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Bring It On

By Jessica Bendinger

I'm sexy, I'm cute
I'm popular to boot
I'm bitchin', great hair
The boys all love to stare
I'm wanted, I'm hot
I'm everything you're not
I'm pretty, I'm cool
I dominate this school
Who am I, just guess
Guys wanna touch my chest
I'm rockin', I smile
And many think I'm vile
I'm flying', I jump
You can look but
don't you hump, who
I'm major, I roar
I swear I'm not a whore
We cheer and we lead
We act like we're on speed
Hate us 'cause we're beautiful
Well, we don't like you either
We're cheerleaders
We are cheerleaders
Uh-huh
- Call me Big Red
- I'm Wh-Wh-Whitney
- C-C-C-Courtney, reow
- Dude, it's Darcy
- I'm Big Bad Carver, yeah
- Just call me Kasey
I'm still Big Red
I sizzle, I scorch
But now I pass the torch
The ballots are in
and one girl had to win
She's perky, she's fun
and now she's number one
K-K-Kick it, Torrance
T-T-T-Torrance
I'm strong and I'm loud
I'm gonna make you proud
I'm T-T-T-Torrance
Your captain Torrance
Let's go, Toros

We are the Toros
The fighting, mighty Toros
We're so terrific
we must be Toros

Yea !

Go, Toros !

Yea, come on !

Toros !

- Yeah ! All right !

- Go, Toros!

- [Gasping]

- Oh, my God !

[Laughing]

Nice rack! Oh, baby!

- [Whistling]

- [Girl]

Serves her right!

Check out the hooters !

[Boys Barking]

- [Screams]

- [Alarm Ringing]

[Ringing Continues]

[Panting]

Oh, shit.

[Horn Beeping]

[Stereo:

Hey, hey,

Mr. and Mrs. "S."

Oh, look, it's Aaron.

Oh. Hello, Aaron.

- Hey, can I help ?

- Oh, no. We're fine, thanks.

Really. Stay in your vehicle.

Nuh, nuh, nuh.

You sure ?

Bye ! Be back later !

Bye, honey.

Hi.

Come on, Tor.

Can't mack on you

in front of the parentals.

- Bye-bye !

- [Tires Screeching]

[Engine Revving]

Remember,

he's leaving for college.

Right.

- So are you excited?

- Oh, yeah !

It's college, Tor.

I'm really stoked,

you know ?

Its just, you know,

I'm gonna miss you.

Really ?

Yeah.

But next year, it'll be
you and me reunited at
Cal State Dominguez Hills.

I'll be the experienced
sophomore, you'll be
the hot, new freshman.

Yup. Itll be
just like high school,
only better.

Dorm rooms.

Hmm.

I got the door, Tor.

Okay.

I got the door, Tor.

What's up, Aaron ?

Hey, what up, buddy ?

Hey !

Yeah !

Hey, hey, remember,
when you get captain,
act surprised, okay ?

- Dont jinx me.

- Hi, Torrance.

Hey, Aaron.

- Ah, ladies. Thank you.

- Good luck at school.

Oh, Aaron, come
to one last practice ?

You know you're still
my favorite cheerleader.

Oh, I'm sorry, guys.

I gotta run.
Please ?
You're not staying
for the vote ?
I really gotta beat traffic.
I can't be late
for orientation. Hey.
But I really want--
Hey. Trust me.
You're gonna get it.
Bye-bye.
Bye.
[School Bell Ringing]
Did you vote ?
Oh, yeah.
Darcy thinks she should
get captain 'cause her dad
pays for everything.
He should use
some of that money
to buy her a clue.
Courtney'll get captain.
The guys love
clutching her butt.
She's got a lot to hang on to.
What's plural for "butt" ?
On one person, I mean.
She puts the "ass"
in "massive."
You put the "lude"
in "deluded."
Yo !
Can I have
all your votes ?
Mine.
Here's me.
Thank you.
We should get Big Red a gift,
or at least someone
should say something.
Pass.
Good riddance.
I don't believe in
osmosis.

It's not brown-nosing.
She's the departing captain.
She did a lot for this squad.
Oh, come on.
Both of you sucked before
she whipped you into shape.
Oh, whipped ?
Is that what that was ?
No one will miss Big Red, Tor.
She puts the "itch" in "bitch."
She puts the "whore"
in "horrifying. "
You know,
it's her last practice.
How would you feel ?
Big Red
has no feelings.
Just testicles.
You guys are all
great athletes.
Thanks in large part to me.
And I know that
your new captain will
keep the tradition alive,
leading you to the record
sixth national...
cheerleading championship
you know is yours.
So, let's meet
your new leader,
- Torrance Shipman.
- [Screaming]
Oh, my God !
[Applause]
Oh, Les !
Oh, my God !
- That slut.
- [Torrance] Listen up !
I'd like to try a wolf wall.
Oh, excellent !
Torrance has got
the fever, people.
What's a wolf's wall ?
Only the hardest pyramid

known to cheerleading
and mankind.
The words
"big" and "britches"
come to mind.
She's crazy.
She'll kill us all.
Hello ! Some of us have
not spent the entire
summer working out.
Right, Carver ?
Come on, guys !
Let's be different for once.
We cant just rest
on our laurels.
Why does everybody say that ?
Maybe a laurel's
a good place to rest.
Come on, man.
You guys suck.
Let's do this.
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight--
[Screaming]
Five, six, seven, eight.
Kick one--
[Screaming]
Five, six, seven, eight.
And one ! Stick it !
Come on, girls !
Stick it for me !
Five, six, seven, eight.
Go one, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight.
Kick one !
- Good job ! Who !
- Pinch some panties.
Someone's slackin'.
Do I look like a milkmaid,
'cause somebody feels
like a cow !
- Carver, can you cradle out ?
- You bet I can.
Okay, ready ?

One, two, down, up !
- [Screams]
- Carver!
[Thud]
Carver ?
Are you okay ?
I'm fine, really.
Don't you guys
worry about me.
Its just a scratch.
I'll be back to practice
tomorrow,
so don't you guys fret,
okay ?
And I don't want you
to worry at all,
because I'm a quick healer.
I promise, you guys.
I'm gonna be there
for you.
[Muffled]
You hear me ?
Guys ? Bye !
[Siren Blaring]
[Video Game Beeping]
I got captain.
Yeah, and you sent
a girl to the hospital
on your first day.
- Aye, aye, Captain !
- You were listening
on the phone ? Mom !
It's true. She really should
get her own private line,
you know.
She's growing up so fast.
Justin, go away.
At ease, Captain.
Well, this blistering
academic schedule
shouldn't get in your way.
You should be happy about that.
Why can't you
accept the fact

that I'm not a genius ?
It just kills you that
I'm not an honor student.
No. It kills me that you
barely make time to study.
If you studied
half as much as you cheer,
you'd be in great shape.
Your priorities are--
No ! Those are
your priorities !
Mine are just fine.
Look,
I'm just saying that
college might be
less of a shock...
if you take an extra lab
or language course
or something.
- What do you think ?
- Will Advanced Chem
get you off my back ?
Not completely,
but it'll help.
Done.
You know, mothers have killed
to get their daughters
on squads.
That mother
didn't kill anyone.
She hired a hit man.
[Punk]
Everyone, we have
a new student...
transferring from
Mission Hills High School
in Los Angeles.
Please welcome
Cliff "Pant One."
Pantone.
- [Students Laughing]
- Thanks.
[Sneezes]
Loser !

[Sneezes]

Loser !

Wait, wait, wait.

Was that, uh--

Was that the loser sneeze

I just heard right there ?

Guys, come on.

I mean, what is that,

from like the 1 900s ?

Nobody does that anymore.

I don't think anybody does.

When I lived in Kentucky--

Did they still do

the loser sneeze in Kentucky ?

No. They had, uh,

guns and homemade bombs.

What about L.A. ?

There was attitude in L.A.,

but no loser sneeze.

I'm pretty sure

the loser sneeze

is officially dead.

Sorry.

- [Sneezes]

Loser !

- [Laughing]

Nice.

I don't think

they got the memo

about the loser sneeze.

Uh, no, apparently not.

Cliff.

- Torrance.

- Advanced Chem.

Yikes.

Um, 'fraid so.

Are you intimidated ?

Y-Yeah, a little.

- Really ?

- No, not really.

So, is that your band

or something ?

The Clash ? No, uh--

It's a British punk band,

circa 1 977 to 1 983-ish.
- Original lineup, anyway.
- How vintage.
[Class Bell Ringing]
Um, so I'll
see you around then ?
Looks like it.
Hey, hey, hey, hey.
Whoa ! It's sexy Leslie...
and Jan, Jan,
the cheerleading man.
Hey, fags.
Just because we won
more trophies
than you guys,
that's no reason
to go get all malignant.
Malignant this, tool.
[Laughing]
All right.
Right on !
One of these days, man.
Let it go.
They never even won
a single game.
Gotta be kind
of rough on 'em.
Besides, they're dicks.
Les, tell me you have
Advanced Chem
first period.
Advanced Chem, first period.
If you have a lab partner
already, I'm screwed.
Torrance, it's only
the second day of school,
and your academic
insecurity bit
is completely tired.
You know, everyone's
saying your ambition
broke Carver's leg.
When, really, it was
the ankle she slammed

into the ground.
Kasey did a massive
E-mail last night.
Misspelled "leg."
Shut up !
Two G's.
Apparently, Carver
gets home schooling
for the next three months.
I'm cursed.
Replacing her is
gonna be a nightmare.
Well, that's why you're
the captain, Captain.
Bring on the tyros,
the neophytes
and the dilettanti.
Bring on the tyros,
the neophytes
and the dilettanti.
S.A.T.'s are over, Darcy.
And you're still jealous
of my score.
Are we sure Carver's
not malingering ?
Carver will strictly be
cheering in Special Olympics
until March.
Nationals are February 1 0th.
Regionals are in, like,
four weeks. I talked to her.
She's cool with this.
Don't tell me Carver can
cut school just because she
broke her leg in three places.
Hello !
Get a wheelchair !
That lucky bitch.
Tell me we're not actually
continuing this masquerade
and having tryouts.
Let's cut the crap
and pick somebody now.
Whitney's little sister Jamie

is really teeny.
She'll be easy to toss,
and she doesn't give lip.
Just tongue.
Kiss my ass, Jan.
I'd love to.
If shes the best,
Jamie's got it.
But we have to see
everyone.
Ready, okay.
Wait. Hold on.
Let me try that again.
That was terrible.
Ready, okay !
Go, team--
Ready, okay ! Sorry.
Ready, okay ! Shit.
Be aggressive.
Be, be aggressive.
How many cheers
do we have to memorize ?
Do we get paid for this ?
And do I have to
provide my own uniform ?
[Techno]
I see you guys are
wearing red. Um, that
does not work for me.
Ready, okay! R-C-H!
[Sobbing]
Toros all the way !
[Crying]
I'm sorry. I just broke up
with my boyfriend.
[Classical]
Pretty good.
Yo, yo, yo !
What's up ? What's up ?
It's time to get busy !
So let's kick this shit
and rock the C.K.
off your panties, yeah.
Give my regards

to Broadway
Remember me
to Herald Square
Tell all the gang--
Excuse me !
What's with the song ?
- Isn't this the audition
for Pippin ?
- No.
[Heavy Metal]
Tastes good
Make a grown man cry
Sweet cherry pie, yeah
Who
Hi.
Well, swingin' on
the front porch
Swingin on the lawn
Swingin' where we want
'cause there ain't
nobody home
Okay, uh,
any more questions ?
I think we're good.
- Here's our girl.
- Rancho Carne's
not all talk
All we know is
Toros rock
Shake their booties
Scream and shout
Toro players work it out
Go, Toros.
[Clapping Continues]
Do I have to wear
those little underwear things ?
I don't like wearing underwear.
- Thanks !
- [Groaning]
[Door Opens, Closes]
[Door Opens, Closes]
Excuse me. Where'd you
park your Harley ?
Get real.

Tattoos are strictly
verboten. Sorry.

I got bored during
fourth period.

You need to fill
one of these out.

Did it.

[Scoffs]

Missy, is it ?

Okay, before we start,
I'm afraid we're gonna
need to make sure...

you can do
a standing back tuck.

Standard procedure.

You understand.

Standing back handspring
back tuck okay ?

Where's this girl from,
Romania ?

- Can she yell ?

- We'll try an oldie.

Awesome, oh, wow !

Like, totally freak me out !

I mean, right on !

[Claps]

The Toros sure are
number one.

I transferred from Los Angeles !

Your school has no gymnastics team !

This is a last resort !

[Claps]

Okay, so I've never
cheered before. So what ?

How about something that
actually requires neurons ?

Do it.

Front handspring, step out,
round off, back handspring,
step out, round off,
back handspring,
full twisting lay out.

- Ha !

- Hey !

Missy is bank.
Uh, bankrupt.
We've already
so decided on Jamie.
Courtney, this is not
a democracy.
Its a "cheerocracy."
I'm sorry,
but I'm overruling you.
You are being a "cheertator,"
Torrance, and a pain in my ass !
We already voted.
Besides, Missy
looks like an uber dyke.
[Giggling]
Courtney, I'm the captain.
I'm pulling rank,
and you can fall in line or not.
If we're gonna be the best,
we have to have the best.
Missy's the poo.
So take a big whiff.
[Doorbell Rings]
You.
And you.
I mean, hi. I'm--
A cheerleader.
Uh, yeah.
Head cheerleader,
to be exact.
Wow.
So does Missy live here ?
Uh, actually, she moved
back to L.A., yeah.
Something about
evil cheerleaders or--
Look, I'm serious.
We have to get her.
Is her drug dependency
gonna be a problem ?
Cliff, shut up.
What do you want ?
I want you on the squad.
You're the best.

They know it.
They just reject
the unfamiliar.
Thanks, but no, thanks.
I mean, I plead
temporary insanity.
See, I'm a hard-core gymnast.
No way jumping up and down,
screaming, "Go, team, go !"
is gonna satisfy me.
Look, we're gymnasts too,
except no beam,
no bars, no vault.
Sorry. Not interested.
What are you doing ?
Nothin'.
I just thought that
it was interesting hearing
Torrance's point of view.
- How do you even know her ?
- We're old friends.
Ever been to
a cheerleading competition ?
- Oh, you mean
like a football game ?
- No, not a game.
Those are like
practices for us.
I'm talking about
a tournament.
ESPN cameras all around,
hundreds of people
in the crowds cheering.
Wait. People cheering
cheerleaders ?
That's right.
Lots of people.
Here's the deal, Missy.
We're the shit. The best.
We have fun, we work hard,
and we win national championships.
I'm offering you a chance
to be a part of that.
Think about it, Miss.

You get to wear
sassy outfits.
You get to yell
like you care
about something.
She's not the cheering type.
You know what ?
Count me in.
Ready, girls ?
[Clapping]
I said brrr
It's cold in here
I said there must be some
Toros in the atmosphere
I said brrr
It's cold in here
I said there must be some
Toros in the atmosphere
I said oh-ee, oh-ee, oh
Ice, ice, ice
Oh-ee, oh-ee, oh
Ice, ice, ice
- Here we go, girls.
-[Saxophone Playing]
[Music Stops]
[Jan]
Hey, practice isn't over yet.
Nice recruit, Torrance.
A real captain would've

seen what I saw:

a big dykey loser.
I'd say
that's strike two.
What is up ?
I went out on a limb for you,
and you bail ?
- I'm not about stealing.
- What are you talking about ?
You ripped off
those cheers.
Listen, Missy, our cheers
are 1 00% original.
Count the trophies.

Well, your trophies
are bullshit, because
you're a sad-ass liar.
All right, that's it !
Get out of the car !
I'm gonna kick your ass !
Oh, really ?
Come on.
You're in for
a rude awakening.
Get in.
What ? No way.
For real. Get in.
[Crowd Cheering]
[Girl]
Do your thing, Isis !
I said brrr
It's cold in here
There must be some
Clovers in the atmosphere
I said brrr
It's cold in here
There must be some
Clovers in the atmosphere
I said oh-ee, oh-ee, oh
Ice, ice, ice
Slow it down
Oh-ee, oh-ee, oh
Ice, ice, ice
Here we go
[Saxophone Playing]
Hey ! You guys
enjoy the show ?
Yes, were
the ethnic festivities
to your liking today ?
- You guys are awesome.
- Really ? Ready to share
those trophies ?
Can we just beat
these Buffys down
so I can go home ?
I'm on curfew, girl.
- There's no need for that.

- She's right.
See, then we'd be
doing them a favor.
Then they could feel good
about sending Raggedy Ann here
to jack us for our cheers.
- Raggedy Ann ?
- Ugly redhead with a video
camera attached to her hand.
Y'all been coming up here
for years, trying to steal
our routines.
- And we just love
seeing them on ESPN.
- What are you talking about ?
"Brr, it's cold in here.
I said there must be some
Toros in the atmosphere" ?
- You don't think a white girl
made that shit up.
- I-- I--
- Our free cheer service
is over as of this moment.
- Over !
- Finito !
- [Isis] Every time
we get some, here y'all come,
tryin' to steal it,
puttin' blond hair on it and
calling it something different.
We've had the best squad
around for years,
but no one's been able
to see what we can do.
But you better believe
all that's gonna change
this year.
I'm captain, and I guarantee you
we'll make it to nationals.
Hand over the tape
you made tonight and we'll
call it even for now.
We don't have any tape.
Really. We just came

to see the show.
What ? Come on, Isis.
Let me do this.
You know what ? Lets go.
Wait a minute. So that's it ?
Were just gonna let them go ?
Yeah, because unlike them,
we have class.
I swear I had no idea.
I swear I had no idea.
Well, now you do.
Hmmp. You been touched
by an angel, girl.
[Isis]
Jenelope, lets go.
We just so almost
got our asses kicked
back there !
I mean, I knew I'd seen
those routines before.
We used to play
East Compton
all the time.
You really had no idea,
did you ?
Do you know
what this means ?
My entire
cheerleading career
has been a lie.
Well, look on the bright side.
It's only cheerleading.
I am only cheerleading.
- Do you believe in curses ?
- What are you talking about ?
I think I'm cursed.
And why is that ?
This past summer
at Cheer Camp,
all the new seniors
had to do a dare.
See, there's this thing
called the Spirit Stick,
and it can never,

ever touch the ground.
Torrance Shipman,
your mission, should you
choose to accept it--
and you better--
is to capture
the Spirit Stick...
and drop it in front
of the entire camp.
Do you wanna go my way
Do you wanna go my way
The future is clear
Lets get into gear
Y'all are such
an inspiration to us.
Well, I just wanted
to congratulate you guys
and take a picture of you...
with the Spirit Stick.
Here.
[Gasping]
Do you wanna go my way
Do you wanna go my way
Here.
- I don't want it now.
- No, it's okay.
The Spirit Stick
doesn't lose anything.
The person who drops it,
however,
[Deep Voice]
goes to Hades !
[Thunderclap]
I don't mean to laugh,
but cheerleading
urban legends ?
You're not jinxed.
Shit happens.
I have to tell you
something.
I'm on the phone, creep.
I realize that,
and normally I'd be
listening on the other line,

but this is important.

Okay, what ?

[Farts]

Ohh ! Get out !

Thank you for listening.

[Man]

Yo. Back later.

Is Aaron around ?

Do you know when ?

No.

Have him call Torrance.

It's urgent.

All right.

Big Red totally screwed us !

I mean monster screwed us !

I put this to the entire squad.

Swear you guys didn't know.

Big Red didn't exactly

let any of us help with

the routines, Torrance.

- I cannot believe she did this.

- I feel awful. It's depraved.

I mean, those East Compton girls

wanted to grill our asses.

Big Red ran the show, man.

We were just flying ignorami,

for sobbing out loud.

We can't go to regionals

with a stolen routine.

It's too risky.

[Whitney]

Changing the routine now...

would be total

murder-suicide.

Seriously.

Let's not put

the "duh" in "dumb."

How are East Compton

gonna prove anything ?

You people are unbelievable.

I mean, we're talking about

cheating here.

Sorry, new girl,

but nobody hit your buzzer.

Look, I hate to be predictable,
but I don't give a shit.
We learned that routine
fair and square.
We logged the man-hours.
Don't punish the squad
for Big Red's mistake.
This isn't about cheating.
This is about winning.
Everyone in favor of winning ?
I get what youre saying,
Missy, but theres no time.
If we don't do the routine,
we've got nothing else.
So, you in ?
Whatever.
[Phone Dialing,
Busy Signal Beeping]
Get out of here !
Hey, this is
the living room.
It's public domain.
[Man] Yo.
Hey, may I please speak
to Aaron ? It's Torrance.
He's not here. He's, uh--
He's not here. Bye.
[Dial Tone]
Ohh !
I'll take "Famous Losers"
for 200, Alex.
Shut up, moron !
It's not my fault you're in love
with a big gay cheerleader who
won't return your phone calls.
- Aaron is not gay.
- Oh, so someone just made him
become a cheerleader ?
Hes just... busy !
Yeah, busy
scamming on guys.
Give me that !
Bitch !
[Horn Honks]

Where is she ?
[Horn Honking]
Come on.
Oh, baby !
Ohh ! Who !
No way.
Sexy mama !
Who ! Take it off!
[Torrance]
Come on. Go, sexy.
Who !
You're on fire, yeah !
- You sure I can stay over
your house tonight ?
- Totally fine.
My parents are at some benefit.
They'll be pouring themselves
into bed around dawn.
Good. We gotta start early.
You'll be a star
cheerleader yet.
All the cheerleaders
in the world wouldn't
help our football team.
Man, its just wrong.
Cheering for them
is just plain mean.
Everybody comes
to see you ladies,
anyway.
Because we're
such fine athletes.
Oh, live with it.
You'll be fighting off
major oglers while we
defend our sexuality.
What is your sexuality ?
Jan's straight,
while I'm...
controversial.
Are you trying to tell me
you speak fag ?
Oh, fluently.
And Courtney and Whitney--

"dyke-adelic" ?
No !
Are you kidding ?
I don't think so.
Courtney doesn't
wear anything
under her spankies.
That's
no excuse, Jan.
I can't help it
if my digits slip
occasionally.
Nuh-uh. Slip ?
Where ?
Come on, Missy.
Don't make him say it.
Oh, my God.
My God too.
You're
a sick man, Jan.
Now, ladies and gentlemen,
put your hands together
for the Rancho Carne Toros !
[Unenthusiastic Cheering]
[Yelling]
And now let's hear it...
for the five-time national
cheerleading champions,
the mighty Toros!
Go ! Go ! Come on !
We're number one !
Come on ! Let's hear it !
Who ! Yeah !
Bring it on, baby !
Come on !
Let's hear it !
Go, Toros !
Come on, Toros ! Who !
Go, Toros !
Come on, Toros !
Come on. Yeah !
Yeah, Toros! Yeah !
Go, Toros !
Yo-ho, go, everybody !

Why don't you let
your cheerleaders
play for you ?
At least they win shit
occasionally.
Is that the best you got ?
Bring it on, butt plug.
You want more ? Okay.
While we're out here
kicking your ass,
your cheer boys
are over there scamming
on all your squirrel.
Which is cool, since you
don't have dicks anyway.
Mm-hmm.
Bitch !
- Punk !
- [Yelling]
Hey, Toros
That's right
The red, black and white
Guess what, guess what
You really suck
Hey, that's all right
That's okay
You're gonna
pump our gas someday
That's alright
That's okay
You're gonna pump
our gas someday
- [Blows Whistle]
- Come on, guys !
Touchdown ! Let's go !
- [Growls]
- Nice.
[Groaning]
- Fourteen-nothing.
- Go !
Hut !
[Booing]

And with 4.:

in the third quarter,
Losers.
it's Costa Mesa 34,
Toros nothing.
Come on, Defense, work !
- Work !
- Knock 'em down,
roll 'em around.
- Come on, Defense, work !
- Work !
Knock 'em down,
roll 'em around.
Come on, Defense, work !
Work !
Knock 'em down,
roll 'em around.
- Come on, Defense, work !
- Work !
Knock 'em down,
roll 'em around.
Come on, Defense, work !
Work !
Knock 'em down,
roll 'em around.
Come on, Defense, work !
[Applause]
Ohh !
Jan !
Go, Toros !
Come on ! Yeah !
Come on, Toros !
You're, like,
totally his eye candy.
God, I can't believe
you'd do that to Aaron.
Do what ?
Especially with him.
What are you
talking about ?
Don't play dumb.
We're better at it than you.
You're having
cheer sex with him.
[Announcer] Flag on

the play, called against--
you guessed it-- the Toros.
Remember, our next defeat
is scheduled...
for next Friday night at 8.:00.
Lets go, Toros!
[Clapping]
Let's go, Toros !
Lets go, Toros!
[Clapping]
Let's go, Toros !
Let's go, Toros !
Alright!
Were sweet
We got the whip
We can't be beat
We're the best
Our team's too cool
We got the class to rock
this school, ah, yeah
We bad, we got the team
We can't be had
We're the best
So score them points
You win the game
We'll rock this joint
Go, Toros, go, Toros
Go, go, go, Toros
Go, Clovers, go, Clovers
Go, go, go, Clovers
Our game is fierce
and we are hip
So get on back
You can't touch this
Our game is bad
We're without peer
So get that weakness
outta here
Tried to steal our bit
but you look like shit
But we're the ones
who are down with it
[Crowd Murmuring]
- [Grunts]

- I still say we use
the routine we have.

- If we have to
start over, I quit.

- [Horn Blows]

[Announcer]

And thats the game.

Whoever here is
for a new routine,
raise your hand.

Final score.:

Toros nothing.

Jan's got spirit.

Yes, he do.

Jan's got spirit.

How 'bout you ?

Dude, you just lost.

[Electric Guitar]

So is every game

that eventful ?

No, thank God.

We have a real situation
on our hands.

I mean,

we were humiliated

on our own turf.

We might have

to have a rumble.

This is a serious problem !

Oh, so is your breath.

Oh, my God.

Yeah.

[Electric Guitar Continues]

- What are you doing ?

- Um--

[Feedback]

Where's the bathroom ?

- Right there.

- Oh.

[Continues]

Good night.

Night.

Are you into my brother ?

No.

I have a boyfriend.

[Phone Ringing]

[Ringing Continues]

Hello.

Tor, is that you ?

Aaron ?

Where have you been ?

I keep trying to call you.

Yeah, I know. I've been, like,
totally busy with school
and practice and stuff.

What's up ?

Oh, it's bad, Aaron.

Miss Red snaked

our routines from

the East Compton Clovers.

- All of our routines.

- What ?

They found out.

They showed up at the game.

Gauntlets were thrown.

Tell me you didn't know
about this. I don't know
what to do here.

Of course I didn't know,
but you gotta calm down.

This is not that big a deal.

Everybody uses

everybody else's material.

- It's like this unwritten rule
or something.

- That doesn't help me.

We can't do their routine
at regionals because they're
gonna do their routine.

Come on, Tor,

you need a new routine.

That's all. No problem.

Just hire a professional
choreographer.

A choreographer ?

Look, just think of it
as collaboration.

The U.C.A. totally looks
the other way.
Call this guy.
His name is Sparky Polastri.
Pen.
Remember nationals last year ?
Knows his shit, all right ?
Here's the number.
It's 555-72 1 9.
Thanks, Aaron.
You always know
what to do.
Mm-hmm. Bye, baby.
Who was that ?
My sister. Mmm.
But you're not
my sister, are you ?
[Giggles]
- He says we should hire
a choreographer.
- [Dialing Phone]
[Phone Rings]
[Man]
Hello.
Hi. May I please speak
to Sparky Polastri ?
He'll need three or four days
to teach us the routine.
But here's the thing.
It's gonna cost us
\$2,000.
What, do I have
the letters A-T-M
tattooed on my forehead ?
We were thinking more
like D-A-D-D-Y.
Maybe I can get 500.
Okay, then we only need
[Les]
What's up, Whitney ?
Hi.
[Les]
What's up, Whitney ?
Hi.

Here we are at
the Rancho Carne
Toro car wash,
raising a little money.
[Les]
Yeah, baby, yeah !
Work it, Kasey!
- What's up, Les ?
- Come to Mama.
Soak it up.
- Workin' hard for our money ?
- That's a good shot, Les.
Give a little buff job.
Thats good.
Oh, thats attractive, Tor.
Lookin' good.
Shakin' the booty.
[Rock]
Missy, what the hell
are you doing ?
[Screaming, Laughing]
Watch it! Aww!
[Screaming]
Dude, don't turn
that camera off!
- Hey, perv.
- [Screams]
Hand over your 1 5 bucks
or get out of here.
- What are you doing ?
- Making money from guys
ogling my goodies.
Aw, I didn't need to hear that.
That was an over-share.
Hey, Torrance.
Come here a sec.
We'll just
get this over with.
My brother wants
to check out your rack.
You know,
I begged my mom
for a brother.
He'd look a little ridiculous

in that bikini, wouldn't he ?

- Yeah.

- So, nice car.

Yeah. Um--

What can I say ?

I drive hard.

- Shouldn't take long to wash.

- Don't even worry about it.

I got all afternoon.

I'll bet you do.

Where the hell

is this guy ?

Listen, we're lucky

he's even doing this for us.

[Door Opens]

[Music Sting]

[Electronic Voice]

Prepare for total domination !

[Echoing]

Domination, domination.

Y'all ready for this

[Music Stops]

[Scoffs]

Great.

Thanks for coming.

We're--

Don't speak.

You. You have weak ankles.

One of your calves

is bigger than the other.

Too much makeup.

Not enough makeup.

What's with the skin ?

Say it with me:

Male cheerleaders.

Enough said.

Smile.

- Don't smile.

- Chicken.

Good general tone

and musculature.

Report those compliments

to your ass before

it gets so big...
it forms its own web site.
And you, I take you
to be the captain,
which means
you'll probably need
more work than anyone.
Look, you don't--
But--
Shh !
No, no, no.
Don't speak. Don't think.
Listen and learn.
I'm a choreographer.
That's what I do.
You... are cheerleaders.
Cheerleaders are dancers
who have gone retarded.
What you do is a tiny,
pathetic subset of dancing.
I will attempt to transform
your robotic routines into poetry...
written with the human body.
Follow me or perish,
sweater monkeys.
I want you to think
of what you ate today.
Got it ? Now cut that in half.
This is called a diet.
Everyone start one today.
Darcy, honey,
you should stop eating.
You see, when you
skip a meal, your body
feeds off its fat stores.
And if you skip enough,
maybe your body
will eat your ass.
Why does everyone
have to go on a diet ?
Because in cheerleading,
we throw people in the air,
and fat people don't go as high.
- Come on, come on.

Lets get back to work !
- [Towel Snaps]
Ah !
I want dangerous !
I wanna feel like somebody's
gonna snap their neck!
Spirit fingers !
Give me spirit fingers !
Spirit fingers.
Give me spirit !
Ouch !
What ? I told you
I'd catch you.
Look, I understand
you have underwear
up your ass right now,
but it beats the hell
out of a shattered skull.
Think about it.
Okay, now,
spirit fingers.
Spirit fingers !
And spirit fingers !
- Oh, my God !
- These are not
spirit fingers.
These are spirit fingers.
And these... are gold.
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight.
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight.
Screw this.
I did not sign on
for spirit fingers.
Come on !
The spirit fingers are great !
Yeah, whatever.
We are so screwed.
- Hey. What's the matter ?
- Hey.
You don't wanna know.
Ah. Cheer crisis.
Ive just gotten

so bogged down
in all this... crap.
Well, if it's crap,
why do you do it ?
I don't know.
So quit.
Maybe I should.
Yeah, I mean, if you
don't like it anymore.
I didn't say that.
Sounds like it.
I don't know what I want.
I remember back
when I cheered at
my school in Detroit.
You cheered
at your other high school ?
No, I never cheered,
but I know what
you're going through.
And regardless
of all the politics
and the doubts...
and the crap,
you just have to know
that you can do it.
And if it helps,
I know you can.
You do ?
Yeah.
Alright, alright!
I'm ready to make
a fool of myself.
State regionals,
here we come.
Welcome to the world
of competitive
cheerleading.
[Woman Shouting]
High school divisions,
please check the signs.
If youre not here--
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come,

Thy will be done--
Broncos !
Ready ? Okay!
Some of these uniforms
look so skanky.
Whatever.
They're white trash.
Where do they get them ?
Ohh !
Cutter, I'm gonna
kick your ass,
you evil whore !
Get over it, hag !
Oww ! She did not
just hit me !
She's a little kid.
You little--
Get off me !
Leave me alone !
Stop it, Courtney !
Hi. You, yes.
Your head was down.
Your head was down
during that move.
How are you gonna
give a proper score...
if your head is down
during a move ?
Remember, they give
extra points for alacrity
and effulgence.
Did we bring those ?
Oh, no.
Look who's here.
Hi.
We're in trouble.
[Announcer] And now,
making their first appearance
at the U. C.A. California regionals,
the East Compton Clovers !
- Yeah, Clovers !
- [Hip-Hop]
I'm standing here
with five-time national

returning champions,
the Rancho Carne Toros.

[Cheering]

Leading the squad this year
is senior Torrance Shipman.
Torrance, one of the things
we've come to expect...

from the Toros over
the last few years is
a highly original routine.

Can we expect
the same this year?

Well,

I think everyone
goes out there
the same way,
being as prepared
as they can be and
just hoping for the best.

Were just glad
to be back here...

and eager to see
what other squads
have come up with.

[Music Sting]

[Electronic Voice]

Prepare for total domination !

[Echoing]

Domination ! Domination !

Isn't that Sparky ?

Thank you,

Rancho Carne Toros,
and good luck.

[Announcer] And now,
the Mighty Muskrats...

Thanks.

of Mesa Cucamonga !

- Spirit fingers.

- They stole our routine !

Yall ready for this

Keep that

Trojan spirit up !

[Cheer Continues]

It's the curse.

What ?

The Spirit Stick curse.

Will you

lay off with that ?

There's no curse,

and you're not

going to Hades.

News flash !

Look around.

We are in Hades !

[Man]

Rancho Carne!

You're up next !

[Announcer] And now,

from San Diego, California,

the five-time

national champions,

the Rancho Carne Toros!

Yeah ! Yeah !

[Cheering]

I bet this is good.

[Cheering Continues]

[Music Sting]

[Electronic Voice]

Prepare for total domination !

[Echoing]

Domination !

Domination ! Domination !

[Same Music Begins]

Didn't we just

see this routine ?

Yall ready for this

[Gasping]

[Laughing]

[Music Stops]

- [Panting]

- What the f--

[Plastic Bottle

Clattering]

[Announcer]

Ahem.

The Rancho Carne Toros,

ladies and gentlemen.

[Polite Applause]

Go, Toros !
Did they screw up.
That was, um,
interesting.
Nice job !
Y'all shouldve just stuck
with our routines.
- [Scoffs]
- Yeah.
- Don't worry. We'll send you
a postcard from nationals.
- Six, seven, eight.
[Announcer]
Next up, the Fighting Beavers
of San Bernardino.
Torrance Shipman ?
Yes.
Tad Freeman, Universal Cheer
Association. We have a problem.
A problem ?
[Freeman] Oh, yes,
a very big problem.
Hey.
I dont know
if you can imagine...
Hey.
the incredible sense of deja vu
I experienced as I was watching
that last routine.
It tends to make me
suspicious--
I wouldnt just now.
What ?
Official cheer business.
Come on. It's me.
Hey, Torrance !
You see, l--
[Mouthing Words]
That was smooth.
Real smooth.
I'll see her later.
All righty.
Oh, uh, by the way,
nice spirit fingers.

Yeah.

Well, here's another.

Thanks.

Obviously your Toros
aren't the only squad with
this particular routine.

Does the name

Sparky Polastri

mean anything to you ?

Sparky Polastri ?

Mm-hmm.

Apparently he's been peddling
this same routine up and down
the California coast.

Six squads total.

We're holding

an emergency session
of the discretionary panel.

About what ?

We've never had a situation
like this before.

We really should
disqualify you and--

No, don't punish the squad.

It was my choice
to hire Sparky, not theirs.

Don't penalize everyone
for my bad judgment.

But since there's
no precedent for this,

there's nothing
in the rule books
that forbids it.

It's simply frowned upon,
and I suppose

we can't disqualify you
on those grounds alone.

As defending champions,
you are guaranteed

a bid to Florida,
but know that we'll

be watching you.

And don't expect
to show up at finals

with that routine.

[Announcer]

Taking the floor now--

What are you doing ?

You're wrecking
everything built !

Its not totally her fault.

I hooked up--

This season should have
been gravy, okay ?

I handpicked the squad,
I delivered
an idiot-proof routine.

- Platter, nationals, hello !

- Don't you mean
a stolen routine ?

Oh. Don't be
so naive, Torrance.

Look, the truth is

I was a real leader, okay ?

I did what I had to do

to win at nationals,

and ever since I handed

the reins over to you, you've run
my squad into the ground !

If I made any mistake

as a squad leader,

it wasn't borrowing cheers.

It was announcing you

as my successor.

Uh-uh. Not cool.

Hey, Tor. Tor. Wait,

wait, wait, wait, wait.

Let me go. I just

wanna get out of here.

Hey, Big Red's a bitch.

We all know that.

Even she knows that.

I don't know

what to do here, Aaron.

Look. I know I haven't

always been there for you

since I went to college.

It's been

a rough transition,
for both of us.
But I still care about you
as much as I ever did.
You know that, right ?
You do ?
Of course.
Which is why I hate
to see you like this,
all stressed out.
It's not good for you.
You're a great cheerleader,
Tor, and you're cute as hell.
Its just that maybe--
[Sighs]
Maybe...
youre just not
captain material,
and there's nothing
wrong with that.
Maybe you should consider
letting Courtney and Whitney
take over the squad.
Theyre just like Big Red.
You want me
to give up captain ?
Hey, let them deal
with the politics.
You just do
what you do best, Tor.
You cheer.
Cheer, Tor. Okay ?
I just wanna see you happy.
Bye.
Mm.
Mmm.
Sleep tight, sweetie.
[Sighs]
Friend of yours ?
He's my boyfriend.
Look, Cliff,
I can explain.
No. It's cool.
Here, um,

I made you a tape too.
Cliff--
Hey, Torrance, uh,
its me, Cliff.
Um, here's, uh--
I wrote something, uh,
for you, so here it is.
[Clears Throat]
Oh, Torrance
Cant stand
your cheerleading squad
But I love
your pom-poms
I'd feed you bonbons
all night
One, two, three, four!
[Hard Rock]
Yeah, you got me to feel
all those butterflies inside
In your locker I would hide
The truth
It's only you I see
And you're just
what I need
I'd bring you flowers
everyday
Just to roll you
in the hay
Well, I'm feelin' fine
I'm right on time
I know I'll get my way
And youre just
what I need
And youre just
what I need
Not everything
works as it seems
Is that so hard
to believe
'Cause you're just
what I need
And youre just
what I need
Not everything

works as it seems
Is that so hard
to believe
Yeah
[Sighs]
Aaron called us
last night.
He told us
you're turning
the squad over to us.
Just because you bit
the big one as captain,
does not mean
we're gonna be
super hard on you.
Oh.
We'll treat you
as if you...
didn't screw us
into the ground.
Gee, thanks.
Everyone.
Torrance is not
to be harmed.
We've already decided
on a course of action.
We're gonna forego
nationals this year.
- [Sighs]
- [Whitney] Everyone's
already agreed to it.
Uh, except me.
And me !
- Both of you can be replaced.
- [Torrance]
I can't believe you guys.
The only person who can
officially resign the post
of captain is the captain,
and I'm not
going anywhere.
Then we'll have
to overthrow you.
Which we will !

Enough !

Our whole cheering career,
we've staked our reputation
on being the best,
the most inventive.

Now we finally have a chance
to truly be original,
and you're all running scared.

[Courtney]

She's crazy.

I am not crazy,
and I'm not resigning
as captain either.

- You're gonna have
to kill me first.

- That can be arranged.

Shut it, Whitney !

Let her talk !

Look, I know I've screwed up
royally as captain,
but I believe in this squad,
and know we can
bounce back from this.

I'm not saying
it's gonna be easy.

It's gonna be hard work.

We need a new routine,
something amazing and fresh,
and we've got less than
three weeks till nationals,
but if we can do it,
if we can pull this off,
then we can really
call ourselves original.

Now who's with me ?

All right !

Yeah.

Yeah !

Yeah !

How 'bout it, girls ?

It's gonna be hard
without you two.

[Sighs]

Fine.

Sure.

Whatever.

Okay. Let's do this.

[Torrance]

Were gonna devote
every waking hour to practice--
before school,
in between classes
and after school.

Afternoon practices
will have to be twice as long.

We've gotta do
whatever it takes to be
in perfect physical shape.

Yeah. You can go
a little harder.

Yeah, that feels good.

Maybe we should
join the squad.

Push.

Oh, yeah.

Fag !

[Torrance] And since
the football team sucks
no matter how hard we cheer,
we'll use night games
to practice too.

But thats not all.

Were gonna study
other types of movement,
from swing dance...

to interpretive dance,
...you grow and you
grow and you bloom !
even mime.

We'll draw inspiration
from martial arts,

Hah !

musicals, everything.

You guys know
weve got the talent.

We've just gotta work our asses
off and trust our instincts--
all of our instincts.

[Loud Rock]

[Aluminum Can

Clattering]

Tor ! Wha-- Wow !

What are you doing here ?

Just wanted to

come by and see you.

Is this a bad time ?

Yeah.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

I'm super busy.

I'm workin'

on this project--

Yeah, you sound super busy.

I guess that's it.

You were too busy

to believe in me.

Oh. No, no, but wait.

You weren't too busy

to sell me out to Courtney

and Whitney, were you ?

Gee, now I'm confused.

Well, I hope you're not

too busy to hear this.

Kiss my ass, Aaron !

It's over !

- [Scoffs]

- [Gasps]

You're a great

cheerleader, Aaron.

Its just that...

maybe you're not exactly

boyfriend material.

Bye-bye.

You're a cheerleader ?

[Disgusted Sigh]

U.C.A. just posted the nationals

list on the Internet.

East Compton isn't on it.

They couldn't raise

the money in time.

- They're not going.

- What do you mean,

"They're not going" ?

Torrance,
that's good news.
They cannot not go.
That's not good news.
What are you talking about ?
They don't go, we win.
Once again we're the best.
I define best as competing
against the best there is
out there and beating them.
- They have to go.
- [Sighs]
It's so unfair. The first
inner-city squad to get a bid,
and they can't afford to go ?
Look, Mom. Her head is spinning
off into another dimension.
Justin !
The company gets hit up
for money all the time, honey.
I just can't.
It's not that much money,
Mr. Level-Playing-Field.
Tell them the deal.
Maybe they'll wanna help.
Yeah ? Okay,
I'll make the call,
but they'll probably
say no.
Don't let them.
Think of how much
it'll mean to East Compton.
They deserve to go.
Do the right thing, Dad !
Did that
just happen ?
Yeah.
"Where we come from,
'cheer' is not a word
we hear very often."
"They should call us
'inspiration leaders'
instead."
Oh, that's deep.

I like that.
I don't know why
we writin' to some
talk-show host.
It's like we beggin'
for charity.
It's not charity.
Pauletta Patton's
from our neighborhood.
- She'll understand
why we need the money.
- Tell her we need to buy donuts.
- Her big butt
will understand that.
- Ha-ha !
- Stop being
counterproductive, all right ?
- Lava, please...
stop teaching her
these big words
before she choke on one.
No, better I choke you, Lafred.
- Look, Jenelope--
- You guys, stop ! Please.
Damn !
[Sighs]
Well, tell her about
the late-night practices
we been having.
There you go.
That's the kind of stuff
she wants to hear about.
Now we're talkin'.
[Door Bangs Open]
You guys have to go
to nationals.
- Did you come up here
just to tell me that ?
- Here.
I got my dad's company
to sponsor you guys.
What is this, hush money ?
No.
Oh, right.

Its guilt money.
You pay our way in
and you sleep better
at night...
knowing how your whole world
is based on one
big, old fat lie.
Well, you know what ?
- [Scoffs]
- We don't need you.
Why do you have to be so mean ?
I'm just trying to do
the right thing here.
I'm trying to be strong
for my squad, okay ?
That's what a captain does.
Well, I'm a captain too,
you know, and I'm trying
to make it right.
You wanna
make it right ?
Then when you go to nationals,
bring it.
Don't slack off because
you feel sorry for us.
That way, when we beat you,
we'll know it's because
we're better.
I'll bring it.
- Don't worry.
- I never do.
Yeah, your parents
just have to sign it.
I didn't do
anything !
Bye.
Bye, Tor.
I listened to your tape.
I loved it.
Great.
Can I talk to you ?
I was upset that night.
Aaron gave me a ride home.
It was just

a good-night kiss.
It meant nothing.
Oh. I'm sorry.
And I wanted you
to know that...
I broke up with him.
Congratulations.
He didn't
believe in me.
You did !
Whatever.
That's important to me !
You believed in me !
A groovy kind of way
- A groovy kind of way
A groovy kind of way
- Bite me.
Hanging out with the airheads
has really sharpened
your verbal skills, huh ?
- Screw you.
- Said the cheerleader.
That's right,
I am a cheerleader,
and you're a dumb ass.
Torrance likes you.
Okay ? She likes you.
She has an odd way
of showing it.
Don't be stupid.
She broke up with
her boyfriend for you.
Yeah.
Look. Do us all a favor
and get over yourself
and tell her how you feel.
I thought I had.
Well, try again.
And let me give you

a little tip
from a cheerleader.
Be aggressive.
Be-ee aggressive.
[Announcer]
Now back to Pauletta !
Thank you.
Thank you.
Today on Pauletta
it's "Wish Day" !
[Audience Cheering]
[Pauletta]
Today's letter comes
from East Compton, California.

"Dear Pauletta:

Where we come from...
"cheer is not a word
that you hear very often,
"but that's what we are,
the cheerleaders
of East Compton High School.
"They should really call us
inspiration leaders,
because that's what we do.
"We inspire the people
from our neighborhoods...
"to believe
that our team can win.
"That's why we're asking you
to fulfill our wish...
to send us to the national
cheerleading competition
for the first time."
Well, Clovers,
you got your wish.
Audience,
the East Compton Clovers !
[Audience Cheering]
Hi, Pauletta.
We just wanna say how thankful
we are for all of your help.
Pauletta,
you my girl !

You the bomb, baby !
Ooh, Pauletta, girl,
we love you so much, girl.
You don't have to lose
a pound. We love you
the way you are !
- [Audience Chuckles]
- We're gonna make you
an honorary Clover for life.
Thank you so much.
Yeah !
[Clovers Shouting]
[Audience Cheering]
[Pauletta]
Ooh ! Im gonna
look good in this, y'all.
[Audience Laughing]
So, your family
coming ?
I don't know
if Cliff's coming.
I totally blew it
with Cliff.
Forget it.
My brother's an idiot.
You're his sister.
You don't see him
like I do.
Yeah, and that's
a good thing, 'cause
that would be a crime.
Hey, ladies, wanna see
my Spirit Stick ?
[Line Ringing]
[Girls
Shouting]
[Clattering]
[Line Ringing,
Clicking]
Hey, this is Cliff.
Leave a message after the--
[Plucks Guitar String]
- [Answering Machine Beeps]
- [Dial Tone]

Hello. Hello ?

[Man]

Lock your door.

Bolt your windows.

Daytona, Florida,

has been invaded

by teenage cheerleaders.

And what do they want ?

The chance to be the number one

cheerleading squad

in the country.

You know, in high school,

I couldn't pay a cheerleader

to talk to me.

Now, I'm surrounded by 'em,

and lets face it,

any sport

that combines gymnastics, dance

and short skirts is okay by me.

ESPN2 welcomes you

to sunny Daytona, Florida,

for the Universal

Cheer Association

Nationals 2000.

[TV Commentator]

Fifty squads from fifty high

schools across the nation...

are gathered here

to duke it out.

You wanna talk pressure ?

Ha-ha. These kids

are feelin' it.

One individual mistake

can cost a squad everything.

Who's got spirit ?

We do, baby.

Only on the Deuce.

[Chattering]

Hey. Watch goin' out

of bounds. They deduct

like crazy for that stuff.

You goin' for sainthood

or somethin' ?

You don't wanna blow it

on something tiny.

Me and my squad

made it to the big show

without your help.

I think we can handle it.

Stay in bounds ! If any

of you step outside that

ugly blue carpet, you are dead.

- Happy ?

- Yes.

Tell your girl on the end

she's about a half second

early on all her moves.

- Okay, I will. Happy ?

- Yep.

Hey, remember.

Bring it.

And what the hell

was that about ?

It's boom, boom.

[Indistinct]

We just understand

each other, that's all.

All right, let's do this.

One, two, three.

Clovers !

[Crowd Cheering]

[Crowd Groaning]

[Loud Cheering]

The field has been narrowed,

and the advancing squads will

move on to tomorrow's finals.

Defending champs, the Toros,

have managed to come back...

from a humiliating showing

at regionals,

but the real Cinderella story

here, of course, is the Clovers

of East Compton, California.

[Girl]

Kasey's popping zits again.

Gross, Kasey.

You're totally

bedaubing the mirror.

Clean it off.
Okay, okay !
I don't know what's scarier,
neurotic cheerleaders
or the pressure to win.
I could make a killing
selling something like
Diet Prozac.
[Sighs]
Thank God you're here
this season, Missy.
I couldn't have
done it alone.
Oh. Tear.
No, I mean it !
[Laughing]
[Cheerleaders
Practicing Cheers]
Shut up !
You don't have it yet,
you don't have it !
Give it up already !
[TV Commentator]
Daytona, Florida,
day number two.
By sundown,
only one squad...
can call themselves
U. C.A. National Champions 2000.
Shit !
Where the hell are
my spanky pants ?
[Girl]
What's that
on his head?
Don't be shy, ladies.
Donations are always welcome.
Hey, babe. Are you
in a giving mood ?
Sure.
- Aah !
- Get lost, freak,
or I'm gonna tell
your friends that you were

at a cheerleading competition.

- You wouldn't.

- Oh, I would.

- Hey, I recognize these.

- [Disgusted Sigh]

That was perfect.

Your basket toss was amazing,
and no one saw that landing.

Really ?

We should find

your tooth.

[Shouting, Whooping]

[Public-Address Announcer]

...Colorado Springs, Colorado !

Hey.

That last lift you did
was amazing.

Thanks. Hey,
good luck out there.

Thanks, man.

I'm Les.

I'm-- I'm Tim.

It's nice to meet you.

Hey, I'll, uh,
see you around ?

Yeah.

Okay, now focus
and don't be nervous.

- I'm not nervous.

- No, just try not to think
about the stakes, okay ?

I'm totally cool.

I'm so ready.

The main thing that you must
remember is always smile !

Sorry.

Man, my stomach
is killin' me !

Yo, relax, girl.

You're makin' me
even more nervous.

You guys, look.

Gather up.

Guys, we got this.

We have done this routine
a million times. Just relax.
Forget about all those faces
out there and just imagine
that we're back at our school,
in our gym
just doin' our thing.

- We'll be fine. All right ?
- [Man] East Compton Clovers,
you're up !

- All right,
now let's do this, Clovers.

- Yeah !

- All right,
now let's do this, Clovers.

- Yeah !

Raise the ceiling !

Let's go, baby.

One, two, three !

- You know !

- [P.A. Announcer]

Ladies and gentlemen,
please welcome
from East Compton, California,
the Clovers !

[All Shouting]

Who ! Ready ! Go !

[Hip-Hop]

Yeah !

Yeah !

[In Unison]

You know !

[Music Stops]

- East Compton ! Come on !

- [Loud Cheering]

Who !

Yeah ! Let's go !

[P.A. Announcer]

Let's hear it for
the East Compton Clovers !

[Audience Cheering]

Okay, guys, let's go
out there and do our best.
Nothing hits the floor.

We stick it. Hands in.
Trust on three.
One, two, three.
Trust !
Go, Toros ! Yeah !
[P.A. Announcer]
Welcome the five-time...
national champions
from San Diego, California,
Go, Toros ! Yeah !
the Rancho Carne Toros!
Yea !
Go, Toros !
Let's go !
[Hip-Hop]
[In Unison]
Go, Toros !
All right !
[In Unison]
Yeah !
[Crowd Cheering]
Yeah ! Oh !
[Crowd Roaring]
- Toros ! Yeah !
- Number one ! Yeah !
- Yeah !
- We're number one !
- Who !
- Who !
Yes !
- Number one !
- Yes !
[P.A. Announcer]
Lets hear it for
the defending champions,
the Rancho Carne Toros!
[Cheering, Whistling]
[Shouting, Screaming]
[P.A. Announcer]
Ladies and gentlemen,
our five finalist teams...
have taken the stage,
so please give a warm welcome
to our emcees,

editor of
Cheer Fashion magazine,
Ms. Brandi Tattersol,
and U.C.A. president,
Mr. Johnny Garrison.
And now, ladies and gentlemen,
the moment you've all
been waiting for,
the award ceremony
for U.C.A. 2000.
Five finalist squads,
and only one...
will walk away
with the grand prize trophy...
and a check for \$20,000.
And so, in third place,
from New Pope High School...
in New Pope, Mississippi,
the New Pope Cavaliers !
- Let's hear it for 'em.
- [Crowd Cheering]
- Well done, ladies.
- [Shrieking]
[Garrison]
And now, Brandi,
would you do the honors ?
[Cheering Subsides]
And in second place--
and this was
a tough decision,
as there were two outstanding
performances this year.
In second place,
from San Diego, California,
the Rancho Carne Toros!
Second place ?
Hell, yeah !
[Shouting, Screaming]
- Yes !
- [Crowd Cheering]
- Yes !
- [Torrance, Missy
Shrieking]
- All right !

- And now, the winners,
of this year's
National High School
Cheerleading Championships,
the East Compton Clovers
of East Compton, California !

[Garrison]

Congratulations, Clovers.

Lets hear it !

- Number one ! Yeah !

- We did it! We did it !

[Shrieking, Shouting]

Ladies and gentlemen,
let's hear it out there !

- [Crowd Cheering]

- Lets hear it

for all of our squads !

Congratulations.

You were great.

Torrance.

Whoa, nice check.

I just want to say,

captain to captain,

I respect what

you guys did out there.

You guys were good.

Thanks.

You were better.

We were, huh ?

[Chuckles]

Yeah !

Look, my very own

Spirit Stick.

So, you think

the curse is broken ?

I don't believe

in curses anymore.

Oh, really ?

No.

Maybe we should

burn that, just in case.

Right !

[Laughing]

[Laughing]

Congratulations.

Oh, thanks.

[Laughing]

Uh, you remember
my friend Torrance, right ?

Yeah,

I think so.

We'll talk later.

Les !

So, second place ?

How's it feel ?

Feels like first.

[Crowd Cheering]

Oh, Mickey,

youre so fine

Youre so fine

you blow my mind

Hey, Mickey

Hey, hey

Hey, Mickey

Hey, hey

Oh, Mickey,

youre so fine

Youre so fine

you blow my mind

Hey, Mickey

Hey, hey

Hey, Mickey

Oh, Mickey,

youre so fine

Youre so fine

you blow my mind

Hey, Mickey

Yes, I really think the--

[Bleep]

Oh, Mickey,

youre so fine

Youre so fine

you blow my mind

Hey, Mickey

I'm really stoked.

Go out there and do our best,

okay ? Nothing's--

That's why think they

think they can get away with--
Before we start,
I'm gonna f-- I'm gonna--
Frickin' A !
Double frickin'.
What the hell is up ?
Hey, Mickey
You been around all night
and that's a little long
You think you got the right
and I think you got it wrong
Why can't you say goodnight
so you can take me home,
Mickey
[Man]
Okay, let's do this !
'Cause when you say you will
It always means you won't
You're givin' me
the chills, baby
Please, baby, don't
Every night you still
leave me all alone, Mickey
Oh, Mickey, what a pity
you don't understand
You take me by the heart
when you take me by the hand
Oh, Mickey, you're so pretty
cant you understand
Its guys like you, Mickey
Oh, what you do, Mickey
Do, Mickey
Don't break my heart, Mickey
Hey, Mickey
Now when you
take me by the
Who's ever gonna know
Every time you move
I let a little more show
Theres something we can use
So don't say no, Mickey
So come on and give it to me
any way you can
Any way you wanna do it

Ill take it like a man
It beats the hell out
of a shattered skull.
Think about it.

[Laughing]

Oh, Mickey, what a pity
you don't understand
You take me by the heart
when you take me by the hand
Oh, Mickey, youre so pretty
Cant you understand
Its guys like you, Mickey
Oh, what you do, Mickey
Do, Mickey
Don't break my heart, Mickey

[Coughing]

[Man]

Playback!

Oh, Mickey, youre so fine
Youre so fine
you blow my mind
Hey, Mickey
Hey, hey
Hey, Mickey
Hey, hey
Oh, Mickey, youre so fine
Youre so fine you blow my mind
Hey, Mickey
Hey, hey
Hey, Mickey
Oh, Mickey, youre so fine
Youre so fine
you blow my mind
- Hey, Mickey
- [Crying]
Hey, Mickey
Hey, hey
Oh, Mickey, youre so fine
Youre so fine
you blow my mind
Hey, Mickey
Hey, hey
Hey, Mickey
That was shitty.

I hated that one.
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
Yo, what's up
Let me explain this to you
See, I'm notional
let you run me
How were gonna do it is
Im gonna run you
You, you got
a lot of nerve
I guess you haven't heard
I'm doin' fine
out here on my own
You, you think
that you can come
Around here foursome fun
But, boy, you got
a lot to learn
Don't shake your head
from side to side
Sayin' that
you've changed enough
That you seen the light
'Cause you just say
what you say to get your way
And it's that game
that you play
It's a little late
As if
I'm ever gonna take you back
As if
It's ever gonna come to that
So see you 'round
wave good-bye
Be a bird
pass me by
As if
Im gonna let you
break my heart again
As if I'm ever gonna let
your love back in my life
Not tonight
Get a grip
Baby, as if

Come on, come on
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Uh-huh, uh-huh, yeah
Oh, oh
You
Seem to think that I

I:

Ain't got no sense of pride
Pride
Boy, you got
a weird perception now
Yo
Of what is it to love
Love
And I am sure because
Because
You got a look
of desperation
Don't shake your head
from left to right
Sayin' that you will when you
won't oversee the light
And you just say what you say
to get your way
And its that game
that you play
Its a little late
As if
I'm ever gonna take you back
As if
It's ever gonna come to that
So see you 'round
wave good-bye
Good-bye
Be a bird
Pass me by
As if
Im gonna let you
break my heart again
As if I'm gonna let your love
back in my life
Not tonight
Catch my drift

Baby, as if
[Lyrics Indistinct]
What do I gotta do
to get this through to you
Don't shake your head
from left to right
Sayin' that you've changed
and now you're on my side
'Cause you just know
you want some lucky charm
And its that game
that you play
I'm movin' on
As if
I'm ever gonna take you back
As if
It's ever gonna come to that
So be a dear, disappear
Maybe I'm not bein' clear
As if
Im gonna let you
break my heart again
As if Im gonna let
your love back in my life
Not tonight
Get a grip
Baby, as if
Uh-huh, uh-huhyeah
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
Oh, oh
No, no, no, no
As if
I'm ever gonna take you back
As if
As if
It's ever gonna come to that
So see you 'round
wave good-bye
See you 'round
Be a bird
Pass me by
Wave good-bye
As if
Im gonna let you

break my heart again
[Lyrics Indistinct]
As if
Im gonna let you
break my heart again
As if Im gonna let you try
and be my friend
It's the end
Take the hint
Baby, as if
[Laughing]
I'm sexy, I'm cute
I'm popular to boot
I'm bitchin ', great hair
The boys all love to stare
I'm wanted, I'm hot
I'm everything youre not
Im pretty, I'm cool
I dominate the school
Who am I, just guess
Guys want to touch my chest
I'm rockin', I smile
And many think I'm vile
I'm flyin', I jump
You can look
but dont you hump, who
I'm major, I roar
I swear I'm not a whore
We cheer and we lead
We act like we're on speed
Hate us 'cause we're beautiful
Well, we don't like you either
We're cheerleaders
We are cheerleaders
[Crowd Cheering,
Applauding, Whistling]