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# Dance Camp

By Nick Turner

Now arms out and up.  
Out and up.  
Good, Blanch!  
And up.  
Out and up.  
Out and up.  
And out and up.  
And out.  
You got it, Estelle!  
The wop-wop,  
wop-wop.  
Wop-wop, wop-wop.  
Now shimmy, whoo!  
Shimmy!  
Shimmy, shimmy.  
And bring it home!  
Go forth, and get on  
with your bad self.  
My God.  
I'm so late.  
Hunter, Hunter,  
I need you  
to clean up this mess.  
Okay, make sure you  
put the towels in the wash.  
Yes, yes,  
got it, got it.  
-All right, keys.  
-Keys, thank you.  
Now, are you gonna  
stay in here all night,  
or are you gonna go meet  
my new dad?  
You're really excited  
about me going out  
on this date, aren't you?  
Very, very excited.  
I want you to have fun.  
No drinking and driving.  
Text me  
when you get there.  
Okay?  
Yes.  
And remember,

don't use Windex...  
On the bar, got it.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Hey, hey, hey,  
no spilling.  
Watch what  
you're doing, man.  
Yo, I thought you said  
only a few people, man.  
What's going on?  
Yo, what are you  
talking about, man?  
This is a few people.  
No, it's not, man.  
Okay, look,  
I mentioned it to Mia,  
and she told Mya.  
And by the way,  
Mya got a thing for you, bro.  
I'm just saying.  
She totally does.  
She talks about you  
all the time.  
It's actually  
kind of annoying.  
It's annoying.  
You know what, man, look.  
You throwing  
this party right here?  
This is huge, a'right?  
Yeah.  
Kicking off  
the summer right.  
It's gonna be  
the best three months.  
Hey, Hunter.  
This party's rad.  
Okay. Go, Mya!  
Are you allowed  
to have parties here?  
Come on, dance.  
I don't really dance.  
Dancing's not my thing.

All right, we're  
just gonna...  
-What's up, asshole?  
-Hey, man, you got a problem?  
Hey, hey, hey, hey!  
Hey, man, what's going on?  
Fight, fight, fight, fight,  
fight, fight, fight...  
No.  
No!  
Stop!  
So, which one of you  
threw the party?  
I did.  
So sorry I'm late.  
I had to bust it  
over to BB's  
before the breakfast ended.  
Let's get to adjudicating.  
Smooth.  
All right,  
what's happening here?  
Disturbing the peace,  
destruction  
of private property,  
underage drinking.  
What do you got to say  
for yourself, son?  
Well, your honor, I...  
I didn't do  
most of those things.  
My friends did.  
But I took one drink,  
which I'm incredibly sorry for.  
Coolio.  
And well said.  
You seem like a good kid.  
Nice suit.  
Good job, Mom.  
That's why I'm only  
gonna give you 100 hours.  
What?  
Sir, 100 hours of jail time  
seems a bit steep.

100 hours...  
of community service.  
Mom, I want you to decide  
where he serves those hours.  
You know that old  
choreographer of mine?  
He runs a camp up north.  
No, no.  
You can't make me do that.  
She can't make me do that,  
right?  
Great.  
I'm good.  
That happened real fast.  
I'm fine, and I'm okay.  
Please don't  
make me do this.  
Doing your hours  
at the rec center  
is not gonna keep you away  
from those boys.  
-They're not that bad.  
-They're not that good either.  
This is...  
This is gonna be so horrible.  
Mom, Ivan's that guy  
who threw a shoe at me, right?  
He's eccentric.  
You know, it's actually a  
compliment where he comes from.  
I was 6, okay?  
That was very scarring  
for me, all right?  
You're leaving me in the hands  
of a known child abuser.  
Would you stop?  
Mini James Brown!  
Ivan.  
Me, me.  
Wa-wa...  
Okay, all right.  
It's gross.  
It's very... stop.  
Mini James.

Why do you keep calling me  
Mini James?

-You don't remember?

-What?

-He doesn't remember?

-No.

You will remember.

You will remember.

All right, well,

here's my time sheet.

You just have to sign off  
my community service hours,

and I get to go back

to Planet Earth.

Hunter.

You still go that wit.

You still got

that wit.

Come on.

Why don't we just

go take a tour, come on.

Mom, Mom, Mom, no.

This is the drop point.

This is where you cut the cord.

Right, of course.

I love you.

-Love you too.

-It's gonna be good, okay?

All right.

Call you.

It's gonna be all right.

All right.

Here, you can be

whatever you want to be.

I started this place

25 years ago.

I've been producing

the best dancers in the country.

Music videos, film, TV.

You name it, we got it.

Welcome to Dance Camp.

Mess hall

is down over there.

Cabins are over there.

We got basketball courts,  
pool... yes!  
We got all  
sorts of crews here.  
You name it,  
we got it.  
Nice job, Kelsey.  
Watch out.  
Out of my way, fool.  
We got the YOLOs over here.  
Those are some  
of our youngest crews.  
They've been here  
for two years now,  
and look,  
they are sharp, sharp.  
Good job, girls.  
Snap it, snap it.  
Come on, girls.  
Get into it.  
Get into it.  
Get those arms up.  
Nice.  
Listen, Hunter, I don't want  
you to be shy, okay?  
If you want to  
take some dance classes,  
hip-hop, crunking, jazz,  
anything you want,  
if you want to practice  
a new move,  
you go, you book out  
some time.  
This is the place.  
I want you to reconnect  
with the dancer inside of you.  
I don't have a dancer  
inside of me.  
That is creepy.  
Young ladies, chill!  
No autographs here.  
Ladies, ladies,  
I'm sorry.  
All right, all right,

all right.  
You guys want a little Lance?  
I'll give you a little Lance.  
#WhosReady4Camp?  
That's right, that's right.  
Hey, an autograph.  
Look, sorry, bro.  
I'm just a regular guy  
like you.  
No autographs here.  
And that is Lance.  
He's pretty much a legend  
around here.  
Legend of Dance.  
See, if you want to be  
in the Legend of Dance,  
you got to have  
a really tight crew.  
Right, yeah,  
none of those sentences  
have any meaning to me.  
You see,  
every summer around here,  
all the crews get together  
and compete to be legends,  
Legends of...  
Dance, right, I get it.  
You are good,  
you are good.  
So we've got you  
in the Moonwalk cabin,  
right there.  
It is even more fun than  
you could possibly imagine.  
No, no, listen.  
Look, I'll just find my own  
little cabin or area.  
I'm not a part of these dancers  
or campers, obviously.  
You're so funny.  
You're gonna love it here.  
You know what I'm gonna  
love more, Ivan,  
is getting my hours signed and



getting the hell out of here.  
No, I'm...  
No, I'm cool.  
I'm good.  
You guys keep pretending  
to be robots.  
Okay.  
Okay, they're pretty cool.  
Yeah, that's my butt.  
What? No.  
I wasn't looking  
at your butt, no.  
I was...  
I was checking out your form.  
Which is great.  
Great form work.  
I'm gonna go to my cabin.  
Okay.  
Don't take another step,  
muchache.  
I'm gonna have to kill you,  
all right?  
I'm just kidding.  
I won't kill you, okay?  
Hey, look, there's two rules  
here at the Moonwalk cabin.

**Rule number one:**

I'm gonna need you to shower  
every day, okay?  
No stinkies.  
And if you don't,  
I'm gonna get in there  
with a loofah,  
I'm gonna wash your gooch,  
all right?  
Yeah, that sounds reasonable.  
Okay, rule number two:  
anytime you enter  
and exit the cabin,  
I'm gonna need you  
to do a moonwalk.  
Okay, now, that's a dance  
hazing thing, isn't it,

where I moonwalk  
and everyone laughs at me  
because I'm the dumb one  
to believe it, right?  
Comprende, muchache,  
all right?  
The thing is, muchacho,  
I'm not really a camper.  
I'm just here for community  
service, all right?  
No, muchacho, okay?  
Look, I'm gonna need you  
to follow the rules,  
'cause rules are rules.  
So let's pip you back there,  
okay?  
Hey, how's it going?  
Thank you.  
It's nice, see?  
It's real nice.  
Come on, let's feel it out.  
It'll be fun;  
do it with me.  
Just kind of want  
to feel it, my hombre.  
We all got M.J.  
in our heart.  
You just got to make sure  
he's right there with you.  
That's the spirit,  
my man.  
-Come on in!  
-No.  
Okay. It's okay.  
Hey, you know what?  
We're gonna work  
on those dance moves.  
We got a long time  
to see it.  
I am Dougie.  
I am your counselor.  
This is my bunk.  
I do a little dancing  
on the side myself?

And in the wind, you know?  
And he's got the open...  
All right, cool, let's show you  
around the cabin, okay?  
We got the mailbox  
over there  
if you want to talk  
to Mom-Mom and Pip-Pip.  
Keep a secret candy stash  
back there.  
Through the door  
are the restrooms.  
And here, the piece  
a la resistance,  
is your bunk,  
complete with a bunkmate.  
This is Jebediah,  
but the word on the street is,  
is the kids  
like to call him Jeb.  
Hey, Jebby, why don't you  
hop on down  
and see your bunkmate Hunter?  
What did I say  
about playing games?  
Have fun, boys.  
You're my new bunkmate?  
Hi.  
Before you say anything,  
I need you to fill out this.  
This is a bunkmate  
questionnaire.  
So it's got  
your medical history,  
preferred bedtime,  
the way you like your s'mores,  
dietary needs...  
Yeah, no.  
I'm not gonna  
fill this out.  
Ballsy,  
coming in hot.  
I like that,  
I like you.

What is this, like,  
your first camp or something?  
My gosh, is it?  
Yeah.  
Yeah?  
My gosh.  
Well, it looks like we got  
a noob situation over here.  
Boys!  
Hey, hey, no, I'm actually  
not here to dance.  
I know.  
I can read it  
all over your face.  
You got classic noob face.  
Face of a noob,  
noob face.  
Face of a noob  
is what you've got.  
-Okay, all right.  
-Yeah.  
Well, let me  
break it down for you.  
The bunkmate relationship  
is the cornerstone  
of a positive  
camp experience.  
We got to know each other  
better than we know ourselves,  
upside-down  
and inside-out.  
Yeah, I definitely  
don't want to know you  
inside-out  
or upside-down.  
Well, I've already  
filled mine out,  
so you're gonna.  
And, hey, listen.  
Don't worry,  
I got your back.  
I'm what they call  
a camp pro.  
I start out every summer

at astronaut camp  
until it's... tchk... over.  
Then I'm off to math camp  
and SAT prep camp.  
Then it's to Jewish camp,  
though I'm only half-Jewish,  
so they only let me go  
for half the time.  
After aeronautics camp,  
I would usually  
go to robotics camp,  
but until  
the technology's there,  
it's basically  
like glorified K'nex, you know?  
Then I went to Phat Camp,  
but with a "P-H."  
I learned to rap  
like the Notorious BGI.  
Football camp!  
Fantasy football.  
But still!  
Consumer electronics camp,  
video game camp.  
By the way,  
have you played "DDR?"  
Hunter, "DDR,"  
"Dance Dance Revolution."  
Have we not talked about this?  
My gosh,  
you're gonna freak.  
I have video.  
There are these guys  
in Russia.  
They're the all time  
"DDR" champion...  
Hunter?  
No.  
Hello, hello, hello,  
dance camp campers.  
So excited to see  
you all settling in.  
It's gonna be a great year  
this year.

So most of you  
have probably picked  
your Legends of Dance teams.  
Please...  
do not forget to get in touch  
with the team captains.  
Yeah!  
Just...  
just cleaning up here,  
you know.  
Right.  
We have rehearsal  
in here.  
Hunter!  
I didn't know  
you were on this team.  
I'm not.  
Cheyenne, this is Hunter.  
I heard about him.  
He's just doing some type  
of community service.  
He's not here as a dancer.  
So are you saying  
that you're into bad boys?  
How does that make sense?  
'Cause... bad boys do...  
community service.  
I'm not into anyone.  
I'm here to dance,  
and I'm here to win.  
Are you guys flirting?  
Is that what this is?  
I mean, maybe not,  
because it's so awkward,  
but, well, maybe that's  
what flirting is.  
Alex, hey.  
Hunter, this is Alex.  
We go way back.  
He's deaf,  
but he lip-reads very well,  
and also I can sign for you,  
'cause let's just say  
he's taught me a thing or two

about the language of sign.  
What's up, man?  
Deaf sister?  
No, no, no.  
But you know you're  
at dance camp, right?  
Okay.  
Okay, wait, okay, guys.  
Slow down there, slow down,  
'cause...  
Okay, dance is about  
being on time,  
so that's what I expect  
from you.  
Come on.  
Kenton, leave your skates  
at the door.  
Gather around.  
Right, whoever has  
the stress ball  
says their name  
and their favorite dance style.  
Cheyenne, hip-hop.  
Yo, I'm Emily.  
Ballet, I guess.  
Kenton.  
I jam-skate.  
Sanjana.  
I like modern.  
I can also do some kathak,  
but, like,  
not as good as my parents.  
My parents actually met  
at a dance school in India.  
I've only been there once,  
but that's because my dad  
got in a fight with his brother,  
and he's all, "I'm not going  
back till he apologizes,"  
which will never happen...  
Let's keep it moving so we  
actually have time to dance.  
Totally understand  
what you're saying.

Sometimes I have this tendency  
to ramble.  
-Pass the ball.  
-Right.  
So my name's Vanessa.  
What's your favorite style?  
Honestly, for me,  
I'm all about that krump.  
Skating.  
I like animatum.  
I literally love hip-hop,  
like Cheyenne.  
My favorite dance style  
would be...  
dancing.  
Like, getting nasty and shit.  
Hell yeah.  
Well, you know "DDR,"  
"Dance Dance Revolution?"  
I pretty much crush at that,  
so...  
Pass the ball, Jeb.  
Yep, yeah, cool.  
Hunter Portis.  
Zumba master.  
Okay, focus.  
We need to pick a team name.  
So, to save time,  
I've thought of one already.  
From now on,  
we'll be known as...  
the Dark Shadows.  
What about  
Generation Dance?  
Or how about  
the Glitter Ponies?  
I, for one,  
love Cheyenne's idea.  
Okay, then it's settled.  
You got something to say?  
Okay, now, you can totally  
shut me up,  
cut me off, whatever.  
I'm not a part



of your little squad.  
But why don't you just go  
with what was on your sign?  
'Cause that makes no sense.  
It said TBD,  
"to be determined."  
Right, yeah.  
It could mean To Be Dancers.  
It could mean  
Tough Bitches Dancing.  
I like that.  
It's mysterious,  
so it fits my brand.  
Yeah, I like that last one,  
the bitches one.  
Okay, fine, whatever.  
We're TBD, okay?  
Now let's get to work.  
Come on, everybody up.  
We only have a week until we  
face off against Flow Nation.  
This week's theme  
is "Breaking Out."  
Let's see what I'm working with.  
Okay, so we're gonna go,  
slide to the right,  
spin, punch to the left.  
Really?  
Right now?  
You have to be doing that  
right now?  
You guys try.  
Five, six, seven, eight.  
Yeah!  
Baby, baby, baby!  
What the shit, bro?  
My gosh.  
Lance, I'm sorry.  
I didn't mean to...  
I see  
what's going on here.  
Cheyenne put you  
up to this, didn't she?  
What?

Hey, man,  
chill out, bro.  
I guess since Cheyenne  
can't beat me fair and square,  
she's got to try  
and take me out instead.  
Yeah, yeah.  
Cheyenne, yeah,  
she sent Jeb out here  
to play "DDR"  
to take you out.  
Yeah, that's what  
I just said, bro.  
I just said that.  
Okay, I see the problem.  
You don't understand  
what sarcasm is, do you?  
I'm pretty sure  
I know what sarcasm is.  
Right, guys?  
-Yeah.  
-He knows what sarcasm is.  
See?  
I know what sarcasm is,  
Hunter, clearly.  
But since you're new here,  
I'll fill you in a little bit.  
This isn't the first time  
that someone's tried  
to take me out.  
I live my whole life  
with a target on my back.  
So I suggest all three of you  
get out of here  
before I whoop  
all of your asses.  
Hunter, come on,  
let's just go.  
You're, by far,  
the weirdest dude  
I've ever met in my life.  
-Yeah?  
-Yeah.  
Well, you're the worst dancer

I've ever met.  
Boom!  
Sarcasm!  
That's not really sar...  
Hey, shut up, bro.  
Look, me and you,  
right here, right now.  
Bro, look,  
I'm not fighting you, okay?  
The only thing lamer  
than being at dance camp  
is getting into a fight  
at dance camp.  
No more talky-talky.  
Your finger's  
on my face.  
What are you  
gonna do about it?  
Snap.  
What's with the headband?  
It's part of it.  
-Back up!  
-Back up!  
Back up, son.  
Welcome to Lance Camp,  
bitch.  
It's just ironic,  
'cause you just  
put that paint on, and now...  
-Shut up.  
-Sorry.  
I just thought  
I would point out  
the dramatic irony  
of the moment.  
Like, you couldn't  
have written it better.  
Jeb.  
That thing have  
a silencer on it?  
Done and done.  
Nothing like a good nebulizer  
treatment before bed  
to help you fall asleep.

One wise whistling wizard.  
Two tooting tuba tunas.  
Three twirly tricky tree toads.  
Four fresh French flamingoes.  
Five freezing fleeing...  
What are you saying?  
These are  
my vocal exercises.  
I have to do them every night  
before bed for dialect camp.  
It's in just two months.  
Why?  
Does it bother you?  
No.  
It's wonderful.  
Hunter, are you still upset  
because Lance pushed you  
in the paint bench today?  
I feel like it's  
a double-edged sword,  
because on the one hand, yes,  
Lance pushed you  
on a paint bench,  
and everyone laughed,  
and it was embarrassing.  
But, on the other hand,  
Lance is an Internet celebrity.  
Like, getting seen with him  
in any context  
is good for your  
online persona.  
What do you think?  
I got an idea.  
I like ideas.  
Wake up Alex.  
My gosh.  
I feel like a spy.  
I feel like a lamb spy.  
# Sneaking around #  
# Here we go,  
sneak, sneak, sneak #  
# Sneaking, sneaking,  
sneaking around #  
What's up, YouTube?

It's Lance.  
Just Lance.  
Kidding.  
But seriously, it's just Lance.  
And today we're coming  
at you live from E=MC  
"we don't really need  
to do math  
because we're really good  
dancers" Squared cabin  
at Dance World.  
And today, you know what?  
I'm gonna be answering questions  
from my 133,256 followers.  
First up, Chron85.  
Come on.  
Stay down.  
All right.  
"Lance, do you ever feel like  
you have a target on your back?"  
That's actually  
a very important question,  
and probably one  
of the best questions  
that anyone has ever asked me.  
And the answer is yes.  
I can't believe  
I get to be a part of this.  
This is a camp classic!  
All day, every day,  
365 days of the year.  
And, yes, there were talks  
between the Bieb's team and I  
about me becoming  
a backup dancer,  
but I said, "Look, Justin,  
look, Scooter,  
I got to stay in school."  
-What are we doing?  
-We're gonna smoke him out.  
That's what I decided to do.  
So #stayinskool, #...  
Is that...  
Get me out of here!

Come on!  
#Revenge.  
Let's jam.  
Sacrifice your body!  
Get me out!  
Sacrifice yourself!  
On three,  
one, two, three.  
Is that-!  
Get me out of here!  
Sacrifice your body!  
Okay, I get it.  
I know why I'm here.  
I know why I'm in trouble.  
How was I supposed to know that  
that would happen to his face?  
Fragrance sensitivity  
affects one  
in every 15,000 Americans.  
What?  
Imagine a world  
with no scented candles,  
with all-natural  
tree sap deodorant  
that just makes your armpits  
stick together.  
Look, Hunter, I forgive you...  
Okay.  
Because every allergic  
reaction I have  
is an opportunity to spread  
awareness of my condition.  
The amount of sheer pain  
I feel on the outside is nothing  
compared to the amount of joy  
I feel on the inside.  
I just hope that we  
can put this past us  
and become friends.  
Me too.  
Lance, go back to your cabin.  
Thank you, Mr. Turgnofsky.  
You've been most gracious.  
#Respect, brother.

#Getoutofhere, yeah?  
I win.  
Thank you, sir.  
Okay, I'm gonna just...  
How many  
community service hours  
do you think  
you've worked so far?  
191/2.  
-Wrong.  
-No, right.  
Look, I have the time sheet,  
actually.  
-Zero.  
-What are you doing?  
You haven't been doing  
any work.  
All you've been doing  
is causing a disturbance.  
You're drifting.  
Hunter, your soul needs...  
soul.  
That doesn't even  
make any sense.  
Do you even know  
what this is?  
You don't.  
There.  
That's the kid I want to see.  
Okay, you just have that  
stored away in your cabin?  
Yes.  
That's not creepy at all.  
That's the kid  
we're all waiting for.  
Well, you're gonna be  
waiting a long time,  
'cause I'm just trying to get  
my hours done and go home.  
You want to get done  
with your hours quicker?  
Yes, I do.  
I'll make a deal with you.  
Pick a team, any team,

and compete in Legends.  
I'll count the hours  
that you practice  
as community service hours...  
on top of your work hours.  
Deal, deal.  
Yes.  
Mini James Brown.  
Okay.  
What's with the shoe, man?  
That's dance code  
for "good job."  
Really?  
Yeah, I doubt that.  
Hello, everyone.  
We have a big day  
ahead of us.  
Just a few hours  
before Legends of Dance  
officially begins.  
Today's contestants,  
finalize your routine.  
No, bigger. Roll everything.  
We can't lose, let's go.  
Five, six, seven, eight, one...  
Make sure they're sharp.  
But most of all, have fun,  
while working hard,  
while having fun.  
We're killing it out here!  
Dance Camp, baby!  
Three years, three years!  
One, two, three, four.  
Sanjana, focus.  
Seven, eight,  
one, two, three, four.  
Jeb, look up.  
Five, six, seven, eight.  
One, two, three, four, and pose.  
Six, seven, eight.  
One, two, three, four.  
Do you have to clean  
right now?  
I'm not here to clean.



I'm here  
to help you guys out.  
I'm here to "dance."  
What makes you think  
you can help us?  
No music or anything.  
Okay.  
It was unsettling...  
but not completely awful.  
Which is what you guys  
have been giving me.  
We're on tonight.  
You've got some serious  
catching up to do.  
Yeah, no problem.  
Fall in line, from the top.  
All right, we're gonna do it  
with the freeze this time.  
Five, six, seven, eight.  
One, two, three, four,  
freeze, seven, eight.  
One, two, three, four,  
freeze, six, seven, eight.  
One, two, three, four,  
five, six, seven, eight.  
One, two, three, four,  
five, six...  
What are you doing?  
I'm frees... I'm freestyling.  
This is choreography.  
You have to learn the steps.  
Well, yeah,  
I haven't had a chance yet.  
You're not even trying.  
Look, this is  
a single-elimination tournament.  
If you're gonna be on this team,  
you work as hard  
as the person next to you.  
You better not screw me.  
Don't make a sexual joke.  
I wasn't even gonna do...  
I think I'm gonna go  
to med school.

I think that's  
a more secure option.  
I mean, my whole family  
is doctors.  
Well, my...  
My cousin taught me  
how to do make up.  
I thought I wanted  
to be a makeup artist.  
But then I decided that  
I'm making the right decision.  
Chi-monee!  
Hee-hee!  
Welcome to Legends of Dance!  
That's the energy  
I like to see.  
Now, let's get a quick recap  
of the rules, okay?  
In each round,  
two teams will dance  
set to a predetermined theme.  
All team members  
must be present,  
or their team  
will be... disqualified!  
The team that wins over  
the audience's heart the most  
will come one step closer  
to becoming  
Legends of Dance.  
Let's hear it for my mentor  
and yours, Ivan!  
Ivan, Ivan, Ivan...  
Bam!  
Thank you, thank you.  
Ivan, Ivan, Ivan...  
And stop.  
I'm gonna be on standby  
with my honest  
and sometimes soul-crushing  
critiques.  
But ultimately,  
you pick who wins, all right?  
All right, I'm out,

peace out.

First up, we've got

Flow Nation versus TBD.

Is your group name

actually To Be Determined,

or are you still

trying to figure it out?

I wanted Dark Shadows,

so...

Okay.

First up, Flow Nation.

Boo.

You're just gonna sit there?

You're not gonna stretch

or anything?

No, I'm fine, I'm good.

Thank you, guys.

Ivan, your thoughts?

There was effort.

All right, guys, bring it in.

Let's keep the focus.

This is what

we've been training for.

It's in the bag, yo.

Okay, coming up next,

and let's hear it for them,

it's TBD!

Hunter?

TBD!

-TBD.

-TBD.

-You're behind.

-You're ahead.

That was awesome.

Good stuff, TBD.

Excuse me, my little worm.

Thank you.

Now, let's hear the thoughts

of our resident aficionado.

Was it bad?

No.

Were they good?

No.

They have to learn their steps.

Excellent, now it's time  
to put it for a vote.  
That's embarrassing.  
Let's get Flow Nation  
on up here.  
Let's get your hands  
nice and warm.  
It's time for us to vote.  
Let's hear it  
for Flow Nation.  
Let's hear it for TBD.  
That was really close.  
Ivan, will you please  
break this tie?  
In my opinion,  
tonight's victor,  
by a narrow margin,  
is TBD.  
Congratulations.  
TBD will be moving on  
to the next round.  
What the hell was that?  
You screwed everyone up.  
Me?  
No, no.  
Look, okay, I was a tad bit  
slow in the beginning.  
But I caught up.  
We were fine.  
Fine?  
Fine's not gonna cut it.  
Cheyenne's right.  
Fine is no help.  
Look.  
Let's see what Lance  
and his crew  
has in store for us today.  
I don't know, man.  
Doing backflips doesn't  
make you a good dancer.  
It just makes you a person  
that's really good  
at doing backflips.  
Yeah, but, like,

really good at doing backflips.  
How you guys doing?  
Enjoying the show?  
Don't worry,  
I'll stay after  
and sign some Lance-graphs  
for you.  
Hat trick,  
three years, baby!  
Is this guy for real?  
If we're actually  
gonna win this thing,  
you're gonna have to work.  
Tomorrow morning, 7:00 a.m.

**7:**

Yeah, no,  
can we make that 9:00?  
Seems like you're  
not really invested.  
Crap!  
Better watch where  
you're going, Hunter.  
Boom, sarcasm.  
What are you doing?  
Why are you making this  
so hard?  
And snap,  
and then roll down your body.  
Snap,  
roll down your body.  
Two, three.  
Set up, go.  
I can't hear you.  
I cannot hear you!  
Man.  
You and me, dance battle,  
right now.  
Jeb, I never turn down  
challenges,  
but I can't take advantage  
of a special-needs kid.  
Well, Lance...  
you might want to consider it,

'cause your mom did  
last night.  
She took care of all  
of my special needs.  
Let's dance, you little guy.  
-Go!  
-Go, Lance!  
Floor is yours.  
All right.  
Dance circle.  
Start out easy,  
got some floor work.  
Hype the crowd, hype the crowd.  
Okay.  
Yo, what is this?  
What is this?  
Al Roker here.  
And welcome back to the  
5th Annual Special Olympics.  
-All right, Jeb.  
-All right, Jeb.  
-Come on, Jeb.  
-You got it.  
Okay, that's sit-ups, dude.  
That's not dancing.  
All right, "DDR," level 8,  
expert level.  
-What? Okay.  
-Yeah, yeah.  
Kelsey, Kelsey,  
hit it.  
What's he doing?  
All right.  
Hunter and Jeb forever!  
#Forever!  
-Yeah!  
-Yeah!  
All right!  
Lance.  
From the moment we met,  
I knew you were  
a "DDR" master.  
I felt the connection  
between us.

-All right, okay...  
-And of course,  
it was all the things  
that you said and the way...  
All right,  
there's people here.  
Don't make it weird.  
Okay, sorry.  
You danced the steps.  
Thank you.  
I'm pretty good at duets.  
He's really  
embraced the camp.  
And it has nothing to do with me  
taking the hours  
away from him either.  
Has he made any friends?  
Yeah, he's making  
tons of friends.  
He even has a little ballerina  
inside of him.  
You're sure you're talking  
about my son?  
I mean...  
Campers, you have spoken.  
And the team that will  
be joining Dance-ish  
in the semifinals is...  
TBD!  
Nicely done.  
No, this is not happening!  
Recount, recount, recount!  
It's real, and it's raw,  
and we like that.  
Gather around,  
my little birdies.  
Your theme  
for the semifinals is...  
duets.  
Cheyenne!  
Cheyenne loves to duet,  
right, Cheyenne?  
Dude, that's French,  
right?

Yeah.

-What do I do with my chest?

-You just leave it there.

-What do you mean?

-Try it, try it.

-I am trying it.

-Try it.

Hey.

Hey.

-I saw that.

-Yeah.

-Can I talk to you?

-Yes, you can.

Yeah, yes, you can.

Jeb, do you mind?

Sorry, if you want to talk  
to Hunter about something,  
you might as well talk to me,  
because we don't keep  
any secrets from each other.

That's our rule.

That is not remotely true.

This bond  
cannot be broken.

Yes, it can.

-Jeb.

-Okay.

I can take a hint.

Just to be sure I was  
taking the hint correctly,  
you're saying you'd like  
alone time, without me?

Okay.

Sorry about that.

Anyway, as you know,  
I'm an awesome dancer.

But there's this one  
type of dance that,  
it's not like my...

You know when there's  
two people,  
dance together...

Dance together,

I get it, yeah.



Starts with a "D,"  
ends with an "et."  
Involves two people,  
the "D" word.  
-The "D" word.  
-The "D" word.  
Yeah, "dork," you're being  
a dork right now.  
No, that wasn't the word  
I was thinking of.  
Look.  
Lance killed us last year  
at the couples dance.  
Okay?  
There was crying involved.  
Like, lots of crying, okay?  
Like, the type of crying  
where you can't breathe,  
you're, like, crying so much.  
Lots of crying.  
Yeah, look,  
that was last year, okay?  
I got an idea.  
What are we doing out here?  
You'll see.  
One, two, three.  
This is insane.  
Yeah.  
They're mating.  
-Right now?  
-Right now.  
They're getting  
down and dirty.  
I've never been good at  
dancing with a partner before.  
Maybe that's because  
you haven't had the right one.  
Follow my lead.  
Cheyenne, look, relax.  
Read my body, okay?  
How am I supposed to do that?  
Trust me.  
Get my hand.  
Look up.

All right,  
now rock with me.  
My bad.  
It's all right.  
Look, it's my job as male  
to make us look good.  
That's sexist.  
No, it's leading.  
Definitely sexist.  
More so leading.  
You're a pretty good teacher.  
Yeah, I learned  
from my mom.  
Do you have to talk  
about your mom right now?  
Yeah, I felt that too.  
That was...  
Awesome.  
That was awesome.  
Yeah! TBD!  
-TBD! TBD! TBD!  
-Yeah!  
Now, that is how you bring it  
to the semifinals.  
Cheyenne, Hunter.  
The team  
that will be joining  
E=MC "we don't have to be  
good at math  
"because we're really  
good dancers" Squared is...  
TBD!  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
be safe tonight.  
Sayonara.  
Cheyenne,  
you learned how to tango.  
Good for you.  
But a little piece  
of advice.  
When you lose again  
this year,  
try not to cry.  
It's embarrassing.

Jerk.

Good luck.

-What's up, guys?

-Hey, what's up?

What's up, man?

No PDA, got it,

good policy.

Can I talk to you?

Yeah, sure.

Hunter, the other night

was nice.

I agree.

But I can't let

any distractions

get in the way

of winning Legends.

We had a moment,

and it as nice, but...

I get it.

No, I get it.

I'm just here to do my hours,

and there's no point of us

getting caught up in anything.

Give me your time sheet.

I need to sign it.

Right,

almost forgot about that.

Well, you got a lot

on your mind

with finals tonight.

What are you doing?

I'm gonna send it in.

Wait, I'm done?

100 hours.

Good job.

Hey, Hunter.

Yo, man, this summer's

been crazy, bro.

Miss you, Hunter.

Congrats on finishing

your hours.

We're coming to bust you out.

Ladies and gentlemen,

boys and girls,

muchachas and amigas,  
the Finals!  
-Sanjana, Kenton.  
-Hey.  
Looking hot, buddy.  
This is going to be  
the best night of our lives!  
Let's go ahead and turn it over  
to one of our judges,  
Ivan, the guru of dance.  
How are you feeling tonight?  
Really excited  
about tonight?  
Yes.  
I'm very intrigued  
about what TBD  
is gonna be pulling  
out of the bag  
to go up against Lance's crew.  
What the hell, Lance?  
Lance?  
Who's Lance, man?  
-Shit.  
-What's up, bro?  
What's up, man?  
What are you guys  
doing here?  
Yo, we came  
to get you out, man.  
Everyone's waiting.  
Party with your name  
on it, man.  
Before we continue on,  
let's go ahead and meet  
our special guest judges.  
First up, it's  
the Prince Charming of dance.  
It's Mr. Bruno Tortellini.  
You're welcome.  
By the way,  
the name is Tonioli,  
dance and reality television  
royalty.  
It's a pleasure to meet you.

I know.  
Jeb, where's Hunter?  
What?  
I don't know.  
I thought he was with you.  
Your little boy toy  
gone missing?  
I heard he finished  
his hours,  
and then he bounced.  
You didn't know that,  
did you?  
She didn't know.  
But, like, Hunter wouldn't  
flake on you guys, would he?  
That would  
just be so terrible,  
because all dancers  
must participate in the finals.  
You know that, cutie pie.  
Lance Camp.  
Anyway, it's  
a true honor to meet...  
Cheyenne!  
Miss Lele Pons.  
How you feeling  
about the competish?  
Yeah, I don't know  
where I am,  
and I don't know  
how I got here.  
If this is a prank,  
I don't like it,  
'cause I'm usually the one  
that pranks people.  
That's funny.  
That's hilarious, Lele.  
Anyways, ladies and gentlemen,  
put your hands together.  
It's the moment  
we've all been waiting for.  
So we came to get you out,  
bro?  
Yeah?

Yo, we should  
light some shit on fire.  
No, no.  
Prison break, right?  
No, it's not even worth it.  
Guys, I can't just leave.  
Sure you can.  
I guess so.  
I think you forgot  
to get some off.  
Okay.  
You ready to bust  
out of here, man?  
-Get in the car.  
-Freedom! Let's go, baby.  
Without further ado, I...  
You can't.  
Hunter's not here.  
You got to stall.  
-Okay.  
-Stall.  
Okay, I'll do that.  
I'm gonna do that for you.  
It's actually  
kind of annoying.  
It's annoying.  
That's what I said.  
How would they know it  
if you forgot to say it?  
What did I tell you about  
correcting me  
in front of other people?  
I wasn't correcting you.  
I was just adding  
some more information  
that you forgot to say.  
Yo, where's  
that bitch Hunter?  
Good question.  
He left.  
No, no, he didn't.  
The Hunter I know  
wouldn't do that.  
He wouldn't do that to me.

Us.  
Jeb, I saw him.  
He finished his hours,  
and he bailed.  
You know you can't compete  
without a full team, right?  
Yeah, I know.  
And I think I would be  
reincarnated as a hawk.  
I'm a bird of prey.  
In my day-to-day,  
I operate  
like a bird of prey.  
I've got a beak,  
and I've got great eyes.  
That's enough, Dougie.  
Thank you, Doug.  
I got it.  
Excuse me, campers.  
I have an announcement  
to make.  
It saddens me to say this,  
but TBD will be unable  
to perform tonight  
because they do not have  
a full team.  
And therefore, they will have  
to forfeit the competition.  
E=MC "I don't have  
to do any math  
because I'm a really  
good dancer" Squared...  
God, I hate that name.  
-It's terrible.  
-I hate it.  
Are this year's  
Legends of Dance  
champions!  
That's my baby!  
Three years in a row!  
Legends!  
Legends!  
I'm in the books, baby!  
I'm in the books!

Yo, what up, guys?  
This is Lance coming at you live  
with the #SpecialAnnouncement.  
And it looks like  
I'm the first ever  
three-year Legends of Dance  
champion, son!  
We're living proof  
that with #hardwork,  
#anythingispossible.  
Follow your dreams.  
Let's go, let's go.  
I earned it.  
TBD, good job, guys.  
Told you.  
I can't believe  
he actually left.  
Yeah, it's 'cause  
he's a little punk bitch.  
I'm speechless.  
I literally have  
no speech right now.  
I thought he was our friend.  
I thought this  
meant more to him.  
I thought he cared about this  
as much as we do.  
I thought... shit.  
I'm creating speech  
right now, aren't I.  
I'm speeching...  
Speaking... crap.  
Hey.  
I'm here.  
I made it.  
No, you didn't.  
We had to forfeit.  
It's over.  
Hey, Hunter.  
You owe me an apology,  
little guy.  
-For what?  
-For your selfishness.  
I was supposed



to humiliate you,  
and you took that  
away from me.  
You know what, asshole?  
You're lucky we got  
disqualified, okay?  
How so?  
Why would I be lucky?  
You think you actually  
had a chance against me.  
Have you seen you?  
Have you seen Lance?  
You suck at dancing.  
I rule.  
I'm the shit, bro.  
What's that?  
Little Hunter...  
Little Hunter doesn't have  
a comeback, does he?  
Nah, you're scared.  
You know what, asshole?  
I got a comeback.  
TBD versus the name  
of your stupid-ass team.  
Tomorrow night.  
Let's give the people  
what they wanted, right?  
We already won, Hunter.  
It's over.  
#Over.  
I'm cool.  
Now, all of these people  
with their phones out  
recording you right now  
will know that you  
turned down a challenge.  
Lance,  
we're gonna do it, right?  
Chip, shut the hell up.  
Look, you're on.  
But good luck  
getting your team together,  
because the last I heard,  
they hate your ass.

Give me my trophy.  
Yo, delete all those videos.  
Hey.  
All right, look...  
I know I owe the team  
a lot of apologies.  
But listen, I wanted  
to come to you first,  
my bunkmate,  
and most importantly, my bro.  
Would you hear me out?  
All right.  
All right, honestly, man,  
when I first came to camp  
and I saw that I was  
bunked with you,  
I was thinking,  
"Dear God, why?  
Why?  
Why me?"  
But since that day,  
I realized, yes, you can be  
a dork at some times,  
but I've grown  
to love you, man,  
'cause you're yourself.  
You're not afraid  
to stick up  
for yourself and your friends.  
And I figured out,  
that's what it takes  
to make it.  
So I'm coming to you  
and telling you  
that I can't do this  
without you.  
So are you with me?  
Hunter.  
You had me at "bunkmate."  
So... are you in, man?  
Sweet.  
That's so sweet.  
Guys... I love you.  
And you.

So...  
are we doing this?  
Yeah, I mean, we already  
learned the routine, so...  
Yeah, I mean,  
it's my last year at camp.  
Got nothing to lose.  
I'm in.  
That's it?  
Yeah.  
I thought about it,  
and I'm in.  
Do you need me  
to explain why?  
-No.  
-No.  
'Cause I can.  
Sanjana, we're good.  
-Please.  
-Keep it right there.  
The question is,  
what's Cheyenne gonna say?  
Okay.  
Good luck.  
I challenged him  
as a member of TBD.  
Why would you do that?  
You're not a member.  
You left.  
And that was a huge mistake.  
Plus, why would we compete  
in an unofficial competition?  
Look, Cheyenne, dance  
isn't about competition, okay?  
It's about  
self-expression.  
Yeah, it's about  
letting off steam  
when our parents  
expect us to be perfect.  
It's a way  
to be creative.  
Or feel unique.  
Or tell the world you hope

the robots do take over  
because deep down you trust them  
more than the humans!  
Just as a... that's just  
an example of what we mean.  
I saw you  
kiss that girl.  
Listen, Cheyenne.  
Yes, her lips touched mine.  
But I pulled away.  
I promise, true story.  
Why should I believe  
anything you say?  
You don't have to.  
I mean, it's not about me.  
It's about us, as a team.  
I think you want this  
as much as we do,  
maybe even more.  
This doesn't mean  
I don't hate you.  
I'm super aware of that.  
But okay, screw it.  
Let's beat that bitch.  
That's crazy.  
That is exactly what I was  
just going to say.  
Let's go!  
Hey, Jeb.  
Come on, we're heading  
over to costumes.  
We're going to the closet.  
Guys, Ivan doesn't know  
that we're here,  
so we kind of want to keep  
a low profile.  
But this is the finals  
we've all been waiting for.  
Let's make some noise  
for our teams!  
It's gonna get  
so hot in here,  
you're gonna be able  
to light a match.

Why would I light a match?  
So you don't burn  
yourself.  
That's why I'll  
light a match?  
So I won't burn myself?  
Whatever.  
Think about it,  
think about it.  
Let's hear it for Lance  
and his crew!  
Lance, Lance!  
Hey, all the ladies,  
check him!  
Come on!  
Watch this!  
Come on!  
Higher, higher!  
Yeah, baby!  
Move!  
Get out of my way.  
Useless.  
I won, yeah!  
I'm the best, baby!  
#LanceCamp!  
TBD are shit!  
Yes, yes, yes, yes.  
Get lost!  
Up next is the team fighting  
for sweet, sweet redemption.  
Let's hear it for TBD!  
All right.  
You guys ready to go out there  
and show them who we are?  
-Yes, sir.  
-Yes, sir.  
All right, let's do this,  
on three.  
TBD!  
-TBD!  
-TBD, let's go!  
Hey, hey, let's go, TBD!  
Yeah, Kenton!  
You, baby, you, baby, yo!

It's not that good.  
Seriously?  
Come on, Em!  
Let's go, Emily!  
Go crazy! Go crazy!  
Champs for life.  
I mean #Champs4Life.  
Crap.  
You found the little  
Mini James in you.  
Let's party!  
Guys, guys, stop.  
I'm trying to have  
a beautiful moment here.  
Enough with your tonsil hockey.  
One, two, three!  
Five, six.  
Five, six, seven, eight.  
Walk up the stairs,  
stride, walk down.  
Walk up the stairs,  
no, walk down.  
Walk up the stairs...  
Walk down.  
Walk up the stairs.  
Tricky-ass stairs.