

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS DRAGON?

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Prologue

(Opening shot: the interior of Hitch Trailblazer's office at sunrise, near the front desk. A butterfly lifts off from its perch on a lamp and flutters through the room as the camera zooms out and pans across to the sound of the Sheriff's quiet snoring. He is sprawled on a bed that pulls out from the wall, one long edge sculpted as a row of file cabinet drawers. He keeps his sash on while sleeping.)

Hitch: *(talking in sleep)* ...oh, no, no, no...butterscotch... *(The insect lights briefly on his nose, then flits away.)* ...Grandma, don't worry, I'll-I'll-I'll make you a cake...

(A flare of greenish light from somewhere o.s. rouses him from dreamland.)

Hitch: *(drowsily)* What—what—what are you doing, Sparky? I thought I said no dragon fire without supervision.

(He rolls upright with a groan and crosses the floor, kicking a dropped stapler as he goes. A plate bearing a sandwich with one bite gone is on a stool; he stops to consider it.)

Hitch: Oops. *(His perspective of the food.)* Forgot to finish that. *(Back to him.)* I'm surprised he didn't eat it. *(Panicked gasp as a thought strikes him.)* Sparky? *(knocking stool aside, galloping to corner cabinet)* Sparky, where are you?

(The doors are yanked open, but there is no sign of Sparky Sparkeroni except for a small, gaily decorated blanket lying on the cushion that covers one shelf. The interior wall/door surfaces are decorated with assorted stickers, mostly stars, and a drawing of the laughing stallion and dragon has been put up. Hitch picks up the blanket with a shuddery gasp; close-up of it.)

Hitch: *(from o.s.)* Sparky's blankie! *(Back to him.)* Where are you, little buddy? *(checking cabinet top, file drawer)* Up here? No. In here? No. *(with mounting horror, backing up slowly)* Spar? Spar?

(He only stops upon running into his own desk and knocking a book off its edge; the blanket falls to the tiles. On the next line, cut to an overhead shot of him and zoom out.)

Hitch: SPARKY, WHERE ARE YOU?!?

(Cut to a long overhead shot of the office exterior. His last three words echo in the still air, startling his “squad” badly—Kenneth and his bareheaded bird colleague flying off the sign above the door, McSnips-a-Lot jumping down from it and scuttling away. Snap to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Cut from the title card directly to a long shot of the Crystal Brighthouse, then to a close-up of Sunny Starscout in its shared bedroom, sleeping soundly in her bed. Hitch leans into view over her, holding the bullhorn she borrowed from his office in “Hoof Done It?”)

Hitch: *(amplified)* Sunny! *(She falls out of bed; he darts away.)*

Sunny: Huh?

(Across the way, Pipp Petals and Zipp Storm are similarly zonked out, Pipp wearing a sleep mask to shade her eyes.)

Hitch: *(amplified)* Pipp! Zipp!

(The younger sister is first to wake, removing the mask with a grumble; the older then sits up with a sharp gasp and a pillow stuck to her head for a moment until she shakes it loose. Now Hitch turns to Izzy Moonbow, who has decided to sleep sideways in her hanging bed.)

Hitch: *(amplified, singing shrilly)* Izzyyyyy! *(Close-up of her; he continues o.s.)* Wake up! *(She does so, all smiles and no grogginess.)*

Izzy: Okay.

(He puts the bullhorn away and holds up the blanket.)

Hitch: Look! *(Izzy zips over to scope it out.)*

Izzy: Ooooh! Love the new glow-up blankie. *(Gasp.)* That dragon has great style. *(Sunny joins them.)*

Sunny: Hitch, what is going on? *(Cut to him.)*

Hitch: *(rapid fire)* I was fast asleep and had this bad feeling that something was wrong, and then it was! Sparky is missing!

Zipp: *(from o.s.)* What? *(Longer shot; both sisters join the group.)*

Pipp: No! *(Izzy gasps.)*

Sunny: Missing? Are you sure?

Hitch: Yeah!

Izzy: Maybe he’s hiding?

Hitch: I already looked everywhere in the station, and nothing. So I came straight here. I thought maybe he was with one of you? *(A round of head shakes.)*

Sunny: Sorry, Hitch.

Zipp: First the Lantern, and now Sparky? Why do things keep going missing around here?

Hitch: I don't know—but we need to find him, ASAP! As soon as pony possible! Look everywhere. Under your beds, above the clouds, the moon... *(amplified, through bullhorn)* ...just find that baby dragon! *(Feedback squeal.)*

(Zipp has referred to the theft of the rainbow-charged Hope Lantern in “Hoof Done It?” Hitch spells out his acronym letter by letter. Cut to floor level, the camera pointing out from beneath a couch downstairs as Sunny hunches down to check this spot. She is now wearing her saddlebag. The next three lines are delivered in a “come out, come out, wherever you are” style of intonation.)

Sunny: Where are you? *(Hitch/Izzy/Pipp inspect the Critter Corner at the front of the entrance hall. Blue daytime sky is visible through a window.)*

Pipp: Come out, Sparky!

Izzy: Sparkeroni!

(Cut to Zipp on this last, flying down one ramp and wearing her foreleg pouch and shoulder plate as in the previous episode. She has deployed her magnifying glass.)

Zipp: Hel-loooo?

(Extreme close-up of a door as it is opened from the other side to frame Izzy, who looks up and gasps sharply in time with an ominous rumble. The camera shifts to behind her, framing the closet she has just opened and a precariously balanced tower of spare crafting parts that starts to topple toward her. She hastily slams the door shut.)

Izzy: Nothing in the closet!

(In the kitchen, Hitch starts picking up cereal boxes and calling into them.)

Hitch: Sparky! Sparky! *(shoving his face into the third)* Sparky! *(Pan slightly to frame Pipp and Zipp watching; Zipp has put away her magnifier.)*

Pipp: *(whispering, to Zipp)* Could Sparky even fit in that box of cereal?

Zipp: *(crossing to Hitch)* Uh, Hitch, not trying to back-seat investigate here, but... *(She pulls out her cell phone.)* ...why don't we retrace your steps first? What do you remember seeing when you woke up?

(He thinks carefully for a moment and then gasps. Dissolve to a close-up of him asleep in his office, the green flare washing across the wall to rouse him, then back to the kitchen on his next words.)

Hitch: There was this flash of light!

Zipp: Flash of light? *(Tap the phone screen.)* That's unusual.

Hitch: *I know! (He calms down with a moan; the whole group is now here.)* Do you think Sparky's okay?

Sunny: *(patting his shoulder)* Of course. I'm sure he's still just playing hide-and-seek.

(Nowhere near at ease, he crosses the entrance hall; the other four gather around him, Zipp having stowed her phone.)

Hitch: *(flopping onto a couch)* I feel like the worst pony dragon-dad in the world right now.

Pipp: Really, you're the only pony dragon-dad in the world, so... *(Zipp paces a bit.)*

Hitch: *(pounding cushions)* That makes it even worse!

(He goes face first into the upholstery as the inquisitive mare reaches the fireplace.)

Zipp: Can you think of any other reason why Sparky would disappear? *(Hitch rolls onto his back, clutching a pillow.)*

Hitch: What if he was unhappy? *(horror-stricken)* Oh, no! What if he...decided to run away?

(Picking up a digital picture frame from an end table, he shows a photo to Sunny/Izzy/Pipp. Close-up of it as he speaks: Sparky goofing around in one of the chairs at Mane Melody.)

Hitch: I've always tried my best to take care of my little buddy and make him happy.

(A swipe brings up a shot of him playing at the beach.)

Hitch: *(from o.s.)* I keep a watchful eye on him, going above and beyond to make sure he's safe.

(Swipe again, to a picture of Sparky hugging Cloudpuff in the community garden amid a knot of other critters.)

Hitch: *(from o.s.)* I protect him the way I protect all the ponies and critters in Maretime Bay, as if they were my own family. *(Back to the four.)* And now...this.

(As he covers his eyes and sobs silently, the frame slides from his grip but is almost immediately picked up by Zipp.)

Zipp: *(tapping screen)* But look at all these other places Sparky loves. You know, I think Sunny was on to something. He's definitely hiding somewhere familiar.

Hitch: *(with slowly growing zeal)* Sparky *does* love hide-and-seek. And honestly, he is *way* too good at it. I can do this. I can find my little guy. *(Jump off the couch.)* Okay! Sheriff Hitch is back on duty! *(trotting purposefully toward front doors)* I'm the best pony dragon-dad in the world! *(The others fall in behind him.)*

Izzy: *(whispering, to Zipp)* The only pony dragon-dad in the world.

Hitch: *(stopping)* And I can't sit around and mope when there's work to do. You're right. He couldn't have gone far.

(An emphatic grunt marks the resumption of his move toward the exit, followed by the four mares. Once they are well out of sight, a door near the fireplace—the same closet Izzy checked—opens just far enough for an eye in a blue face to peek out. A close-up picks it out as green and framed by birdcatcher spots—Misty—and the camera cuts to her on the other side as she closes the door with a quiet sigh of relief. On the start of the next line, she pulls a tall pile of junk in wheeled bins to block the passage, revealing that she no longer wears the fake butterfly cutie mark she has used at times while serving Opaline. Evidently she set up the tower of junk that very nearly collapsed on top of Izzy.)

Misty: I feel kinda bad for Hitch. But...

(Gathering her resolve, she takes a deep breath and turns toward a ramp leading downward. It ends in a small storage area on whose floor Sparky is sitting and playing with a loose feather.)

Misty: Gave me a little chase all the way here, didn't you?

(Cut to the dragon on the end of this; he pounces on the plume.)

Misty: *(trotting partway down)* But now you're caught! Huh?

(She goes into a demented cackle, but it fizzles out far too soon for her liking; Sparky reacts by falling on his back and laughing hard enough to bust a gut.)

Misty: *(irked, descending to him)* Hey, gimme a break. I'm still working on the evil laugh. Okay. So far, my wall of junk to hide us worked; check. Now all I have to do is sneak you out of the Brighthouse somehow and then bring you to Opaline.

(On this last sentence, cut to Sparky sucking contentedly on his toes.)

Misty: *(pacing, shuddering happily)* She'll be so proud of me, and so powerful, she'll—she'll finally give me my cutie mark! *(Sigh.)* It's all I've ever wanted, Sparky! *(She turns to him.)* That's why I have to do this. *(He coos and falls on his back; she props him up.)* You're a really good listener, you know that? I'm usually the quiet listening one. *(Sparky burbles up at her.)* Honestly, I don't get what all those ponies are fussing about. *(He ducks unnoticed behind some boxes.)* You're a total breeze to take care of.

(As soon as she turns toward the spot where he had been, he pops up on her other side and starts growling in a not-entirely-playful manner. Misty voices a startled gasp and quickly loses at least two-thirds of her nerve.)

Misty: Right?

(The growl continues. Cut to Sunny and company proceeding along Mane Street in Maretime Bay proper, Zipp flying as the others walk.)

Hitch: All right, team. We got a job to do. (*All stop.*) Let's start at Sparky's favorite places—the community garden, Mane Melody—

Zipp: I've got Mane Melody!

Pipp: And I'll supervise. (*under her breath*) There's way too many styling products that could get compromised if Zipp goes digging around. (*normal volume, realizing Zipp has heard her*) I mean, I know Mane Melody like the back of my hoof. (*She checks one and voices a sound of disgust.*) I really need a polish from Jazz.

(*Jazz Hooves, that is.*)

Sunny: I'll check the garden!

Izzy: (*stroking chin thoughtfully*) Hmmm—I don't know. (*to intense tone, ready to spring*) I think we should just follow our gut feelings on where to go next.

Zipp: But if we don't create a plan of action, we'll get confused. (*Izzy stands again and resumes speaking normally.*)

Izzy: But if we over-plan... (*poking herself in the nose*) ...then Sparky could be right under our noses and we wouldn't even know! Like... (*Gasp.*) ...is he under my nose right now?

(*She does a quick investigation by lowering her face almost onto the trolley tracks; finding no trace of a dragon, she huffs out a breath.*)

Izzy: No, he is not. (*Stand.*) But he could have been! See what I mean?

Pipp: Ooh, that is a good point.

Zipp: (*dryly*) Is it, though?

Sunny: W-What am I supposed to do? Should I still search the garden?

(*A beeping noise prompts Hitch to break out his phone and recoil in fear at what he sees on its screen.*)

Hitch: Oh, no! It's nearly Sparky's nap-nap time! (*Shut off the alarm; put it away.*) If Sparky doesn't get his nap-nap, he gets cranky, and if he gets cranky, he gets mischievous! And if he gets mischievous, we need to start the search *now*!

Sunny: Don't forget, ponies! We can do anything if we do it togeth—

Hitch: (*amplified, through bullhorn*) SPLIT UP!! (*All do so except for Sunny; Pipp/Zipp take wing.*)

Zipp: (*flying o.s.*) Sparky! Sparky!

(*The lone mare uncorks a deflated sigh and plods away. Inside Mane Melody, Zipp stops at a row of vanity counters in time with her next words, just long enough to run her magnifier over the products displayed on several and her eye over the contents of a drawer in the last. Items are swept overboard as she finishes with them. From here, she peeks into the mane-dryer hood attached to the back of one chair and knocks it askew.*)

Zipp: Not here...not here...not here...

(With a series of affronted cries, Pipp keeps herself busy by diving to scoop up the articles before they can hit the floor and setting the hood right. She shoots a dirty look toward the front, where her sister is peering intently at a rack of merchandise.)

Zipp: *(picking it up)* What is all this stuff, anyway? *(Pipp pulls in an offended gasp.)*

Pipp: It's called makeup, Zipp.

Zipp: *(setting it down)* Well, the only thing we have to make up for is lost time. So hop to it!

(She flies off as Pipp grumbles sourly to herself and starts to pick up the jettisoned styling goodies. Cut to the community garden, where Sunny and Izzy are on the hunt, and zoom out slowly.)

Izzy: *(calling out)* Sparky! *(lifting/dropping a planter box in her magic)* Oh, Sparkeroni-baloney! *(dislodging plants on one row as she passes)* Little Markeroni-Man! Schnooley-Schmoop-Face!

Sunny: *(calling after her)* Please be more delicate with the plants! They have feelings too! *(to them, setting one upright)* I'm so sorry. She doesn't know any better.

(It glows bright green for a moment after she has gone. Cut to just inside the closed front doors of Hitch's office; he bursts in through them and they slam shut behind him. The pull-out bed has been tucked away.)

Hitch: Are you here?

(He dives to the sandwich he knocked to the floor in the prologue and finds a small dog nibbling at it.)

Hitch: *(petting it)* No, but I guess I found you, Pearl.

(His next stop is a filing cabinet.)

Hitch: Here? *(Open a drawer; find a cat amid yarn balls.)* No, that's Sid. *(Open Sparky's cabinet.)* Here?

(No sign of the dragon, but he does find a rabbit wearing sunglasses and reading a magazine. This shot reveals strings of small light bulbs wired up within the cabinet.)

Hitch: Doug the bunny? *(saluting)* Good day, sir.

(He hastily closes the doors and turns away. Cut to a long shot of the Brighthouse, zooming in slowly to the sound of Misty's latest attempt at crazed laughter, then to a head-on shot of her in the closet.)

Misty: Okay. I just need to get you out of here while the coast is clear.

(She reaches toward the camera; cut to a close-up of Sparky backing away from her into a niche and growling in a noticeably less hospitable way than before.)

Misty: *(from o.s.)* Come with me, little dragon...

(He snaps at the extended hoof; she backs off quickly.)

Misty: Whoa, whoa there!

(A burst of exhaled fire persuades her to get moving, and fast; she yells in fright as he chases her around the floor and up the ramp, scoring the nearest of misses with each shot. The door flies open and they emerge into the entrance hall.)

Misty: Think on your hooves, Misty!

(She manages to corral him in the arts-and-crafts corner and seizes a spoon to use as a puppet.)

Misty: *(high silly voice)* My name is Mr. Spoon and I'm—

(A flaming green blast turns the utensil into a small potted cactus that gets stuck on her hoof.)

Misty: *(own voice)* Ouch! A prickly cactus! Ow!

(After shaking it loose, her next idea is to grab a plank fitted up to use as a shelf and wave it back and forth.)

Misty: *(deep silly voice)* And I'm a wobbly shelf named Shelfy! Take a picture!

(It is promptly transformed into a mass of soap bubbles; the sudden weight shift causes her to topple down and o.s.)

Misty: *(from o.s., own voice, raising a hoof into view)* It'll last longer!

(Sparky makes a noise of wonder as the bubbles pop before his eyes; now Misty peels herself up off the floor and begins to hyperventilate.)

Misty: I can do this. I have to!

(She gets out a breathy shriek at the sound of the opening front doors; cut to them as the four dispirited mares trudge back into the Brighthouse. Hitch skids into view behind them.)

Hitch: Any luck? *(All stop.)*

Zipp: No, nothing so far.

Izzy: *(smiling)* But I *did* find...

(Deep breath; cut to just inside the closet, the camera aimed out at the group through the partly open door as Misty huddles fearfully and holds on to Sparky. He is playing with the cactus.)

Izzy: *(rapid fire)* ...a perfectly good, super-old, broken-down tram car that I have big plans for! *(The door swings shut.)*

Misty: Phew! *(Cut to Hitch and Izzy crossing the floor.)*

Izzy: So...there's that?

Hitch: *(stunned)* He ran away, didn't he? I've failed myself as a pony dragon-dad. *(flopping onto a seat)* And worst of all, failed Sparky! *(Izzy rests a comforting hoof on his back.)*

Zipp: *(from o.s.)* Wait.

(Eyes turn in her direction; cut to her, examining the digital picture frame, on the next line.)

Zipp: I think I've connected some dots on a clue. *(swiping a hoof across it, facing it to the camera)* It was under our noses the whole time!

(She has found the shot of the little guy at play at Mane Melody, taken from a closer distance than the one seen earlier. Close-up of the frame; she taps twice to zoom in on his blanket lying near him on the chair.)

Zipp: *(from o.s.)* Look! *(She turns it to Hitch and Izzy.)*

Izzy: I knew it!

Hitch: *(taking frame from Zipp)* Blankeroni? What do you mean?

(Close-up of it again; now he swipes among the pictures.)

Zipp: *(from o.s.)* Notice in these pictures that Sparky is *never* without his blankie? *(He holds it into view; cut to all but Sunny.)*

Hitch: What are you saying?

Zipp: *(pacing past Sunny near ramp)* So if he's not with it, it's not by choice. Somepony has taken Sparky. He's been... *(Zoom in quickly on her narrowed eyes.)* ...dragon-napped! *(Hitch and Izzy gasp in shock.)*

Hitch: Dragon-napped?

(He pulls fretfully at his cheeks as the unicorn crumples to the floor with a couple of woozy moans, Pipp stepping close to fan her with a wing.)

Act Two

(Hitch paces the floor, quickly regaining his old fire.)

Hitch: No pony dragon-naps my dragon before he's napped! Or after! Or at all! I need all hooves on deck! *(The others snap to attention; cut to Zipp.)*

Zipp: *(donning her visor)* I'll scan the sky with Ponydrone and zero in on anything that looks suspicious.

Hitch: *(from o.s.)* Good. *(Cut to him.)* Sparky does tend to leave a mark wherever he goes. Next? *(Pan quickly from Zipp to Sunny.)*

Sunny: Izzy and I will be the on-the-ground ponies. I'll use my roller skates! *(To Izzy.)*

Izzy: *(shading eyes with a hoof)* And I'll use my eyes to look for stuff. *(gesturing to her horn)* Also, I have magic powers.

Hitch: Pipp, whatcha got?

Pipp: I can cover Maretime Bay the best way I know how... *(Close-up; she takes a breath and pulls out her phone.)* ...a social media bla-a-ast! The fans have eyes everywhere!

(“Bla-a-ast” is delivered as a held-out note. The phone goes back under a wing after she finishes; cut to Hitch on the start of the next line.)

Hitch: And I will rally my squad of animal deputies. *(pointing dramatically toward doors)* It's go time!

(The impact is somewhat lessened by the fact that the other four do not move.)

Hitch: Now, I mean. Go! Please? *(All spread out; next four lines overlap.)*

Pipp: *(phone out)* I'll start on that post.

Sunny: Gotcha!

Izzy: Aye-aye, Sheriff!

Zipp: Oh, oh, yeah. Okay.

(Cut to a close-up of Sparky, snoozing on the closet floor and cuddling the cactus as Misty watches over him. Tilt up to her on the next line, putting him out of view; she puts an eye to the nearly-closed door.)

Misty: Finally tired you out with that puppet improv show. *(Clunk.)* But...

(Longer shot: he has ditched the prickly plant and cleared out. She jumps back from the door with a gasp.)

Misty: Hide-and-seek, right? *(Uneasy laugh.)* Two can play that game!

(He snickers to himself and darts amid some loose boxes as she moves to the top of the ramp.)

Misty: Here, Sparky, Sparky, Sparky, Sparky!

(A scrape of metal on metal stops her cold, and a paint can swings down on the end of a rope. She ducks away a split-second before it can cave in the back of her head, then stands again.)

Misty: I see. So you somehow rigged this whole place with traps in two seconds. Cool, cool, totally cool. *(ducking under ramp railing)* It's not like I'm trying to hunt a genius baby dragon with wild powers or anything.

(She gasps at the sound of a mechanism being tripped and something weighty thudding to the floor, intermixed with a buzzer and Sparky's sly laughter, and fearfully hugs a railing post.)

Misty: I don't like the sound of that.

(Cut to Zipp in flight above Mane Street, her drone tooling along close by. It goes into a sudden descent and she follows, mumbling to herself before shifting into full words.)

Zipp: Aha!

(She pulls into a hover, just above a trail of dirt spots on the roadbed. Cut to her visor perspective; red sights lock onto several of these.)

Zipp: Dragon prints! *(Back to her; she flies on a bit and stops.)* Huh...but these ones look fresh.

(A turn to follow them, a low-altitude survey of the next block, and she finds the trail ending at two turtles who are relaxing in a patch of grass and sharing a smoothie. Embarrassment registers on the white face at having interrupted this quiet moment.)

Zipp: *(hastily, propping visor on forehead)* Oh, uh, freshly wrong, sorry.

(She and the drone both zoom away, leaving the pair to their drink, and soar above the rooftops as Sunny glides into view with roller skates and crash helmet on.)

Sunny: Hey! Hey, you guys! *(Stop to address Dahlia and Sweets.)* Have you seen—

(She gets no farther before Izzy charges past with some ungainly contraption held in her magic and balanced on her back. The earth pony is knocked into a yelling, one-hoofed spin and falls into an open barrel, which flips onto its side and begins to roll after the unicorn.)

Sunny: IZZYYYYY!!

(Who has stopped near the gazebo in the town square; from this angle, her rig can be seen as a bass drum topped by a pair of hi-hat cymbals, which are mounted on an upward-pointing horn rather than a conventional stand. The barrel rumbles past behind her; as she speaks, a few bubbles spurt from the horn and she turns to reveal a second, larger brass one floating by her head. In addition, a harmonica is attached to a holder around her neck.)

Izzy: Whoops! Sorry! I just uni-cycled this dragon lure device. Look!

(A dizzy, grumpy Sunny comes to a stop as she commences to play, beating the drum with an attached mallet and clashing the cymbals. More bubbles pop from the small horn as she blows into the harmonica; blats of sound issue from both it and the large horn, which also ejects a shower of cookies.)

Izzy: Pretty cool, right? Everything a dragon loves in one place.

(She proceeds to test all its capabilities while marching around the square, attracting no dragons but quite a few puzzled onlookers, some of whom break out their phones to record this bit of silliness. Meanwhile, Pipp is speaking to Glory, Peach Fizz, and Seashell inside Mane Melody; all four have their phones at the ready.)

Pipp: Finally! I've composed the perfect post for Sparky. It tugs at your heart, your mind, your soul. Pipp squeaks, you ready?

Seashell: Pipp, Pipp, hooray! *(All sit as Peach transfers her phone from hoof to aura.)*

Pipp: Okay! We all post...now!

(Four hooves make contact with the screens, sending out an SOS—and then there is dead silence for a full three seconds before Pipp speaks again.)

Pipp: Uh, what's happening? *(Her perspective of the phone, showing a clip of Sparky dancing in Hitch's office.)* Why aren't we getting any views?

(Back to her as Seashell crosses to show her own screen.)

Seashell: It looks like something else is pulling viewers away from our post.

(And the dissonant one-mare-band music identifies that something even before the screen does—along with all the approving emojis that Pipp's clip failed to draw in. The Princess rolls her eyes and sighs from the bottom of her lungs at the idea of being upstaged so easily and incompetently.)

Pipp: That is spectacular. *(Phones away; she gathers herself.)* Well, I hope Hitch is gaining ground. He's always so much calmer, steadier, and focused than all of us.

(The next shot—a close-up of a disheveled, utterly panicked Hitch in his office—instantly puts the lie to her words. Constricted brown eyes flick between the papers he holds in both front hooves, after which he throws them aside and plunks a stack of others onto the floor with enough force to shake the nearest desk. Multiple printers have been set up around the place.)

Hitch: *(mumbling to himself, scrambling erratically about)* ...what was it? In there? No... *(banging on one unit)* Print already! Print!

(It spits out a page marked with a picture of Sparky and a row of question marks; a longer shot shows many, many other copies stacked on the floor and being spat out by the other printers. Crumpled paper wads litter the floor and desk, and a bird perched atop a lamp chirps in a bemused manner as he places the newest paper on a stack and addresses the various critters gathered in the office.)

Hitch: Pearl, I'm gonna need you on poster duty. *(The dog barks.)* Do you think I made enough?

(He gets his answer when Pearl scampers across to his desk and uses a box as a stepstool to land atop one of the stacks of pages that fill the vicinity, high and low. Another bark.)

Hitch: You're right. We need more. Any questions?

(He is greeted with a round of noises, including one from Curdle the turtle.)

Hitch: Yes, Curdle. Search the cinema, and the old defense factory, Kenneth.

(On this line, cut to a close-up of the shelled creature and pan to Kenneth and his bareheaded counterpart, both of whom salute. Back to him after he finishes.)

Hitch: *(pointing toward doors)* Okay, team. Let's get out there. Move! Move! Move!

(He produces and blows a whistle to see them off, after which the bird on the desk lamp flits over to roost on his back and cheeps a comment.)

Hitch: I know I'm being a little intense right now! *(relenting a bit)* Yes, and emotional. I'm going through a lot of feelings. If I can't protect Sparky, how am I supposed to protect the whole city of Maretime Bay? How can I protect anypony or anything? *(The bird nuzzles his neck; he calms down.)* You're right. We can do this. And no doubt my friends are on it.

(The telephone on the front desk begins to ring; cut to an extreme close-up of Sunny, in the square and speaking into her phone. She has extracted herself from the barrel into which she fell.)

Sunny: So, quick update...

(Izzy's "music" asserts itself as the camera zooms out slightly to put her three housemates in the background: Izzy playing, Pipp taking pictures of herself with her phone, Zipp scanning the air with her visor on and her drone docked. During the next line, the older sister runs into the younger, sending them both to the ground in a tangle and knocking the visor off.)

Sunny: ...we are not on it! We keep getting in each other's way, a-and I hate to break it to you, but this ain't working.

Hitch: Copy that. *(Hang up.)* No more Mr. Nice Stallion. *(He drapes Sparky's blanket across his shoulders like a very small cape.)* I'm gonna find that dragon and the pony that took him at any cost!

(Extreme close-up of his narrowing eyes.)

Hitch: *(quiet, gravelly tone)* It's time for... *(A gold-edged, blue/blue-green mask settles over them.)* ...Operation Glitter Bomb.

(Cut to a long shot of the shut closet door in the Brighthouse, then to Misty on the next line, inside and eyeing her phone with great apprehension. Its screen is not visible due to the camera angle, but Izzy's raucous tune comes through loud and clear.)

Voice of Pipp: If you've seen—Izzy, the noise down! *(Cut to her on screen.)* If you've seen Sparky— *(She cries out as Zipp barely avoids flying into her.)* —Zipp, fly a little higher! *(Back to Misty; voice only.)* If you've seen a dragon—

Misty: *(shutting it off)* Good! They have their hooves full, but I don't have all day. *(calling out)* Oh, Sparky...

(No response for some seconds.)

Misty: It's just some fun and games, right? *(chuckling weakly)* I like fun...I think. I've never really had it, but how hard could it be?

(Her perspective, moving to the top of the ramp as Sparky laughs and scuttles away.)

Misty: *(singsong)* I see you. *(Back to her, eyebrows lowering in determination; normal tone.)* Now, where were we?

(A nimble bound carries her to the lower end of the incline and allows the swinging paint can to miss her by a wide margin. She ducks under a second one coming in from behind, but it strikes a stack of boxes and dislodges a third can resting there. This one tumbles to the floor and spills a puddle of tar, but she jumps over it from the railing and pushes off from the boxes to launch herself onto a clear patch of floor. It does not stay this way for long, though, as the space rapidly fills with a network of criss-crossing laser beams. Misty bobs and weaves to avoid breaking any of them, briefly going to the floor on her belly before vaulting clear of the lot. Cans of "silly string" taped to walls and corners fire off their payload, the action briefly shifting to slow motion as Misty performs a deft midair barrel roll to avoid the sticky streamers. Normal speed resumes in time with Sparky's awed gabbling from behind some open crates, and Misty touches down neatly in a laser-free area.)

Misty: Still got it.

(The beams deactivate themselves as she crosses the floor, but a loose paintbrush causes her to pitch forward with a yell and plant her face in a box of art supplies. A rake propped against the wall swings down, dragging a bucketful of loose feathers off the nearest shelf and leaving the hapless unicorn lying amid a scatter of materials and with the bucket hanging off her horn. She spits out a couple of feathers.)

Misty: *(sourly)* And still got my own clumsiness.

(Sparky crawls over to stare at her as she uncorks a hearty groan. Out on Mane Street, Pipp checks her phone as Glory and company look on. They are promptly interrupted by Sunny's skating in a circle and Izzy's inept banging/tootling, and Pipp packs away the device. The blue sky is lost behind a blanket of gloomy gray clouds.)

Pipp: I SAID, CAN YOU KEEP THE NOISE DOWN FOR JUST A MINUTE, IZZY?

Izzy: What? I'm confused. Sunny, can you stop skating around me? It's making me dizzy. *(A longer shot puts Zipp on the scene; dirt spots run along the trolley tracks.)*

Zipp: Hey, Pipp, stop that! You're stepping on those marks! *(Cut to them on this last sentence, then back to the group; she removes her visor.)* They could be dragon prints!

Pipp: How am I supposed to know? *(Sunny halts.)*

Sunny: Stop fighting! This isn't helping!

Hitch: *(from o.s., gravelly)* Evil...

(Cut to him, on a rooftop overlooking Mane Street and with his mane back in order. He continues in this tone of voice until further notice.)

Hitch: ...I'm coming for you!

(Head-on shot of him, zooming in quickly as Thunder, Zoom, and all the critters gather around on the next line. The two guards wear blue eye masks with gold trim, and McSnips-a-Lot turns on a flashlight to throw a bit of dramatic illumination over him.)

Zipp: *(from o.s.)* Uh, Hitch? Zoom? Thunder? *(Cut to the entire ground-level group.)* What are they doing here?

Izzy: It looks like Hitch is gearing up for... *(Zoom in quickly on her.)* ...something epic. *(Back to his grimacing visage.)*

Zipp: *(from o.s.)* And intense. *(The street again; the fillies huddle behind Pipp.)*

Pipp: And too, too much.

Hitch: *(to his posse)* Go! Leave no stone unturned! *(They fan out, Zoom flashing past the group.)*

Izzy: Told you.

Sunny: We gotta find that dragon, and fast!

(The "caped" crusader begins to gallop down the block.)

Hitch: Culprit, I will find you... *(Knock over a barrel and a couple of signs, scaring Dahlia and Mayflower away.)* ...and I will make you pay... *(glaring at a squirrel)* ...with litter pickup duty!

(He sprints off, leaving a couple of unicorn spectators to wonder exactly how many of his marbles he has lost, and runs a careful eye over a sidewalk table. His next words prompt two other passersby to back away in fear.)

Hitch: You'll regret the day you ever crossed... *(Zoom in to a close-up.)* ...Sheriff Hitch Trailblazer! *(Off he goes at a fresh gallop.)*

Sunny: *(to the others)* This is all wrong! By trying to find Sparky each our own way, we've created more stress and fear. *(She skates over to them as Pipp gets her phone out.)* Friends, we need to remain calm and listen to each other. *(rearing up briefly)* Unified, we can do anything, remember? *(Cut to the others.)*

Izzy: We have been kinda... *(Rear up; make a string of goofy noises.)* ...all over the place.

Sunny: *(from o.s.)* Exactly! *(Back to her.)* Each of us may have a different approach, but there's got to be a way for us to get on the same track, right?

Izzy: Hmm...the same track...

Pipp: We need a way for us all to search together.

Zipp: And further.

Izzy: But how?

Sunny: I don't know, but, uh... *(glancing to one side; Hitch is facing down Toots)* ...first things first, rein Hitch in!

Toots: *(shakily)* No, Sheriff, no, I swear. I-I was just eating cookies and chilling!

Hitch: With Sparky?

Toots: *(backing up)* No, with my mother! I love her so much! *(Sunny inserts herself between the two.)*

Sunny: Hitch!

Hitch: Hey! *(Cut to Sunny; Toots gallops away.)*

Toots: *(sobbing)* Mommy!

Sunny: Listen, I know— *(Cut to Hitch on the next line.)*

Hitch: Do you know where Sparky is?

Sunny: No, but all of this commotion isn't helping, a-and might even scare him off. *(Zoom out; the other three cross to them.)* Now think. Is there anything we're missing? Anything else Sparky loves?

(The off-the-rails vigilante removes his mask with an anguished groan and reverts to his normal manner of speaking.)

Hitch: I-I don't think so! I thought of everything, and still no sign of him! I'm so worried.

Zipp: We know.

Pipp: That's why we're here.

Izzy: To help and listen.

Hitch: *(voice breaking)* I just miss his little face...him stealing my badge...eating snacks...dancing around when he hears music...

Pipp: Music...? *(A brainstorm hits.)* We completely forgot about music!

Hitch, Izzy, Zipp: Huh?

Pipp: I know how to find Sparky!

Act Three

(Cut to a close-up of Sparky in the Brighthouse closet, playing with a stray feather. A box scoots itself across the floor toward him from behind, and Misty—concealed within—upends it with a violent lunge and grab to scoop him up. The obvious aftereffects of all his Act Two booby traps have been cleared away.)

Misty: Finally! I got you, and that means I'll get my cutie mark! *(Excited squeal.)* Once I get it, I promise to bring you back. I've kind of grown to like you. *(standing up)* But until then, to Opaline we go!

(Sparky gurgles happily, now hanging on to one foreleg; cut to an overhead shot of the fireplace area as she throws the closet door open and emerges, then to the front doors as she pushes one of them ajar. Her blissful reverie comes to a screeching halt in the fraction of a second it takes Pipp's distant singing to reach her ears.)

Quiet, gentle piano melody with muted glockenspiel/harp/string accents
Slow 4 (D flat major)

Pipp: You hear that sound?
(The unnerved unicorn peeks over the threshold.)

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
(Sparky sings these four notes back in rhythm.)

Misty: No! *(backing into Brighthouse)* Oh, no, no, no, no, no!
(Close-up: Pipp has her white/gold lucky microphone in hoof. Behind her, the sky has cleared and the hour has advanced to late afternoon.)

Pipp: A melody that's ringing out
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
(Sparky responds as before, heard distantly.)

(Longer shot: she is in the gazebo, flanked by Hitch and Izzy. The latter has shed all her musical gear but still has the cookie-emitting horn in her field.)

Hitch: That's Sparky's voice! How are you doing this?

Pipp: It's the lullaby I wrote for him. *(twirling mic)* A classic call-and-response song.

(Cut to a beaming Sunny and Zipp, looking on from one side. The orange mare no longer wears her skates or helmet.)

Sunny: Well, it's working, Pipp!

Zipp: Keep singing it!

(Izzy hustles to the pop star's side and uses her magic to extract a recorder from the horn's bell; she keeps the former, discards the latter, and begins to play.)

Recorder in

Pipp: You hear that sound?
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
(Sparky responds.)
The melody that's ringing out
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
(Again.)

(Sunny and Zipp are perfectly positioned to see the two performers' cutie marks gleam.)

Zipp: *(lifting off, over previous two lines)* Everypony, sing along! The cutie mark magic is amplifying the sound!

(She lands out front, near Sunny and Hitch, and the stallion's jaw drops as his ward's vocalization reaches him.)

Hitch: I can hear him!

Sunny, Pipp: The special tune *(Hitch gasps.)*

Hitch: He's at the Crystal Brighthouse! *(Long shot of it during this line.)*

Sunny, Pipp: That keeps you true

(Misty's loud, out-of-tune singing shatters the peaceful mood; cut to her in the closet, trying in vain to drown out the lullaby while Sparky toddles toward the ramp blowing a small stream of fire.)

Misty: Listen to me instead! Oh-so-pretty, right?

(Letting her "melody" taper off, she seizes a picnic basket, stuffs him in, and shuts the lid.)

Misty: There we go!

Tempo slows

Sunny, Pipp: And sing that song that makes you
Ooh-ooh-ooh

(The basket rattles madly, goutts of flame issuing from the flapping lid and steadily growing to form a torrent whose glare forces her to shield her eyes.)

Misty: NOOOOO!!

Sunny, Pipp: You

(The frazzled mare snatches a jar from the floor, whips off the lid, and manages to capture a wisp of the green fire. Clapping the lid back on, she finds it to continue burning even with no oxygen supply.)

Song ends

(The sound of the opening door throws a fresh scare into her.)

Hitch: *(from o.s.)* Sparky! *(Misty gasps; cut to him, looking over the railing and breaking into a big smile.)* Sparky!

(Zoom out; the dragon is emerging from the basket, but Misty is nowhere in sight. The overjoyed Hitch gallops down the ramp only to take both swinging paint cans upside the head and end up wearing their contents; he jumps away, but lands squarely in the tar spill Misty inadvertently set off in Act Two. As he wrenches his hooves free of the black stuff, a box falls off the nearest stack and lands upside-down on his head. He totters blindly across the floor, yelping in pain and breaking all the laser beams that have just been re-energized. The box falls away as he yelps in pain from the contact, and the action and sound both shift to slow motion as the befouled Sheriff hurls himself through a leap and is hit by streamers of silly string.)

Hitch: Sparky!

(Normal speed resumes with a cut to the fire-breather, who finds himself on the receiving end of a flying tackle and a crushing hug. Tilt up from them to the four mares, gathered at the top of the ramp to look on. Zipp has shed her detective equipment, and Izzy and Pipp no longer carry their recorder and microphone, respectively.)

Sunny, Izzy: Awww...

Pipp: *(giggling, then revolted)* Also, ew.

Hitch: Sparky! You're okay! *(Stare him down, point-blank.)* Never leave my sight again!

(A lick to the end of his nose softens his mood, and he coos softly while cuddling Sparky.)

Izzy: *(descending ramp, poking at one paint can)* Love what you've done with the place, Sparky. *(inspecting spilled tar/feathers)* So unconventional. He's a visionary, a true style icon.

(She hops across to Sunny, Hitch, and Sparky, now gathered together. The lasers are off, and Hitch passes the treasured tiny blanket back to Sparky.)

Sunny: *(to Sparky)* I'm so glad we found you.

Hitch: I would've gone to the ends of Equestria to make sure Sparky was safe.

Izzy: Whoa! "To the ends of Equestria"? That sounds tiring.

Hitch: Thanks for helping me, everypony. *(Pipp and Zipp flutter down.)* I'm sorry if I went a little...overboard?

Zipp: *(teasingly)* Maybe just a little.

Pipp: But we totally understand. *(Close-up of Sparky, blowing at a feather; she continues o.s.)* Sparky's your best buddy.

Zipp: *(from o.s., stroking his chin)* And ours too. *(Longer shot on the next line, framing Sunny/Hitch/Zipp.)*

Hitch: I promise this will never happen again. *(Zoom out; Pipp is with them.)*

Pipp: You really are the best pony dragon-dad in the world, you know that?

Izzy: *(stepping into view in fore)* Technically, the only—

Other four: *(warningly)* Izzy...

Izzy: Just kidding. *(An idea occurs to her.)* Ooh! *(She zips to the bottom of the ramp.)* I know a super-secret place in town to watch the sunset. Come on! *(Up she goes.)*

Hitch: How does that sound, my little Sparky-Malarkey? *(He coos and pants his approval; all head for the door.)*

Sunny: *(to Izzy)* So what's this super-secret place? *(Izzy takes a deep breath.)*

Izzy: Oh, it's the bridge. *(All laugh.)*

(During the previous line, the camera tilts down to put a box in the fore and Misty hunkered down to keep it between herself and them. She lets out a nearly silent, long-held breath of relief at not being bowled out; dissolve to her pelting across the front lawn of the Brighthouse. Swerving into a clear spot among the tall hedges, she brings up the jar of Sparky's captured fire.)

Misty: It's not a dragon, but it is dragon fire. It'll have to do.

(She tucks it away and trots off across the grass. Cut to a long shot of Opaline's castle, zooming in slowly, then to her and Misty in the throne room.)

Opaline: Where is my dragon?

Misty: *(prostrating herself, crawling forward)* I did everything I could to...get Spark—uh, I mean, your dragon, but... *(pulling out jar)* ...this was all I could get.

Opaline: *(awed)* It's been hundreds of moons since I've last seen dragon fire. *(taking it)* How beautiful it is.

(As soon as she unscrews the lid, the emerald energies wash over her face and concentrate themselves in her horn, causing it to burn a bright blue-white. Misty cringes backwards ever so slightly, watching her boss rise into the air and spread her wings to let that same fire envelop them.)

Opaline: *(cackling)* Yes! Yes! *(A shock wave spreads outward from her body.)* Power!

(The oily laughter continues as Misty scrambles for cover at a side doorway—but it stops once Opaline touches down and the new magic dissipates from her wings with no warning. She glares at the spread feathers in a most dissatisfied fashion. Her horn continues to blaze.)

Opaline: MORE!! I NEED MORE!! Then I can finally finish what I started all those moons ago with Twilight Sparkle and gain control over all magic, the way alicorns were meant to!

(Cut briefly to and from Misty during this line, then to her after its end; now she looks as if she might want a good fireman's pole or trap door to use in getting out of the joint fast.)

Opaline: *(from o.s.)* No more of this “unity and equality” stuff! The citizens of Equestria should fear and love their immortal rulers!

(Cut to frame both on the end of this.)

Opaline: *(pacing)* And they will. Because soon, I'll give them reason to.

Misty: *(very hesitantly)* And you'll give me a cutie mark? *(Opaline rounds on her.)*

Opaline: That measly drop of dragon fire wasn't enough! And you won't be enough, Misty! Not until you can prove that you're actually useful and GET THAT DRAGON!!

(To/from Misty again on this line, now within an ace of completely losing her composure. Opaline finishes by imperiously turning her back on the flunky and summoning an image of the Brighthouse over the pool.)

Opaline: *(quietly)* I'm coming for you, little ponies—especially you, Sunny Starscout.

(Unnoticed, Misty skulks away; cut to an overhead shot of a circular room that holds only a bed, carpet, and rack of shelves. The area is lit only by a dim chandelier and one small stained-glass window, and the bed itself resembles a scaled-up version of the sort that might be used for a pet dog or cat, rather than being sized for typical pony proportions. Misty plods in, the door creaking shut behind her—this constitutes her sparsely furnished bedroom—and the camera cuts to a close-up as she climbs onto the bed with a profoundly crushed sigh and cuddles the pillow.)

Misty: For somepony made of fire, I've never met a heart so cold.

(She begins to sob, the last few minutes having carried her to the brink of emotional exhaustion. Cut to the sun setting slowly over the sea beyond Mane Street, and tilt down slowly in time with a chorus of contented sighs from the gang of five. They are watching the day's end from the bridge over the thoroughfare, and Sparky is sitting on the rail with Hitch's protective foreleg curled around him. The Sheriff has cleaned himself up.)

Hitch: It's so nice, just soaking in the serenity and peace of a sunset.

Zipp: *(pointing into the sky)* What is that?

(All stare worriedly in the direction she has indicated and discover two winged figures swooping over the town square. At ground level Toots cries out from his "hiding place" behind a table far too short to keep him out of sight, while one of the flyers—Zoom, still wearing her eye mask to match the one Hitch used in his very short vigilante career—arcs almost low enough to clip his head with her hooves.)

Hitch: *(from o.s.)* Oh, no. *(Cut to him.)* Operation Glitter Bomb! I forgot!

(A shrill whistle brings Thunder and Zoom to hovering attention in front of the bridge.)

Hitch: Everypony, the search is off!

(Elsewhere: Doug the bunny and McSnips-a-Lot menace a luckless pony on the sidewalk, and Kenneth and a bird peek out from a roof.)

Hitch: *(from o.s.)* Operation Glitter Bomb is no more! *(Back to the bridge on the following; he holds Sparky up. Izzy is not with them.)* We found him! Sparky is safe!

(The little guy proceeds to burp up a tiny fireball that bursts into sparks, and the critters stand down amid a scatter of relieved exclamations by various ponies. Up top, Thunder and Zoom have now propped their masks on the forehead portions of their helmets.)

Zoom: What a relief. *(Thunder removes his.)*

Thunder: But what about these cool masks?

Hitch: *(indulgently)* You can keep the masks. *(Thunder claps his back on, over his eyes.)*

Thunder: Yes!

(He and Zoom trade a high five and wing away as Kenneth stops next to Zipp just long enough to chirp something to her and wave.)

Zipp: Nothing can surprise me anymore.

(She immediately has to eat her words when a penetrating horn blast cuts the tranquility like a chainsaw through Jell-O. Four ponies and one dragon lean over the rail for a better look; cut to street level as a trolley hurtles into view from around a bend—with the missing Izzy at the controls. It rocks dangerously back and forth and nearly capsizes as it takes the corner with another sequence of horn sounds.)

Izzy: Surprise!

(A pony who had been about to cross the tracks jumps clear, and a collective gasp issues from the rest of the watchers. Extreme close-ups pick out the rust on the body panels and the sparks flying from the wheels, then the wobbly cupola mounted on the roof. The next shot frames the entire conveyance, which has definitely seen better days. It rattles to a stop, jettisoning one wheel and a cloud of dust, and Izzy bounds over the front rail to meet the others at street level.)

Sunny: Uh...what is that?

Izzy: My brand-new, old, broken-down, good-for-nothing, retired tram car. Great find, huh?

(She strikes a couple of poses during this description and ends by standing up on her hind legs so she can rest a foreleg on the rail. The front bumper responds by falling halfway off; cut to the flabbergasted quartet as Sparky rolls away, perhaps to avoid further debris.)

Izzy: *(from o.s.)* Truuust. *(Back to her.)* I got something super-cool up my mane. It's gonna be tram-a-licious. Tram-a-blammo! *(hopping toward them)* Tram-tastic! *(The others laugh, not unkindly.)*

Zipp: Hey, and next time we're searching for something, you guys can get around in that.

Izzy: That's just what I was thinking! Friends that stick together can never be separated.

(All laugh and walk away—except for Hitch, who realizes with a sudden gasp that Sparky has vacated the premises.)

Hitch: Sparky? *(Who is heard from o.s.)* Sparky?

(The dragon pops up on the conductor's platform at the front, wearing an old cap signifying that job, and makes "vroom-vroom" noises that are partly amplified by the rail-mounted microphone. In due time, he ditches the headwear and jumps off the front to cross to his laughing caregiver. Hitch scoops him up with a happy sigh and caches up to the four laughing mares. As they all

make their way along Mane Street, the camera cuts to within the derelict vehicle, pointing toward the front and their retreating backs, and zooms out slowly.)