



Scripts.com

Pitch Perfect 2

By Kay Cannon

Welcome back,
a cappella enthusiasts.
My name is John Smith,
and sitting here to my left
is Gail
Abernathy-McCadden-Feinberger.
This one's gonna stick, John.
Well, you saved the Jew for last.
I did. I did.
You're listening to
Let's Talk-Appella,
the world's premiere
downloadable a cappella podcast.
We are coming to you live
from the nation's capital,
where the
Barden University Bellas
are about to rock
the historic Kennedy Center.
Boy, these girls
have broken down
every single barrier in their
path, haven't they, Gail?
Absolutely, John.
The first all-female group
to win a national title,
three-time defending champs,
and now, here they are,
performing for the President of the
United States on his birthday.
Wow! What an inspiration
to girls all over the country who
are too ugly to be cheerleaders.
Here's Beca Mitchell,
leader of the group.
Look at these
sequins and sparkles.
My! Their feet
just don't stop moving.
Florencia Fuentes just
earned her green card, John.
She may have to do that backflip
right back over
the fence into Mexico.

I think she's Guatemalan.
None of that matters.
There is so much
happening on stage,
I don't even know where to look.
Back in my day, we put on our
blazers and we just sang.
We maybe snapped our fingers
if we were feeling frisky.
Whoa! Another surprise!
An overweight girl
dangling from the ceiling.
Who hasn't had that dream?
Lots of us.
No!
Okay, she has no underwear on.
My God.
We have a commando situation.
There is a commando
situation on stage!
Who is on top of this?
- What kind of person...
- Holy cow!
- Take her back up. She's turning.
- Pull her up already!
She's turning. Brace yourselves.
No.
She's coming. She's coming!
Avert your eyes, or take it all in!
Make your choice!
Not the front! Nobody
wants to see the front!
No!
Happy birthday, Mr. President.
The Australian singer
who calls herself "Fat Amy"
gave the President a birthday
gift from down under
during last night's celebration
held at the historic
Kennedy Center.
In case you're wondering what
I mean by "down under," Chip,
I'm talking about her.

She showed her to the President.
All eyes were on the a cappella
singers, the Barden Bellas.
Three-time defending
a cappella national champions,
which is a real thing,
apparently.
Although authorities have ruled
out terrorism as a motive,
the Bellas claim the mishap
was merely an accident
and issued an apology.
I am deeply sorry for the
upset that I have caused.
I feel that I have already
received punishment enough
in the form of silk burn.
Exhibit C.
No, no, no!
It's filth.
Women who sing
are just another example
of cultural decay,
due to loose morals.
Not wearing underwear
seems kind of intentional to me.
Yeah, you either choose to wear
underwear, or you don't wear underwear.
It's a choice I make every day.
You know, until today,
I thought singing a cappella
was the most embarrassing
thing you could do.
Normally,
that group is on point,
and last night,
they were off-point,
off-key, and then on the floor.
It's a national disgrace.
Yeah, but I'd rather be in that
limo ride home
with the President.
Cut to the real President,
he'd be like,

"That was off
the hook!"
Chloe, chill out.
It was a mistake.
They're not gonna
burn us for witchcraft.
No, but the National
A Cappella Association
is in there talking
to the dean about us,
and who knows
what's gonna happen?
We won three championships.
Whatever happens in there,
we're gonna be fine.
Maybe it's time to
think about other stuff.
What other stuff?
You know, school, jobs, life.
This group is my life.
I've intentionally failed
Russian Lit three times
so I could be a Bella.
This is the worst thing that's
ever happened to us. Even.
You know,
before coming to Barden,
I had diarrhea for seven years.
But yes, this is terrible.
The dean is ready
for you tramps.
On, jeez.
Ladies,
you have dragged the good name
of Barden University
into the gutter.
And you've really
upset these people
whose names
I've already forgotten.
Your little southern exposure in
front of our Commander-in-Chief
has irreparably damaged the
entire institution of a cappella.

Just blew it up.
Funding is drying up,
sponsors are pulling out.
Unfortunately,
an example must be made.
It is the decision
of this governing body
that the Bellas
are hereby suspended
- from competing at the collegiate level.
- What?
The terms of your suspension
are laid out in this document.
I'm sorry, but it's over. Hi.
Okay, can we be reasonable?
Fat Amy apologized.
This was an accident.
Was it?
You're taking us off
of our victory tour?
Who's gonna sing the national
anthem at the Puppy Bowl?
You're being replaced
by the European champions.
A German group
of total professionals.
In other words, they're gonna
keep their pants on.
So we can't defend our title
and we can't tour?
And you can't
hold any auditions.
We don't need your ranks
to grow like a fungus.
So that's it, then?
So, basically,
the Bellas are over?
Look, ladies,
I'm sorry that this disciplinary
action has shocked you.
Especially since
you're all seniors.
But the truth is,
you're just women.

No.
And you'll all be pregnant soon.
Mom, I'm late.
It's orientation.
You gotta let me go.
I can't.
I just can't do it.
Mom, you can do it.
My only daughter,
leaving the nest.
If you leave me now.
You'll take away
the biggest part of me.
Mom. You want me to stop?
Or I could keep singing!
No, I don't know
how I'm gonna get by
without your
spontaneous singing.
Honey, you're gonna
love this place.
Just promise you'll call.
And, honey, don't be
afraid to express yourself.
And not with those weird buttons
they wear in their earlobes.
Unless you're gonna get a job...
Mom, slow down.
I'm not gonna do anything crazy.
I'm just gonna write my songs
and join an a cappella group.
Not just any a cappella group.
The Bellas are an institution.
My days as a Bella
were the best...
Best days of your life.
I know.
And I can't wait to be one.
Unless they don't take me, Mom.
No, honey,
they're gonna take you.
Thanks to me,
you were born into it.
And then I'm gonna

be your mother...
And your sister.
Gross. Okay.
All right,
the next phase of my life
begins.
Hold on.
There is nothing in here that
strips us of our national title.
And if we're still
reigning champs,
then we are automatically
invited to represent America
at the World Championships
this spring.
Yes, the World
Championships of A Cappella,
where, every four years,
groups from around the globe
compete for world domination.
I'm sorry. I just feel like I
always have to be on, you know.
Yeah. Yeah.
Well, look, ladies,
we can't stop you from going
to the Worlds competition.
It's not gonna
help your case here.
Not at all.
What if We Win it?
What if you Win it?
Like, you...
You out-perform
the other groups?
How do you fit such big
dreams in such a small body?
What if you win it?
Never.
What if you win it?
- Yeah. If we win, will you reinstate us?
- Sure.
But no American team
has ever won.
That's because they hate us.

The whole world.
The whole world hates us.
Hate us.
Hello, fresh-persons!
Welcome to Barden University!
Okay! The Barden Knight.
Okay, get off the stage. No one
cares about you. All right.
You have made a great choice,
and a cheap one.
Yay, Barden!
We have a very special
performance for you guys today.
The pride and joy
of Barden University,
the Treblamakers!
Thank you!
Thank you, thank you.
We are the Treblemakers.
I'm Jesse,
and this is a cappella.
Let's do this!
Hey yo, Trebles!
Someone drop some bass.
Now I need some baritone.
All right!
My God!
My God! On, my God;
Chloe, don't blame yourself.
My God!
You're a ginger.
That's punishment enough.
This is not all your fault.
This is on all of us.
So, if we don't win the
Worlds, then what are we?
Just a bunch of girls
that hang out?
What's wrong with that?
If we don't win, the Bellas are over.
This is the biggest challenge
that any of us have ever faced.
When I was nine years old, my brother
tried to sell me for a chicken, so...

Well, I will do whoever it takes
in order for us
to get back to the top.
You mean "whatever" it takes.
Yeah, I'll do that, too.
That's great news. Yes.
No, I can start Monday. I would
be stoked to start on...
Sorry, I don't say "stoked."
I don't say stuff like that.
I'm, like, I'm pretty cool.
You're gonna like me.
That was bad, too.
We need to attack
this problem head-on.
I want 100% commitment
and laser focus, right?
Great! I will see you Monday.
Beca out!

Beca. BECA:

Hey, ladies.
Wanna come to a party?
It's a tiki party. You guys
don't even have to wear shoes.
It's the best kind of party.
Here you go. Sure.
Hey, great job, Trebles.
You guys killed it.
Thank you.
You like a cappella? Yeah.
I've got my heart set
on being a Bella.
It's actually at the very top
of all my dream boards.
Did I hear mention of dreams?
Hi. Benjamin Applebaum
at your service. Hello.
I just have to say,
you are so spirited. I...
I just wanna put you in a box
and saw you in half.
For magic.
As a part of a trick.

He does magic.
Right. It's only weird
if you don't embrace it.
Dude, explain yourself.
I'll be honest, I completely blacked out.
How'd I do, man?
Honestly?
I've seen you do worse.
Awesome.
It's been months and
we're still getting hate mail?
Sucks!
"For your hairy situation"?
Okay,
we are officially registered.
Update your passports, ladies,
because we are going
to the very sunny,
very beautiful, Copenhagen!
Yeah! Nice! Yes!
Where is that?
I don't know. I failed Maps.
It looks like the competition
has been dominated
by that stupid German group
that took over our tour.
- You mean "stole" our tour.
- Word.
We need to scout
those Deutsche-bags.
Yes.
But how good can they be?
Germany hasn't produced a good
singer since David Hasselhoff.
We're gonna crush them.
And when we do,
we can stick it to these chumps
who send us all
this hate mail, like,
"Sonia Sotomayor."
Judgy bitch.
The Bellas are back!
Yeah! Whoo-hoo!
Yeah! We're back.

Has anyone talked to Beca today?
So?
Any first-day jitters?
No, no. You know, I'm just gonna
be moody and distant.
Artists love that.
I know I love that.
Here you go.
Okay.
Dude, why do I feel so guilty?
I've given a lot to
the Bellas, right?
It's, like,
three years of my life.
Yeah, Bec, you should not feel guilty
at all about taking your shot.
This is a big deal, right?
Yes, it's a very big deal.
Okay.
Go. All right.
Nothing's gonna stop my girl!
I don't know him!
Bec's in effects, y'all!
You can go!
Are you ready, or...
Okay, everybody, huddle up.
Let's go, let's go, let's go!
Get up!
Come on! To the table, please!
To the table!
Last one at this table has to
help Frank watch YouTube videos
to find the next Justin Bieber.
Hey, so, I'm turning 25
next week,
if anybody wants to
get some drinks, celebrate.
Frank, buddy, less talk.
Thank you so much.
Okay, my people, check it out.
That...
This... Dax, the tech guy.
Did you call the tech guy?
Yeah, I talked to him.

Do you understand that everything
else in my life works?
So, I just need everything
here to work, too, okay?
Well, he said he was gonna call me back.
My God.
You want me to call him now?
Don't do it now.
Okay.
There we go.
That is the Lion himself.
That is the legendary
Snoop D-O-Double-G
singing White Christmas at a
tree-lighting ceremony in Moscow.
And he was so moved
by the power of music
to unite the world or some shit,
that now he wants to drop
his own cool Christmas album.
And because I sleep
on a bed of Grammys,
he has decided to hire me
to produce it. Now...
But Snoop Dogg already dropped
a Christmas album.
If you had listened to
the album like I did,
stranded in the air with T.I.
on a golden hang glider,
then you would have known that none
of the songs were the classics.
I've had to listen to that album
on two separate occasions.
Hang glider with T.I.
and also a rocket ship
that Eminem has built.
It doesn't go anywhere,
but he's got dreams
for it, okay?
So I need you to
close your mouth.
Herein lies the problem,
everybody.

Last time I checked, there are
over a million Christmas albums
with the same
10 damn songs on them.
So, guys, I'm telling you, man,
I need all hands
on deck right now
to come up with ideas on how
to make this one stand out.
Okay? You got it?
Fire when ready.
I want to hear ideas.
Anything.
Anybody-
Anybody right now
would be great.
Anybody to talk...
What if we got those dogs...
Anybody but you.
What if we got those dogs that
bark Jingle Bells to back him up?
And let me, let me,
let me guess, let me guess.
You want those dogs to back him
up because he's "Snoop Dogg"?
Yeah!
That is a really great example
of a horrible idea.
Take a lap.
What? Take a lap.
But I'm wearing skinny jeans.
I don't care.
Go. Go.
Let's go. I wanna see knees up.
Knees up, please.
Guys, I should give you
a little more time.
A minute. You got
one minute. 60 seconds.
My time is like a toddler in a tiara, okay?
Precious and short.
I need really great ideas.
Snoop is coming!
Sorry, my boobs are all crazy.

I was just jumping.
I just came from auditions.
You guys weren't there.
I was hoping for the chance
to sing for you.
No, can't help you. We're not
allowed to take anyone else new.
No, no, no.
Wait, wait, wait!
I'm a Junk!
What'd you say about your junk?
I'm Emily Junk.
I know, it's weird.
It's my mom's last name.
My dad's last name
is Hardon, so...
Um...
I'm a Legacy.
Junk. Junk.
My mom was a Bella.
Your mother is Katherine Junk?
Who?
Only the top bitch
of the 1981 Bellas.
She pioneered
the syncopated booty shake.
And word is she has
a five-octave vocal range.
Yep, still does.
You do not want to hear that woman
doing it with my dad.
What an odd thing to say.
True.
If a Legacy wants to audition,
we have to let her.
Okay, um...
Show us what you got.
Right now? Right here?
Right here, right now.
Yeah.
Okay, um, I'd like to perform an
original song that I've been working on.
I'm not quite finished
with it though,

so let's not be dicks about it.
Sorry, that was crass,
wasn't it?
Fat Amy,
you have a lovely vagina.
Thank you. Proceed.
When tomorrow comes
I'll be on my own.
Feeling frightened of
the things that I don't know.
When tomorrow comes
When tomorrow comes.
When tomorrow comes.
And though the road is long
I look up to the sky.
Darkness all around...
No. That one, I'm not... I'm still
kind of tinkering with that verse.
So it's not... Nothing's
really completely set.
I got all I need
when I got you and I
'Cause I look around me
and see a sweet life.
I'm stuck in the dark
but you're my flashlight.
You're getting me, getting me
through the night
You are my flashlight.
Would you excuse us
for just one second?
She's pretty good.
Can't we take her?
What do you expect us to say?
She's standing right there.
She's definitely not a soloist.
No.
Technically, she came to us, so
really we're not breaking any rules.
Yeah, it's the perfect loophole.
You know, it's always good
to have an extra body.
Just in case one of us
gets kidnapped for ransom,

is thrown into
a shipping container,
and is made to eat
only leaves and gas receipts.
I agree.
We need new blood.
I don't think we should
decide anything without Beca.
I keep a penny under my tongue.
Did anyone else think
it was creepy
that she never really opened
her eyes the whole time?
Again, we're talking about her
- and she's standing right there.
- Yeah.
But if we're
gonna talk negatives,
let's start with
the giraffe legs.
Okay, let's take a vote on it.
Anyone who wants her in,
sing a G-sharp.
Anyone who doesn't,
sing an E-flat.
Okay. One, two...
I like your shirt.
Welcome to the Bellas!
O-M-a-ca-G! Whoo!
Stop, girl, stop.
Yeah, stop, stop it.
Girl, stop. EMILY: Sorry.
So, when does initiation start?
Tell you what, I'll go back to my
dorm and pretend to be surprised
when you throw
the hood over my head
and make me solve a Rubik's Cube
while sucking vodka
from a maxi pad.
That's what
my mom said happened.
No can do.
Well, look around.

We don't exactly have
a maxi pad to spare, so...
All right, grab your guts, ladies!
It's party time!
We've got tickets to Copenhagen
and a brand new Bella!
Let's go! All right.
- Should I...
- Come on, girl!
I'm gonna just
leave my bag here.
Let's go get into treble!
Has this bush always been here?
Watch this.
You know there's a gate, right?
WOW.
My first college party.
Yeah, well, this isn't
just any college party.
This is a cappella only! Yeah.
So, get prepared to meet a lot
of sexually confused men.
Bellas!
Welcome, welcome, welcome!
Jesse! Where is Beca? I thought she
was gonna be with you tonight.
I thought she was with you.
Hey! Benji, right?
Those aren't...
Okay, those aren't words.
I'm sorry?
The movies?
Are you asking me out?
Yes. Yeah?
That's so sweet.
It's just, my...
It's my first day. Um...
I wasn't really planning on
rushing in on anything.
Hey! Hey! You made it!
Yeah, I couldn't miss
our last Hood Night party.
So?
How was the internship?

Eye-opening. Yeah, they
do not mess around.
Hey, Chloe asked where you were.
Why didn't you tell her?
She's just...
She's locked into
the Worlds right now
and I'm looking
for the right time.
I'll tell her.
Bumper's back!
Whoo!
Campus security!
Bumper! Bumper!
Fat Amy's back!
'Cause I never left
'cause I'm still here.
Whoo! But I'm back, so it's a big
deal because I've arrived again!
You know, for someone
who left school years ago,
you're harder to
shake than mono.
I've got some pretty big news.
What?
I have been hand-plucked
to be put on a waiting list
to be put on a very well-known
TV singing competition.
Really? Yep.
I know what you're thinking.
"Bumper."
"You shut your face
and kiss me, Bumper."
No.
"Bumper, please,
just shut your trap."
That is not how I talk.
You talk exactly like this.
Do not.
Yes, you do.
I don't.
So shut up. You shut up.
Hi!

Hi.
I am so excited
to meet the woman
who single-handedly
created the Bella sound.
We're sisters!
I can't believe we're sisters!
Yeah, hi! Hi!
Chloe texted me
we added a Legacy.
I didn't even know
that was a thing.
Shh.
Remind me again why
we are at a car show.
We're here for one reason
and one reason only.
To scout the competition.
It's totally gonna
help us win the Worlds
if we know
what we're up against.
All right.
Now, where are
those tour thieves?
Stacie!
Keep it in your pants, maybe.
Stacie! What?
What the...
This all should have been ours!
I hate these Germans.
Holy a-ca-mole!
Okay, the cars moved.
Nothing else happened yet.
But they're moving backwards.
With ghosts driving them.
We are Das Sound Machine.
A German collective, operating in
concert to create sonic mastery.
What better way to appreciate
automotive perfection?
Man, they massive!
How are we gonna compete
with a group that size?

They're so freakin' in sync.
Do we clap?
Do we clap? Do we clap?
Politely clap.
Barden Bellas.
You came here to see us?
Is it because you are... What do
the American kids say, "Jelly"?
We are so not "jelly."
We should really thank you for
making this tour a reality,
you know, with your
bumbling ineptitude.
We should send them something.
Fruit basket?
Yum, yum.
Or would you prefer
mini-muffins?
Okay, we didn't come here to
start something with you guys.
We just wanted to check you
out before the Worlds,
where we're gonna kick your ass.
What? That's right.
You'?'
You are the kicker of ass?
Yeah.
You are so tiny.
Like an elf.
Or is it a fairy? Sprite?
"Troll."
That's it.
You are like a troll.
You
are physically flawless.
Thank you.
But it doesn't mean I like you.
We are not scared
about the Worlds,
because when the Bellas hit the
stage, we are gonna blow minds.
With what?
More of Flabby Abby's
baby chute?

That's not my name.
I don't know your name.
Could be anything.
Obese Denise,
inflexible Tina, Lazy Susan.
Mein name isn't Fat Amy, und I
eat krauts like you for lunch.
Your team is like a... How do you say that?
A heated mess.
You know, a mess where
heat is applied to it,
so what once was a little
messy is now even messier.
Darlings, please take my advice.
Don't try to beat us.
You can't.
We're the best.
And now I really
must go rest my neck.
It is sore from
looking down on you.
Okay,
just because you're making
me very sexually confused,
does not mean that
you are intimidating.
We have nothing to lose.
We have literally nothing!
Okay.
A-ca wiedersehen, bitches!
What is happening?
Lam using my hands so much.
All right, ladies, focus up.
We need to beat
those German dummkopfs.

Yes! CYNTHIA:

Okay, we're gonna beat DSM
at their own game.
Do what they do, just better.
And we're about to do
a full skills assessment
to blow out our
choreography to match.

But the important thing
is that we have fun, right?
Legacy, don't take
this the wrong way,
but you're
the dumbest person alive.
And you're a cat!
And one...
Okay, Lilly,
that's really scaring me.
That just looks weird.
People are not birds.
Cartwheel. And roll!
Amy, that wasn't a roll.
Again.
Is it weird that we never got
around to singing today?
Well, it's kind of
hard to start singing
without arrangements,
and that's on me.
So thank you for reminding me.
Yeah, Bec,
we're gonna need that ASAP
so we can start nailing down
our choreography.
Right on top of that, Chlo.
Awes!
Yeah, awes.
So I just wanted to let you know
that I've been
working really hard
on, you know, calming my nerves
and keeping my eyes open.
I was wondering if you could
give me some pointers, maybe.
And, you know,
with the singing...
I don't know exactly where you're
gonna put me in the songs, but I...
I don't mean to be rude. I just
have somewhere that I need to be.
Um...
You did great today.

Thanks.
Wait, hold up.
Just hold up for a second.
"Wait, hold up"?
Man, I sound awesome right now.
What are you talking about?
Nah! It's not you,
it's a tech thing.
So just
you go ahead and take five.
It better be a tech thing,
'cause the way I sound in my
eardrums, this is immaculate, man.
This song, there's nothing,
nothing special about it yet.
Do you know what I mean?
Any ideas? Because I...
All right, um, hear me out.
Please, Dax. Please...
We could remove the sleigh bells
and put in kalimba.
You know, the finger thing.
I know what a kalimba does. I
know how it's operated, okay?
Kalimba...
Don't say it again.
Go in the corner. Go eat
your lunch in the corner.
But what am I gonna
do with my sriracha?
Say one more hipster thing,
and I'm gonna shove you
in your vintage bassoon case.
Okay?
Turn.
Aim higher, people. Okay?
And be very careful
what you pitch to me next.
Um, just have him
sing it again, the same way.
Who are you?
Nobody. Literally nobody.
I just had a thought.
No, okay, okay.

Sure.
Nobody else has an idea.
Let's, do it
exactly the same way.
Again.
Will do, nephew.
Or it can be something different.
It can...
Okay.
That was amazing, Snoop.
Thank you so very much.
You can take a small break, man.
Everything, perfection.
Perfection.
Groovy like a drive-in movie.
You can sing.
Um, yeah, I'm a three-time collegiate
a cappella champion, so...
We're both huge successes
in our fields.
Yeah.
Yeah, let's say that.
What do you do here?
I just get coffee
and burritos and stuff.
I wanna produce music.
Dax? Can you do me a favor?
Turn around right now,
and watch this exchange.
That's "value added." Okay?
If you have any demos
you'd like me
to listen to,
I'll make the time.
Seriously?
Seriously, yeah.
Dax, did you see
what happened there?
She did something
that was helpful.
And now I'm going to reward her
by listening to her demos.
Turn back around.
Now! Turn around, please.

So, Snoop, buddy,
we've got an idea.
Me, too.
Water skis, but for dry land.
Real playa. You know what
I'm talking about?
Brilliant.
Fo shizzle, dizzle.
I'll write that down.
Yeah, please.
What am I looking at?
We're pillow fighting!
Aah!
You know this sets women back,
like, 30 years?
We're just
relieving some stress.
This was on the porch.
Ooh.
What is that? Looks fancy.
Looks like we've been invited to
sing at some kind of a party.
We're going to sing?
Finally!
Well, there's just
an address and a password.
How sexy and mysterious. Yeah.
Like how all my teeth
are from other people.
Anyone else scared?
Not really. I already
lived longer than I expected.
Password.
Fart noise.
Did you not see the parentheses?
Bellas! I'm so glad
you all came. Come on in.
Standing in
front of you, ladies,
happens to be the world's
biggest a cappella fan.
We found you!
Hello. Here I am.
What can we do for you?

So, last week when I was having
a tinkle, it occurred to me...
Do not, do not!
Sorry.
That was rude.
You do not come to a gentleman's
house and touch his goose.
So are we early, or...
Actually, you're pretty late.
Come on, let's go!
This is the big time.
Das Sound Machine, two o'clock.
Tiny Mouse! We meet again.
Another verbal beatdown.
Highlight of my day.
So, have you abandoned your foolish
plans to face us at the Worlds?
You wish, you gorgeous specimen.
She's really in my head.
Very Well.
I'll be happy to send you there.
I'll mail you.
Large envelope costs nothing.
Well, it will cost
more than nothing.
But still cheaper than shipping, like,
a horse, or perhaps an adult moose.
Did you ever think
maybe you're too big?
- It would cost a fortune to mail you.
- Easy.
You're enormous!
Okay.
I think we should change
her name to "Feisty Mouse."
Yeah.
Just need to find, like,
a taller pair of shoes.
Wasn't a big deal. Hey!
- Hey! What are you doing here?
- What is going on?
Welcome!
I guess I gotta go.
No. Why? I don't know.

Welcome to
the first ever showdown
of the National A Cappella
Laser Ninja Dragon League!
Can you dig it?
Okay, let's meet our teams.
First we have The Treblemakers!
Yeah!
Okay.
We have the Barden Bellas.
We have the Tone Hangers!
Sorbet Sorbet.
Sorbet Sorbet.
And a cherry on top.
And taking a break
from their national tour,
Das Sound Machine!
- DSM!
- Ja!
Ja!
Ja!
And the pride of Wisconsin,
the Green Bay Packers!
Let's go! Here we go, baby!
Let's go! What?
I'd like to be the brisket
in that man-sandwich.
Well, here's how
this is gonna work.
When I point to you,
you sing a song
from one of the categories
that's gonna
appear up there
on the big board.
There's only one rule.
You have to meet the beat.
Here, come here.
But you have to do it
"Follow the Leader" style.
Boy!
Goodness.
That was fun.
Now, if you can't carry the

tune, the whole team's out.
As in, you gone! And then...
Cornelius, this is too heavy.
I told you before.
Because I hurt my arm
saluting the flag.
Okay, sorry.
Now, the winners will get
epic bragging rights!
What? That's it?
And I'm sorry.
Did I not mention this?
A \$42,000 gift card to Dave and Buster's!
I was going there anyway.
I was going there anyway.
I know Clay Matthews wants it.
Okay. All right,
let's get this thing started.
Let's take a look
at the first category.
Ooh. Songs about butts.
Okay.
Anything on the radio,
basically, right? Right.
Think about
what you're gonna sing.
Let's start with
Das Sound Machine!
Girl, I love that butt.
But the butt's not what
matters You know what does?
Courtship and chivalry I'll
take you to a nice hot meal.
And I'll tip the waiter.
My God, stop! Stop!
What was that, yo?
Not how we play the game.
You think you're a better
lyricist than Sir Mix-a-Lot,
a man who was knighted by Queen?
You know the band Queen? Yes.
No, sir, I do not.
I just... I couldn't help it.
I caught a glimpse of an angel.

I got inspired.
Well, you're going to hell.
Because, Treblemakers, you gone!
You gone!
Bye-bye. Sorry.
Sorry. I'm sorry.
Four left.
Let's take a look
at the next category!
Country love!
I am all about this!
Nobody in this room has loved
more tender than I have.
Please pick us.
Let me have it.
- Let us have it. Let the world have it.
- Yeah!
I would give it to him.
All right, then. Well, why
don't we start with you?
Tone Hangers, you're up.
You're up.
CLAY MATTHEWS'. What'?'
All right, I got this.
I got this. I got this.
This is my jam!
How about them Cowboys?
Come on, man.
I got nothing. Come on!
God damn it!
I got nothing, guys!
DON NY BARCLAY; What?
- I'm sorry.
- You blew it.
Man, you are such
a dis-a-ca-pointment.
Reginald Wilson
Moncrieff Matthews IV,
what on God's green one
are you doing?
I had my mind on those
42 G's at D and B's.
I'm afraid you've kissed
that goodbye. No!

- Green Bay Packers...
- No, no, no!
- You gone!
- No!

Let's see what
the next category is!

Yes!

I was his personal assistant!

Unfair! WOMAN:

Yes, yep. We got this.

Yeah, we got this.

Get in there.

Okay, then why don't we start
with you, Das Sound Machine?

Is that John Mayer?

That

doesn't deserve a "boo."

I killed that!

Explain for everyone,
because it sounds like
you're implying

that John Mayer and

Tina Turner are having...

Yeah.

Get them out! Get them out!

I don't know if I believe him.

I'm telling the truth!

Tone Hangers,

YOU gone!

Two! We have our final two!

Now we have a showdown!

All right, come on in.

Let's do this

face-off style. Okay.

Let's take a look, see what
your final category is.

'90s hip-hop jams!

Okay, y'all, take a

second to think about it.

Time's up! Go!

I got all I need

when I got you and I

'Cause I look around me

and see a sweet life.
I'm stuck in the dark
but you're my flashlight.
What?
You're getting me, getting me
through the night
I'm sorry.
What '90s hip-hop jam
is that again?
Um...
More like a 21st century jam.
That's it. Yeah. I wrote it.
Just stay calm.
You're saying it's an original?
Yes, I'm saying
it's an original.
Boo!
Go home, little girl!
Our jam is covers!
We spit on originals!
What is your name?
Emily.
I hate you.
In light of this embarrassing
and unprofessional information,
I am forced to declare...
I'm sorry, guys-
- Das Sound Machine is the winner!
- Yeah!
Whoo!
Yeah! Yeah!
Hey, did you really write that?
You shouldn't have
done that, Emily.
Now DSM thinks that
they have the drop on us.
I'm sorry. I panicked.
I understand if you want me to
crawl under a rock and die.
Hey, we don't want...
Hey, we don't want that.
Hey, Bec's,
let's go meet the Green Bay Packers.
Okay.

Boo!

I'm just kidding. Would you like to have sex later?

No!

So that's a "no," then?

Because with the wink, and that's what...

It's 100% no!

I want it! Give me!

Dax. I swear, if this kid was not my nephew...

Hey, I know you're crazy busy, but have you had a chance to check out those demos?

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, I did.

This dead air between us is a good sign.

Look,

you got a great ear, you proved that in the booth, and I was super excited to hear what else you had and what you gave me was more mash-ups.

That's sort of what I do.

Listen, Reggie. Is it "Reggie"?

"Beca."

Um, that happens a lot, though. You'd be surprised.

Okay.

Here's the thing.

Um, any kid with ears and a laptop can do that.

Dax can do that.

All right? Right.

So that's fine if you want a career deejaying raves out in the desert.

But if you want to write "music producer" on your tax forms someday, then you've gotta have an original voice.

Do you understand?

You've gotta show me

what you have.
Right now, what I have is a
demo with mash-ups on it.
Yeah, yeah.
I got lots of stuff to say.
I'm just saving it all up.
Look...
What is it? "Beca"? Beca.
Okay, yeah.
So, you're an intern,
and everybody else
in here is an intern.
You're talented, everybody
else in here is talented.
So what the hell makes you special?
Do you know what I mean?
That's good.
So what I'm gonna do is I'm
gonna give you one more shot
to show me who you are
as an artist. Okay?
Do not waste it.
No, sir, will not waste it.
I really hope you don't,
for your sake.
'Cause I would hate to think
that singing covers in an a
cappella group is all you can do.
Please replace the paper towels.
Hey, it's Jesse. Text me.
Hey, it's me. Um...
Hey, so you might not be able
to hear this message,
because, it turns out,
I have nothing to say.
Um...
That's music industry speak
for "I suck."
You're definitely
asleep right now.
That's cool.
Text me when you're up.
Hey-
What?

A girl can't say
she's going to grab
a smoothie and return
14 hours later?
There's nothing
suspicious about that.
Why are you up so late anyways?
Um, I was just
figuring some stuff out.
You're working on the set?
Um...
I'm not working on the set.
I'm just, like...
What?
Nothing. Doesn't matter.
If you did wanna
share something with me,
your best friend,
I'm a great keeper of secrets.
I'm like a safe that locks,
with a key,
and the key is stashed
up my bum. Because...
It's fine.
Forget it. It's all good.
So this has nothing to do with that
internship that you sneak off to?
What?
Um... Come on, Beca.
You know how we do
that thing every month
where I take \$20 out of your purse
and you pretend not to notice?
I saw your ID badge in your bag.
Don't be mad.
I'm not mad, actually.
About the badge.
The money, I wanna come back to.
Shh.
Let's just focus on your lie.
Beca,
why didn't you tell us?
Or at least Chloe.
I don't know. Just...

'Cause it's just easier.
There's, like, so much going on,
and Chloe would lose her mind
if she thought my sole focus
wasn't winning Worlds.
Sorry, it's just
now I'm freaking out,
because it turns out,
like, I'm totally
not good enough to
be a music producer.
Which is cool and fun to know
as I enter the rest of my life.
Okay, I'm just gonna
stop you right there.
You're the most
talented person that I know,
and I've met
three of The Wiggles.
Intimately.
Beca, do you know
how awesome you are?
You're Beca effing Mitchell.
Okay?
You're "The Big B.M."
That's you.
And you're awesome!
Do you need some
of my confidence?
'Cause I could maybe
tone mine down a notch.
Yeah, okay.
Then let me rub some out.
Okay.
Wait. Think you need
a bit more.
It comes from there?
Okay. Thank you.
You just need that.
I'm gonna get you
the good stuff now.
No, I don't want
butt confidence.
I don't want your

butt confidence!
No! I have enough!
I have enough!
I have enough!
I believe in you, Beca.
Come on.
Whoa. Candles, cloth napkins,
foods other than salsa. Yep.
This is a little classier
than our typical hook-ups.
Is it?
I have a patisserie,
some charcuterie,
and a huge bowl
of exotic capers.
I didn't know what those were,
but they're like salty peas.
So,
I don't know if you've
seen the news lately,
but there's a war.
And also, the economy
is dipping
and ebbing and flowing.
Bumper, what's going on?
Now you're kind of
creeping me out.
Okay, I guess I'll just
lay it all out there.
The reason that I
brought you here tonight
was because I was thinking that
maybe, perhaps,
if you're interested...
This is harder than
I thought it was gonna be.
I wanna date you.
That's what I want.
Like for real.
Like a real couple.
Where we, like, go out
in public and hold hands
and ride bikes together.
Or we, like, go to

an orchard and pick apples.
Or we, like,
do one of those, like,
Build-A-Bear
Workshops together,
and we build bears,
and you name one "Bumper"
and I'll name one "Fat Amy,"
and yours will be bigger
than mine and it'll be cute,
and we can put them on
our bed that we share.
What do you say?
No.
I don't...
I don't do that.
Yeah, that's cool.
It was a... Cool.
It was a stupid idea anyways.
Yeah.
Obviously, we shouldn't do that.
We should just
go back to how things used to be
and just go at it on top of all
this expensive food that I bought.
Are you crying?
Nope.
No, I'm not.
Bumper!
Come on, you can't be serious.
I can't be tied down
by anything.
I'm on a Walkabout.
I'm a free-range pony
that can't be tamed.
You know.
Okay. I'm like a firework.
I can't be tied down. Okay.
Then that's it. Then I
guess that's it, right?
Because I'm not gonna
keep going on like this.
Well... Fine.
Fine, if that's how you feel,

then I think we're done.
I think it's over.
That's it? That's it, then.
So it's over, then.
Fine. Then it's over.
Fine, then.
BUMPER; No!
Too late. You're too late!
I figured when we
didn't do the serenade,
the back-up plan
should be to play her off.
Turn around. Go back.
I don't wanna hear another peep!
Trebles for life.
Benji! I'm sorry.
Hey, guys,
it's my first performance.
Calm down. It's just a chance
for us to rehearse for Worlds.
As far as I can tell, it's just
for a bunch of old people.
There's a full house out there.
How did we get this gig again?
They called us.
You know what, guys?
I know we're trying
a lot of new stuff,
but I feel like
we're gonna get out there
and we're gonna feel the energy
and we are just
gonna nail all of it!
Sorry, these braids
are so tight.
You know what?
I don't know. I don't know.
I have many, many doubts,
because if we fail this,
then we won't win the Worlds,
and if we don't win the Worlds,
there will be no more Bellas,
and without the Bellas,
then my life

would have had no...

"Malaria."

"Meaning," Flo.

Three, two...

Hey, everybody. Welcome

back to Let's Talk-Appella,
the portable podcast edition.

We are following the story of
the embattled Barden Bellas
on their road to redemption.

Trying to crawl their way back
into the public's affection.

And if they can just hold off
showing us any more

of their genitalia,

they may make it to

the World Championship.

Well, I can't un-see it.

It's haunted me ever since.

Well, there's

a picture of it right here.

No. This should not be
your screensaver, John.

Stepping onto the stage,
the Barden Bellas.

Whoa! All right!

- This is some exciting stuff.

- So sassy!

Wow.

A lot going on up there.

I think this sounds good.

Honestly, my senses

are overwhelmed here, John.

They might wanna

tone down the theatrics.

Let's hope there are no props.

They brought

the props out, John.

And there are the props.

This is more of a circus act

than an a cappella performance.

Gail, it's as if

the Barden Bellas

just don't know

who they are anymore.
Whoa!
Look at this!
She's on fire! She's on fire!
My God!
I'm on fire!
Now they lit one on fire.
Good day! Good heavens!
Incoming! CYNTHIA:
my God, I can't breathe!
I can't breathe, girl!
Fat Amy, I can't breathe!
Beating DSM seems
impossible for this team.
Even these common people can see
that the Barden Bellas have
no shot at reinstatement.
They are an embarrassment
to a cappella
and all that it stands for.
This is what happens when
you send girls to college.
Is it?
Is that for a class?
No, it's just
when I get stressed,
words sort of
flow right out of me
and I try and channel them
in my songwriting...
Are we just gonna ignore
what happened back there?
Guys, hello?
The Worlds are
right around the corner
and you guys are acting like we
didn't just eat a big bag of...
Why are you yelling at me?
I almost burned to death
because of you a-ca-bitches.
If you almost died,
it was only because
you were standing
in the wrong spot.

No! Flo flipped into me!
Sure. Blame the minority.
I'm black, gay, and a woman.
I'm not pointing
the finger at anybody.
It was Legacy's fault.
Me? Wait, I didn't...
Obviously, we're not gonna beat
Das Sound Machine at their game.
So we need a new plan.
Like, now.
At times like these, there's
only one thing for us to do.
- Fake your own death and flee the country.
- Close.
We're going on a retreat.
Look, I think the
retreat will be a good thing.
You girls need to bond
heading into Worlds.
It'll be so much fun.
I don't know.
No, Mom, it's bad. It's...
The girls are yelling at each other.
Big deal.
I remember
putting your godmother,
Maggie Pistol, in a choke hold,
because she insisted
that George Michael was gay.
Who?
I'm just worried that
my entire Bella career
will be that
one terrible performance.
And I'll never get to solo
at Lincoln Center, you know?
But you're gonna
get to go to Europe.
That would have been the
highlight of my college career.
And you girls can win it.
You have to win it.
You just made being a Bella

sound so amazing.
And it is amazing.
It's a sisterhood that is gonna support
you for the rest of your life.
I know you're not feeling it,
but you will.
This won't be the end
of the Bellas.
Hey, Benji.
Emily!
Listen, I think you're missing a word here.
What's that?
God. No. That's not... That
isn't what I meant. I just...
I didn't think so.
That's really embarrassing.
No, it looks...
Syntax is usually my forte,
so I don't know how that happened.
Well, it looks great.
Thank you.
That's really sweet...
Um...
When my hands aren't
covered in glitter paint,
do you think maybe
we could try that again?
Yeah. Sure.
All right. Okay. Well...
I'll look forward to that.
Just, you know,
let me know when they're clean.
That's...
I will. All right.
You bet. Okay.
All right. Have a good one.
Okay, girls!
Everyone, in the bus.
Go, go, go!

Let's go. FLO:

Seatbelts!
Good luck, Benji!
This place is sweet!

It's nice, right?
I need to find somewhere
to charge my laptop.
How'd you hear about this place?
From yours truly.
Hello, Bellas.
Aubrey!

Aubrey! FLO:

Okay, girls.
Wow. Hi! You must be Emily.
Hey, hey. Hey. Hi.
Welcome to
The Lodge at Fallen Leaves,
where Fortune 500 companies send
their employees to
build teamwork skills.
You run this whole place?
You know,
I realized I had a knack for
barking orders and
bending people's will.
So I made a career out of it.
Which reminds me,
fall in line, Bellas!
She ain't changed.
No slouching! No stragglings!
I see you, Jessica.
It is with great
sorrow and regret
that I had to watch
our once proud organization
become a national disgrace!
Can I have the keys
to the minibar?
Zip it.
The Worlds signifies
a shot at redemption.
You don't have
a chance at winning
until you find your sound again.
You have totally
lost your harmony!
So, for the next two days,

you will be doing everything
together until you regain it.
Ladies,
get ready to be transformed.
You are surrounded with the
strength of your fellow Bellas
and the support of
a proud female tradition.
And a few dozen bear traps.
So don't stray too far
from the marked paths.
- Okay, great, let's go!
- All right.
Well, maybe I'll just
start with a hot shower,
maybe a little foot rub.
Fat Amy, there are no
guest rooms for you.
Then where are we staying?
I don't understand camping.
We're voluntarily
living like dogs.
This is the worst.
The air we're breathing right
now is at least 90% fart.
That reminds me,
I need to see
a man about a horse.
Did anyone happen to pack
a spare roll of toilet paper?
- Or a moist towelette?
- Nope.
Anyone have a T-shirt,
size extra-small?
Okay. Side of the tent it is.
What are we doing here?
We're bonding.
You seem so tense.
Do you need a back rub?
Several body parts are rubbing
my back right now, thank you.
You know, Beca,
we're very close,
but I feel like this retreat

is really gonna let us
discover everything
about each other.
Is that right?
You know,
one of my biggest regrets
is that I didn't do enough
experimenting in college.
You're so weird.
Thanks.
I wanna go home.
I hope the sun never comes up.
Why do I get the travel pillow?
Were you touching my goodies?
Yes.
Guys, I've got a little...
it won't...
I just need some
help getting it out.
Can you sing something?
The pipe's a bit blocked.
Thanks, Chloe.
What kind Of White shit is this?
Coming out like froyo now.
Up and at 'em, Bellas!
Come on! Let's go!
Let's go! Let's wake up!
Let's do this!
Come on!
Pick up the pace, girls!
Come on!
Today we are going
back to the basics
to re-learn how
to sing as a group,
while also enduring death-defying
team-building trust exercises.
What a great idea!
Okay, so let's begin.
Come on.
Trust your team!
- Careful, Fat Amy!
- Turn me over!
Come on, lunch!

She says she's Asian Jesus.
Great.
Okay, that was two steps away
from being almost fine.
Sorry, what are we doing?
We're rediscovering our sound.
Are we?
'Cause it feels like
we're just singing songs
that would never go in our set.
Beca, come on.
No, none of us know
how to beat Das Sound Machine,
but I know it's not
gonna be by doing this.
This is just an exercise
in finding harmony, Beca.
Sometimes you have
to break things down
before you can build
them back up again.
I've got more important
things to do!
What could be more
important than this?
Nothing. Forget it.
No, you don't think
that we haven't all realized
you've been a little
checked-out lately?
Come on, Beca, just tell her.
I heard that.
Tell me what?
You misunderstood me.
I clearly said...
Listen, I don't
want you guys to fight.
You're Beca and Chloe.
Together you're "Bloe."
And everyone loves a good bloe.
So...
Okay.
I've been interning
at a recording studio

and a legit music producer
wants to hear my work.
God forbid I have something
going on outside this group.
Okay.
So why would you keep
something like that from us?
'Cause you're obsessed!
You all are.
We're graduating,
and the only person
thinking about life
after the Bellas is me.
What is so wrong with being
focused on the Bellas?
This has been my family
for seven years.
Yeah, 'cause you're
too scared to leave!
Sack up, dude!
Girl fight!
Okay, so you've been lying
to us for the entire year
and now you're
just gonna flake out?
Now you're gonna flake out when
the Worlds is, like,
right after graduation?
My God!
Enough about the Worlds! I...
I'm out of here.
Okay, you're just
gonna leave now?
We all have to,
eventually, Chloe!
It might as well be now!
Wait, Beca...
If you all knew what was good
for you, you'd follow me.
Beca, the sign!
My God!
My God! My God!
No, Beca! Beca!
What the hell? I'm stuck!

I'm stuck! I'm seeing spots!
I'm seeing spots!
Well, Well, Well.
Look who needs our help.
Not cool, guys!
No, what's not cool is you taking
out your frustrations on us!
Really? That's what you're
gonna say to me right now?
Help me! I'm dying! I'm dying!
We need to get her down!
We need a ladder!
- No, we don't believe in ladders.
- What?
They suggest
a corporate hierarchy
that is counter-productive
to my team-building program.
What kind of operation
are you running here?
Seriously, this whole place is,
like, full of booby traps!
And guess what?
Boobs should never be trapped!
Unless it's for support
if you have lower back issues.
Okay! If I'm about
to die, I'm sorry!
I didn't mean
any of that stuff I said!
I love all of you! I love
all of you awesome nerds,
and I love being a Bella. I'm just so
stressed out right now...
My God! My gosh!
Jessica and Ashley, I don't actually
know which one of you is which.
I'm Jessica! I'm Jessica!
Don't worry, we're
gonna get you down! Focus up.
Get in formation, we can do this.
Flo, get up. Okay.
Fat Amy, come on! AMY: Yes!
Let's focus.

Work together as a team.
Don't worry, Beca, we got...
She's alive.
I sleep upside down like a bat.
It's just everything's
changing so fast
and I'm putting all this
pressure on myself, you know?
I don't wanna fail.
But if you just would
have said something...
Yeah, I know. But I'm
weird about that stuff.
I thought I could figure it
out on my own, and I can't.
Maybe I don't have
anything original to say.
I wish I could do what you do.
Well, I feel
the same way about you.
You're so good,
it's intimidating.
All I've ever wanted
is to be one of you.
Not a Legacy, but a Bella.
You are a real Bella. CYNTHIA:
Of course you're a Bella.
You are one of us. You
paid the registration fee.
That's for life, dude.
Do you wanna
collaborate on something?
Wait. Are you being serious?
Yeah.
Yeah!
Wow!
Man! Yes! Who else feels
like a winner tonight?
I know it doesn't seem like it,
but I'm afraid, too.
To move on, to graduate.
It's really scary.
Yeah, it actually
does seem like it,

because you're barely
holding it together.
Well, it doesn't
have to be scary, Chloe.
When I was graduating,
I never pictured myself
running a retreat in
the middle of the woods,
but here I am.
Take it from someone who has dealt
with some serious control issues.
Like my dad always said,
in the minefield of life,
you must be prepared
to lose both feet.
And I think you all know
what I mean.
I don't.
Then it's decided.
This year I will graduate.
The Worlds will be my swan song.
I mean it.
I'll pursue my passion.
I'll teach underprivileged
children how to sing,
or I'll dance exotically.
Whatever offers the most money.
Yo, check this out.
I'm moving to Maine
to get hitched.
And all y'all can come.
Everybody's invited.
Yes, yes, yes.
Okay, okay, guys.
Stop asking. I'll tell you.
So, after I graduate there's
a chance I will be deported.
I will try to
re-enter this country,
but I will probably die at sea.
So, let's live for tonight!
Yes!
Yeah!

Yes! EMILY:

Lilly, any plans?

Just gonna travel through time.

You know,

when I look back on this,

I won't remember

performing and competing.

I'm gonna remember you weirdos.

It makes me really sad to think

it won't ever be

like this again.

I'm gonna miss you guys.

Me, too. Me, too.

Yeah. Me, too.

Did we just find our sound?

I think We did.

My work here is done.

Thank you.

Fat Amy, you never told us what you

were gonna do after graduation.

Well...

No, I don't have any plans.

'Cause you guys know me, I just

love living in the moment.

Ashley, what are

you gonna do after...

Actually, though,

if we were to stop

and really think,

"What could Fat Amy

be capable of in the future?"

I'll tell you guys.

I'd be living somewhere, like,

sick, like Tulsa or Little Rock.

By day, I'm a professional jelly

wrestler for corporate events.

And then, every night,

it's just me cuddled up with

my fianc, Bumper, and...

Wait.

I'm in love with Bumper.

Yeah.

Okay, I've done

something terrible,

and I'm not talking about crop-dusting
Chloe and Beca right now.
Apologize for that.
You guys,
I need to go right now.
And I need to win back my man!
Screw your judgments!
Go get him, Fat Amy!
Guys, what happened?
Shake it off, Amy.
That was bad.
Somebody bring a s'more.
I give you our next album cover.
Look at him!
I did it all myself today.
Now, I know that I
only have one vote...
You got no votes, man.
You're not in the group, so...
Okay, well,
that hurts my feelings.
It's just the truth,
is the thing.
Well, that hurts my feelings.
With my vote,
I vote "no" to the pig
and "yes" to this gloriousness.
Yeah, it's great. We'll
put it to a vote later. No.
Bumper, I'm coming!
Nope! Turn it around!
I don't wanna see you!
Really misjudged
the size of this lake.
Why didn't she just
walk around the lake?
Fat Amy doesn't
do anything small.
Yes, I've been using
my shower shoes.
Okay, I love you, too.
Here she is.
What up, Mrs. Junk?
Go!

Well, what are you doing?

I'm soloing, here!

Whatever!

No!

Well, all right.

All right, let's go.

Into the house.

Give me that neck.

I mean, we can do...

Do you want it...

Do you feel like you'd want
to layer a bunch of voices?

I think in the beginning
it could definitely build.

I think it starts
out light, though.

Get your cute butt
in the studio, then.

Don't tell my boss that
we were in here, by the way.

I got all I need
when I got you and I
'Cause I look around me
and see a sweet life.

This is... Wow!

It's the real deal.

Yeah, don't touch
anything, Legacy.

You're very pretty,
but you seem clumsy.

Great.

Okay.

Can't lie it's a sweet life
I'm stuck in the dark
but you're my flashlight.

You're getting me
Getting me through the night

You're my flashlight.

You're my flashlight.

You're my flashlight.

Okay, so you produced this?

Yes. Emily wrote it.

Who's Emily? Lam.

This tall drink of water, right there.

Hey. Emily.
Well...
Um...
I don't... I don't...
I don't like it.
What it is, is I don't like it
when people can do what I can do.
You know, in a manner of
speaking, it's threatening.
But, you just did it.
And I have a...
I have a few notes that I
assume that you're open to.
Yes. Um, but this
is a solid demo,
with real potential.
Yeah, I look forward
to working together.
It's nice to meet you.
What is it? Elizabeth? Emily.
Emily. Elizabeth? What?
Emily. Thank you. Thank you.
I gotta jump on a call.
Yeah, no. No, get it in there.
Get it in there. Attagirl.
You want one of these? Hey.
You want one of those? There you go.
Attagirl.
Good job, Reggie.
I'm Reggie.
My God, I was so nervous
I didn't know what to say!
My God!
You're all sweaty.
We're gonna be late!
We're taking the photo
with or without you.
We're taking the photo
with or without you!
Everybody get together.
No, no, no, together.
One, two, three!
Bellas for life!
Okay. So, is there

a restaurant in this town
that serves
something other than fish?
I did see a KFC back there.
Nope. All fish. I checked.
Guys, over here. Come this way.
Chloe, I'm coming for ya!
Whoo-hoo. College graduates!
Spreading my wings, y'all!
There are so many
fresh Danishes here.
I swear, if I wasn't
recently locked down,
I would tear a hole
through this city!
This place is so
smelly and rainy.
Why do Americans
ever leave America?
Culture, design, history.
I'm not
copen-hating this place.
I'm starving.
Yeah, why don't we go visit
Hayden Christian Andersen's house?
That guy? But he was pretty
crap in the Star Wars prequels.
Well, here we are.
Do you think the stage is big
enough for what we want to do?
You're kidding, right?
It's huge.
You guys think it'll work?
It'll work for us.
That's what matters.
Let's go!
Let's do this thing!
AMY; Whoo!
Everyone knows
where to meet, right?
Yeah, we know.
All right.
Safety first, Flo.
Here it is, folks.

The granddaddy of them all.
The World Championship
of A Cappella!
Tonight, groups from
around the globe duke it out
for the title of
A-ca World Champion.
And, of course, representing America,
the embattled Barden Bellas.
The Bellas, making one last attempt
to repair a damaged legacy
by becoming the first American
team to claim the title.
Can they do it, John?
Theoretically, yes, Gail.
Realistically, absolutely not.
Those girls are dead to me.
So many countries represented
here tonight, John.
We saw in rehearsal an incredible
group from the Philippines.
What were they called?
"The Ladyboys."
That wasn't the name of
the group, I don't think.
I think that's how
they described themselves.
That's right.
They're "Manila Envy."
Manila Envy.
You know, I spent some time with
some ladyboys,
in the Philippines myself.
Not surprising.
Very interesting young men.
Doing amazing things with
their mouths, I presume.
When we go back to the stage,
I'll do a few for you here.
You know, we can get
to it, I think. Okay.
You know, maybe when
the Koreans are out there,
because no one cares

about the Korean group.
Love that barbeque.
What are you doing here?
You...
You know, anything
to support the Bellas.
Wow. I...
Now I'm the one who can't speak.
I'm just so freaking nervous.
My God. Don't be.
You'll be great.
I mean, we heard you guys
rehearsing, like, 24/7.
So I'll... I should
probably go find my seat.
Yeah.
But before I go, I just...
I have something for you.
I'm so sorry. I thought that that
was going in a different direction.
- That's my bad.
- No, no, I liked it.
Em. You ready?
Yeah. Yeah,
I'll be right there.
Benji.
Okay. Well, break a leg.
DSM! Ja!
DSM! Ja! DSM! Ja! DSM! Ja!
DSM! Ja! DSM! Ja!
DSM! Ja!

Ooh! JOHN:

There they go, the Indian
group, the Naan-Stops,
running off stage to take
a few more of our jobs.
I thought the little one was spicy!
DSM! Ja! DSM! Ja!
And coming up next,
Das Sound Machine.
A crowd favorite, John.
DSM! Ja! DSM! Ja! DSM! Ja!
Hear that?

They chant. For us.
Now, don't cry too hard
when you lose?
Makes eyes puffy.
Your hands are so soft.
I'm sorry, I don't speak
"loser." What did you say?
She actually speaks
eight languages,
but "loser" is not one of them.
Everything must come to an end.
Even the Bellas.
Take care and lose nice.
Your sweat smells like cinnamon.
Damn it!
...Das Sound Machine!
DSM!
They've got
the crowd going wild!
Okay, shake it off.
DSM! DSM!
Das Sound Machine.
An incredible performance once
again from the German group.
I'm telling you, Gail, though,
if the Bellas of old
show up tonight,
this could be the most
significant conflict
between America and
Germany in history.
Crack a book, John.
Pass one down to your friends.
Here you go. Thank you.
All right, here you go, buddy.
Thanks, man.
Where have you been?
You have no idea, dude.
Final performance, guys.
We need to get out there
and beat DSM.
This one's for us.
Guys, there's gonna be
some haters out there.

They're gonna
look at us, Team USA,
and be like, "Why is the most
talented one Australian?"
Well, guess what. Lam fat.
So that is close enough.
We are gonna show them
who we are.
A bunch of ethnically diverse,
for the most part feminine,
amazing singers!
Yeah!
Let's just go out there
and ac' the world!
Yes!
Yes! Yeah!
John, it's possible
we are watching
the last hurrah
of the Barden Bellas.
It's going to be very
hard to pull this off,
and if they don't,
they are out of business
as an a cappella group.
It is over.
All right! Let's do this!
...Barden University's Bellas!
Yes! Whoo!
That's my girl!
Beca!
When tomorrow comes.
I'll be on my own.
Feeling frightened of
The things that I don't know.
When tomorrow comes.
And though the road is long
I look up to the sky.
Is it possible the Barden Bellas
are doing an original song?
Then I sing along.
Then I sing along.
I got all I need
when I got you and I

'Cause I look around me
and see your sweet life.
I'm stuck in the darkness
You're my flashlight.
You're gettin' me gettin' me
through the night.
You kick start my heart
when you shine it in my eyes.
I can't lie.
It's a sweet life.
I'm stuck in the dark
but you're my flashlight.
You're gettin' me
through the night.
Look at this!
It looks like
the Barden Bellas are being
joined on stage by
generations of Bellas,
going all the way
back to the beginning.
'Cause you're my flashlight.
You're my flashlight.
You're gettin' me
through the night.
I got all I need
when I got you and I
'Cause I look around me
and see your sweet life.
I'm stuck in the dark
but you're my flashlight.
You're getting me
through the night.
Kick start my heart
when you shine it in my eyes.
I can't lie It's a sweet life.
I'm stuck in the dark
but you're my flashlight.
You're gettin' me
through the night.
We belong
'Cause you're my flashlight
'Cause you are
'Cause you're my flashlight.

I'm your flashlight.
You're gettin' me
through the night
'Cause you're my flashlight
'Cause you're my.
Gettin' me through the.
Night
Whoo!
"Simple," "raw,"
"vulnerable," "exposed."
I've been called a lot of things, Gail.
But let me add one more.
I'm impressed.
I thought you were
gonna say "gay."
Emily! Yeah!
Emily!
Emily! Emily!
Whoo! Whoo!
Bellas! Bellas! Bellas!
Bellas! Bellas! Bellas!
They have touched
every person here.
They've touched me, John.
Well, everyone has
touched you, Gail,
but this is something else.
It's ceremonial,
and you should
definitely not drink it
'cause it is essentially poison.
Terrible for you. Okay.
Okay. Great.
Ooh. It smells like
cherries and vanilla.
Okay, repeat after me.
Sing your name.
I...
Emily...
Okay.
"Promise to uphold the ideals
of a Bella woman forever."
Promise to uphold the ideals
of a Bella woman forever.

And that's it. That's
the end of the speech.
Nothing weird
happens after that.
These are for you.
Don't go in the basement,
it's haunted.
Wait!
One last thing.
Yes, every Bella
must christen the house
by sliding down the staircase.
Seriously?
It's tradition. Yeah.
Don't worry. I'll show you.
Behold!
Crushed it.
Good form.
Now I'm ready to move on.
Legacy, you're up.
All right, I'm ready.
Let's do this!
Yes!
You can't!
You can't turn back around. That's
not part of the rules! That's not...
That bad?
Thank you so much, Pharrell.
Adam, turn around!
Everybody's doing it, baby!
They love me!
America loves me!
And I give myself to you!
And you! And you! And you!
And you, America!
Whoo!
- Hey, man.
- Yes. Yes, Blake.
What's your name, brother?
I don't even know right now!
Hey, just do me a favor, man.
Please, under no circumstances,
choose me for your coach.
- I just want to put that out there.

- Okay.

So, you have a lot of personality.

And I love that.

Thank you.

You're interesting, and I
can work with interesting.

All of the coaches

at my disposal,

I'm gonna have to choose

Christina!

Whoo!

Yay!

This is awesome!

Thank you so much.

You're welcome.

My God.

Whoa! Okay, okay, okay.

Thank you. Okay.

Thank you so much.

Aah! Besties!

Hey, Mom! Hey.

Hey, Amy!