MY LITTLE PONY: EQUESTRIA GIRLS

Summertime Shorts

Directed by Ishi Rudell, Katrina Hadley
(Writing credits are listed on each individual transcript)

Transcribed by Alan Back (ajback@yahoo.com)

Notes: The premiere dates of the shorts, and the version of Twilight Sparkle who appears in each, are as follows.

"Make Up Shake Up"	July 30, 2017	Princess
"A Photo Booth Story"	July 30, 2017	Princess
"Raise This Roof"	July 30, 2017	Princess
"Steps of Pep"	July 30, 2017	N/A
"Mad Twience"	July 30, 2017	Human
"Monday Blues"	August 4, 2017	Human
"Pet Project"	August 5, 2017	Human
"Subs Rock"	August 5, 2017	Human
"Shake Things Up!"	August 11, 2017	N/A
"The Art of Friendship"	August 12, 2017	N/A
"The Canterlot Movie Club"	August 20, 2017	N/A
"Leaping Off the Page"	August 27, 2017	Human
"Get the Show on the Road"	August 27, 2017	Human
"Epic Fails"	August 27, 2017	Human
"Coinky-Dink World"	September 22, 2017	N/A
"Good Vibes"	September 22, 2017	Human

Unless otherwise noted, Sunset Shimmer's appearances feature the outfit she wore in *Equestria Girls* and *Rainbow Rocks*.

Background song lyrics are in square brackets; any marked with an exclamation point are shouted rather than sung.

"Make Up Shake Up" — Written by Gillian M. Berrow

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to a closed book whose yellow-trimmed blue cover is marked by a yellow horseshoe turned 90 degrees to form a C—a Canterlot High School yearbook. The cover flips open and the pages turn quickly, stopping on a picture of Rarity's face; zoom in until it fills the screen and the image starts to move. She hums to herself, glancing downward as her fingers dance excitedly, and the camera tilts down to frame a hodgepodge of*

beauty products on a countertop before her. The motion picks out her clothing as the sparkly, one-shoulder light blue gown she wore to the Fall Formal in Equestria Girls.)

Rarity: Ooh!

(*One hand plucks up a mascara applicator brush; cut to a close-up of a mirror which displays her reflection putting the implement to use.*)

Rarity: Hello, me.

(*With a soft giggle, she goes into a routine of puckering up, winking flirtatiously, and fluffing her curls a bit. The camera zooms out to frame all of her as she turns away from the glass.*)

Rarity: Perfect! Now my visage matches my fabulous Fall Formal attire. (*Laugh.*) Okay. Who's next?

(*Cut to her perspective, panning slowly across the nearest stretch of the Carousel Boutique's showroom. Pinkie Pie is looking over racks of boots; Fluttershy happily holds up her pastel yellow/blue gown for the big night; Twilight Sparkle checks herself out in a mirror; Applejack polishes an apple on her own garment; Rainbow Dash pulls on a boot. The last three of these girls are already in their dresses—see the Equestria Girls transcript for further details. The camera stops and zooms in on the blonde as she prepares to take a bite.*)

Rarity: Aha! (*Applejack nearly drops the apple.*) Applejack, darling!

(*Cut to frame both, the camera pointing over the farm girl's shoulder toward the walking fashion plate. She pats a stool drawn up before a different mirror.*)

Rarity: Come sit here. (*Applejack lowers her snack.*) I shall now transform your drab makeup look into something dance-worthy!
Applejack: (*hastily*) N-No, no! (*adjusting hat*) I'm already gussied up just enough, thank you.
Rarity: (*sputtering incredulously, shaking head*) It's not called the Fall *Informal*.

(*Applejack grumbles to herself as Pinkie jumps in place near the boot display.*)

Pinkie: Yeah! Jazz it up! (*Fluttershy emerges from behind a curtain, now wearing her gown.*)
Fluttershy: Um, some light blush could be nice.
Rainbow: Come on! Go for it!
Twilight: Eh, why not?

(*Applejack voices a defeated moan and stands up.*)

Applejack: (*crossing to Rarity*) Oh, all right. (*sitting on stool*) But nothin' too fancy, you hear?
Rarity: (*laughing innocently*) Oh, I would never.

(*Cut to Applejack's perspective of her own disgruntled reflection in the mirror. The purple-haired teen stands up into view, compact in one hand and powder puff in the other, and reaches toward the camera to put them to work. She hums and mumbles to herself, pauses after a moment to park the puff in her hair, and switches the compact for a makeup brush which she applies with a giddy little grin. The view shifts to the countertop, from which the mascara applicator and a hairbrush are quickly snatched up, then back to Applejack's perspective. Both pale hands now move in a blur of powdery speed, but she stops one of them to transfer the applicator to her mouth. The fingers still wielding the hairbrush pause next and wedge it into the purple curls; now a lipstick is brought up and both hands resume their whirlwind pace. The counter again, a perfume atomizer and can of hairspray being the next items pressed into service, then back to Applejack's perspective. Every square inch of Rarity's face is set in grim determination as her hands reach hurricane speeds.*)

(*Cut to a different counter, on which pots of tea and cream have been laid out along with a cup and saucer. Rarity darts over to these, having shed all her beauty tools, and fixes herself a cup. She takes a leisurely sip and relaxes against the edge with a contented sigh for a moment, then races back into the fray. The view shifts back to Applejack's perspective, Rarity going like sixty all over again as clouds of powder slowly obscure her image. One final burst whites out the screen for a moment, then clears to show Rarity standing up straight with a triumphant grin.*)

Rarity: My goodness! I have simply outdone myself!

(*A twinkle of white light fills the screen and clears to give a series of extreme close-ups of the following, the view dissolving from one to the next. Applejack's mouth, outlined in red lipstick under one blush-tinted cheek…the green eyes blinking slowly under freshly applied mascara, blue shadow, and penciled-in brows…a profile of the chin being lifted into the light. The tranquil atmosphere comes to a crashing halt when the camera cuts to frame all of Applejack—now on her feet and with a horrified grimace fixed on her made-over face. A jeweled hair clip has been added near one temple, and portions of her hair have been styled into loose curls. Zoom in quickly in jerky steps to stop on an extreme close-up of the disbelieving blonde, then cut to frame both.*)

Rarity: (*expectantly*) Soooo…? (*Applejack sits.*)
Applejack: Uh…looks…great! Heh. Uh, maybe just a tad less blush.

(*Cut to just behind and to one side of her, the camera angle framing the back of her head and part of one side of her face. Rarity has a mascara applicator in hand again.*)

Rarity: (*nodding*) Oh! Mm…mm-hm.

(*She shifts the thing to her mouth and produces a cloth to wipe away some of the end result.*)

Applejack: And, uh, lipstick.

(*This request takes the fashionista by surprise, but she fulfills it while mumbling around the applicator.)*

Applejack: (*sighing*) What the hay. A bit of the eyeshadow too, while you're at it.

(*Rarity's cocked eyebrow betrays her puzzlement, but she mumbles and plies the cloth once more.*)

Applejack: A little more…

(*Now Rarity slumps on her feet with visible disgust and does a fourth round of wiping. Cut to the mirror, in which Applejack's awestruck reflection pops up into view; the warp-speed makeover has now been completely undone, including the hair clip and re-styling. Rarity's image leans into view alongside, her mind blown at having to scrap the whole project.*)

Applejack: Wow! (*chuckling, winking*) You were right, Rarity! (*arm around shoulders*) You really *are* great at this! (*walking off*) Heh. Thanks!

(*Rarity's jaw drops open, the applicator clattering to the floor.*)

Rarity: (*weakly*) It was nothing.

(*"Iris out" to black, centered on her face; the aperture pauses briefly to frame it before closing altogether.*)

<u>"A Photo Booth Story"</u> **Written by Gillian M. Berrow**

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to the closed Canterlot High yearbook seen at the start of "Make Up Shake Up." The cover opens and the pages flip as before, this time stopping on a picture of the school exterior at night. One set of ground-floor windows at the far end is brightly lit, and after the camera zooms in to let the image fill the screen, these begin to pulse through vivid colors as a rock beat makes itself heard. Zoom in on the display and dissolve to a close-up of a full punchbowl inside; two tuxedo-clad arms reach into view to ladle some of the contents into a cup, and the camera pans/tilts up quickly to frame their owner. He is one of three boys done up in their best duds and sharing a laugh; they are in the school gym, and this is the Fall Formal. A further pan picks them out as being at the end of a rather long line of students waiting to have their picture taken before a balloon-festooned arch. Photo Finish is on camera duty, and it is the Cutie Mark Crusaders' turn, with Twilight and her five friends next up. The three girls slip their arms across each other's waists/shoulders and grin; a flash, and the snapshot slides out of a slot on the body of Photo's tripod-mounted camera. She pulls it free and, after waving it back and forth a bit to develop the instant image, regards both it and the subjects. Her reaction is a loud, disgusted groan.*)

Photo: There is no style! (*throwing picture to them*) Just go!

(*It smacks into Apple Bloom's face; she pulls it off, and all three glance at it and trudge away in slumped defeat. Here come the next six amid a round of laughter, earning a brief puzzled look from the shutterbug.*)

Photo: Okay, everybody, say "the cheese"!

(*Camera-eye perspective of them, focusing and zooming in; arms across shoulders.*)

All six: (*mimicking her accent*) The cheese!

(*A flash captures the moment on film, but it is far from satisfactory for Photo. On the next line, cut closer to her in steps, ending with an extreme close-up of the students' reflections in the lenses of her sunglasses.*)

Photo: (*throwing picture aside*) No, no, *nein*! (*Shocked gasps; zoom out quickly.*) The fashion is there, but the style, it's not!
Rarity: (*offended, stepping forward*) I beg your pardon!
Photo: WE NEED MORE SILLINESS!!

(*At the snap of a finger, the camera pans quickly to one of the two girls who assisted—or rather, will later assist—her in Rainbow Rocks and the "Photo Finished "short. She is carrying an armload of goofy props and costume parts, and the girls are quick to swarm over and relieve her of the lot. Camera eye, left to right: Applejack wears a lion mask, Pinkie a huge mustache, Rarity a crown, Twilight a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses, Fluttershy a halo, Rainbow a robot mask.*)

Photo: Hold it!

(*Flash; close-up of a picture in which Applejack/Fluttershy/Rarity pose.*)

Photo: (*from o.s.*) That's it!

(*Another; now Twilight and Pinkie are doing their Holmes-and-Watson impersonation. Pinkie has snagged a deerstalker hat and magnifying glass, while Twilight wears a small mustache and is adjusting a bowler hat.*)

Photo: (*from o.s.*) I like it!

(*Flash; now they are immortalized on celluloid, and the snapshot falls away to show Pinkie twirling the glass on one finger as Twilight throws a bemused sidewise glance her way. Here comes Rarity between them, having donned a set of royal red robes to go with her crown. The other two bow to her, and the next camera flash subsides to show the teen queen standing in a shaft of light.*)

Photo: (*from o.s.*) That's it! (*Cut to her*) *Jas*, queen!

(*She hunches down over her camera with redoubled fervor and snaps away. The next picture catches Applejack and Rainbow—now without their masks—conspiring behind the oblivious Rarity, and a flash shifts the action to them. After another moment's sotto-voce planning, Rainbow bugs out and Applejack produces/twirls a lasso. The jock yanks the robes away in one swift stride, and the farmer deftly snags the crown off Rarity's head without disordering even one purple strand. The victim's utterly stunned look ends up on the next picture, which turns out to be under scrutiny by Pinkie with the help of her magnifying glass. Twilight is also present to lend an eye, and the two put fingers to chins in thought over these shenanigans as Photo gets her next shot. After a few more shutter clicks, she backs away from the camera and slumps over, winded. Her assistant holds a bottle of water toward her; this is eagerly snatched up and squeezed to empty its contents into the panting mouth, instantly reviving her.*)

Photo: (*tossing bottle over shoulder; assistant ducks*) Ahhh! Hydrate!

(*And back to work she goes, snapping a picture of Pinkie glaring at a snickering Applejack and Rainbow. This is lowered to expose all the girls save Fluttershy; Twilight and Pinkie have the two miscreants fixed in a smirking crossfire as Rarity steams in the background. Zoom in on her; umbrage turns to joy at the approach of Fluttershy, who carries a set of translucent butterfly wings. Photo gets a picture of Rarity wearing them and beaming front and center as the other five cavort around her. The trigger-happy photographer keeps snapping like mad.*)

Photo: (*pulling camera free, hip-checking tripod away*) Hoo! Ha! Hoo! Ha! (*A few more grunts.*) Flash! Flash!

(*Rarity switches on a spotlight and stands in its beam, spreading her wings in a shimmery, sparkly display of finery. Cut to Twilight, Applejack, Pinkie, and Rainbow, all of whom cheer and applaud the spectacle, then zoom in on Rainbow as she shifts into a yell of fright. When the camera shifts back to Rarity, the reason becomes all too clear: the heat generated by the spotlight has caused the fragile wings to begin smoldering along their upper edges. A flash, and a series of pictures shows the ace athlete darting in to seize her friend's wrist, towing her away, then standing and laughing with the other five. The wings are now slightly charred, but their wearer is otherwise safe and sound, and all other props have been put away.*)

(*This last picture drops from sight to frame the girls behind it. The camera is at ground level, next to Photo's foot and the haphazard scatter of snapshots she has taken. As her subjects continue to whoop it up, more pictures flutter to the floor and the view cuts to a head-on shot of her—once again bent over and heaving for breath.*)

Photo: Enough! (*Silence; she straightens up.*) That was everything! I cannot top this work! I go!

(*She suits the action to the words, striding away and pitching her camera back over her shoulder for her assistant to catch just short of the floor. The girls share another laugh; zoom in quickly on Rarity.*)

Rarity: Does this mean I can keep the wings?

(*One last flash sets off these shorts' closing sequence.*)

<u>"Raise This Roof"</u> **Written by Gillian M. Berrow**

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to the once-again-closed Canterlot High yearbook, which flips open and stops on a picture displaying the crowded gym during the Fall Formal. Zoom in on this until it fills the screen; a lively beat asserts itself, mixed with cheers and whoops from the partying students. At ground level, the camera pans slowly across Twilight and her friends all enjoying the night in their own ways. They stop to applaud as the song comes to an end, replaced by a brisk banjo bluegrass tune that makes Applejack's eyes pop.*)

Applejack: Hey, this is the song I requested!

(*She begins to dance, only for her first step to carry her backward so that she collides with Bloom. The sisters pivot to face each other.*)

Applejack: (*tipping hat forward*) Care to cut a rug with your big sis, sugar cube?

(*The redhead's eager nod earns her a laugh and a hand around one wrist to yank her toward center court. One quick pan later, they are line-dancing side by side on a patch cleared for them by the crowd; Applejack has her hat in one hand, raised overhead.*)

Applejack: (*putting it back on*) Yee-haa!

(*The exhibition brings applause from Twilight, Fluttershy, and Rarity and a smattering of cheers from the rest of the attendees, and they and Pinkie step up for a better view of the hoedown aficionados. Across the way are a cocky Rainbow and a grinning Scootaloo.*)

Rainbow: (*pointing at Applejack with both index fingers*) Challenge accepted! (*elbowing Scootaloo, grabbing her hand*) Come on, kid. Let's show 'em what *we've* got!

(*The Crusader's enthusiasm falls visibly as she finds herself being hauled into battle. Cut to Applejack/Bloom and pan to the new arrivals, who strike a pose as the bluegrass groove ends. Rainbow flips a hand signal to DJ P0N-3 at her turntables, the cue to do a quick scratch that leads into a hip-hop track. Applejack and Bloom watch with disgust as these two get down, Rainbow executing a few breakdancing moves in the bargain that bring gasps from the spectators. Another scratch, and the bluegrass has resumed for the Apples' next round of rhythmic footwork; a third, and the camera pans quickly back to Rainbow and Scootaloo as their music kicks up. The wild-haired teen throws herself into a fiercer sequence of moves—so fierce,*

in fact, that she inadvertently shoves Scootaloo off to one side. She finishes with an upside-down spin on her head that leaves her lounging on the gym floor.)

Rainbow: Top *that*, Apples! (*Close-up of Applejack.*)
Applejack: Oh, we'll top it, all right.

(*Zoom out quickly to frame Bloom, to the sound of a fresh scratch and a bluegrass continuation. This time, Applejack scoots one boot into such a high kick that Bloom is forced to back away for her own safety. She winds up standing next to Scootaloo, and both are at a loss to explain how overly competitive this dance-off has become. The two older girls slide into view from opposite sides of the screen, framed against a diagonally split yellow/blue-green background. Applejack defiantly tips her hat over her eyes, while Rainbow throws her hands. The tableau pulls itself apart to show them dancing at once, to an amalgamation of both their songs. As the camera pans across Twilight and the rest of the gang, Pinkie turns out to be the only one not frozen with disbelief. She is, in fact, jittering wildly and grinning like an idiot.*)

(*The high-stepping free-for-all roves across the floor and past Bloom and Scootaloo. A flash of inspiration stretches the mouth under the red-gold eyes into a smile, and she leans over to whisper in Scootaloo's ear. A second smile, a double nod, and the camera pans quickly to a knot of onlookers in time with a loud scratch of needle on vinyl that cuts off the mash-up. DJ P0N-3 points across the gym; pan quickly to the area near the stage, where all the lights have been shut off. Two silhouettes stand back to back over here, and a spotlight flicks on to pick them out as Bloom and Scootaloo. They begin a unison dance as a brass-heavy track starts up, drawing an enthusiastic response from the crowd, and Applejack and Rainbow finally pause their feet and pay attention. The music and the performance end with a twirl that leaves each of them laughing and standing back to back, from which they separate by leaning back in opposite directions while holding on to each other with one hand. Zoom out quickly across the gym as the other students cheer, then cut back to them; they break apart and Pinkie crosses to them, carrying a trophy marked with a large red star. She presents it to the pair, who each grip one handle to hold it aloft.*)

Bloom: Yeah! (*Scootaloo laughs; pan slightly to frame Twilight standing next to Pinkie.*)
Twilight: Where'd you get that?
Pinkie: Emergency trophy in the event of an epic dance-off.

(*The visiting Princess can think of no immediate response. Bloom and Scootaloo lower the prize and glance off to one side, their laughter shifting to a pair of stunned gasps.*)

Bloom: Huh?

(*Pan slightly to bring Applejack and Rainbow into view, glaring daggers at them. The camera alternates between slow zooms in on the two pairs, one irate and one fearful; finally the older two break the tension by smiling.*)

Rainbow: I guess that *was* pretty awesome.

Applejack: Color me impressed.
Rainbow: But, uh…any chance you guys want a rematch?

(*She starts this line with some measure of trepidation, but finishes it fully braced for another showdown. Applejack just sighs wearily and pulls her hat over her eyes before the view "irises out" to black, centered on her face and pausing briefly before it closes altogether.*)

"Steps of Pep" **Written by Gillian M. Berrow**

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to the sun in a calm blue sky. A whistle is heard, and a soccer ball arcs up to eclipse the great orb for a split second before descending again. Tilt down to ground level, framing the midfield line of the Canterlot High soccer field and the full bleachers at its far end. Standing in front of them are Fluttershy and Pinkie, who have donned the blue/yellow Wondercolt pony ears and tails that Rarity passed out to the student body to drum up support for Twilight in Equestria Girls. They are also wearing the matching sweaters that the girls wore while singing to the cafeteria crowd in that film. Rainbow darts past, decked out in an appropriately colored jersey and shorts and followed by two players sporting the magenta/blue of Crystal Prep Academy. Another Wondercolt chases after them. Close-up of Fluttershy and Pinkie.*)

Pinkie: Thanks for joining my cheering club, Fluttershy. What better way to spend a beautiful Saturday? I just know that when the teams at CHS hear our voices, they're gonna be so totally super-duper-pumped and win everything! We just need some rah-rah and some oomph!
Fluttershy: Oh! Um, I'm glad to help, but I'm not sure my voice will add much…oomph?
(*Pinkie rests a hand on her shoulder.*)
Pinkie: Every cheer counts. Watch this.

(*She turns to the crowd as the players charge past behind her.*)

Pinkie: Woo-hoo! All right, Wondercolts!

(*To the sound of their intensifying cheers, Rainbow dribbles the ball ahead and sends a monster kick down the field. The Crystal Prep goalie hurls herself across the box with hands outstretched, but she gets only air and the ball finds the center of the net for a score.*)

Pinkie: (*to Fluttershy*) See?
Fluttershy: Oh, wow! Um… (*Clear throat; raise a fist.*) …goooooooo!

(*Delivered barely louder than her usual speaking volume. Pinkie throws her a very funny look, then whips out a bullhorn and raises it to her own lips. Each of her next four lines is amplified by the device.*)

Pinkie: All right, fans of Canterlot, you Fan-terlots! I want to hear you cheer! When I say "Wonder," you say "Colts"! Wonder!
Fluttershy, Crowd: Colts!
Pinkie: (*amplified*) Wonder!
Fluttershy, Crowd: Colts!
Pinkie: When I say "blue," you say "gold"! Blue!
Fluttershy, Crowd: Gold!
Pinkie: Blue!

(*Again, the timid yellow girl's voice is only a hair louder than usual. Cut to the field; Rainbow gets the ball and lets it rip, putting it past the lunging goalie once again. Cut back the bleachers on the next line.*)

Fluttershy, Crowd: GOOOOOLD!!

(*The goal registers on the scoreboard, leaving the game at 2-1 in Canterlot High's favor as the final two seconds tick off the clock. The end-of-game whistle touches off a surge of jubilation among the crowd.*)

Pinkie: (*cartwheeling to Fluttershy*) All right! Come on, Fluttershy, we can't stop now! We're on a goal roll!

(*She can barely contain her excitement by this point. Dissolve to a close-up of her standing in one of the school's music practice rooms, all business and with her bullhorn at the ready.*)

Pinkie: (*amplified*) Okay, you Wondertones! When we say "sing"… (*lowering it*) …you say "song"!

(*Up again; zoom out to frame Fluttershy standing alongside. The next four lines delivered by the pink bundle of energy are amplified, as during the soccer game.*)

Pinkie: Sing!
Fluttershy: Song?
Pinkie: SING!!
Fluttershy: (*louder*) Song?
Pinkie: When I say "jazz," you say "hands"! Jazz!
Fluttershy: Hands.
Pinkie: (*drawn-out, singing*) JAZZ!!

(*Zoom out quickly to put the entire room in view. Across the way from the pair are the human counterparts of the Ponytones singing group that featured in "Filli Vanilli"—Rarity, Big Macintosh, Toe Tapper, and Torch Song. All four have traded their normal upper-body apparel for the sweaters, shirts, and bow ties used by their equine opposite numbers. They sing their next line as a long note pitched on A, the girls one octave above the boys, and all strike various poses*

with their hands. Surprise is clearly etched onto every face. Here, they are known as the Wondertones.)

Wondertones: Hands! (*Bullhorn down.*)
Pinkie: Wow! That sounded great, Wondertones! (*to Fluttershy*) I think our cheering worked again! (*walking toward door*) Come on. Another team needs us. (*Stop; bullhorn up.*) Hey! You guys want to join?

(*The Wondertones sing their next line, each holding his/her note under the others as they come in. Order: Macintosh, Rarity, Toe, Torch Song, stacking up to form a chord in B major.*)

Wondertones: Sure! (*Pinkie perches one foot on an amplifier and points dramatically, bullhorn at her side.*)
Pinkie: To the gym!

(*Dissolve to the two standing before the full bleachers in the gym and looking out across the floor—Fluttershy half-slumped and staring in disbelief, Pinkie perky as always. After a moment, the animal lover straightens up and turns to the walking dynamo.*)

Fluttershy: Are you, um, sure about this one?
Pinkie: You betcha! (*She hands over the bullhorn.*) Here. You need this more than me.

(*As she backs away, Fluttershy pulls the trigger to switch it on and taps the mouthpiece, producing a whine of feedback that forces her to hold the device at arm's length. Pinkie, meanwhile, starts to gambol before the spectators.*)

Pinkie: When I say "play," you say "yay"! Play!
Fluttershy: Crowd: Yaaay!
Pinkie: Play!
Fluttershy, Crowd: Yaaay!

(*Even with the electronic help, Fluttershy's voice comes through with just as few decibels as when she speaks normally. Now Pinkie sucks in a mammoth lungful of air, inflating her cheeks to bursting, and lets out every molecule of it on her next word.*)

Pinkie: *PLAAAAAYYYYY!!* (*Fluttershy and the students prepare to respond in kind…*)
Girl voice: Shhhh!

(*…only to put a cork in it at this interruption. A cut to center court picks out the source of the voice as a Canterlot High girl facing off against one from Crystal Prep in a game of chess. She has a white piece in hand and a dirty look on her face, and the ticking of their game clock comes through loud and clear in the sudden silence. Fluttershy and Pinkie aim gobsmacked stares toward them, the bullhorn hanging slack in one yellow hand. They then turn to each other, a little smile stealing across the pink face before she nods, and everyone turns their attention toward the game.*)

Fluttershy, Pinkie, Crowd: (*softly*) Yaaaay!

(*White makes a capture and smiles smugly across the table at Black, whose jaw drops full open.*)

Pinkie: (*normal volume*) That's checkmate! Woo-hoo!

(*This becomes the signal for a massed charge that comes within an ace of knocking her to the floor. White finds herself being lifted, tossed in the air, and carried out of the gym by her classmates; pan quickly from these goings-on to Fluttershy and zoom out to frame Pinkie, the bullhorn now out of sight.*)

Pinkie: (*elbowing Fluttershy's arm*) Oh, yeah!

(*The recipient rubs the spot and sighs contentedly before a flash of white sets off the closing sequence.*)

"Mad Twience" **Composed by John Boyd**

Ominous, sustained synthesizer chords, fast 4 (C minor)
Drums enter on fourth bar

(*Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then snap to an overhead shot of sixable whose windows are all dark, standing on a street in the Canterlot suburbs. It is nighttime, and the wind howls above the streets as the camera settles on an outbuilding with an antenna mounted on the roof. One window flares with light as the view dissolves to a close-up of a second antenna that projects downward from the ceiling within. Electricity crackles from base to tip as the camera tilts down to bring Twilight into view, hard at work at a desk in a lab crammed with computers, books, and equipment. She is dressed in much the same fashion as she was in the brief scene following the credits of Rainbow Rocks—lab coat, turtleneck, hair in a messy bun stuck with pencils—but with a few modifications. Trim and straps have been added to the pockets, waist, and sleeves, a pair of goggles is perched above the black-framed eyeglasses, and the hands are covered with long purple rubber gloves. She looks over a stack of notes that include photos of two dogs and their owners.*)

Upbeat pop melody with electric guitar/synthesizer/drums/bass, same tempo (C major)
All background lyrics are spoken in rhythm rather than sung

Twilight: I've gotta shuffle through these pieces and try to make it right
(*Sift through notes that include two pictures of dogs and their owners, then cross to a blackboard covered with equations and diagrams and throw the papers aside. She wears close-fitting pants with blue/white leg protectors that leave her low-heeled shoes exposed.*)
My brain is feeling crazy, another sleepless night

(*The chalk is put to work; after a moment, she backs away and jumps in place with glee.*)
A few more calculations, and I'm gonna crack the code

(*Over to a workbench littered with components to do some soldering.*)

Twilight: When I daydream, I imagine how fun my life will be
(*Spike pops up alongside, clad in a lab coat and goggles of his own and with the green fur on his head grown out and upswept into one thick shock. His front paws are protected by heavy black rubber gloves.*)
Creating my invention and working flawlessly
(*Both turn toward a hulking metal chamber behind them; she picks up the pooch for a quick cuddle and toss.*)
When I finally make it, my heart just might explode

Guitar out

(*Setting him down, she reels in several yards of graph printouts and turns to her computer with a pen in her teeth to start typing. The background picture on its screen—showing her and the rest of the gang at Camp Everfree—is overlaid by a digital copy of one of the pictures in her notes. This entire sequence of events, then, is set sometime after <u>Legend of Everfree</u>.*)

Twilight: It's so perfect, can you imagine?
[So P-E-R-F-E-C-T, let me solve this mystery]
(*Extreme close-up of the intent face; a red flare plays across her lenses, shocking her enough to let the pen drop.*)
So perfect, don't keep me hanging
(*The source is a circle-and-slash that flashes over a screenful of computer code. A little more typing clears the error, and she raises her arms in triumph only to topple backward to the floor, chair and all.*)
[So P-E-R-F-E-C-T, a dream come true, we'll all agree]

Guitar in

(*Now she stands among her machinery, holding a component and making an adjustment. When it goes dead in a crackle of sparks, she deflates and heaves it over her shoulder.*)

Twilight: I wish it was as easy as "one plus one makes two"
(*Hitting the ground causes its red light to flicker on again, followed in turn by the whole thing exploding in a blast of smoke to leave her singed and even more disheveled than normal.*)
The answer's not so simple, where is this new breakthrough?
(*Cut to her, now cleaned up, at her desk. Set nearby is a framed picture of Timber Spruce, who took a liking to her at Camp Everfree. She has a brainstorm and rolls across to the blackboard on her chair, jittering joyfully.*)
This piece of inspiration I can't wait to download

(*Up she gets to snag several bits of hardware from wherever they happen to have fetched up.*)

Twilight: I can feel it getting closer, it soon will be revealed
(*She hefts the ends of two cords and plugs them together, generating a spherical shell of energy around herself that lifts her clean off her feet as the dials of the nearest machine spin wildly.*)
I'll spend my waking hours in this magnetic field
(*Back to her computer, pen in mouth; now the screen shows the previously digitized boy/dog photo as well as a schematic of the chamber seen behind her and Spike previously. A bar gauge slowly fills to indicate a task in progress.*)
My heart is beating faster, but time is moving slow

(*The green reflections play across her glasses before a new set of plans comes up.*)

Guitar out

Twilight: Because it's perfect, can you imagine?
(*Gloved fingers hit the keys as Spike runs toward her.*)
[So P-E-R-F-E-C-T, let me solve this mystery]
(*She smiles and flips a thumbs-up at the sight of his eagerly wagging tail and panting tongue.*)
So perfect, don't keep me hanging
(*The latest set of printouts is ripped free and studied by two purple eyes above a triumphant grin.*)
[So P-E-R-F-E-C-T, a dream come true, we'll all agree]

All instruments out except synth and bass drum

(*Extreme close-up of one lens, filled with the reflection of violet computer grid lines against which the silhouettes of a boy and girl drift toward one another. Concentric red hearts fill the view, from the inside out, as they get close.*)

Twilight: Sometimes my thoughts are drifting far away
(*Zoom out slowly; the graphics are replaced by a whirlwind of programming lines, and Twilight floats slowly away against a backdrop of the same.*)
Gotta pull them back, can't let them go astray

Snare drum in

(*Cut to the stormy night sky outside, tilting down to frame the outbuilding that houses her lab as all the windows flare blue under the crack of lightning, then to a pan across the workspace. She has moved away from the computer and is tweaking a circuit board.*)

Twilight: Here I go, no looking back, working hard and right on track
(*Snap to black, against which the violet grid lines wink into view and several components click together in extreme close-up.*)
It's meant to be, all will see, it fits together perfectly

(Tape drives whir; dials spin; an oscilloscope signal goes mad; liquid froths in a holding tank.)

I've got it now, the puzzle's clear, soon enough it will appear

(*A screw is tightened as gauge needles flick to the top of the scale and sparks fly in all directions.*)

[I think I'm gonna pinch myself, I can't believe it's finally here]

All instruments in except guitar

(*With a crazed grin, the young scientist throws a last switch to send surges of current through every piece of gear hooked into the circuit.*)

Twilight: It's so perfect, can you imagine?

(*Status lights wink on above the door to the newly energized chamber, and two horizontal panels slide in to fill the screen, showing the expectant human and canine faces.*)

[So P-E-R-F-E-C-T, let me solve this mystery]

(*Cut to just behind them, facing the rig; the door slides open, releasing a hiss of steam and silhouetting a figure in the blinding white light within.*)

So perfect, don't keep me hanging

(*The figure drops to all fours as lights blink on and the haze clears—a white robotic dog with light violet trim at the joints and around the glowing heart set into its chest. The eyes have black scleras and illuminated, light green irises, and violet lights shine at ears, nose and tongue. The top of its head is a transparent dome enclosing the "brain," and the tail is a light bulb. Twilight smiles to herself as her creation crosses the floor to Spike and the two nuzzle each other.*)

[So P-E-R-F-E-C-T, a dream come true, we'll all agree]

Song ends

(*Zoom in on them as a giant star surrounded by flaring rays fills the background behind them, then fade to black.*)

<u>"Monday Blues"</u> **Composed by John Boyd**

Light, staccato electric guitar chords with backing keyboard, brisk 4 (E flat major)

(*Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then snap to a window through which the rising sun can be seen outside. The camera tilts slowly up its length, then cuts to a longer shot of this room, which belongs to Sunset Shimmer. The window reaches from floor to ceiling, and there is enough overhead clearance to accommodate a loft for her bed, bookshelves, dresser, and nightstand, and it has a small wall mirror and a railing draped with a string of lights. Down below are a desk, chair, microwave oven on top of a small refrigerator, and a larger mirror under a hanging planter. Sunset is in her pajamas and fast asleep in bed, the sunlight shining directly in toward her feet; a small second window is at the head end. In close-up, the rays advance onto her face and the mess of hair that surrounds it; she comes to, squinting and rubbing one eye.*)

Light percussion in; sustained guitar chords

Sunset: Wake up in the morning and I pull the covers over my head
(*She does so, but a battered alarm clock on the nightstand rings—7:45—and she shuts it off.*)
Hey-oh [The week is starting, week is starting]
(*Sit up, rub eyes again, stretch and yawn, then flop down on her back.*)
I gotta get it moving, but I'd rather stay here instead
(*The screen splits to show both her clock and a digital alarm on a different nightstand, which displays the same time. Yellow-orange and violet hands reach into view to silence them; in fullscreen, Twilight climbs out of her own bed, straightens it, and sets off.*)
Hey-hey [School is calling, school is calling]

(*The head of a toothbrush is raised in the foreground, daubed with paste, and lifted out of view. Behind it, wipe to her reflection in a mirror; she puts on her glasses, cringes as the wreck that is her hair, and gives it a quick blast from a blow dryer.*)

Percussion builds

Twilight: My hair's a disaster, don't know what to do
(*It waves in the fore and subsides to show Sunset still crashed out in her loft. The alarm rings one more time, showing 8:15 and scaring her into a mad scramble.*)
But I need to move faster to make it through
(*Twilight pulls a sweater vest from a drawer; Sunset scoops books up off her desk; Twilight gets her shoes on, eyes her neat, fully dressed self in the mirror, pats a spot of hair down, and heads out. She has donned her magic pendant and slung up her backpack.*)
This crazy morning that's got me confused
(*At her own sink, Sunset throws her own reflection a glance—hair still a mess, dark gray hooded sweatshirt in place of her usual dress and jacket, backpack on. After a moment's thought, she smirks and gives herself a pair of index-finger guns before clearing out.*)
[Clock is racing, time is wasting, mind's in circles, brain is spacing]

Full percussion in

(*Split screen: both girls emerge from their respective front doors and are immediately beset by a thunderstorm out of nowhere. Sunset's tights and boots extend from beneath the sweatshirt's hem, and the downpour soaks her flyaway hair into submission.*)

Twilight, Sunset: Everywhere that I go, everything that I do
I can't shake these Monday blues
(*Sunset puts her hood up, while Twilight deploys an umbrella. The latter's half of the screen expands to fill the view as she starts along the sidewalk, only to be drenched when a passing school bus runs through a puddle.*)
'Cause some days I can't find a way
Out of this haze, hope I'll be okay

Percussion drops back

(*It pulls away from the curb; she runs a few steps in a futile attempt to catch up before a sudden gust turns her umbrella inside out and rips it from her grasp.*)

Twilight: I just can't seem to get it right, a cloud is hanging over me
Hey [Rain is falling, rain is falling]
(*With a smile, she pulls a collapsible second one from her backpack, unfurls it, and gets her feet moving.*)
I wish it was the weekend, 'cause you know that's where I'd rather be
(*A lidded paper cup floats across in the fore, the tab of a tea bag dangling over its edge; behind it, wipe to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner and zoom in slowly. In close-up, Sunset emerges with her eyes on her cell phone in one hand, a cup in the other, and a bag clamped in her teeth.*)
Hey-hey [Friday's calling, Friday's calling]

Percussion builds

(*She trips, losing hold of all three items, and a longer shot reveals that she has hit the leash of a dog whose owner has taken it for a walk. Her hood has fallen back, and she gets up to her knees and regards her spilled cup ruefully.*)

Sunset: I wonder what things won't go my way
(*His offer of a hand up is gratefully accepted.*)
Or if I'll ever make it through the day
(*Blue-green eyes flick to the sidewalk and widen in surprise—her phone is sounding an alarm. She snatches it, puts her hood up, and starts running.*)
I hope this feeling won't lead me astray
(*A glance down; cut to a split-screen view. Both girls eye their phones, showing the same photo of all seven friends, and speed ahead.*)
[You'll get through it, you can do it, with your gals there's nothing to it]

Full percussion in

(*Fullscreen. Sunset briefly skids out in a puddle; Twilight finds the sidewalk closed due to construction and doubles back; Sunset scrambles over a backyard fence to stay ahead of an angry poodle.*)

Twilight, Sunset: Everywhere that I go, everything that I do
I can't shake these Monday blues
(*Now Twilight nearly collides with a passing boy, while Sunset stops briefly to pet a cat snoozing in a box at the mouth of a junk-strewn alley.*)
'Cause some days I can't find a way
Out of this haze, hope I'll be okay

Guitar out; percussion drops back

(*An umbrella floats past in the fore; behind it, wipe to a split-screen view of both girls' phones and their group photo. The screens flash simultaneous alarms and lightning rips the stormy sky.*)

Twilight: Just when I feel like it might come crashing down
(*Determination takes hold; Sunset cinches her hood tighter, Twilight grits her teeth, and all four feet pound the cement. Fade to black, then snap to a split screen double pan of them moving toward the vertical line that separates them. They stop at the base of the former Wondercolt statue in front of Canterlot High.*)
Sunset: I can count on my friends to help me turn my mood around

All instruments out

(*Both smile, realizing that they have arrived at the same time, and the line recedes from view. Twilight holds her umbrella out to shelter both of them, Sunset lowers her hood, and they walk in laughing.*)

Twilight, Sunset: (*spoken in rhythm*) [With my gals there's nothing to it]

All instruments in, including full percussion

(*Tilt up from the school to the sky, whose gloomy clouds break up almost instantly to let the sun shine down.*)

Twilight, Sunset: Everywhere that I go, with everything that I do
(*Inside, the doors open and the two enter—Twilight having folded her umbrella—only to stop short with widened eyes.*)
I'll say goodbye to the Monday blues
(*Dead ahead is Rarity at her locker, evidently having had just as rough a start: mascara ruined, open handbag over one shoulder, hopelessly scrambled hair with a few curlers still rolled into it. She is wearing her pendant; the same will be true of all the other girls save Sunset when they appear, except as noted.*)
'Cause I've got my friends with me
(*She gives up trying to sort herself out and starts wailing; Twilight comforts her, and all three carry on down the hall. The umbrella has now been stowed.*)
And the sunshine is all I see

(*In no time flat, the fashion-conscious girl is smiling and blowing her nose on a handkerchief, having shut her bag. Here comes Fluttershy, scrambling to catch a small bird and return it to the nest lodged among the pink locks. Her clothes and hair are well scuffed up, and a few more branches and leaves are matted into the latter for good measure. She offers a sheepish smile.*)

Twilight, Sunset: Everywhere that I go, with everything that I do

(*They find Pinkie standing and staring flatly at them, her hair so soaked that it hangs straight down her back. She manages a small smile and wave before Rainbow blasts past the quintet and o.s. in a blur of speed; a crash marks her wipeout.*)

The world feels so fresh and new

(*The jock has fetched up on the floor, having smashed spreadeagle into a row of lockers and left a full-body indentation across them. Skid marks on the floor, and the charred/burned-away toes and soles of her boots, give a hint of just how fast she was going—under her own steam, as she has not donned her pendant. Pinkie and Sunset help her up.*)

'Cause I've got my friends with me

(*Cut to a close-up of Applejack, approaching and waving. Seen from the waist up, she is showing no ill effects from the morning storm—dry, hair and clothes in proper order, in high spirits. Surprise registers on her face as she glances toward the floor; tilt down to put her feet in view—covered by fuzzy, apple-shaped bedroom slippers instead of her cowboy boots.*)

And those blues are ancient history

(*All seven gather in close, Pinkie lifting her phone and aiming it at them. Her hair fluffs back up and dries out with remarkable speed, and Fluttershy has the bird from her nest perched on her finger. The screen fills with the camera flash and clears to show the resulting picture—with Fluttershy more than a little surprised to find Rainbow's ruined boot and exposed toes poking across into her face.*)

Song ends

(*Fade to black at the same time.*)

"Pet Project" **Written by Gillian M. Berrow**

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to the exterior of a shop within the Canterlot Mall. The play items displayed in the windows, and the design of the hanging sign and welcome mat—a paw print incorporating a heart—suggest a pet shop. Zoom in slowly and cut to Fluttershy standing at a sink inside to give a bath to Applejack's dog Winona. Grooming products sits on shelves, and brushes hang from a rack. The camera angle frames her from one side and clad in a different outfit from her everyday attire. Pleated magenta skirt and matching high-top sneakers with pale green tongues and white toecaps marked by animal faces; long, pale blue-green socks; short white sleeves visible through a gap in her hair; a bit of a blue-green waist sash peeking out below its ends; light pink hair band with a pale green bow. The camera continues its zoom.*)

Fluttershy: Oh! (*Giggle; Winona licks her face.*) Oh, who's a good girl?

(*A head-on close-up picks out the heart/paw print from the entrance on both her bow and the front of the T-shirt she wears.*)

Fluttershy: Almost done, Winona.

(*The last of the soap suds are rinsed off the pooch with a spray nozzle, and a quick blast from a blow dryer finishes the job. Winona stands happily in the sink until her entire coat fluffs out wildly, eliciting a surprised yip. The door opens and she is set down on the floor, where she swiftly shakes herself back to normal dimensions. This shot, a close-up at floor level, picks out the pale pink laces and bows on Fluttershy's shoes. Winona barks and bounds over to the newly arrived Applejack and Sunset, the former kneeling to catch her pet mid-jump and getting an enthusiastic lick. Now one more detail of Fluttershy's clothing is visible—a small apron tied at the waist, with the shop's logo in one corner of a dark red field.*)

Applejack: Wow! Winona looks cleaner'n a whistle!
Fluttershy: Now she's all ready for the photo shoot.
Sunset: Uh, photo shoot?
Fluttershy: For the charity calendar. We're making it to raise money for the local animal shelter.

(*Pan quickly to follow her gesture toward the rest of the room and stop on Rarity's cat Opalescence, seated on a cushion. As Fluttershy continues, a slower pan picks out a tortoise—this world's version of Rainbow's pet Tank—followed by Fluttershy's rabbit Angel and a smugly lounging Spike, all on cushions of their own.*)

Fluttershy: (*from o.s.*) It's going to feature all of our pets. (*Cut to Sunset.*)
Sunset: Wow, that's great! I wish I could contribute, but—

(*Bark; Applejack straightens up, holding Winona, and laughs. Sunset sighs glumly.*)

Sunset: —I don't have a pet.
Fluttershy: Oh! (*beaming, eyes shining*) Do you want one?
Sunset: (*gently waving her back*) No, no. Heh. I wouldn't even know what to get.

(*Dissolve to a cloud/rainbow backdrop and a couple of spotlights set up against a wall in a music practice room at Canterlot High, then zoom out to the sound of assorted animal noises. All seven Rainbooms are standing/lounging about, and the five who own pets are playing with them in various ways. Fluttershy is back in her everyday clothes. Twilight laughs softly as she holds a mirror in range for Spike to check out the bow tie he is now wearing. Even Pinkie has gotten into the act, bringing the stuffed alligator that showed up in her room during Rainbow Rocks—a toy analog of her pony counterpart's pet Gummy. Sunset sits on the risers, watching the merriment; close-up of Fluttershy and Angel.*)

Fluttershy: Oh!

(*Giggle; pan to Twilight, who does likewise, and Spike, then on to Applejack/Winona and Sunset. The brown-and-white dog rears up to catch a treat tossed by her owner, who laughs at the display, but the former unicorn's spirits sink a little deeper into her flame-licked boots and she sighs quietly. Rainbow feeds some lettuce to Tank and laughs, and the camera pans to Pinkie as*

she sighs blissfully and cuddles her gator, causing it to squeak. One more move brings Rarity into view, brushing out Opal's tail and giggling softly. Cut to Sunset and zoom in slowly.)

Sunset: (*warmly, smiling*) Awww… (*Fluttershy stands behind a camera and tripod.*)
Fluttershy: Okay, every-pet! (*eye to viewfinder, focusing*) Get ready for your big close-up!

(*Cut to a slow zoom in on the backdrop, before which the five live and one toy pet are now arrayed, then back to Sunset. Based on the shine in her eyes, her heart is about two degrees away from disintegrating into a pile of sentimental slush.*)

Sunset: (*laughing*) Awww… (*Cut to the other five girls; she stands up to face them.*) Wait! Got room for one more?
Pinkie: (*laughing*) You're not a pet, silly!
Sunset: No, I mean I've changed my mind. (*Turn to…*) Fluttershy, will you help me…choose a pet?

(*The pink-haired teen gasps sharply, the camera zooming in quickly as her whole face lights up and sparkles pop in the air around her.*)

Fluttershy: I thought you'd never ask!

(*She crosses to Sunset, takes one yellow-orange hand, and whisks her out of view.*)

Sunset: (*from o.s.*) Whoa there!

(*Dissolve to the two girls, seen in close-up from behind. They walk away from the camera and push open a set of double doors which swing closed behind them; together, these display a pink heart that encompasses the faces of a happy dog and cat. Inside, Sunset steps hesitantly forward and finds herself facing row on row of cages and aquariums along the walls, as well as open-topped enclosures in the center of the floor. Fluttershy stands by the last of these.*)

Fluttershy: Welcome to the animal shelter! Oh, I just know there's gonna be the perfect little pet for you somewhere in here.

(*Within one enclosure, a hamster scampers toward the shadows of the pair's heads and stops, squeaking and sniffing the air cautiously.*)

Fluttershy: (*lifting it out, petting it*) They're just so cuddly! (*Close-up of it, Sunset glancing with some unease; she continues o.s.*) Don't you think, Sunset Shimmer?

(*It squeaks contentedly, the focus shifting to the red/gold-haired girl.*)

Sunset: Uh, not for me. Maybe something a little less…furry?

(*Close-up of one aquarium, in which a rather grouchy-looking yellow fish with long, trailing red/yellow fins swims into view. Fluttershy's face rises beyond the glass on the far side, and she stands up as the fish darts away.*)

Fluttershy: How about a betta fish? No fur at all, and this one's got beautiful fins. (*It blows bubbles grumpily; cut to her and Sunset.*)
Sunset: Uh…I don't know. It would be cool to be able to hold my pet.
Fluttershy: (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm. Oh, I know just the thing!

(*Close-up of the head of a pale green lizard with magenta feet, clusters of spots, and spines running down its back. A thin tongue hisses nervously out as the camera zooms out slightly and Fluttershy leads Sunset into view beyond the glass. As the camera pans to follow them along this collection of reptiles and amphibians, the first girl aims a self-assured little smile back toward the second one's utterly enraptured expression. They stop before a rock on which a tiny yellow specimen is basking, with black spots and a white underbelly, and Fluttershy looks as if she might burst from sheer glee.*)

Sunset: Hey there, little guy.

(*It seems to take on an otherworldly glow for a moment, the lights dimming around it, and she smiles tenderly as hearts erupt around her. The camera cycles back and forth twice between them, zooming in slowly each time, and she clasps her hands gleefully.*)

Sunset: (*laughing*) Well, aren't you just a little ray of sunshine. (*She turns to Fluttershy.*) I'll take him.

(*In close-up, the longtime volunteer wipes a joyful tear from one eye and offers a sniffling smile. Behind her, the background dissolves to the music room and her camera; zoom out slightly as she voices a soft laugh and gets her eye to the viewfinder. Cut to her camera-eye perspective, focusing on the pets—now seven rather than six, with Sunset's lizard dwarfed by the others and well off to one side. From here, cut to the other six girls making sounds of warm approval, then to the nervous little critter; Fluttershy looks out from behind her camera.*)

Fluttershy: Oh, don't worry. You can scoot in a little, sweetie. They won't bite.

(*Sunset reaches down with index finger extended, and it scampers aboard—from nose to tail, it measures barely the same length as this digit. She stands up to address it.*)

Sunset: (*softly*) It's okay, Ray. I'll take care of you, okay? (*nuzzling*) Promise.

(*Camera eye again. As the image comes into focus, she reaches into view to deposit Ray next to Angel, who hops onto Spike's head and completely wrecks his suave vibe. The other four living creatures cluster in around these two; a camera flash, and a snapshot of the moment fills the screen, with Ray tipping a mischievous wink—just one of the gang now. Another flash brings up the closing sequence.*)

<u>"Subs Rock"</u> **Written by Gillian M. Berrow**

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to an overhead shot of Canterlot High during the day. Zoom in slowly and dissolve to a classroom full of students, including Twilight in the front row. She takes notes as the zoom continues and the others talk among themselves, taking advantage of the moments before class is to begin. The view cuts to a close-up of the bespectacled genius, whose pen stops at the next sound.*)

Principal Celestia: (*from o.s., opening/closing door*) Good afternoon, class.

(*Cut to her, crossing to the front desk with a book in hand. The blackboard behind it displays three drawings of rock formations.*)

Celestia: I will be filling in as substitute teacher today.
Student: (*whispering*) This is so cool!
Celestia: Oh, this is quite a treat for me. I love being your principal here at Canterlot High, but I do miss my old teaching days sometimes.

(*Cut to a slow zoom in on her during the second sentence, ending with a close-up of her face. The camera then zooms out quickly to frame her, the desk, and the board.*)

Celestia: (*gesturing to board*) Let's get started on the geology lesson, shall we? (*Twilight nods eagerly.*) Who can name the three types of rocks?

(*One violet hand shoots as high as the arm attached to it will allow. Celestia points in acknowledgment, but a burst of static from the room's intercom cuts in before either can speak.*)

Cheerilee: (*on intercom*) Principal Celestia, please report to the library. (*Static; cut off.*)
Celestia: (*laughing, waving it off*) I'm sure it can wait 'til after— (*Static; on.*)
Cheerilee: (*on intercom*) Immediately! (*Static; off.*)
Celestia: I'll be right back, students. (*walking to door*) Twilight— (*Cut to Twilight; she continues o.s.*) —you're in charge 'til I return.

(*Dissolve to a close-up of the clock above the door, which shows a time of 8:08—giving the lie to Celestia's "good afternoon" greeting—and zoom out. Twilight stands lounging against the front desk and reading Celestia's book; after a few ticks, the door opens and the principal-turned-substitute enters again. The ace student lays the book on the desk and returns to her seat on the start of the next line.*)

Celestia: So sorry about that. Now, uh, where were we?

(*She thinks for a second and brightens with a little clap once her train of thought gets rolling again.*)

Celestia: Ah, yes. Who can name the three types of—

(*Twilight's hand goes up, waving wildly, but a knock stops her short this time. It has been delivered by Granny Smith, who hunkers fearfully in the hall for a moment before stepping in.*)

Granny: Uh… (*Celestia crosses to her.*) …itty-bitty cafeteria crisis. (*whispering*) You got a minute?
Celestia: (*a bit wearily*) Uh…of course.

(*She flicks her eyes upward, the camera following the motion to stop on the clock. Its hands tell 9:12, but a dissolve jumps the time ahead by eleven minutes before the camera tilts down to the now-closed door. This opens to admit Celestia, now clad in a filthy apron and with her pastel-striped hair noticeably disheveled. She stands in the doorway for a long, bleary moment, then steels herself and strides to the front of the room. Several impatient pulls at a free end of the waist ties knotted behind her back do nothing to remove the apron; finally she yanks the whole thing up and over her head as if shucking off a T-shirt. The soiled garment is flung down onto the desk, and she takes a second to stitch her composure back together before facing the class with a smile.*)

Celestia: Now, let's try this again. Who can—

(*Cut to the students on the end of this. Twilight has a hand in the air even before she can finish the question, but the sound of a bouncing ball brings the proceedings to their third halt. Surprised mutterings break out all around her; cut to Celestia and zoom in slowly.*)

Celestia: Who can—

(*Another bounce; the camera jolts and stops for a moment, then resumes its zoom.*)

Celestia: (*increasingly fed up*) —name— (*Again.*) —the— (*Again; stop on a close-up.*) —I'll be right back.

(*Cut to an exterior corner of the school, a soccer ball sailing into view and ricocheting back, and pan slightly to bring Rainbow into view, practicing her kicks.*)

Rainbow: (*amid grunts*) One, two!

(*In close-up, the ball caroms off the masonry only to be caught in one pale pink hand; zoom out to show a properly irate Celestia holding it above her head. Behind her, the school's Wondercolt statue has been replaced, rearing up on the base that houses the portal to/from Equestria and facing the street. She has put her hair back in order following the cafeteria crisis.*)

Rainbow: Uh…

(*In the face of the principal's sheer rancor, she can manage nothing more than a fearful grin and laugh. Cut to a close-up of the classroom's front desk. The ball is slammed down next to the apron, and Celestia does her best to get herself back under control on her next line.*)

Celestia: Okay! Who knows the three types—

(*Cut briefly to Twilight, waving madly for attention, and back on this line. Interruption number four comes as the sound of a telephone ringing—a wall unit mounted next to the door, as it turns out. The luckless substitute regards it silently from across the room as it sounds off again and again, but the twitching of one enraged eye gives away the losing battle within her shaken mind. With deadly care, she extends a hand toward the device and lifts the receiver to her ear. A burst of frenzied babbling is heard over the line before she voices a weary sigh.*)

Celestia: You're sure Vice-Principal Luna can't handle it? (*More babbling; another sigh.*) I'll be right there.

(*Lowering the receiver, she turns to the class with a sigh and a big forced smile.*)

Celestia: Won't be but a moment!

(*Her airy laugh gives way to a full-body slump of dread over whatever has just been slung her way. Dissolve to the front desk; she slides into view and stops behind it.*)

Celestia: (*smiling fiercely*) I'm back! And I am quite certain that will be the final interruption! (*Laugh.*) Now, who's d—

(*The shrilling of the school bell causes her to drop into her chair and hunch down as far as she can, given her considerable height; meanwhile, the students are on their feet and heading for the exit.*)

Rarity: (*walking past, followed by Twilight*) She was right about one thing. That was the final interruption.

(*Celestia gets out a choked little sob of defeat and rests her head crookedly on one palm. "Iris out" to black, the aperture centered on her face and pausing briefly before it closes altogether.*)

<u>"Shake Things Up!"</u> **Composed by Chris Jackson**

Weary, unaccompanied banjo chords; bass drum on first/third beat of each bar
Slow 4 (B minor)

(*Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then snap to a long shot of a juice/smoothie kiosk in the Canterlot Mall. An incredibly bored Applejack stands behind the counter, mechanically slicing apples in half as the camera zoom in slowly and shoppers pass in both directions. She has traded her usual outfit for a yellow-green shirt with sleeves rolled up, an orange apron tied with a magenta sash, and a headpiece that consists of a juice cup mounted on a hair band at a slouching angle. A net covers the sheaf of blond hair that hangs down her back.*)

Applejack: Same old, same old, same old story, same situation
(*Close-up, waist to chin: the apron is decorated with a pattern of flowers and magenta citrus slices.*)
Same old, same old, goin' out of my mind
(*Pulling the next item from the basket, she finds it to be a beet rather than an apple. The mouth curves into a sly smile and the eyes flick from side to side as if to make sure the boss is looking elsewhere. She straightens her headpiece and grabs a bin of greens and a pineapple. Now a blue-green skirt is visible under the apron.*)
I know, I know, life's too short, gotta stand for somethin'
(*Push the sleeves back; tighten the apron sash; twirl a banana onto a cutting board.*)
I know, I know how to turn things around

Whistling/handclaps/percussion in, with a second, staccato banjo line; more energetic
Tempo slowly accelerates during next four lines

(*Knife meets yellow fruit, and ingredients are quickly prepared and put into blenders.*)

Applejack: Drop the beat now, shake things up now
Spice it up, stir it up, everybody mix it up
(*She fills a cup, then juggles a lemon and lime in one hand and executes a sequence of flashy flips with a couple of empties.*)
Drop the beat now, shake things up now
(*More fruit chunks go into the mix, and she turns on a blender whose top is open; the contents wash over the camera.*)
Spice it up, stir it up, everybody giddyup

Banjo/whistling/handclaps out; synthesizer bass line in

(*The mess drains away to show celery sticks being broken, a knob switched on, a cantaloupe being halved, a batch going in the blender.*)

Applejack: Snap, pop, clap, drop
(*Peel an apple; juice an orange; let three blenders do their thing and grab a cup from a stack.*)
Dance, move, mix, bop
(*Trim some greens from a small planter; spread the blades as if fanning out a deck of playing cards; nudge an empty blender with an elbow to pop its lid open and toss the lot in.*)
Snap, pop, clap, drop

(*She twirls away from the back counter with another in hand. Now the tops of her boots can be seen: two-tone yellow-brown with magenta accents, over light green socks. A stray orange slice is spun on one finger and flicked in, the lid being snapped shut behind it.*)

Dance, move, mix, bop

(*The screen tiles itself with eight sections, proceeding as a clock wipe; each shows a different cut-up fruit or vegetable, in time with an accelerating drum fill.*)

Applejack: Dance, move, mix, bop, dance, move, mix, bop

(*Her words give way to an electronic stutter that runs over the next four beats as the sections fill with vivid colors, then form the freshly cut surface of an orange, then finally yield to an extreme close-up of a full blender as a slice splashes down in slow motion.*)

A cappella

Applejack: (*drawn-out*) Dro-o-o-o-op!

All instruments in with added background synth melody and vocal harmony

(*As she continues prepping and mixing with flair, one fellow waiting in line at the nearby Aunt Orange smoothie kiosk takes note and nudges his friend. Both of them jump ship.*)

Applejack: Drop the beat now, shake things up now
Spice it up, stir it up, everybody mix it up
(*The floor show and the full cups landing on the counter begin to attract more attention.*)
Drop the beat now, shake things up now
Spice it up, stir it up, everybody giddyup

All instruments out except for synth chords and faint background melody
Background lyrics are sung under the line immediately preceding

(*Slow motion: she pours up the next round, juggles a pineapple and banana, and squirts syrups back over her shoulder and into a blender.*)

Applejack: Rock, roll
Mix, move
Percussion sneaks in and gradually builds to full intensity
(*She flips cups around herself and twirls across the floor, the scene gradually returning to normal speed as she pivots on one boot heel.*)
Snap, spin
[Dance, move, mix, bop, have another, dance, move, mix, bop, have another]
Yee-hoo!
[Dance, move, mix, bop, have another, have another, have another]

(*The overhead lights begin flashing different colors, and thirsty patrons flock to the kiosk as Applejack's nimble fingers and arms continue to show off their skill.*)

Applejack: Drop the beat now [Hey, hey!] Shake things up now [All right!]
[Dance, move, mix, bop, have another, dance, move, mix, bop, have another]
Spice it up, stir it up, everybody mix it up
[Hey, hey, hey!]

(*Serve one girl; grab a pair of cups; stop two blenders and pour their contents into a row of empties without spilling a drop.*)

Drop the beat now [Hey, hey!] Shake things up now [All right!]
[Dance, move, mix, bop, have another, dance, move, mix, bop, have another]
Spice it up, stir it up, everybody giddyup
[Hey, hey, hey!]

(*More drinks are started and mixed, and she dances from one end to the other as the colors of the liquids change under the flashing lights.*)

Drop the beat now [Hey, hey!] Shake things up now [All right!]
[Dance, move, mix, bop, have another, dance, move, mix, bop, have another]
Spice it up, stir it up, everybody mix it up
[Hey, hey, hey!]

(*She juggles a lemon and lime in one hand and tosses a drink to an eager patron, then does a little cup–twirling before serving up two more. The line continues to grow.*)

Drop the beat now [Hey, hey!] Shake things up now [All right!]
[Dance, move, mix, bop, have another, dance, move, mix, bop, have another]
Spice it up, stir it up, everybody giddyup
[Hey, hey, hey!]

Song ends

(*She wraps up the exhibition by sliding the full length of the counter on her knees and handing a drink to a young boy, who takes a long, blissful pull at it. "Iris out" to black, centered on his face; the aperture pauses briefly on him before closing altogether.*)

<u>"The Art of Friendship"</u> **Written by Gillian M. Berrow**

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to the exterior of Canterlot High during the day. Zoom in slowly as students amble back and forth, then dissolve to an overhead shot of an art class in progress. Some students are working at tables, while others stand painting at easels. Pinkie and Sunset are among the latter, wearing aprons to keep their clothes clean; Sunset is*

working on a cluster of sunflowers, but the party lover has yet to put down a single stroke. Zoom in slowly and cut to a pan from a clay model under construction to these two girls. Pinkie looks around herself in various directions, then back to her unmarked canvas with visible frustration, a paintbrush in one hand.)

Pinkie: I just don't know! There are so many splendiferous things I could paint, but I'm drawing a blank! (*Pan from her to Sunset.*)
Sunset: (*winking*) You just need to find some inspiration, that's all. Get those creative juices flowing.
Pinkie: (*smiling fiercely*) You're absolutely right, Sunset Shimmer!

(*Pan quickly to a close-up of a lunch tray in the cafeteria; she stands behind it as Granny reaches into view to plunk down a beverage with a straw. Zoom out to frame both; she grabs the cup and slurps it dry, and the camera zooms in slowly on her thoughtful face for a few tense seconds. The mood breaks when she lets her head drop with a dejected moan. She is still wearing her apron and will continue to do so throughout the remainder of this short, but has disposed of her brush.*)

Pinkie: Still no ideas! (*skeptically, to Granny*) Are you sure that these are the creative juices?

(*The old lady just stares, wide-eyed and without a clue of how to answer this one. Pan quickly to a tree standing tall in a fenced-in yard, zooming in slowly, and cut to a close-up of the base of one thick limb. Pinkie hoists herself up and into view; on the next line, she perches cross-legged and lifts both hands, each with thumb and forefinger joined.*)

Pinkie: Sunset Shimmer said that all the greatest artists find inspiration in nature. Maybe this will help me think of something.

(*Closing her eyes, she lets out a long breath and settles down as if to meditate. Zoom in slowly on her face, whose features scrunch up in concentration before the big baby blues open again in weary defeat.*)

Pinkie: (*sighing*) Nope.

(*A scatter of bird noises draws her focus upward; tilt up quickly to a next occupied by three happily chirping avians. She pushes her head up to this level, ending up with plenty of leaves and twigs caught in her hair.*)

Pinkie: Ooooh! You birdies are right! I have to get even more in tune with nature to really be inspired by it!

(*Clock wipe to an extreme close-up of the three birds, whose general happiness turns to confusion as they all turn to face in one particular direction. A quick zoom out reveals that Pinkie has set up a giant nest on the next limb over, dressed herself in a bird suit, and perched to stare them straight on.*)

Pinkie: (*flapping arms madly*) CHIRP! CHIRP!

(*Her audience gives her a collective funny look and clears out; she sags a bit in her nest, voices a crushed little moan, and spits out a loose feather. Pan quickly to her in one of the school's music practice rooms; she is out of the suit and seated behind her drum kit with sticks at the ready, and her hair is clean again.*)

Pinkie: There's nothing more inspirational than a sweet tune or a bangin' beat! (*counting off on sticks*) And-a-one, two, a-one, two, three!

(*She begins to play with vigor, shifting quickly from snare and tom-toms to cymbals and then standing up to try out a few more unorthodox instruments. Namely: the floor tiles, walls, and the lid of the room's grand piano—which she jumps onto and off again, boots striking discordantly on the keys.*)

Pinkie: (*cartwheeling/backflipping to exit*) Woo-hoo!

(*Sticks meet doors as she backs out into the hall and darts out of view. From here, cut to an extreme close-up of an upended bucket being used as an impromptu drum; a long shot puts her back in the art room, pounding hard enough to shake the place and forcing Sunset to cover her ears. Three vertical panels slide into view from the top/bottom edges of the screen, each showing a different student's project being ruined by the distraction: painting, drawing, clay sculpture. All three then slide away to give a close-up of an aggravated Sunset.*)

Sunset: SO, UH, PINKIE! ANY LUCK FINDING INSPIRATION? (*Pinkie suddenly stops.*)
Pinkie: What? Oh! (*instantly dejected*) No. (*smiling, putting sticks away*) But I *do* have a tummy full of fruit juice, feathers in my hair, and a headache! (*Giggle; zoom in slowly on Sunset.*)
Sunset: Well, when all else fails, I usually just paint a subject that I think is awesome. Something that makes me really happy—like these bright sunflowers.

(*Extreme close-up of the canvas as she applies a bit of detail to one bloom, then cut to a dumbstruck Pinkie and zoom in quickly through the pupil of one eye until the screen has gone totally black. A sunflower fades into view, rotating as it approaches the camera and then turning into a wild spiral of warm yellows and oranges that fills the screen. From here, zoom out quickly to frame Pinkie again, jaw now hanging slack as she manages one gobsmacked blink. The shell-shocked countenance quickly rearranges into a beaming smile.*)

Pinkie: Of course! I've got it! It's been right in front of me all along.

(*Pushing one sleeve back, she dashes across the room and comes back with a loaded paint palette hooked on one thumb, one brush in her teeth, and a second in her free hand. Her energetic use of the latter item sends multicolored splatters flying back from her easel, most of which follow an unerring path over to Sunset's. Next the pink girl ditches all her tools, wraps five fingers around the handle of a paint can, and slings its bright orange contents over her work. A*

rebounding splash douses Sunset, causing her to steam silently, but Pinkie—now also besmirched—goes back to work with palette and brush for a moment.)

Pinkie: (*finishing, tossing them aside*) Woo-hoo-hoo!

(*She laughs to herself and starts finger-painting in remarkably messy fashion. Cut to Bloom, who tries in vain to shield herself and her work from the fallout.*)

Pinkie: (*from o.s.*) Yeah!

(*Featherweight and his partner regard their repaired, finished clay model head with pride an instant before a gout of paint soaks it and them. Pinkie's final move is to seize a fresh can and heave its load directly at the camera; the vivid pigment drains away to give a close-up of a thoroughly put-out Sunset and her wrecked sunflower painting. Across the way, Pinkie beams toward her own effort, angled at the moment so that it faces away from the camera.*)

Pinkie: When you said to paint a subject that's totally awesome and makes me happy—(*reaching to canvas*) —I thought of something right away!

(*She turns it to face Sunset and the camera: a simple, brightly colored depiction of the yellow-orange girl's smiling face.*)

Pinkie: Ta-da! I painted you, Sunset!
Sunset: (*smiling dryly*) Yes, Pinkie. Yes, you did.
Pinkie: Do you like it?
Sunset: It's…inspired. Can I paint you next?

(*Not waiting for a response, she throws both smeared arms around the pink shoulders and pulls Pinkie close for a hug. Both laugh in close-up as the camera pans to the finished work, and a flash of white triggers the closing sequence.*)

<u>"The Canterlot Movie Club"</u> **Written by Gillian M. Berrow**

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to the exterior of the movie theater in the Canterlot Mall, as seen in "Mirror Magic." Zoom in slowly and dissolve to the lobby, where quite a few teens have gathered under the hanging posters that advertise the Daring Do film whose production nearly went down the drain in "Movie Magic." The theater manager keeps a bored eye on the goings-on as the Crusaders walk into view, wearing bush shirts and pith helmets styled after the titular adventurer. Bloom carries a sheaf of tickets, Scootaloo pops a piece of candy into her mouth; Sweetie Belle eats from the bucket of popcorn she is toting. All three wear their usual lower-body clothing, and Bloom has shed her bow to make room for the helmet.*)

Bloom: I'm so glad we could get together for another rmeetin' of the CMC. (*All stop.*)

Crusaders: The Canterlot Movie Club! (*They trade a giggly high five.*)
Scootaloo: It doesn't even feel like we've seen the new Daring Do movie five times already.
Sweetie: (*as Bloom nods excitedly*) I know! That's because there are so many awesome new details to notice every time we watch it!
Bloom: Should we go get seats, then?

(*Her enthusiastic wave of the tickets is met by Scootaloo's slightly bewildered glance.*)

Scootaloo: (*pointing, Bloom/Sweetie pivot to see*) Oh. Looks like we're a little too early.

(*As evidenced by the manager standing impassively in the entrance to the auditorium. The three sigh heavily, all their pep instantly draining away; behind them, Pinkie pops up with a flashlight in one hand and her own shirt and helmet firmly in place. She voices a cry of desperation.*)

Pinkie: Thank jellybeans you three are here!
Bloom: Is everything okay, Pinkie Pie?
Pinkie: *No!*

(*She flicks on the light and begins to play its beam around the lobby.*)

Pinkie: It's Gummy! He's…

(*The Crusaders recoil silently, steeling themselves for the worst, and she wheels toward them with the light shining ominously up under her chin.*)

Pinkie: *...missing!* (*A tripartite gasp.*) I brought him here to see the Daring Do movie again because it's his favorite.
Sweetie: Ours too!

(*As the human dynamo tosses the flashlight aside, the background goes yellow-green and resolves into a jungle landscape around her.*)

Pinkie: (*grabbing/swinging on a vine*) I love the part when Daring Do swings in on the vine—(*Land on a cliff; kick away attacking monkeys.*) —and defeats the band of howler monkeys before breaking into the volcano fortress!

(*On the end of this line, smoke pours up from below and the camera tilts down to the base of the cliff, where she pops into view again. The fumes give way to a wall of fire and a heavily fortified stronghold entrance. From here, cut back to Bloom in the lobby.*)

Bloom: So what happened to Gummy?
Pinkie: Ooh! (*pulling out handfuls of candy*) I went to buy some candy and some more candy—(*Throw aside; drop to knees.*) —and poof! He was gone! You haven't seen him?
Crusaders: (*shaking heads*) Mmm-mmm. (*Close-up of Bloom.*)
Bloom: Are you thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

(*Zoom out quickly; she has been addressing Scootaloo and Sweetie.*)

Bloom: (*dramatically*) A missin' pet? A friend in distress? (*Close-up.*) This sounds like a job for the CMC!

(*Zoom out quickly to frame all three on the end of this line; Scootaloo has dropped into a crouch, and Sweetie has flipped her now-empty popcorn bucket over and propped one foot on it. Bloom has put away the group's tickets.*)

Scootaloo, Sweetie: Yeah! (*Pinkie gapes at them, too stunned to speak.*)
Sweetie: Never fear, Pinkie Pie! We will save your gator from… (*close-up, echoing*)
…MORTAL PERIL!

(*The flashlight flicks on from o.s. to shine under her chin, and a zoom out puts it in the kneeling Pinkie's hands.*)

Pinkie: (*shuddering*) Ooooh! (*She shifts the beam to her own chin and continues spookily.*)
Mortal peril!

(*Cut to a close-up of a cashier behind the concession stand, head propped on one hand in an attitude of undiluted boredom. Wisps of steam rise from a bin at his elbow, and a quick zoom out marks it as being at the end of a row of three. The three searchers somersault into view, stopping in front of the bins and staying low enough to avoid being seen right away, and straighten up to scope them out. Bloom finds nothing at the far end, Scootaloo ditto after shoving her whole head into the middle one; they duck away quickly, but the cashier spots Sweetie during her own round of surveillance. She snatches up a handful of popcorn from the bin at his end and defiantly munches it down while her green eyes bore into those of the young man. Her snack finished, she drops out of sight as well.*)

(*Cut to three trash cans in an alley behind the mall. The Crusaders tumble into view and each take cover behind one, and Bloom goes for the lid of hers. Cut to its dimly lit interior, the camera pointed straight up at the lid as it is pulled away; all three peer in at the collection of malodorous refuse.*)

Crusaders: (*Bloom holding her nose*) Ewww!

(*Outside again; the redhead slams the lid back on and the camera cuts to an overhead shot of the container before dissolving to a close-up of a compass in Scootaloo's hand. Its lid is shut, but the press of a button opens it to show the flicking needle. As they scrutinize the device closely, it settles down to a particular reading in close-up—Scootaloo's perspective. Tilt up to a change dispenser and pinball machine, then pan slightly to a nearby claw game and zoom in quickly to show Gummy resting atop the pile of prizes within the latter.*)

(*Back to the Crusaders, who gasp happily in unison, then cut to inside the enclosure as they pop up to mash cheeks against the glass and regard their quarry. The next shot is an extreme close-up of Scootaloo's finger pushing a coin into the slot, which triggers three lights on the top of the machine to go green. She begins to manipulate the joystick, sending the claw back and forth; after an intense bit of fine-tuning, she sends it down but is only able to skate the pincers off the doll's tail as it retracts. One light turns red—strike one—and Scootaloo gathers herself for another try. The claw connects more solidly and begins to lift Gummy away, but it slides free and drops back into the pile with a squeak. Strike two; now Bloom looks ready to chew up a steel beam and spit out nails, while Sweetie claps hands to cheeks in silent panic. For her part, Scootaloo sets her features in the grimmest determination and sets to it. The claw descends ever so slowly…the pincers snap…the sweat starts to roll down from under the brim of her helmet…and she has found a purchase and lifted Gummy clear. All three beam at the achievement as the claw swings to the side and opens to drop the toy into the prize chute. Scootaloo hoists it like a trophy in time with a round of triumphant whoops and cheers.*)

Bloom: Wow! That was great! Just like Darin' Do does in the movie!
Sweetie: Except instead of rescuing the stolen animals from Ahuizotl, we saved Gummy from the evil Cutie Claw!

(*Cut to the game on the end of this, the lights cycling as the claw returns to its rest position, then back to the trio. Pinkie whisks into view, holding a bucket of popcorn and a soda and having already helped herself.*)

Pinkie: (*mouth full*) Oh, there you are, Gummy! (*Swallow; slide over to Scootaloo.*) Come on, you silly gator. (*Giggle.*) We have a movie to watch!

(*Laughing again, she trades her goodies for Gummy—an exchange that leaves Scootaloo slightly perplexed.*)

Pinkie: (*walking off*) Thanks again!
Scootaloo: (*grinning*) That was so exhilarating! I feel like we need to have another adventure right now!
Bloom: (*knowingly*) Uh, Scootaloo… (*pulling out/waving tickets; Sweetie snickers silently*) …we're about to!

(*Cut to the thrill-seeker.*)

Bloom: (*from o.s., waving tickets into view*) Remember? (*Back to her.*) The movie!
Scootaloo: (*sheepishly*) Oh. Right.
Sweetie: (*over the others' laughter*) Onward to adventure!

(*They run toward the auditorium, whose entrance the manager has now opened, and the camera tilts up to one of the hanging posters. "Iris out" to black, centered on it; the aperture pauses briefly before closing altogether.*)

<u>"Leaping Off the Page"</u> **Written by Gillian M. Berrow**

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to a slow zoom in on Rainbow, lounging on the bed in her cluttered, messy room at home. A cloud/sky motif is as prevalent here as it is in her pony double's domicile.*)

Rainbow: This is gonna be great! A whole afternoon with just me and the best books ever written!

(*On the end of this, cut to a close-up of a stack of books on a nearby nightstand. She reaches into view and takes the topmost one; when the camera cuts back to her, she is now sitting cross-legged on the mattress. The cover bears a picture of this world's Daring Do. She sighs happily as the camera zooms out.*)

Rainbow: (*reading*) "*Daring Do and the Forbidden City of Clouds*, by A.K. Yearling."

(*Dissolve to the sun shining mercilessly through a harsh yellow sky on the end of this, then tilt down quickly to ground level—a jungle/forest path. A lizard sits idly on a rock, but quickly climbs down as two pale blue legs in short brown high-heeled boots pound past. A longer shot frames them as Rainbow's; her cloud/lightning-bolt T-shirt is now short enough to leave her midriff exposed, and she wears a short-sleeved, unbuttoned khaki bush shirt over this with a matching torn skirt. The multicolored tresses are covered by a pith helmet, and she carries a gold tiara set with blue gems.*)

Rainbow: Slingshot will never catch me now! The Doomed Diadem is going back where it belongs!

(*The sound of a car horn honking brings her to a sudden, sliding halt in a clearing, and she looks confusedly around herself in several directions before voicing a gasp. A male figure bulls through the thick undergrowth, his face set in a scowl that broadcasts his irritation very clearly. Light gray skin; brown eyes under thick brows; dark gray hair hidden by a brown fedora; heavy beard stubble; light off-white shirt with rolled-up sleeves; open brown vest and khaki pants; dark brown gloves; red kerchief around neck. Slingshot strides fully into the light, points at Rainbow, and opens his mouth to emit another honk.*)

Rainbow: Huh?

(*The two face off in the clearing, the camera tracking slowly around them, and Slingshot lets off a louder, more insistent honk before charging. Rainbow races away, making a desperate grab for a vine hanging just past the edge of a ravine and swinging away.*)

Rainbow: Heh. So long, Slingshot!

(*Reaching the opposite side, she lets go of the vine and somersaults her way down to the earth. She straightens up from the crouch in which she has landed as Slingshot glares daggers toward her back.*)

Rainbow: Now I just have to find A.B. Ravenhoof's old pal Grumpy. (*as Slingshot honks repeatedly at her*) Then he'll lead me to the Forbidden City of Clouds.

(*Booted feet speed off through the jungle, but she is soon joined by a vibrantly colored bird that emits a short electronic tune instead of a chirp or call. She lets off a bewildered little grunt when it does so again, then sprints ahead, leaving it to sound off a third time. Pan quickly ahead to the bald head and grimacing face of a squat apelike statue, seen in close-up, and zoom out. It stands at the end of a path lined with other animal totems, and Rainbow advances cautiously down the way, a lit flashlight in hand to replace the Doomed Diadem. Her skin has gone from blue to a more typical flesh tone, and the hour has advanced into late afternoon. The sound of distant, heavy thuds stops her in her tracks, and she swings the beam around herself as the noise gets louder and closer. Zoom in quickly to a close-up of her.*)

[*Error: Her grunt in the previous sequence is delivered in Twilight's voice.*]

Rainbow: (*nervously*) Dr. Caballeron? I-Is that you?

(*Not waiting for an answer, she runs to two adjacent statues—the ape and a warthog—and climbs to the top of the ape by jumping back and forth between them.*)

Rainbow: (*echoing*) Reveal yourself!

(*The next thud generates a tremor that nearly shakes her from her perch, but she holds her ground even as the ape fractures from base to head. Only when the halves crumble apart does she go down with a yell. A dissolve shifts the view from a close-up of her plummeting figure to a silhouette image of Daring in the same position on a book page, and the real Rainbow—in close-up, no longer sitting on her bed—takes up the yell where her fictional counterpart left off. A jingle of wind chimes shuts her up in an instant, and a longer shot tells the whole story. She is now seated on top of her wardrobe, evidently having gotten more involved in the story than she expected, and Twilight and Rarity are staring up at her from the doorway where they have just come in. Pan slowly across the room, then cut to the two new arrivals.*)

Twilight: (*hesitantly*) Uh, sorry to interrupt? (*Rarity nods.*) But Applejack honked a million times— (*Cut to Rainbow, giving them a slow dirty look; she continues o.s.*) —and you weren't answering your cell. If we don't get going, we'll miss the movie.

(*Floor level; Rainbow jumps down, tosses the book aside, and walks past them with a laugh.*)

Rainbow: I'm ready.

(*Twilight and Rarity stare after her, then glance sidewise at each other, and Twilight allows herself a puzzled little grunt as both smile and shrug. They follow her out, Twilight closing the door, and the camera pans to the discarded volume on the corner of the bed. Snap to black.*)

"Get the Show on the Road" **Composed by Chris Jackson**

(*Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to a long overhead shot of all the Rainbooms save Applejack gathered at the edge of a Canterlot High parking lot. Fluttershy sits on top of two stacked crates, Rainbow lies across a third, and Pinkie sits on a drum case, idly tapping her sticks against the concrete backstop of one parking space as the other three stand around doing nothing. Sunset is in her current dress/tights/jacket outfit. Zoom in slowly and cut to a close-up; all six are wearing their magic pendants, and impatience seems to be the mood of the hour.*)

Rainbow: Ugh! Where's Applejack? (*sitting up*) How are we supposed to go on tour if we don't have the tour bus she promised us?

(*Her sulking is cut off by a distant honk and the sound of a motor that has clearly seen better days. Cut to a series of extreme close-ups of the following: a headlight dangling from the socket by its wiring…a muffler dragging from a rusted rear bumper and looking to be an ace from going its own way…a rusted rear view mirror hung with a pine-tree air freshener and Macintosh's head visible below it on the driver's side. What rolls to a stop in front of the girls is a decrepit wreck of a school bus that probably stopped being street-legal a decade ago. Nearly every visible piece of the bodywork is damaged, loose, rusted out, or some combination of the three. A steel plate has been bolted to one side as a patch, and a tarp has been strung across a portion of the roof. A tree branch protrudes from the trailing edge of the latter, and weeds have proliferated in the engine compartment as a final insult. The horror show on wheels lurches to a stop before the six, and Macintosh pulls the lever to open the doors only to have them get stuck halfway. Applejack, standing next to him inside, muscles them the rest of the way back; she too has her pendant on.*)

Applejack: Told y'all I'd find us a tour bus. (*She steps out.*) Ain't she a beaut?

(*Her proud thump against the front right fender causes that wheel to vacate the area, half the fender itself to crash to the pavement, and a puff of steam to issue from the engine. As she scratches her head sheepishly, several other pieces jump ship and one wheel rolls across to the Rainbooms, bouncing against the backstop and rattling forlornly onto its side. They stare down at it, then at Applejack.*)

Applejack: Uh… (*Chuckle; Fluttershy/Pinkie/Rainbow stand up.*) …might need a little fixin' up.

Energetic rock melody with electric guitar/synthesizer/drums, fast 4 (G major)

(*Piece by piece, the image of Applejack and the bus is overlaid with six vertical strips that unite to present the flabbergasted other six. They watch as a headlight falls off and shatters; tiles of their individual faces slide in to fill the screen.*)

Rainbooms: Right now
Applejack: We're standin' at the bottom of a mountain that we gotta climb
(*Slide apart; they survey the extent of the deterioration, inside and out.*)
Rainbooms: Now
Rainbow: Clock's ticking, gonna need a miracle to get it done in time, but
(*Rainbow is ready to call it off, but Twilight smiles and shows her a blueprint that includes cutie-mark detailing and a sunroof. She spreads it on the pavement for all to see, inspiring general confidence.*)
Rainbooms: Hey [hey], that's okay [that's okay]
We gotta build up steam, put our heads together
Make 'em make a plan [plan], we can do anything

(*Seven hands pile up over the document, and the girls attached to them leap up as Macintosh leans into view to offer a thumbs-up. A transition in the manner of vertical blinds being opened shifts the focus to Fluttershy, who is trying to unscrew the bolt on a portable window. It suddenly blows out past her and Pinkie puts her head out, showing off a handful of explosive candy—the power she gained in* Legend of Everfree.)

Rainbooms: Time to get this show on the road, turn on the lights [the lights]
(*A panel slides down over the left half of the screen, showing her rolling a wheel, and another on the right depicts Sunset suiting up to do a little welding.*)
Make 'em shine bright [bright], light up our dreams [dreams]
(*Fullscreen: the latter gets to work on a wheel well. From here, wipe to Applejack lifting the bus with her enhanced strength so Rainbow can wrench on a bolt while Sunset holds a toolbox.*)
Bright as the sun [sun], shining like gold [gold]
(*The bolt comes loose, releasing a spurt of oil that douses Rainbow's head. Split screen: Twilight exerts her telekinesis on the right, and the bus's hood opens on the left. Her half slides away to put her directly in front of the vehicle, but the raccoons nesting inside take the disturbance badly and chase her away.*)
Let's get this show [show] on the road

Rap; percussion only

(*The doors slide open and out comes Rainbow, cleaned up and dressed in the hip-hop outfit she wore during the group's rehearsals in "Dance Magic"—see that transcript for full details. Pinkie leans out next to her and slings a bucketful of soapy water toward the camera.*)

Rainbow: When you've only got one shot
(*Applejack and Rarity start wiping it away with towels.*)
You don't mess around, give it everything you got

(*She stands before the graffiti-covered wall from "Dance Magic" to do some breakdancing. Behind her, the bus blueprint assembles itself from three horizontal panels that slide in to cover this.*)

A little hard work, a little bit of sweat
And you'll see how far you get
You're part of a team
Others: A number-one team
Rainbow: You got a dream
Others: Gotta see that dream

(*A new image slides in: the interior has been completely fixed up, and Fluttershy sweeps the aisle as the raccoons help with other cleaning and small repairs. Her power of animal communication, conferred by her pendant, has come to good use.*)

Rainbow: Now roll up your sleeves
Rainbooms: And take control

Guitar/synth in

(*A three-by-three grid of images depicts assorted bits of the restoration.*)

Let's get this show on the road, oh

(*The three columns each rotate 180 degrees to present a different hard worker in every cell except the bottom corners. These two show a gleaming front grille and a paintbrush being applied to bare sheet metal.*)

Let's get this show on the road, oh

Rap ends

(*Just as quickly, these rotate away and dissolve to the finished bus rolling into the lot—all seven cutie marks down one side against a flowing rainbow, paint job of blue sky and clouds, horseshoe and heart-shaped caution lights above the windshield, rearing-horse hood ornament, starry gold hubcaps.*)

Rainbooms: Time to get this show on the road, turn on the lights [the lights]

(*Images of a "ponied-up" Twilight and Sunset—in other words, with equine features on full display—slide together from opposite sides, standing before it with microphone and guitar, respectively. A zoom out frames all seven with their instruments and transformed as well; Pinkie is on the roof with her kit, and Rainbow is back in her everyday clothes. Macintosh stands among them to give a thumbs-up.*)

Make 'em shine bright [bright], light up our dreams [dreams]

(*The screen flares white to shift the focus to the hood ornament, then the hubcaps, then a slow pan along the emblems on the side.*)

Bright as the sun [sun], shining like gold [gold]
Let's get this show [show] on the road

Tambourine in

(*The jam session continues over Macintosh's horn honking; he is now belted into the driver's seat, and Pinkie has shifted her drums down to the ground.*)

Time to get this show on the road, turn on the lights [the lights]
Make 'em shine bright [bright], light up our dreams [dreams]

Bright as the sun [sun], shining like gold [gold]
(*Close-ups of Applejack and Rainbow slide together from opposite sides to fill the screen, framing them at two adjacent windows. Zoom out to frame the entire bus rolling down the street.*)
Let's get this show [show] on the road

Song ends
(*Fade to black at the same time as Applejack tosses her hat toward the camera.*)

"Epic Fails" **Written by Gillian M. Berrow**

(*Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to a slow pan over the busy Canterlot High cafeteria. The Rainbooms have gathered at a table to eat their lunch, and a closer shot at one end shows Rarity leafing idly through a magazine. Zoom in quickly to the sound of her horrified gasp.*)

Rarity: My goodness! (*holding it up, pages facing camera*) Look at Countess Coloratura!

(*The move has exposed four photos, two on each page. Cut to a close-up of the one on the upper left, which shows this world's equivalent of the pop star introduced in "The Mane Attraction"—wearing her hair in its natural, three-tone dark gray coloration and a corkscrewed ponytail and dressed for a workout. During the next line, the camera shifts from one photo to the next, documenting Coloratura's graceless tumble down from a handstand and ending with a close-up of her mortified expression. This last shot is marked with a red ink stamp consisting of a knocked-out emoji face with tongue lolling out, framed by a larger concentric circle.*)

Rarity: (*from o.s.*) They've caught a picture of her falling over during yoga class!
Rainbow: (*from o.s.*) Awkward. (*Cut to Sunset.*)
Sunset: Just imagine having your most embarrassing moment broadcast for all the world to see.

(*Zoom out to frame the other six, who make noises of uncomfortable agreement; Twilight cuts her eyes away from the table with a weak little giggle and sigh. Dissolve to a close-up of an inverted laboratory flask held in a clamp and tilt down/pan quickly to show a second one sitting directly beneath it on a countertop, then a third one placed in front of the science whiz a short distance away, and finally a fourth heating up on a Bunsen burner. She and Spike are watching this one intently, and a tilt up to their faces fully picks out their safety goggles and Twilight's lab coat/turtleneck and hair bun. Ever so carefully, she squeezes the bulb of an eyedropper poised above the mouth of the flask, causing a droplet of liquid to grow at the tip. Cut to just outside the closed door of this classroom; the pleasant conversation of two students in the hall is cut short by a sudden blat of bright pink liquid against the inner surface of the door's window. Inside, the girl and her dog blink stupidly at the flask that has just disgorged its entire contents all over them and blown hair/fur/ears back as a bonus. In time with a freeze frame, the ink stamp from Coloratura's yoga wipeout smacks itself onto the screen, whose color starts to fade before the entire screen fades to black.*)

(*Snap to a pan across a counter in the kitchen of the house at Sweet Apple Acres. The riot of ingredients and dirty cooking implements speaks to a serious baking session, and a cut to a close-up of the oven shows the work in progress within—a tray of small pies. Laughter from the o.s. Applejack and Pinkie; on the start of the next line, zoom out to put them in this room. As Applejack tells the story, the camera cuts briefly to/from Pinkie and she adds a few happy interjections under the words.*)

Applejack: So then, Granny Smith is hootin' and hollerin', and Big Mac comes out of the barn with his hands over his head, swattin' flies like you wouldn't believe!

(*Both are so caught up in the telling and laughing that they fail to notice the slowly thickening tendril of black smoke that has begun to issue from the oven. In close-up, Applejack's nose finally calls her to attention, the green eyes above it popping wide open in shock. On the next line, cut to within the oven, the camera pointing over the burning pies and through the door's window toward Pinkie.*)

Pinkie: Uh-oh!

(*Applejack adds a surprised little mumble under this. A temperature control knob is hastily turned down, and oven mitts are donned and used to pull the blackened desserts out. While holding the tray for Pinkie's worried inspection, Applejack gives an audible shudder and somehow finds her way around to a sheepish laugh. The beeping of a smoke detector brings a frightened little moan from Pinkie and leads into the activation of the room's sprinkler system, which instantly douses both girls from head to toe, and the freeze frame, stamp, and color fade occur.*)

(*Cut to Rainbow and a boy setting up displays in a sporting-goods store. Both are wearing red/white uniform shirts, hers with a black collar; Rainbow has added a matching baseball cap with her cutie mark and tied her hair in a ponytail. She has also traded her usual skirt/shorts and boots for white-trimmed black shorts over rolled-up jeans and red/white sneakers with yellow trim and star accents. While placing a football on a high shelf, she accidentally nudges a soccer ball over the edge. One foot lashes out to balance it just short of the floor, and the jock laughs to herself while bouncing/dribbling it across the store.*)

Rainbow: And she passes it up the wing…she's coming in for the winning goal…she shoots… (*Kick it away.*) …she…

(*The ball sails straight and true toward a goal net at the far wall, but ricochets off its crossbar. Rainbow has barely enough time for one panicked yell before it plows into the pyramid of soccer balls her coworker has been carefully assembling. He glares at her from his position atop the ladder he has been using to set the last ball in place.*)

Rainbow: Oops.

(*She offers a deflated laugh before taking a ball to the face, and the freeze frame, stamp, and color fade occur. From here, cut to Fluttershy on a grassy hilltop, enjoying a picnic with Angel and a few other soft and fluffy critters. Three birds descend to her, perching on hand, shoulder, and head and delighting her greatly, and she nods her approval for whatever idea they are discussing among themselves. They lift portions of her hair and start to weave them together; cut to the trio at work, putting her head just out of view.*)

Fluttershy: (*from o.s.*) Oh! (*Giggle.*)

(*Here comes Lyra Heartstrings, taking her dog for a walk; she aims a very strange look toward Fluttershy, who waves with most of her head still cut off by the screen edges. Lyra manages a strained smile and return wave, but her pooch gets spooked enough to peel out and drag her along with a gasp. A skateboard rider rolls past, gasps in fright upon glancing in Fluttershy's direction, and runs flat into a lamppost. She gasps sharply and hurries over to his prone form.*)

Fluttershy: Oh, no!

(*Close-up of the groaning teen on the end of this, her face reflected in the lenses of his sunglasses as her shadow falls over him. Now enough of her head can be seen to discern the birds' handiwork—they have gathered the pink tresses and piled them up to form a sort of nest, in which two of them are happily roosting. She cries out in shock upon glancing up at the mess, the freeze frame, stamp, and color fade superimposing themselves.*)

(*Cut to a slow pan across a table in the Canterlot High library. Rarity and a couple of other students are studying here, and a sandwich rests within easy reach of the aspiring designer. She looks up and across the room, suddenly surprised.*)

Rarity: (*softly*) Ooh!

(*At the next table over is a second study group that includes Sunset, who grins and waves in recognition. Rarity returns the gesture with a giggle, unaware that a piece of lettuce from the sandwich is caught between her front teeth. Zoom in quickly to an extreme close-up of the particle, then cut back to Sunset, who gasps loudly and tries to wave her off. Rarity again repeats this, adding a giggle and missing the point, so Sunset grins as widely as she can and points to her own front teeth with both hands. This time, Rarity not only does the same, but laughs louder and throws back a wink, a happy sigh, and a pair of index-finger guns. The flummoxed Sunset gets a new idea upon noticing a potted plant near the stairs leading up to the second floor. Cut to Rarity, whose bewildered stare turns to a look of mild horror as the sound of rustling/tearing foliage is heard, then back to Sunset. She has stripped off one of the plant's sizable leaves and is biting down on it in hopes of getting her message across. What she actually accomplishes, however, is to earn a stare from a passing boy that might best translate as, "You're not playing with a full deck, are you?" She laughs in a properly embarrassed way before the freeze frame, stamp, and color fade occur.*)

(*Instead of shifting immediately to a new scene, the effects reverse themselves and the boy sits down across from Rarity.*)

Rarity: Ooh!

(*She offers him a grin and giggle, the lettuce still firmly lodged in her teeth; he recoils in disgust, but she obliviously widens her grin. The freeze frame, stamp, and fade occur again, and the view snaps to black.*)

(*Fade in to the lunch table; Rarity stands up and closes her magazine.*)

Rarity: Lucky *we* never do anything that embarrassing. Right, girls?

(*The seven laugh it off as they make for the exit, the camera tilting down to frame two items near the doors as they pass o.s.: a saturated, dribbling mop and a yellow fold-out sign bearing the pictogram for "Caution—Wet Floor." Comes now the sound of several voices yelling in surprise, followed by a camera-shaking crash of bodies against floor, and the camera pans ahead to show the friends in a laughing tangle of arms and legs. Rarity's magazine drops in front of them, and on the next line, the camera zooms out to frame everyone else in the cafeteria staring at them.*)

Rainbooms: Epic fail!

(*They continue to yuk it up as the freeze frame, stamp, and fade occur one last time. Fade to black.*)

"Coinky-Dink World" **Composed by Mason Rather**

Note: "Coinky" is pronounced with a syllable break between "co" and "inky."

(*Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to the exterior of a 1950s-style diner during the day, seen from across the parking lot. A giant model of a period-appropriate car's rear end juts out above the roof. Zoom in slowly as a couple of girls sprint toward the door, then cut to a close-up of a jukebox inside; a finger reaches into view to press one of the buttons, and the mechanism drops a record onto the turntable as the neon tubes energize.*)

Energetic 1950s rock melody, handclaps with piano/drum accents, fast 4 (E flat major)

Pinkie: Put on a smile, it's a coinky-dink world
(*The view pivots 180 degrees around an imaginary vertical axis to frame two girls laughing in one of the booths; a waitress glides by on roller skates.*)
Laugh yourself a while in a coinky-dink world
(*Another turn, and the camera pans slowly through the busy diner. Pinkie is on duty behind the counter, seen in close-up: light blue dress with a poodle skirt, black collar, and short sleeves*

trimmed in white; black-trimmed white apron marked with a patch of her three balloons inside a pink heart, black/white-striped paper cap with one yellow and one lavender heart, sash in these last two colors tied in a large bow, hair in a ponytail, no pendant. She puts the finishing touches on a milkshake and twirls toward the camera to black out the screen.)

Come on, take a whirl through a coinky-dink world

Handclaps out; full piano/drums/bass and baritone saxophone in

(*Snap to a counter; she sweeps up a ready tray and rolls off to serve a table full of patrons. Footwear: white skates with flowers on the side and pale blue ankle socks that match the bows above the laces. This shot picks out the pink lace trim on the hem of her dress.*)

Pinkie: You never know where you'll find a best friend
[Coinky-dink, coinky-dinky-doo-wah]
(*She spots a bespectacled boy and girl across the room, both with their noses buried so deeply in books that they run flat into each other. They end up sitting back to back in adjacent booths.*)
In a loud crowd or sitting all alone
[Coinky-dink, coinky-dinky-doo-wah]
(*A glowing, glittery pink heart traces itself around the two teens' heads; their reflections appear in the grinning Pinkie's eyes, and a blink changes them to hearts.*)
A little bitty smile has the power to start some fun
[Coinky-dink, coinky-dinky-doo-wah]

Vocal harmonies sustained behind lyrics

(*Straws are put into three shakes on the counter as Pinkie and two other waitresses dance.*)

Pinkie: It's a zip-zap-toe-tap coinky-dink world
A cling-clang-shake-your-thang coinky-dink world
(*Coffee is poured; a burger/fries platter comes up, followed by a banana split; order tickets are strung up for the cook, and the dance continues.*)
A wham-pow-wonder-how coinky-dink world
A fizz-pop-never-stop coinky-dink world
(*Her perspective: she frames the boy and girl between extended thumbs and forefingers, then shifts to old Mr. Waddle and an equally aged woman cutting a rug together. Back to her; she gets a hastily doodled mental picture of the younger pair grinning and dancing under a shower of hearts, framed within a vaporous heart border.*)
Take a whirl in a coinky-dink world

Vocal harmonies out; all instruments out for four beats except a swelling organ glissando, then in for start of next verse

(*An idea hits, and a flare of white radiates out from the depiction and recedes to give a close-up of the boy. She rolls past to tap both teens on the head for attention and offer a wordless*

suggestion to get up and groove. Each glances up from his or her reading only long enough to blush, the girl waving Pinkie off with a timorous little shake of the head.)

Pinkie: Life has a way of keeping us all dancing
[Coinky-dink, coinky-dinky-doo-wah]

(*Pinkie's frustration leads her brain into a new sketch, framed similarly to the first: the boy offers flowers to the girl. A flash, and she is swiping a full vase from a booth occupied by two oldsters and holding it up between the back-to-back bookworms. The camera is positioned to leave the rest of her out of sight.*)

Don't skip a beat, just do your thing
[Coinky-dink, coinky-dinky-doo-wah]

(*One pink hand taps the girl's shoulder; she turns, sniffs deeply of the blooms, and uncorks a violent allergic sneeze that sends the vase flying and embeds the contents in the boy's hair. Tilt down to floor level, where the thwarted matchmaker cringes to herself.*)

Step on up to all the world has to bring
[Coinky-dink, coinky-dinky-doo-wah]

Vocal harmonies in

(*The other two waitresses dance behind the counter as more orders are prepped and tickets go up in the kitchen.*)

Pinkie: It's a zip-zap-toe-tap coinky-dink world
A cling-clang-shake-your-thang coinky-dink world
A wham-pow-wonder-how coinky-dink world

(*The slightly perplexed cook passes her a burger and fries, ready to go out. Zoom in slowly; she gets a new vision of the boy and girl sharing a giant sundae.*)

A fizz-pop-never-stop coinky-dink world
Take a whirl in a coinky-dink world

Vocal harmonies and all instruments out; handclaps only

(*A flash takes the action to the counter; peeking up from behind it, she swiftly assembles a colossus of ice cream and bananas. Whipped cream, sprinkles, and cherries go on as garnish, and several ice cream cones are stuck, upside down, to the top of the sugary bonanza.*)

Pinkie: One little thing leads to another
One tiny start never stops
You've got a special magic about you

A cappella

(*A final scattering of sprinkles detonates to fill the screen with pink smoke.*)

Big smile, big mind, big heart

All instruments in

(*The unexpected blast showers both bibliophiles with the dessert components, she winding up with whipped-cream eyebrows and mustache. He has cleaned the flowers out of his hair, for all the good it does him in light of this new misfortune. The mess has also spread to the counter, the kitchen equipment, and Pinkie herself.*)

Pinkie: What do you know? Great minds read at the same time
[Coinky-dink, coinky-dinky-doo-wah]
(*The two show their books to each other—the same science fiction novel—and tap them together in a laughing toast.*)
What do you say? No way, me too
[Coinky-dink, coinky-dinky-doo-wah]
(*Pinkie grins expectantly, watching them stand and cross the room together as the ice cream falls away from them.*)
Coincidence is a joyride shared with you
[Coinky-dink, coinky-dinky-doo-wah]

Vocal harmonies and tambourine in

(*She shakes herself clean; they start a dance of their own. Even the cook starts to follow Pinkie's lead and get into the groove.*)

Pinkie: It's a zip-zap-toe-tap coinky-dink world
A cling-clang-shake-your-thang coinky-dink world
(*She, the new couple, and both of the other waitresses, gradually fall into unison steps.*)
A wham-pow-wonder-how coinky-dink world
A fizz-pop-never-stop coinky-dink world
(*The boy and girl come together before a poster that depicts the mad scientist from the cover of their books. When they are face to face, the backdrop changes to the diner and Pinkie pops up to sweep them both into an enthusiastic hug.*)
Take a whirl in a coinky-dink world

Song ends with a stinger

(*"Iris out" to black at the same time, with a heart-shaped aperture centered on them.*)

<u>"Good Vibes"</u> **Composed by Daniel Ingram**

Quiet acoustic/electric guitar melody, moderate 4 (D major)

(*Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then snap to a fountain within the Canterlot Mall. The colors are slightly washed out. Zoom in slowly as Flash Sentry steps up to the gushing water, the set of his features speaking to his less-than-sunny state of mind. He raises a hand; extreme close-up of the uncurling fingers and the coin resting on the palm, then cut back to him*

as he glumly flips it into the fountain. Behind him, Trixie stumbles out of a store, starry wizard's hat on head and an overflowing box of props in her arms.)

Electric guitar out; light percussion in

(*A crystal ball rolls off the top of the overbalanced stack, but he gets a hand in to catch it just short of the floor. Putting it back in place earns him a grateful smile from the blue girl.*)

Applejack: The truth that we have come to know
Starts out small, but watch it grow
(*A blue flare radiates from her and subsides to frame her walking through the mall, her colors fully restored. She stops to eye a flyer on a wall—a lost-pet notice for Angel, offering a reward.*)
Rarity: Taking time to help each other
Brings us close to one another

(*Shifting her focus to one side, she spots a distraught Fluttershy in the pet-shop outfit she wore in "Pet Project." The animal lover has a stack of these notices in hand and is trying futilely to get the attention of passersby.*)

Synthesizer in

Fluttershy, Pinkie: Beginning now starts something new
Good deeds done out of the blue
(*Trixie appears alongside her in a blast of smoke and removes her hat, and Fluttershy is stunned and amazed to see Angel poke his head out.*)
Put your kindness to the test
(*He jumps into her arms, triggering a flash of yellow that subsides to leave her standing outside the shop with her color restored.*)
You'll be amazed what happens next

Strings, full percussion in; acoustic guitar out

(*Pinkie walks by, a cupcake in each hand, and Angel chooses this moment to jump down; she trips over him, sending the snacks flying directly toward the passing Bulk Biceps. They connect with his forehead and explode, blowing his winged baseball cap off and leaving a charred bald spot in their wake. He covers his face and cries silently at the embarrassment.*)

Rainbooms: One small word can brighten the world around you
(*A whistle from Fluttershy brings a squirrel on the bound to cover the big guy's hairless scalp, and both beam as a burst of bright pink light emanates from his form. It clears to show him fully colored, admiring the live toupee before a mirror, and pulling a comb from his pocket to style it.*)
One big smile can change someone's day
(*Behind him, Twilight pushes a dolly loaded with boxes. Sleeveless, light blue top and dark gray pants, both bearing electric-circuit patterns; long, starry pink/magenta leg warmers over dark*

gray Mary Janes; hair tied in a bun; headset microphone. She stumbles as one wheel starts to wobble.)

A helping hand goes farther than you can dream

(*The wheel comes off, leaving her stuck in place until Bulk strides calmly over, hoists the entire stack at once, and totes it away. Violet light radiates from Twilight and clears to put him, her, and DJ P0N-3 in an electronics store—Twilight's place of employment. She has colored up now, and Bulk sets the boxes on a counter.*)

Acoustic guitar in

Good vibes, so many different ways

Acoustic guitar/strings out; staccato electric guitar in

(*Now the turntablist shows Twilight a deck in severe need of repairs.*)

Sunset: Moments that you don't expect
Spirits down, you're in the depths

(*Twilight levitates both it and a screwdriver, makes a couple of quick tweaks, and settles it back into DJ P0N-3's hands good as new.*)

The world feels like it's lost the light
But little things can make it right

Acoustic guitar in

(*A thumbs-up, and blue light issues from the satisfied customer's body to fill the screen before fading away. Now Rarity stands outside a clothing store, worried about the empty DJ booth positioned off to one side and the people who do not spare even a glance for her workplace. Dark gray, long-sleeved top; pink necklace of several strands gathered at one shoulder with a blue three-jewel clip; a gauzy bow and pink feather in her hair, secured with a similar clip; pink skirt and pale blue tights with an irregular dot/circle pattern, the latter also studded with jewels; black high-heeled sandals with these same stones on sides and backs. She consults her watch and drops her head in defeat.*)

Applejack, Fluttershy: Think of all the lives you've touched
They come 'round and twice as much

(*DJ P0N-3, restored to her full vividness, sets up her deck in the booth and starts to spin tunes.*)

Pinkie, Rarity: Friendship makes the world get lighter
Blur the lines and make it brighter

(*Pale blue light and gems shower outward from the revived fashionista as customers start to take interest in the wares. The view clears to show her in full color, enjoying a drink, and walking past the sporting goods store seen in "Epic Fails." Rainbow is on the job inside, wearing the uniform she sported in that short and stacking shoeboxes into a pyramid at blinding speed.*)

Acoustic/electric guitars out; strings in

Rainbooms: One small word can brighten the world around you
(*The Crusaders haul out a canoe, grazing the stack and threatening to set off an avalanche; Rarity projects a gem shield from her hand to keep the lot from burying Rainbow.*)
One big smile can change someone's day
(*Rainbow throws her an appreciative smile and is quickly wreathed in vivid blue light, which fades to show the entrance of a shop whose Japanese torii-gate doorframe and decoration of a fish in a rice bowl suggest a sushi joint.*)
A helping hand goes farther than you can dream

Acoustic guitar in

(*Sunset emerges, carrying a takeout bag. Short, sleeveless purple kimono with white/purple edging and sash tied in a bow at her back, hair gathered behind her head with a fish clasp; white apron marked with bubbles, ocean waves, and a pocket styled as an octopus—she works here.*)
Good vibes, so many different ways

(*Any bits of good cheer she brought out with her quickly yield to the weariness that invariably accompanies a long shift. As two feet in white ankle socks and wooden Japanese "geta" sandals mechanically carry her down the way, she pitches to the floor without warning.*)

Strings/synth out; percussion drops back and gradually builds; electric guitar in

Rainbooms: It only takes a moment to make someone's day
(*The cause of her stumble proves to be a broken sandal strap; Rainbow is there in a flash, all her bright hues restored. She has a shoebox under one arm and offers a hand up with the other.*)
Good vibes, good vibes
(*After a moment's pondering, Sunset cheerfully heaves the busted sandal over her shoulder and allows herself to be pulled up. Yellow-orange light blazes out from her to fill the screen; when it clears, she is sitting on a bench, fully colored and smiling down at the new sneakers she wears, courtesy of the kneeling Rainbow.*)
It keeps us growing stronger, so let's hear you say
Good vibes, good vibes

Electric guitar out; full percussion/synth/mandolin in
Vocal harmonies sustained behind next three lines

(*Taking her new kicks for a test walk, Sunset notices the general improved spirits of the mall patrons around her, but stops short after several yards.*)

Rainbooms: One small word can brighten the world around you
(*She has found Flash, who is still down in the dumps and sitting at the fountain's edge.*)
One big smile can change someone's day
(*Close-up. A yellow-orange hand reaches down to tousle his hair; he looks up to find her opening and presenting the contents of her takeout bag. It is a "bento" box packed with small portions of various types of sushi.*)
A helping hand goes farther than you can dream

Acoustic guitar in

(*He takes it and begins to eat as she sits beside him; she laughs and he grins, a deep blue burst radiating from his chest to restore his full color. The other six Rainbooms gather in around the pair, including a fully-recolored Pinkie. Applejack is in her juice/smoothie kiosk uniform from "Shake Things Up!" and carrying a tray with two drinks, one of which Rainbow grabs up.*)

Good vibes, so many different ways

Song ends on a quiet synth chord

(*As the last chord dies away, the camera zooms out slowly and a seven-colored rainbow wave washes outward over the entire area. It dissipates to leave everyone and everything around them back to their normal bright colors. Fade to black.*)