Pitch Perfect
by
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Based on the Book:
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by
Micky Rapkin

WHITE 10/21/11
BLUE REVISED 10/25/11
PINK PAGES 10/27/11
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CHERRY PAGES 12/12/11
TAN PAGES 12/13/11
SECOND REVISED BLUE 12/14/11
OVER BLACK: We hear the sound of a pitch pipe.

VOICE
One, two, three, four --

As the Universal logo appears on screen, we hear Universal’s theme song sung a cappella.

FADE IN:

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

On stage, the Barden Treblemakers, an all-male a cappella group dressed in matching smoking jackets, conclude singing Universal’s theme song.

BARDEN TREBLEMAKERS
BRRMP BRRMP!

The audience cheers. Then, the Trebles begin Rihanna’s, “Don’t Stop The Music,” and the place goes apeshit.

BARDEN TREBLEMAKERS (CONT’D)
PLEASE DON’T STOP THE MUSIC, MUSIC,
MUSIC/PLEASE DON’T STOP THE MUSIC,
MUSIC... (song continues)

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CREDITS ROLL as a gorgeous girl, CHLOE (20), dressed like a 1970’s flight attendant, frantically rummages through a swanky dressing room.

CHLOE
Shitballs, where is it?

Chloe stops, reaches into her jacket pocket, and pulls out a red scarf. Relieved, she DASHES out of the room.

INT. STAGE - SAME TIME

As the BU Treblemakers sing, we WIDEN TO REVEAL: A sold out audience at Lincoln Center. The atmosphere is reminiscent of an American Idol finale. PROUD PARENTS, COEDS, and A CAPPELLA FANATICS hold up signs: “I HEART BELLAS”, “I’LL TREBLE 4 YA!”, and “A CAPPELLA IS MY CO-PILOT!”

INT. BACKSTAGE STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

A winded Chloe runs up a set of stairs, clumsily wrapping the scarf around her neck.
GAIL and JOHN, a cappella alums, color-commentate.

JOHN
This is exactly the type of performance you would expect to see at “The International Championship of Collegiate A Cappella.” Isn’t that right, Gail?

GAIL
John, you’re so right that everything else seems wrong. This is what the ICCA’s are all about.

ANGLE ON: The Barden Treblemakers. The guys are crushing it.

JOHN (O.C.)
The Barden University Treblemakers never disappoint. It is their showbotage that is re-defining modern a cappella. And the ladies, well, they just can’t get enough.

GAIL
Yes. Nothing makes a girl feel more like a woman than a man who sings like a boy.

A TREBLE steps forward to solo the next lyric.

TREBLE SOLOIST
I WANNA TAKE YOU AWAY.

On the word, “Away”, he goes flat.

GAIL/JOHN
Whoa!/Boom!

JOHN
That was flatter than my ex-wife’s chest. The Asian one. [get alts]

Chloe runs past a variety of A CAPPELLA GROUPS readying themselves to compete, stopping at the all-female Bellas: A group of model-esque ladies dressed exactly like her. Chloe lifts up her scarf and comes face to face with Alice.

(CONTINUED)
CHLOE
I found it!

On stage the BU Treblemakers continue singing.

ALICE
Chloe, look at you. You’re a mess.

ALICE, the aggressive leader, undoes Chloe's scarf and then methodically re-ties it.

ALICE (CONT’D)
You’re unreliable. You’re unfocused. And your breath smells like egg. Like, all the time.

Alice pushes the knot up to Chloe’s throat. Chloe winces. Then, Alice turns to address both Chloe and AUBREY, an exceptionally focused girl standing next to her.

ALICE (CONT’D)
I can’t believe the Bellas are in the hands of you two slut bags after we graduate.

Alice gets right up in Aubrey’s face.

ALICE (CONT’D)
Eff up your solo, and I’ll tell everyone you were born without a butthole and it all just comes out the front.

AUBREY
I won’t disappoint you. My dad always says if you’re not here to win, get the hell out of Kuwait.

The Trebles end their performance to wild applause.

JOHN
With a couple of shaky notes in there, it’s anybody’s game now. Next up, BU’s other group, The Barden Bellas.

BACKSTAGE: The Trebles brush past the Bellas. BUMPER, the Trebles outspoken ringleader, stops to address them.

(CONTINUED)
BUMPER
("genuine")
Good luck out there. Seriously. I mean that. You guys are awesome...ly horrible. I hate you.
Kill yourselves.
(all girly)
Girl Power! Sisters before Misters! Go get 'em gang!

Bumper crosses away. An infuriated Alice turns to the ladies.

ALICE
Now or never, bitches! HANDS IN!

Alice puts her fist out. Nine others meet hers.

ALICE (CONT‘D)
One, two --

ALL
(Mariah Carey-high note)
-- AHHH!

EMCEE (O.C.)
Please give it up for the Barden Bellas!

The ladies run out on stage and take their position. Alice steps up to the microphone.

JOHN (O.C.)
The Bellas. Making history as the first all-female group to ever advance to the ICCA finals.

GAIL (O.C.)
John, why do you think it’s taken so long for an all-lady group to break through the glass ceiling of a cappella?

JOHN
Well, women typically can’t hit the low notes that round out a musical arrangement and that limits them. They’re about as good at a cappella as they are at being doctors.

ON STAGE: Alice blows the pitch pipe. It’s red with a large cursive “B” on it.
ALICE
One, two, three, four...

They begin the arrangement and choreography to Ace of Base’s, ‘The Sign’. The performance is over-polished and safe.

ALICE (CONT’D)
RAMBOON NA BOO YEAH!/I, I GOTTA NEW LIFE, YOU WOULD HARDLY RECOGNIZE ME, I’M SO GLAD... (song continues)

GAIL (O.C.)
So just how did the Bellas make it to the finals?

JOHN (O.C.)
Hard work, Gail. When it comes to the technical aspects of the performance, they never falter. Plus they are very good looking.

ALICE
IT’S ENOUGH, ENOUGH.

BELLAS
OO-OOOOOH!

ALICE
IT’S ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT I...

“The Sign” rendition has lulled the audience into a coma-like state. One JUDGE even yawns.

GAIL (O.S.)
Feels like we all just took a left turn into Snoozeville, John.

JOHN
And parked in a lot where they do not validate.

GAIL
At this level of competition they’re a little too traditional, don’t you think? No surprise factor.

JOHN (O.C.)
Yes. It’s like after nine years of marriage knowing exactly what my Orthodox Jewish wife will be wearing to bed.

(CONTINUED)
Continued: (3)

Gail
The wig, John?

John
And the wool skirt.

John and Gail wince. Aubrey steps up to solo.

Aubrey (into mic)
Under the pale moon where I see a
lot of stars/It's enough to know/Isn't
Saw the sign and it opened...

Aubrey projectile pukes and we freeze. The puke hangs there frozen in mid-air.

Title card: Pitch Perfect. End opening credits.

Ext. highway - day

We hear Kansas’s, “Carry On Wayward Son” as a Prius travels down the highway, passing a sign: “Barden Univ., Next Exit.”

Title card: Four months later.

Ext. Barden University - entrance - continuous

Move-In Day. Greeters in polo shirts direct traffic. A taxi pulls up carrying beca Mitchell, a pretty freshman with heavy eyeliner. Beca listens to a dub step remix of Sia’s “Titanium” on a pair of DJ-style headphones.

Greeter
(super chipper)
Hi there! Welcome to Barden University. What dorm?

Beca takes off her headphones.

Beca
Baker Hall, I think.

The greeter pulls out a map.

Greeter
Okay, here’s what you’re going to do. Take that first right...

The Prius pulls into BU. A mom drives and a dad sits shotgun. Jesse, a confident underdog with boyish good looks sits in the back and sings “Wayward” out the window.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

JESSE
CARRY ON MY WAYWARD SON...

The Prius pulls right along side Beca’s taxi, near the greeters. Beca turns to see Jesse singing in the backseat. They lock eyes. You think he’ll stop singing. He doesn’t.

JESSE (CONT’D)
CARRY ON, YOU WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER!/CARRY ON, NOTHING...

Beca stares in confused wonderment as Jesse continues to sing. After a beat, the Prius pulls away. The Greeter’s voice snaps Beca back to reality.

GREETER
... And your official BU rape whistle. Don’t blow it unless it’s actually happening. Nobody likes that.

Beca reluctantly takes the whistle as the taxi pulls away.

EXT. BAKERS RESIDENCE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

On the lawn, FRAT GUYS use numbered paddles to rate the Freshmen girls as they walk by. A GAY COUPLE helps their SON unload IKEA-like furniture from a mini-van. Beca takes it all in, not looking particularly enthused.

OMIT

INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beca’s shy, KOREAN ROOMMATE is already there. She sits at the edge of her bed, silent.

Beca
You must be Kimmy Jin. I’m Beca.

KIMMY JIN just stares back. Awkward.
BECA (CONT'D)
No English? Yes English? Just tell me where you’re at on English?

EXT. KENNEDY HALL - CONTINUOUS
Jesse stands outside the Prius with two large duffel bags. His mom won’t release him from a long embrace.

JESSE
Okay. Can’t breath.
Mom lets go. Dad hugs him just as hard.

JESSE (CONT’D)
Here we go.

INT. BAKER HALL DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Kimmy Jin hasn’t moved. Beca nervously talks as she unzips her suitcase, pulling out a set of turn-tables and assorted deejay equipment.

BECA
(re: equipment)
Well, this is it. My music is everything to me, Kimmy Jin. So please don’t touch, cool? Like ever, okay?

Kimmy Jin just stares. Beca tries to read her for a moment.

BECA (CONT’D)
It is extremely important to me that you acknowledge this interaction.

EXT. DORM ROOM/INT. DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
Jesse opens the door to find BENJI APPLEBAUM hanging a Tie-Fighter mobile over his bed. Benji’s a benevolent nerd who makes Jesse look studly by comparison.

BENJI
There he is. You must be Jesse.
And you must be kidding.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: A room decorated with huge amounts of sci-fi memorabilia: A life-sized Darth Vader, a twenty-sided die chair, a Battlestar tribute wall, and a big box with swords sticking through it. A beat, as Jesse and Benji take it in.

Looking at it now, I can see that it’s a lot. I’ll take it down --

No way! Took me a second for my eyes to adjust but I can roll with this.

Just so you know. I’m not a total nerd. I also happen to be super into close-up magic.

Benji pulls a hamster out of his sleeve.

Dude! That’s awesome!

Benji nods, “I’m pretty good.” Then:

How long was the little guy in there?

Beca finishes converting her desk into a musical workstation. (Turntables, keyboard, laptop). There’s a KNOCK on the door. A MAN speaks in falsetto.

It’s Missy, your R.A! You guys keep it down in there!

Beca opens the door to reveal DR. FRANCIS MITCHELL, (49), a sweet-faced man with JFK hair and a corduroy blazer.

I’m kidding. It’s just your ol’ man trying to make a funny.
BECA
(sarcastic)
Chris Rock, everybody.

Dr. Mitchell enters. Kimmy Jin is still sitting there.

DR. MITCHELL
(to Kimmy Jin)
Hi. Dr. Francis Mitchell, Beca’s
dad. I’m a professor here...(beat)
JOB TITLE TBD.*

There’s no response. Dr Mitchell turns back to Beca.

DR. MITCHELL (CONT’D)
So when did you get here? How did you get here?

BECA
Took a cab from the airport.
Didn’t want to inconvenience you and Sheila. How is the stepmonster?

DR. MITCHELL
She’s great. She’s on her way to Vegas. Never been before. Gave her my lucky...

BECA
Don’t really care, dad. Just wanted to say “stepmonster.”

DR. MITCHELL
Fair enough. Well do I at least get a hug? It’s been a while since I’ve seen you!

Dr. Mitchell forces a hug on Beca. Beca doesn’t hug back. *

BECA
Well, that’s what happens when you leave your wife and daughter and move 3000 miles away for some hooker.

DR. MITCHELL
(to Kimmy)
Sheila’s a pharmaceutical sales rep. That’s very different than a hooker. So, you been on the quad yet?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
In the springtime, students study on the grass.

BECA
I don’t want to study on the grass. (MORE)
I don't need college. What I need is to live in LA, work at a music label, start paying my dues --

DR. MITCHELL
Oh boy. Here we go again. Beca, DJ'ing is not a profession. It's a hobby. Unless you're Rick Dees or someone awesome like that --

BECA
I don't want to just deejay. I want to produce music. Make music --

DR. MITCHELL
You're getting a college education. For free, I might add. End of story.

BECA
Great. So instead of getting real world experience in what I actually want to do with my life, I'll spend four years studying on the grass.

There's an awkward beat of silence.

KIMMY JIN
I'm going to the Activities Fair.

She speaks. Beca is surprised but seizes the opportunity.

BECA
Well then so am I. I'm going to go with my super-good friend, Kimmy Jin.

Beca grabs her bag and they exit, leaving Dr. Mitchell.

Beca, headphones around her neck, and Kimmy Jin are at the booth: "RIAC: Running in a Circle." Two REPRESENTATIVES give Beca the hard sell.

RIAC REPRESENTATIVE #1
Basically what we do is we join arms in a large ring and we run clockwise and sometimes we’ll do variations on that.

RIAC REPRESENTATIVE #2
It’s really about movement and, health, circulation, mimicking the earth’s orbit around the sun.

BECA
So you run around in a circle?

RIAC REPRESENTATIVE #1
And so can you.

He holds out a pen for Beca to sign up.

BECA
Yeah. I’m gonna look around --

RIAC REPRESENTATIVE #2
-- Around!

RIAC REPRESENTATIVE #1
You would do so well here.

Kimmy Jin spots the "Korean Students Association" booth and makes a beeline for it. The KOREAN STUDENTS welcome her with open arms. Beca, now alone, puts her headphones on.

ACROSS THE FAIR: Jesse and Benji stride through, stopping at the gratuitously rowdy Sigma Beta Theta FRAT booth. Good-looking, bare-chested, beefy GUYS party and chant.

FRAT GUYS
"Drinking beer, smoking dope, sucking on a tit!

(MORE)
If you ain’t pledging SBT, then you ain’t worth no shit!”

BENJI
That’s a double negative.

JESSE
That’s a lot of negatives.

BENJI
Follow me. There’s only one group on this campus worth joining.

NEEDLE DROP: A HEAVY GUITAR LICK kicks in as the camera FLIES over the fair, table after table, finally landing on...

THE Barden Treblemakers: A motley crew of eight confident nerds sitting under a tree: DONALD, a cool dude with black glasses, UNICYCLE, a guy always astride a unicycle, a few other thin, unathletic DWEEBS, and BUMPER, the outspoken ringleader.

Jesse and Benji stand nearby. Benji gestures to the guys.

BENJI (CONT’D)
As far as Barden goes, that’s what being a man is all about.

Bumper blows an iPhone pitch pipe. The Trebles suddenly rise and sing the gayest version of The Dazz Band’s “Let It Whip.” Amazingly, a HANDFUL OF PRETTY GIRLS gather around to listen.

BENJI (CONT’D)
The Treblemakers. The rock stars of a cappella, the messiahs of Barden. Well, you know, not including athletes, frat guys, or actual cool people.

JESSE
Organized nerd singing! Is this for real?

BENJI
You bet it is. How’s your voice?

Jesse joins the Trebles in “Let It Whip.” Benji’s impressed.

EXT. ACTIVITIES FAIR/BELLAS BOOTH - SAME TIME

Aubrey and Chloe stand in front of their tiny “Bellas” booth handing out flyers. Aubrey scoffs at the Trebles.

(CONTINUED)
AUBREY
I will stop at nothing to take down those dicklicks. [ALT: suck butts]

A homely girl, BARB, walks up.

CHLOE
Hey, Barb! Gonna audition this year? We have openings.

Chloe tries to hand her a flier but Barb won’t take it.

BARB
Oh, now that you’ve puked your way to the bottom, you might actually consider me? I’ve auditioned three times and never got in because you said my boobs look like baloney.

Barb puts her hands on her hips. Her cardigan is pulled back, revealing two huge, baloney-like areolas beneath her t-shirt.

BARB (CONT’D)
The word’s out. The Bellas’s are the laughing stock of a cappella. Good look recruiting this year, douche-b’s.

Barb leaves. Chloe looks a tad shaken.

CHLOE
This. Is. (singing) A TRAVESTY! (then) If we can’t recruit Baloney Barb, we can’t get anybody.

AUBREY
Take the dramatics down a notch.

CHLOE
You’re the one who got us into this hot mess!

AUBREY
We’ll be fine. I’m confident we’ll find eight super-hot girls with bikini ready bodies who can harmonize and have perfect pitch.

A PACK OF HOT GIRLS walk by. Aubrey offers a flyer. They PUSH her away and keep walking. Aubrey dons her “game face.”

(CONTINUED)
AUBREY (CONT’D)
Keep flyering. We have a tradition to uphold.

CHLOE
How about we just get good singers.

A chubby GIRL walks up and takes a flier from Chloe.

CHLOE (CONT’D)      CHUBBY GIRL
Hi! Can you sing?       Yep.
Can you read music?     Yep.
Can you match pitch?

Chloe sings three notes. The girl matches them, perfectly.

CHUBBY GIRL
You want me to do it in “A’?”

CHLOE
Your name?

CHUBBY GIRL
Fat Amy.

AUBREY
You call yourself Fat Amy?

FAT AMY
Yep. So you twig bitches don’t do it behind my back.

AUBREY
See you at auditions... Fat Amy.

Fat Amy walks away.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
That was oddly satisfying.

ANGLE ON: Beca, who has now stopped at a booth called “CAMPUS DJ’S”. She excitedly picks up a flier. It reads: “BARDEN DJ’s ("Deaf Jews. A Club For The Hearing Impaired Children of Israel.") Beca reacts, bummed. Fat Amy walks up as a JEWISH STUDENT signs and mumbles excitedly.

JEWISH STUDENT
Shalom!
FAT AMY
(loudly, to Student)
That’s not a real word! Keep trying! You’ll get it!

BECA
(laughs, to Fat Amy)
Not a lot of Jewish people where you’re from, huh?

Beca continues on, passing near the Bella booth. Chloe sees Beca and points her out to Aubrey.

CHLOE
Hey, what about her? She could be made cute.

AUBREY
Are you blind, Chloe? That girl’s a freak. She’s so not a Bella.

Ignoring her, Chloe hands Beca a flyer. Beca takes off her headphones.

CHLOE
Hi! Any interest in auditioning for our a capella group?

Beca eyes the flier, then Chloe and Aubrey.

BECA
A capella. Oh right, this is a thing now.

CHLOE
Totes. We sing covers of songs but do it without any instruments. (over sell)
It all comes from our mouths!

Beca reacts, “Wow.”

CHLOE (CONT’D)
There are four groups on campus. the Bellas. That’s us. We’re the tits. The BU Harmonics...

ANGLE ON: THE BU HARMONICS BOOTH: A CO-ED GROUP where HOMELY GIRLS, including Barb, give back rubs to GUYS who don’t know they’re gay yet.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
The High Notes.
ANGLE ON: THE HIGH NOTES: A GROUP that’s always high. A couple of them laugh too hard. Three or four fall over.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
Their, um, not particularly motivated. And then there’s --

ANGLE ON: The Treblemaker’s big finish.

BU TREBLEMAKERS
LET IT WHIP! (LET’S WHIP IT BABY)

Beca watches as The Trebles bow to applause. In the distance, she spots Jesse and recognizes him as the “Singing guy in the Prius.” Just then, a stray football hits Uni in the head, knocking him to the ground. BACK TO the ladies...

Beca grabs the flier, revealing a tattoo: A preying manthus. Chloe sees this.

CHLOE
Hey! I have a tattoo!

BECA
Oh yeah?

CHLOE
I sorta went through a punk phase. I was listening to a lot of “Evanescence.”

Beca reacts,”O...kay.”

CHLOE (CONT’D)
(hopeful)
So are you interested?

BECA
I don’t know. Seems pretty lame.

Hearing this, Aubrey steps up to Beca.

AUBREY
Aca-scuse me? Synchronized lady dancing to a “Mariah Carey”-chart topper is not lame.

CHLOE
We sing all over the world and compete in national championships.

BECA
On purpose?

(_CONTINUED_)
AUBREY
We played the Cobb Energy
Performing Arts Center you bitch!

Beca reacts, “Settle.” Chloe plays peacekeeper.

CHLOE
What Aubrey means to say is that
we’re a close-knit, talented group
of ladies whose dream is to return
to the national finals at Lincoln
Center this year.
(offering sign up sheet)
Help us turn our dreams into a
reality?

BECA
(to Chloe)
Sorry, I’m not really a singer
so... It was nice meeting you.

Beca walks away. Aubrey starts to lose it.

AUBREY
What are we going to do?! The
Bellas are finished! Our lives are
ov[er]--
(recoils and covers mouth)
Uhp. Wait, I got it.

CHLOE
Did you almost vomit again?

AUBREY
Yeah. It’s the stress.

CHLOE
You need some water?

AUBREY
No. It didn’t come up that far.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THE ACTIVITIES FAIR - CONTINUOUS

Benji and Jesse walk towards The Trebles.

BENJI
I’m going to introduce myself.
(covering nervousness)
Everybody be cool. It’s just a
normal day...

(CONTINUED)
Benji approaches Bumper and the gang.

BENJI (CONT’D)
Hi. Benjamin Applebaum.

He firmly shakes Bumper’s hand.

BENJI (CONT’D)
I saw you guys perform at the “Mall of America” like three years ago. Changed my life. Haven’t stopped thinking about you since.

BUMPER
Thanks, man.

FOOTBALL GUY (O.C.)
Hey, vagina! Throw the ball back!

Uni throws the ball back like a little girl, loses his balance, and once again falls to the ground, hard.

BENJI
Bumper, huge fan. Your arrangement of Lovin’ Spoonful’s “Do You Believe in Magic” inspired me to become a certified illusionist.

Benji stuffs a red scarf into his fist, and then holds up his empty hands. A little piece of the scarf protrudes from Benji’s enormous fake thumb. He fails the trick a couple of times. Bumper just stares.

BUMPER
(to the gang)
I feel like I’m too important for this. [ALT: The smell of your “weird” is affecting my vocal chords.”]

DONALD
You are.

BENJI
So why don’t we exchange emails or maybe totally hang out right now?

JESSE
Too far.

Jesse grabs Benji and hurries him away.
BACK ON: Beca at the CAMPUS INTERN booth. She grabs an application for the “Campus Radio Station,” puts on her headphones and we DISSOLVE TO:

OMIT 20 - 26

EXT. CAMPUS RADIO STATION - DAY

Beca crosses a street and enters the campus radio station.

INT. CAMPUS RADIO STATION - DAY

A hot MASHUP-STYLE REMIX pumps as we’re tight on Beca, her eyes transfixed. BECA’S POV: Inside the deejay booth is LUKE, the smoking-hot, tattooed Station Manager. Beca’s smitten. The guy, the music... Everything.

After a beat, Luke turns, catching Beca staring. He smiles, lowers the volume, and opens the deejay booth door.

LUKE
Hey. You been there long?

BECA
(flustered)
Um, no, I was, uh... I just got here. Like now. I wasn’t standing here for a while or anything...

She awkwardly approaches the booth. Luke stands, official.

LUKE
Sorry, but freshman aren’t allowed in the booth.

He steps out and extends his hand. She shakes it like a nerd.

LUKE (CONT’D)

Jesse enters, in a rush.

JESSE
And I’m Jesse.

LUKE
I’m Luke. And you’re late.

(CONTINUED)
Jesse turns to Beca. A look of realization crosses his face.

JESSE
Hey, I know you!

BECA
No, you don’t.
(to Luke, pointed)
He doesn’t.

LUKE
Okay. You two can figure it out while you’re stacking CD’s.

Luke points to several crates of CD’s.

LUKE (CONT’D)
When you’re done, there’s more. You’re gonna be spending a lot of time together, so please... No sex on the desk. I’ve been burned before.

Luke exits back into the booth. Beca watches him, then exhales heavily.

JESSE
I do know you. I sang to you. I remember because you were in a taxi. Wait, is your dad a taxi driver?


JESSE (CONT’D)
So... Luke’s attractive. Excellent bone-structure. Full head of hair. Fancy undershirt. I think we just met my nemesis.

Beca, frustrated, plops down behind the desk.

BECA
Man, this sucks. I came here to play music, not stack it.

JESSE
Not me. I’m here for one reason only. I love stackin’ cd’s.

(MORE)
I was offered a job at a lab that tests the effects of marijuana on your appetite but I said no. I want to stack cd's, hopefully in the vicinity of a semen smeared desk -- That's what we think happened here, right?

BECA

(playing along)
Too bad I didn’t bring my black light. Then we’d know for sure.

JESSE

So what’s your deal? You one of those girls who’s all dark and mysterious until she takes off her glasses and that amazingly scary ear spike and you realize she was beautiful the whole time?

BECA

I don’t wear glasses.

JESSE

Then you’re halfway there.

(re: stacking)
I am loving this.

BECA

You’re a weirdo.

JESSE

Yes I am. And so are you. It’s a good thing we’re going to be best friends and/or lovers.

BECA

Please don’t say “lovers.”

JESSE

You know, I wouldn’t pass this up. Once I’m a Treble, I probably won’t have time for you.

BECA

You know, I didn’t think you could find a way to be less attractive to me, but congrats, you just did.

(CONTINUED)
JESSE
Ha! You’re terrific. Just wait.
You’ll go all squidy and drape
yourself all over me. It’ll be
fun. You’ll see.

Beca reacts, “Who is this guy?”

EXT. ON THE GREENS - LATER

Beca sits alone, eating. She scans the quad, noticing the
SBT guys happily playing ultimate frisbee. Next to them, a
group of SCIENCE NERDS enjoy studying. Then, the “Running in
a Circle” group literally runs in a circle and loves it.
[SLOW MOTION] Feeling the pangs of loneliness, Beca puts her
headphones on, lies down, and finds solace in Sia.

SIA(IN HEADPHONES)
I’M BULLETPROOF/NOTHING TO
LOSE/FIRE AWAY, FIRE AWAY...

FADE TO BLACK. Over black, we hear -

DR. MITCHELL (V.O.)
Beca? Beca? Wake up, Beca...

FADE IN:

INT. BECA’S DORM ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Beca is in bed, asleep. ANGLE ON: A hand, unplugging the
headphones plugged into her computer. Once unplugged, the
music plays loudly (TITANIUM). Beca JOLTS awake. REVEAL:
Dr. Mitchell, trying to turn the music off. He can’t. Beca,
unamused, gets out of bed and does it for him.

DR. MITCHELL
This doesn’t look like your “Intro
to Philosophy” class.

BECA
I’m posing an important
philosophical question: If I don’t
actually go to class, will that
class still suck?

*
Beca sits down, and fiddles with some equipment.

DR. MITCHELL
Okay, I know you’re mad at me. I get it. But I can’t just let you waste your life in this room while you fiddle around with technical equipment I know nothing about. For God sake, you look like a roadie from (mispronouncing)
Def Lep-paard!

BECA
I don’t understand why you won’t support me?

DR. MITCHELL
The music industry is a seedy place, Bec. I mean, have you seen those VH1 Behind the Musics?

BECA
Man, ever since you got cable --

DR. MITCHELL
College is the transition period that prepares you for all the scary things life is gonna throw at you. You create memories here. I see it everyday. Beca, you’ve been here a month. Do you even have any friends?

BECA
Kimmy Jin is my friend.

REVEAL: Kimmy Jin, quietly studying in a corner.

KIMMY JIN
Nope.
DR. MITCHELL
Just try something. Put yourself out there.

BECA
I just got a job at the radio station

DR. MITCHELL
I’ve seen that place. It’s dark and dirty and has what? Three weirdos working there?

BECA
Well, four, now.

DR. MITCHELL
Beca, this is the time in your life to try new things, explore. Not be so fixated on this DJ thing.

He points to the audition flier on her desk.

DR. MITCHELL (CONT’D)
Like that. Do that. Or run in a circle. Wait, don’t do that. Those kids aren’t right. Just do something new. And if in a year, you still don’t want to be here. If you still want to try to be some big time music producer, then...
(at a loss)
You can quit college and I’ll help you move to LA.

BECA
(brightens)
Whoa, whoa. Seriously?

DR. MITCHELL
Yes. Seriously. But I need to really see it, Bec. You got to get out there. Make friends. Join in. This is college!

Beca lingers on the audition notice. She grabs a towel and her toiletries basket and heads into the...
INT. BATHROOM/SHOWER AREA - CONTINUOUS

In one stall, we see two pairs of feet. There’s whispering.

MALE VOICE
You said we’d try it.

FEMALE VOICE
I’ll get electrocuted!

MALE VOICE
How?

Beca walks in, holding a shower caddy and singing Sia’s “Titanium.” She looks upbeat in a way we haven’t seen before. The feet freeze.
Beca doesn’t notice them, gets into another stall, and turns the water on. As she waits for the water to warm, the camera pans over Beca’s shoulder. REVEAL: Chloe, listening, all-smiles. Then:

CHLOE
You can sing!

Beca SCREAMS and attempts to cover her bits with her loofa.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
How high does your belt go?

BECA
My what?!

CHLOE
The tone of your voice is beautiful. You have to audition for the Bellas!

Beca grabs a shampoo bottle and holds it over her chest.

BECA
I can’t concentrate on anything you’re saying til you cover your junk.

CHLOE
Just consider it. One time we sang back up for Prince. His butt is so tiny, I can hold it with one hand. [get alts]

Beca closes the curtain. Chloe opens it again.

BECA
Seriously, I am nude.

CHLOE
You were singing “Titanium” right?

BECA
(pulled up)
You know David Guetta?

CHLOE
What, have I been living under a rock? That song is my jam. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CHLOE (CONT'D)
(coyly)
My “diddle” jam.

BECA
That’s nice.

CHLOE
Yeah it is! That song builds.
(then)
Sing it for me?

BECA
Ew! No! Get the hell out of here!

CHLOE
Not for that reason! Look, I’m not leaving here until you sing so...

BECA
This is ridiculous.

CHLOE
Maybe.
(defiant)
But I can stand here all day.

Beca rolls her eyes. Then, reluctantly starts singing.

BECA
I’M BULLETPROOF/NOTHING TO LOSE/FIRE AWAY, FIRE AWAY....

Chloe jumps in, harmonizing.

BECA/CHLOE
BRICK OF SHAME TAKE YOUR AIM/FIRE AWAY, FIRE AWAY/YOU SHOOT ME DOWN
BUT I WON’T FALL/I AM TITANIUM/YOU SHOOT ME DOWN BUT I WON’T FALL/I AM TITANIUM.

They sound awesome. Beca finds herself unexpectedly moved. There’s a long beat of them looking at each other, naked.

CHLOE
Yeah, I’m pretty confident about...
(motions around her body)
All this.

BECA
You should be.

Chloe hands Beca a towel. Then, Tom pops into frame.
TOM
You have a lovely voice.

Beca
Thanks?

An awkward moment. Chloe pulls Tom out. Beca stands there stunned. PUSH IN ON Beca, smiling, a look of realization crosses her face. We move TIGHTER on Beca, and PRE-LAP...

TOMMY (V.O.)
Listen up, everybody. For your audition, each of you will sing...

INT. HALLWAY/INT. BARDEN AUDITORIUM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Audition day. In the hallway outside the auditorium, a long line of CO-ED’S warm up their voices. TOMMY MARTIN and his sidekick JUSTIN, a cappella super-fans address the group.

TOMMY
... Sixteen bars of Kelly Clarkson’s "Since U Been Gone." If a group likes you, they’ll contact you directly. My tone deaf sidekick Justin will collect your info.

JUSTIN
If I could carry a tune in any possible human way, I would. But I can’t. I resent myself dearly.

TOMMY
I’ve been picked on, wedgied, ridiculed, upper-decked, and cyber-bullied by elected officials. I am also currently failing out of this university. And though I too cannot sing a drop, there is nowhere I’d rather be than in the welcome embrace of Barden a cappella. But if you think this is like some high school club where you sing and dance your way through big social issues you’ve come to the wrong place. It’s nothing like that. That’s high school. This shit is real life.

JUSTIN
Real life!!
TOMMY
(He claps twice)
Alright people. Don’t just bring it! Sing it!

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS
All four a cappella groups are there. The Trebles sit in back. Aubrey and Chloe sit in front.
BUMPER
Hey Bellas, remember how you tried to play in the big leagues and choked? Let that be a lesson to everybody. Sing the same girlie shit every year, you'll blow chunks all over the place.

The rest of the Trebles snicker. Donald does a “too slow” slap to himself. Aubrey braces herself, then stands to address the room.

AUBREY
My fellow aca-people. As most of you know, it is a make or break year for the Bella ladies. But make no mistake. We will not let egotistical, big-headed, garbage dicks, whoever they may be, get in our way.

(then, to Bumper)
I promise you. The Bellas will return to the ICCA’s and finish what we started last year.

Tommy steps in, getting down to business.

TOMMY
First up today...

He presents CYNTHIA ROSE, a butch looking girl wearing a leather jacket and boots.

DONALD (INTO MIC)
Whenever you’re ready, dude.

CYNTHIA ROSE
Hi, my name’s Cynthia Rose.

ANGLE ON: Donald, reacting, “Oops.”

CYNTHIA ROSE (CONT’D)
(begins singing)
BUT SINCE U BEEN GONE...

BEGIN “AMERICAN IDOL”-TYPE AUDITION MONTAGE:

-- We see QUICK POPS of AUDITIONERS. Some good, some bad.
-- A smart-looking plain-faced girl wearing Tina-Fey glasses introduces herself as MARY ELISE. She has an adequate voice.
-- More AUDITIONERS.

(CONTINUED)
-- Jesse nails his audition.

-- More AUDITIONERS. Sprinkled in, we meet four quirky, awkward ladies named JESSICA, ASHLEY, DENISE, and KORI.

-- Fat Amy walks on stage and takes the mic. She’s crazy loud, but great.

FAT AMY
BUT SINCE U BEEN GONE/I CAN BREATHE
FOR THE FIRST TIME...

-- A beautiful girl walks up to the mic. Chloe and Aubrey perk up. She looks like a “Bella.”

STACIE
Hi. My name is Stacie. My hobbies are cuticle care and the E! Network.
(then, singing)
I’M SO MOVING ON, YEAH, YEAH...

When Stacie sings, she closes her eyes and makes a strange, “Jessica Simpson” weird singing face. It’s disturbing. For everybody.

-- More pops of PEOPLE, including LILLY, a very shy girl who is often inaudible when speaking.

LILLY
Hello. My name is Lilly Onakuramara. I was born with gills like a fish.

The groups react, “What did she say?”

LILLY (CONT’D)
THANKS TO YOU/NOW I GET WHAT I WANT...

-- Benji auditions. He’s Sinatra-good and a crowd favorite.

BENJI
... SINCE YOU BEEN GONE!
(through applause)
Ah, thank you. Performing live gives me such a rush!

-- More AUDITIONERS. KOLIO, a cute hispanic guy, sings and sounds exactly like Aaron Neville. It works on him.

-- We see QUICK POPS of audition highs and lows until we land back on Fat Amy. As she walks off stage, we hear...

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
I crushed it! [get alts]

END MONTAGE.

TOMMY
Okay. That’s everybody.

Chloe hears the exit door OPEN and sees Becca peeking in.

CHLOE
Wait! There’s one more.

Chloe excitedly WAVES her in. Becca walks up on stage.

BECA
I didn’t have time to prepare the song.

CHLOE
It’s okay! Sing anything!

Beca sings a kick-ass version of “MISS ME WHEN I’M GONE,” while playing the cups.

BECA
YOU’RE GONNA MISS ME WHEN I’M GONE
YOU’RE GONNA MISS ME WHEN I’M GONE
OH I KNOW/YOU’RE GONNA MISS ME WHEN I’M GONE...

Applause. REVEAL: Jesse, in the wings, loving it.

INT. THE BELLAS REHEARSAL ROOM - UNVEILING - LATER

A series of red hoods are pulled off ten girls. Aubrey reads off the name of each girl as her hood comes off.

AUBREY (O.C.)
The Sopranos: Jessica, Mary Elise, Lilly. The Mezzos: Cynthia Rose, Denise, Kori. And our Altos: Fat Amy, Stacie, Ashley, and... Becca.

As Beca’s hood is pulled off, she looks totally disoriented.

FROM BECA’S POV: The ladies stand in a room lit by a hazardous amount of candles.

(CONTINUED)
On a table rests a chalice of wine and ten red scarves. Aubrey and Chloe stand before them in Bella attire. Aubrey blows the pitch pipe.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
As your music director and possessor of the pitch pipe, I’d like to welcome you to the Bellas’ initiation night. We shall begin by drinking the blood of the sisters that came before you.

Chloe grabs the chalice and presents it to Beca.

BECA
Hell no.

AUBREY
It’s tradition.

CHLOE
(whispers)
Don’t worry. It’s Boone’s Farm.

Beca takes the chalice, barely taking a sip.

INT. TREBLE HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

Brown hoods are removed from the heads of Jesse and Kolio. JESSE’S POV: The Trebles sit around in smoking jackets. A hot tub sits in the middle of the room. Bumper approaches.

BUMPER
Well, well. Look who’s in “Treble.”

DONALD
Classic pun.

Jesse looks around.

JESSE
Where’s Benji?

Donald crosses over and hands Jesse a smoking jacket.

BUMPER
This is your Treble jacket. We wear these when we perform. On stage. And in bed.
DONALD
It means you’re one of us. A brother forever.

JESSE
I don’t know what to say. I’ll never lose this.

DONALD
You can. We have more. It’s not a big deal.

BUMPER
Uh, it’s kind of a big deal. Pretty big deal. I don’t like it when you undermine me.

(then)
Okay, time to prove your Treble loyalty by getting stupid-drunk while committing a minor felony.

(Timberlake falsetto)
LET’S ROCK IT TO THE BREAK OF DONG!

DONALD
(to no one in particular)
He’s like a male Josh Groban.

INT. BELLAS REHEARSAL ROOM - UNVEILING - SAME TIME

CHLOE
Now, if you’ll all place your scarf in your right hand.

Chloe and Aubrey demonstrate with their scarves.

AUBREY
I, sing your name.

ALL LADIES
I, [INSERT OWN NAME]!

AUBREY
Promise to fulfill the duties and responsibilities of a Bella woman. (repeat) Neither sickness, nor midterms, nor my lady times will prevent me from her-monizing with my sisters. (repeat) And I solemnly promise never to have sexual relations with a Treblemaker or may my vocal chords be ripped out by wolves.

(CONTINUED)
They look around to each other, struggling to repeat it.

   AUBREY (CONT'D)
   You are all Bellas now.

All but Beca erupt in cheers. Chloe turns to Aubrey.

   CHLOE
   We did it.

   AUBREY
   (looks around, concerned)
   Did we?

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

The Trebles stand in front of a van whose license plate reads “TNHNGRS.” On the side of the van, there’s a magnetic decal of four guys: professional, elder-statesmen of a cappella (Ed Helms-types). Jesse and Kolio spray paint the van a neon blue color while chugging beers.

   DONALD
   Every year, the Tone Hangers come back to party on initiation night. And every year we mess with their van.

   BUMPER
   When are these losers going to realize nobody should be singing a cappella after college? There’s just some things you should give up before you start to look sad.

Uni unicycles into frame.

   UNICYCLE
   Totally.

EXT. BARDEN QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

The “Hood Night” party. Justin mans the kegs as the aca-groups and their new recruits all file in. The Bellas, led by Aubrey, walk up together. Beca, Fat Amy, and Stacie bring up the rear.

   AUBREY
   Ladies, prepare to soften the beach.
The ladies, react, “huh.”

BECA
(to Fat Amy)
What am I doing here?

FAT AMY
Livin’ the dream! I still can’t believe they let my fat ass in.

STACIE
Me too! For some reason, girls are usually threatened by me.

Stacie WHIPS off her top exposing a smokin’ body. Jesse, drunk, stumbles up to Beca.

JESSE
Beca. Beca...
(like a chicken)
Be-caw! Be-caw! Are my eyes deceiving me?

Jesse wipes his eyes and makes squaking noises.

JESSE (CONT’D)
You’re a Bella?! Think of all the memories we’re going to create together!

BECA
And you’re drunk! You won’t remember anything tomorrow.

Beca does something physical to Jesse. (i.e. Punches him.)

JESSE
(laughing)
Oh no she didn’t!

Beca shakes her head and laughs. Aubrey clocks this. A tipsy Chloe gives Beca a big hug and puts her face right up-close.

CHLOE
I’m so glad I met you! I know we’re going to be fast friends.

BECA
Yeah, I mean, you’ve seen me naked. Hard not to bond after that.
CHLOE
And don’t you worry about Aubrey. She’s a good girl. Her parents just never took her out of the shrink wrap.
(then, yelling)
Okay, Mama’s thirsty! [get alts]

ANGLE ON: Cynthia Rose and Stacie, talking.

STACIE
If I drink too much tonight, will you promise to hold my hair back when I puke?

CYNTHIA ROSE
(a beat, taking Stacie in)
Yes. Yes, I can be trusted to do that.

ANGLE ON: Bumper and Donald filling their cups at the keg.

NEEDEDROP: Andy Grammer’s “Keep Your Head Up” comes on and everybody SCREAMS! They all sing along.

BUMPER
Who would win in a fight? Captain America or a great white shark.

DONALD
Great white shark.

BUMPER
Nuh-uh.

DONALD
Yes huh. All the shark has to do is lure him to international waters. Captain America has no jurisdiction out there. Next question. Who is easiest to sleep with? Captain America or a great white shark...?

Fat Amy walks up.

FAT AMY
What are you turds talking about?

BUMPER
You are the single grossest human I’ve ever laid eyes on.

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
You’re no panty-dropper yourself, chief.

A beat.

BUMPER
You want to make out?

Fat Amy reacts, “Not in a million years” and walks away. Donald laughs. Bumper shoots him a look and elbows him in the ribs.

INT. JESSE AND BENJI’S DORM ROOM – SAME TIME

Benji, still wide-awake and fully clothed, lays on his bed. Hearing the music from a distance, he sadly sings.

BENJI
BUT YOU GOT TO KEEP YOUR HEAD UP
OH, OH/AND YOU CAN LET YOUR HAIR DOWN...

BACK TO THE PARTY,

Bumper, Donald, and Uni sing directly to a group of HOT GIRLS. Kori makes eyes at Donald. Donald breaks off and dances with her. Fat Amy comically dances in the middle of a circle of Bella ladies. Outside the circle, Jesse dances wildly. Beca barely moves.

Jesse hands Beca a red cup.

JESSE
Isn’t this awesome?

BECA
It’s definitely something.

JESSE
(shouts to the heavens)
We are the kings of campus!

We PULL BACK from Beca to an aerial view of campus: The party is a tiny speck on the campus grid compared to the frat surrounding it. TIME LAPSE: We transition to MORNING...

OMIT 41-44
The Bellas are assembled in a classroom/rehearsal space. Fat Amy and Cynthia Rose peruse the framed photos of past Bellas groups hanging on a wall.

Aubrey writes the words "NEW BELLAS" on a whiteboard. Beca casually strolls into the room. Aubrey, still facing the board, freezes, and then writes Beca’s name on the board with a tally mark next to it. Beca rolls her eyes.

**AUBREY**
As you can see, Kori is not here.
Last night, she was Treble-boned.
She’s been dis-invited from the Bellas.

**BECa**
That oath was serious?

**AUBREY**
Dixie Chicks-serious. You can fool around with anyone you want, just not a Treble.

**STACIE**
That’s not going to be easy (refers to crotch): He’s a hunter.
AUBREY

Stacie, the Trebles don’t respect us. They treat us like we’re one big joke. And if we let them penetrate us, we’re giving them our power.

FAT AMY

Not a good enough reason to use the word penetrate.

Aubrey moves toward Mary Elise.

AUBREY

Anybody have anything to confess?

Mary Elise crumbles under the pressure and nods, yes.

AUBREY (CONT’D)

Turn in your scarf and go.

MARY ELISE

But... it was an accident. It landed in my hand.

Aubrey doesn’t waver. Mary Elise stands up to leave, very slowly. Every few steps, she looks back, desperately wanting to be stopped. She grabs a chair and drags it across the floor. She finally leaves, crying loudly through the hall.

BECA

Was that necessary?

AUBREY

This is a war, Beca. It’s my job to make sure my soldiers are prepped at go time with three kick ass songs sung and choreographed to perfection.

(MORE)
AUBREY (CONT'D)
We only have four months til regionals so if you have a problem with how I run the Bell—ah!
(recoils and covers mouth)
Oh God.

CHLOE
Aubrey, relax. We can’t have a repeat of last year.

LILLY
Umm. What happened last year?

CHLOE
(leans in)
What are you asking?

LILLY
(a little louder)
What happened last year? And do you guys want to see a dead body?

A beat, “What did she say?” Then:

FLASHBACK: a grainy image of Aubrey as she projectile pukes straight into camera while the audience gasps in horror.

We PULL BACK to reveal Lilly holding up her ipad while the new Bellas watch in awe. Aubrey’s grief-stricken by the memory. Stacie leans into Lilly.

STACIE
Ooh, click on “Guy pukes on Cat.”

AUBREY
Enough! It happened. It’s over. Now, this is how we’ll become champions.
Aubrey pulls up a screen to reveal a really complicated flow chart on another dry erase board. It’s pretty intense.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
First things first, we need a vocal percussionist. Does anyone know how to beatbox?

FAT AMY
I do!

She “Beatboxes.” It’s not great. There’s a lot of spit involved. ANGLE ON: Lilly watching her intently.

AUBREY
So that would be a “no.” We practice everyday for at least two hours. Seven days a week. We trust you’ll add your own cardio.

FAT AMY
Why cardio?

AUBREY
Why cardio? I’ll tell you --
(sings)
WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY...

They wait for her to stop. She doesn’t

AUBREY (CONT’D)
YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY...

As she continues, jaws drop and eyes gape. At some point, Fat Amy starts applauding. Others join her.

Beca
Holy shit!

AUBREY
YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Done making her point and as if nothing happened, Aubrey distributes papers.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
This is a list of all the songs we’ve ever performed. You’ll notice that we only do songs made famous by women.

Beca looks disdainfully at the list.

(CONTINUED)
BECA
There’s nothing from this century on here.

AUBREY
Because we don’t stray from tradition. Our focus is perfecting our repertoire. It’s why we’re the best all-female group in the country. Now, let’s start with some vocal warm-ups, practice scales, followed by arpeggios and then work our way up to choreography. Any questions?

STACIE
You said scales and then something about spaghettios? [get alts]

AUBREY
Arpeggios. God help me.

REHEARSAL MONTAGE BEGINS. (SPECIFICS OF MONTAGE MAY CHANGE)

- Mic technique
- All but Fat Amy run the stairs.
- Teaching moments to learn how to make instrument sounds with their mouths.
- Learn how to dance in heals.
- Dr. Mitchell looks through the rehearsal door’s window. He smiles, pleased.
- Rehearsal of beatboxing. Failing miserably.
- Choreography of each person trying to do a specific step.
- Dealing with Stacie’s bad singing face.

(CONTINUED)
AUBREY
You’re only going to do bump, bump, ba bump...

END MONTAGE.

INT. BELLAS REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

The “New Bellas” look exhausted.

AUBREY
Okay, I’m callin’ it.

LILLY
Thank God. I asked to go the bathroom three hours ago.

AUBREY
Nothing. I hear nothing.

BECA
Did we just learn the same choreography you did in that video?

AUBREY
(ignoring her)
Don’t forget to pick up your performance schedules. We have a gig next week. That’s right. Next week.

CHLOE
You guys! It’s Sigma Beta Theta’s Fall Mixer. SBT hires us every year as their entertainment. It pays for our entry fee into regionals.

AUBREY
Hands in, Bellas!

Aubrey puts her fist out. The ladies stare at her.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
Hands in, aca-bitches!

They all sloppily put their hands in.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
Sing AHHH on three --
FAT AMY

AHHH!

AUBREY

On three, Fat Amy. One, two--

AUBREY (CONT’D) HALF THE LADIES

AHHH! AHHH!

OTHER HALF

AHHH!

It’s a mess. As they shuffle out...

AUBREY

Beca, a word.

Beca spins around.

AUBREY (CONT’D)

You know you’ll have to take that ear monstrosity out for the Fall Mixer.

BECA

You really don’t like me, do you?

AUBREY

I don’t like your attitude...

BECA

You don’t even know me.

AUBREY

I know you have a Toner for Jesse.

(off Beca’s blank stare)


BECA

You’re not in charge of me, Aubrey.

AUBREY

You took an oath!

BECA

That oath cost you two girls already. I’m pretty sure you need me more than I need you.

Beca heads for the door. Aubrey calls after her.
AUBREY
I can see your toner through those jeans.

BECA
That’s my dick.

Beca exits.

AUBREY
(to Chloe)
We better have our shit together for SBT.

CHLOE
I’m not worried. I’m sure we’ll be awse!

WE SMASH CUT TO:

OMIT AA48

EXT. SIGMA BETA THETA HOUSE - BACKYARD - A WEEK LATER

A48
A well-decorated garden packed with FRAT GUYS AND SORORITY GIRLS. QUICK POPS of Bellas, in unmatched outfits and red scarves, singing “Turn The Beat Around”. It is decidedly not awesome.

FAT AMY
LOVE TO HEAR THE PERCUSSION...

THE BELLAS
TURN IT AROUND, TURN IT AROUND...

QUICK CUTS of party-goers.

FRAT GUYS
This makes my beer taste bad!

The girls mercifully finish the song to dead silence. CLOSE ON SBT’s president, HOWIE, standing in the front row, shakes his head.

EXT. SIGMA BETA THETA HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER B48

Howie herds the girls to the front door.

HOWIE
I wanted the hot Bellas, not this nonsense. I’m not paying for this, Aubrey.

(CONTINUED)
Howie escorts the girls out. CLOSE ON Aubrey, fuming.

EXT. SIGMA BETA THETA HOUSE - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

An angry Aubrey leads the Bellas down the sidewalk. Chloe’s mind is elsewhere.

AUBREY
I hope you all remember the way you feel right now so you will never want to feel this way again.

The Bellas gang mutters ‘Sorry’, etc.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
And Chloe, your voice did not sound “Aguilerian” at all.

BECA
How are we gonna pay for Regionals?

Aubrey stops, taking in this hot mess of ladies.

AUBREY
Well a ‘Bikini Car Wash’ is out of the question...

FAT AMY
I’ll give up my body for a good cause.

AUBREY
(to herself)
Think, Aubrey, think.
(then)
Maybe we could start a singing telegram business. Thoughts, Chloe?

Chloe stares off into space.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
Chloe. For serious! What is wrong with you?

CHLOE
I HAVE NODES!

AUBREY
What? Oh my God!

The ladies all turn to Chloe. A beat.

(CONTINUED)
CHLOE
I just found out this morning.

BECA
What are nodes?

AUBREY
Vocal Nodules. The rubbing together of your vocal cords at above-average rates without proper lubrication.

CHLOE
They sit on your windpipe and crush your dreams.

BECA
Isn’t that painful? Why would you keep performing?

CHLOE
Because I love to sing.

STACIE
It’s like when my lady doctor told me not to have sex for six weeks and I did it anyway.

FAT AMY
You should really listen to your doctor.

CHLOE
(overly-dramatic)
The key is early diagnosis. I’m living with nodes. I’m a survivor. I just have to pull back. Because I’m limited. Because I have nodes.

FAT AMY
And the Oscar goes to... [get alts]

D48 EXT. ON THE GREENS - A WEEK LATER

Beca sits on the grass, working on her laptop. Jesse walks up, carrying a duffle bag. He takes a seat and makes himself at home. He lays down a bath towel. On it, he puts two juice boxes, an ugly candle, and a can of Pringles.

BECA
(laughs)
What’s all this?
JESSE
As much as I love spending time with you stacking cd’s. And I do, like, more than life. I thought we could do other fun things that wouldn’t make us want to kill ourselves.

Jesse pulls out a stack of dvd’s from his duffle.

JESSE (CONT’D)
“Up,” “Slumdog,” “Breakfast Club,” “Star Wars,” and “Rocky.” Best scored and sound-tracked movies of all time.
(then)
That’s what I want to do when I grow up. Score movies. Bring people to tears. Blow people’s minds. Only music can do that.

Beca’s interest is piqued.

BECA
Wow. You must sweep your girlfriend off her feet.

JESSE
I don’t have a girlfriend.

BECA
(mock aghast)
What? But you have juice boxes and “Rocky”!

JESSE
Okay. Fair enough. Not all of us can be Luke. Man that guy looks great in a fedora.

BECA
Luke gets under your skin, huh?

JESSE
I don’t like how much cooler he thinks he is than me. Even if he is, in fact, much cooler than me.
(then, holding up a dvd)
What do you want to watch first?

Beca looks through the dvd’s and furrows her brow.

(CONTINUED)
BECA
Umm... Maybe we could do something else like talk about our feelings or go to the gynecologist?

JESSE
What, you don’t like movies?

Beca shrugs. Jesse is beside himself.

JESSE (CONT’D)
Any movies?

BECA
I watched a porno at a high school party once. The music was okay if you’re big into sax solos --

JESSE
What is wrong with you? Not liking movies is like not liking...shapes!

BECA
I mean, they’re fine. But I get bored and never make it to the end.

JESSE
The endings are the best part!

BECA
Hey, you don’t have to cry. It’s just they’re so predictable. The guy gets the girl, the kid sees dead people, Darth Vader is Luke’s father...

JESSE
Right. You just happened to guess the biggest reveal in cinematic history.

BECA
Vader in German means father. His name is Darth Father.

Jesse puts his DVD’s back into his duffle.

JESSE
Huh, you know German. Well, now I see why you don’t like fun things.

Beca smiles, pretty pleased with herself.
JESSE (CONT’D)
You need a movie education.

BECA
I’d have to schedule it around
Bellas rehearsals which are always.

JESSE
Getting ready for the riff-off?

BECA
What the hell’s a riff-off?

OMIT 48, A49, 49 & 50

51
EXT. BARDEN ATHLETIC FACILITY – EMPTY POOL

We PAN OVER an empty swimming pool filled with Barden’s a
cappella groups, partying. The Trebles hold court.

A crowd of fans have formed around the pool. STUDENTS scale
ladders to get into the pool area.

Across the pool, Jesse joins Benji.

JESSE
Hey, man, here to help out?

BENJI
Yep. I’m ready to tag in.

BUMPER
Dude! You can’t be in here.

BENJI
(sings)
I KNOW! Just wanted to hear myself
in the sweet spot.

Benji climbs out. Aubrey leads the Bellas to their corner.

To get everyone’s attention, The BU Harmonics make police
siren noises. Justin stands next to a huge pinwheel.

JUSTIN
Welcome to the riff-off! Our 17th annual singing elimination contest. The winning team wins the greatest prize of all.

(holds up a microphone)
The microphone used by Hoobastank when they rocked out at the Schnee Performing Arts Center.

The crowd goes nuts.

JUSTIN (CONT’D)
To win, you must steal the song away from the group that is singing by picking off a word of their song and making it the first word of yours. If you can’t think of a song, you are...

(claps twice)
Cut off. If you repeat a song, you are...

More people clap with Justin.

JUSTIN/SOME PEEPS
Cut off.

JUSTIN
If you suck, you are...

Everyone claps twice.

ALL
Cut off.

CYNTHIA ROSE
This is really intricate.

Jesse waves to Beca. Then, he mouths and gestures:

JESSE
I’m taking you down.
Beca mouths back, “I don’t care.”

JUSTIN
Last year’s ICCA champions, will you please do the honor.

Bumper steps up and spins the wheel.

JUSTIN (CONT’D)
Good Luck. God, I wish I could do what you do... Okay, the first category of songs will be...

Justin abruptly stops the wheel. It’s landed on “Ladies Of The 80s.” Everyone cheers! Bumper immediately starts singing Toni Basil’s, “Mickey.” The Trebles join him.

BUMPER
OH MICKEY YOU’RE SO FINE YOU’RE SO FINE YOU BLOW MY MIND...

BU TREBLEMAKERS
HEY, MICKEY! HEY MICKEY!

ALL TREBLES
OH MICKEY YOU’RE SO FINE --

The song is quickly stolen by Barb and the BU Harmonics who sing Madonna’s, “Like A Virgin.”

BARB
YOU’RE SO FINE, AND YOU’RE MINE,
I’LL BE YOUR YOURS TILL THE END OF TIME, CAUSE YOU MADE ME FEEL...

BU HARMONICS
YEAH YOU MADE ME FEEL, SHINY AND NEW. LIKE A VIRGIN. HEY! TOUCHED FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME. LIKE --

Aubrey steals with Pat Benatar’s “Hit Me With Your Best Shot.”

AUBREY
LIKE THE ONE IN ME. THAT’S OKAY LET’S SEE HOW YOU DO IT! PUT UP YOUR DUKES, LET’S GET DOWN TO IT!

BELLAS
HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT! WHY DON’T YOU HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT! HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT, FIRE AWAY --

(CONTINUED)
A MEMBER from The High Notes steals with Roxette’s “Must Have Been Love.” He/She can’t help laughing.

STONER
(laughs hysterically)
AWAY! IT MUST HAVE BEEN LOVE...

THE HIGH NOTES
BUT IT’S OVER NOW! MUST HAVE BEEN... LOVE...

STONER
BUT WE’RE IN A SWIMMING POOL. I HAVEN'T SHOWERED TODAY!

The CROWD boos.

JUSTIN
ALL
The negative effects of medicinal marijuana, folks.
You are... (claps twice)
(claps twice) Cut off!

BECA
(to Chloe)
You can pick any song that works?
(off Chloe’s nod)
And you just go with it... Nice.

Justin spins the wheel. This time it lands on “Christian Rock.” Barb, baloney boobs a bouncin’, jumps in with “ONE DAY.”

BARB
BECAUSE/ ALL MY LIFE I’VE BEEN WAITING FOR I’VE BEEN PRAYING FOR FOR THE PEOPLE TO SAY THAT WE DON’T WANNA FIGHT NO MORE THEY’LL BE NO MORE WARS AND OUR CHILDREN WILL PLAY/ ONE DAY/ ONE DAY/ ONE DAY/ ONE DAY/ ONE DAY

The crowd boos.

JUSTIN
“ONE DAY” By Matisyahu. Bonus props for trying to sneak a Hasidic Jew into the Christian Rock category but, you are...
(claps twice)
Cut off! Two groups remain!

(MORE)
Don’t just bring it, sing it!!

The wheel spins and lands on “Songs About Sex.” Chloe immediately starts to scream sing, Rihanna’s, “S&M.”
CYNTHIA ROSE
NA NA NA NA NA COME ON/CAUSE I MAY
BE BAD, BUT I’M PERFECTLY GOOD AT
IT/SEX IN THE AIR, I DON’T CARE, I
LOVE THE SMELL OF IT/STICKS AND
STONES MAY BREAK MY BONES BUT
CHAINS AND WHIPS EXCITE ME...

CYNTHIA ROSE (CONT’D)
CAUSE I MAY BE BAD BUT I’M
PERFECTLY GOOD AT IT/SEX --

Bumper sings, Salt n Pepa’s, “Let’s Talk About Sex.”

BUMPER
SEX BABY/LET’S TALK ABOUT YOU AND
ME/LET’S TALK ABOUT ALL THE GOOD
THINGS AND THE BAD THINGS THAT MAY
BE...

BU TREBLEMAKERS
LET’S TALK ABOUT SEX/LET’S TALK
ABOUT SEX/LET’S TALK ABOUT SEX BABY --

Stacie steps up singing BOYZ II MEN’S, “I’ll Make Love To
You.” ANGLE ON: Everyone’s reaction.

STACIE
BABY ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT/I’LL
MAKE LOVE TO YOU, WHEN YOU WANT ME
to/AND I --

Jesse steals with Foreigner’s, “Feels Like The First Time.”
He sings to Beca. Aubrey rolls her eyes.

JESSE
I GUESS IT’S JUST THE WOMAN IN YOU,
THAT BRINGS OUT THE MAN IN ME/I
KNOW I CAN’T HELP MYSELF, YOU’RE
ALL IN THE WORLD TO ME...

CLOSE ON Beca, locked in, focused in a way we haven’t seen
her around a cappella. She begins mouthing words to the song.

BU TREBLEMAKERS
IT FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME/
IT FEELS LIKE THE VERY FIRST
TIME/IT --

Beca jumps in, LOUD, rapping Blackstreet’s “No Diggity.”

(CONTINUED)
BECA
IT’S GOING DOWN FADE TO
BLACKSTREET/ THE HOMIES GOT RB,
COLLAB’ CREATIONS/ BUMP LIKE ACNE,
NO DOUBT/ I PUT IT DOWN, NEVER
SLOUCH/ AS LONG AS MY CREDIT CAN
VOUCH/ A DOG COULDN’T CATCH ME ASS
OUT/ TELL ME WHO CAN STOP WHEN DRE
MAKING MOVES/ ATTRACTING HONEYS LIKE
A MAGNET/ GIVING EM EARGASMS WITH MY
MELLOW ACCENT/ STILL MOVING THIS
FLAVOUR/ WITH THE HOMIES BLACKSTREET
AND TEDDY/ THE ORIGINAL RUMP
SHAKERS... 

Stunned by Beca’s performance, no one moves. Beca goes
deeper into the song...

BECA (CONT’D)
SHORTY GET DOWN, GOOD LORD
BABY GOT EM UP OPEN ALL OVER TOWN
STRICTLY BIZ, SHE DON’T PLAY AROUND

Fat Amy joins her.

FAT AMY
COVER MUCH GROUND, GOT GAME BY THE
POUND/ GETTING PAID IS A FORTE/
EACH AND EVERY DAY, TRUE PLAYER WAY
I CAN’T GET HER OUT OF MY MIND...
I THINK ABOUT THE GIRL ALL THE TIME
EAST SIDE TO THE WEST SIDE

BECA/ FAT AMY/ ALL
I LIKE THE WAY YOU WORK IT
I LIKE THE WAY YOU WORK IT
NO DIGGITY, I GOT TO BAG IT UP, BAG
IT UP/ HEY YO HEY YO HEY YO HEY...

A beat. The ladies look at each other, “That was awesome.”
Then, the crowd boos.

JUSTIN
Tough blow. The word from the song
you needed to match was it. You
sang it’s. I didn’t stop you
because, and I think I can speak
for everyone, I could not believe
what I was watching. You are...
(claps twice) Cut off.

Justin raises Jesse’s hand.

(CONTINUED)
The crowd applauds as the boys pick up their prize. Then, Bumper steps up to Fat Amy.

BUMPER
Enjoy watching us win the ICCA’s.
(gets closer)
On the TV.
(gets even closer)
On a regional cable affiliate.

As he walks away,

FAT AMY
I’m gonna break that jag in half.

Beca turns to this rag-tag group of girls.

BECA
What we just did was great, right?.

AUBREY
Calm your pits, Beca. We still lost.

BECA
Yeah, but it was spontaneous. There were no rules. And we were...

Aubrey puts her hand out, interrupting Beca.

AUBREY
Hands in. “AHHH” on my count.

STACIE
On three or after three?

CYNTHIA ROSE
On three.

FAT AMY
After three.

CYNTHIA ROSE
No. It’s one, two, “AHHH.”

AUBREY
That’s not how we do it.

BECA
What about just “AHHH” with no count off?

(CONTINUED)
STACIE
Why can’t we figure this out?
This debate continues as we TRANSITION to...

INT. BECA’S DORM ROOM – LATER

Beca’s at her desk with her headphones on, working on her computer. Jesse’s right there, watching her work.

Beca
(yelling)
I find songs with the same chord progressions and create a track that blends them all together. This is the new baseline, this matches up the downbeats and I’m talking really loud, aren’t I?

Jesse nods.

Beca (CONT’D)
(kind of shy)
And that’s me singing.

Jesse takes the headphones and listens to Beca’s “mash-up.” His eyes light up, clearly impressed.

Jesse
(extra loud)
This is really good!
(re: volume)
Now I’m yelling, right?

Beca smiles. Jesse takes off the headphones.

Beca shrugs. Jesse holds up a DVD.

Jesse (CONT’D)
How’d you know they’d go together?

Jesse inserts a DVD into his computer and turns off the lights. Beca and Jesse are now lit by the screen.

(CONTINUED)
You have this habit of making yourself at home, did you know that?
Jesse playfully puts a couple of his fingers on Beca’s mouth.

JESSE
Ssssshhhhh.
(then)
Greatest ending to any movie ever.

Jesse cues it to the end where Simple Minds’s “Don’t You (Forget About Me)” plays.

JESSE (CONT’D)
This song launched Simple Minds in the U.S. It could have been a Billy Idol song but he turned it down. Dummy. Perfectly sums up the movie — equally beautiful and sad.

BECA
Wow. Amazing. What does Judd Nelson like to eat for breakfast?

JESSE
Like all misunderstood rebels, he feeds on hypocrisy. And black coffee. Helps with his morning dumps.

BECA
You’re an idiot.

JESSE
It’s true. I’m full of fun facts.

BECA
You should let other people tell you they’re fun.

ON THE SCREEN: We see each character getting picked up, and as the song crescendos, John Bender raises a defiant, joyful fist. Jesse, so into it, can’t help but do a smaller version of it, too. Beca looks at him, more amused by what he’s doing than the movie. He turns to her.

JESSE
You’re missing the ending.
Inches away from each other’s faces, Jesse makes a move. Freaked out, Beca shuts the laptop.

The lights come on. ANGLE ON: Kimmy Jin and several Koreans at the door, holding take-out.

KIMMY JIN
(to Korean friends)
The white girl is back.

Jesse hangs his head.

JESSE
And I’m out.

As he leaves...

JESSE (CONT’D)
Always a pleasure, Kimmy Jin!

Jesse exits with several “excuse me’s” as he makes his way past all of the Koreans. In leaving abruptly, he forgot his DVD. Beca reacts, shaking “what just happened” off.

INT. DORM ROOMS - DAY

BEGIN TIME LAPSE MONTAGE/SINGING TELEGRAMS SEQUENCE:

A dorm room with a skeleton on it, opens, revealing Cynthia Rose, dressed as COUNT CHOCULA.

CYNTHIA ROSE
(singing)
LYRICS TBD
LYRICS TBD

ANGLE ON: A couple of STUDENTS, staring at her blank-faced.

A door opens, revealing Lilly, dressed in an oversized PILGRIM costume.

LILLY
(singing)
LYRICS TBD
LYRICS TBD

Her Pilgrim hat-buckle begins to droop over her face.

A WREATHED door opens, revealing Stacie, in a barely-there, sexy REINDEER costume, with snow falling around her.

(CONTINUED)
STACIE
   (weird singing)
LYRICS TBD
LYRICS TBD

ANGLE ON: STUDENTS, not knowing what to think.

A door opens, revealing Fat Amy, bursting out of a too-small pink CUPID’S costume. Beca, also in costume, awkwardly holds a bow and arrow. REVERSE REVEAL: It’s for Benji and Jesse.

FAT AMY/BECA
   (singing)
LYRICS TBD
LYRICS TBD

END TIME LAPSE MONTAGE/SINGING TELEGRAMS SEQUENCE.

INT. BELLAS REHEARSAL ROOM - SEVERAL DAYS LATER - EVENING

The Bellas rehearse “Turn The Beat Around.” Chloe solos.

THE BELLAS
   TURN IT AROUND! TURN IT AROUND!

   CHLOE
   TURN IT AROUND!

Chloe misses a high note. Aubrey winces as they hit their final pose. The ladies look exhausted.

FAT AMY
   (out-of-breath)
I should have taken that cardio tip more seriously.

   AUBREY
How much have you done?

   FAT AMY
You just saw it.

   AUBREY
Ladies, that was better but we have a long ways to go before Regionals. Chloe, you have to be able to hit that last note.

   CHLOE
I can’t. It’s impossible. Because of...

(CONTINUED)
CHLOE (CONT’D)

My nodes. Your nodes.

AUBREY
Well if you can’t, then someone else needs to step up and solo.

LILLY
I think Beca should sing it.

CHLOE
Me too.

AUBREY
You too, what?

CHLOE
Beca should take my solo.

FAT AMY
Beca could nail that shit!

All but Aubrey agree with, “Yeah!” and “Do it, Bec!”

AUBREY
She’d never want to.

Beca
Oh, I’ll solo. On one condition. We pick a new song and I get to do the arrangement.

A direct challenge to Aubrey. The girls shift, uneasy.

AUBREY
That’s not how we do things here.

CHLOE
Aubrey, maybe Beca’s right. Maybe we should try something new.

AUBREY
Aca-what?!
(to Beca)
You will be singing “Turn the Beat Around” and that’s the last I want to hear of this.

Beca
That song’s tired. We won’t win with that song. Look, if we pulled samples from different genres --
AUBREY
Let me explain this to you because you still don’t seem to understand. Our goal is to get back to the finals. These songs will get us there. So excuse me if I don’t take advice from some alt girl with her Mad Lib beats when she’s never even been in a competition. Have I made myself clear?

BECA
(a beat)
Crystal. I guess I won’t solo.

AUBREY
Fine. Fat Amy?

FAT AMY
(perks up)
Yes, sir?

AUBREY
You’ll solo.

Fat Amy fist pumps, “Yes!” then pulls an “air didgeridoo” out from behind her back and plays it.

INT. CAMPUS RADIO STATION – A FEW DAYS LATER

Jesse and Beca are stacking cd’s. Luke’s in the booth. We see a PHYSICAL CAT & MOUSE GAME: THE STACKING OF CD’S. JESSE TRYING TO MAKE BECA LAUGH. Luke shakes his head, “What dummy’s.” After a while –

JESSE
(to Beca)
This is getting exhausting.

Luke enters from the booth.

LUKE
Hey, Jesse, I’m starving so...

JESSE
You want me to get you lunch. You should lay off the burgers though.
(re: Luke’s tight abs)
You won’t be twenty-two forever.

Luke lifts his shirt.

(Continued)
LUKE
I think I’m good.

BECA
(“on board”)
He’s good. He’s real good.

Jesse looks Luke in the eyes.

JESSE
And the chess match continues.

Jesse reluctantly goes. Beca grabs a memory stick off the desk and hands it to Luke.

BECA
Here. This is my latest mix.
Maybe you’ll play this one?

LUKE
Yeah, okay, thanks. I’ll put it with the others.

OMIT 56 - 57

INT. BECA’S DORM ROOM - DAY

Beca, already dressed, stands in front of her mirror. With less make-up on and the jacket covering her tattoos, she looks like a “Bella.” She removes the spike from her ear. A beat. WIDEN TO REVEAL: Kimmy Jin and a room full of Koreans watching a movie with 3-D glasses on.

EXT. ZIPPY’S BURRITOS - DAY

Bumper, Donald, and UNI, wearing show jackets, exit with big ass burritos and pile into Donald’s car.

BUMPER
I could eat these everyday.

DONALD/UNI
You do. Jinx, bitch! Double jinx! Buy me a coke! Holy crap! Call Guinness! Shit! Oh my God!!
Donald’s car pulls up. Guys load onto the Trebles “tricked out” bus. Some Trebles, including Jesse, are already inside when Benji jumps on board.

BENJI
Can I hitch a ride? I’d take my car, but... I don’t have one.

The Trebles just stare at Benji. After a beat, Jesse gets up and gently escorts Benji off the bus.

JESSE
Benji, I’m sorry. I think only Trebles can ride the bus. It’s pretty much a rule.

BENJI
Of course. Good luck tonight.

Benji walks away. Jesse shakes his head, “Poor guy.”
Fat Amy fills up the Bella’s van, while Lilly, Cynthia Rose, and Beca keep warm inside.

FAT AMY
Don’t you flat butts worry. I got this. My thighs are like Gore-Tex.

We INTERCUT with The Treble’s bus cruising toward the gas station. Bumper sees Fat Amy at the pump.

BUMPER
Slow down, Donald.

Bumper lowers his window and sticks his body halfway out. He holds a wrapped burrito in his hand.

LILLY
(inside the van)
Hey, isn’t that?--

BUMPER
Sabotage!

Bumper WHIPS the burrito at Fat Amy. It PEGS her, hard. Fat Amy FALLS up against the van and SLIDES down its side. She GRABS at her stomach.

FAT AMY
I’ve been shot! I think I’ve been shot!

The ladies JUMP out of the van to tend to Fat Amy. The guys react, “Aw, shit!” Beca turns to find Cynthia Rose trying to give Fat Amy mouth to mouth.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
I’m sitting up! I’m talking! You don’t need to do that!

Fat Amy looks down at the mess, smells it, then takes a bite.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
Bumper threw a big ass burrito at me! Ugh! I will kill him! I’ll pick my teeth with his bones!

BECA
Get up. We have to clean your shirt and we don’t have much time.

Lilly puts the gas pump back. They barely put in six bucks.
FAT AMY
Tell no one what you’ve seen today.
(takes another bite)
Damn. These are delicious.

Scene 61 has been shot and completed. Editorially it has been changed to now reflect 59C

INT. TREBLEMAKER BUS – SAME TIME

THE GUYS APPLAUD BUMPER’S TAKE-DOWN.

BUMPER
Oh! She went down like a Tri-Delt!

KOLIO
(to Unicycle)
So Tri-Dels go down?

UNICYCLE
Oh, I have no idea. They never talk to me.

INT. VAN – LATER

The Bellas’s van drives down the highway, now with all the ladies packed tightly inside. Fat Amy drives. Aubrey sits shotgun, nervously playing with the pitch pipe. Beca, sitting directly behind Fat Amy, notices a little guacamole stuck in Fat Amy’s ear. Beca leans forward and wipes it off.

BECA
You got yourself a little somethin’ somethin’ in there.

FAT AMY
Back off. It fuels my hate fire.

Beca laughs, goes to put her headphones on, but stops short to enjoy the ride. From the back of the van, Chloe, on earbuds, sings Miley Cyrus’s, “Party In The USA.”

CHLOE
... I HOPPED OFF THE PLANE AT LAX
WITH A DREAM AND MY CARDIGAN

(CONTINUED)
Instinctively, Cynthia Rose joins her.

CHLOE/CYNTHIA ROSE
WELCOME TO THE LAND OF FAME EXCESS

FAT AMY
WOAH...

CHLOE/CYNTHIA ROSE/FAT AMY
AM I GONNA FIT IN?

ALL EXCEPT BECA
JUMPED IN THE CAB/HERE I AM FOR THE
FIRST TIME/LOOK TO MY RIGHT AND I
SEE THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN/THIS IS ALL
SO CRAZY/EVERYBODY SEEMS SO FAMOUS

ANGLE ON: Beca, “This is lame.”

ALL EXCEPT BECA (CONT’D)
MY TUMMY’S TURNIN’ AND I’M FEELIN’
KINDA HOME SICK/TOO MUCH PRESSURE
AND I’M NERVOUS/THAT’S WHEN THE
TAXI MAN TURNED ON THE RADIO

The girls sing to Beca, nudging her to join.

ALL EXCEPT BECA (CONT’D)
AND A JAY-Z SONG WAS ON!
AND THE JAY-Z SONG WAS ON!

Beca can’t help but join in at the cheesy song. It’s just
one of those moments. All the girls sing together,
momentarily forgetting their problems.

BECA PLUS ALL
SO I PUT MY HANDS UP/THEY’RE
PLAYING MY SONG/AND THE BUTTERFLYS
FLY AWAY/NODDIN’ MY HEAD LIKE, YEAH
MOVING MY HIPS LIKE, YEAH/AND I GOT
MY HANDS UP/THEY’RE PLAYING MY SONG
I KNOW I’M GONNA BE OKAY/
YEAH, IT’S A PARTY IN THE USA!
YEAH, IT’S A PARTY IN THE USA!

Suddenly, the van starts to putter.

AUBREY
What the hell?

Fat Amy looks down at the fuel gauge.

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
Whoa. We’re almost out of gas?

AUBREY
That can’t be right. You just filled the tank.

FAT AMY
Then the fuel indication meter must definitely be broken.
   (cackling nervously)
   It’s suggesting I didn’t fill up the tank because of Mexican food!

The van comes to a stop.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
And... we’re out.

AUBREY
You can’t be serious!

FAT AMY
(more cackling)
Haaaaa, hee, oh woops! What are we gonna do?

CHLOE
You guys. We could call -

AUBREY
Don’t even say it, Chloe! How dare you!?

BECA
Say what?

SMASH CUT TO:

OMIT 63 - 65
Everyone is silent. The Trebles sit on one side of the bus, the Bellas on the other. Lilly sits behind Donald, leaning in to him.

LILLY
I set fires to feel joy.

DONALD
(smiles, no idea)
That’s terrific.

CHLOE
Thanks for stopping, Donald.

DONALD
All good, boo. I’m The Driver.

Jesse motions to Beca to come sit next to him by patting his seat. She shakes her head, no, and motions to her girls.

ANGLE ON: Bumper in the back of the bus.
BUMPER
So Bellas, glad we could chauffeur you to your latest Treble-whipping. What boring, estrogen-filled set have you prepared for us today?

FAT AMY

BUMPER
You’re a true woman of class and grace. Gentleman, I believe we were in the middle of our warm-up.

Bumper stands, blows the pitch pipe, and sings to Fat Amy...

BUMPER (CONT’D)
(in scales)
YOU CAN SUCK MY BALLS. [ALTS: Eat My Nuts]

A beat. Fat Amy sings back to Bumper in scales.

FAT AMY
YOU CAN LICK MY ASS. [ALT: Lick my can/Spread my vegemite]

All on the bus stare at her.

FAT AMY (CONT’D)
What?

Bumper and The Trebles jump back into singing their “Balls” warm-up, alternating with the Bellas singing “Ass.” They try to out warm-up each other as the bus pulls into...

EXT. CAROLINA UNIVERSITY PERFORMING ARTS CENTER - NIGHT
The bus screeches into the parking lot, skidding to a halt.

JOHN (O.C.)
The 2012 Southeastern Regional competition is officially underway.
Face-painted BARDEN FANS hold signs. Benji’s already there, hoisting a big foam musical note. The entry doors open and the Trebles and Bellas run in, late, and stand in the back.
ON STAGE: The SOCKAPELLAS perform Lilly Allen with sock puppets. At a table, Gail and John talk to camera.

JOHN
The Sockapellas, proving that it doesn’t “get better” for everyone after high school.

The Bellas wait in the back of the theatre, watching the Sockapellas.

FAT AMY
A cappella out of a sock puppet. Genius.

STACIE
Look at the white one with the black sock.

CYNTHIA ROSE
It’s making a statement.

AUBREY
They’re complete idiots. There’s no craft there. Watching them will make you worse.

BECA
At least they’re different.

AUBREY
Hands in...

The Bellas sloppily puts their hands in.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
Remember. “AHHH” on three. One, two...

MOST LADIES/FAT AMY/STACIE
AHHH!/All of us?/On three.

CYNTHIA ROSE
(after three)
AHHH!

Aubrey reacts, “I give up.”
EMCEE
Let’s give it up for the Barden Bellas!

The Bellas runs onstage. John and Gail react, shocked.

JOHN
Wow. This does not look like the fresh-faced and nubile Bellas we know.

GAIL
You’re walking the line, John. What a nice surprise to see them mixing things up. It’s refreshing yet aesthetically displeasing to the eye.

ON STAGE: Aubrey, at the mic, blows the pitch pipe and counts off. Bellas begins “The Sign” with Chloe stepping forward.

CHLOE
RAMBOON NA BOO YEAH!/I, I GOTTA NEW LIFE, YOU WOULD HARDLY RECOGNIZE ME, I’M SO GLAD... (song continues)

JOHN (O.C.)
Well this recruiting free-for-all has got to be a direct result of “Vomitgate” from last year.

CHLOE
IT’S ENOUGH, ENOUGH.

BELLAS
OO-OOOOOH!

CHLOE
IT’S ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT I...

Aubrey takes over the mic, and the solo.

AUBREY
UNDER THE PALE MOON/FOR SO MANY YEARS I’VE WONDERED WHO YOU ARE/HOW COULD A PERSON LIKE YOU BRING ME JOY?

(CONTINUED)
GAIL (O.C)
All eyes are on Senior Aubrey Posen. Her voice is in rare form but she could blow at any moment.

AUBREY
UNDER THE PALE MOON WHERE I SEE A LOT OF STARS/IT'S ENOUGH TO KNOW/I SAW THE SIGN AND IT OPENED UP MY EYES I SAW THE SIGN...

GAIL
She held on to her lunch, folks. But there’s a lot of song left...

QUICK TO: Back of theatre. Jesse pulls back the curtain and watches Beca. Bumper taps him on the shoulder.

BUMPER
Never seen a train wreck before?

Aubrey stays at the mic, and the ladies TRANSITION to The Bangles, “Eternal Flame.” They sound very pretty, but there’s still no “wow” factor.

CHLOE
IS IT BURNING, AN ETERNAL FLAME...

BACKSTAGE with Donald and Uni...

DONALD
Aubrey sounds pretty good.

UNICYCLE
I guess. I’m not really into hot chicks with talent.

The Bellas TRANSITIONS to their final song. The now familiar “Turn The Beat Around” kicks in. Fat Amy takes the solo.

FAT AMY
TURN THE BEAT AROUND/LOVE TO HEAR THE PERCUSSION!/TURN IT UPSIDE DOWN LOVE TO HEAR THE PERCUSSION...

Fat Amy sings strongly, while the rest of the girls back her up. The girls dancing is a little cheesy but they sell it.

JOHN
If I close my eyes and imagine them as what they used to look like, I’d say they’re doing an okay job.
The performance seems like its peaked, until Fat Amy suddenly lets loose, dancing her ass off, playing with the crowd. The song ends and everyone loves it. As Bellas hits their final pose, even Aubrey can’t help a little smile.

The Bellas runs off stage. Back to Gail and John.

GAIL
The Barden Bellas went deep into the archive for that song. I remember singing it with my own a capella group twenty -- ten years ago.

JOHN
And what was the group you performed with, Gail?

GAIL
The Minstrel Cycles, John.

EMCEE
Ladies and gentleman. Barden U’s Treblemakers.

The lights go all the way down. IN BLACK: The Trebles start their arrangement to Flo Rida’s, “Right Round.”

BUMPER
YOU SPIN MY HEAD RIGHT ROUND...

The choreography is ridiculously silly. Beca looks on, amused at Jesse’s performance. Aubrey clocks this, again.

JOHN
The bad boys of a cappella just got a little badder.

GAIL
They sure did, John. I might have to excuse myself to freshen up the downtown.

Benji, in the audience, is enthralled.

(CONTINUED)
BENJI
(eyes wet)
Happy tears!!
BUMPER (CONT'D)
Sounds like your wife on your birthday.

JASON JONES
Are you looking for what I think you’re looking for?

JOE LO TRUGLIO
Fight! Fight!

Bumper hands the trophy over to Jesse. The Bellas and members of other groups gather to watch this unfold.

BUMPER
I ...
(realizing Jason’s size)
... would but I pulled a quad during our performance ... but if I did fight you, I would ...

Bumper goes to “punch” Jason but stops just short of actually hitting him.

BUMPER (CONT’D)
OH! That was a kill shot!

JASON
I would beat the talent out of you but I respect the ICCA's too much to taint the floor with your blood... But if I did I would -

Jason does the same “near-miss” swing at Bumper’s head.

JASON (CONT’D)
ARRR! Right to the E.R. For reconstructive head surgery!

ANGLE ON: JOE, taunting Jesse.

JOE LO TRUGLIO
Hey, you, hit me! Hit me!

JESSE
I’m not going to hit you, dude.

JOE LO TRUGLIO
C’mon, nancy boy! Hit me! I want to feel something!

DONALD FAISON steps to Donald and pokes him in the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
FAISON
We doing this? Huh? This is for America. For 9-11!

DONALD
Are you for real? I’m Indian.

Donald pokes him back.

FAISON
Well, I hate curry! And your glasses!

ANGLE ON: HAR MAR steps up to Stacie.

HAR MAR
How’s it going, foxy moxy? Wanna see something sexy?

He lifts up his shirt and rubs his belly.

STACIE
I like your confidence but don’t like your face or body. I’m not sure how to play this.

ANGLE ON: Fat Amy watching it all go down. She is desperately trying not to jump in on the action.

FAT AMY
(to Aubrey and Chloe)
If I get in there, there’s going to be dork parts caught in the storm drains of these streets for months.

Chloe puts her hand on Fat Amy, “You’re not going anywhere.”

ANGLE ON: The two Donalds. Not wanting to actually fight, they just grapple with each other, moving back and forth. It looks like intense dancing.

FAISON
Seriously, I can’t hit you if you don’t take off your glasses!

DONALD
I’m not just making a style-statement, these are prescription!

FAISON
Well, then you better keep them on so you can see me punch you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Except I can’t punch you if you keep them on!

DONALD
Classic Catch-22!

They continue. Jason takes Bumper down in a head lock. Joe gets in Jesse’s face. UNI rides around in circles. Gail interviews socks. It’s chaos.

ANGLE ON: The Bellas, watching. Some in horror. Some confused.

CHLOE
Aubrey, should we try to stop them?

CYNTHIA ROSE
They are our ride.

AUBREY
No. The enemy of my enemy is my friend.

BECA
I don’t think anyone’s actually fighting?

Fat Amy makes her way to JOE.

JOE, really starting to lose it, taunts Jesse, Uni, Kolio, and any of the other Trebles to go after him.

JOE LO TRUGLIO
Hit me anywhere! I don’t care!
(re: his chest)
Right in the bread basket! Make it worth it!

Back with Bumper and JASON, now wrestling on the ground.

JASON
You remind me of me when I was your age!

BUMPER
I am nothing like you... am I?

Back with HAR MAR and Stacie:

HAR MAR
You can’t resist this. Right now, the “danger” is sending blood straight to your woo-woo.
Har Mar puts Stacie’s hand on his belly. Stacie smiles.

**STACIE**

You’re so confusing to me. Are we both getting lucky, little man?

HAR MAR just sticks his tongue out suggestively. After a beat, Stacie makes tongue swirls as well.

ANGLE ON: JOE ripping open his shirt.

**JOE LO TRUGLIO**

I’ve been unemployed since the Bush Administration, and am living out of that van. I deserve it! I’m spiritually numb. Give it to me!

To settle him down, Jesse finally half-punches Joe.

**JESSE**

Ok, there you go, guy.

JOE, loving it, grabs the Treble trophy and whips it around like an obsessed man.

**JOE LO TRUGLIO**

Yes! Now hit me with the trophy! Use the sharp part!

Jesse stands there, speechless. Fat Amy, unable to help herself, CHARGES at JOE and grabs the trophy. Beca goes after her.

**FAT AMY**

The Kracken has been unleashed!

**BECA**

Oh boy.

She goes to hit JOE with the trophy. Beca lunges for her, grabbing part of the trophy.

**BECA (CONT’D)**

Noooo! Stop! Let go!

Beca and Fat Amy push and pull on the trophy. Finally Fat Amy lets go. By doing so, Beca can’t help but jerk the trophy back. A piece of it flies off, smashing the lobby window! Everyone looks on, stunned.

A police officer happens to be ticketing the Tone van right outside. When the window smashes, he looks up, right at Beca.
Beca is standing there red-handed. Everyone else comically darts in every direction.
EXT. POLICE STATION - LATE NIGHT

A proud Beca walks down the steps of the Police Station. Jesse is there, waiting with arms wide open.

JESSE
Hey Hillary Swank in Million Dollar Baby.

BECA
You just have to say “Million Dollar Baby.” You don’t have to reference the actress.

JESSE
I wanted to make sure you got it.

BECA
Thanks for bailing me out.

JESSE
I didn’t.

Jesse stops, gesturing down the way. ANGLE ON: DR. MITCHELL, standing outside of his car. Beca does a 180.

BECA
You called my dad?! Why?!

JESSE
They put you in handcuffs, Bec. It looked pretty serious --

BECA
That doesn’t mean you call my Dad!

(CONTINUED)
JESSE
What, do you have another parent I don’t know about?
(then, confused)
Why are you yelling at me? I’m the only one here.

BECA
I didn’t ask you to be.

Jesse reacts, stunned.

JESSE
I was trying to help.

BECA
I don’t want your help. You’re not my boyfriend!

Beca starts walking toward Dr. Mitchell. Jesse follows.

JESSE
Yeah, you’ve made that very clear.

BECA
(to Dr. Mitchell)
Dad, it’s not a big deal --

DR. MITCHELL
It is a big deal. I get a call in the middle of the night telling me my only daughter got arrested for destruction of property!

BECA
It was a misunderstanding. I was protecting my friends! Putting myself out there! “Making memories”!

DR. MITCHELL
If you think I’m paying for you to live in LA after you pull a stunt like this? Well, I’m not. Get in the car.

BECA
Wait, don’t you want to listen to what I have to say?

DR. MITCHELL
Not tonight I don’t.
Beca shoots Jesse daggers.

DR. MITCHELL (CONT’D)
Jesse gets shotgun.

INT. BECA’S DORM ROOM – NIGHT
The Bellas and Kimmy Jin are already there when a defeated Beca enters.

FAT AMY
Did they spray you with a hose?

CYNTHIA ROSE
Find yourself a bitch?

LILLY
I did a turn at county.

BECA
(touched)
You waited up for me?

CHLOE
Of course we waited up for you.

ANGLE ON: Beca, clearly moved by this gesture.

KIMMY JIN
(getting up)
They’ve been here for hours. It’s a real inconvenience, Beca.

Kimmy Jin exits. Aubrey blows the pitch pipe.

AUBREY
I’m calling an emergency Bella-meeting.

Beca rolls her eyes as the girls gather.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
First up? Our score sheet revealed that The Sockappellas almost beat us. We need to bust our asses if we’re going to make it to the Finals.
BECA
Or try a new approach...

aubrey
Enough with that, Beca.

Beca
Wait, listen, the reason why we almost lost to sock puppets is because they took a risk. Being good isn’t enough to win.

Cynthia Rose
Beca’s right. The Trebles never sing the same song twice.

Beca
The audience loves the Trebles. They tolerate us. Aubrey, we could seriously change the face of a cappella if you would just let me teach you my music!

(hearing herself)
That sounded so queerballs.

Subtle nods can be seen amongst the girls as Beca moves to her workstation and turns on her computer, keyboard, etc...

BECA (CONT’D)
Look, I’ve been working on this arrangement...

She starts playing the keyboard, and multi-tasking with her equipment. The music plays and the song gets more and more layered.

Chloe
I didn’t know you were into all this.

The rest react, intrigued. Finally, Aubrey SNAPS BECA’S COMPUTER SCREEN SHUT.

aubrey
You’ve caused enough distractions for one night. I have the pitch pipe, and I say we focus on the set list.

(to group, forceful)
From now on, we eat, sleep, and pee rehearsal. No more wasting our time with work, school, boyfriends ...

(MORE)
AUBREY (CONT’D)
(looks to Cynthia Rose)
Sorry, Cynthia Rose. Partners.

Cynthia Rose reacts, confused.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
Last year we were the first all-female group to get to the finals.
I promise you that I’ll get us back there again.

CHLOE
I don’t know. Maybe Beca --

Aubrey holds up the ‘Zip it’ gesture. Chloe cowers.

AUBREY
Let’s get started.

Aubrey marches out the door. The rest of the ladies follow her out. Beca just stands there, frustrated.

INT. CAMPUS RADIO STATION - DEEJAY BOOTH - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Luke is in the booth. Jesse is busy, working on the second level. Over the PA, we can hear Beca’s music. Beca, dressed in her performance attire, runs in, super-psyched!

BECA
Holy Crap, it’s my song!

Luke, unable to hear her, steps out of the booth.

BECA (CONT’D)
You’re finally playing it!

LUKE
(pointing up, re: music)
Tight Beats.

JESSE
I’ve always thought her beats were tight.

Beca and Luke loop up to Jesse on the second level. Then:

LUKE
This is a killer vocal track. The deejay at “The Garage” does a brilliant mix of this song as well but yours is better.

(CONTINUED)
LUKE
I’m going to hear her play tonight. You should come with and check her out.

BECA
Ugh, I can’t. I have this thing.

Luke takes in Beca’s outfit.

LUKE
Flight attendant training?

BECA
(smiles, sarcastic)
Yeah, it’s a three-year program. I learn how to distribute pretzels and wave goodbye.
(then)
No, I’m a Barden Bella. Tonight’s the semi-finals.

LUKE
Really? I would have never pinned you as one of those a cappella girls.

JESSE
That’s ‘cause you don’t know Becky like I do.
Jesse gets up and walks past Beca.

JESSE (CONT’D)  
(to Beca)  
See you tonight.

INT. BARDEN U. PERFORMING ARTS CENTER – SEMI-Finals – Night

ON STAGE: The Co-ed group, THE FOOTNOTES, are on stage, in vests. A pint-sized freshman prodigy, TIMOTHY, has the mic and rocks out to The Jackson 5’s, “Blame It On The Boogie.”

TIMOTHY  
BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE/  
BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE...

The Bellas watch from the wings next to Benji, who wears a P.A.’s headset and a Barden Performing Arts Center jacket.

BENJI  
Five minutes, Bellas.

The ladies are captivated by Timothy’s performance.

STACIE  
Where did he come from?

FAT AMY  
It’s over. The season’s over. We can’t beat The Footnotes and The Trebles.

CYNTHIA ROSE  
Wonder where they get their vests made?

Aubrey turns to Beca, who looks like she’s hatching a plan. She rallies the troops.

AUBREY  
Aca-huddle! Now! The top TWO teams go to the finals. We just have to beat one of them.  
(MORE)
If we do it exactly as we rehearsed, we’ll get there.  
(to Beca)

Exactly.

As The Footnotes finish performing, TIMOTHY BOWS SEVERAL TIMES. BACKSTAGE: The ladies circle up to do “Hands in.” It’s still a struggle.

GAIL (O.C.)
That little peanut can sing!

JOHN (O.C.)
He sure can. Sounds like his boys haven’t dropped, if you know what I mean.

GAIL
If you mean his testicles, then yes. Yes I do, John. We all do. The Barden Bellas are up next.

As the Bellas takes the stage, ANGLE ON: Beca, looking out into the audience. The ladies begin “The Sign.”

CHLOE
RAMBOON NA BOO YEAH!/I, I GOTTA NEW LIFE, YOU WOULD HARDLY RECOGNIZE...

JOHN
And in true Bella style the ladies are sticking with what they know.

AUBREY
AND IT OPENED UP MY EYES...

Beca’s eyes bounce from the low-energy audience, to the judges, to the audience. Finally, she makes a decision. From the back of the line and much to the Bellas’s surprise, Beca pipes in with La Roux’s, “Bulletproof.” It matches perfectly. Aubrey shoots her a look.

JOHN/GAIL
Whoa./Boom!

GAIL
This. Is. Different.

Beca’s “mash-up” revitalizes the audience. The judges lean forward. ANGLE ON: Luke, impressed. It’s awesome, until flustered, Aubrey flubs up a little choreography.

(CONTINUED)
JOHN
You know, it’s so important at these competitions to remember that it’s just a friendly collegiate contest and we’re all just out here to have fun.

GAIL
So true, John. But a misstep here can haunt you for the rest of your life and affect your children.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - POST BELLAS PERFORMANCE

The Trebles sit around, goofing off, as the next group can be heard on stage. A beat. An obviously upset Aubrey flings the backstage door open. The rest of the Bellas amble in behind her.

AUBREY
What the hell, Beca, were you trying to screw us up?

BECA
Are you serious?

The Trebles, including Jesse, stop to listen.

AUBREY
This isn’t the Beca show!

BECA
Hey, in case you hadn’t noticed everyone pretty much dozed off during our set!

AUBREY
It’s not up to you to decide what we do and when we do it. Why don’t you ask the rest of the group how they felt about your little improvisation?

The gang shuffles awkwardly for a beat, saying nothing.

BECA
(frustrated)
Fat Amy?

(CONTINUED)
FAT AMY
  I mean, it was cool and all, but...
  I guess it sorta took us a little by surprise.

The other girls mumble reluctant agreement.

AUBREY
  A lot by surprise.
  (to Chloe)
  I told you she wasn’t a Bella.

CHLOE
  Aubrey, don’t --

BECA
  It’s okay, Chloe. I mean...
  (sarcastic)
  You don’t actually think you have a say in the group, do you?

AUBREY
  Your attitude sucks, you’re a Grade-A pain in the ass, and I know you’re hooking up with Jesse!

Hearing his name, Jesse crosses over and chimes in.

JESSE
  Aubrey, calm down. She’s not. I swear.

BECA
  God, Jesse! You are always trying to help me! I don’t need helping!
  Just get out of my face!

Jesse throws his hands up in the air, “I’m done.” Benji enters from backstage.

BENJI
  Trebles? Time to bring the pain.

The Trebles head for the door, save for Bumper. Beca looks at Aubrey and the ladies. There’s a sense that it’s them versus her.

BECA
  (breaking down)
  Man, this is what I get for trying!
  You know what? I’m done.

(CONTINUED)
Beca tears off her scarf and goes. ANGLE ON: Bumper, who starts a slow movie-clap.

BUMPER
Now that was a performance.

FAT AMY
Oh, I will eat you.

INT. BACKSTAGE SCENE DOCK - MOMENTS LATER
An upset Beca blows past Benji.

BENJI
Beca?

Benji starts to follow but stops when he notices TIMOTHY being picked up by his mom. Benji clocks the mom’s tote bag that reads: MY CHILD IS AN HONOR STUDENT AT JFK HIGH SCHOOL.

INT. BECA’S DORM ROOM - LATER
Beca, still dressed as a Bella, enters to find a bunch of Koreans playing Wii on Kimmy’s bed.

She catches sight of herself in her closet mirror, and makes a decision. She takes out her phone and sends a text, CLOSING her closet door.

The closet door OPENS to REVEAL Beca, now dressed to the nines. Behind her, even more Koreans play animated Wii in the middle of her room. Beca ducks around them and out the door.

EXT. CLUB - THE GARAGE - NIGHT
Luke is there waiting with a BOUNCER.

LUKE
Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)
BECA
(a little emotional)
I’m so done with those girls.

Luke nods, then turns to the bouncer.

LUKE
She’s with me.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - LOUNGE AREA

Luke and Beca stand close to each other, holding beers.

BECA
(Over the music)
I can’t believe how much time I wasted on that silly a cappella shit!

LUKE
Maybe it’s good you’re done with that.

BECA
(re: DJ booth)
Yeah, I’d rather be up there anyway. This music is dope!

LUKE
Yeah, right? You have good taste.

BECA
(blushing)
Thanks.

Luke picks up on Beca’s energy and realizes he needs to say something. He leads Beca across the floor and waves up to DJ CJ who flirts back.

BECA (CONT’D)
You know her?

LUKE
Yeah, she’s my girlfriend. I’m sure I mentioned her before.

BECA
No.

(CONTINUED)
They take seats in the lounge, off the dance floor. Beca’s deflated. Luke takes this in. Then:

LUKE
Hey, spring break, at the station, take the night shift. Play your own stuff. Whatever you want. The place is all yours, Becky.

A beat.

BECA
Thanks. You know my name’s actually Beca.

LUKE
What?

BECA
My name. It’s Beca. Not Becky.

LUKE
That’s weird. Why didn’t you say anything?

BECA
I really don’t know.

An awkward beat between them.

BECA (CONT’D)
Hey, why’d you finally decide to play my music?

LUKE
I listened to it, and I thought it was solid.
(a beat)
Plus, Jesse wouldn’t stop bothering me about it. That kid is relentless.

Beca takes this in, “Jesse.”

LUKE (CONT’D)
(gesturing to the booth)
Alright, I’m gonna go hang. You can take care of yourself for a bit, yeah?

BECA
Oh, uh, sure. I’m good.
Luke heads for the booth where he kisses DJ CJ. PUSH IN on Beca, once again all alone.

OMIT

Aubrey, stone-faced, eyes the "Finals Rehearsal Plan" that hangs on the wall. A beat. Then, she rips it down, hits the lights and exits, slamming the door behind her.
INT. BECA’S DORM ROOM:

Kimmy Jin exits with beach gear. Beca watches out her window as cars pull away for Spring Break. Kimmy Jin gets in one with a bunch of friends and drives off, leaving Beca by herself.

EXT. BARDEN UNIVERSITY - VARIOUS - SPRING BREAK

Empty shots of campus. The school is deserted.

EXT. RADIO STATION:

Beca arrives to an empty station.

Beca enters the booth and sits at the console.

A CAPPELLA HEADQUARTERS:

Benji, envelope in hand, knocks on a door marked “I.C.C.A.: International Championship of Collegiate A Capella.”

OMIT 82 & 83

JESSE’S CHILDHOOD HOME:

Jesse enters to his parent’s embrace, Regionals trophy in hand. Jesse looks clearly depressed. They won’t let go.

RADIO STATION BOOTH:

Beca’s alone at the console, surprisingly unsatisfied. She thumbs through a binder full of CD’s and lands on the soundtrack to “The Breakfast Club.” CLOSE ON Beca, the wheels turning.
BECA’S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Beca, fighting back tears, wears her headphones. ANGLE ON: Her computer. It’s the ending to “The Breakfast Club.”

INT. TIMOTHY’S HOME/LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Timothy, from The Footnotes, enters. His jaw drops. From TIMOTHY’S POV: Gail, looking authoritative, sits next to Timothy’s mother. CLOSE ON: Timothy. Oh, shit.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Aubrey works out and reads, “The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People.” Her cell rings. She answers it.

AUBREY
This is Aubrey Posen.

Aubrey gets the good news and remains poised.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
Thank you, sir. I look forward to seeing you again at Lincoln Center.

She hangs up and then jumps up and down.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
HELLLLLL YESSSSSSSSS!!!!

CLOSE UP

On a cell phone buzzing. A hand picks it up. We see Chloe lying in a hospital bed, reading a text. She cries like she’s at a funeral. The heart monitor she’s connected to beeps faster.

CLOSE UP

On a vibrating cell phone in the arm of an inflatable pool raft. A hand picks it up. WIDE TO REVEAL: Fat Amy, lying on the raft, totally chilled, surrounded by HOT GUYS and GIRLS in a clearly exotic locale.

FAT AMY
Zut alors!
CLOSE UP

On a cell phone being pulled out of a pair of tight jeans. REVEAL: Lilly, in a parking garage, watching a "Rap Battle." She puts her finger to her ear to listen.

CLOSE UP

On a vibrating cell phone resting on a poker table. REVEAL: Cynthia Rose playing poker in an underground poker game. She reads the text, then moves a large pile of chips.

CYNTHIA ROSE
I’m all in.

CLOSE UP

On a text coming through on Beca’s cell phone. We see Beca with her headphones on, surrounded by all the movies Jesse has mentioned.

INT. BELLAS REHEARSAL ROOM - POST SPRING BREAK

The ladies slap high fives and give congratulations. Fat Amy picks everyone up, squeezing each girl a little too hard.

AUBREY
The aca-gods have looked down on us and given us a second chance.

FAT AMY
Shalom!

AUBREY
Let’s get working.
CHLOE
(chest out)
I texted Beca.

AUBREY
You did what?!

CHLOE
She makes us better.

AUBREY
That’s not an opinion for you to have, Chloe.

CHLOE
Why? Because it’s different than yours? You’re not always right, you know.

The ladies react, sensing the tension.

FAT AMY
So what now?

AUBREY
We win without her.

Aubrey blows the pitch pipe and we CUT TO:

EXT. JESSE AND BENJI’S DORM – HALLWAY – SAME TIME
Beca knocks on the door.

BECA
Jesse, I know you’re in there. I can smell the popcorn.

EXT. JESSE AND BENJI’S DORM – SAME TIME
Jesse, alone, lays on his bed, watching a movie.

BECA
Jesse, c’mon. Open the door.

He begrudgingly gets up and opens the door.

BECA (CONT’D)
I’ve been trying to call you. I left you a bunch of messages.

(CONTINUED)
(trying to stay strong)
Yeah. I got em’.

An awkward beat.

BECA
I’m sorry we fought. I was mad and I overreacted. It’s just, Aubrey drives me --

JESSE
-- Seriously? You think I’m mad you yelled at me?

BECA
I know --

JESSE
No you don’t know. You think you know, but you don’t. You push away anyone who could possibly care about you. Why is that?

Beca reacts, hurt, but takes this in.

BECA
(shrugs, quietly)
I don’t know.

JESSE
Well, you better go figure it out, because I’m done with (gestures to the two of them)
Whatever this is.

BECA
Jesse --

JESSE
Done!

Jesse closes the door on Beca, leaving her in the hall. Just then, Benji comes out of a box full of swords. Jesse grabs his jacket.

BENJI
Word.

JESSE
Yeah.
INT. TREBLE HOUSE - LATER

The Trebles are there, hanging out in the hot tub. It’s a tight fit and not gay in any way.

DONALD
Who do you think would make a better dad? Captain America or a great white shark?

Bumper enters.

BUMPER
Trebles, listen up.

DONALD
If this is about the Bellas getting into the finals, we already know.

BUMPER
I don’t give a crap about those bitches. I’m being brought up to the musical big leagues.

Jesse enters.

BUMPER (CONT’D)
I just got asked to sing back-up on the new John Mayer album. I leave tomorrow for Los Angeles.

KOLIO
But, dude, what about the ICCA’s? They’re this weekend.

BUMPER
Sorry, buddies. I won that shit like a hundred times. I’m out of here. I gotta go buy myself a collarless leather jacket.

Bumper strides out. Unicycle gets worked up.

UNICYCLE
Bumper’s a jerk. There, I said it!

DONALD
Well, we need to replace that jerk. Pronto dente.

Jesse gets an idea.
INT. JESSE AND BENJI’S DORM ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Benji stands in front of his mirror. He SNAPS his fingers and makes a dove appear from underneath a handkerchief. Jesse enters, all smiles, and holds up a brown hood. It stops Benji in his tracks.

JESSE
A spot opened up, and it’s yours if you want it.

Benji’s eyes well up with tears.

JESSE (CONT’D)
Just one condition. Promise me you won’t get all weird. We’re just a group of guys singing covers of songs. If you’re weird, they won’t let you stay.

BENJI
Deal. Although I’m not so sure what you mean by weird.

The dove lands on his shoulder.

BENJI (CONT’D)
Got it.

INT. BELLAS REHEARSAL ROOM – SEVERAL HOURS LATER

The ladies look frustrated and tired. Aubrey is on a tear.

AUBREY
What is happening to us? Chloe, you sound like you smoke three packs a day. Stacie, you’re behind on the choreography. And Jessica and Ashley, it’s like you haven’t even been around all year!

Jessica and Ashley, who we’ve barely seen, look at each other and shrug.

FAT AMY
Aubrey, give us a break. It’s not the same when we’re not all here.
CYNTHIA ROSE
We need Beca.

CHLOE
Maybe if Aubrey loosened up the reins --

AUBREY
Shut it, Chloe!

STACIE
Whoa.

AUBREY
I’m sorry. That was rude. Chloe, could you please get your head out of your ass? It’s not a hat.

FAT AMY
Awww, dip!

EXT. DR. MITCHELL’S HOUSE – NEXT MORNING

Beca knocks on a door. It opens, revealing Dr. Mitchell.

BECA
I need you.

He smiles. We JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK – LATER

BECA
No one’s more surprised than me, but I liked those weirdos.

Dr. Mitchell gets up to freshen his coffee.

DR. MITCHELL
And you thought quitting was the answer? After you made a commitment to them?

BECA
Oh, you’re going to talk to me about the sanctity of commitments?

DR. MITCHELL
C’mon, Bec. That’s unfair.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)
You left us. Me.

(nods, owning it)
I did. Not my finest moment. But I tried to call you. I even learned how to text, but you just shut me out.

Yeah, well, I pretty much shut the whole world out. Don’t take it personally.

Dr. Mitchell smiles. She’s letting him in.

Sometimes it’s just easier.

But it’s also really lonely.

This hits Beca.

Look, your mom and I... we didn’t work. So I made a really hard decision. But Beca, leaving you was one of the saddest days of my life. I should have...

Well, I’m trying to make up for it now. Which is probably why I’ve been so stingy about you going to LA. So if that’s what you still want, I’ll support you.

Beca puts her head in her hands.

What do I do?

That’s up to you. This is one of those hard decisions. But, speaking from personal experience, if you’re going to leave something you care about behind, make sure you do it the right way.

Beca nods, “Okay.”

(CONTINUED)
DR. MITCHELL (CONT’D)
You know I’m proud of you, right?

BECA
Proud? Of me?

DR. MITCHELL
Yes, proud of you, ya weirdo.

A beat.

BECA
Do we have to hug now?

DR. MITCHELL
Yes. Yes we do.

They hug. Beca, grateful to have her dad uses BOTH ARMS.

INT. BELLAS REHEARSAL ROOM - LATER

The ladies are still in the middle of a heated argument.

FAT AMY
I joined this group so I could hang with a bunch of broads I thought I could trust. But this is some horseshit. I don’t want to be like those girls on the wall.

CYNTHIA ROSE
Yeah! I want to be who we are now.

LILLY
Me too!

CHLOE
We should have listened to Beca.

AUBREY
Oh, so it’s my fault.

CHLOE
No, that’s not what I’m saying --

AUBREY
Well that’s what you’re all thinking, right? I’m the jerk. The girl obsessed with winning!

Aubrey recoils and covers her mouth.

(CONTINUED)
CHLOE
You’re too controlling, Aubrey! It’s ruining us!

AUBREY
Hey, I can lose control if I want to! I can let go! This time I’m not going to choke it down!

Aubrey puts her hand on her stomach and digs deep.

STACIE
Been there before -- wait, what are you talking about?

CYNTHIA ROSE
I think she’s gonna hurl!

AUBREY
Here it comes!

Aubrey HURLS all over the floor. A beat of shock.

CHLOE
We could be champions!!

The hurling lasts for a crazy long period of time, most of it dry. Aubrey’s body convulses. A beat. Then, Chloe LUNGES for the pitch pipe in Aubrey’s hands.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
Give me the pipe, you bitch!

AUBREY
Never!

Fat Amy tries to break them up by picking up Aubrey.

AUBREY (CONT’D)
Let go of me, butterball!

FAT AMY
Now you must die!

Fat Amy manhandles Aubrey. Lilly JUMPS on Fat Amy’s back and mumbles. Cynthia Rose turns to Stacie.

CYNTHIA ROSE
Don’t worry. I’ll protect you.

She puts her hand directly on Stacie’s breast. Stacie PULLS out her Barden rape whistle and blows it.
CYNTHIA ROSE (CONT’D)
No! False alarm! Nobody likes that!

Cynthia Rose tackles Stacie, trying to pull the whistle from her mouth. The rest of the ladies jump in, wrestling without hitting. It’s complete mayhem.

BECA (O.C.)
GUYS! GUYS! GUYS, STOP!

They all FREEZE then turn to find Beca standing at the door.

BECA (CONT’D)
What the hell’s going on in here?

AUBREY
Nothing.
(wiping vomit off herself)
This is a Bellas rehearsal.

BECA
I know...

Beca steps in the room as the ladies regroup.

BECA (CONT’D)
Okay, here goes. I blew it. What I did was a dick move. I should never have changed up our set without asking the group, and I should never have walked out. I let you guys down, and I’m sorry. Aubrey, if you’ll have me, I want back in.

All eyes on a stone-faced Aubrey. Beca turns to leave, then looks back. Nothing. As she walks, she GRABS a chair and SCRAPES it across the floor. Right before she exits...

AUBREY
Wait.

Beca turns around.

BECA
Thank you. That would have been embarrassing.

AUBREY
I know I’ve been hard on you, Beca. On everybody. But I’m my father’s daughter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
And he always said, “If at first you don’t succeed, pack your bags.”

The ladies react, “that’s rough.”

BECA
I get it. Mine gets on me, too.

AUBREY
I got scared. There’s so many of you and Chloe is... um...

CHLOE
I don’t know if you guys know this but I can be emotionally unstable!

BECA
Yeah, I would have guessed that. But there’s other stuff about you that I don’t know. About any of you really?

The ladies looks around, “Do we?” Stacie stands.

STACIE
Well I’ll share something about myself that none of you know.

Everyone perks up, interested.

STACIE (CONT’D)
I have a lot of sex.

FAT AMY
No duh, Stacie. [Alt: uh doi]

BECA
Wait, this is a good idea. That was a terrible example but a good idea. Let’s go around the room. Everyone say something about yourself that no one knows.

Cynthia Rose stands.

CYNTHIA ROSE
Okay, I have something. This is hard for me to admit to you guys.

FAT AMY
I think we know where this is going.
CYNTHIA ROSE
For the last two years... I... have had a serious gambling problem.

ALL
(genuinely shocked)
What?!

CYNTHIA ROSE
It started when I broke up with my girlfriend.

FAT AMY
There it is!

LILLY
I ate my twin in the womb.

They all react, pretty sure they heard her but pretending they didn’t.

BECA
Okay, I’ll go. I... was nominated for a Tony when I was twelve.
[several alts]

The ladies applaud. Aubrey stands, closes her eyes and blurts out --

AUBREY
I’ve been in love with Unicycle for four years now.

ALL
What?!

AUBREY
I never acted on it because of the oath. But I’ve wanted him ever since we met at Clown Camp.

BECA
Aubrey! You and Uni should be together if that’ll make you happy. And forget that stupid oath.

AUBREY
But --

CHLOE
Aubrey. Let it go.

Aubrey nods, sits next to Chloe and mouths, “I’m sorry.”

(CONTINUED)
BECA
Fat Amy?

FAT AMY
I’m an open book. For God sakes, you all call me Fat Amy. If I’m not being honest, I’m not living.
(then, a beat)
My real name is Fat Patricia.

CHLOE
(stands, overly dramatic)
My turn. Over spring break, I made the courageous decision to remove my nodes. The doctors tell me I can’t sing for five weeks.

ALL
What?!

CHLOE
(breaking down)
I thought. The season. Was over.

Aubrey looks around the room.

AUBREY
FUBAR. It’s time for the nuclear option. Beca?
(re: ladies)
How are we doing this?

Aubrey hands Beca the pitch pipe. Beca beams.

BECA
(re: puke)
Okay, but not here.

INT. EMPTY SWIMMING POOL - LATER
The ladies stand inside the empty swimming pool. Beca leads them.

BECA
We’re going to remix this shit. Aubrey, pick a song.

AUBREY
Beca blows the pitch pipe. She conducts the group, having each lady use their mouth to sing the instruments. She points to Aubrey to sing the lyrics. After a couple of verses, Beca jumps in singing Nelly’s “Just A Dream.” It mashes up, perfectly and they sound better than ever. In the moment, the ladies improvise downbeats, counterbeats, feet stomping, etc... The song ends, ringing out of the pool. A beat.

Aubrey
Hands in!

Ten fists meet in the middle of the huddle.

THE BELLAS
One, two --

They do it right for the first time.

ALL
(Mariah Carey-type note) (Barry White-type note)
AHHH! AHHHH!

FAT AMY
What was that?

CHLOE
I don’t know. I’ve never made a sound like that before.

CYNTHIA ROSE
With your messed up vocal chords, you can hit the lower register!

Aubrey
Do you know what that means?

Lilly raises her hand.

Aubrey (Cont’d)
Yes, Lilly.

They all lean in.

Lilly
I think I have something that can help us.

(Continued)
The acoustics of the pool allow Lilly to be clearly heard for the first time. Lilly smiles, proud.

**FAT AMY**
Geez bitch, you don’t have to shout!

**103 EXT./INT. LINCOLN CENTER – THE ICCA FINALS – NIGHT**

On stage, the Bedfellows perform, “Final Countdown.”

**BEDFELLOWS**
IT’S THE FINAL COUNTDOWN!

**HULLABAHOOOS (CONT’D)**
DAH-NA-NAH-NAH/DA-NAH-NAH-NAH...
(song continues)

**JOHN (V.O)**
Welcome to the finals of the 2012 International Championship of Collegiate A Cappella.

We see a sold out AUDIENCE. DR. MITCHELL and his nebbishy wife, SHEILA, happily take their seats. In the ORCHESTRA PIT, Gail and John are in rare form.

**JOHN**
If you cut through all the “aca” politics, the finals at Lincoln Center is a beautiful thing. Isn’t that right, Gail?

**GAIL**
John. If being correct was a crime, I’d visit you on death row.

**104 INT. BACKSTAGE – CONTINUOUS**

The camera PANS ACROSS other a cappella groups warming up. [GREEN ENVY, GLISSANDO...]. As the Trebles make their way to places, Jesse passes Beca.

**Beca**
Good luck, Jess.

Jesse doesn’t turn around, ignoring her.

**BEDFELLOWS (O.C.)**
THE FINAL COUNTDOWN!

The audience cheers and the Bedfellows exit. The Trebles run on stage. Jesse plays the iPhone pitch pipe and they begin with Flo Rida’s “Right Round.” It’s very entertaining.

(CONTINUED)
The audience loves it. ANGLE ON: A GIRL in the audience, fainting. TRANSITION TO: The Trebles sing The Cars, “Magic.”

THE TREBLES
OH OH IT’S MAGIC/OH OH IT’S TRUE...

Within the song, Benji steps forward and PULLS a dove out of his jacket. Then, makes it disappear again. Jesse steps up.

JESSE
... BUT I BET YOU DIDN’T THINK THAT THEY WOULD COME CRASHING DOWN...

At some point, Donald changes the downbeat.

TREBLES
(a la Britney Spears)
HIT ME BABY ONE MORE TIME --

Donald shifts it back into “Cry Me...” Jesse vocally improvises around the chorus.

JESSE
CRY ME A RIVER-ER/CRY ME A...

The place goes BANANAS.

INT. BACKSTAGE OF LINCOLN CENTER – CONTINUOUS

Beca peeks through the curtain, sees Kimmy Jin and a large GROUP OF KOREANS. Beca scans the audience, spots her dad with Sheila, smiles, and takes her place within the Bellas.

Beca takes in the group’s new, edgier, “Beca-ish” look: black button down shirt, black capri pants, heels, and the Bellas’ signature red scarf. Beca puts her hand out.

BECA
I love you awesome nerds.

FAT AMY
(psychéd)
Yeah! You bunch of dicks! [alt: douche-b’s]

Everyone laughs.
Last to perform, The Bellas are now on stage, looking hot!

JOHN
The Bellas are putting on a short skirt and asking for it tonight.

ANGLE ON: The Trebles, sitting in the front row of the audience. Jesse feigns disinterest by looking at his playbill. ON STAGE: Beca blows the pitch pipe.

BECA
One, two, three, four...

The Bellas begins with Jessie J’s “Pricetag” -

CYNTHIA ROSE/STACIE
IT’S NOT ABOUT THE MONEY, MONEY, MONEY/WE JUST WANNA MAKE THE WORLD DANCE/FORGET ABOUT THE PRICE TAG

TRANSITION TO: Beca at the mic. A blinding spotlight shines only on her as she sings, “Don’t You Forget About Me.” FROM BECA’S POV: Jesse, seated in the audience.

BECA
WILL YOU RECOGNIZE ME/CALL MY NAME OR WALK ON BY

Jesse, hearing the song, drops his playbill.

BECA (CONT’D)
RAIN KEEPS FALLING/RAIN KEEPS FALLING

Teary-eyed and vulnerable, Beca sings right to Jesse. The look on his face says it all. ANGLE ON: Dr. Mitchell, taking Beca in, proud of his little girl. Lights up on Bellas.

THE BELLAS
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, DOWN/DON’T DON’T DON’T DON’T

DON’T YOU FORGET ABOUT ME

At some point, the girls raise their fists in honor of “The Breakfast Club” ending. The audience laughs. TRANSITION TO: Chloe at the mic. Bellas clumps together.

THE BELLAS
DO DAH DO DAH DUM DUM/DO DAH DO DAH DUM DUM...(repeating)

(CONTINUED)
AUBREY

LYING IN MY BED I HEAR THE
CLOCK TICK AND THINK OF
YOU/CAUGHT UP IN CIRCLES
CONFUSION IS NOTHING
NEW/FLASHBACK, WARM
NIGHT/ALMOST LEFT
BEHIND/SUITCASE OF MEMORIES/
TIME AFTER SOOOOOME TIIIIIME.

JOHN

Well, Gail. Looks like
Divisi’s keeping the house
turned down low for their
final number.

GAIL

John, if right was sick, you’d be
in the ICU, with dozens of tubes
keeping you alive.

ALL

TIME AFTER TIME...

A beat of silence. Then, Lilly busts out some hard-core
beatboxing skills and the crowd cheers! Chloe, with her
“new” sound, adds a killer bass.

JOHN/GAIL

Whoa!/Boom!

The ladies perform a “mash-up” of songs we’ve heard
throughout the movie with a few new ones scattered in.

We CUT TO Gail and John, krump-dancing. The Bellas
breathlessly hits their final pose.

ANGLE ON: The audience on their feet, cheering! The ladies
take it all in. Aubrey winks at Uni. Stacie grabs a pitted-out
Cynthia Rose’s outstretched hand. Beca looks out at
Jesse. Unable to help himself, Jesse JUMPS on stage and
KISSES her! More applause!

JESSE

I told you you’d get all squidy and
drape yourself all over me!

She rolls her eyes, laughs, and they kiss again.

INT. AUDITIONS - SIX MONTHS LATER

TITLE CARD: SIX MONTHS LATER

An empty stage. TOMMY enters with his clipboard.

(CONTINUED)
TOMMY
Listen up aca-ballers, I’ve been rejected by the army, shoved into a Dora backpack, and pushed into the girl’s locker room wearing nothing but suspenders. But no matter. I am in the world that I love. So, with the assistance of my boy, Justin -

JUSTIN
- My liege.

TOMMY
- I launch this year’s auditions.
  (applause)
And as a tribute to our most recent ICCA national champions, their team leaders will pick the audition song. Bellas?

ANGLE ON: Beca and Fat Amy sit in the chairs that Aubrey and Chloe previously occupied. They smile to each other.

Beca
Alright nerds, let’s go with ...

We hard cut to black as the End Credits song kicks in.

CREDITS ROLL. THE END.