



Scripts.com

Bring It On: Worldwide #Cheersmack

By Alyson Fouse

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

ANNOUNCER:

Hello, cheer fans.

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

Put your hands together
and scream

for your three-time
world champion, Rebels!

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

And their cheerlebrity
in chief...

Destiny!

Hey, cheer fans
and wannabes.

It's that time.

The moment you've
all been waiting for.

If you're ready
for the Rebels,
give me those three
magic words.

Ready, spirit groupies?

Three, two, one!

Bring it on!

(ALL CHEERING AND WHOOPING)

(AUDIENCE WHISTLING)

(POP MUSIC PLAYING)

(STATIC)

(MECHANICAL VOICE
SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY)

Destiny, what happened
to our music?

I don't know, Willow,
but we're fine.

MECHANICAL VOICE:

We are The Truth.

Hey, this isn't our song.

I can hear, Hannah.

MECHANICAL VOICE:

Get ready.

We are The Truth.

So what are we
going to do?

Shut up and cheer.

MECHANICAL VOICE:

We're about to

show you up.

To show you up.

Rebels.

(STATIC)

(AUDIENCE MURMURING)

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

Tell me

this is a nightmare.

You're not dreaming.

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

LEADER:

and we're here to tell

that so-called

cheerlebrity, Destiny,

and her weak-ass Rebels

that you have been challenged.

You call yourselves

champions?

Well, your tired,

stale routines

won't cut it anymore.

And you will be dethroned.

Rebels, this is only

the beginning.

Consider yourself

officially cheersmacked.

(GASPS)

Oh, my God!

They suck!

Carbs! Carbs!

Get it off me.

It's a pretzel, Hannah.

Get over it.

(GASPING)

(SIGHS)

We're like a joke.

(AUDIENCE BOOING)

What are we

going to do?

(PEOPLE LAUGHING)

DESTINY:

(BOOING CONTINUES)
(INDISTINCT POLICE RADIO
CHATTER)
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
(PEOPLE CHEERING)
(BOYS EXCLAIMS)
(PEOPLE CHEERING)
(CAMERA CLICKS)

MAN:

(WHISTLES)
Hey, girl. Don't leave.
I mean,
it's free to watch.
(CHEERS)
(LAUGHS)
Watch out, Jeff.
Let me show her
a little something.
Ooh!
Oh!
(GRUNTING)
(BOTH LAUGHING)
Now I know I'm dreaming.
(BREATHES DEEPLY)

JEFF:

Why was the cheerleader mad
when she got
her driver's license?
Shit.

DIDIT:

Well, she got an "F"
in sex. (LAUGHS)
Okay. What's
a cheerleader's favorite
nursery rhyme?
I don't know. What is
a cheerleader's favorite
nursery rhyme? I don't...
Hump me. Dump me.

What else
did you learn today
in the third grade?
Whoa. She's scarier
up close.
She's pretty,
but scary.
Thanks. I was going
for femtimidation.
Are you all right?
What makes you think
I'm not all right?
Well, you're either lost
or on your way to
a costume party.
This isn't a costume.
I am a cheerleader.
Now smile.
(CAMERA CLICKS)

JEFF:

Hold up. You didn't even
get my best side.
That's okay because
you don't have one.
(LAUGHS)
Oh, that's cute.
(CLEARS THROAT)
Is that for your
Man Crush Monday?
'Cause I get that a lot.
No. I have over
1,000,000 IG followers.
I'm going to post this
to show them
Neanderthals still exist.
Hashtag get a life.
Hashtag grow up.
Hashtag cheermiliated.
(CHUCKLES)
(BEEPING)
That's weird.
What? You realized
cheermiliated wasn't

a real word?
What? No.
Don't be cheerdicolous.
I have to go.
Wait.
Why beef when we can
settle this right here?
What are you
talking about?
Well, let's battle.
You and me.
Dancer versus cheerleader.
If I win,
you don't post
the picture.
If you win...
Well, why even discuss it
because you won't.
(CHUCKLES)
You've been watching
way too many dance flicks.
You see, in the real world,
we handle our battles
on social media.
So get ready to
use up all your data,
'cause my plan's unlimited.
(DIDIT LAUGHS
AND SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY)
Yo.
It was so embarrassing.
I would have died.
Cheer Goddess,
grant me the strength
I need
to deal with
the nasty comments
and the embarrassment.
I've learned
from your teachings
to lead by example.
Still, you and I both know
the Rebels would be nothing
without me.

And that's not me
being conceited.
I'm just
a natural born leader.
Like Jesus with a high pony.
Are you guys
going to tell me
what's going on,
or do you expect me
to guess?
What are we going to do
about being cheersmacked?
(SCOFFS) Nothing.
It was a prank.
A practical joke.
We can't
take it seriously.
People have probably
already forgotten about it.
I don't think so.
Mmm-mmm.
My IG followers
are way down today.
And people have always
hearted my pics.
I mean,
especially since I started
taking butt selfies.
Yeah, my followers
were down too,
but that happens, right?
No. It's because we're
under a viral assault.
What are you
talking about?
This.
(SHOUTS IN SPANISH)
(SPEAKS IN OTHER LANGUAGE)
Destiny...
We're coming for you.
We're coming for you.

ALL:

They say!

Hey, Rebels.
Hey, Rebels.
You've been cheersmacked.
(ALL EXCLAIM)
So what? A few teams
challenged us.
That happens,
like, on the daily.
Uh, no.
There are dozens.
Yeah, we're cheer chum
in the water and there's
a feeding frenzy.
It's not that bad.
Don't act like you're not
sweating through
your sports bra over this.
Destiny, we need to
shake things up.
Throw out our old routines
and start fresh.
Okay, first of all,
I don't sweat. I glisten.
And we're not
going to throw out
all of our winning routines
just because some teams
challenged us, Willow.
But we've been doing
a version of the same stuff
for years.
I'm the one who led us
to number one,
so why would I want
anything to change?
For starters,
we lost four of our boys.
What?
Destiny, we're sinking.
And the boys
are jumping ship.
Like rats who will drown
without me.
We're all going to drown

if we don't do something.
It's simple!
We'll replace the boys
we lost.
The season's started.
All the good ones
are already taken.
Who would turn down
an opportunity
to cheer with me?
That's cheerdicolous.
Why do we even need
stinky, groin-scratching,
and not to mention,
finger slipping boys?
Let's not pretend
Lesbionic Lisa
or Big Tina hasn't slipped
a digit or two.
I lost my virginity
that way.
Okay. We're not thinking
about boys in the right way.
We are the main outfits.
The boys are just
the accessories.
They make us look better.
Like glitter pom-poms
or metallic gloss.
Can we stop
talking about boys?
That's not the problem.
We're doing
the same old routines.
That's what has to change.
Okay. I'll come up
with new choreo
if that's what's going
to make you feel better.
Well, I was thinking
that we could all...
Hey, you're my bestie,
but when it comes
to the routines,

we're going to
do it my way.
Now, let's go
get some boys.
That's cold.

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)

So, you think we can
just walk in here
and pluck male cheerleaders
like unibrows?

Yeah, why not?

Recruiting happens
all the time.

Besides, who wouldn't want
to cheer with me?

Yeah, no. I'll pass.

Become a Rebel?

(LAUGHS)

I'd rather tell my father
I'm a cheerleader.

It's called cheerleading,
not cheerdictatorship.

If I had the choice between
your Rebels and the Crips,
I'd be a gangbanger.

People say

"Destiny and the Rebels"
like the rest of you
are just backup.

All right, thanks.

I think I'll stick
to my own team.

But, uh, we could hook up.

(CAMERA CLICKS)

DESTINY:

The entire
spirit world hates me.
First the cyber-attack,
then the boys,
now this mean meme.
No. Hate's a strong word.
They just don't ever want
to cheer with you in life.

There's a difference?
Not much, but...
Well, we love you.
Yeah. Which is why we believe
we can avoid being
cheersmacked again
if we step up our game.
Listen to Willow.
Cheer is changing.
Our old routines just
don't cut it anymore,
and if we're not prepared,
a better team will beat us.
You saw how the crowd
reacted to The Truth.
They were eating it up.
So look, here's my plan.
I've got a better one.
Okay, you are seriously
testing the boundaries
of our friendship.
I hate tests.
My dad gave me one
for DNA before he left,
and I think
I failed because...
Oh. Well, now my uncle
lives with us.
Let's go.

ROXANNE:

You'll see.
Hey, can I talk to you?
See, I told you guys,
this cheerleader
was feeling me.
(CHUCKLES)
No, not you. Him.
You're in charge here, right?
Of what?
This little crew.
(CHUCKLES)
We just hang out.
I guess

this is your crew.

(CHUCKLES)

Yeah, we're not a crew.

We're a squad.

And she's kind of
a big deal.

BLAKE:

Well, you're the Rebels.

Oh, so you guys

have heard of us?

You have it written
all over you.

Oh.

I'm Blake.

This is Jeff and Didit.

Hannah, Willow, Roxanne.

Wait. I thought all
cheerleaders were named
Amber and Britney.

Really?

Every cheerleader?

What? It's a theory.

Anyway, what's up?

We were wondering
if you wanted to
join our squad.

(CHUCKLES) And do what?

Fight crime?

D, that's crazy.

Yeah, I mean,

I'm even smart enough
to know that.

They're not
even cheerleaders.

They're, like,
parking lot dancers.

That's if
they can dance.

Can you give me a sec?

Yeah, take your time.

Parking lot's
not going anywhere.

Look, we need more boys

on our team.
And here they are,
ready for the picking.
They don't know
anything about stunting
or spotting.
Yeah.
If we cheer with them,
we could die.
Oh, and the Oscar
goes to...
Hey. That stuff
is important.
Then we'll teach them.
Besides, I've seen
them dance.
They're fearless.
This is exactly
what we need right now.
Hey, I was kidding about
taking your time, okay?
This is cute,
but, uh,
we got things to do.
Okay, well,
we need guys on our squad,
so I got to know.
Are you guys man enough
to be cheerleaders?
(LAUGHS)
Wait. Is that
a trick question?
No, no.
She's serious.
On a scale
of manliness,
there's astronaut,
firefighter and then
cheerleader.
Right.
Yeah, instead you guys
spin around on your head
all day
and let the asphalt

bake your brain.
D, this is a waste of time.
You're not serious,
are you?
I mean, even if you were,
there's no way
we're going to do it.
Not even if we battle you?
Ooh.
Whoa.
Yo.
So now you're
calling us out?
Yeah.
So if you win,
my guys will cheer with you.
And if we lose,
I'll post another picture
on social media
giving you props.
Hashtag dance gods.
Hashtag cheer crush.
Hashtag...
I'd hit that.
I mean, look,
you got to let people know
that you want some of this.
Ew, hashtag disgusting,
but hashtag fine.
That's what
I'm talking about.
So?
Well, it's up to you guys.
I'm down.
Yeah.
After we're done,
just remember
that you asked for this.
Do I look like I'm scared?
Okay. I don't really think
this is the best idea...
Let's do this.
Oh, yeah, it's on.
(POP MUSIC PLAYING)

(WHISTLING)

(PEOPLE CHEERING)

I can't believe
we're about to cheer
in a parking lot.

Look, I know
this isn't perfect,
but I'm not about to
get humiliated
twice in one day.

So perform your little
well-toned asses off.

Don't we always?

We've got this, Destiny.

We're champions.

They're rookies.

(PEOPLE WHOOPING)

This is bad.

No. Mat burn is bad.

This? This is competition.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

(ALL EXCLAIM)

(ALL EXCLAIM)

(IMITATES GUN FIRING)

(ALL CHEERING)

No.

Oh, man.

Congratulations.

You took us by surprise,
but, hey, a deal's a deal.
They'll dance with you.

(CHUCKLES)

And what about you?

Well, that wasn't the bet.

I never said I would.

But it looks like my boys
are down with it.

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)

Wait, but I was hoping...

WILLOW:

Some of those boys
were pretty hot.

DESTINY:

the reason why
we were there.

HANNAH:

for my number.

WILLOW:

What is with that guy?
Like, they call him Didit
because if something
goes wrong,
he probably did it.
Who owns that?

HANNAH:

he's kind of cute.

WILLOW:

He's a man-child
who needs to grow up.
Your taste in boys
is so random.
Well, he's not mature
compared to that Blake guy.
But there's something
about Didit
that makes me wanna...
Okay. Slut it down.
(CHUCKLES)
And D, as far as
your ideas go, this one
wasn't totally awful.
See, Willow,
that's why I love you,
because, eventually,
you always admit
that I'm right.
(LAUGHS) Okay, I'm done.
Good night.
Nighty night.
Night.
(TYPING)
(LAPTOP CHIMES)

Hey there, cheer world.
It's your Cheer Goddess
here to talk about everything
worth talking about
in the only sport
that matters.
And what a crazy time it is
to be a spirit leader.
Like with all this drama
going on with the Rebels.
Destiny and her girls
got a virtual cheer
smackdown
by this mystery squad
called The Truth.

THE TRUTH:

We're The Truth
We're here to stay
Rebels, please go away
You're fake,
you're phony, and not legit
Get off this floor
And please go quick
Now you all know
I don't condone
this cheer-on-cheer violence.
And this feud
is far from over.
Yes, it gets worse.
Let's check out what one of
my little spirit tipsters
just sent me.
(POP MUSIC PLAYING)
That's exactly
what you think it is.
The Rebels involved
in a street battle.
Destiny, did The Truth
shake you down to the souls
of your trainers?
Listen, if you want to
maintain your cheer liberty,
you must show everyone

what got you
to the top of the pyramid
in the first place.
That's all for now,
my little cheer minions.
And remember.
Smiles bright, pits clean,
and herkie till you hurt 'em.
Bye for now.
(SIGHS)

DESTINY:

Five, six, seven...
Oh, my God.
Hey. You guys are late.
Yeah, we got lost.
What a surprise.
Yo, this joint is sick.
Y'all must have
some dope parties
up in here, right?
No, we're not here to party.
We're here to practice.
So can you step in line
so we can get back to work?

DIDIT:

DESTINY:

Watch your arms.
Five, six, seven, eight.
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight.
One, two. Four, six,
seven, eight. One...
How are you not
getting these?
These are simple routines.
That's the problem.
They're too simple.
Didit's right.
They're boring
and we don't do boring.
Day one and I'm already

agreeing with
the sidewalk twins.
We need to step up our game.
We need to start somewhere.
So let's start with
our basic routines.
All our routines
are basic.
Excuse me?
Nothing.
Yeah, that's what I thought.
I just feel like
we're doing this
to win championships.
Like, to get
the judges' approval,
but not because we love it.
That's all.
Yeah, all I heard was
win championships.
So let's take it
from the top, everybody,
with music.
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
(GROANS)

GIRL:

Oh, my...
Are you okay?

MAN:

Why are cheerleaders
so aggressive?
It's like dancing
with ninjas.
Oh, don't be such
a cheer baby.
(CHUCKLES)
(DIDIT GROANS)
This is going to take
a lot longer than I thought.
Yeah, we don't have
all of cheerternity.
All right, everybody,

let's take it from the top.

Where's Didit?

Um, excuse me?

What are you doing?

Cooling off, boo.

(WHOOPING)

Oh, my God.

This is what you get
when you recruit boys
from a back alley.

Oh, that's great.

Why don't you guys
just all jump in?

Hey, that's what
I was thinking.

(LAUGHING)

I was being sarcastic.

(ALL SCREAMING)

(ALL LAUGHING AND WHOOPING)

DESTINY:

you guys all had fun.

'Cause now you're
going to have to do
the routine soaking wet.

(CELL PHONES RINGING)

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

LEADER:

seven, eight.

ALL:

Bits and pieces,
bits and pieces
Time's up
Don't mess with us
We'll serve you up
Brick wall, waterfall
Rebels think you know it all
You don't know
a thing or two
We're the best,
we're over you
Yes, we said it

We're the best,
we're over you

LEADER:

we're here to remind you
that to be the best,
you've got to beat the best.
And we're challenging you
and your Rebels
to a virtual
worldwide competition.
If you accept,
post a video with
the hashtag bring it on.
The cheer world is waiting.

(STATIC)

That's it.

We're taking them down.

Wait. We're accepting
the challenge?

Did you not hear them?

We're taking on

the whole

freaking cheer world.

Yeah, that sounds like
a lot to me.

I mean, I've never even
left the country.

Well, except to go
to Hawaii.

And we're not ready.

So we'll fake it.

Hannah, you do it
all the time.

You give the best facials
on the squad.

Well, yeah,

Mom says it's good practice
for when I get married.

DESTINY:

get your camera,
we're going to the gym.
For what?

I want you to film
the best parts of
our routine to post.
But the new boys
are still learning
the routines.
It's 15 seconds.
Who can't shine
in 15 seconds?
You wanna know
the real truth?
The Rebels can't be touched.
Hashtag bring it on.
Oh, it's on now.
It's so on.
Destiny, you're going down.
Hey, Destiny,
out with the old,
in with the new.
We're coming for you.
(SPEAKS IN OTHER LANGUAGE)

GIRL:

The cheer world
is so over you.
We're going to
take you down.

ALL:

I can't believe that
I used to be a fan.
But I can't wait to
see you fall on your ass.
(CHUCKLES) Oops.
I hear you got my guys
involved in some sort of
cheer war.
Isn't that sort of
an oxymoron,
fighting cheerleaders?
(CHUCKLES) Hello?
Some of the best battles
on the football field happen
between opposing

cheerleaders.

I've never really
been big on pep rallies,
or sports,
or pom-pom girls
for that matter.

Oh, Blake,

I'm heartbroken.

Thought you would be.

(SLURPS)

So what exactly
are you into?

I hardly know
anything about you
since you don't exist
on social media.

Yeah, not my thing.

What are you talking about?

It's everybody's thing.

You're nobody unless you have
tons of friends or followers.

Believe it or not,
people existed

before the Internet.

(SCOFFS)

So what is your thing then?

Well, I've got
this quiet, introvert,
artistic appeal going.

You're not feeling it?

(SLURPS)

What I'm feeling is hunger.

That was my dinner.

Next one's on me.

Is that so?

And, hey, don't make my boys
look bad, okay?

Your short shorts
aren't the only reason
they roll with you now.

Yeah, I know.

They lost a bet.

That and you come off
like somebody.

So what? They're, like,
really invested in this?

Yeah.

But I'm sure you're
used to holding it down
for your team, right?

You won't let them down.

I got to be somewhere.

But I'll see you later.

See ya.

(CHIMES)

LEADER:

We're coming for you.

Soon the only likes
you'll be getting
are from fans who
like watching you fail.

(SIGHS)

(MUSIC PLAYING ON LAPTOP)

(TAPS KEYBOARD)

(TAPS KEYBOARD)

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

(MUMBLING)

(CLEARS THROAT)

Uh...

(STOPS MUSIC)

Damn. Am I late
for practice?

No. We don't have
practice today.

Oh, so what's up?

Well, I was thinking
we could work on something
for the routine.

I have this idea,
but it's a little different.

Sure. Come on.

Uh... (LAUGHS)

Where are we going?

We're going to the roof.

Come on.

WILLOW:

(INAUDIBLE)

(LAUGHING)

You better get it!

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

Oh, yeah.

What? You didn't like it?

You're my bestie.

I wanted to love it,

but I just didn't.

(SIGHS)

Yo, I thought

it was dope.

Yeah, that's because

you don't know

the first thing about cheer.

Oh, and I guess

I don't either.

Don't be so hard on yourself.

There's a reason

why I am captain.

You're captain because

we let you be captain.

So we both agree

that I'm captain.

Now will you step back

in line?

Did you just tell me

to step in line?

I'm not asking you

as my friend.

I'm telling you

as cheer captain.

(SCOFFS)

What are you doing?

What's it look like?

Stay out of it, bro.

It's a girl thing.

Willow, come back here.

Are you asking me

as a friend,

or are you telling me

as cheer captain?

(SCOFFS)

Wow. That's sad,

that you have to think
about it.
Willow...
Let her go.
You know how she gets
when she's like this.
She just needs some space.
We never fight like that.
She'll go off,
eat a bucket of ice cream,
cool down,
think about her thighs,
and she'll be back here
to work it off.
(SIGHS) I hate
when she's mad at me.
She's your best friend.
It's not going to last.
Besides,
I'm not mad at you.
So let's get to work
at making The Truth
look like a bunch of liars.

GIRL:

You see, the thing is
I feel so guilty about
ripping that bow and hair
out of my teammate's head.
But it was that time
of the month.
I completely understand.
We've all been there.
Cramps can make
the cheeriest cheerleader
lose her spirit.
But I'm sure an apology,
and a few hair extensions
will patch things right up.
Okay?

GIRL:

You're welcome.
Thanks for calling.

Bye.
Hello. What's your name?
And how can
the Cheer Goddess help you?
Hi, I'm Da... Lyla.
From Detroit.
You look oddly familiar.
Oh, no, no, no.
First time caller.
Okay, well,
how can I help you?
Cheer Goddess,
I'm struggling with my squad.
How so?
Well, you see,
we've had a pretty good run.
I mean,
to be totally honest,
we've kicked butt.
Oh. How come I feel like
there's a "but"
after that butt?
There is.
There's been a dissension
in the ranks.
I feel like my team
has lost faith in me.
I've led them
to championship
after championship,
and all they want to do
is change things.
Listen to me, Dalyla.
Change can be a good thing.
But we're winners.
If it's not broke
then why fix it?
Sounds like something
must be broken
or why would
you be calling me?
Just give it a try. Okay?
Sure. Okay.
Bye-bye.

(SIREN BLARING FAINTLY)
What are you doing here?
Hey!
I had a bit of cheersomnia.
So I went for a drive.
I saw this from across
the road, and I just
had to check it out.
I heard you had
a hard day at the gym.
Yeah, I don't want to
talk about it though.
I just want to stare at this
until I feel better.
You like
this kind of stuff?
Yeah, I love it.
Makes me feel something.
Like I'm not
only seeing it,
but feeling it too?
Does that sound weird?
No.
I'm actually surprised
that you dig it.
I didn't think cheerleaders
were that, uh...
What?
Deep? Smart?
Artistic? Open-minded?
Loosen your ponytail.
I was going to say cool.
Oh. Okay.
(CHUCKLES)
Not everybody appreciates
graffiti art.
You do?
Yeah.
I'm actually a big fan
of this guy's work.
Check it.
(CHUCKLES) Stalker.
More like giving props.
Come on.

You probably got
a tat of some cheerleader
hidden in a private place.
Don't be gross.
(CHUCKLES)
I do have this.

BLAKE:

Yeah.
Most non-cheerleaders
don't get it.
Well, I'm big
into symbolism.
Does the rest of your squad
have the same one?
No, just me and Willow.
We snuck and got them
on our 16th birthdays,
but we've been
spirit sisters for life.
Aw, that's sweet.
You got matching tattoos
like cellmates.
Shut up.
No, I get it.
You two are tight.
Yeah, we were,
but lately
it's just been...
What?
I don't know.
It's nothing.
I'll figure it out.

BLAKE:

Between my two moms
and sisters,
I get caught up
in that a lot.
Sounds like you're living
in a real fempire.
You know, Blake,
the more I learn about you
the more I like.

Thanks.

And your crazy made-up words
are growing on me, too.

(CHUCKLES)

They're not so much
made up as feminized
to give them strength.

Well, let me walk
you back to your car.

It's getting late
and this isn't
the safest neighborhood.

I'm fine.

Oh, I know.

I was just hoping
you could help protect me
with your super-fem
natural powers.

(LAUGHS) Well,
that's not how you do it.

Oh, there are rules
to this?

Yes, of course.

And in the hands of a rookie,
which you obviously are,
it could be a disaster
until you fem-master it.

Mmm.

I see
what you did there.

Mmm.

Come on. Let's get out
of here and you can, uh,
help teach me
this strange language
you speak.

In a minute, okay?

I just want to stare
at this a bit more.

It really does
something for you, huh?

Yeah.

The more I pay attention,
the more I find what I like.

Yeah. Me, too.

BLAKE:

I didn't even notice
my pants were
totally ripped.

(LAUGHS)

No, tell me
you're joking.

No, I wish I was.

Has anything
that embarrassing
ever happened to you?

Oh, I am not telling you
that information.

Oh, come on. Why not?

Because that's not something
you tell a cute guy.

You think I'm cute?

(SCOFFS)

Oh, I am not playing
that stupid game
with you, Blake.

What stupid game?

The one where we pretend
we're not attracted

to each other
until one of us
gets the nerve
to kiss the other.

And then everyone knows
we're crushing

because we make googly eyes
and dash off to secret places
where no one can find us.

You've played
this game before,
haven't you?

Maybe. You?

Maybe.

But not as much
as I want to now.

I can't.

With this whole

Internet challenge
and half my squad
being newbies
and Willow hating me,
I could not add
boy problems to this mix.
How do you know
I'd be a problem?
Cheer with us.

No.

See, that's a problem.

(RINGING)

(BEEPING)

Dear Diary, you know
I'm under cyber-attacks
from cheer hacks
who have pitted my team
against the world,
which, to be honest,
kind of excites me
because I love
a good challenge.
But, come on.
My best friend
has turned on me.
I'm trying to make
these ghetto-ass
street dancers
into cheerlebrities,
which is probably impossible.
And now you drop
this gorgeous guy
into my life.
Why me? Why now?
Why can't I go back
to my perfect
cheerlebrity existence
when everything
was about me?
The guys that I've recruited
are still dancers at heart.
And I may have been
wrong about thinking
they could become

even decent cheerleaders.
I mean, my own cheerleaders
can't even take on the world.
They too have their limits.
I can only take them so far.
Okay, I don't want to start
sounding ungrateful,
but could you grant
The Rebels a few miracles
and help us come together
to kick some serious ass?
Five, six, seven, eight.
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight.
One, two, three, four,
five, six...
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
(GROANING)

MAN:

Oh, my God.
Are you okay?
Aunty Em?
(SIGHS) Take five.
Damn it, Didit,
that's the third one.
Seriously,
these chicks are real.
They're not made of plastic
like your little girlfriend.
Dude, I was not
the only one who was
supposed to catch her.
If you weren't so busy
trying to touch her butt,
we wouldn't have missed.
You're right.
I need to grow up.
Yes, it's childish, dude.
That's all I'm saying.
Look, you both
need to grow up.
You guys need to stop
breaking my cheerleaders.

I'm sorry.
Like, we don't want
anybody to get hurt.
We'll do better.
Right, Jeff?
Yeah. She seems
okay to me. (CHUCKLES)
It's like that joke, right?
Why do cheerleaders
wear their hair up?
Not a good time, dude!
It's to catch everything
that goes over their heads.
(LAUGHS)
Come on. It's funny.
No. You know
what's not funny?
Guys like you who
don't take it seriously.
I told you, dude.
You're on your own.
Cheerleaders are strong.
(SNAPS FINGERS)
We're agile.
(SNAPS FINGERS)
And we don't stop
unless the person against us
is stomped into
the ground or with us.
Okay, I get it.
Are you okay?
Hey, it was just
an accident.
No, it's not that.
Things are just
different without Willow.
(BIRDS CHIRPING)

REBELS:

Cheerlebrity. Cheerlebrity.
(SINGING) I'm Destiny
I'm hot
My moves will make you trot
That's Roxanne

She's bad
She's sexy and she's rad
There's Hannah and Willow
They'll make you
bite your pillow
I fly so high
I dance
I make you cry
This body
This too
Y'all holler back

ALL:

My girls, we're fierce
Our nose
and (BLEEP) are pierced
We're hot
Yeah, cool
Watch all the fellas drool
Hey, boys, watch this
You wanna see us kiss?
A squad so good
Just watch
Oh, hell no, is that wood?

ALL:

Unite
You know our moves
are tight
We are the best
From East Coast to the West
Sit back
Relax
And watch as you climax
To our routine
You know we'll be the king
And five, six, seven...
(THUDS)
(ALL LAUGHING)
(GASPS)

ALL:

(APPLAUSE AND CHEERING)
Did you see that?

Yeah, the crowd.
They loved it.
No. The Truth.
What? No.
I am impressed.
I bet you are.
Who sent you here to
take those pictures?
What are you
talking about?
Why else would
you be filming us?
I get a kick
out of watching
my buddies dance.
Besides,
half the people watching
had their cameras out.
I don't believe you.
You think I have
something to do with
that Internet business?
Destiny is tripping.
I know.
Destiny, I want you
to breathe.
(INHALES DEEPLY)
Calm down.
It's not as bad
as you think.
I'm losing my mind.
(TOILET FLUSHING)
Where are you?
(DOOR OPENS)
In a bathroom stall.
You do need help.
Thanks for
taking this private.
Don't mention it.
Being a national champion
comes with a lot of stress.
What am I going to do?
I think you know
the answer.

I do?
Of course you do.
Uh...
Actually, I don't think so.
What is your heart
telling you
that you should do?
Go to the mall and buy that
Louis Vuitton bag
I always wanted.
Go to Willow and make up.
Mmm-hmm.
But what if she doesn't
want to make up?
(SIGHS) Enough already.
Would you please
just go to her.
(SIGHS)
(TOILET FLUSHING)
(DOORBELL RINGING)
(SIGHS) What?
Can you take
a break from the shade?
I haven't felt
the warmth of
your smile in days.
Wow, you should
put that in a card.
What do you want?
To call a truce.
A cease fire.
I hate fighting.
I'm sorry.
And I miss you.
And I brought you
your favorite pizza.
Pepperoni and pineapple?
With extra
red pepper packets.
Damn you for
knowing my weakness.
Come in.

WILLOW:

Maybe I should quit
and start my own squad.
It might be the only way
we can stay friends.
I've been thinking about it
and Hannah agrees with me.
That's because
she doesn't like
seeing us fight.
I know I've been
such a bitch.
But I can't imagine
doing this without you.
That's just because
you've never had to.
I had
a total meltdown today.

WILLOW:

That's happened before.
Yeah, but you've always
been there to help me
pull myself back together.
You're like my rock, Willow.
Are you sure I'm not
the iceberg who sinks
your Titanic?
No.
And if the food bribe
wasn't enough,
I brought this
(CLEARS THROAT)
to pull
at your heart strings.
Oh, my gosh!
This is so embarrassing.
Why did we even keep this?
We're so not cool.
No! It's cute and it shows
our spirit legacy.
Plus, it's nice to see that
I grew into my teeth.
And me into my forehead.
True.

(CHUCKLES)

Look, I'll stay
with the squad
on one condition.
Anything.

You have to let me grow
as a cheerleader.

This "my way or
the highway" mentality
has to stop.

I have ideas, too.

Good ones.

I know.

So we'll work together?

Yes, I promise.

Good.

WILLOW:

Ooh, I like this one.

Yes, we could totally
rock that.

Totally.

But I kind of like
the other ones better.

Do you? 'Cause I'm
kind of feeling this one.

(LAPTOP RINGING)

You going to answer that?

I want us to pick
what we're going to wear
for the cheer
competition first.

We can call her back.

Or she can be
our tie-breaker.

Oh, hey, I didn't know
you two were together.

We're just looking
at cheer uniforms
to conquer the world in.

And we don't know
which ones we like
so can you help us out?

Wait, wait, wait.

So you guys haven't seen
the latest attack
on us by The Truth.
What are you talking about?
There's another one?
When? Where?
Just now. It's on
the Cheer Goddess blog.
It has, like,
a zillion hits already.
No.
She's exaggerating.
Oh, I'm not.
I've downloaded it. Watch.
I'm speaking
with a member of
The Truth squad.
To get to the bottom of
this whole non-sanctioned
Internet challenge.
Cheerleader,
may I call you "cheerleader"
since you won't reveal
your real name?

LEADER:

So why is it so important
that Destiny and her Rebels
be called to the mat
this way?

LEADER:

as a high priestess
of cheer must end.
Okay. We all love drama,
but this whole villain thing
is way over the top.
Destiny is a cheerleader,
not a superhero.

LEADER:

who rules by default
because no one
has had the guts

to challenge her.
Well, that time has come.
But she's not hiding.
She's leading
a winning squad.
If you want a shot
at beating her,
compete through
the regular channels.

LEADER:

won't be competing.
(SCOFFS) You won't.
Why?

LEADER:

stale routines should have
cost her
the last championship.
She only won
on a technicality.
Because she was
the past champion
the judges ruled
in her favor.
But this Internet competition
will be judged
by the faithful followers
of cheer.
Our satisfaction will come
from watching squads
from around the world
spank her Spanx.
Wait a minute.
You're saying
that Destiny won
because of
her past reputation
and not her talent?

LEADER:

Destiny won't be able to hide
because these squads
are coming for her.

And as she knows,
there's nowhere to hide
on the world wide web.
Soon she will be
stripped of her
cheerlebrity status
and be exposed
as the fraud
that she truly is.

(LAUGHS)

Yeah. Again, little villainy.
Sorry.

CHEER GODDESS:

with your methods.
The wheels
have been set in motion
for this event.
And with that said,
yours truly will be
its virtual host.
Now remember, this is
a non-sanctioned competition.
So you better be ready
to bring it.
She's right.
We did win because
of your reputation,
not because we were the best.
We won.
That's all that matters.
It makes a huge difference
if we didn't deserve it.
Don't you see what
The Truth is trying to do?
They're trying to
get into our heads.
Guys are always
trying to get
into my pants
and now I have to
worry about them
getting into my head, too?
All you have to do is

think positive thoughts.
It's going to take
more than that to win
the Cheer Challenge.
Yeah, especially since
you won't have the judges
eating out of your hand.
(SCOFFS) Whose side
are you guys on?
Where are you going?
We need to talk
about this.
Later, okay?
I need to think.
Blake.
(CHUCKLES)
Hey, Didit, it's Destiny.
Do you know where
I can find Blake?
Hey.
Is this legal?
Come on up.

BLAKE:

I got arrested.
And just before
my court date,
I found out
the district attorney
was a fan of my work
and so was the mayor.
So now I'm commissioned
to do murals
around the city.
Why didn't you tell me?
Hey, it was hard enough
staying legit
after I had a pass to do it.
So being a badass
makes you feel more creative.
Sort of. Yeah.
And using my art
to pick up girls
is kind of lame.

I think I would
have been impressed.
(CHUCKLES)
What?
Can I ask you a question?
Sure.
Are you crazy?
I mean, I only ask because
the last time I saw you,
you went off on me.
I know. I know.
I was having a bad day.
Yeah, I heard.
So today's better then?
Yeah, it was.
Once I saw my mural.
Oh, so it's your mural?
Oh, you know
what I mean.
Why did you do it? Why me?
Because I saw something.
Yeah, what's that?
Are you really
going to ask me?
I need to know.
(CHUCKLES) Okay.
When you cheer
you're happy.
You're beautiful.
Now that was lame, right?
No, it was so sweet.
It was sweet.
What are you doing?
Playing that
stupid game with you.
(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)
What's up?
We have a problem.
What, another Truth video?
(SCOFFS)
They can't do anything.
All my secrets are out.
They can't touch me.
My best friend

has turned on me.
I'm trying to make
these ghetto-ass
street dancers
into cheerlebrities,
which is
probably impossible.
And now you've thrown this
gorgeous guy into my life.
Why me? Why now?
Why can't I go back
to my perfect
cheerlebrity existence
when everything
was about me?
Where did you find this?
Link was sent to us
this morning.
This is my
private video diary.
Who would do
something like this?
Probably the same kind of
person who would say
one thing to your face
and then talk
behind your back.
What's up
with that, Destiny?
I mean,
you think we're too ghetto
to dance with you now?
No, I recorded this
weeks ago.
That's weird.
Because the date on it shows
it was done last night.
What?
Why are they
doing this to me?
Someone hacked
my video diary.
I did not record this
last night.

Does it really matter
when you recorded it?
You're not denying that
you said those mean,
awful, hateful things.
Yeah, but I don't
feel that now!
Tell them, Willow.
I believe you.
The Truth has gone too far.
This should have
never gotten out.
What difference
does that make?
She thinks we're a joke.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Hold up, Didit. Come on.
No, man.
I'm out of here.
Wait, I can prove it.
How?

DESTINY:

But I swear I recorded
this weeks ago, Jeff.
You have to believe me.
Well, until you figure
that out
I gotta stick with my boys.
You know, bros before...
You know, I got
too much respect
for you to even finish that.
At least I thought I did.

DESTINY:

Where are you going?
You've made your bed.
Now you can lie in it alone.
(SIGHS) Hannah will be back.
How do you know?
She forgot her low-fat,
no-carb,
gluten-free green juice.

Ready. Five, six,
seven, eight.
And a one and two,
three, and four,
five, six, seven,
and an eight.
And a one and two,
and three, and four
and a five, six, seven, hop.
Hey, you're late.
Not that it matters.
Half the squad's late.
They're not late.
Well, then, where are they?
You're not
going to like this.
So what are we
doing here?
Just promise
you won't hate me.
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
It was you.
You did this to me.
Oh, please.
You did it to yourself.
And I can't take
all the credit.
Willow was a big help.
You were a part
of this?
Let me explain.
Explain what?
How you bullied me,
harassed me,
and invaded my privacy?

HANNAH:

that last part,
that was me.
Don't give her
all the credit.
She jumped off
The Truth bandwagon
when you guys became

slumber-buddies again.
D, I only did it
because you wouldn't listen.
Oh, enough! We are done
with your love spats.
Look, Destiny,
we're done chasing
your skirts. We want out.
We're starting our own squad.
And I've even taken
half your boys.

DESTINY:

No. I'm staying with you.
Well, what about
the rest of you guys?
I mean, we're Rebels.
We're family.
You didn't treat us
like family.
I've changed.
Why don't you
believe that?
Look, if you stick
with me, I promise
you'll all have
a voice on the squad.
I say we give Destiny
another chance.
Oh, Willow, wake up.
Rebels are over.
It's time for The Truth.
The plan was to
shake up Destiny
so she would change.
Not take over her squad.
Guess you didn't get
the memo.
(CHUCKLES)
Wait. You knew
the whole time
that Hannah was planning on
taking over the squad?
Destiny was never going to

let go of her reign over us.
This was the only way.
And after The Truth win
the Internet competition,
the Rebels will be history.
I can't believe
I'm looking
at a traitor.
You know,
I thought you were...
What?
Just another
dumb cheerleader?
No, my friend.
Aw...
Then I guess that makes you
the dumb cheerleader.
(SCOFFS)
We won't be
needing these anymore.
Now that the truth is out.
You've gone too far.
We're just beginning.
(SNIFFLES)
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

WILLOW:

D?
What?
It's going to be okay.
We still have a squad.
And we convinced
more than half the team
to stick with us.
We just need to recruit
a few new cheerleaders
and we can still compete.
Go away, Willow.
Not until you talk to me.
Don't hold your breath.
You can't stay
in there forever.
Yes, I can.
I've got running water

and a bowl full of
flavored Lip Smackers.
(CELL PHONE RINGING)
Look, Hannah played me.
She fed me this whole story
and got me psyched
that we could convince you
to change things.
I had no idea
she was planning on
taking over the squad.
When I let her into
the Rebels I thought I was
doing her a favor.
For a whole year she put on
this act like she was some
dumb blonde.
How did we fall for that?
I guess we reverse
fem-stereotyped.
What about Roxanne?
We've been friends
since the seventh grade.
You know, I'm not
surprised by that one.
I think she's still mad at me
because I beat her
for cheer captain
in the tenth grade.
You did rub
her nose in it.
I did not.
You posted a meme of her
falling from a pyramid
while you pulled off
the perfect leg extension.
Yeah, because it was
a perfect leg extension.
Not the point.
Fine.
You're right.
Maybe I did have
this coming for me.
It's not your fault.

Hannah took advantage of
how we were all feeling.
She's an evil genius
is what she is.

So what are we
gonna do about it?

We're gonna cheersmack
the hell out of her.

Five, six, seven, eight.

One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight.

And one...

(ALL EXCLAIM)

Are you kidding me?

This isn't working.

We need more people
to do a table-top pyramid.
Until we find some new bodies
to replace the weak-minded
cheerfollowers

who decided to go back
to Destiny's losing Rebels,
we will work
with what we have.

So, I've come up
with a routine that
we can do with a small crew.

Wait, wait.

I create the routines.

Come on!

Don't be such a...

I...

Be careful what you say.

Okay. You're starting to
sound a lot

like the old Destiny.

Well, if you like
the new Destiny so much,
why don't you go join her?

Because I don't have room
for people who doubt me.

Wow. Was I an idiot,
falling for your crap.

(SCOFFS)

I'm out.

Any other losers
who want to join her?

I didn't think so.

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)

That was hot.

What was hot?

You playing like
Cruella de Vil.

I wasn't playing.

Okay.

Okay, from now on
no one's in charge.

Everybody's opinions
are welcome.

Because it was exhausting
being a boss-ass bitch.

(ALL LAUGHING)

Okay, we need to
reach out to anyone we can
to be a part of our squad.
We only have four more weeks
to prepare for
the Cheer Challenge.

Okay.

What are you doing here?

Hannah send you
to spy on us?

I'm here for the same reason
you're here.

To win the Cheer Challenge
with my cheer family.

I know things haven't been
smooth between us
and that's on me.

But I want you to know
I really do appreciate you.

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

(MUSIC STOPS PLAYING)

Yeah, guys.

That was awesome.

Let's go again.

Over here.

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)

Ew. Gross.
They're all booed up.
There's no accounting
for taste,
and I'm talking
about Didit's.
They look so pathetic.
And without you guys,
they're done.
Who cares?
Well, not me,
but I thought
you were gonna ask
the other guys
to join our squad.
I tried, but they ain't
feeling it.
Besides, why would you want
the rest when you've got
the best.
(CHUCKLES) Did you just try
to cheersuade me?
Sure did.
(CLICKS TONGUE)
Don't do that.
That was
a good practice, right?
I'm telling you,
we can still do this.
Yeah, right.
Hey! You're cheerleaders.
Cheer the hell up.
Don't worry.
They'll come around.
I mean, the choreography
was still good though, right?
Yeah.
And the routine was...
Great.
And the stunts were...
On point.
Exactly.
So, why do I feel
like we're missing...

Balls. Literally
and figuratively.
We still have
some of our boys.
No, I think she was
talking about Jeff's.
Oh. Ew!
No, not just Jeff.
The rest of the guys, too.
I mean,
they were throwing down
some mad flavor.
"Mad flavor"?
Oh, my God.
She's starting
to sound like him.
Yeah.
So what are we gonna do?
Well, my femtuition
is telling me
we need to suck it up
and figure how to
get the boys back.
Yeah, but Hannah has
her claws into half of them
and the other half we have
tried every means of
messaging with no response.
We're starting to
sound desperate.
I don't know
what else to do.
But I think I know
who might.
Ah. Okay, you really need
to know how to finish
a conversation.
Now why didn't I know
about this place?
Not a lot of people do.
You kind of have
to know somebody.
So, is your work in here?
No. These pieces are done

by the kings of graffiti art.
You have to earn it.
Well, I think your work
is great.
Okay, what's up?
There's something
you're not telling me.
You must have heard
I drove some of
your boys away.
You called them ghetto.
And not in a good way.
I know. I know I should have
never said that
even if I thought no one
was gonna hear it.
This is why I don't deal
with social media
and all that crap.
Okay. Can you just help me
get the guys back?
I'm staying out of it.

DESTINY:

what I need to do.
All you have to do is
be straight with them.
How am I supposed to do that
when they won't even
talk to me?
They're giving you
the silent treatment.
Yes.
Wait. You physically
walked up to them,
said something,
and they wouldn't respond?
Oh. You mean, like,
in person?
No. No, I haven't
done that yet.
That's why I'm not
an Internet slave.
(SCOFFS) I am not a slave

to the Internet.
Oh. Well, prove it.
Give me your phone.
Why? What are you
gonna do with it?
I'm gonna turn it off
and hold onto it
for the rest of our date.
Well, what if there's
a cheermergency?
Globally or just
in the city?
(SIGHS) Fine.
Thank you.
(CLICKS PHONE OFF)
Okay, now what?
I don't know.
Maybe notice anything
bigger than
a five-inch screen?
God! You're like 100.
What are you doing?
We're not leaving
until you come back
to the squad.
Well, that's gonna be awkward
'cause we're
just about to leave.
Besides, we weren't planning
to come back to your squad...
It's about a quarter
to never.
What are you,
like, two?
Look, I don't mind
when you're mean to me
'cause I know you like me.
What?
Destiny, that diary business
was foul.
And everybody saw it.
I know.
And I'm sorry.
And this is fempossible

for me to admit,
but we haven't been the same
since you guys left.
Oh. Why not?
'Cause all you ever did
was try and change
everything about us.
I mean, our energy,
our style. My jokes.
Okay, your jokes were weak.
Let's not call that a loss.
Okay, I'll give you that.
Look, when we
joined up with you,
we thought it was because
we'd actually add something.
And you weren't just
gonna use us for muscle.
Oh, wow. Did we reverse
sexism them?
I believe we did.
That wasn't our intention.
Okay. Yeah, maybe it was,
but we get that
you brought more
than we realized.
Yeah, you should have
thought about that
before you
cheermiliated us and...
I can't believe
I just said that.
That's because cheer
is in your blood now.
Okay, look.
I can't speak for
the rest of the guys,
but just give me
one good reason
why I should cheer with you.

BLAKE:

(CHUCKLES)

What?

You heard me. I'm in.
Are you serious? Why?
I really dig that
you love spending time
in my world.
I figured I should
maybe spend
some time in yours.
Besides, I love a challenge.
What do you say?
Let's do it!
All right,
I guess we're back in.
Yes! Then let's practice.
Or we don't
have to practice.
We can chill or hang out
or do whatever you want.
No, no, no.
We only got two weeks
to get ready. So...
Yeah, I could cheer.
Yeah.

Okay. Then let's do this.

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

(INAUDIBLE)

(INAUDIBLE)

(INAUDIBLE)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

(ALL CHEERING)

CHEER GODDESS:

for taking the time
to talk to me, Destiny.
Thank you for having me.
I wanted to chat with you
because this whole
worldwide cheer smackdown,
it started with you.
Yeah. I'm not proud
of it though.
It took my team turning on me
to get my attention.
How about

I remind everybody that those
masked cheerleaders
calling themselves The Truth
are actually
your former teammates.
Yeah. Some of them.
It's true.
And totally embarrassing.
I bet.
Here you were thinking
that they were your friends
and cheer mates.
Now that's rude.
I don't blame them, though.
I was out of control.
Why do you say that?
I was so caught up
in this whole
cheerlebrity thing.
Life's not about
how many likes
or followers you have.
It's about how many friends
are willing to stand by you,
beside you.
Catch you in a cradle.
Because a squad is nothing
unless you have
each other's backs.
I was trying to be
someone on social media.
I forgot who I really was.
Now that's deep.
Anywho, the whole world
will be watching
and voting tomorrow.
Tell them why
they should vote for you.
No. Don't vote for me.

CHEER GODDESS:

Vote for the Rebels
because now we're all
in this together.

Thank you, Destiny.
Best of luck tomorrow.
No, thank you,
Cheer Goddess.
How do you think I did?
You got way more likes...
No, not that.
I'm asking what you thought.
Oh.
You were the Destiny
I've always liked.
Well, that's the only like
that matters.
So, what do you think?
And be nice.
This was my first one.
It's you.
Tell me why again
we're at this
disgusting old warehouse
in the middle of nowhere
to do our routine
when we have
a state-of-the-art gym?
Well, the Cheer Goddess
agreed with The Truth
that the Rebels gym gives us
a home advantage.
It screams three times
national champions.
This place is anonymous.
Yeah, and for good reason.
(BOTH CHUCKLE)
(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)
Hey, Destiny.
After we're done here,
you're gonna realize
your cheers are so old
you're gonna need
a landline to dial them in.
Isn't that right, Didit?
Yeah. What's up, Jeff?
Yo, what's up, man?
What are you doing?

I'm showing my man
some love.
We're still boys.

JEFF:

No, no, no.
Wait, wait, wait. No!
No, no, no, no.
We hate them right now.
There is no love
at a smackdown.
You, you, you.
You. All of you.
You're all going down.
You know,
there's a better way
you could have said that.
You could have said...
(SNAPS FINGERS)

REBELS:

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)
Good evening
and welcome
to the smackdown.
(ALL CHEERING)
I'm your host,
the Cheer Goddess.
The rules of
the smackdown are simple.
There are no rules.
Teams can use any
combination of lifts,
floor work
and dance choreography.
Over 20 teams are competing
from more than 12 countries.
So remember, the world
is watching and voting.
So cheer your hearts out,
my little cheer minions.
And let's begin.
Cheer world, it's time
to break the Internet.

Let's hear it
for the Costa Rica
All Star Twisters.
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
(ALL CHEERING)
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

CHEER GODDESS:

What a tasty piece
of spirit candy.
Let's give it up for
the ViQueens of Norway.
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)
(MUSIC PLAYING)
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

CHEER GODDESS:

Now let's see how they
get down down under.
Starlets, Team Orion
from Australia.
(MUSIC PLAYING)
Hey. Are you nervous?
Cheerleaders
don't get nervous.
We get ready.
Oh. Good.
But I'm nervous.
(EXHALES)

CHEER GODDESS:

CheerXS from France.
(MUSIC PLAYING)
(AUDIENCE EXCLAIM)

CHEER GODDESS:

Unity All Stars Block
from the United Kingdom.
(MUSIC PLAYING)
Please welcome
the Berlin Titans.
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

Nova All Stars
from Singapore.
(ALL CHEERING)
FYI, cheer family,
the hits from
the cheer smackdown
are insane.
We are trending
around the globe,
with the hashtags
cheer smackdown
and bring it on.
So let's keep
that momentum going
by continuing here in America
where it all began.
Cheer world,
here's The Truth.
(AUDIENCE EXCLAIM)
MECHANICAL VOICE:
Get ready.
We're about to show you up.
Posers.
Y'all a bunch of posers.
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)
You gotta give it to her.
The girl is intense.
Yeah. She went up to a prep
with an assisted back flip
to an extension
straight cradle
to a retake shoulder sit,
and a back walk out.
That girl is crazy.
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)
(SING-SONG) That routine
was pretty amazing.
The Truth is on fire.
I believe
they scorched that mat.
Cheerpeers, watch out.
Jeff. Jeff.

What's wrong?

(STAMMERS) Nothing.

(SIGHS)

All right, look,
I'm just worried
about remembering everything,
you know.

Better?

No. No, now I'm worried
about my breath.

(CHUCKLES)

You should be. Here.

Wow. (CHUCKLES)

Thanks for the gum.

And hey.

I knew you liked me.

I like winning more.

Yeah, yeah.

CHEER GODDESS:

There's a lot more to come.

So let's hear it
for the Utah Panthers.

Give it up
for the Blue Cranes
of South Africa.

The Texan Titans.
And the Miami Waves.

This global event
is going down
in cheer history.

But now it's time
for our final performance
of the night.

The reason we're all here.

Ladies, gentlemen,
cheerleaders, and wannabes,
I give you the team
that everyone wants to beat.

The Rebels.

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

Five, six, seven, eight.

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

(CHUCKLING) Yo.

Oh, this is so good!

Hey!

Stop tripping.

You know that is sick.

I'm just giving it up
for my boys. (CHUCKLES)

(SIGHS)

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

Oh. That was brilliant!

Rebels, tonight you have
shown us
that not only does cheer
have spirit, but soul, too.

(LAUGHING)

(BOTH PANTING)

How crazy was that?

I know.

We basically
just cheered in front of
the entire world.

Right? It makes what
we've been doing seem
so small in comparison.

We thought
we were the shit.

Um, we are the shit?

We couldn't have
done it without you.

I know.

What are you doing?

Oh, you've just got
a little something
right here.

Oh, I thought you were
going to try and kiss me.

Well, that's because I am.

What are you
thinking about?

I don't know how you guys
do this all the time.

It's way too much pressure.

Now it's up to
everyone watching.

The winner will be determined
by combining the hits
of each squad's video
along with the votes
cast on my website.

I'll be back in two hours
to reveal the results.

Bye for now.

(CELL PHONES BEEPING)

CHEER GODDESS:

Yes, I'm so proud of
my spirit children.

What you have done
through this

Internet competition
has brought cheer
to the masses.

This cheer smackdown
has been the biggest
and most extravagant
cheer competition

I've ever seen.

Regardless of who wins,
tonight's event
will forever go down
in spirit history.

All right. It's time.

Cheer teams,
get ready for the results.

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

I'm sure that
some of the teams
that you've watched tonight
will be making history
at the Olympic Games.

As we all know,
the winner will be
determined by the hits,
plus the votes
cast on my website.

And I will give you
that final decision now.

I can't take it.

Me either.

The winner of the first ever
cheer smackdown is...

The Rebels.

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

Whooh!

What are you doing?

We lost.

(CHUCKLES) I know.

But our friends won.

Oh. Right.

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)