign to focus on other stuff.

CHLOE
What other stuff?

BECA
You know, school, jobs... life.

CHLOE
This group is my life. I’ve intentionally failed Russian Lit three times just so I could still be a Bella!

Chloe drops into her chair.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
This is the worst thing that’s ever happened to any of us!

Flo pats Chloe’s back, and in her ever-optimistic tone:

FLO
You know, before coming to Barden, I had diarrhea for seven years. (pause) But yes, this is terrible.

FAT AMY
I don’t understand. What’s the big deal, anyway?

CYNTHIA ROSE
Um, you booshed-out our commander-in-chief.

STACIE
Yeah, he’s not supposed to see that stuff because he’s Muslim.

FAT AMY
Stacie, have you learned anything since you’ve been in college?

An ancient-looking SECRETARY approaches the ladies, comically slow. Then, very judge-y...

SECRETARY
The Dean is ready for you tramps. Try not to hump the furniture.

(CONTINUED)
Yikes. The Bellas file inside.

INT. DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Bellas stand in two rows as if on trial. Before them, a stern-looking John and Gail sit behind a desk on either side of the DEAN.

DEAN
Ladies, you have dragged the good name of Barden University into the gutter. And you’ve really upset these people, whose names I’ve already forgotten.

JOHN
(sarcastic)
Nice intro, Seacrest.

GAIL
Do you know who we are?

CHLOE
You’re the National Association for the Advancement of A Cappella Performers.

JOHN
That’s right. And we’re concerned here at the N-triple A-C-P. Your little southern exposure in front of the Commander-In-Chief has irreparably damaged the entire institution of a cappella. Funding has dropped, sponsors are pulling out, Rashida Jones is denying ever being a part of it!

GAIL
And the flood of complaints!
(to Fat Amy)
You would not believe the heavy flow caused by your vagina.

FAT AMY
You’re an adult. You know what you just said.

JOHN
Unfortunately an example must be made.

(CONTINUED)
GAIL
It is the decision of this
governing body that the Bellas are
hereby suspended from ever
participating in competition at the
collegiate level.

A beat of shock as this new information sinks in. Then:

LILLY
Gasp!

JOHN
(leans in, re: Lilly)
Did she say something? Did the
Asian say something?!

John points a fancy pen at Lilly.

JOHN (CONT’D)
’Cause I will not be mocked!

The Dean swipes the pen from John.

DEAN
Hey, that’s my pen. I got it at
Alcatraz.

GAIL
The terms of your suspension are
laid out in this document. I’m
sorry, but it’s over.

A concerned Chloe takes the file from Gail. She opens and
reads it.

BECA
Okay, can we be reasonable? Fat Amy
apologized. It was an accident.

GAIL
Was it?

CHLOE
(off document, irked)
You’re taking us off our I.C.C.A.
victory tour? Who’s going to sing
the national anthem at the Puppy
Bowl?

GAIL
You’re being replaced by the
European champions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
A German group whose skill is matched only by its professionalism.

In other words, they’ll keep their pants on.

So... We can’t defend our title, we can’t tour...

And you can’t hold any auditions. We don’t need your ranks to grow like a fungus.

There’s nothing left. So basically The Bellas are over.

The ladies look at each other, the grim reality sinking in.

This. is. an....

ACALA-MITYYYYYYYYY!

Beca puts her hand on Chloe’s shoulder to comfort her.

I’m sorry that this disciplinary action has shocked you, especially since all of you are seniors. But the truth is, you’re just women. And you all be pregnant soon.

Off their shocked reactions, we CUT TO...

EMILY, a super-cute eccentric freshman, strolls arm-in-arm with her mother, KATHERINE.

Mom, I’m late. It’s orientation. You gotta let me go.

Katherine, getting emotional, won’t let go of her daughter.
KATHERINE
I can’t. I can’t do it. My only daughter, leaving the nest.

Katherine leans into Emily, singing Chicago’s “If You Leave Me Now.” She has a beautiful voice. Emily loves it.

KATHERINE (CONT’D)
IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW/YOU’LL TAKE AWAY
THE BIGGEST PART OF ME/UH UH UH UH NO
BABY PLEASE DON’T GO... DO YOU WANT
ME TO STOP BECAUSE I CAN KEEP
SINGING...?

EMILY
I don’t know how I’m going to get by without your spontaneous singing.

They come to a stop outside Barden’s oldest building which has a banner above it: “WELCOME BARDEN CLASS OF 2018.”

KATHERINE
You’re gonna love this place. Just promise me you’ll call.
   (getting worked up)
Oh and honey, don’t be afraid to express yourself. But not with those weird buttons in your earlobes, unless you want to work at an organic grocery store or indie coffee shop but then why am I paying for college?--

EMILY
Mom, slow down. I’m not gonna do anything crazy. I’m just going to write my songs and join an a cappella group.

KATHERINE
Not just any a cappella group. Ignore what Lester Holt said, the Bellas are an institution. My days as a Bella --

EMILY
Were the best of your life, I know. And I can’t wait to be one -- unless they don’t take me?
KATHERINE
Oh, they’ll take you. Thanks to me, you were born into it.
            (holds her cheeks)
Then I’ll be your mother and your sister.

EMILY
Gross. Okay --

Emily looks over at the church and takes a deep breath.

EMILY (CONT’D)
And the next phase of my life...

Emily takes a big, symbolic step away from Katherine.

EMILY (CONT’D)
Begins!
            (then, to a PASSERBY)
Hi. I’m an adult now.
            (to another PASSERBY)
I can’t wait to exchange ideas with you --

KATHERINE
Emily! Could you be any more embarrassing?!
            (then, loudly singing)
OOH-OOH-OOH BABY PLEASE DON’T GO!

Emily sweetly waves good-bye at her teary-eyed mother and enters the church.

12    OMIT (RENUMBERED TO A11)

A13    INT. DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Bellas still stand before the Dean, Gail, and John.

CHLOE
Hold on... Wait a second...

A long beat. Then, the Dean whispers to John and Gail.

DEAN
How long are we going to wait?

JOHN/GAIL
I got all day./We don’t do much.
CHLOE

Aha!
(holds up file)
There’s nothing in here that strips us of our I.C.C.A. title. And if we’re still reigning champs... then we’re automatically invited to represent America at the World Championships this Spring.

Eyes wide, the others look to each other.

GAIL
(commentator voice)
Ah, yes. The World Championships of A Cappella. Where every four years, the best from all over the globe compete for world domination.
(withering a little)
I’m sorry, I feel like I have to be “on” all the time or people won’t like me.

DEAN

So this championship is like the Olympics?

CHLOE

Actually, a cappella competitions started the year before the first games in Athens. The discus was invented because they wanted something to throw at the singers.

STACIE
(aside to Chloe)
Is that true?

CHLOE

It might be. I’m failing history, too.

FAT AMY

Good luck paying those student loans, Chlo.

JOHN

Look, ladies. We can’t keep you from World’s competition, but it’s not going to help your case here.

GAIL

Not at all.

(CONTINUED)
BECA
What if we win it?

The Bellas perk up. John and Gail laugh, hard.

JOHN
What if you win it? What if you win it? Like, you outperform the other groups. Ho ho! How do you fit such big dreams in such a small body?
What if you win it?

The two laugh even harder.

JOHN (CONT’D)
What if you win it?

BECA
Yeah. If we win it, will you reinstate us?

GAIL
(through laughter)
Sure. But no American team has ever won.

JOHN
(proudly)
That’s because they hate us.

GAIL
The whole world.

JOHN
(through laughter)
The whole world hates us!

Off their continued laughter...

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Emily sits among the FRESHMAN CLASS in a beautiful, old cathedral. An enthusiastic orientation REPRESENTATIVE addresses the room flanked by Barden cheerleaders.

REPRESENTATIVE
Hello, fresh persons! Welcome to Barden University!

A couple MALE CHEERLEADERS shoot off T-Shirt cannons. The Barden Knight mascot runs wildly across the stage.

(CONTINUED)
You have made a great choice. And a cheap one. And while our football team did not crack the top hundred, we did climb to number three in the nation for HPV cases.

Emily takes notes. ANGLE ON: Her notepad. She writes “HPV = Everywhere.” Above it, there’s a to-do list: “Buy shower shoes. Call Mom. Audition for Bellas.” On the other page, she’s written dozens of song lyrics.

We have a special performance for you now. Here they are, the pride of Barden University -- (reading off card) The Trey blem-akers!

Our TREBLEMAKERS run in. Jesse addresses the room.

JESSE
Thank you! We are the Treblemakers. (off Rep’s shrug) You can catch us every Wednesday night outside the Science Center and every Thursday night outside this Creationist Chapel. Hit it!

They sing Mika’s “Lollipop.”

JESSE (CONT’D)
WHAT’S THE BIG IDEA?/YO, MIKA

JESSE/TREBLES
I SAID SUCKING TOO HARD ON YOUR LOLLIPOP/OH, LOVES GONNA GET YOU DOWN/I SAID SUCKING TOO HARD ON YOUR LOLLIPOP/OH, LOVES GONNA GET YOU DOWN/SUCKING TOO HARD ON YOUR LOLLIPOP/LOVES GONNA GET YOU DOWN/ SUCKING TOO HARD ON YOUR LOLLIPOP LOVES GONNA GET YOU DOWN/SAY LOVE, SAY LOVE/LOVES GONNA GET YOU DOWN SAY LOVE, SAY LOVE...

As the Trebles sing, they perform a fun choreographed routine. It’s classic Trebles. A couple of GIRLS swoon over Jesse. Emily reacts, impressed.

TREBLES
...SAY LOVE, SAY LOVE/OH LOVES GONNA GET YOU DOWN.
They land their final pose and bow. The Rep takes the stage.

**REPRESENTATIVE**
The Treblemakers! Hey, who knew they weren’t so shitty? Uhp --
(points to the heavens)
That’s on me, God.
(them, to freshmen)
Okay! Move in will begin just as soon as animal control clears out Franklin Hall! And remember, painful urination is a sign of something. Have a great year!

More t-shirts are shot out of cannons.

**EXT. BARDEN CAMPUS - CHURCH - DAY**

The Trebles stand next to a table marked “WELCOME PACKETS & HPV VACCINES.” Emily walks up to grab her welcome packet.

**EMILY**
Great job, Trebles. You killed it.

Jesse and Benji turn to Emily. Benji is immediately smitten.

**JESSE**
Thanks. You like a cappella?

**EMILY**
Oh yeah. I got my heart set on becoming a Bella. It’s at the very top of all my dream boards.

Benji, nervous, steps in front of Jesse and offers his hand.

**BENJI**
Did I hear mention of dreams? Hi. Benjamin Applebaum at your service. May I say, you are so spirited. I just want to put you in a box and saw you in half --

Jesse PULLS Benji back.

**JESSE**
For magic! As part of a trick. He does magic. It’s only weird if you don’t embrace it.

An amused Emily crosses off. Jesse turns to Benji.

(CONTINUED)
JESSE (CONT’D)
Dude. Explain yourself.

BENJI
I completely blacked out. How’d I do, man?

JESSE
Honestly? I’ve seen you do worse.

EXT. DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER
Chloe bursts out the doors followed by the Bellas.

CHLOE
Oh my god oh my god oh my god...

FAT AMY
Chloe, don’t blame yourself. You’re a ginger, that’s punishment enough.

BECA
This is not all your fault. This is on all of us.

FAT AMY
No it’s my fault. If only I tamed my beast more like I say I’m gonna do every New Year’s.

STACIE
So if we don’t win the World’s, what are we? Just a bunch of girls who hang out?

CYNTHIA ROSE
What’s wrong with that?

CHLOE
Everything! I won’t let us go down in history as the team that served a clam pie to the first family!

BECA
(snide, to Lilly)
Imagine the headlines if Bush had been president.

LILLY
“Meek Co-ed Seduces Dick Cheney.”

Beca shoots her a confused look. Beca’s cell buzzes. She steps away to answer it. Chloe addresses the others.

(CONTINUED)
CHLOE
This is the biggest challenge that any of us have ever faced!

FLO
When I was nine, my brother tried to sell me for a chicken. So....

STACIE
Well, I will do whoever it takes to get to the top.

FAT AMY
You mean, “whatever” it takes.

STACIE
Yeah, I’ll do that, too.

ANGLE ON: An excited Beca, quietly talking on her phone.

BECA (INTO PHONE)
That’s great-- Yeah, I can start Monday. I would be stoked to start on Monday. Sorry, I don’t say stoked. I don’t say stuff like that. I’m pretty cool. You’re gonna like me.

(wincing) That was bad.

Back with the others,

CHLOE
We just need to attack this problem head on. With a hundred percent commitment and laser focus. Right?

BECA
(into phone)
Great. I will see you on Monday. Beca OUT!

(hangs up) What?

CHLOE
Beca.

BECA
Yeah.

Beca runs back into the Bella circle for a hands in and we CUT TO...
EXT. ELECTRIC PONY RECORDING STUDIO - CURBSIDE - DAYS LATER

ESTABLISHING SHOT. Jesse’s car pulls into frame.

INT. CAR/EXT. ELECTRIC PONY RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jesse and Beca pull up in Jesse’s car outside the main entrance of a hip-looking recording studio.

JESSE
Lil Wayne’s recorded here, huh?

BECA
Yep. And was arrested here twice. (then)
Can you believe they hired me?

JESSE
Of course I can. You rock the party that rocks the body.

BECA
I don’t... know... where to begin with that.

They both exit the car. Jesse walks around to Beca who pulls her computer bag from the back seat.

JESSE
So... Any first day jitters?

BECA
(a little cocky)
Nah, you know me. I’m just gonna act all moody and distant. Artists love it.

JESSE
You’re all so tortured inside. Try buying a kitten.

BECA
You don’t buy kittens. You can get them free, literally, anywhere.

JESSE
There it is! That’s what hooked me!

Beca cracks a smile.

BECA
Dude, why do I feel so guilty about taking this internship?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
I’ve given a lot to the Bellas, like three years of my life.

JESSE
Yeah, Bec, you shouldn’t feel guilty for taking your shot.

BECA
This is a big deal, right?

JESSE
Yes. This is a very big deal.

Beca kisses Jesse goodbye and heads inside. He shouts after her.

JESSE
NOTHIN’ GONNA STOP MY GIRL!

BECA
Please don’t embarrass me.

BECS IN EFFECTS Y’ALL!

BECA
(laughing)
You can go now!

Beca turns the corner of the building. Jesse gets back in the car and drives off.

STACIE
It’s been months. We’re still getting hate mail?

FAT AMY
You’d think my vagina beat up Rihanna.

(Continued)
Chloe hits a button on the computer.

CHLOE
Okay, we’re officially registered.
Update your passports, ladies.
‘Cause we’re headed to the very sunny, very beautiful...
COPENHAGEN!

They all jump up and down, excited.

FAT AMY
Yeah! Where is that?

CHLOE
No idea! I failed Maps!

FAT AMY
How is that a course?!

CHLOE
(off computer)
Looks like it’s been dominated by that stupid German team that took over our tour.

STACIE
You mean stole our tour.

FAT AMY
Word. We need to scout those schweinhunds.

Fat Amy picks up one of the letters.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
But I’m not worried. When we win, we can stick it to these chumps who sent us all this hate mail, like --
(off letter)
Sonia Sotomayor.

REVEAL: The letter says “DIE BITCHES” in big, black letters.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
Judge-y bitch. The Bellas are back!

CHLOE
Where’s Beca? She’s missing all the fun!

Fat Amy shrugs as we CUT TO:
FLASH! Beca, disoriented by a flashbulb, gets her picture taken.

THE SAME PICTURE is hung around her neck on a big green ID Badge.

IN QUICK SUCESSION: She POPS coffee pods into three different machines lined up on a kitchen counter and hits three different brew buttons. She grabs a bag of chips and holds it with her mouth. Then, grabs several coffees.

Beca walk briskly through a super hip office, gold and platinum records lining the walls. She takes a wrong turn, corrects herself, and finally lands in a bullpen. She hands out coffee to HIPSTER EMPLOYEES who don’t even look at her.

A hipster employee, DAX, talks on the phone and SNATCHES the chips right out of her mouth.

BECA
Thanks. I was having a hard time breathing. Anything else I --

Dax impatiently WAVES her away. Beca nods “got it.”

Then, SAMMY, 40s, a music producer who is always wearing designer t-shirts, sunglasses and a ball cap, sweeps in.

SAMMY
Okay, everybody huddle up. Let’s go! Let’s go! To the table please!

A dozen EMPLOYEES from all over the studio begin crowding into the bullpen. Following their lead, Beca DRAGS a chair over. An IN-CHARGE WOMAN smiles and takes it, assuming Beca brought it for her. Beca awkwardly sits on the floor.

SAMMY (CONT’D)
Come on. Last one in has to help Frank watch Youtube videos to find the next Justin Bieber.

PAN OVER to a really young millenial, FRANK.

FRANK
Hey, I’m turning twenty-five next week if anyone wants to get drinks, celebrate...

(CONTINUED)
SAMMY
Frank, less talk. More watching kids in their bathrooms play guitar.
(then)
Okay, my people. Check it.

Sammy pushes a button on a remote. On a projection screen, CALVIN “SNOOP LION” BROADUS, in a three-piece suit, stands at a candlelit gathering, surrounded by MULTI-CULTURAL CHILDREN.

SAMMY (CONT’D)
That is --

The screen stops working. A frustrated Sammy turns to Dax.

SAMMY (CONT’D)
Dax, did you call the tech guy?

DAX
Yeah I talked to him.

SAMMY
(shakes head)
Do you understand that everything else in my life works?

DAX
Uh huh.

SAMMY
So I just need everything in here to work, too.

DAX
He said he was gonna call me back --

SAMMY
Oh my god.

DAX
You want me to call him now?

SAMMY
(beyond frustrated)
Don’t... you do it now.

DAX
(suddenly nervous)
Okay.

Sammy hits a button on the remote.

(CONTINUED)
SAMMY

There we go.

(puts remote down)

That is the lion himself, legendary Snoop D-O-Double-G singing “White Christmas” at a tree lighting ceremony in Moscow.

They all react, “nice.”

SAM

He was so moved by the power of music to unite the world or some shit that now he wants to drop a cool Christmas album, put his spin on the classics. And because I sleep on a bed of Grammys, he’s hired me to produce it.

There’s a murmur of excitement.

DAX

But Snoop Dogg already put out a Christmas album --

SAMMY

If you’d listened to it like I did -- stranded in the air with T.I. on a golden hang glider, then you would have known that it wasn’t the classics. I’ve had to listen to that album on two different occasions... Hang glider with T.I. and also on a rocket ship that Eminem built. It doesn’t go anywhere, but he’s got dreams for it, okay? So I need you to close your mouth.

(then, re: screen)

Herein lies the problem. Last I checked there are over a million Christmas albums -- with the same ten damn songs on them. So we need all hands on deck to come up with ideas on how to make this one stand out. You got me? Fire when ready.

The Employees all look at each other. After a beat,

DAX

What if we get those dogs that bark jingle bells to back him up?

Sammy tries to stay composed.

(CONTINUED)
SAMMY
Let me guess. You want those dogs to back him up because his name is Snoop Dogg?

DAX
Yeah!

SAMMY
(to everyone else)
That was a really great example of a horrible idea. Take a lap.

DAX
What?

SAMMY
Take a lap.

DAX
But I’m wearing skinny jeans.

SAMMY
I don’t care. Go, go, go. I want to see knees up.

As everyone watches, Dax struggles to jog around the studio.

SAMMY (CONT’D)
Knees up please!
(then)
Guys, I gonna give you a little more time. A minute. One minute. Sixty seconds.

Beca reacts, “gulp.” As Sammy exits,

SAMMY (CONT’D)
My time is like a toddler in a tiara -- precious and short. Good ideas, my people! Snoop is coming!

Sammy leaves.

INT. BELLA HOUSE - NIGHT

SFX: A DOOR BELL.

EXT. BELLA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emily stands on the porch. Fat Amy answers.
FAT AMY
Sorry my boobs are all crazy. I was just jumping.

EMILY
Hi, I just came from auditions. You guys weren’t there, and I was hoping for the chance to sing for you.

FAT AMY
No. Can’t help you. We’re not allowed to take anyone new.

Fat Amy goes to shut the door but Emily squeezes her way in.

INT. BELLA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

EMILY
No, no, wait! I’m a Junk!

Cynthia Rose crosses by the door.

CYNTHIA ROSE
What you say about your junk?

EMILY
(nervous energy)
Hi. I’m Emily Junk. I know, it’s weird. It’s my mom’s last name. My dad’s last name is Hardon, so as a family, we just decided to go with Junk. Originally it was pronounced Yunk but then my great grandfather had a falling out with his brother and right before he shot him he--

Emily stops when she notices the Bellas, staring agape.

EMILY (CONT’D)
I’m a legacy. Junk. My mom was a Bella.

CHLOE
(realizing, gasps)
Your mother is Katherine Junk?

STACIE
Who?

CHLOE
Only the top bitch of the 1981 Bellas.

(MORE)
She pioneered the syncopated booty shake. And word is she had a five-octave vocal range.

EMILY
Still does. You do not want to hear that woman doing it with my dad.

FAT AMY
What an odd thing to say.

Jessica and Ashley enter.

EMILY
Look, everyone knows you’re supposed to make room for legacies. It’s what makes this country fair and great.

FLO
Not its abundant clean drinking water?

CHLOE
True. If a legacy wants to audition we have to let her.
(as she sits)
Okay, show us what you got.

EMILY
Here. Right here. Right now.

All the ladies take a seat and face Emily, who is suddenly very nervous.

EMILY (CONT’D)
Okay. I’d like to perform an original song I’m working on. I’m not finished with it so... let’s not be dicks about it.
(beat)
Sorry, was that too crass? It was.
(then)
Fat Amy, you have a lovely vagina.

FAT AMY
Thank you. Proceed.

Emily sings her original song “Flashlight.” Her eyes are always closed. Emily has a soft, lovely voice.
EMILY
WHEN TOMORROW COMES/I’LL BE ON MY
OWN/FEELING FRIGHTENED OF THE
THINGS THAT I DON’T KNOW/WHEN
TOMORROW COMES/WHEN TOMORROW
COMES/WHEN TOMORROW COMES...

Emily’s soft voice draws the Bellas in closer.

EMILY (CONT’D)
AND THOUGH THE ROAD IS LONG--
(opens eyes)
Still tinkering with this verse.
Sorry, work in progress.
(then, singing the chorus)
I GOT ALL I NEED/WHEN I GOT YOU AND
I’/CAUSE I LOOK AROUND ME/AND SEE A
SWEET LIFE/I’M STUCK IN THE
DARK/BUT YOU’RE MY FLASHLIGHT/
YOU’RE GETTING ME GETTING ME
THROUGH THE NIGHT/YOU’RE MY
FLASHLIGHT... YOU’RE MY FLASHLIGHT.

A beat.

CHLOE
Would you excuse us a moment?

The Bellas huddle up and speak in hushed tones.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
She’s pretty good. Can we take her?

FAT AMY
What do you expect us to say? She’s standing right there.
(then, “discreetly”)
Definitely not a soloist.

CHLOE
Technically, she came to us. So really we’re not breaking any rules.

STACIE
Yeah, it’s the perfect loophole.

FLO
We could always use another body. You know, in case one of us gets kidnapped for ransom, thrown in a shipping container, and made to eat only leaves and gas receipts.

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
Flo, why do you always have to make everything about you?

CYNTHIA ROSE
I feel like we shouldn’t decide anything without Beca.

STACIE
Anyone think it was creepy that she never opened her eyes?

FAT AMY
Again. We’re still talking. And she’s standing right there.
(again, “discreetly)
But if we’re gonna talk negative, let’s start with the giraffe legs.

ANGLE ON: Emily, eyes wide with insecurity. Then:

LILLY
I keep a penny under my tongue.

CHLOE
Okay, let’s put it to a vote. If you think we should let her in, sing a G sharp. If you don’t, sing an E flat. One, two--

BELLAS
AHHHHHHH!

It’s impossible to tell who voted what. Chloe turns to Emily.

CHLOE
Welcome to the Bellas.

EMILY
O. M. ACA-G!

Emily does a goofy celebratory dance that lasts two seconds on a repeating loop.

FAT AMY
What’s happening right now?

EMILY
I’M GIF’ING MYSELF!

Cynthia Rose grabs her by her shoulders to stop her.

(CONTINUED)
CYNTHIA ROSE
Girl, stop. Stop. Girl stop that.

EMILY
Sorry. So when does initiation start?! I’ll go back to my dorm and pretend to be surprised when you throw a hood over my head and make me solve a Rubik’s Cube while sucking vodka from a maxi pad.
(off their looks)
That’s what my mom said happened.

FAT AMY
Look around, we can’t really spare a maxi pad, so consider this your initiation.

Fat Amy places her hand on Emily’s forehead and gently nudges it away. Then, Fat Amy makes the “no more bets” hand gesture.

EMILY
Whoa. That was really cool.

MUSIC UP FROM THE TREBLE HOUSE: LL COOL J’s “Mama Said Knock You Out” wafts over.

FAT AMY
Alright, grab your nuts, ladies, it’s party time! We’ve got tickets to Copenhagen and a brand new Bella!

Fat Amy leads the Bellas out. Emily follows behind.

EMILY
(genuinely asking)
Should I shut this door? Does it lock when it shuts?

EXT. TREBLE HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT
The Bellas cross through a hedge, revealing The Treble house, right next door. A party is obviously in progress.

EXT. TREBLE HOUSE - POOL - MOMENTS LATER
The Bellas enter. Joining the Trebles are the other Barden A CAPPELLA GROUPS. A group of TREBLE INITIATES with dark hoods on their heads are marched by. Emily is in awe.

EMILY
Wow. My first college party.
FAT AMY
This isn’t just any college party. It’s a cappella only. So if you get laid tonight, it’ll be short and forgettable.

Emily loves it. Jesse approaches.

JESSE
Bellas! Welcome!

CHLOE
Hey, Jesse. Where’s Beca? I thought she might be with you tonight.

JESSE
(thrown)
I thought she was with you.

CHLOE
I thought she was with you.

This goes on forever.

JESSE
We’ve got kegs, tacos on the foosball table. Oh and enter the pool at your own risk. Benji washed our pet pig in it.

REVEAL: Benji holding SQUEAKS, a mini-pig in a bow tie.

BENJI
Squeaks is really the sweetest guy in the world. But be careful, he’s a terrible drunk.

As the girls disperse, Emily is revealed.

EMILY
Hey! Benji right?

Benji freezes, shocked that Emily’s there and remembers him.

BENJI
Gleff. Pling shlargen-- Oh my god, those aren’t words.

Benji gestures to himself and Emily and then points off like he wants to take her somewhere.

BENJI (CONT’D)
Krol fluebal and a movie.

(CONTINUED)
EMILY
Are you asking me out?

Benji shrugs “maybe.” Then gets more courage and nods “yes.”

EMILY (CONT’D)
Oh, that’s so sweet. It’s just that it’s my first week and I wasn’t planning on rushing anything.

Benji smiles awkwardly, then THROWS down a smoke pellet. A very small amount of smoke emerges and he ducks down to hide into it. Just then, Daft Punk’s “Get Lucky” starts to play.

EXT. TREBLE HOUSE – BACKYARD POOL – CONTINUOUS

TREBLE
CLEAR THE RUNWAY!

There’s a buzz of excitement. All heads TURN to a GUY in the Barden Knight’s mascot head on a motorized scooter, PUMPING UP the crowd. A path clears between him and a wooden jump laid over the new Treble pledges.

CROWD
JUMP IT, JUMP IT, JUMP IT...

The Guy REVS the engine and GUNS it straight toward the jump. Camera FOLLOWS him and then PANS slightly ahead to focus on the jump before he reaches it. A beat. The chant dies.

CAMERA WHIPS BACK to see the scooter has been stopped dead in its tracks by a small garden hose that was left across the lawn. The Guy HITS his fists against his hips in frustration and takes off his helmet to REVEAL: It’s BUMPER!

BUMPER
Dudes! How many times have I told you?! Pick up the garden hose when you’re done with it! I look like a freakin’ idiot!

Bumper THROWS the mask into the pool.

JESSE
You don’t live here!

BUMPER
(whipping around)
Who said that?!

REVEAL: The back of Bumper’s shirt says, “CAMPUS SECURITY.” Fat Amy passes by. Bumper stops her.

(CONTINUED)
BUMPER (CONT’D)
Fat Amy, my little pleasure dome. You up for some benefits --
(thumb points to self)
with a friend tonight?

FAT AMY
You know for someone who left school years ago, you’re harder to shake than mono.

BUMPER
Hey now. Just chillin’ with my Trebs. I’m kinda their idol.

TREBLE (O.C.)
Go home, old man!

BUMPER
(shouts back, joking)
Ha! No you are!
(to Fat Amy, boastful)
So Fatamé, I have some big news. I’m waiting to audition for a well-known TV singing competition.

FAT AMY
Oh yeah? Which one?

BUMPER
Rather not say.
(then)
But I’m always on the verge of blowing up. My brah John Mayer’s going on tour soon so--

FAT AMY
He fired you immediately for wearing his bracelets.

BUMPER
We had some creative diffs, but he’ll call. He emailed me once so I have his lawyer’s address.

FAT AMY
It’s okay, Bump. You’ve had a rough go of it. Maybe it’s because of your hateful little troll face.

Bumper scrunches up his face. It is the exact face of the mascot head.

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY (CONT’D)
There it is. That’s the face of an unsuccessful man.

As Fat Amy walks away to join the Bellas dancing...

BUMPER
So I’ll skeeze you later?!
(suddenly alone, then)
SHOTS!

He looks around several times. No one responds.

EXT. TREBLE HOUSE - TIKI BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jesse sits by himself, taking in the party. An exhausted Beca sidles up to him.

JESSE
Hey! You made it!

BECA
Couldn’t miss our last hood night party.

JESSE
So... how was the internship?

BECA
Eye opening. They don’t dick around there. But on the plus side, I washed out a coffee mug that may have been used once by Eminem. It had a real angry vibe to it.

JESSE
Chloe asked me where you were. Why haven’t you told her about it yet?

BECA
There was a lot going on. She’s locked in on how to win the Worlds. I just need to pick the right time.

Beca looks over at the Bellas, dancing and having a blast. Jesse nudges her arm.

JESSE
C’mon. Let’s get stupid together while we still can.
Beca and Jesse cross over to the Bellas. Excited to see her, they cheer like belligerent drunks.

BELLAS/CHLOE
BECA!/YEAH!/GET OVER HERE, YOU DIRTY SLUT!

BECA
(re: “dirty slut”)
I know you’re just trying to reclaim that word, but it’s still not cool to say--

They PULL Beca into a small Bella dance circle.

BECA (CONT’D)
OH MY GOD!

The Bellas JUMP up and down, laughing and singing to the music. Chloe, caught up in the moment, RIPS off her shirt.

CHLOE
WE’RE GOING TO THE WORLDS!

She CANNONBALLS into the pool in her pants and bra.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
(resurfacing)
Who’s with me? COLLLLLEGEEEE!

All the partygoers look at each other, “not interested.” Stacie turns to Cynthia Rose.

STACIE
Eh, this is kind of a nice blouse.

CYNTHIA ROSE
My phone is in my pocket.

Chloe SPLASHES wildly.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
C’mon! Everybody in the pool!

Bumper DIPS just his toe in.

BUMPER
Ooh, brisk!

FAT AMY
The pool’s not happening, Chlo.

An overly excited Emily approaches Beca.

(CONTINUED)
EMILY
Holy moly, I am so excited to meet
the woman who single-handedly
created the Bella sound. I can’t
believe we’re sisters!

BECA
Oh right, Chloe texted me we added
a legacy. I didn’t even know that
was a thing but hey, good for you.
Whatever works.

EMILY
Yeah, I admit it. I have a lot to
prove. But I’m equal to the task.
I’m an open vessel and ready to
drink of your knowledge.

Emily stares at Beca with awe, kind of creeping Beca out.

BECA
(smiles)
Well, it was nice to meet you... I
think I’m going to go stand
somewhere else.

Beca crosses away. Emily reacts, “that wasn’t great.” Just
then we ANGLE ON: Squeaks, running wildly with Benji trying
to catch him. Squeaks escapes into the pool.

TIGHT ON: Lilly, who pops up from the water. She darts her
eyes only to go back under.

Everyone laughs and sings the night away. ANGLE ON: Fat Amy
and Bumper discreetly walking off together.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CAR SHOW/LOBBY - NEXT DAY

PEOPLE mill about a large convention hall with several cars
on display. The partied-out Bellas cross through the
exhibition floor and on to an escalator led by Stacie. All by
Emily is hungover.

BECA
Slow up. I’m not really awake yet.

STACIE
Last night was epic.

CYNTHIA ROSE
Until it got weird.

(CONTINUED)
LILLY
I got adopted by a family of cockroaches.

BECA
(to Fat Amy)
What happened to you? We couldn’t find you anywhere.

FAT AMY
Oh... it was nothing embarrassing.
(clearly lying)
I just had to rush home and put some yogurt... on my hemorrhoids.

Fat Amy HITS her own forehead, disappointed in her lie.

CHLOE
Guys, focus up. We’re here for one reason: to scout the competition.

EMILY
It’s totally going to help us win the World’s if we know what we’re up against.

CHLOE
So where the hell are these tour thieves?

Chloe looks around, then sighs.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
Aw, c’mon.

REVEAL: Stacie, rubbing up against a sporty CAR while BUSINESSMEN take photos.

FAT AMY
Jesus, Stacie.

BECA
Keep it in your pants.

Beca and Fat Amy pull Stacie away.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CAR SHOW/STAGE - DAY
The Bellas enter a room containing a SLEEK, MODERN INDUSTRIAL STAGE with a futuristic car on it.

CHLOE
What the? This all should have been ours!

Suddenly, THE CAR DRIVES OFF STAGE.

(CONTINUED)
FLO
Holy aca-moly.

CHLOE
Okay, the cars moved. Nothing else.

FAT AMY
But they are moving backwards. With ghosts driving them.

An L.E.D. PANEL RAISES UP, REVEALING: DSM’s model-esque leader, the KOMMISSAR, addresses the crowd.

KOMMISSAR
We are Das Sound Machine. A German collective operating in concert to create sonic mastery. What better way to appreciate automotive perfection.

DAS SOUND MACHINE (DSM), a large, co-ed group wearing headset mics enters thru smoke, backlit and intimidating, sing the chorus to Muse’s “Uprising.”

DAS SOUND MACHINE
YOU WILL NOT CONTROL US/WE WILL BE VICTORIOUS!

They are amazing. The Bellas look on, intimidated. Then, DSM mashes “Uprising” with DVBBS & Borgeous’ “Tsunami.” They have a Berlin cool, electronica sound that requires a high level of skill.

DSM
TSUNAMI DROP/DROP, NAMI NA NAMI NA NAMI NA, NAMI... (song continues)

As they perfectly blend these two songs, they add precision choreography using all parts of the stage. It’s impressive.

ANGLE ON: The Bellas, watching in awe.

DSM (CONT’D)
THEY WILL NOT FORCE US/they will STOP DEGRADING US... (SONG CONTINUES)

The beat boxer PIETER clocks the Bellas. He has crazy attitude and the audience loves it.
FAT AMY
(re: Pieter)
We get it, dude. You’re good.
(then, to the ladies)
He probably has implants. There’s
no way those are his real lips.

CYNTHIA ROSE
Man, they roll deep. How can we
compete with a group that size?

STACIE
And they dance crazy good. They’re
so in sync.

DAS SOUND MACHINE
WE WILL BE VICTORIOUS SO COME ON!

DSM finishes their set to applause. They bow.

KOMMISSAR
Danke shoen!

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CAR SHOW - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA WHIPS BACK over to the Bellas. DSM approaches them.

KOMMISSAR
Barden Bellas. You came here to see
us. Is it because you are... what
do the American kids say, jelly?

CHLOE
We are so not jelly!

KOMMISSAR
We should probably thank you for
making this tour a reality. Das
Sound Machine is now a gold elite
member at La Quinta Inns because of
your bumbling ineptitude.
(to Pieter)
We should send them something.
Fruit basket?

PIETER
Yum, yum.

KOMMISSAR
Or would you prefer mini muffins?

(CONTINUED)
BECA
Okay, we didn’t come here to start something with you guys. We just wanted to check you out. You know, for when we go to the Worlds. And kick your ass.

BELLAS/FAT AMY
Oooh!/Get it, girl.

KOMMISSAR
(steps up to Beca)
You? You are the kicker of ass? But you are so tiny. Like an elf. Or is it a sprite? Fairy?
(in German)
What is the word I mean?

PIETER
Troll.

KOMMISSAR
(matter-of-fact)
That’s it. You are like a troll.

BECA
(trying to comeback)
Well you... are... physically flawless. But that doesn’t mean I like you.

CHLOE
We are not scared about the Worlds because when The Bellas hit the stage we are going to blow minds.

PIETER
Blow minds? With what? More of Flabby Abby’s baby chute?

FAT AMY
That’s not my name.

FAT AMY
(I don’t know your name. It could be anything. Obese Denise. Inflexible Tina. Lazy Susan...)

FAT AMY
(steps up)
My name is Fat Amy, un I eat krauts like you for lunch.
PIETER
Your team is like, a, how do you say that? A heated mess. You know, a mess where heat is applied to it so what once was a little messy is now even messier.

KOMMISSAR
Darlings, please take my advice. Don’t try to beat us. You can’t. We are the best.
(then, to Beca)
I must go and rest my neck. It is sore from looking down on you.

Beca steps up to the Kommissar and stands on her tiptoes.

BECA
Okay! Just because you are making me very sexually confused does mean that you are intimidating. We got a chip on our shoulder and nothing to lose. And we’re not backing down from anyone.

Beca turns to leave. The Bellas follow. Beca turns back.

BECA (CONT’D)
Aca Wiedersehen, bitches.
(then)
Aw, what’s happening to me? Why am I using my hands so much?

INT. BELLA REHEARSAL SPACE – DAY

“DAS SOUND MACHINE” is written on a whiteboard. Beca and Chloe address the Bellas.

CHLOE
Alright, ladies, focus up. We have to beat those German dumbkopfs!

FAT AMY
Yep, yep!

EMILY
But the important thing is that we have fun, right?

They all react, appalled.

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
Legacy. Don’t take this the wrong way, but you are the dumbest person alive.

Emily hangs her head.

CHLOE
We are going up our game musically and then blow out our choreography to match.

FAT AMY
(nodding)
I like it. Amp up the staging, the spectacle, the whole sheep-bang.

EMILY
Did you just say “sheep bang”?

FAT AMY
Yeah, in Tasmania, it’s what happens when you gather every goat herder in the village--

BECA
Nope. Don’t finish that.
(then)
So here’s the plan. We beat Das Sound Machine at their own game. Do what they do but do it better.

The ladies smile in agreement.

FAT AMY
--and then they make love to the sheep.

The ladies react, disgusted. SANTIGOLD’s “Go” plays over a...

“How to Beat DSM” Montage: [Activities TBD.]

36A Beca sits in the bleachers and opens her laptop. She puts headphones on and gets to work.

36B Some Bellas Hula Hoop while trying to sing. It’s a struggle.

36C Chloe leads the ladies in some intense choreography.

36D They practice basket-tossing Lilly. As if to throw her next, they turn to a terrified Flo.
FLO
(shaking her head no)
People are not birds.

Fat Amy holds a flaming skewer. She sticks the skewer in her mouth and the flame goes out. Everyone reacts, impressed. Fat Amy removes the skewer, pretending it didn’t just burn the crap out of her mouth.

FAT AMY
Nailed it. Gonna be a show stopper.

Clearly her tongue is swelling up, but she “plays it cool.”

Flo teaches a few Bellas how to do a backflip. Cynthia Rose “tries” to do one. She gets stuck in a back bend.

Ashley rolls in a pole that Stacie immediately mounts.

Beca hits a few buttons on her computer and creates some *mash-up beats* that are added to “Go.”

Flo does a worm across the floor while Jessica and Ashley jump over her side to side.

With hands on hips, Fat Amy tries to fight the mouth pain.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
Anyone have any aloe or lanolin on their person? How about a high-speed fan? Popsicle?

Emily and a few others try to balance brooms on their chins.

Lilly is thrown into the air. Some Bellas don’t catch her and she falls face first on to the ground. The ladies rush to her to make sure she’s okay. She pops back up, unhurt.

Flo back-handsprings across the floor while Chloe teaches Beca and Stacie to use poi balls.

Beca is looking into Fat Amy’s mouth.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
I can’t feel it. I know it’s gone! Calm down, your tongue is there.

Chloe nods to Flo to turn off the lights. As soon as it’s dark, she begins “glow sticking”, then others join in.

Flo does some round-offs while the ladies applaud. Eventually, she stops and, dizzy, falls to the ground.

(CONTINUED)
The ladies try to basket-toss Lilly for the umpteenth time. It works!

Beca is still on her laptop. ANGLE ON: Her computer, we see Beca upload/drag ten different pop songs into a file. The music stops and we...

END MONTAGE.

INT. BELLA REHEARSAL SPACE - DAY

Chloe addresses the room after a long day of rehearsal. Beca privately checks the time on her phone.

CHLOE
Okay! I think we’re getting somewhere. I’ll work on landing us a gig so we can rehearse it live.

FAT AMY
Yeah, and for the record, I do not want to eat fire.

CYNTHIA ROSE
No one asked you to. You just did it.

Fat Amy puts her finger on her nose and points to Cynthia Rose, “nailed it.”

CHLOE
Hands in.

As per Bella tradition, the ladies huddle and put their hands in the center. Emily follows along, unsure.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
National champs. One, two, three--

Hands go up. The Bellas sing:

ALL/EMILY
TIMES!/FOUR!

As the ladies file out, Emily approaches Beca, who is hastily putting her laptop in her bag.

EMILY
Hey, is it weird we never got around to singing today?

(CONTINUED)
BECA
Well it’s tough to sing when we don’t have the arrangements and that’s on me so thanks for reminding me.

CHLOE
(overhearing)
Yeah Bec, we’re going to need those ASAP so we can start nailing down our choreography.

BECA
(wearing on her)
I’m right on top of that, Chloe.

CHLOE
Awes.

BECA
Yeah. Awes.

As Beca zips up her bag, throws it over her shoulder, and starts to head out, Emily follows her.

EMILY
So I just wanted you to know that I’ve been working really hard calming my nerves and keeping my eyes open and stuff. I was hoping to show you, maybe get some pointers.

BECA
Sorry, I don’t mean to be rude, but I just have somewhere where I need to be.

(as she heads out)
Um, you did great today.

Beca exits. Off Emily’s intimidated expression,

INT. EP RECORDING STUDIO - BOOTH - NIGHT

Sammy, Dax, and a few EXECS sit in a state-of-the-art recording booth, looking stumped. Through the glass, Snoop sings a plain rendition of “Blue Christmas.” Beca enters and anonymously distributes a stack of burritos.

SNOOP
I'LL HAVE A BLUE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT YOU/I'LL BE SO BLUE--
SAMMY (INTO INTERCOM)
(hits a button)
Wait, hold up--

SNOOP
Wait, hold up? Man, I sound awesome right now. We still don’t have it?
I swear I was nailing it in the shower this morning.

SAMMY (INTO INTERCOM)
Nah, it’s a tech thing. Take five.

While Sammy and the gang discuss, Snoop takes out a word search book and starts circling. Sammy turns to the group.

SAMMY (CONT’D)
There’s nothing special about the song yet, you know? Any ideas --

DAX
(cautious)
Okay, hear me out.

SAMMY
(already exhausted)
Please, Dax, please --

DAX
We could throw in some sleigh bells and auto-tune it. Go full kitsch.

SAMMY
“Full kitsch?” Yes.

Dax reacts, relieved.

SNOOP (IN BOOTH)
(circling in book)
Upwards, backwards, diagonal. You can’t hide from me “Oliver Twist.”

SAMMY
Here’s what we’ll do. We’ll go full kitsch and then --
(sarcastic)
Sell the album next to velvet cat paintings at the Farmer’s Market.

Dax deflates.

SAMMY (CONT’D)
Go eat in the corner.

(CONTINUED)
DAX
Corner? Where am I going to put my sriracha sauce?

SAMMY
Say one more hipster thing, and I will shove you in your vintage bassoon case.

Sammy pushes Dax’s rolling chair away with his foot.

SAMMY (CONT’D)
Aim higher, my people. And be very careful what you pitch next.
(re: button on the board)
This button here breaks a small child’s toy. And I will hit it multiple times if you keep coming at me with garbage.

A beat. Beca steels herself and steps forward. Holy crap!

BECA
Have him sing it again. The same way.

Sammy turns to Beca, noticing her for the first time.

SAMMY
And who are you?

BECA
I’m... nobody. Literally nobody. I just have a thought.

Sammy takes Beca in. Then, he turns to the board.

SAMMY (INTO INTERCOM)
Okay. Just like last time.

Snoop puts his word search book away and starts singing. He can only hear himself.

SNOOP
I'LL HAVE A BLUE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT YOU/I'LL BE SO BLUE...

As Snoop sings, Beca jumps in with her own version of “Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas.” The two classics mashed up make it sound like a brand new song.
SNOOP (CONT’D)
THINKING ABOUT
YOU/DECORATIONS OF RED ON A GREEN CHRISTMAS TREE/WON'T BE THE SAME DEAR, IF YOU'RE NOT HERE WITH ME./AND WHEN THOSE BLUE SNOWFLAKES START FALLIN'/THAT'S WHEN THOSE BLUE MEMORIES START CALLIN'/YOU’LL BE DOIN' ALL RIGHT, WITH YOUR CHRISTMAS OF WHITE/BUT I'LL HAVE A BLUE, BLUE, BLUE CHRISTMAS.

The song over, Snoop turns to Sammy, completely unaware of what just happened. Sammy smiles at Beca.

BECA
Or it can be something different -- okay.

SAMMY
(to Snoop)
That was amazing, Snoop. Thank you so very much. Everything. Perfection. Perfection.

SNOOP
Groovy like a drive-in movie.

Sammy looks back again at Beca.

SAMMY
You can sing.

BECA
I’m like a three-time collegiate a cappella champion so... we’re both huge successes in our field.

SAMMY
Yeah, let’s say that. What do you do here?

BECA
Just get coffee and burritos and stuff. But I want to produce music --

SAMMY
Dax, do me a favor. Turn around and watch this exchange.
(re: Beca)
That’s value added, okay.

(CONTINUED)
SAMMY (CONT’D)
(then, to Beca)
Well if you have any demos you’d
like me to listen to, I’ll make the
time.

A beat. Then:

BECA
Oh, seriously. Oh!

SAMMY
Seriously, yeah, you just earned
it.
(then)
Dax, see what happened there? She
did something that was helpful and
now I’m going to reward her by
listening to her demos. Turn back
around.

Dax turns back around. Beca beams as Sammy hits a button on
the board.

SAMMY (INTO INTERCOM) (CONT’D)
Okay Snoop, we have an idea.

SNOOP
Me too. Water skis. But for dry
land.

SAMMY (INTO INTERCOM)
You’re a genius.

Beca takes a seat. As they resume working...

RE-ORDER OF SCENES – moved scene 39 to after riff off.

Beca stands in the yard looking at the house. Through the
windows, we see the Bellas, in nighties, are in the middle of
a huge pillow fight.

Feathers, giggles and squeals. It’s just shy of a classic
male fantasy. A Ryan Gosling movie plays on TV.

FAT AMY
This is awesome!
(then)
Why are we doing this again?

(CONTINUED)
CHLOE
I don’t know. It just sort of came naturally.

Beca enters, takes in the scene and cheers up.

BECA
What am I looking at?

The pillow fight continues.

FAT AMY
Just a bunch of odd ducks in uncomfortable sleepwear having a pillow fight.

Fat Amy whacks Beca with a pillow.

BECA
Easy! That’s memory foam!

(then)
You know, this sets women back about thirty years.

CHLOE
Nah, we’re just releasing stress.

EMILY
Technically, Beca’s right. My mom talked about Bella pillow fights in the eighties that lasted for days.

Beca holds up a fancy invitation.

BECA
This was on the porch.

Chloe GRABS the invite from Beca.

CHLOE
What is this? It’s real fancy.

Chloe opens it, and the card immediately makes an “AHHHHH” sound. She quickly closes it. She opens it again. The “AH” happens again but doesn’t last long. Chloe reads the card.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
Looks like we’ve been invited to
sing at some fancy party.

EMILY
We’re going to sing? Finally!

(CONTINUED)
CYNTHIA ROSE
Like an actual gig?

CHLOE
Maybe. There’s just an address and a password.

FAT AMY
Ooh, how sexy and mysterious.

LILLY
Like how all my teeth are from other people.

Lilly cracks a smile and we CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The Bellas are at the front door of a mansion that stands on a large estate with manicured grounds.

CHLOE
Anyone else scared?

STACIE
Yeah. It’s been six weeks since my last period.

They look at her, “yikes.” Beca knocks. A MAN opens up a small window in the door, his face obscured by shadow.

MAN
(husky voice)
Password please.

BECA
(reluctantly)
Fart noise.

MAN
I’m sorry. Did you not see the parentheses around it?

Beca rolls her eyes. She puts her face in the crook of her elbow and blows, creating a fart noise. The window closes. The door opens. REVEAL: SIR WILLUPS BRIGHTSLYMOORE.

SIR WILLUPS
Bellas! I’m so glad you all came! Come on in!
 Sir Willups leads the Bellas on a skooter through a gorgeous foyer and sitting room into his kitchen. All nouveau riche.

SIR WILLUPS
Standing in front of you, ladies, happens to be the world’s biggest a cappella fan.

BECA
Great! We found you!
(then)
What can we do for you?

SIR WILLUPS
So last week when I was having a tinkle, it occurred to me --

Fat Amy touches a ceramic goose that’s sitting on a counter.

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
DO NOT!

FAT AMY
(hands up)
Sorry.

SIR WILLUPS
That was rude. You do not come into a gentleman’s house and touch his goose.

BECA
So are we early...? Or --

SIR WILLUPS
Actually, you’re pretty late.

Sir Willups gets on a skooter.

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
Let’s go!

The ladies follow him into...

He leads them down a set of stairs. At the bottom:

SIR WILLUPS
This is the big time.
He opens some curtains REVEALING:

INT. MANSION - BASEMENT SPEAKEASY - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE mingle, awaiting the festivities. Sir Willups disappears into the crowd. The Bellas wander into the space trying to figure out what’s happening.

FLO
Only a man who sells the white powder lives like this.

Suddenly, the Bellas pull up, stopped behind Chloe.

CHLOE
Das Sound Machine, ten o’clock.

The Bellas turn slightly to their left. No DSM. Beca turns slightly to her right. DSM!

BECA
Two o’clock, Chloe. Are you failing clocks too?

The Kommissar and Pieter approach them.

KOMMISSAR
(to Beca)
Tiny Mouse, we meet again. Have you abandoned your foolish plans to face us at the Worlds?

BECA
You wish you... gorgeous specimen --
(to Chloe)
She’s really in my head.

KOMMISSAR
Very well. I’ll be happy to send you there. I’ll mail you. Large envelope. Cost nothing.

PIETER
Well it would cost more than nothing. But it’s still cheaper than sending like a horse, or an adult moose --

BECA
(dander up)
You know what, did you ever stop and think that you’re too big? It would cost a fortune to mail you!

(CONTINUED)
Chloe pulls Beca away. Jesse walks up to them. They are both surprised to see each other.

JESSE
Hey!

Beca
Hey! What are you doing here? What is going on?

A start of an announcement...

JESSE
I guess I gotta go.

Beca
Why?

Jesse crosses away.

INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the lights dim and a SPOTLIGHT shines down in the middle of the room on our host, Sir Willups.

SIR WILLUPS
Welcome, welcome to the first ever showdown of the National A Cappella Laser Ninja Dragon League!

The spectators cheer while the teams look confused.

SIR WILLUPS (CONT'D)
Can you dig iiiiiiiii? To begin, let’s meet the teams! First we have The Treblemakers!

In a corner of the room, a SPOTLIGHT shines down on the Treblemakers. The crowd APPLAUDS.

SIR WILLUPS (CONT'D)
Next up. The Tone Hangers!

Another SPOTLIGHT shines down and each Tone Hanger steps into it, singing a note on the scale. We see JASON JONES, JOE LO TRUGLIO, REGGIE WATTS and end with the newest member, Bumper. He basks in the applause, raising his hand.

BUMPER
Raise your hand if you’ve parked John Mayer’s car. Oh, just me? That’s who I am.

(CONTINUED)
SIR WILLUPS
The Barden Bellas!

A SPOTLIGHT shines down on the ladies.

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
Wisconsin’s pride: The Green Bay Packers!

A SPOTLIGHT shines down on the GREEN BAY PACKERS, wearing their team jerseys. Their leader, CLAY MATTHEWS, steps up and does his signature sack celebration.

FAT AMY
I’d like to be the brisket in that man sandwich.

SIR WILLUPS
And lastly, taking a break from their national tour, Das Sound Machine!

A SPOTLIGHT shines down on Das Sound Machine.

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
Here’s how this works. When I point to you, you sing a song from one of the categories that appear on that board. Only one rule: You’ve got to meet the beat. But you have to do it follow the leader style.

Sir Willups points to DSM and Fitz lays out some vocal percussion (all the groups will eventually join in on this).

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
If you can’t carry the tune, your whole team’s out! As in, “You Gong!” And then --

Sir Willups goes to pick up a heavy stick.

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
Cornelius, I told you before. This is too heavy. I can’t lift it with my arm.

Finally, Sir Willups hits a gong. He turns back to the crowd.

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
Okay. Now the winners get... Epic bragging rights!

(CONTINUED)
Everyone reacts, “meh.”

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
And this --
(holds up an envelope)
A forty-two thousand dollar gift card to Dave & Busters.

Everyone reacts, “wow.”

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
Let’s begin with...

Sir Willups gestures to a spot on the wall. A blacklight shines on it, revealing the words “Songs About Butts.”

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
OOH, a personal fave – SONGS ABOUT BUTTS!

Sir Willups points to DSM. Over the beat, the Kommissar takes lead singing Siquo’s “Thong Song.”

KOMMISSAR
SHE HAD DUMPS LIKE A TRUCK TRUCK
THIGHS LIKE A WHAT WHAT WHAT/
BABY MOVE YOUR BUTT BUTT BUTT LET
ME SEE THAT THONG

Sir Willups points to The Bellas. Beca jumps in with Flo Rida’s “Low.”

BECA
SHAWTY HAD THEM APPLE BOTTOM JEANS
BOOTS WITH THE FUR/THE WHOLE CLUB
WAS LOOKING AT HER/SHE HIT THE
FLOOR/NEXT THING YOU KNOW/SHAWTY
GOT LOW, LOW, LOW, LOW, LOW, LOW

He points to Clay Matthews, who sings Destiny’s Child “Bootilicious.”

CLAY MATTHEWS
BABY, CAN YOU HANDLE THIS/BABY, CAN
YOU HANDLE THIS/I DON’T THINK THEY
CAN HANDLE THIS/I DON’T THINK
YOU’RE READY FOR THIS JELLY--

Sir Willups spins, pointing to Tone Hanger’s Jason Jones. He comes in with KC & Sunshine Band’s “Shake Your Booty.”

JASON JONES
SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE

(CONTINUED)
DONALD FAISON
SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE

REGGIE WATTS
SHAKE YOUR BOOTY SHAKE YOUR BOOTY
SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE/SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE
SHAKE/SHAKE YOUR BOOTY/SHAKE YOUR
BOOTY

BUMPER
YEAH -

Justin points to the Benji who sings Sir Mix A Lot’s “Baby
Got Back”.

BENJI
I LIKE ‘EM ROUND AND BIG/AND WHEN
I’M THROWIN’ A GIG/I JUST CAN’T
HELP MYSELF, I’M ACTIN’ LIKE AN
ANIMAL/NOW --

Benji catches Emily’s eye and gets flustered.

BENJI (CONT’D)
NOW HERE’S MY THING/JUST A
REMINDER/I WANNA GET YOU HOME --
(in Emily’s direction)
BUT IN A RESPECTFUL WAY/AND I’LL
DRAW YOU A HOT BATH AND TALK TO YOU
ABOUT YOUR DAY --

The other Trebles lose the beat. The Crowd BOOS.

SIR WILLUPS
Stop, stop. What was that? Hold up, hold up.
(approaches Benji)
You think you’re a better lyricist than Sir Mix-A-Lot? A man who was
knighted by the Queen... You know, the band Queen?

BENJI
No, sir, I do not. I couldn’t help it. I caught a glimpse of angel and
I got inspired.

Benji looks over at Emily, who reacts a little embarrassed.

SIR WILLUPS
Well, you’re going to hell because Treblemakers...

(CONTINUED)
Sir Willups hits a gong behind him.

SIR WILLUPS (CONT’D)
You gone!

INT. MANSION – BALLROOM – CONTINUOUS

SIR WILLUPS
The next category is...

The blacklight reveals “COUNTRY LOVE.”

CLAY MATTHEWS
I am all about this! No one in this room has loved more tenderly than I have! Please pick us. Let me have it! Let us have it! Let the world have it!

FAT AMY
I would give it to him.

Sir Willups almost points to Clay but then fakes him out, pointing to JASON JONES. He sings Tim McGraw’s “Live Like You Were Dying.”

JASON JONES
I WENT SKY DIVING/I WENT ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLIMBING/I WENT 2.7 SECONDS ON A BULL NAMED FU-MAN-CHU

Sir Willups points to STACIE, who sings Carrie Underwood’s “Before He Cheats.”

STACIE
I DUG MY KEY INTO THE SIDE/OF HIS PRETTY LITTLE SOUPED UP FOUR WHEEL DRIVE/CARVED MY NAME INTO HIS LEATHER SEATS --

Clay is still angling for the point which Sir Willups finally gives him. The Packers amp up their beat box but... Clay chokes.

CLAY MATTHEWS
I got nothing. Dammit, I got nothing guys!

The crowd boos.

DAVID BAKHTIARI
Aw, man. I am disa-aca-pointed. Am I doing that right?

(Continued)
Sir Willups
You disgust me, Matthews! Green Bay Packers -
(hits gong)
You gone!

Clay Matthews
Aw, there go forty G’s at D&B’s.

INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sir Willups gestures to the wall. The blacklight reveals “I Dated John Mayer.” The Tone Hangers exchange fist bumps and butt slaps. Bumper is pumped. “It’s all me!”

Sir Willups gestures wildly landing and lands on DSM’s Allie. DSM sets a new beat and Allie sings Vanessa Carlton’s “A Thousand Miles.”

Allie
Making my way downtown/ Walking fast
Faces pass/ And I’m homebound -

Sir Willups spins and points at Chloe. She jumps in with Taylor Swift’s “We Are Never Ever Ever Getting Back Together.”

Chloe
We are never ever ever getting back together/ We are never ever ever getting back together/ You go talk to your friends, talk to my friends, talk to me/ But we are never ever ever ever getting back together

Bumper is going nuts, trying to get in on the category. Finally Sir Willups points to him. He cockily jumps in with Tina Turner’s “What’s Love Got to Do With It.”

Bumper
Oh oh oh oh what’s love got to do/ Got to do with it/ What’s love but a second hand emotion/ What’s love got to do/ Got to do with it/ Who needs a heart -

The crowd boos and the Tone Hangers fall apart.

Sir Willups
Bumper, are you implying John Mayer and Tina Turner are having sex --

(Continued)
BUMPER
I personally witnessed Tina leaving John’s condo while I was pretending to be a house plant in his room.

PIETER
She lives in France!

SIR WILLUPS
(to the audience)
I don’t know if I believe him. Unfortunately... Tone Hangers —
(hits gong)
You gone!
(then)
Ooh! And we’re down to two. I have to pee but I’ll hold it!

INT. MANSION - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Bellas and DSM step up to oppose each other.

SIR WILLUPS
The last category is...
(off wall)
“90’S HIP HOP JAMZ!” Hit it!

He points to Kommissar. She sings Montell Jordan’s “This is How We Do It.”

KOMMISSAR
THIS IS HOW WE DO IT/I’M KINDA BUZZED AND IT’S ALL BECAUSE (THIS IS HOW WE DO IT)/SOUTH CENTRAL DOES IT LIKE NOBODY DOES (THIS IS HOW WE DO IT)

Sir Willups points to Cynthia Rose. She jumps in with Lauren Hill’s “Doo Wop (That Thing)”

CYNTHIA ROSE
GIRLS YOU KNOW YOU’D BETTER, WATCH OUT/SOME GUYS, SOME GUYS ARE ONLY ABOUT/THAT THING, THAT THING, THAT THING!

Sir Willups points to Pieter. It’s getting more rapid and more rapid as the round progresses. Pieter sings Bel Biv Devoe’s “Poison” directly at Fat Amy.
PIETER
THAT GIRL IS POISON/NEVER TRUST A
BIG BUTT AND A SMILE/THAT GIRL IS
POISON

ANGLE ON: A nervous Emily, hiding behind Cynthia Rose. Fat
Amy gets the point. She jumps in with “Scenario” by Tribe
Called Quest.

FAT AMY
HERE WE GO, YO/HERE WE GO, YO/ SO
WHAT’S SO WHAT’S SO WHAT’S THE
SCENARIO?

Sir Willups likes the rivalry and points to Pieter again:
“Insane In The Brain” by Cypress Hill.

PIETER
INSANE IN DA MEMBRANE
INSANE IN DA BRAIN!
INSANE IN DA MEMBRANE

Beca is front and center, ready to go but Sir Willups fakes
the whole room out by pointing to Emily. Taken by surprise,
she instinctively sings the first song in her head:
“Flashlight” which she adjusts to meet the beat.

EMILY
I GOT ALL I NEED/WHEN I GOT YOU AND
I’/CAUSE I LOOK AROUND ME/AND SEE A
SWEET LIFE/I’M STUCK IN THE
DARK/BUT YOU’RE MY FLASHLIGHT...

People react, confused. Beca, liking what she’s hearing,
steps up and tries to improvise back up.

EMILY (CONT’D)
YOU’RE MY FLASHLIGHT/YOU’RE GETTING
ME GETTING ME THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Lilly, not knowing the song, drops the beat. The crowd starts
to BOO. Emily and Beca start to trail off.

SIR WILLUPS
I’m sorry. What 90s hip hop jam is
that again?

They look to Emily for the answer.

EMILY
More like a 21st century jam. I
wrote it.
Sir Willups slowly walks up to Emily.

SIR WILLUPS
So you’re saying it’s an original?

Emily nods “yes.” A beat.

ALL
BOOOOOOOOO!

BUMPER
(motioning toward exit)
GET OUT! GET OOOOOOUUUUUU!

JASON JONES
This is a cappella! This is real!

JO LO TRULIO
Our jam is covers!

REGGIE WATTS
Yeah! We spit on originals!

Jason spits in Emily’s direction. Beca guards her.

SIR WILLUPS
What is your name?

EMILY
Emily.

SIR WILLUPS
Emily. I hate you.
(turns to the crowd)
In light of this embarrassing and unprofessional information, I am forced to declare --

EMILY
I’m sorry guys.

SIR WILLUPS
DAS SOUND MACHINE THE WINNERS!

Sir Willups pulls out a tiara and puts it on his head.

Sir Willups hands Pieter the gift card and the group starts jumping with joy, erupting into their victory song: Kriss Kross “JUMP.”

(Continued)
DAS SOUND MACHINE
JUMP, JUMP/DSM WILL MAKE YA JUMP
JUMP/KOMISSAR WILL MAKE YA JUMP
JUMP/Pieter WILL MAKE YOU JUMP
JUMP!

As he sings, Pieter holds the gift card in front of Beca’s face. Then the whole room erupts into a mosh pit. The Bellas walk away.

BECA
(to Emily)
Did you really write that?

Emily nods. Chloe addresses Emily.

CHLOE
You shouldn’t have done that, Emily. Now Das Sound Machine thinks they have the drop on us.

EMILY
Sorry, I panicked. I understand if you want me to crawl under a rock and die.

BECA
Hey, we don’t want that --
(pointed to Chloe)
Hey. We don’t want that.

Chloe just shakes her head, disappointed. Jesse walks up.

JESSE
Becs, let’s go meet the Green Bay Packers.

BECA
(psyched)
Okay, okay.

As the party continues and the Bellas disperse, Bumper approaches Fat Amy.

BUMPER
(aside to Fat Amy)
Would you like to have sex later?

She looks around, paranoid. Then, conspicuously loud:

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
Uh no! That is completely out of the question!

She discreetly winks at him.

BUMPER
So that’s a no then? ’Cause the wink --

FAT AMY
One hundred percent no.

She winks again.

BUMPER
There it is. You did it again. I told you I never learned sign language, and I feel like you’re rubbing it in --

FAT AMY
(under her breath)
I’ll meet you later, Bumper. God, you’re so thick--

BUMPER
(smiles wide)
Ohhhhhh! Now I getcha.
(loud and stilted)
I will see you. Later tonight.

Bumper winks big at Fat Amy.

FAT AMY
Well now I’m confused. Are we meeting or not?

This exchange goes on for ten lifetimes. As the mosh pit and singing continue, we CUT TO...

EXT. TREBLE HOUSE – EVENING – DECEMBER

Jesse’s car sits in the Treble driveway, filled for his cross country trip. Christmas decorations adorn the house. Jesse throws in one last box and turns to a forlorn Beca.

BECA
I guess this is it. The big goodbye --

JESSE
Bec, don’t be sad face. We knew this day was coming.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JESSE (CONT'D)
I was always going to graduate early and go to film school.

BECA
Still stings. Oh yeah, I got you a going away present.

Beca pulls a gift from her bag and hands it to Jesse who opens it. Reveal: It’s the movie “E.T.”

BECA (CONT'D)
You’ll like it. It’s about a strange, awkward outsider who leaves home and tries to fit in--

JESSE
(chuckle)
Beca, I’ve seen “E.T.”

BECA
You have? It came out like a hundred years before we were born. How do you know this stuff?

JESSE
Thank you. I love it. We’ll watch it together.

BECA
Really? Both hours?

JESSE
Still not a movie person.

A beat. Beca looks at Jesse’s car.

BECA
Well, take care of yourself.

JESSE
Take care of myself? What are you, my Aunt Dolores?

BECA
I just mean like don’t get hit by a falling meteor or fall asleep holding a lit cigarette --

JESSE
No, what you mean is that you think we’re not going to make it.
C’mon, Jess. Let’s be real. This is exactly how relationships die.

(then)

Look, I’m not upset you’re pursuing your dream. I think that’s great. But it means you’re moving to the other side of the country. While I stay here to do my thing. And... We’re young. We’re growing apart. It’s happening.

Uh-uh. It’s not going to happen. A couple of time zones could never come between us. So nice try. We’ll be together again. I promise.

Jesse picks up his bags to go. Then:

When? When will we be together again?

Jesse goes to answer but nothing comes to mind. Then, softly:

We’ll figure it out. I gotta go.

Jesse pulls Beca in for one last kiss and gets in his car. As Beca watches Jesse pull away,

(glassy-eyed)

Take care of yourself.

Beca makes her way across the yard to the Bella house.

Beca unpacks burritos from a bag. Sammy enters and drops a coffee mug in the sink.

Hey, um --

Sammy opens up the fridge. Dax’s name is on everything.

Dax. I swear, if that kid wasn’t my nephew --
BECA
Um, I know you’re crazy busy but have you had a chance to check out those demos?

SAMMY
Uh, yeah. Yeah I did.

A beat.

BECA
This dead air between us a good sign.

SAMMY
Look, you have a great ear. You proved that in the booth. I was excited to hear what else you had. But what you gave me was just more mash ups.

BECA
Well that’s sorta what I do.

SAMMY
Listen, Reggie --

BECA
Beca. That happens a lot though. You’d be surprised.

SAMMY
Here’s the thing. Any kid with ears and a laptop can do that. Dax can do that. And that’s fine if you want a career deejaying raves in the desert. But if you want to write “music producer” on your tax forms someday, then you need an original voice. You understand? Show me what you have. Right now, what you have is a demo with mashups on it.

BECA
(on her heels)
I have lots of stuff to say.
(then, covering)
I’m just, like, saving it all up.

SAMMY
So... okay, you’re an intern. Everybody is in here is an intern.

(MORE)
SAMMY (CONT'D)
You’re talented. Everyone else in here is talented. So what the hell makes you special? You know what I mean?

(then, softening)
So what I’m going to do is give you one more shot to show me who you are as an artist. Don’t waste it.

BECA
No, Sir. I will not. Waste it. I got this.

SAMMY
For your sake, I hope so. I’d hate to think singing covers in an a cappella group is all you can do.

Sammy walks off. Beca reacts, “holy shit.”

SAMMY (CONT’D)
Please replace the paper towels.

INT. BELLA HOUSE - BECA AND FAT AMY’S ROOM - 5 A.M.

A frustrated Beca lays on her bed with her computer in her lap. ANGLE ON: The screen, her music apps register no activity. She has the piano app open and just hits middle C over and over. Fed up, Beca makes a call that goes straight to voicemail.

BECA (INTO PHONE)
Hey it’s me. You probably won’t be able to even hear this message because as it turns out, I have nothing to say. Um, that’s music industry speak for “I suck” so... You’re definitely sleeping right now. That’s cool. Hopefully this isn’t us growing apart.

(vulnerable)
But it sorta feels like it is.

(quickly)
This is Beca.

Beca ends the call and slumps back down on her bed. A disheveled Fat Amy enters and walks to her side of the room.

BECA (CONT’D)
Hey.

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
(defensive)
What? I can’t tell people I’m going out for a smoothie and be gone for fourteen hours? There’s nothing suspicious about that.

Beca focuses back on her computer. Fat Amy switches t-shirts.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
Why are you up so late anyways?

Beca
I’m trying to figure something out.

FAT AMY
Well if you’re working on our set, might I humbly suggest you leave time for me to do some light break dancing?

Fat Amy “pop and locks” but is barely moving.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
See, the audience has to figure out when I’m moving...

Fat Amy doesn’t move at all. Then, a tiny move of her pinky.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
Did you catch it? This requires great mental discipline on my part.

Fat Amy goes into her closet.

Beca
I’m not working on the set... I’m--

FAT AMY (O.C.)
What?

Beca
Nothing. Doesn’t matter.

Fat Amy sits on her bed.

FAT AMY
If you did want to share something with me. Your best friend. I’m like a sponge that just soaks it all in.
Actually, it’s easy to get something out of a sponge. You just squeeze.

Then think of me as a cabinet or a safe that locks. And the key? It’s stashed in my bum. And -- god it’s funny how many times this will come up in one night -- I don’t let anyone go in there. Anyone.

Just forget it. It’s all good.

So this has nothing to do with that internship you sneak off to?

What, um --?

C’mon, Beca. You know how we do that thing where I take twenty dollars out of your satchel every month and you pretend not to know about it? (off Beca’s confused look) I saw your badge in your bag -- don’t be mad.

I’m not. I’m not mad actually. About the badge. The money we’ll come back to --

Fat Amy gets up and crosses over to Beca.

Shhh... let’s just focus on your lie. Beca, why haven’t you told us, or at least Chloe?

I don’t know. ’Cause it was easier? Everything is so crazy. Chloe would lose her mind if she thought my sole focus wasn’t winning Worlds. (then, re: computer) And now I’m freaking out because I just learned I may not be good enough to be a music producer. (MORE)
BECA (CONT'D)
So, that’s fun to think about as I head off into the rest of my life.

FAT AMY
Hey. You’re forgetting something, friend. You are seriously the most talented person I know. And I’ve met three of the Wiggles. Intimately. No one can stop you from doing whatever you want to do. You’re Beca effin’ Mitchell. Do you need some of my confidence? ’Cause I could take it down a notch.

BECA
Yeah. Give me some of that.

Fat Amy literally rubs a little confidence on to Beca with her body. Beca lets go and laughs -- she’s exhausted.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAYS LATER

Emily walks down a hallway and enters -

INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Bellas make final preparations for a performance. Cynthia Rose is braiding Beca’s hair. Lilly does weird vocal warm-ups in the mirror.

EMILY
There’s a full house out there! How did we get this gig, again?

CHLOE
They called us.

BECA
You know what, guys? I know we’re trying a lot of new stuff, but I feel like we’re going to get out there, feel the energy, and we’re just going to nail all of it!

(then)
Sorry, these braids are so tight.

CHLOE
(crazy nervous)
I don’t know. I have many doubts. We’ll fail here, we won’t win the Worlds and then there will be no Bellas and then...

(MORE)
My life. Will. Have had. No...

Chloe can’t get the next word out. They all wait for it.

FLO
Malaria?

CHLOE
"Meaning," Flo! Meaning!

Beca puts her hand in. The other Bellas follow suit.

BECA
Everybody ready?

FAT AMY
Yeah! Let’s rock it out with our cocks out--
(off their looks)
Jk jk. My lady cock will stay completely covered today.

CHLOE
Well luckily it doesn’t matter.

INT. AUDITORIUM - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

ON STAGE: POSTERBOARD ON AN EASEL: “NATIONAL FEDERATION FOR THE BLIND CAREGIVERS APPRECIATION DAY.” An EMCEE addresses the audience, which is made up of mostly BLIND PEOPLE.

EMCEE
Ladies and gentlemen, please keep your ears peeled for the musical stylings of the Barden Bellas!

He removes the easel, revealing The Bellas already in position. ANGLE ON: Gail and John, talking into mics at a table.

JOHN
Hey, everybody, welcome back to “Let’s Talk appella” the portable podcast edition.

GAIL
We are following the story of the embattled Barden Bellas on their road to redemption.
JOHN
Trying to crawl their way back into the public’s affection. And if they can just hold off showing us any of their genitalia, they may make it to the World Championship.

GAIL
But I can’t unsee it.

John motions to his computer.

JOHN
Well, there’s a picture of it right here.

GAIL
That cannot be your screensaver, John.

ON STAGE: Beca blows the pitch pipe.

BECA
One, two, three, four--

They begin with Nero’s “Promises.”

BECA/BELLAS
YOU GOT ME SO WILD/HOW CAN I EVER DENY/YOU GOT ME SO HIGH/AS LONG AS I DON'T BREAK THESE...

At some point, the Bellas simultaneously tear off breakaway pants, revealing more pants.

Their performance features ostentatious choreography. [Backflips, Hula Hooping, poi balls, basket tosses]

INT. AUDITORIUM - AUDIENCE - CONTINUOUS

BACK WITH JOHN AND GAIL: Gail stage whispers to John.

GAIL
This whole thing’s more of a circus act than an a cappella performance. Don’t you think there’s just too much going on, John?

(CONTINUED)
JOHN
It’s like eating a six pack of Cinnabons under the mall escalator. It’s an adrenaline rush, tastes great, but it leaves you feeling a little empty.

Fat Amy takes the solo as the Bellas mash up “Promises” with Natalia Kills’s “Problem.”

FAT AMY
I’M YOUR DREAM GIRL/THIS IS REAL LOVE/BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT ME.../THAT GIRL IS A PROBLEM GIRL IS A PROBLEM...

BACK WITH JOHN AND GAIL:

JOHN
It’s as if the Bellas just don’t know who they are anymore.

At some point, a pyrotechnic “waterfall” of sparks begins cascading down behind the Bellas, all part of the spectacle.

As Emily and Stacie basket toss Lilly, Jessica and Ashley shoot off confetti cannons. Lilly doesn’t land cleanly causing Emily to stagger a step or two into Flo who was doing her backflips. This all causes a chain reaction that ends with Cynthia Rose falling backwards into the sparks and freaking out. Fat Amy notices.

FAT AMY
FIRE!

She JUMPS on Cynthia Rose and the two ROLL around the stage.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
Do not feel violated! This is for safety!

Beca stands in the center, with the chaos surrounding her: Chloe crying. Jessica and Ashley tear a curtain down to throw over Fat Amy and Cynthia Rose. Stacie is helping Flo get back on stage. Emily keeps singing with her eyes closed. Lilly does snow angels in the confetti. The audience starts BOOING.

BLIND AUDIENCE MEMBER #1
Boo! This is terrible probably!
INT. AUDITORIUM - AUDIENCE - CONTINUOUS

BACK WITH JOHN AND GAIL:

GAIL
Everyone in this room can see the Bellas have no shot at reinstatement. What an embarrassment to a cappella and all that it stands for.

JOHN
They’ve taken something I care deeply about and shoved it into a chemical toilet. I hope they all die unloved.

The Bellas drag themselves off stage in disgrace.

INT. BELLA BUS - CONTINUOUS

The ladies sit quietly with hangdog expressions. Ashley drives. Cynthia Rose sports a head wrap. A couple Bellas have ice packs on various body parts.

Beca and Emily sit side by side. Beca’s staring at her computer hitting random notes on piano app. Emily’s hand flies over her notebook. She’s furiously writing. Beca can’t help but notice and reads over her shoulder.

Beca
(quietly)
Is that for a class?

Emily
Oh, no. It’s just that when I’m stressed words just sort of flow out of me and I try to channel them into my songwriting as much as I -

Beca
- Got it.

Chloe stands suddenly.

Chloe
Are we just going to ignore what happened back there? You guys, the Worlds are only three weeks away!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
And you’re all acting like we didn’t just eat a big bag of dicks!

Everyone snaps to attention.

CYNTHIA ROSE
Why are you yelling at me? I almost burned to death because of you aca-bitches.

FAT AMY
You’re right. I am a hero. (then, to Cynthia Rose)
But if you almost died, it’s only because you were standing in the wrong spot.

CYNTHIA ROSE
’Cause Flo flipped into me!

FLO
Sure, blame the minority.

CYNTHIA ROSE
I’m black, gay, and a woman.

STACIE
Our little sideshow act isn’t working!

CHLOE
Uh doi, Captain Obvious. Do you have a better idea?

STACIE
I’m not supposed to have the ideas! I’m the hot one!

FAT AMY
I thought I was the hot one.

EMILY
Maybe we should stop blaming each other and just focus on singing together.

They all sigh in disgust. Then, apropos nothing:

LILLY
I have ten knives on me at all times.

(CONTINUED)
Okay, let’s regroup. Clearly we’re not going to beat Das Sound Machine at their game. So we need to figure something else out. Like, now. (then) At times like these, there’s only one thing to do--

FLO
Put a reed in your mouth and bury yourself.

CHLOE
Close. Free up your weekend, ladies. We’re going on a retreat.

Ashley HITS the brakes, sending the already beat-up ladies forward. She turns around.

ASHLEY
A what?! (then, normal) I honestly didn’t hear you. A what?

Emily sits with Katherine at a small table.

KATHERINE
Look, this retreat is a good thing. You girls need to bond. It builds morale, focuses the group’s energy--

EMILY
I don’t know. It’s pretty bad. Girls were yelling at each other--

KATHERINE
Big deal. I remember putting your Godmother, Maggie Pistol, in a choke hold when she insisted George Michael was gay. So crazy. How could “Careless Whisper” be about two dudes--?

EMILY
I’m just worried my entire Bella career will be that one terrible performance. I’ll never solo at Lincoln Center, you know?

(CONTINUED)
KATHERINE
I never solo’d at Lincoln Center!
If I told you I did, it’s because I
get braggy when I drink. And you
get to go to Europe! That would
have been a highlight for me. And
you girls can win it. You have to
win it.

EMILY
You just made being a Bella sound
so amazing.

KATHERINE
It is amazing. It’s a sisterhood
that’s going to support you for the
rest of your life. I know you’re
not feeling it. You will. This
won’t be the end of The Bellas.

Emily takes this in.

INT. BELLA HOUSE - CHLOE’S ROOM - NIGHT
Camera PANS ACROSS the open doors of the Bellas bedrooms, all
packing for the retreat.
Chloe packs the game Taboo and a handle of coconut rum.

INT. BELLA HOUSE - CYNTHIA ROSE & STACIE’S ROOM
Stacie throws ten pairs of sunglasses into a bag and a thong.
Cynthia Rose packs camo clothes, bug spray and Ace bandages.

INT. BELLA HOUSE - BECA AND FAT AMY’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
A frustrated Beca stares at a blank screen on her laptop as a
spruced-up Fat Amy zips up her bag. Fat Amy’s cell buzzes.
She looks at it and smiles.

INT. BELLA HOUSE - LILLY AND LO’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Lilly packs a multi-layered birthday cake directly into her
bag.

OMIT (RENUMBERED TO A62)

EXT. TREBLE LAKE/DOCK - NIGHT
Fat Amy steps on to a dock where Bumper waits next to a table
with a candlelit dinner. A skiff is tied nearby. The water,
the stars, the city lights make it truly romantic.

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
Candles? Cloth napkins? Food other than Funyuns? Little fancier than our typical hookup.

BUMPER
(cocky, but nervous)
Ya think? It didn’t even cross my mind that this is the most romantic spot on campus. Huh. Would you look at that?
(gesturing to the table)
I’ve laid out a patisserie and some charcuterie. And here I a huge bowl of capers. I didn’t know what those were and they’re like salty peas. Please...

Bumper motions for Fat Amy to sit. She does. And for the first time, they look like an adult couple. It’s weird.

BUMPER (CONT’D)
So. I don’t know if you’ve seen the news lately but there’s a war... And also the economy is dipping and flowing.

FAT AMY
(dropping the charade)
Bumper, what’s going on? You’re creeping me out. Does this end with you eating my face?

BUMPER
Alright, I’m just gonna lay it on the line. I asked you here tonight because I was thinking that maybe, perhaps, if you were willing, we could possibly -- only if you’re up for it... Whew, this-is-harder-than-I-thought.
(turns, gritted teeth)
Come on! Stop puss-ing out!
(genuine)
I want to date you. That’s what I want. Like, for real. You know, a real couple. We’d go out in public and hold hands. Or we’d go out in an orchard and pick apples. Or we like do one of those Build A Bear workshops together and we build bears. I’ll name one Bumper and one Fat Amy.

(MORE)
And yours will be bigger than mine and it’ll be cute. And we could put them on our bed we share... What do ya say?

A beat. Fat Amy flashes a look of vulnerability, deep inside she does want this. But, she quickly stifles it.

FAT AMY
No. I don’t -- I don’t want to do that.

This hits Bumper hard. Choking back emotions,

BUMPER
That’s cool. Yeah, stupid idea anyway. Maybe we go back to how things used to be...
(starting to cry)
Take our clothes off and just go at it. Right here, on this kind-of-pricey food!

FAT AMY
(sympathetic)
Oh my god, don’t cry--

BUMPER
(scrunching his face)
This isn’t crying. No, this is just--
(breaking down more)
AN UNSUCCESSFUL MAN FACE!

FAT AMY
Bump, it’s not-- Okay, honestly? It is you.

BUMPER
(clearly crying)
DEFINITELY NOT CRYING OVER THAT HURTFUL STATEMENT!

FAT AMY
No I mean, you’re asking for something I’m not ready to give. I don’t want to be tied down right now. Look at me, I’m the voice of my generation. A firework. A free-range pony that can’t be tamed.

BUMPER
(puts on a brave face)
Then I guess... that’s it for us.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
'Cause I can’t go on like this. I feel like a dirty hoo-ore.

FAT AMY
(stands)
I’m sorry. I really am. I wish it didn’t have to end this way.

BUMPER
I think we’re done. I think it’s over.

She tries to kiss him. Bumper won’t let her.

FAT AMY
So it’s over then?

BUMPER
It’s over.

She turns and walks away. Just then, a canoe with Benji and some Trebles floats by. Benji blows the pitch pipe --

BUMP
(crying, really upset)
GREAT TIMING, LOSERS!

EXT. TREBLE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

In the Treble driveway, Benji is airbrushing the side of the Treble bus. Emily walks up the Bella driveway with her bag. She stops when she sees what Benji is doing.

EMILY
Hey, Benji.

Benji turns to her, caught off-guard.

BENJI
Emily!
(pause, then “casual”)
Early enough for ya?

Benji winces. Emily smiles. She points to the Treble bus.

EMILY
I think you’re missing a word there, maybe.

Benji takes a step back. REVEAL: On the bus, he’s written “THE TREBBLES ARE GOING TO BLOW UP LINCOLN CENTER!”
BENJI
(embarrassed)
No, that’s not what I-- Dammit!

He goes to put his hand on Emily’s shoulder but stops himself.

BENJI (CONT’D)
When my hands aren’t covered in glitter paint, do you think we could try that again?

EMILY
Sure.

BENJI
Okay. I’ll look forward to that.

EMILY
Just, you know, let me know when they’re clean.

BENJI
You bet. Have a good one.

Emily turns, concealing a smile and boards the Bella bus.

EXT. THE LODGE - AFTERNOON

The Bella Bus ARRIVES at a resort building on a beautiful lake. There’s a Welcome sign with arrows pointing out resort features: RECEPTION, SPA, POOL, LAKE, GUEST ROOMS. A smaller sign below it reads: “BEAR BEWARE! DON’T FEED THE ANIMALS” As the ladies file off the bus, they take it all in.

EMILY
Wow. It’s so beautiful.

FLO
Is this what America looked like before rock and roll?

Beca looks around, concerned.

Beca
I need to find somewhere to charge up my laptop.
(to Chloe)
How’d you hear about this place anyway?

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.C.)
From yours truly...!
The ladies turn to see former Bella, AUBREY POSEN! She wears an orange hunting vest and yellow-tinted protective glasses which she whips off. She’s carrying a double barrelled shotgun (for skeet) which she hands off to a skinny valet-type man LESLIE who sprints away.

AUBREY

...Hello Bellas.

The ladies cheer with delight, hug and exchange hello’s and miss you’s.

AUBREY (CONT’D)

Ladies! Keep it down. Nothing attracts bears more than the squeals of young women.

BECA

What now?

AUBREY

Welcome to The Lodge at Fallen Leaves! Where the corporate world sends its marketing divisions and digital groups to build teamwork skills.

Aubrey gestures to two MANAGER TYPES, wearing Blockbuster Video t-shirts. They high five.

MANAGER #1

I’m so glad we did this!

MANAGER #2

Let’s make this year our best ever!

Aubrey turns back.

BECA

(to Aubrey)

You run this whole thing? Nice.

AUBREY

Thank you. I realized I had a knack for barking orders and bending people’s will so I made a career out of it. Which reminds me...

(then, authoritative)

Fall in line, Bellas! No slouching, no straggling!

Caught by surprise, the Bellas look to each other and fumble their way into a line. Aubrey paces in front of them.
AUBREY (CONT’D)
It was with great sorrow and regret that I watched our once proud organization become a national disgrace.

Aubrey stops at Fat Amy and, playing up her disgust:

AUBREY (CONT’D)

FAT AMY
(crumbling)
It was terrible. He was staring right at it.

AUBREY
(up in Fat Amy’s face)
I’m talking about Michelle.

Fat Amy reacts, “you got me.” Aubrey moves on.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
The Worlds signifies a shot at redemption. A chance to pull yourself up from the wreckage like a phoenix from the ashes.

EMILY
(loving it, to Flo)
Did she just come up with that? She’s so inspirational. Like a white Beyonce.

AUBREY
But you don’t have a chance in hell of winning until you find your sound again. You’ve totally lost your harmony.

LILLY
I’ve been saying this the whole time.

AUBREY
And for the next two days, you’re going to do everything together until you regain it. No distractions.

Aubrey picks up a plastic recycling bin.

(Continued)
AUBREY (CONT’D)
And that means you must sever all ties to the outside world. I need you to surrender your cell phones, tablets, pocket organizers--

As Aubery talks, she walks down the line, the ladies put all of their gadgets in the bin.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
--smart watches, laptops, everything.

She stops in front of Beca, who holds her laptop tight.

BECA
But I need this.

AUBREY
Trust the process, Beca.

Beca hands Aubrey her laptop. It kills her to do so.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
Okay, then.

(then, grandiose)
Ladies, get ready to be transformed. You’re surrounded by the strength of your fellow Bellas, the support of a proud female tradition and...

(quickly)
A few dozen bear traps so don’t stray from the marked paths.

FAT AMY
(claps hands, psyched)
Alright! Whoo! This is great! Think I’ll start this retreat with a hot shower. After a long bus ride, my bits be nasty.

Fat Amy PICKS up her bag and heads for reception.

AUBREY
Fat Amy, there are no guest rooms for you.

FAT AMY
Then where are we staying?

Aubrey POINTS to a small clearing, where two unassembled tents lie on the ground.

(CONTINUED)
AUBREY
Inside your first uncompleted teamwork building task.

EXT. THE LODGE - CAMPGROUNDS/TENTS - DAY
The ladies tentatively cross to the tents.

AUBREY
You need to set up your tents before the sun goes down. I'll check back in later. Good luck.

Aubrey jumps on a four wheeler and is driven away by Leslie. The Bellas look at the massive number of tent pieces on the ground. Fat Amy lies down.

FAT AMY
I’ll just lay here and you can build that tarp house around me.

BECA
(irked)
And this will help us beat Das Sound Machine how?

CHLOE
Look, Aubrey told me that while her methods can be unconventional, she gets results. I mean, I’m excited to see what happens when a bunch of college girls who have lost their way are forced to work together to assemble something with their hands out in the middle of nowhere, aren’t you?

Beca shoots Chloe a skeptical look. The Bellas break up into two groups and start assembling the tents. We JUMP CUT to...

EXT. THE LODGE - CAMPGROUNDS/TENTS - DAY
Aubrey stands with the exhausted Bellas, looking at their tents. To Aubrey’s surprise, they are perfect.

AUBREY
Wow. I’m impressed.

CHLOE
It took us all day, but I think we did an awesome job.
Fat Amy stands next to the tent. She zips up the tent an inch.

**BECA**
(to Aubrey)
So now what?

**AUBREY**
Now you rest. We have a lot to do tomorrow.

A creaking sound is heard nearby.

**CYNTHIA ROSE**
What’s that sou--?

Just then, a tree falls, CRUSHING the second tent. The Bellas react, speechless. Aubrey plays it cool, “surprised.”

**AUBREY**
Well, look at that. I guess you’re doubling up. Don’t go shoulder-to-shoulder. Head-to-toe. More room that way. Nightie night!

Aubrey walks over to the four wheeler where Leslie is putting away his ax. They leave some lanterns, crackers and five cans of beans as they wave good-bye.

**INT. TENT – NIGHT**

The Bellas are packed inside the tent like sardines.

**FLO**
I do not understand camping. We are voluntarily living like dogs.

**BECA**
This is the worst. The air we’re breathing is at least ninety percent fart.

**FAT AMY**
That reminds me, I need to see a man about a horse.

Fat Amy struggles to climb over Stacie, Cynthia Rose, Jessica and Ashley to get out of the tent.

**JESSICA**
(quietly, in pain)
Ow, my testicles.

(CONTINUED)
A long beat.

Beca

Did anybody else hear that?

Silence. Then:

Fat Amy

Um, before I head out, anyone happen to pack a spare roll of toilet paper? Maybe some Subway napkins? Tootsie Roll wrapper? Or a t-shirt size extra small?

(off their silence)

Nope. Side of the tent it is.

Fat Amy exits. Chloe turns to Beca. Their faces are separated only by a pair of feet. They whisper back and forth.

Beca

What are we doing here?

Chloe

We’re bonding! You seem so tense. Do you need a back rub?

Beca

I’m good. Several body parts are rubbing my back right now.

Chloe

Beca, I know we’re already close but this retreat will let us discover everything about each other.

Beca

Is that right?

Chloe moves in so close that they practically kiss. Beca tries to back her head away from her, but it’s impossible.

Chloe

You know, one of my regrets in college is that I didn’t do enough experimenting.

Beca

You’re so weird.

Chloe

I know.

(Continued)
Beca
I want to go home.

Beca turns away and her face lands smack dab in front of Lilly’s. Lilly’s tongue darts out and licks Beca’s nose.

Angle on: Cynthia Rose, with a big smile on her face and her hands draped over a sleeping Stacie and Emily.

Cynthia Rose
I hope the sun never comes up.

Fat Amy
(grunting)
Oh guys. I gotta a little -- I just need some help getting it out. Can you sing something? The pipes a bit blocked.

Chloe starts to sing Natalie Imbruglia’s “Torn.”

Chloe
I’M ALL OUT OF FAITH/THIS IS HOW I FEEL...

Fat Amy
Thanks, Chloe.

The rest join in. After a beat,

Cynthia Rose
What kind of white shit is this?

They continue singing as we hear a WHISTLE BLOWING...

Ext. The Lodge - Campgrounds/Tent - Next Morning

Camera pans across the beautiful resort.

Aubrey
(yelling)
C’mon, Bellas! Let’s go! Get out of bed!

The sleepy Bellas exit the tent, clown-car style. Aubrey stand before them. Across the camp, real guests enjoy champagne breakfast. Our Bellas shoot daggers.

Aubrey (Cont’d)
Today, you’re going back to the basics to re-learn how to sing as a group.

(Continued)
CYNTHIA ROSE
How do we do that?

AUBREY
By drawing inspiration from female groups of the past who had great harmony. Through their example, you will rediscover your sound...

CHLOE
(for Beca’s benefit)
What a great idea!

AUBREY
...while also enduring death-defying team building trust exercises. So... Let’s begin!

A “RETREAT/SINGING MUSIC OF THE PAST” MONTAGE BEGINS:

While the Bellas sing, we CROSSCUT to a series of activities underscored by their singing.

EXT. THE LODGE - CAMPGROUNDS - DAY


BELLAS
HE WAS A FAMOUS TRUMPET MAN FROM OUT CHICAGO WAY... (song continues)

Throughout the montage, Beca gets increasingly frustrated.

EXT. THE LODGE - CAMPSITE/HIGH WIRE - DAY

The “TP SHUFFLE”. All the Bellas are lined up on a log facing Aubrey.

AUBREY
Good. Now re-arrange yourselves alphabetically without touching the ground! Now! Go!

The Bellas all start trying to move around each other. Several girls immediately fall off the log.

EXT. THE LODGE - CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

1950s: The Bellas sing the Chordettes’s “Mr. Sandman.”

(CONTINUED)
Fat Amy, Chloe and Beca stand on top of a high tower overlooking the lake. Below them is a BLOB BOUNCE. On it, Stacie, Emily, Jessica and Ashley.

AUBREY
On my count, 3-2-1, GO!

Chloe can’t do it. Beca just refuses. Fat Amy flies by them, lands below and launches all the girls into the lake.

1960s: The Bellas sing the Supremes’ “You Can’t Hurry Love.”

BELLAS
YOU CAN’T HURRY LOVE/NO YOU JUST HAVE TO WAIT...

One after another, the Bellas zip past. Fat Amy somehow loses her pants, revealing a commando situation all over again! [Pixillated]

FAT AMY
I’ve learned nothing!

1970s: The Bellas sing Patti Labelle’s “Lady Marmalade.”

BELLAS
HEY SISTER, GO SISTER, SOUL SISTER, GO SISTER/HEY SISTER, GO SISTER...

The ladies stand at the base of the climbing wall.

AUBREY
Flo, you’re up.

FLO
No. I respect the ground too much.
AUBREY
Ladies. Your task is to figure out how to get Flo up this wall.

Flo sits on the ground. Fat Amy kneels beside her.

FAT AMY
(a beat, then)
GET HER!

The group tries to pick up Flo and force her to climb up. Like a toddler, Flo goes limp and collapses to the ground.

EXT. THE LODGE - CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

1980s: The Bellas sing the Pointer Sisters’ “I’m So Excited.”

BELLAS
I’M SO EXCITED/AND I JUST CAN’T HIDE IT... (song continues)

EXT. THE LODGE - MUD PIT - DAY

The Bellas run through a military-style obstacle course with ropes over a mud pit. One Bella after the next FALLS awkwardly into the mud. Fat Amy decides to walk around it.

EXT. THE LODGE - CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

1990s: As the sun sets behind them, the Bellas, caked in dried mud, sing En Vogue’s “Never Gonna Get It.”

BELLAS
...NEVER GONNA GET IT/NEVER GONNA GET IT... (song continues)

A frustrated Beca half-heartedly sings.

BECA
NEVER GONNA GET IT. NEVER GET IT.

The Bellas finish, psyched at how great they sounded.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. THE LODGE - CAMPGROUNDS - LATER

The ladies stand there, awaiting further instructions.

AUBREY
Okay, that was two steps away from being almost fine.
(MORE)
Now let’s take the next couple of hours and discuss Spice Girls--

BECA
Wait, what are we doing?

CHLOE
We’re rediscovering our sound.

BECA
Are we? ’Cause it seems like we’re just singing songs that we would never put in our set.

CHLOE
Beca, c’mon--

BECA
None of us know how to beat Das Sound Machine, but I know it’s not going to be by doing this.

AUBREY
It’s an exercise to find harmony. Sometimes you have to break stuff down before you can build it up--

BECA
(exploding)
I have more important things to do!

CHLOE
What could be more important than this?

BECA
(back-pedaling)
Nothing, forget it--

CHLOE
You think we haven’t noticed that you’ve been a little checked out?

FAT AMY
(quietly to Beca)
Come on, Beca. Just tell her --

CHLOE
I heard that. Tell me what?

Beca shoots daggers at Fat Amy. Now Fat Amy back-pedals.
FAT AMY
You misunderstood me. I clearly said, "Rum pond, Teca. Rust smell her."

(then)
Listen, I don’t want you guys to fight. You’re Beca and Chloe, together you’re Bloe. And everyone loves a good Bloe. So...

Beca finally gives in.

BECA
Okay. I’ve been interning at a recording studio and a legit music producer wants to hear my work. God forbid I have something going on outside this group.

CHLOE
(procuring it)
Okay. So why would you keep something like that from us?

BECA
‘Cause you’re obsessed! You all are! We’re graduating and the only person thinking about life after the Bellas is me.

CHLOE
What is so wrong with being focused on the Bellas? This has been my family for seven years!

BECA
Only because you’re afraid to leave! Sack up, girl!

Chloe gasps.

CYNTHIA ROSE
Shit gettin’ real.

CHLOE
That’s... just... mean! We’re all here by choice! I thought you felt the same way!

BECA
Well maybe I don’t anymore!

(CONTINUED)
CHLOE
Oh great. So you’ve been lying to us all year and now is when you choose to flake out?! The Worlds are--

BECA
Enough about the Worlds!
(shakes head, frustrated)
When are you guys gonna grow up and realize that what you should be focusing on is the real world? Not this kid stuff!
(a beat, then)
Man, I gotta get out of here.

Beca starts to walk off.

BECA (CONT’D)
I’ll get a cab. Whatever. I have work to do.

CHLOE
(calling after her)
So you’re just going to leave?!

Beca turns back around but keeps walking.

BECA
We all have to eventually, Chloe! Might as well be now.

Chloe looks to Aubrey, who shrugs, “it’s out of my hands.”

Beca STOMPS off in the direction of the lodge, ignoring the marked path. Emily clocks this.

EMILY
No, not that--!

Fat Amy gently puts a restraining hand on Emily’s arm to quiet her. Beca calls over her shoulder...

BECA
If you know what’s good for you, you’d all follow meeee --!

Beca STEPS in a snare! The rope encircles her ankle, PULLING her around fifteen feet in the air.
ALARMED, THE LADIES RUSH OVER TO STAND BENEATH HER.

CHLOE
(nonchalant)
Oh, look who needs our help.

BECA
Not cool, guys!

CHLOE
No, what’s not cool is you taking your frustrations out on us!

Suddenly, the branch on the tree gives and Beca JERKS a foot closer to the ground. The ladies GASP!

EMILY
Aubrey, we have to get her down! We need a ladder.

AUBREY
No we don’t believe in ladders. They suggest a corporate hierarchy that’s counterproductive to my team building program.

Fat Amy crosses to Aubrey.

FAT AMY
What kind of operation are you running here?!

BECA
Oh God, is this how it ends?! (then, conciliatory)
I didn’t mean what I said! I love all you nerds! And I love being a Bella! I’m just stressed--

The branch CRACKS again. The ladies scream!

BECA (CONT’D)
(blurts out)
I once told a dwarf that she shouldn’t bother going to a Pilates class! It’s haunted me ever since! And Jessica and Ashley! I don’t actually know which one of you is which!

JESSICA/ASHLEY
I’m Jessica!

(CONTINUED)
They look at each other, “huh?”

BECA
I’m sorry I cancelled the season pass on the DVR to the “Today” show! It’s insane not watch that live...! And I’m the one who let that raccoon in! I left the door open! I wanted a cross breeze!

CYNTHIA ROSE
You blamed that shit on me!

CHLOE
Hold on, Beca! It’ll be fine! We can work together as a team. Let’s get in formation. Fat Amy, Cynthia Rose. Stand under Beca. Emily, Stacie.

The ladies start to get in position when Beca comes falling down on them. The Bellas look up. Lilly is hanging upside down, holding knives.

LILLY
I sleep upside down like a bat.

The ladies lean in, “what?”

BECA
Who cares what she said. She saved my life.

Off Beca’s smile, we CUT TO...

EXT. THE LODGE - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The ladies sit around a cozy campfire. Some are wrapped in blankets. Fat Amy, Flo and Cynthia Rose are making s’mores.

BECA
...It’s just everything is changing so fast and I’m putting all this pressure on myself, you know. I don’t want to fail.

CHLOE
But if you had said something--

BECA
Yeah, I’m just weird about that stuff. I thought I could figure it out myself, but I can’t.

(MORE)
Maybe I don’t have anything original to say.
(to Emily)
I wish I could do what you do.

EMILY
(taken aback)
Well I feel the same way about you, about everything. You’re so good, it’s intimidating. I’ll I’ve ever wanted is to be one of you. Not a legacy, but a Bella.

They all react with, “You are!”

FAT AMY
You are one of us. You paid the registration fee.

BECA
It’s for life, dude.
(them)
Do you want to collaborate on something?

EMILY
Wait, are you serious?

BECA
Yeah.

EMILY
(a little too much)
Yes! Yeah! Man! Who else feels like a winner tonight?!

The Bellas laugh. Then:

CHLOE
I know it doesn’t seem like it, but I’m afraid, too. To graduate. Move on. It’s scary.

FAT AMY
It actually does seem like that. You’re barely holding it together.

AUBREY
Well it doesn’t have to be scary, Chlo. When I was graduating, I never pictured myself running a retreat in the middle of the woods but here I am.
(MORE)
AUBREY (CONT’D)
Take it from someone who’s dealt with some serious control issues, you just have to make the leap. Like my dad always said, in the mindfield of life, you must be prepared to lose both feet.
(to the group, cocky)
And I think you all know what I mean.

They don’t. Chloe makes a decision and stands, dramatic.

CHLOE
Then it’s decided. This year I will graduate. The Worlds will be my swan song.

Everyone reacts skeptically.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
I mean it. I’ll pursue my passion and teach singing lessons to underprivileged children. Or I’ll dance exotically. Whatever has the most money in it.

She sits, proud of herself.

STACIE
After I graduate, I’m going to do the hardest job there is.

FAT AMY
Let me guess, be a house mum?

STACIE
No, repair propellers on nuclear submarines. It’s why I majored in naval engineering.

Fat Amy nods, roger that.

CYNTHIA ROSE
Well I’m moving to Maine to get hitched. And you’re all invited.

The Bellas react, thrilled. Warm fuzzies all around.

BECA
Wow. Maine’s a really progressive place.

(CONTINUED)
CYNTHIA ROSE
Yeah I talked to the other black
people there. They seem to like it.

FLO
Okay! Okay! I’ll tell you! Stop
asking.

Flo stands.

FLO (CONT’D)
After I graduate, there’s a chance
I will be deported. I will try to
re-enter the country, but I will
probably die at sea so...
    (big)
Let’s live for tonight!

BECA
How about you, Lilly? What are your
plans?

Lilly shrugs, “nothing really.”

LILLY
I’m just going to travel through time.

As always, the ladies look to each other, confused.

EMILY
Well, I think this is all... aca-
pelling information.

Emily smiles wide, super proud of herself.

FAT AMY
That bit is getting a little tired.
    (down the barrel)
Don’t you think?

BECA
This is gonna sound lame balls,
but... When I look back at this --
it won’t be the performing or the
competitions that I’ll remember.
It’ll be you weirdos.

They all look at each other, sharing a nice moment.

BECA (CONT’D)
It just makes me sad to think it’s
never going to be like this again.
I’m really going to miss it.

(CONTINUED)
CYNTHIA ROSE
Me, too.

STACIE
Me, too.

FAT AMY
(jokes aside)
Yeah, me, too.

A beat. Then, Chloe quietly starts singing “Cups.”

CHLOE
I GOT MY TICKET FOR THE LONG WAY ROUND.

BECA
TWO BOTTLE OF WHISKEY FOR THE WAY.

Aubrey smiles, remembering, and joins in.

BELLAS
AND I SURE WOULD LIKE SOME SWEET COMPANY/AND I’M LEAVING TOMORROW. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

BECA
WHEN I'M GONE (WHEN I'M GONE)

Everybody joins in to sing a stripped-down, simple but beautiful campfire version of this song. Tears are held back.

BELLAS
... YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE/YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME BY MY HAIR/YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME EVERYWHERE/OH YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE.

The Bellas look to each other, moved by this special moment.

BECA
Did we just find our sound?

CHLOE
I think we did.

AUBREY
(wipes her hands)
My work here is done.

Chloe puts her hand on Aubrey’s.

(CONTINUED)
CHLOE
Thank you.

AUBREY
My pleasure. I’m glad no one died in the tent.

Fat Amy shoots Aubrey a look, “that wasn’t an accident?”

CHLOE
Fat Amy, you didn’t tell us your plans after graduation.

FAT AMY
Me? Mmmmm... Nah, I don’t have any plans. You guys know me, I just love living in the moment.

BECA
Ashley, what are you going to do--?

As Ashley goes to answer,

FAT AMY
Actually, though.

Fat Amy stands and takes the floor.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
If we to stop and really think what would Fat Amy be capable of in the future, I’ll tell you guys. I’ll be living someone sick like Tulsa or Little Rock where I manage a sales force of pharmaceutical reps. We specialize in boner pills. And every night I curl up in front of the fire and get freaky with my fiancé Bu--

(stops, realizing)
Bumper? Oh my god, I’m in love with Bumper!

Not surprised, the group’s demeanor doesn’t change.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
Oh wait. I’m in love with Bumper.

The ladies nod, “Uh duh.”
FAT AMY (CONT’D)
Okay. I’ve done something terrible.
And I’m not talking about crop
dusting Chloe and Beca right now --
I apologize for that. You guys! I
need to go right now. And I need to
win back my man! Suck on your
judgments! I have to go and get him
back!

Fat Amy BOLTS UP and RUNS toward the bus, outside the
perimeter of the camp. Fat Amy STEPS in a snare! UP SHE GOES.

BECA
Shake it off, Amy.

INT. TREBLE HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

The Trebles and Bumper, in his campus security attire, look
on as Benji stands behind a small cape that’s hiding
something.

BENJI
Gentlemen, I give to you...

Benji REMOVES the cape, REVEALING: Squeaks in a tux with an
electronic cigarette in his mouth.

BENJI (CONT’D)
Our next album cover.

The Trebles applaud.

BUMPER
Just so everyone’s clear, you’re
choosing Squeaks over --
(motions to his face)
all this gloriousness? I can give
you some Michael Jackson
"Thriller." Check it.

Bumber poses like the “Thriller” album cover.

BUMPER (CONT’D)
Or if you really want to move
product, I can give you some
Nirvana “Nevermind.” All my pants
are tearaways--

Before Bumper can remove his pants--

FAT AMY (O.C.)
BUMPER, I’M COMING!
EXT. TREBLE HOUSE/LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Bumper and the Trebles exit the house to see Fat Amy, paddling across the lake in the skiff we saw earlier. As she paddles, she belts out Fat Benatar’s “We Belong.”

FAT AMY
MANY TIMES I TRIED TO TELL YOU/MANY TIMES I’VE CRIED ALONE... (song continues) WE BELONG TO THE SOUND OF THE WORDS/WE’VE BOTH FALLEN UNDER...

BACK ON: Bumper and the Trebles, shocked at what they’re witnessing. Bumper is not on board.

BUMPER
Nope! Turn it around! I don’t want to see you!

Fat Amy is only halfway across the lake and very winded.

FAT AMY
I really thought I was going to be farther than this.

She resumes paddling and singing with gusto.

EXT. BELLA HOUSE/LAKE - SAME TIME

Beca, Chloe and Lilly enjoy some ice cream on their front steps. They watch Fat Amy row with amusement.

CHLOE
Why didn’t she just walk around the lake?

BECa
Fat Amy doesn’t do anything small.

Emily enters on the phone.

EMILY (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, I love you, too. Here she is.

She hands it to Beca.

BECa
What’s up, Mrs. Junk?

EXT. TREBLE HOUSE/LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Fat Amy, now across, crawls up the side to get to the road.

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
MAYBE IT’S A SIGN OF WEAKNESS/WHEN
I DON’T KNOW WHAT TO SAY/MAYBE I
JUST... NOW THERE’S NO LOOKING
FORWARD/NOW THERE’S NO TURNING BACK
WHEN --

She stands on the side of a busy street to catch her breath. A car SLOWS, thinking she’s about to run through traffic. Frustrated, she yells:

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
GOOOOOOOOO! Well, what are you
doing? I’m soloing here! Whatever!

The car finally drives away. Fat Amy snaps back into her solo and heads toward Bumper.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
WE BELONG TO THE NIGHT/WE BELONG TO
THE THUNDER...!

BUMPER
No!

FAT AMY
WE BELONG/Bumper and Fat Amy WE
BELONG TOGETHER/WAS IT...?/CLOSE
YOUR EYES...

Bumper reacts, defiant. But then:

BUMPER
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND TRY TO SLEEP
NOW/CLOSE YOUR EYES AND TRY TO...

FAT AMY/BUMPER
WE CAN’T BEGIN TO NOTICE/HOW MUCH
WE REALLY CARE...WE BELONG TO--

Bumper KISSES Fat Amy romantically. Then, it gets raunchy. Everyone looks around, uncomfortable. Through kisses:

BUMPER
I just love kissing!

INT. EP RECORDING STUDIO - BOOTH - LATE NIGHT

Beca and Emily work on recording, “Flashlight.” They’re both in heaven. Emily sings lead vocals.

We JUMP CUT to: Sammy, listening to their newly collaborated song, “Flashlight” with Beca and Emily next to him.

(CONTINUED)
EMILY (THROUGH SPEAKERS)
...GETTING ME THROUGH THE NIGHT...

Sammy stops the song and turns to them.

SAMMY
(to Beca)
Okay, so you produced this?

BECA
Yes, Emily wrote it.

SAMMY
Who is Emily?

BECA
This tall drink of water right here.

SAMMY
(re: song)
Well... Ummmm... Gosh, I don't like it.

The ladies react, deflated.

SAMMY (CONT’D)
I don't like it when people can do what I can do. In a manner of speaking, it’s threatening. But uh, you just did it. And I -- I have a few notes that I assume that you are open to. But this is a solid demo with real potential. Yeah, I look forward to working together.

Beca and Emily beam. As Sammy exits,

SAMMY (CONT’D)
I gotta go jump on a call. Lady Gaga wants to put out a kids album. When it rains it pours.

MUSIC UP: YING YANG TWINS “Fist Pump, Jump Jump.”

EXT. BELLA HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

The Bellas stand on their porch in their cap and gowns. Emily takes a picture of them.
EXT. MAPS - LATER

We see different destinations highlighted on a Google Earth style map. It becomes the...

EXT. COPENHAGEN - DAY

Map that Beca is holding in her hands. Beca walks in the rain with Emily and Lilly.

BECA
Okay, is there a restaurant in this town that serves something other than fish.

EMILY
I did see a KFC back there.

BECA
Nope. All fish. I checked.

CHLOE (O.C.)
Guys! Over here!

Beca, Emily, and Lilly turn a corner and run into Chloe, Flo, and Fat Amy.

BECA
Chloe, I’m coming for ya.

They walk down a rainy street.

CHLOE
Whoo hoo! College graduate! Spread my wings, y’all!

FAT AMY
There’s so many fresh danishes here. I swear if I wasn’t recently locked down, I would tear a hole through this city.

FLO
This place is so smelly and rainy. Why would anyone ever leave America.

FAT AMY
Culture, design, history --

place

They turn a corner and REVEAL: A beautiful city.

(CONTINUED)
I’m not Copen-hating this place.

It wasn’t funny on the plane, it’s not funny now.

The Bellas crest a hill. Laid out before them is a huge outdoor stage flanked by international flags, tents, towers of amps. Stagehands and vendors set up, awaiting a massive crowd.

Well, here we are. (then) Is the stage big enough for what we want to do?

Yeah. It should be.

Emily turns to Beca.

You think it’ll work?

It’ll work for us. That’s all that matters.

Flo cartwheels towards the stage. The girls follow, excited.

MUSIC UP: Journey’s “Any Way You Want It” sung by Penn Masala over a series of time-lapse establishing shots. Cars pull up, people file in...

ANY WAY YOU WANT IT.THAT’S THE WAY YOU WANT IT. ANY WAY YOU WANT IT.


Here it is folks. The granddaddy of them all.

(Continued)
The World Series, the Olympics, the “Lost” finale all wrapped up in this one night...

GAIL (O.C.)
Bup-bup-bup. Don’t tell me. I’m going to watch it eventually--

JOHN (O.C.)
Dammit, Gail!

EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPPELLA - DAY TO NIGHT

Camera PANS across a bunch of press tables with COMMENTATORS from various countries, landing on John and Gail.

JOHN
The World Championship of A Cappella!

GAIL
Tonight, groups from all over the globe duke it out for the coveted title of Aca World Champion.

JOHN
Representing America are the embattled Barden Bellas.

GAIL
The Bellas are making one last attempt to repair their damaged legacy by becoming the first American team to claim the title. You think they can do it, John?

JOHN
In theory, yes. Realistically? No. Those girls are dead to me.

EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPPELLA - BACKSTAGE/ON THE GRASS - DAY

Emily paces, trying to shake off the jitters. She gets a tap on the shoulder and turns around to see Benji.

EMILY
What are you doing here?!

BENJI
Anything to support the Bellas.
EMILY (floored)
Wow, that’s so -- wow... sers.

(then)
Now I’m the one who can’t speak.  I’m so freakin’ nervous.

BENJI
Don’t be. You’ll be awesome. We could hear you guys rehearsing 24/7. I think I could probably step on stage and do your set.

(then)
I can’t, right?

EMILY (sweetly)
Sorry, this one is just for us.

BENJI
Cool. I should find my seat. But before I go, I have something for you.

He steps closer to Emily, and her eyes go wide. Before he can act, Emily GRABS Benji’s face and PLANTS a kiss on his mouth. She stops. Something is off. Benji begins PULLING a long string of scarves out of his mouth.

BENJI (CONT’D)
Sorry, I was expecting that to go in a different direction.

Beca walks by and sees Emily with Benji.

BECA
Em, you ready?

EMILY
Uh, yeah. I’ll be right there.

BECA (pointed)
Benji.

Beca crosses away with a knowing smile on her face.

EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPPELLA - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Penn Masala finishes “Any Way You Want It.”

PENN MASALA
...ANY WAY YOU WANT IT!

(CONTINUED)
The crowd APPLAUDS and they exit. An EMCEE takes the stage.

JOHN (O.C.)
Our next group, Das Sound Machine spent the last six months touring America. And we’re told their favorite part was going to the mall to watch obese people drink diet soda.

Das Sound Machine takes the stage. They begin with Fall Out Boy’s “My Songs Know What You Did in the Dark.”

DAS SOUND MACHINE
[ELECTRONICA BEATBOX]

They mash it up with DJ Khaled’s “All I Do Is Win.”

KOMMISSAR
B-BE CAREFUL MAKING WISHES IN THE DARK, DARK/CAN'T BE SURE
WHEN THEY'VE HIT THEIR MARK/AND BESIDES IN THE MEAN,
MEAN TIME/I'M JUST DREAMING OF TEARING YOU APART... (song continues)

They continue their set with impressive choreography.

GAIL (O.C.)
Their skill is extraordinary.

BACK ON STAGE: The Kommissar takes center stage to solo.

KOMMISSAR
I STAY ON THAT HUSTLE/I FLEX THAT LITTLE MUSCLE/HATE TO BUST YOUR BUBBLE...

KOMMISSAR (CONT’D)
I’M ALIIIIIIIVE/I’M ALIVE, I GOT THAT POWER... (song continues)

They strike a final pose. The crowd goes BANANAS!
CONTINUOUS

JOHN
Wow! That was something special. If the Bellas of old show up, this could go down as the most significant conflict between America and Germany in history.

GAIL
Crack a book, John.

JOHN
No thank you.

As they exit the stage, the audience chants:

AUDIENCE
DAS SOUND MACHINE! DAS SOUND MACHINE...! (continues)

DSM confronts The Bellas.

KOMMISSAR
You hear that? They chant. For us. But don’t cry too hard when you lose. Makes eyes puffy.

BECA
Your hands are so soft.

KOMMISSAR
I’m sorry, I don’t speak loser. What did you say?

PIETER
She actually speaks eight languages and loser is not one of them.

KOMMISSAR
Everything must come to an end. Even The Bellas.

As they cross away,

BECA
Ha, ha! Your sweat smells like cinnamon! Dammit!

(CONTINUED)
Das Sound Machine crosses away. The Bellas huddle back up, excited yet anxious to take the stage one last time.

BECA (CONT’D)
This is it. Our last performance.

The ladies hold on tight to each other. Chloe’s near sobbing.

CHLOE
We need to go out there and beat DSM. This ones for us!

They squeeze each other a little tighter.

FAT AMY
Guys, there’s going to be some haters out there. They are going to look at us -- Team USA -- and wonder why is the most talented one Australian.

(then, hitting belly)
Well I’m fat so that is close enough. We are going to show them who we are -- a bunch of ethnically diverse, for the most part feminine, amazing singers! Let’s go out there and Ac’ the world!

EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPPELLA - AUDIENCE - CONT

ANGLE ON: Benji in the audience, where he has been handing something out to the crowd.

BENJI
(to each person)  EMCEE (ON STAGE)
You’ll know what to do...  Next up, representing the United States, please welcome the Barden Bellas!

EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPPELLA - PRESS TABLES - CONTINUOUS

As the Bellas take the stage:

GAIL
John, it’s possible we’re watching the last hurrah of the Barden Bellas.

JOHN
It’s going to be very difficult for them to pull this off. But if they don’t, it is over.
EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPPELLA - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The ladies stand on stage and do a clap, snap, hand routine. It’s complex and super cool.

Then, they begin singing Beyoncé’s, “Run The World (Girls).”

BELLAS
WHO RUNS THE WORLD? GIRLS. WE RUN THIS MOTHER!

They mash it up with “We Belong.” The Bellas move downstage into one line across the stage. Each Bella joins in to hold one note. It’s simple, stripped down and poignant. They all motion to Emily, who steps forward to “solo.”

EMILY
DOO DOO, DAA DAAAAAAA!

Then, they perform a heartfelt version of the Beca/Emily original song, “Flashlight.” A SPOTLIGHT shines down on Beca.

Beca
WHEN TOMORROW COMES/I’LL BE
ON MY OWN/FEELING FRIGHTENED
OF THE THINGS THAT I DON’T
KNOW/WHEN TOMORROW COMES
3X...

Bellas
OOOOH!

EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPPELLA - PRESS TABLES - CONTINUOUS

BACK ON AN EMOTIONAL JOHN AND GAIL, who can’t believe it.

John
This is unprecedented. The Bellas have chosen to do an original song.

Gail
Ordinarily I’d be coughing up blood in anger, and yet, it’s so damn beautiful.

John
Like a baby fawn. Sipping morning dew. From a buttercup.

EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPPELLA - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Bellas
BUT YOU’RE MY FLASHLIGHT/
YOU’RE GETTING ME GETTING ME
THROUGH THE NIGHT...
Just then, Aubrey EMERGES from backstage and joins in singing with the ladies... followed by Alice, CJ and generations of Bellas from the beginning. They all sing.

**BELLAS (CONT’D)**
BUT YOU’RE MY FLASHLIGHT/
YOU’RE GETTING ME GETTING ME
THROUGH THE NIGHT...

Emily looks back at her mom, Katherine Junk.

**EMILY**
(mouths)
Thank you.

Katherine winks and sings her heart out.

Benji holds up a flashlight and moves it to the music. The rest of the audience follows his cue. The Bellas take in the sea of light. Emily connects with Benji, thrilled.

Just then, Beca finds Jesse, sitting with Benji in the front row! He came too! She’s overwhelmed.

The stage is now full of generations of Bellas, singing.

**BELLAS**
BUT YOU’RE MY FLASHLIGHT/
YOU’RE GETTING ME GETTING ME
THROUGH THE NIGHT...

It’s quite a sight. BACK ON: John and Gail,

**JOHN**
Incredible. Every living Bella is up on that stage right now.

ANGLE ON: The judges, clearly moved. The audience, captivated. The Kommissar, stewing. BACK ON STAGE:

**Beca**
GETTING ME THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Pin drop. Then, the audience CHEERS. The Bellas hold each other tight, relishing the moment.
107  EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPELLA - PRESS TABLES - CONT

  JOHN
  Simple, raw, vulnerable, exposed...
  I’ve been called many things, Gail, but let me add one more. Impressed.

  GAIL
  (through emotion)
  Thought you were going to say gay.

108  EXT. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP OF A CAPELLA - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

  The alumna exit, leaving just our ten ladies. Lilly and Ashley beatbox a cool dance beat. The Bellas free-style dance until they eventually exit the stage. The audience cheers them on. As they do this, FADE TO BLACK

109  INT. BELLA HOUSE - NIGHT

  Emily stands in front of the Bellas. There is a hazardous amount of lit candles around her. Beca hands Emily a large wine glass.

  BECA
  It’s ceremonial. And you should definitely not drink it because it is essentially poison.

  EMILY
  (smells it)
  Aw, it smells like cherry and vanilla.

  CHLOE
  Okay, repeat after me. I, sing your name.

  EMILY
  I -- EMILYYYYY!

  CHLOE
  Promise to uphold the ideals of a Bella woman forever.

  EMILY
  Promise to uphold the ideals of a Bella woman forever.

  BECA
  And that’s it. That’s the end of the speech. Nothing weird happens after that.

(Continued)
Beca hands Emily the house keys.

**BECA (CONT’D)**
These are for you. Don’t go in the basement. It’s haunted.

**FAT AMY**
Wait! One last thing.

Fat Amy picks up a round sled.

**CHLOE**
Yes, every Bella must christen the house by sliding down the staircase.

**EMILY**
Are you serious?

**BECA**
It’s tradition.

**FAT AMY**
Yeah. I’ll show you.

We JUMP CUT to, Fat Amy at the top of the staircase.

**FAT AMY (CONT’D)**
Behold!

Using a round sled, she makes her way down the staircase. It’s not elegant. Then, she stands up -- in all of her confidence:

**FAT AMY (CONT’D)**
Crushed it.

**BECA**
Good form.

**FAT AMY**
Now I’m ready to move on.
(then, shouting up)
Legacy, you’re up!

We see Emily at the top of the stairs. TIGHT ON: Emily, right before going down...

**EMILY**
Alright I’m ready! Let’s do this!

As she starts to slide --

(CONTINUED)
END OF MOVIE

DURING END CREDITS:

BLAKE SHELTON, CHRISTINA AGUILERA, PHARRELL, and ADAM LEVINE sit with their backs to BUMPER, who is on stage. He sings John Legends, “All of Me.”

BUMPER

... 'CAUSE ALL OF ME/LOVES ALL OF YOU/LOVE YOUR CURVES AND ALL YOUR EDGES/ALL YOUR PERFECT IMPERFECTIONS/GIVE YOUR ALL...(song continues)

Blake Shelton HITS his button. He turns around, sees Bumper and smiles. Bumper can’t contain his excitement.

BUMPER (CONT’D)

'CAUSE I GIVE YOU -- Yes! -- ALL OF ME AND YOU GIVE ME -- just like I dreamed! ALL OF YOU -- (song continues)

Blake is laughing. Adam HITS his button. Now, Bumper is really losing it with excitement.

BUMPER (CONT’D)

ALL OF ME... who-am-I-going-to-pick I-have-no-idea! GIVE YOUR -- Adam, no offense, it’s not going to be you. You can turn back around.

Adam hits his button and turns back around.

BUMPER (CONT’D)

No wait! Come back! I want to hear what you have to say!

Blake is falling over, laughing.

BUMPER (CONT’D)

Adam, hit Gwen’s button! She’s really the one I want! Or Christina’s! Whoever is back there!...

(big finish)

ALL OF ME!

The rest of the judges turn around to see this goofball.

BLAKE

What’s your name, son?

(CONTINUED)
(ridiculously excited)
I CAN’T REMEMBER!

CHRISTINA
You’re interesting. And I can work with interesting.

Bumper crosses over and hugs Christina. He turns to the camera.

BUMPER
Hi Amy!